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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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THE
ISLAND PRINCESSE.

Actus primus. Scæna prima

column: 184-b-1

A Bell Rings.

Enter Pymero, Christophero, and Pedro.

Pymero.

OPEN the Ports and see the watch reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their busines
Their vigilant eyes fixt on these Islanders,
They are false and desperate people,
when they find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruell, and crafty soules, beleeve me Gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which against all armes, and honesty,
The Governour of *Ternata* made surprize.
Of our confederate, the King of *Tidore*,
As for his recreation he was rowing
Betweene both Lands, bids us be wise and circumspect.

Chr. It was a mischiefe suddenly imagin'd;
And as soone done; that Governour's a feirce knave,
Unfaithfull as he is feirce too, there's no trusting;
But I wonder much how such poore and base pleasures,
As tugging at an oare, or skill in steerage,
Should become Princes.

Py. Base breeding love base pleasure;
They take as much delight in a Baratto,
A little scurvy boate to row her tithly,
And have the art to turne and wind her nimbly,
Thinke it as noble too, though it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman:
As we Portugalls, or the Spaniards do in riding,
In managing a great horse which is princely:
The French in Courtship, or the dancing English,
In carrying a faire presence.

Ped. He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no trust; he has paid for't
His sister yet the faire and great *Quisara*,
Has shewd a noble mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted brother, and the nobler still it appeares,
And seasons of more tendernes, because his ruine stiles her
And his imprisonment adds to her profit. (absolute

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

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wln 0039

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wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055

Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her.
The warme beames of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made diverse and noble treaties,
And propositions for her brothers freedome,
If wealth or honour —
Py. Peace, peace, you are fool'd sir;
Things of these natures have strange outsides *Pedro*,
And cunning shadowes, set 'em far from us,
Draw 'em but neare, they are grosse, and they abuse us;
They that observe her close, shall find her nature,
Which I doubt mainly will not prove so excellent;
She is a Princesse, and she must be faire,
That's the prerogative of being royall:

column: 184-b-2

wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
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wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090

Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beautiful,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,
And people must beleve it, they are dam'd else:
Why, all the neighbour Princes, are mad for her,
Chr. Is she not faire then?
Py. But her hopes are fairer,
And there's a haughty Master, the King of *Bakan*,
That lofty sir, that speakes far more, and louder
In his own commendations then a Cannon:
He is stricken dumbe with her.
Ped. Beshrew me she is a sweet one.
Py. And there's that hopefull man of *Syana*,
That spritely fellow, he that's wise and temperate,
He is a lover too.
Chr. Wou'd I were worth her looking
For; by my life I hold her a compleate one,
The very Sun I thinke, affects her sweetnesse,
And dares not as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tauny Livery.
Py. She dares not see him,
But keepes her selfe at distance from his kisses,
And weares her complexion in a case; let him but like it
A week or two, or three, she would looke like a Lion;
But the maine sport on't is, or rather wonder
The Governour of *Ternata* her mortall enemy,
He that has catcht her brother King is strooke too,
And is arriv'd under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth delivered for him;
And he brought a letter from his prisoner,
Whether compel'd, or willingly delivered
From the poore King, or what else dare be in't.
Chr. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one,
For I dare thinke she'l do the best.
Py. 'Tis certaine
He has admittance, and sollicites hourelly.

wln 0091
wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096
wln 0097
wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107

Now if he have the tricke —

Ped. What trick?

Py. The true one,

To take her too, if he be but skil'd in bat-fowling,
And lime his bush right.

Chr. I'le be hang'd when that hits,

For 'tis not a compel'd, or forc'd affection,
That must take her, I guesse her stout and vertuous,
But where's your unckle sir, our valiant Captaine,
The brave *Ruy Dias* all this while?

Py. I marry,

He is amongst 'em too.

Ped. A Lover.

Py. Nay,

I know not that, but sure he stands in favour,
Or wou'd stand stifly, he is no Portugall else.

Chr. The voyce says in good favour, in the list too

Of

wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
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wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153

Of the privy woers, how cunningly of late
I have observ'd him, and how privately
He has stolne at all houres from us, and how readily
He has feign'd a businesse to bid the Fort farewell
For five or sixe daies, or a month together,
Sure there is something —

Py. Yes, yes, there is a thing in't,
A thing would make the best on's all dance after it;
A dainty thing; Lord how this unckle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould stew my bones.

Ped. You car'd not for it.

Py. I faith, not much, I ventur'd on still easily,
And tooke my chance, danger is a Souldiers honour;
But that this man, this herbe of Grace, *Ruy Dias*,
This father of our faculties should slip thus,
For sure he is a ferriting, that he
That would drinke nothing to deprese the spirit,
But milke and water, eate nothing but thin ayre
To make his bloud obedient, that his youth
In spight of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love mange on him.

Chr. 'Tis in him sir
But honourable courtship, and becomes his ranke too.

Py. In me 'twere abominable Lecherie, or would be,
For when our thoughts are on't, and misse their levell,
We must hit something.

Ped. Well, 'is a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a suitor, may he speed in't.

Py. Let him alone, our family ne're fail'd yet.

Chr. Our mad Lieutenant still merry *Pyniero*,
Thus wou'd he do if the Surgeon were searching of him.

Ped. Especially if a warme wench had shot him.

Py. But harke *Christophero*; come hether *Pedro*;
When saw you our brave countryman *Armusia*?
He that's arriv'd here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Me thinkes he is, and no doubt truly valiant,
For he that dares come hether, dares fight any where.

Chr. I saw him not of late, a sober Gentleman
I am sure he is, and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much noblenesse.

Py. I love him,
And by my troath wou'd faine be inward with him;
Pray lets go seeke him.

wln 0154
wln 0155

Ped. Wee'l attend you sir.
Py. By that time we shal heare the burst of businesse. *Ex.*

wln 0156

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171

Quisar. Aunt I much thanke you for your curtesie,
And the faire liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service, though I be
A Princesse, and by that Prerogative stand free
From the poore malice of opinion,
And no waies bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet my deare brother being still a prisoner,
And many wandring eyes upon my waies,
Being left alone a Sea-marke, it behoves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.
Quisan. You'r wise and noble Lady.
Quisar. Often Aunt
I resort hether, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour;

column: 185-a-2

wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
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wln 0196
wln 0197
wln 0198
wln 0199

I wou'd not have it knowne as oft, nor constru'd,
It stands not with my care.
Quis[]n.* You speake most fairely,
For even our pure devotions are examin'd.
Quisar. So mad are mens minds now.
Ruy. Or rather monstrous; (nesse.
They are thick dreams, bread in foggs that know no fair-
Quisan. Madam the house is yours, I am yours, pray use
And at your service all I have lyes prostrate; (me,
My care shall ever be to yeild ye honour,
And when your fame fals here, 'tis my fault Lady;
A poore and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honour with your presence —
Quisar. I thanke ye Aunt, I shall be with you instantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.
Quisan. I'le leave ye, *Exeunt. Quis,*
And when you please retire, I'le wait upon you. *(& Pan.*
Quisar. Why, how now Captaine, what affraid to speak
A man of armes, and danted with a Lady? (to me?
Commanders have the power to parle with Princes.
Ruy. Madam, the favours you have still showr'd on me,
Which are so high above my meanes of merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their owne goodnesse, no eyes looke up to 'em
But those that are of equall light, and lustre,
Strike me thus mute, you are my royall Mistris,
And all my services that aime at honour,
Take life from you, the Saint of my devotions;

wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
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wln 0206
wln 0207
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wln 0233
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wln 0235
wln 0236
wln 0237

Pardon my wish, it is a faire ambition,
And well becomes the man that honours you;
I wou'd I were of worth, of something neare you,
Of such a royall peece, a King I wou'd be,
A mighty King that might command affection,
And bring a youth upon me might be witch ye,
And you a sweet sould Christian.

Quisar. Now you talke sir;

You Portugals, though you be rugged Souldiers,
Yet when you list to flatter, you are plaine courtiers;
And could you wish me Christian brave *Ruy Dias*?

Ruy. At all the danger of my life great Lady,
At all my hopes, at all —

Quisar. Pray ye stay a little,
To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. O glorious Lady,
That I might — but *I* dare not speake.

Quisar. I dare then,
That you might hope to marry me; nay blush not,
An honourable end needs no excuse;
And would you love me then?

Ruy. My soule not dearer.

Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that
Some thing of such a meritorious goodnesse, (way,
Of such an unmatcht noblenesse, that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preserves you,
'Tis not the person, nor the royall title,
Nor wealth, nor glory that I looke upon,
That inward man I love that's lin'd with vertue,
That well deserving soule workes out a favour;
I have many Princes suiters, many great ones,
Yet above these I love you, you are valiant,
An active man, able to build a fortune;
I do not say I dote, nor meane to marry,
Only the hope is something may be done,
That may compell my faith, and aske my freedom,
And leave opinion faire.

Ruy. Command deare Lady,

And

wln 0238
wln 0239
wln 0240
wln 0241
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wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266

And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direfull to attempt —
Quisar. Y'are too sudden,
I must be rul'd by you, find out a fortune
Wisely and hansomely, examine time,
And court occasion that she may be ready;
A thousand uses for your forward spirit
Ye may find daily, be sure ye take a good one,
A brave and worthy one that may advance ye,
Forced smiles reward poore dangers; you are a Souldier,
I wou'd not talke so else, and I love a Souldier,
And that that speaks him true, and great, his vallour;
Yet for all these which are but womens follies,
You may do what you please, I shall still know ye,
And though ye weare no sword.
Ru. Excellent Lady,
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurses sucke adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a Tombstone; you have read to me
The story of your favour, if I mistake it,
Or grow a tenant in the study of it,
A great correction Lady —
Quisar. Let's toth' banquet,
And have some merrier talke, and then to Court,
Where I give audience to my generall Suiters;
Pray heaven my womans wit hold; there brave Captain,
You may perchance meet something that may startle ye;
I'le say no more, come be not sad —
I love ye.

Exeunt

wln 0267
wln 0268

Enter Pyniero, Armusia Soza, Christophero, and Emanuel.

wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279

Py. You are welcome gentlemen, most worthy welcom,
And know there's nothing in our power may serve ye,
But you may freely challenge.
Arm. Sir we thanke ye,
And rest your servants too.
Py. Ye are worthy Portugals,
You shew the bravery of your minds and spirits;
The nature of our country too, that brings forth
Stirring, unwearied soules to seeke adventures;
Minds never satisfied with search of honour
Where time is, & the sunne gives light, brave countrimen,

wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
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wln 0291
wln 0292
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wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298

Our names are known, new worlds disclose their riches,
Their beauties, and their prides to our embraces;
And we the first of nations find these wonders.
Arm. These noble thoughts sir, have intic'd us forward,
And minds unapt for ease to see these miracles,
In which we find report a poore relater;
We are arriv'd among the blessed Islands,
Where every wind that rises blowes perfumes;
And every breath of aire is like an Incence:
The treasure of the Sun dwels here, each tree
As if it envied the old Paradice,
Strives to bring forth immortall fruit; the spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying,
And when that fals by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth should taint or sucke their beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us:
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers as we floate along,
Throw up their pearles, and curle their heads to court us;

column: 185-b-2

wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315

The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknowne gems, and thousand riches;
Nothing that beares a life, but **btings** a treasure;
The people they shew brave too, civill manner'd,
Proportioned like the Mastres of great minds,
The women which I wonder at —
Py. Ye speake well.
Ar. Of delicate aspects, faire, clearly beauteous,
And to that admiration, sweet and courteous.
Py. And is not that a good thing? brave *Armusia*
You never saw the Court before?
Ar. No certaine,
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact.
Chr. Ye shall see anon,
That that will make ye start indeed, such beauties,
Such riches, and such forme.

wln 0316

Enter Bakam, Syana, Governour.

wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325

Soz. We are fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of nature sure
Inhabits here.
Arm. These sure are all *Ilanders*.
Py. Yes, and great Princes too, and lusty lovers.
Ar. They are goodly persons; what might he be signeor
That beares so proud a state?
Py. King of *Bakam*,
A fellow that farts terrour,

wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
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wln 0360
wln 0361

Em. He lookes highly,
Sure he was begot o'th' top of a steeple.

Chr. It may well be,
For you shall heare him ring anon.

Py. That is *Syana*,
And a brave temper'd fellow, and more valiant.

Soz. What rugged face is that?

Py. That's the great Governour,
The man surpriz'd our friend, I told ye of him.

Ar. 'Has dangerous eyes.

Py. A perilous theefe, and subtle.

Chr. And to that subtlety a heart of Iron.

Py. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.

Ar. They start all,
And thunder in the eyes.

Ba. Away ye poore ones,
Am I in competition with such bubbles?
My vertue, and my name rank'd with such trifles?

Sy. Ye speake loud.

Ba. Young-man, I will speake louder;
Can any man but *I*, deserve her favour,
You petty Princes?

Py. He will put 'em all in's pocket.

Sy. Thou proud mad thing be not so full of glory,
So full of vanity.

Ba. How? I contemne thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow,

Py. How the dog lookes,
The bandog Governour?

Gov. Ha, why?

Ba. Away thing,
And keepe your ranke with those that fit your **toyalty**;
Call out the Princesse.

Gov. Dost thou know me bladder,
Thou insolent impostume?

Ba. I despise thee;

*{Princes flie at
one another.*

Nnn

Go.

wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
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wln 0380
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wln 0403

wln 0404

wln 0405

Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature baby?
Let my revenge for injuries? darst thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canst thou merit?

Ba. Merit? I am above it;
I am equall with all honours, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer
I keepe at my command, fortune's my servant,
'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To looke upon ye slightly, and neglect ye,
And but she daines at some houres to remember ye,
And people have bestowed some titles one ye,
I should forget your names —

Sy. Mercy of me;
What a blowne foole has selfe affection
Made of this fellow? did not the Queene your mother,
Long for bellows, and bagpipes when she was great with
She brought forth such a windy birth? (ye,

Gov. 'Tis ten to one
She eate a Drum, and was deliver'd of alarum,
Or else he was swadled in an old saile when he was yong.

Sy. He swels too mainly with his meditations;
Faith talke a little hansomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Prin-
But those are but poore things to you; talke wiser, ces,
'Twill well become your mightinesse; talke lesse,
That men may thinke ye can do more.

Gov. Talke truth,
That men may thinke ye are honest, and beleeve ye,
Or talke your selfe asleep, for I am weary of you.

Ba. Why? I can talke and do.

Gov. That wou'd do excellent.

Ba. And tell you, only I deserve the Princessse,
And make good only I, if you dare, you sir,
Or your *Syanas* Prince.

Py. Heres a storme toward,
Me thinkes it sings already, to him Governour.

Gov. Here lies my prooffe.

Draw.

Sy. And mine.

Gov. I'le be short with ye,
For these long arguments I was never good at.

Py. How white the boaster lookes?

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, Pamura.

Ar. I see he lackes faith.

wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
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wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424

Ru. For shame forbear great Princes, rule your angers,
You violate the freedom of this place,
The state and royalty —
Gov. He's well contented
It seemes, and so I have done.
Ar. Is this she signior?
Py. This is the Princesse sir.
Ar. She is sweet and goodly,
An admirable forme, they have cause to justle.
Quisar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye forward Princes;
Comes your love wrapt in violence to seeke us?
Is't fit though you be great, my presence should be
Staind, and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacies affrighted with your swords?
He that loves me, loves my command; be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye professe, my Servants.
Omnes We are calme as peace.
Ar. What command she carries?
And what a sparkling Majesty flyes from her?

column: 186-a-2

wln 0425
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wln 0427
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wln 0452
wln 0453

Quisar. Is it ye love to do? ye shall find danger,
And danger that shall start your resolutions,
But not this way; 'tis not contention,
Who loves me to my face best, or who can flatter most
Can carry me, he that deserves my favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and Majesty,
Must win me with his worth; must travell for me;
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on
A well confirm'd, temperate, and true vallour.
Omnes But shew the way.
Quisar. And will, and then shew you
A Will to tread the way, I'le say ye are worthy.
Py. What taske now
Will she turne 'em to? these hot youths,
I feare will find a coolling card, I read in her eyes
Something that has some swinge must flye amongst 'em;
By this hand I love her a little now.
Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royall brother, now miserable,
And Prisoner to that man; if I were ambitious,
Gap'd for that glory was ne're borne with me,
There they should lye as miseries upon him:
If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow
On pleasures uncontroul'd, or safe revenges,
There he should dye, his death would give me all these;
For then stood I up absolute to do all;
Yet all these flattering shews of dignity,
These golden dreames of greatnesse cannot force

wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
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wln 0460
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wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489

To forget nature and my faire affection.
Therefore that man that would be known my lover,
Must be known his redeemer, and must bring him
Either alive or dead to my embraces,
For even his bones I scorne shall feele such slavery,
Or seeke another Mistris, 'twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equall greatnesse;
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.

Chr. How they stand gaping all?

Quisar. *Ruy Dias* cold?

Not flye like fire into it? may be you doubt me,
He that shall do this is my husband Prince;
By the bright heavens he is, by whose justice
I openly proclame it; if I lye,
Or seeke to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falshood.
No stirring yet, no start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a maine danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to looke about me,
And take a little time, the cause will aske it,
Great acts require great counsells.

Quisar. Take your pleasure,
I feare the Portugall.

Ba. I'le raise an Army
That shall bring backe his Island fort and all,
And fixe it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your Grandfathers dayes.

Sy. What may be,
And what my power can promise noblest Lady,
My will I am sure stands faire.

Quisar. Faire be your fortune,
Few promises are best, and faire performance.

Gov. These cannot doe,
Their power and arts are weake ones.

'Tis

wln 0490 'Tis in my will, I have this King your brother,
wln 0491 He is my prisoner, I accept your prisoner,
wln 0492 And blesse the faire occasion that atchiev'd him:
wln 0493 I love ye, and I honor ye, but speake
wln 0494 Whether alive or dead he shall be rendred,
wln 0495 And see how readily, how in an instant,
wln 0496 Quicke as your wishes Lady —
wln 0497 *Quisar.* No, I scorne ye,
wln 0498 You and your courtesie; I hate your love sir;
wln 0499 And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
wln 0500 I would study to forget he was my brother;
wln 0501 By force he was taken; he that shall enjoy me,
wln 0502 Shall fetch him backe by force, or never know me.
wln 0503 *Py.* As I live, a rare wench.
wln 0504 *Ar.* She has a noble spirit.
wln 0505 *Gov.* By force?
wln 0506 *Quisar.* Yes sir by force, and make you glad too
wln 0507 To let him goe.
wln 0508 *Gov.* How? you may looke nobler on me,
wln 0509 And thinke me no such boy; by force he must not,
wln 0510 For your love much may be.
wln 0511 *Quisar.* Put up your passion,
wln 0512 And pack ye home, I say, by force, and suddenly.
wln 0513 He lies there till he rots else, although I love him
wln 0514 Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
wln 0515 And out of these respects would joy to see him;
wln 0516 Yet to receive him as thy courtesie,
wln 0517 With all the honour thou couldst adde unto him
wln 0518 From his hands that most hate him, I had rather
wln 0519 Though no condition were propounded for him,
wln 0520 See him far sunke i'th earth, and there forget him.
wln 0521 *Py.* Your hopes are gelt good Governour.
wln 0522 *Arm.* A rare woman.
wln 0523 *Gov.* Lady,
wln 0524 I'le pull this pride, I'le quench this bravery,
wln 0525 And turne your glorious scorne to teares and howlings;
wln 0526 I will proud Princess; this neglect of me
wln 0527 Shall make thy brother King most miserable;
wln 0528 Shall turne him into curses 'gainst thy crueltie:
wln 0529 For where before I us'd him like a King,
wln 0530 And did those Royall Offices unto him,
wln 0531 Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
wln 0532 Loden with chaines and fetters, colds and hunger,
wln 0533 Darknesse and lingring death for his companions;
wln 0534 And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
wln 0535 What desperate foole; looke toward it; farwell,

wln 0536
wln 0537
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wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555

And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy follies,
Nay I will make thee kneele to take my offer:

Once more farwell, and put thy trust in puppits.

Exit.

Quisar. If none dare undertake it, I'll live a mourner.

Ba. You cannot want.

Sy. You must not.

Ru. 'Tis most dangerous,

And wise men wou'd proceed with care & counsell,

Yet some way would I **knnw** —

Walke with me Gentlemen —

Exeunt.

Ar. How doe you like her spirit?

{Manent Arm.

Soz. 'Tis a cleare one,

& his Comp.

Clod with no dirty stufte, she is all pure honor.

Em. The bravest wench I ever look'd upon,

And of the strongest parts, she is most faire,

Yet her mind such a mirrour —

Arm. What an action

Wou'd this be to put forward one, what a glory,

And what an everlasting wealth to end it?

Methinkes my soule is strangely rais'd.

column: 186-b-2

wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
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wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575

Soz. To step into it,

Just while they thinke, and ere they have determin'd

To bring the King off.

Ar. Things have been done as dangerous.

Em. And prosper'd best when they were least considerd.

Ar. Blesse me my hopes,

And you my friends assist me.

None but our companions.

Soz. You deale wisely,

And if we shrinke the name of slaves dye with us.

Em. Stay not for second thoughts.

Ar. I am determin'd;

And though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,

And my brave offer shall be turn'd to story,

Worthy the Princesse tongue. A boat that's all

That's unprovided, and habits like to merchants,

The rest wee'l councill as we goe.

Soz. Away then,

Fortune lookes faire on those, make haste to win her.

Exeunt.

wln 0576

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

wln 0577

Enter Keeper, and 2 or 3 Moores.

wln 0578

Kee. I Have kept many a man, and many a great one,

wln 0579

Yet I confesse, I nere saw before

wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
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wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614

A man of such a sufferance; he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, for sure 'twou'd kill him.
Where neither light or comfort can come neare him;
Nor aire, nor earth that's wholesome; it grieves me
To see a mighty King with all his glory,
Sunke o'th' sudden to the bottome of a dungeon.
Whether should we descend that are poore Rascals
If we had our deserts?

I Mo. 'Tis a strange wonder,
Load him with Irons, oppresse him with contempts,
Which are the Governours commands, give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustaine life, 'tis next nothing;
They stir not him, he smiles upon his miseries,
And beares 'em with such strength as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up, and foster'd with calamities.

2, He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing we can heare of;
And in the midst of all these frights, feares nothing.

Kee. I'le be sworne
He feares not, for even when I shake for him,
As many times my pittie will compell me,
When other soules that beare not halfe his burthen,
Shrinke in their powers, and burst with their oppressions;
Then will he sing, wooe his afflictions,
And court 'em in sad aires, as if he wou'd wed 'em.

I. That's more then we have heard yet, we are only
Appointed for his guard, but not so neare him,
If we could heare that wonder —

Kee. Many times
I feare the Governour should come to know it;
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
That when I find his houre, I have Musicke ready,
And it stirs me infinitely. be but still and private,
And you may chance to heare.

King appeares loden with chaines, his head, arms only above

Nnn2

2. We

wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
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wln 0620
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wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660

2. We will not stir sir;
This is a suddaine change, but who darres blame it.
Kee. Now harke and melt, for I am sure I shall;
Stand silent, what stubbourne weight of chaines —
1 Yet he lookes temperately.
2. His eyes not sunke, and his complexion firme still,
No wildnesse, no distemper'd touch upon him.
How constantly he smiles, and how undanted?
With what a Majesty he heaves his head up?
Ke. Now marke, I know he wil sing; do not disturb him.
Your allowance from the Governor, wou'd it were more
Or in my power to make it handsomer. (sir,
Kin. Do not transgresse thy charge, I take his bounty,
And fortune, whilst I beare a mind contented,
Not leavend with the glory I am falne from,
Nor hang upon vaine hopes, that may corrupt me.
Enter Governor.
Gov. Thou art my slave, and I appeare above thee.
Kee. The Governor himselfe.
Gov. What, at your banquet?
And in such state, and with such change of service?
Kin. Nature's no glutton sir, a little serves her.
Gov. This diet's holsome then.
Kin. I beg no better.
Gov. A calme contented mind, give him lesse next;
These full meales will oppresse his health, his Grace
Is of a tender, and pure constitution,
And such repletions —
Kin. Mocke, mock, it moves not me sir,
Thy mirthes, as do thy mischiefes flie behind me.
Gov. Ye carry it handsomely, but tell me patience,
Do not you curse the brave and royall Lady
Your gracious sister? do not you damn her pittie,
Damn twenty times a day, and dam it seriously?
Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very soule sweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? couldst not thou eate her
For being so injurious to thy fortune,
Thy faire and happy fortune? couldst not thou wish her
A Bastard, or a whore, fame might proclame her
Black ugly fame, or that thou hadst had no sister?
Spitting the generall name out, and the nature;
Blaspheming heaven for making such a mischiefe;
For giving power to pride, and will to woman?
Kin. No Tyrant, no, I blesse and love her for it;
And though her scorne of thee, had laid up for me

Musick.

wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680

As many plagues as the corrupted aire breeds,
As many mischiefes as the houres have minutes.
As many formes of death, as doubt can figure;
Yet I should love her more still, and more honour her;
All thou canst lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No not the stroke of death, that I despise too:
For if feare could possesse me, thou hadst won me;
As little from this houre I prize thy flatteries,
And lesse then those thy prayers, though thou wouldst
And if she be not Mistris of this nature, (kneele to me;
She is none of mine, no kin, and I contemne her.

Gov. Are you so valiant sir?

Kin. Yes, and so fortunate;

For he that holds my constancy still conquers;
Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble enemy,
And as at first, made my restraint seeme to me
But only as the shadow of captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still lov'd thee,
And still prefer'd thy faire love to my sister;

column: 187-a-2

wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
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wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708

But to compell this from me with a misery,
A most inhumane, and unhansome slavery —
Gov. You will relent for all this talke I feare not,
And put your wits a worke agen.

Kin. You are cozen'd;

Or if I were so weake to be wrought to it,
So fearefull to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart if she consented.

Gov. You shall write and entreat or —

Kin. Do thy utmost,

And e'ne in all thy tortures I'le laugh at thee,
I'le thinke thee no more valiant, but a villaine;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a theefe,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art dishonest;
Nor no way live to build a name, thou art barbarous.

Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him mur-
And see his dyet be so light and little, (mur,
He grow not thus high hearted on't, I will coole ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To worke my ends, and willingly; and your sister taken
Your scornfull, cruell sister shall repent too, (downe,
And sue to me for grace.

Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessened;
Nothing his heart desires, but vexe and torture him:
Let him not sleepe, nothing that's deare to nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he dye not;

wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711
wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715
wln 0716
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wln 0736
wln 0737

Keepe him as neere death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it; I will humble him,
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance;
And let me see her champions that dare venture
Her high and mighty wooers, keepe your guards close,
And as you love your lives be diligent,
And what I charge, observe.

Omnes We shall be dutifull. *(Exit. Gov.*

Gov. I'le pull your courage King and all your bravery.

I. Most certaine he is resolved nothing can stir him;
For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to feare or hope, he durst not talke thus,
And do thus stoutly too, as willingly,
And quietly he sunke downe to his sorrows,
As some men to their sleepes.

Kee. Yes, and sleepes with 'em;
So litle he regards them, ther's the wonder,
And often soundly sleepes, wou'd I durst pittie him,
Or wou'd it were in my will, but we are servants,
And tyed unto command.

2. I wish him better,
But much I feare 'has found his tombe already,
We must observe our guards.

1. He cannot last long,
And when he is dead, he is free.

Kee. That's the most cruelty,
That we must keepe him living.

2. That's as he please;
For that man that resolves, needs no Phisitian.

Exeunt.

wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745

*Enter Armusia, Soza, Emanuel like merchants,
Arm'd underneath.*

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a faire omen.

Omnes We beleeve it.

Ar. The sea and wind strove who should most befriend
And as they favourd our designe and lov'd us, (us,
So lead us forth — where lies the boat that brought us?

Soz.

column: 187-b-1

wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
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wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791

Soz. Safe lodg'd within the Reeds, close by the Castle,
That no eye can suspect, nor thought come neare it.

Em. But where have you been, brave sir?

Ar. I have broke the Ice boyes:

I have begun the game, faire fortune guide it,
Suspectlesse have I travell'd all the towne through,
And in this Merchants shape won much acquaintance,
Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his Magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the prison is, and what power guards it.

Soz. These will be strong attempts.

Ar. Courage is strong:

What we began with policy, my deare friends,
Let's end with manly force; there's no retiring,
Unlesse it be with shame.

Em. Shame his that hopes it

Ar. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,

However, lose or win, and speak our memories,
Then if we led our Armies; things done thus,
And of this noble waight, will stile us worthy.

Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or faile —

Ar. I am sure ye dare not.

Then further know, and let no eare be neare us
That may be false.

Em. Speak boldly on, we are honest;
Our lives and fortunes yours.

Ar. Hard by the place then

Where all his treasure lies, his armes, his women,
Close by the prison too where he keeps the King,
I have hir'd a lodging, as a trading merchant,
A Celler to that too, to stow my wares in,
The very wall of which, joynes to his store-house.

Soz. What of all this?

Ar. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not:

Into that Celler, elected friends, I have convey'd
And unsuspected too that will doe it;
That that will make all shake, and smoak too.

Em. Ha?

Ar. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice:

The fire I brought here with me shall doe something,
Shall burst into materiall flames, and bright ones,
That all the Island shall stand wondring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a Comet:
Powder is ready, and enough to worke it,
The match is left a-fire, all, all husht, and lockt close,

wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
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wln 0799
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wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811

No man suspecting what I am but Merchant:
An houre hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose,
For by that time 'twill take.
Soz. What are our duties?
Ar. When all are full of feare and fright, the Gover-
Out of his wits, **the** to see flames so imperious, (nour
Ready to turne to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruines,
No man regarding any private office;
Then flie we to the prison suddenly,
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.
Em. Then to our swords and good hearts,
I long for it.
Ar. Certaine we shall not find much opposition,
But what is must be forced.
Soz. 'Tis bravely cast sir,
And surely too I hope.
Ar. If the fire faile not,
And powder hold his nature, some must presently

column: 187-b-2

wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821

Upon the first cry of the amazed people,
(For nothing will be markt then, but the miserie)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant,
And then all's right and faire.
Em. Blesse us deare fortune.
Ar. Let us be worthie of it in our courage,
And fortune must befriend us, come all sever,
But keep still within sight, when the flame rises
Let's meet, and either doe, or dye.
Soz. So be it.

Exeunt.

wln 0822

Enter Governour and Captaine.

wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837

Gov. No Captaine, for those troops we need 'em not,
The Towne is strong enough to stand their furies;
I wou'd see 'em come, and offer to doe something.
They are high in words.
Cap. 'Tis safer sir then doing.
Gov. Dost thinke they dare attempt.
Cap. May be by treaty
But sure by force they wil not prove so forward.
Gov. No faith, I warrant thee, they know me wel enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with:
They know my nature too, I have bit some of 'em,
And to the bones, they have reason to remember me,
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fooles are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and powers are to bring things to passe;

wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875

Am I not growne leane with losse of sleep and care
To prevent these threatnings, Captaine?

Cap. You look well sir:

Upon my conscience you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not:

Well wou'd I had this wench, for I must have her,
She must be mine; and there's another charge Captaine;
What betwixt love and brawling I got nothing,
All goes in maintenance —

Heark what was that,
That noyse there? it went with a violence.

The Train takes.

Cap. Some old wall belike sir,
That had no neighbour helpe to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov; I must discard these Rascals,
That are not able to maintaine their buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.

Within, Fire, fire.

Gov. I heare another tune, good Captaine,
It comes on fresher still, tis loud and fearefull,
Look up into the Towne, how bright the ayre shewes;
Upon my life some suddaine fire.

The bell too?
I heare the noyse more cleare

Ex. Cap.
Bell Rings.

Enter Ciitizen.

Cit. Fire, fire.

Gov. Where? where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchans house sir,
Fearefull and high it blazes; helpe good people.

Gov. Pox o'their paper-houses, how they smother,
They light like candles, how the rore still rises?

Enter Captaine.

Cap. Your Magazine's a fire sir, help, help suddenly,
The Castle too is in danger, in much danger,
All will be lost, get the people presently,
And all that are your guard, and all helpe, all hands sir,
Your wealth, your strenth, is burnt else, the town perisht;

The

wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889

wln 0890

wln 0891
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wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919

The Castle now begins to flame.
Gov. My soule shakes. (him,
Cap. A Merchants house next joyning? shame light on
That ever such a neighbour, such a villaine —
Gov. Raise all the garrison, and bring 'em up.
Enter other Citizens.
And beat the people forward — Oh I have lost all
In one house, all my hopes: good worthy Citizens
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me,
I will reward you all. Oh cursed fortune —
The flame's more violent: arise still, help, helpe Citizens,
Freedome & wealth to him that helps: follow, oh follow.
Fling wine, or any thing, Ile see't recompenc'd.
Buckets, more Buckets; fire, fire, fire. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Armusia, and his company.

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our discovery.
Soz. Hearke, what a merry crye
These hounds make? forward fairely,
We are not seen in the mist, we are Not noted. Away,
Away. Now if we lose our fortune — *Exit.*
Enter Captaine and Citizens.
Cap. Up souldiers, up, and deale like men.
Cit. More water, more water, all is consum'd else.
Cap. All's gone, unlesse you undertake it straight, your
Wealth too, that must preserve, & pay your labor bravely.
Up, up, away. *Ex. Cap. and Cit. Then,*
Enter Armusia and his company breaking
open a doore.
Ar. So, thou art open, keep the way cleare
Behinde still. Now for the place.
Sold. 'Tis here sir.
Ar. Sure this is it.
Force ope the doore — A miserable creature!
Yet by his manly face — *The King discover'd.*
Kin. Why stare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to afright me:
In death I am a King still, and contemne ye:
Where is that Governour? me thinks his man-hood
Should be well pleas'd to see my Tragedy,
And come to bath his sterne eyes in my sorrowes;
I dare him to the sight, bring his scornes with him,
And all his rugged threats: here's a throat, souldiers;
Come, see who can strike deepest.

wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939

Em. Break the Chain there.

Kin. What does this mean?

Ar. Come, talke of no more Governours,
He has other businesse sir, put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage like a man,
Wee'll carrie off your head else: we are friends,
And come to give your sorrowes ease.

Soz. On bravely;
Delayes may lose agen,

Enter Guard.

Ar. The Guard.

Soz. Upon 'em.

Ar. Make speedy, and sure work.

Em. They flye. (speedy,

Ar. Up with him, and to the Boat; stand fast, now be
When this heat's past, wee'll sing our History.
Away, like thoughts, sudden as desires, friends;
Now sacred chance be ours.

Soz. Pray when we have done sir.

Exeunt.

column: 188-a-2

wln 0940

Enter 3 or 4 Citizens severally.

wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966

1. What is the fire allaid?

2. 'Tis out, tis out,

Or past the worst, I never did so stoutly
I'le assure you neighbours since I was a man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib:
I liv'd two hovres in the fire, 'twas a hideous matter;
But when men of understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things, my wife gave me over,
And tooke her leave a hundred times, I bore up still,
And tost the Buckets boyes.

3. We are all meere Martins.

1. I heard a voice at latter end o'th hurry,
Or else I dreamt I heard it, that said treason.

2. Tis like enough, it might cry murder to, for there was
Many without a joint, but whats that to us: Lets home
And fright our wives. for we looke like Devils.

Enter 3 Women.

3. Here come some of 'em to fright us.

1 *W.* Mine's alive neighbor — oh sweet hony husband.

2. Thou liest I thinke abominably, and thou hadst bin
In my place, thou wouldst have stunke at both ends.
Get me some drinke, give me whole tuns of drinke,
Whole cisternes, for I have foure dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly, I have more smoke in my mouth, then would
Blote a hundred herrings.

2 *Wo.* Art thou come safe agen?

wln 0967

wln 0968

wln 0969

wln 0970

wln 0971

wln 0972

wln 0973

wln 0974

wln 0975

wln 0976

wln 0977

wln 0978

wln 0979

wln 0980

wln 0981

wln 0982

wln 0983

wln 0984

wln 0985

wln 0986

wln 0987

wln 0988

wln 0989

wln 0990

wln 0991

wln 0992

wln 0993

wln 0994

wln 0995

wln 0996

wln 0997

wln 0998

wln 0999

wln 1000

wln 1001

3 *Wo.* I pray you what became of my man, is he in a wel?

2. At hearts ease in a Well, is very well neighbour;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets;
Thy husbands happy, he was through roasted,
And now hee's basting of himselfe at all points:
The Clarke and he are cooling their pericraniums;
Body O me neighbors there's fire in my codpiece.

1 *Wo.* Blesse my husband.

2. Blow it out wife — blow, blow, the gable end a'th'

Women. Some water, water, water. (store-house.

3. Peace, tis but a sparkle;

Raise not the Towne again, 'twill be a great hinderance,
I'm glad tis out, and 't had tane in my hayloft?
What frights are these, marry heaven blesse thy modicum.

3 *Wo.* But is a drown'd outright, pray put me out of
Feare neighbor.

2. Thou wouldst have it so, but after a hundred fires
More, hee'l live to see thee burnt for brewing musty
Liquor.

1. Come lets goe neighbor.

2 For I would very faine turne downe this liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt marry-bone:

Women get you afore, and draw upon us;
Run wenches run, and let your taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tailes, cry ale, ale.

Wom. Away lets nourish the poore wretches.

2. Wee'l Rallie up the rest of the burnt Regiment.

Enter Governor, Captaine, Souldier, and Guard.

Gov. The fire's quencht Captain, but the mischief hangs
The Kings redeem'd, & gon too; a trick, a dam'd one: (still;
Oh I am overtaken poorely, tamely. (son?

Cap. Where were the guard that waited upon the pri-

Sol. Most of 'em slaine, yet some scap't sir, and they de-
They saw a little boat ready to receive him, (liver,
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and fighting;

Fighting

column: 188-b-1

wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
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wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045

Fighting beyond the force of men.

Gov. I am lost Captaine,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorne me:
Count me a heavy sleepy foole, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage, or common sense.

Sol. Hee's gone sir,
And put to sea amaine, past our recovery,
Not a Boat ready to pursue; if there were any,
The people stand amazed so at their valour,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knowes to execute.

Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, & knock my boys brains
'Gainst every post I meet; fool'd with a fire?

Cap. It was a crafty trick.

Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident sluggish lazie, had I but met 'em,
And chang'd a dozen blowes, I had forgiv'n 'em,
By both these hands held up, and by that brightnesse
That gildes the world with light, by all our worships,
The hidden ebbes and flowes of the blew Ocean,
I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this dishonour:

Make ready my Barrato's instantly,
And what I shall intend —

Cap. We are your servants.

Exeunt.

Enter Quisara, Ruy Dyas.

Quisar. Never tell me, you never car'd to win me,
Never for my sake to attempt a deed,
Might draw me to a thought you sought my favour:
If not for love of me, for love of armes sir,
For that cause you professe, for love of honour,
Of which you stile your selfe the mighty Master,
You might have stept out nobly, and made an offer,
As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward face.

Ru. Deare Lady hold me —

Quisar; I hold ye, as I finde yee, a faint servant.

Ru. By — I dare doe —

Quisar. In a Ladies chamber
I dare beleeve ye, there's no mortall danger:
Give me the man that dares doe, to deserve that:
I thought you *Portugalls* had been rare wonders,
Men of those haughty courages and credits,

wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065

That all things were confin'd within your promises,
The Lords of fate and fortune I beleev'd yee,
But well I see I am deceiv'd *Ruy Dias*,
And blame too late my much believe.
Ru. I am asham'd, Lady,
I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
Now you have once more school'd me, I am right,
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in act as soone, some preparation —
Quisar. And give it out?
Ru. Yes, Lady, and so great too:
In which, the noyse of all my Countrey-men — (ones,
Quisar. Those will doe well, for they are all approv'd
And though he be restor'd alive.
Ru. I have ye.
Quisar. For then we are both servants.
Ru. I conceive ye,
Good Madam give me leave to turne my fancies.
Quis. Do, & make all things fit, & then Ile visit you. *Ex.*
Ru. My selfe, the cozen, and the Garrison,

column: 188-b-2

wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093

The neighbours of the out-Isles of our nation,
Syana's strength, for I can humour him:
And proud *Bekamus*, I shall deceive his glory. *A shout.*
What ringing sound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be the Princes are in sport.
Enter Pyniero, Christoph.
Py. Where are ye?
Ru. Now *Pyniero*, what's the haste you seek me?
Py. Doe you know this signe sir?
Ru. Ha!
Py. Doe you know this embleme?
Your nose is boar'd.
Ru. Boar'd? what's that?
Py. Y'are topt sir:
The Kings come home againe, the King.
Ru. The devill?
Py. Nay sure he came a gods name home:
Hee's return'd sir.
Christ. And all this joy yee heare —
Ru. Who durst attempt him?
The Princes are all here.
Chry. They are worthy Princes,
They are speciall Princes, all they love by ounces.
Believe it sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely and easily.
What fortune have ye lost sir?
What justice have ye now unto this Lady?
Py. How stands your claime?
That ever man should be fool'd so,

wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131

When he should doe and prosper; stand protesting,
Kissing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he should be about his businesse sweating;
She bid you goe, and pickt you out a purpose, (one,
To make your selfe a fortune by, a Lady, a Lady, and a lusty
A lovely, that now you may goe look, she poynted ye,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly, you have made a faire flight on't,
You have caught a goose.

Ru. How dare you thus molest me?

A shout.

It cannot bee.

Chr. Heark how the generall joy rings!

Py. Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk too?

For if you had been sober, you had been wise sure.

Ru. Done? who dares doe?

Py. It seems an honest fellow,

That has ended his Market before you be up.

Chr. The shame on't 's a stranger too.

Py. 'Tis no shame,

He took her at her word, and tyed the bargaine,

Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,

But clapt close to the cause, as he will doe to the Lady:

'Is a fellow of that speed and handsomnesse,

He will get her with childe too, ere you shall come to

Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed, (know him,

Scarce eating of the aire here, not acquainted,

No circumstance of love depending on him,

Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,

At the first sight to —

Ru. I am undone.

Py. Like an Oyster:

She neither taking view, nor value of him,

Unto such deeds as these — Pox o'these,

These wise delayings —

They make men cowards.

You are undone as a man would undoe an egge,

A hundred shames about ye.

Enter Quisara, Panura, and Traine.

Quisara.

wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152

Quisar. Can it be possible,
A stranger that I have not knowne, not seen yet,
A man I never grac'd; O Captaine, Captaine,
What shall I doe? I am betray'd by fortune,
It cannot be, it must not be.

Py. It is Lady,
And by my faith a handsome Gentleman;
'Tis his poore Schollers prize.

Quisar. Must I be given
Unto a man I never saw, ne're spoke with,
I know not of what Nation?

Py. Is a Portugall,
And of as good a pitch he will be given to you Lady,
For hee's given much to handsome flesh.

Quisar. Oh *Ruy Dias*,
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth *Ruy Dias*.

Py. Your love sloth, Unckle doe you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully:
And then the tother had lyed ready for ye;
Madam, the generall joy comes.

A shout.

Quisar. We must meet it — but with what comfort?

*Enter Citizens carrying boughes, boyes singing after 'em;
Then King, Armusia, Soza, Emanuell; The
Princes and traine following.*

Quisar. Oh my deare brother what a joy runs through
To see you safe again, your selfe, and mighty, (me,
What a blest day is this?

Kin. Rise up faire sister,
I am not welcome till you have embraced me.

Ru. A generall gladnes sir flies through the City,
And mirth possesses all to see your Grace arrive,
Thus happily arrived againe, and fairely;
'Twas a brave venture who so e're put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honor;
And had it failed, we had not failed great sir,
And in short time too to have forc'd the Governor,
In sight of all his threats.

Kin. I thanke ye Gentleman.

Ru. And all his subtilties to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.

Kin. I know ye love me.

Py. This had bin good with something done before it,
Something set off to beautifie it, now it sounds emptie like
A Barbers bason. pox there's no mettall in't, no noble mar-

Ba. I have an army sir, but that the Governor, (row.

wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
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wln 1160
wln 1161
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wln 1164
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wln 1180
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wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
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wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196

The foolish fellow was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time, became him too,
That would have scoured him else, and all his confines;
That would have rung him such a peale —

Py. Yes backward,
To make doggs houle, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy armye's good for hawkes, there's
Nothing but sheeps hearts in it.

Sy. I have done nothing sir, therefore
I thinke it convenient I say little what I purposed,
And what my love intended.

Kin. I like your modestie,
And thanke ye royall friends, I know it griev'd ye
To know my miserie; but this man Princes,
I must thanke heartily indeed and truly,
For this man saw me in't, and redeemed me:
He lookt upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This sister this, this all man, this all valour,
This pious man.

Ru. My countenance, it shames me,

column: 189-a-2

wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
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wln 1223
wln 1224

One scarce arrived, not harden'd yet, not
Read in dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not season'd —
Oh I have boy'd my selfe.

Kin. This noble bulwarke,
This launce and honor of our age and Kingdome;
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this man from the bowels of my sorrowes
Has new begot my name, and once more made me:
Oh sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing neere recompence invented.

Ar. You are too noble sir, there is reward
Above my action too by millions:
A recompence so rich and glorious,
I durst not dreame it mine, but that 'twas promised;
But that it was propounded, sworne and sealed
Before the face of heaven, I durst not hope it,
For nothing in the life of man, or merit,
It is so truly great, can else embrace it.

Kin. O speake it, speake it, blesse mine eares to heare it,
Make me a happy man, to know it may be,
For still methinkes I am a prisoner,
And feele no libertie before I find it.

Ar. Then know it is your sister, she is mine sir,
I claime her by her owne word, and her honour;
It was her open promise to that man
That durst redeeme ye; Beauty set me on,
And fortune crownes me faire, if she receive me.

wln 1225
wln 1226
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wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262

Kin. Receive ye sir — why sister — ha — so backward,
Stand as you knew me not, nor what he has ventured
My dearest sister.

Ar. Good sir pardon me,
There is a blushing modestie becomes her,
That holds her back; women are nice to wooe sir;
I would not have her forced, give her faire libertie;
For things compell'd and frighted of soft natures,
Turne into feares, and flye from their owne wishes.

Kin. Looke on my *Quisara* such another,
Oh all ye powers, so excellent in nature,
In honour so abundant.

Quisar. I confesse sir,
Confesse my word is past too, he has purchased;
Yet good sir give me leave to thinke, but time
To be acquainted with his worth and person;
To make me fit to know it; we are both strangers,
And how we should beleewe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our affections —
Alas, love has his complements.

Kin. Be sudden
And certaine in your way, no womans doubles,
Nor coy delayes, you are his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever;
Respect your word, I know you will, come sister,
Lets see what welcome you can give a prisoner,
And what faire lookes a friend — Oh my most noble
Princes, no discontents, but all be lustie,
He that frownes this day is an openemie:
Thus in my armes my deare.

Ar. You make me blush sir.

Kin. And now lead on —
Our whole Court crowned with pleasure.

Ru. Madam, despaire not, something shall be done yet,
And suddenly and wisely.

Quisar. O *Ruy Dias*.

Py. Well he's a brave fellow, & he has deserv'd her richly,
And you have had your hands full I dare swear Gentlemē.

Ex.

Soz.

column: 189-b-1

wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269

Soz. We have done something sir, if it hit right.
Ch. The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty,
So much I think.
Py. Come, let's goe bounce amongst 'em,
To the Kings health, and my brave country-mans.
My uncle looks as though he were sick oth'
Worms friends.

Exeunt.

wln 1270

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

wln 1271

Enter Pyniero.

wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
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wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304

MIne uncle haunts me up & down, looks melancholy,
Wondrous proof melancholy, sometimes swears,
Then whistles, starts, cries, & groans, as if he had the Bots.
As to say truth, I think h'as little better,
And wo'd fain speak; bids me good morrow at midnight,
And good night when 'tis noon, has something hovers
About his braines, that would faine finde an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not: stil he followes;
How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old Dog at a dead sent? I marry,
There was a sigh wou'd a set a ship a sayling:
These winds of love and honour blow at all ends.
Now speak and't be thy will: good morrow Uncle.

Ru. Good morrow sir.

Py. This is a new salute:

Sure h'as forgot me: this is pur-blinde *Cupid.*

Ru. My Nephew?

Py. Yes sir, it I be not chang'd.

Ru. I wou'd faine speak with you.

Py. I wou'd faine have ye sir,

For to that end *I* stay.

Ru. You know I love yee,

And I have lov'd you long, my deare *Pyniero*,
Bred and supply'd you.

Py. Whither walks this Preamble?

Ru. You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,
I sure had a fathers care, a fathers tendernesse.

Py. Sure he would wrap me into something now sud-
He doubts my nature in, for mine is honest, (denly,
He windes about me so.

Ru. A fathers deligence.

My privat benefits, I have forgot sir,
But those you might lay claime to as my follower;

*{Enter
Ruy Dyas.*

wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322

Yet some men wou'd remember —
Pyn. I doe dayly. (one,
Ru. The place which I have put ye in, which is no weak
Next to my selfe you stand in all employments,
Your counsell, cares, assignements with me equall,
So is my study still to plant your person;
These are small testimonies I have not forgot ye,
Nor wou'd not be forgotten.
Pyn. Sure you cannot.
Ru. O *Pyniero* —
Pyn. Sir; what hangs upon you,
What heavy weight oppresses ye, ye have lost,
(I must confesse, in those that understand ye)
Some little of your credit, but time will cure that;
The best may slip sometimes.
Ru. Oh my best Nephew —
Pyn. It may be yee feare her too, that disturbs ye,
That she may fall her selfe, or be forc'd from ye.

Ru.

column: 189-b-2

wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351

Ru. She is ever true, but I undone for ever.
Oh that *Armusia*, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honor;
That murdring chaine shot at me from my Country;
That goodly plague that I must court to kill me.
Pyn. Now it comes flowing from him, I feared this,
Knew, he that durst be idle, durst be ill too,
Has he not done a brave thing?
Ru. I must confesse it nephew, must allow it,
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunke me,
Has trod me like a name in sand to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruine:
And if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune;
And when thats set, where's thy advancement Cozen?
That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,
That would consider these; that man were gratefull;
And he that durst doe something here durst love me.
Pyn. You say true, 'tis worth consideration,
Your reasons are of weight, and marke me Unckle,
For I'le be sudden, and to'th' purpose with you.
Say this *Armusia* then wert taken off,
As it may be easily done
How stands the woman?
Ru. She is mine for ever;
For she contemnes his deed and him.
Pyn. Pox on him,
Or if the single pox be not sufficient,
The hogs, the dogs, and devils pox possesse him:
'Faith this *Armusia* stumbles me, 'is a brave fellow;

wln 1352
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wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388

And if he could be spared Unckle —

Ru. I must perish:

Had he set up at any rest but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth. —

Pyn. I understand you now, who set you on too;
I had a reasonable good opinion of the devill
Till this houre; and I see he is a knave indeed,
An arrant stinking knave, for now I smell him;
I'le see what may be done then, you shall know
You have a kinsman, but no villaine Unckle,
Nor no betrayer of faire fame, I scorne it;
I love and honour vertue; I must have
Accesse unto the Lady to know her mind too,
A good word from her mouth you know may stir me;
A Ladies looke at setting on —

Ru. You say well;

Here Cozen, here's a Letter readie for you,
And you shall see how nobly shee'l receive you,
And with what care direct.

Pyn. Farewell then Unckle,
After I have talked with her, I am your servant,
To make you honest if I can — else hate you.
Pray ye no more complements, my head is busie, heaven
What a malicious soule does this man carry? (blesse me;
And to what scurvy things this love converts us?
What stinking things, and how sweetly they become us?
Murther's a morall vertue with these Lovers,
A speciall peece of Divinitie I take it:
I may be mad, or violentlie drunke,
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And learne to murther mens estates, thats base too;
Or proud, but thats a Paradise to this;
Or envious, and sit eating of my selfe
At others fortunes; I may lye, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;
Couzen, Cut purses, sit i'th' stocks for apples.

Ooo

But

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wln 1390
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wln 1433
wln 1434

But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy,
These are poore pelting sins, or rather plagues,
Love and Ambition draw the devills Coach.

Enter Quisana, and Panura.

How now! who are these? Oh my great Ladies followers,
Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,
Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers:
These doors I must passe through, I hope they are wide.
Good day to your beauties, how they take it to 'em?
As if they were faire indeed.

Quis. Good morrow to you sir.

Pin. That's the old Hen, the brood-bird? how she busles?
How like an Inventory of Lecherie she looks?
Many a good peece of iniquity
Has past her hands, I warrant her — I beseech you,
Is the faire Princesse stirring?

Pan. Yes marry is she sir,

But somewhat private: have you a busnesse with her?

Pin. Yes forsooth have I, and a serious busnesse.

Pan. May not we know?

Pin. Yes, when you can keep counsell.

Pan. How prettily he looks? he's a souldier sure,
His rudenesse sits so handsomly upon him.

Quis. A good blunt gentleman.

Pin. Yes marry am I:

Yet for a push or two at sharp, an't please you —

Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you speak to:
This is the Princesse Aunt.

Pin. I like her th' better

And she were her Mother, (Lady) or her grandmother,
I am not so bashfull but I can buckle with her.

Pan. Of what size is your busnesse?

Pin. Of the long sixteens,

And will make way I warrant yee.

Pan. How fine he talks?

Pin. Nay in troth I talke but coursey, Lady,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding:
How faine they wou'd draw me into ribaldry?
These wenches that live easily, live high,
And love these broad discourses, as they love possets;
These dry delights serve for preparatives.

Pan. Why doe you look so on me?

Pin. I am ghessing

By the cast of your face, what the property of your place
For I presume you turne a key sweet beauty, (should be,
And you another gravity, under the Princesse,

wln 1435
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wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454

And by my — I warrant ye good places,
Comely commodious feates.
Quisan. Prethee let him talke still,
For me thinkes he talkes handsomely.
Py. And truly
As neare as my understanding shall enable me
You look as if you kept my Ladies secrets:
Nay doe not laugh, for I meane honestly, (end?
How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th'
And how their hearts goe pit a pat and look for it?
Wou'd it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?
Your gravity I ghesse, to take the Petitions,
And heare the lingring suits in love dispos'd,
Their sighes and sorrowes in their proper place,
You keep the ay me office.
Qui. Prethee suffer him,
For as I live hee's a pretty fellow.
I love to here sometimes what men think of us:
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice:
Proceed good honest man.

column: 190-a-2

wln 1455
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wln 1482

Pin. I will, good Madam.
According to mens states and dignities,
Moneyes and moveables, you rate their dreames,
And cast the Nativity of their desires,
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous:
And if he promise place, his dreams are Oracles;
Your ancient practique Art too in these discoveries,
Who loves at such a length, who a span farther,
And who drawes home, yeeld you no little profit,
For these yee milk by circumstance.
Qui. Yee are cunning.
Pin. And as they Oyle ye, and advance your spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love, your doores too,
The doores of destiny, that men must passe through;
These are faire places.
Pan. He knowes all.
Pin. Your trap doores,
To pop fooles in it, that have no providence,
Your litle wickets, to work wise men, like wires throug at,
And draw their states and bodies into Cobwebs,
Your Posterne doores, to catch those that are cautelous,
And would not have the worlds eye finde their knaveries:
Your doores of danger, some men hate a pleasure,
Unlesse that may be full of feares; your hope doores,
And those are fine commodities, where fooles pay
For every new encouragement, a new custome;
You have your doores of honour, and of pleasure;
But those are for great Princes, glorious vanities,

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wln 1520

That travell to be famous through diseases;
There be the doores of povertie and death too:
But these you doe the best you can to damme up,
For then your gaine goes out.

Qui. This is a rare lecture.

Pin. Read to them that understand.

Pan. Beshrew me,

I dare not venture on ye, yee cut too keen sir.

Qui. We thank you sir for your good mirth
You are a good Companion.

*{Enter
Quisara*

Here comes the Princesse now, attend your businesse.

Quisar. Is there no remedy? no hopes can help me?
No wit to set me free? whose there hoe?

Quisan. Troubled? her looks are almost wilde:
What ailes the Princesse?

I know nothing she wants.

Quisar. Who's that there with you?

Oh Signeur *Piniero*? you are most welcome:

How does your noble uncle?

Pin. Sad as you are Madam:

But he commends his service, and this Letter.

Quisar. Goe off, attend within — Faire sir, I thank ye,
Pray be no stranger, for indeed you are welcome;

For your owne vertues welcome.

Quis. We are mistaken,
This is some brave fellow sure.

Pan. I'me sure hee's a bold fellow:

But if she hold him so, we must beleeve it.

Ex.

Quisar. Doe you know of this faire sir?

Pin. I ghesse it Madam,

And whither it intends: I had not brought it else.

Quis. It is a businesse of no common reckoning.

Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks:

Give me a matter of some waight to wade in.

Quis. And can you love your Uncle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?

Can there be such a faith?

Pin.

column: 190-b-1

wln 1521 *Pyn:* Dare you say I to it,
wln 1522 And set me on? 'tis no matter for my Uncle,
wln 1523 Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.
wln 1524 *Quisar.* I wou'd faine —
wln 1525 *Pyn.* Have it done; say but so Lady.
wln 1526 *Quisan.* Conceive it so.
wln 1527 *Pyn.* I will, 'tis that I am bound too:
wln 1528 Your will that must command me, and your pleasure,
wln 1529 The faire aspects of those eyes, that must direct me:
wln 1530 I am no Uncles agent, I am mine owne, Lady;
wln 1531 I scorne my able youth should plough for others,
wln 1532 Or my ambition serve for pay; I ayme,
wln 1533 Although I never hit, as high as any man,
wln 1534 And the reward I reach at shall be equall,
wln 1535 And what love spurs me on to, this desire,
wln 1536 Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
wln 1537 A valiant, and a vertuous man, my country-man, *Armusia*,
wln 1538 The delight of all the *Minions*, (your excellence;
wln 1539 Is love of you, doting upon your beauty, the admiration of
wln 1540 Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
wln 1541 Or the least grace you have bestow'd on others,
wln 1542 And see how suddenly Ile worke your safety,
wln 1543 And set your thoughts at peace; I am no flatterer,
wln 1544 To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
wln 1545 To lye a bed, and sweare men into Feavers,
wln 1546 Like some of your trim suters; when I promise,
wln 1547 The light is not more constant to the world,
wln 1548 Then I am to my word — She turnes for millions.
wln 1549 *Quisar.* I have not seen a braver confirm'd courage.
wln 1550 *Pyn.* For a tun of Crownes she turns: she is a woman,
wln 1551 And much I feare a worse then I expected.
wln 1552 You are the object Lady, you are the eye
wln 1553 In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
wln 1554 From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:
wln 1555 And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
wln 1556 Or but thinks of his estate, Father, Mother,
wln 1557 Friends, Wife, and Children,
wln 1558 'Is a foole, and I scorne him,
wln 1559 And be but to make cleane his sword: coward
wln 1560 Men have forgot their fealty to beauty.
wln 1561 Had I the place in your affections,
wln 1562 My most unworthy uncle is fit to fall from,
wln 1563 Liv'd in those blessed eyes, and read the stories
wln 1564 Of everlasting pleasures figur'd there,
wln 1565 I wou'd finde out your cōmands before you thought 'em,
wln 1566 And bring 'em to you done, ere you dream't of'em.

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Quis. I admire his boldnesse.

Pyn. This, or any thing;

Your brothers death, mine uncles, any mans,
No state that stands secure, if you frowne on it.
Look on my youth, I bring no blastings to you,
The first flower of my strength, my faith.

Quis. No more sir;

I am too willing to believe, rest satisfi'd;
If you dare doe for me, I shall be thankfull:
You are a handsome gentleman, a faire one,
My servant if you please; I seale it thus sir.
No more, till you deserve more.

Exit.

Pyn. I am rewarded:

This woman's cunning, but she's bloody too;
Although she pulls her Tallons in, she's mischievous;
Form'd like the face of heaven, cleare and transparent;
I must pretend still, beare 'em both in hopes,
For feare some bloody slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd to what they wish: well uncle,
What will become of this, and what dishonour

column: 190-b-2

Follow this fatall shaft, if shot, let time tell,
I can but only feare, and crosse to crosse it.

Exit.

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, Soza.

Em. Why are you thus sad? what can grieve or vex you
That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
The honour, and the loves at your disposes?
Why should a man that wants nothing, want his quiet?

Ar. I want what beggars are above me in, content:
I want the grace I have merited,
The favour, the due respect.

Soz. Does not the King allow it?

Ar. Yes and all honors else, all I can aske,
That he has power to give; but from his sister,
The scornfull crueltie, forgive me beauty,
That I transgresse from her that should looke on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her owne faiths sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speake to me.

Soz. And you goe whining up and downe for this sir,
Lamenting and disputing of your grievances;
Sighing and sobbing like a sullen Schoole-boy,
And cursing good-wife fortune for this favor.

Ar. What would you have me doe?

Soz. Doe what you should doe,
What a man would doe in this case, a wise man,
An understanding man that knowes a woman;

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wln 1650

Knowes her and all her tricks, her scorns & all her trifles:
Goe to her and take her in your armes and shake her,
Take her and tosse her like a barre.

Em. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-bed,
Shake her between a paire of sheets sir,
There shake these sullen fits out of her, spare her not there,
There you may breake her will, and bruise no bone sir.

Soz. Goe to her.

Em. Thats the way.

Soz. And tell her and boldly,
And doe not mince the matter, nor mocke your selfe,
With being too indulgent to her pride:
Let her heare roundly from ye, what ye are,
And what ye haue deserved, and what she must be.

Em. And be not put off like a common fellow,
With the Princesse would be private,
Or that she has taken phisicke, and admits none,
I would talke to her any where.

Ar. It makes me smile.

Em. Now you looke hansomely:
Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her,
They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuice;
A woman held at hard meat is your spanniel.

Soz. Pray take our counsell sir.

Ar. *I* shall doe something,
But not your way, it shewes too boisterous,
For my affections are as faire and gentle,
As her they serve.

Enter King.

Soz. The King.

Kin. Why, how now friend?
Why doe you rob me of the companie
I love so dearly sir, *I* have bin seeking you;
For when *I* want you, *I* want all my pleasure:
Why sad? thus sad still man; *I* will not have it;
I must not see the face *I* love thus shadowed. (him,

Em. And't please your Grace, methinks it ill becomes
A souldier should be joviall, high and lustie.

Kin. He shall be so, come, come, I know your reason,

Ooo2

It

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It shall be none to crosse you, ye shall have her,
Take my word, ('tis a Kings word) ye shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.
Arm. Your grace has given me cause, I shall be sir,
And ever your poore servant.
King. Me my selfe sir,
My better selfe, I shall finde time, and suddenly,
To gratifie your loves too gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:
Nay 'tis not worth your thanks, no further complement;
Will you goe with me friend?
Arm. I beseech your grace,
Spare me an houre or two, I shall wait on you,
Some little private businesse with my selfe sir,
For such a time.
King. Ile hinder no devotion,
For I know you are regular, Ile take you gentlemen,
Because hee shall have nothing to disturbe him,
I shall look for your friend. *Exeunt. Manet Armusia.*
Arm. I dare not faile sir: *{Enter Panura.*
What shal I doe to make her know my misery,
To make her sensible? This is her woman,
I have a toy come to me suddenly,
It may worke for the best, she can but scorne me,
And lower then I am I cannot tumble,
Ile trye what ere my fate be — Good even faire one,
Pan. 'Tis the brave stranger — A good night to you sir.
Now by my Ladies hand a goodly gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a husband?
Wou'd I were so provided too.
Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an houre or two?
I want employment for this evening.
I am an honest man.
Pan. I dare beleeeve yee:
Or if yee were not sir, that's no great matter,
We take mens promises, wou'd ye stay with me sir?
Arm. So it please you; pray let's be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princesse gentlewoman,
And wait upon her neere.
Pan. 'Tis like I doe so.
Arm. And may befriend a man, do him faire courtesies,
If he have businesse your way.
Pan. I understand yee.
Arm. So kinde an office, that you may bind a gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too,

wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716

And ye may blesse the houre you did this benefit,
Sweet handsome faces should have courteous mindes,
And ready faculties.

Pan. Tell me your businesse,
Yet if I thinke it be to her, your selfe sir,
For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye stand, without a second
For that but darkens, you wou'd doe it better,
The Princesse must be pleas'd with your accesses,
I'me sure I should.

Arm. I want a Courtiers boldnesse,
And am yet but a stranger, I wou'd faine speak with her:

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her houre of sleep sir.

Ar. Pray ye weare this, and believe my meaning civil,
My businesse of that faire respect and carriage:
This for our more acquaintance.

Jewell.

Pan. How close he kisses?
And how sensible the passings of his lips are?
I must do it, and I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it,
He may doe as much for me, that's all I ayme at,

column: 191-a-2

wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730

And come what will on't, life or death, I'le do it,
For ten such kisses more, and 'twere high treason.

Arm. I wou'd be private with her.

Pan. So you shall,

'Tis not worth thankes else, you must dispatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I must leave you in my chamber sir,
Where you must locke your selfe that none may see you,
'Tis close to her, you cannot misse the entrance,
When she comes downe to bed.

Arm. I understand ye, and once more thanke ye Lady.

Pan. Thanke me but thus.

Arm. If I faile thee —

Come close then.

Ex.

wln 1731

Enter Quisara, and Quisana.

wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742

Quisar. 'Tis late good Aunt, to bed, I am ene unready,
My woman will not be long away.

Quisan. I wou'd have you a little merrier first,
Let me sit by ye, and read or discourse
Something that ye fancy, or take my instrument.

Quisar. No, no I thanke you,
I shall sleep without these, I wrong your age Aunt
To make ye waite thus, pray let me entreat ye,
To morrow I'le see ye, I know y'are sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest, you shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay; oh here's my woman,

*Enter
Panura.*

wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
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wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780

Good night, good night, and good rest Aunt attend you.

Qui. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, & faire dreams court ye.

Quisar. Come, where have you been wench? make me
I slept but ill last night. (unready;

Pan. You'l sleep the better
I hope too night Madam.

Quisar. A little rest contents me;
Thou lovest thy bed *Panura*.

Pan. I am not in love Lady,
Nor seldome dreame of devils, I sleep soundly.

Quisar. I'le swears thou dost, thy husband wou'd not take
If thou wert married wench. (it so well

Pan. Let him take Madam
The way to waken me, I am no dormouse.
Husbands have larum bells, if they but
Ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Prethee fetch my booke.

Pan. I am glad of that.

Quisar. I'le read a while before I sleep.

Pan. I will Madam.

Quisar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you and be importunate,
He may come in.

Pan. I have a better fare for you,
Now least in sight play I. *Exit.*

Enter Armusia, lockes the doore.

Quisar. Why should I love him?
Why should I doat upon a man deserves not,
Nor has no will to worke it? who's there wench?
What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. Ye may know me,
I bring not such amazement noble Lady.

Quisar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restles love that serves ye.

Quisar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudenesse that becomes a theefe or **russin**;
Nor shall my brothers love protect this boldnesse,

You

wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
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wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826

You buil'd so strongly on, my roomes are sanctuaries,
And with that reverence they that seeke my favours,
And humble feares, shall render their approches.
Arm. Mine are no lesse.
Quisar. I am Mistris of my selfe sir,
And will be so, I will not be thus visited;
These feares and dangers thrust into my privacy,
Stand further off, Ile cry out else.
Arm. Oh deare Lady!
Quisar. I see dishonour in your eyes.
Arm. There is none:
By all that beauty they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, you have no cause.
Quisar. I'le dye first;
Before you have your will, be torne in peeces;
The little strength I have left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I am forc'd
To that I hate, or suffer —
Arm. You wrong my duty.
Quisar. So base a violation of my liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly; I'le take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldnesse,
And force my womans feares into a madnesse,
And ere you arrive at what you aime at —
Arm. Lady,
If there be in you any womans pittty?
And if your feares have not proclam'd me monstrous?
Looke on me and beleeve me; is this violence?
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
A ruffins boldnesse? is humility a rudenesse?
The griefes and sorrowes that grow here an impudence?
These forcings, and these feares I bring along with me,
These impudent abuses offered ye;
And thus high has your brothers favour blowne me:
Alas deare Lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose rough, or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle
As your faire hand, with any doubt or danger,
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet;
A heavy curse light on it when I intend it.
Quisar. Now I dare heare you.
Arm. If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad; or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarkes to assure you,

wln 1827 The holy powers beare shields to defend chastity;
wln 1828 Your honour and your vertues are such armours;
wln 1829 Your cleare thoughts such defences; if you misdoubt still,
wln 1830 And yet retaine a feare I am not honest,
wln 1831 Come with impure thoughts to this place;
wln 1832 Take this, and sheath it heare; be your own safety;
wln 1833 Be wise, and rid your feares, and let me perish;
wln 1834 How willing shall I sleepe to satisfie you.

Quisar. No, I beleeeve now, you speake worthily;
What came you then for?

Arm. To complaine, me beauty,
But modestly.

Quisar. Of what?

Arm. Of your feirce cruelty,
For though I dye, I will not blame the doer:
wln 1841 Humbly to tell your grace, ye had forgot me:
wln 1842 A little to have toucht at, not accused,
wln 1843 For that I dare not do, your scornes, pray pardon me
wln 1844 And be not angry, that I use the liberty
wln 1845 To urge that word, a little to have shew'd you
wln 1846

column: 191-b-2

wln 1847 What I have been, and what done to deserve ye,
wln 1848 If any thing that love commands may reach ye,
wln 1849 To have remembred ye, but I am unworthy,
wln 1850 And to that misery fals all my fortunes,
wln 1851 To have told ye, and by my life ye may beleeeve me,
wln 1852 That I am honest, and will only marry
wln 1853 You, or your memory; pray be not angry.

Quisar. I thanke you sir, and let me tell you seriously,
wln 1855 Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
wln 1856 And to beget a faire and cleare opinion,
wln 1857 Yet to try your obedience —

Arm. I stand ready Lady,
wln 1859 Without presuming to aske any thing.

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
wln 1861 Or to remember services, or smiles;
wln 1862 Dangers you have past through, and rewards due to 'em;
wln 1863 Loves or dispaire, but leaving all to me:
wln 1864 Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ru. Ha?

Arm. Who's this?
wln 1869 What art thou?

Ru. A Gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more I'm sure: oh 'tis *Ruy Dias*;
wln 1872 How high he lookes, and harsh?

Ru. Is there not doore enough,
wln 1874 You take such elbow roome?

wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
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wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912

Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.
Ru. Does this become you Princesse?
Arm. The Captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet;
Go freely, go I'll give thee leave.
Ru. Your leave sir?
Arm. Yes my leave sir, I'll not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my heart ake, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reigne in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee;
I kisse your faire hand first, then farewell Captaine.
Quisar. What a pure soule inherits here? what innocence?
Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fogg stil: how he blusters!
Ru. Am I your property? or those your flatteries,
The banquets that ye bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?
Quisar. Be more temperate.
Ru. Are these the shewes of your respect and favour?
What did he here? what language had he with ye?
Did ye invite? could ye stay no longer?
Is he so gracious in your eye?
Quisar. You are too forward.
Ru. Why at these private houres?
Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent to taske me with those erours:
Do ye know what I am sir, and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I haue cal'd bith' name of friend,
I never taught you to dispose my liberty;
How durst you touch mine honour? blot my meanings?
And name an action, and of mine but noble?
Thou poore unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee?
How have I nourisht thee, and raised thee hourelly?
Are these the gratitudes you bring *Ruy Dias*?
The thanks? the services? I am fairely paid;
Was't not enough I saw thou wert a Coward,
And shaddowed thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Dayly provok'd thee, and still found thee coward?

Ex.

Rais'd

wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933

Rais'd noble causes for thee, strangers started at;
Yet still, still, still a Coward, ever Coward;
And with those taints, dost thou upbraid my vertues?
Ruy. I was too blame
Lady.
Quisar. So blindly bold to touch at my behaviour?
Durst thou but looke amisse at my allowance?
If thou hadst been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some li-
Some liberty I might have then allowed thee (cence,
For thy good face, some scope to have argued with me;
But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The meere signe of a Souldier — of a Lover,
The dregs and drafty part, disgrace and jealousie,
I scorne thee, and contemne thee.
Ru. Dearest Lady,
If *I* have been too free —
Quisar. Thou hast been too foolish,
And goe on still, I'le study to forget thee,
I would *I* could, and yet *I* pittie thee.
Ru. *I* am not worth it, if *I* were, that's misery,
The next doore is but death, *I* must aime at it.

Exit.

Exit.

wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954

Actus Quartus. Scœna prima.

Enter King, and Governor like a Moore Priest.

Kin. SOe far and truly you have discovered to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That *I* am bound to acknowledge ye most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.
Gov. *I* am no lyer,
'Tis strange *I* should, and live so neare a neighbour;
But these are not my ends.
Kin. Pray ye sit good father,
Certaine a reverend man, and most religious.
Gov. *I*, that believe's well now, and let me worke then,
I'le make ye curse religion ere *I* leave ye;
I have liv'd a long time son, a mewd up man,
Sequester'd by the speciall hand of heaven
From the worlds vanities, bid farewell to follies,
And shooke hands with all heats of youth and pleasures,
As in a dreame these twenty yeares *I* have slumber'd,
Many a cold moone have *I* in meditation,
And searching out the hidden wils of heaven,

wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972

Laine shaking under, many a burning Sun
Has sear'd my body, and boyl'd up my bloud,
Feebl'd my knees, and stamp't a Meagernesse
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge,
Which I have now attained too, thanks to heaven,
All for my countries good too, and many a vision,
Many a misticke vision have I seen son,
And many a sight from heaven which has been terrible,
Wherein the goods and evils of these Islands
Were lively shadowed; many a charge I have had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveale these,
To travell and discover, now *I* am come son,
The houre is now appointed,
My tongue is touch'd, and now I speake.

Kin. Do holy man, I'le heare ye.

Gov. Beware these Portugals, *I* say beware 'em,
These smooth fac'd strangers, have an eye upon 'em.
The cause is now the God's, heare, and beleeeve King.

column: 192-a-2

wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
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wln 1986
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wln 1988
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wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002

King. *I* do heare, but before *I* give rash credit,
Or hang too light on believe, which is a sin father;
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithfull, valiant,
And am in my particular, bound to 'em,
I meane to some for my most strange deliverance.

Gov. O Son, the future aimes of men, observe me,
Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at: the stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, marke but with my eyes pupill;
These men came hether as my vision tels me,
Poore, weatherbeaten, almost lost, starv'd, feebled,
Their vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long sute for traffique, and for comfort,
To vent their childrens toyes, cure their diseases:
They had their sute, they landed, and too th'rate
Grew rich and powerfull, suckt the fat, and freedome
Of this most blessed Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witnesse the Castle here, the Cittadell,
They have clapt upon the necke of your *Tidore*,
This happy town, till that she knew these strangers,
To check her when shee's jolly.

Kin. They have so indeed father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed, *I* find your faire delivery,
Though you be pleas'd to glorifie that fortune,
And thinke these strangers Gods, take heed *I* say,
I find it but a handsome preparation,
A faire fac'd Prologue to a further mischief:
Marke but the end good King, the pin he shootes at
That was the man deliver'd ye; the mirrour,
Your Sister is his due; what's she, your heire sir?

wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023

And what's he a kin then to the Kingdome?
But heires are not ambitious, who then suffers?
What reverence shall the Gods have? and what justice
The miserable people? what shall they doe?
Kin. He points at truth directly.
Gov. Thinke of these son:
The person, nor the manner *I* mislike not
Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but season'd in the faith we are,
Ne, our devotions learn'd.
King. You say right father.
Gov. To change our worships now, and our Religion?
To be traytor to our God?
King. You have well advised me,
And *I* will seriously consider father,
In the meane time you shall have your faire accesse
Unto my sister, advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the Gods determine.
Gov. *I* will, but my maine end is to advise
The destruction of you all, a generall ruine,
And then *I* am reveng'd, let the Gods whistle.

Exeunt

wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037

Enter Ruy Dias, and Pyniero.
Ruy. Indeed, *I* am right glad ye were not greedie,
And suddaine in performing what *I* wild you,
Upon the person of *Armusia*,
I was affraid, for *I* well knew your valour,
And love to me.
Py. 'Twas not a faire thing unckle,
It shewd not hansome, carried no man in it.
Ruy. *I* must confesse 'twas ill, and *I* abhor it,
Only this good has risen from this evill;
I have tried your honestie, and find prooffe,
A constancie that will not be corrupted,
And *I* much honour it.
Py. This Bell sounds better.

Ruy.

column: 192-b-1

wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
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wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083

Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I have suffer'd,
Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my sicke honour cur'd the right and straight way;
My Swords in my hand now nephew, my cause upon it,
And man to man, one vallour to another,
My hope to his.

Py. Why? this like *Ruy Dias*?
This carries something of some substance in it;
Some mettle and some man, this sounds a gentleman;
And now methinkes ye utter what becomes ye;
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog tricke,
Such a ratcatchers occupation —

Ru. It is no better,
But *Pyniero* now —

Py. Now I do bravely.

Ru. The difference of our states flung by forgotten,
The full opinion I have won in service,
And such respects that may not shew us equall,
Laid handsomely aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods —

Py. In a service sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for ye, I had thought ye had forsworn fighting,
Or banish'd those brave thoughts were wont to waite up-
I am glad to see 'em cal'd home agen. (on you

Ruy. They are nephew,
And thou shall see what fire they carry in them,
Here, you guesse what this meanes.

*Shews a
Challenge*

Py. Yes, very well sir,
A portion of Scripture that puzzels many an interpreter.

Ruy. As soone as you can find him —

Py. That will not be long unckle,
And o' my conscience heele be ready as quickly.

Ruy. I make no doubt good Nephew, carry it so
If you can possible that we may fight.

Py. Nay, you shall fight assure your selfe.

Ru. Pray ye heare me
In some such place where it may be possible
The Princessse may behold us.

Py. I conceive ye,
Upon the sand behind the Castle sir,
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her lodgings too, or I am mistaken.

Ruy. Y'are i'th' right, if ye can worke that handsomly —

Py. Let me alone, and pray be you prepar'd

wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
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wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103

Some three houres hence.
Ruy. I will not faile.
Py. Get you home,
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly,
I warrant, I'le bring him on.
Ruy. Farewell Nephew,
And when we meet againe —
Py. I, I, fight handsomely;
Take a good draught or two of wine to settle ye,
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience Unckle;
I am glad to see this mans conversion,
I was affraid faire honour had been bedrid,
Or beaten out o'th' Island, souldiers and good ones,
Intended such base courses? he will fight now;
And I beleeve too bravely; I have seene him
Curry a fellowes carkasse hansomely:
And in the head of a troope stand as if he had been rooted
Dealing large doles of death; what a rascall was I (there,

column: 192-b-2

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wln 2131

I did not see his will drawn?
What does she here? *Enter Quisara.*
If there be any mischief toward, a woman makes one stil;
Now what new businesse is for me?
Quisar. I was sending for ye,
But since we have met so faire,
You have sav'd that labour; I must entreat you sir —
Py. Any thing thing Madam,
Your wils are my commands.
Qusar. Y'are nobly courteous;
Upon my better thoughts Signeor *Pyniero*,
And my more peaceable considerations.
Which now I find the richer ornaments;
I wou'd desire you to attempt no farther
Against the person of the noble stranger,
In truth I am ashamd of my share in't;
Nor be incited further by your unckle,
I see it will sit ill upon your person;
I have considered, and it will shew ugly
Carried at best, a most unheard of cruelty;
Good sir desist —
Py. You speake now like a woman,
And wondrous well this tendernessee becomes ye;
But this you must remember — your command
Was laid on with a kisse, and seriously
It must be taken off the same way Madam,
Or I stand bound still.
Quisar. That shall not endanger ye,

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wln 2169

Looke ye faire sir, thus I take off that duty.

Py. Byth' masse 'twas soft and sweet,
Some blouds would bound now,
And run a tilt; do not you thinke bright beauty,
You have done me in this kisse a mighty favour,
And that I stand bound by vertue of this honour,
To do what ever you command me?

Quisar. I thinke sir,
From me these are unusuall curtesies,
And ought to be respected so; there are some,
And men of no mean ranke, would hold themselves
Not poorely blest to taste of such a bounty.

Py. I know there are that wou'd do many unjust things
For such a kisse, and yet I hold this modest;
All villanies body and soule dispence with,
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the faire credits of their Parents; (dam
Those kisses I am not acquainted with, most certaine Ma-
The appurtenance of this kisse wou'd not provoke me
To do a mischief, 'tis the devils owne dance,
To be kiss'd into cruelty.

Quisar. I am glad you make that use sir.

Py. I am gladder
That you made me beleeeve you were cruell,
For by this hand I know I am so honest,
However I deceiv'd ye, 'twas high time too,
Some common slave might have been set upon it else,
That willingly I wou'd not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman,
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find, to kill a man,
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that plaid the best game at it,
And fore a womans anger prefer her fancy.

Quisar. I take it in you well.

Py. I thanke ye Lady,
And I shall study to confirme it.

Quisar. Do sir,

For

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wln 2215

For this time, and this present cause I 'low it,
Most holy sir.

Enter Governour, Quisana and Panura.

Gov. Blesse ye my royall daughter,
And in you, blesse this Island heaven.

Quisar. Good Aunt,
What thinke ye of this man?

Quisan. Sure 'is a wise man,
And a religious, he tels us things have hapned
So many yeares agoe almost forgotten,
As readily, as if they were done this houre.

Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharpe tongue?

Pan. He tels me Madam,
Marriage, and mouldy cheese will make me tamer.

Gov. A stubborne keeper, and worse fare,
An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a Jade, may be your share.

Pan. Bir Lady, a sharp prophet, when this proves good
I'le bequeath you a skin to make ye a hood.

Gov. Lady I would talke with you.

Quisar. Do reverend sir.

Gov. And for you good, for that that must concerne ye,
And give eare wisely to me.

Quisar. I shall father.

Gov. You are a Princess of that excellence,
Sweetnesse, and grace, that Angell-like faire feature,
Nay, do not blush, I doe not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed Lady,
And as I thinke the gods bestow'd these on ye,
The gods that love ye.

Quisar. I confesse their bounty.

Gov. Apply it then to their use, to their honour,
To them, and to their service give this sweetnesse;
They have an instant great use of your goodnesse;
You are a Saint esteem'd here for your beauty,
And may a longing heart —

Quisar. I seeke no fealty,
Nor will I blemish that heaven has seal'd on me,
I know my worth, indeed the Portugals
I have at those commands, and their last services,
Nay, even their lives, so much I thinke my hansomnesse,
That what I shall enjoyne —

Gov. Use it discreetly,
For I perceive ye understand me rightly,
For here the gods regard your helpe, and suddenly;
The Portugals like sharpe thornes (marke me Lady)

wln 2216 Sticke in our sides, like razors, wound religion,
wln 2217 Draw deep, they wound, till the life bloud followes,
wln 2218 Our gods they spurne at, and their worships scorne,
wln 2219 A mighty hand they beare upon our government,
wln 2220 These are the men your miracle must worke on,
wln 2221 Your heavenly forme, either to roote them out,
wln 2222 Which as you may endeavour will be easie,
wln 2223 Remember whose great cause you have to execute,
wln 2224 To nip their memory, that may not spring more,
wln 2225 Or fairely bring 'em home to our devotions,
wln 2226 Which will be blessed, and for which, you sainted,
wln 2227 But cannot be, and they go; let me buzzle.

wln 2228 *Quisar.* Go up with me,
wln 2229 Where wee'l converse more privately;
wln 2230 I'le shew ye shortly how I hold their temper;
wln 2231 And in what chaine their soules.

wln 2232 *Gov.* Keep fast that hold still,
wln 2233 And either bring that chaine, and those bound in it,
wln 2234 And linke it to our gods, and their faire worships,
wln 2235 Or daughter pinch their hearts a peeces with it,

column: 193-a-2

wln 2236 I'le waite upon your grace.

wln 2237 *Quisar.* Come reverend father.

wln 2238 Waite you below.

Ex. Quisar. and Gov.

wln 2239 *Pan.* If this prophet were a young thing,
wln 2240 I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
wln 2241 These holy coats are long, and hide in iniquities.

wln 2242 *Quisan.* Away, away foole, a poore wretch,

wln 2243 *Pan.* These poore ones

wln 2244 Warme but their stomakes once —

wln 2245 *Quisan.* Come in, thou art foolish.

Ex. Quisan. and Pan.

wln 2246 *Enter Armusia, Emanuel, Pyniero.*

wln 2247 *Arm.* I am sorry sir my fortune is so stubborne,
wln 2248 To court my sword against my countriman,
wln 2249 I love my nation well, and where I find
wln 2250 A Portugall of noble name and vertue,
wln 2251 I am his humble servant. Signeor *Pyniero*,
wln 2252 Your person, nor your unckles am I angry with,
wln 2253 You are both faire Gentlemen in my opinion,
wln 2254 And I protest, I had rather use my sword
wln 2255 In your defences, then against your safeties;
wln 2256 'Tis me thinkes, a strange dearth of enemies,
wln 2257 When we seeke foes among our selves.

wln 2258 *Em.* You are injured,

wln 2259 And you must make the best on't now, and readiest —

wln 2260 *Arm.* You see I am ready in the place; and arm'd
wln 2261 To his desire that cald me.

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wln 2263
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wln 2298
wln 2299

Py. Ye speake honestly,
And I could wish ye had met on tearmes more friendly,
But it cannot now be so. *Enter Ruy Dias.*
Em. Turne sir, and see.
Py. I have kept my word with ye unckle,
The Gentleman is ready. *{Enter Governour, and*
Arm. Ye are welcome. *Quisara above.*
Ru. Bid those fooles welcome that affect your curtesie,
I come not to use complement, ye have wrongd' me,
And ye shall feele proud man ere I part from ye,
The effects of that, if fortune do not foole me;
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeeme thee.
Arm. That's a proud word,
More then your faith can justifie.
Quisar. Sure they will fight.
Ruy. She's there, I am happy.
Gov. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another,
These are the maine postes, if they fall, the buildings
Will tumple quickly.
Quisar. How temperate *Armusia*?
No more, be quiet yet.
Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feele such mortall malice in me,
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princesse,
I am resolv'd to fight.
Ruy. Fight home *Armusia*,
For if thou faint'st, or fall'st —
Arm. Do ye make all vantages?
Ruy. Alwaies; unto thy life I will not spare thee,
Nor looke not for thy mercy.
Arm. I am arm'd then.
Ruy. Stand still I charge ye nephew, as ye honour me.
Arm. And good *Emanuel* — not —
Py. Ye speake fitly,
For we had not stood idle else.
Gov. I am sorry for't.
Em. But since you will have it so —
Ruy. Come sir.

Arm.

column: 193-b-1

wln 2300
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wln 2345

Arm. I waight ye.
Py. I marry this looks handsomely,
This is warme worke.
Gov Both fall an't be thy will. *Ruy fals.*
Py. My Unckle dead?
Em. Stand still, or my swords in —
Ar. Now brave *Ruy Dias*,
Now where's your confidence, your prayers? quickly
Your owne spite has condemn'd ye.
Quisar. Hold *Armusia*.
Ar. Most happy Lady.
Quisar. Hold and let him rise,
Spare him for me.
Ar. A long life may he enjoy Lady.
Gov. What ha' you done? 'tis better they had all perisht.
Quisar. Peace father, I worke for the best; *Armusia*,
Be in the garden an houre hence. *Ex. Qu. and Gov.*
Ar. I shall Madam.
Py. Now as I live a Gentleman at all inches,
So brave a mingled temper saw I never.
Ar. Why are ye sad sir? how would this have griev'd you,
If ye had falne under a profest enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?
Pray ye be at peace, I am so far from wronging ye,
Or glorying in the pride of such a victorie,
That I desire to serve ye, pray look cheerfully (Gentleman
Py. Doe you heare this sir? this love sir? do you see this
How he courts ye? why doe you hold your head downe?
Tis no high treason I take it, to be equal'd,
To have a slip i'th' field, no sinne that's mortall;
Come, come, thanke fortune and your friend.
Ar. It may be
You thinke my tongue may prove your enemy;
And though restrain'd sometimes, out of a braverie
May take a license to disable ye:
Beleeve me sir, so much I hate that libertie,
That in a strangers tongue 't will prove an injurie,
And I shall right you in't.
Py. Can you have more Unckle?
Ru. Sir you have beate me both wayes, yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthie of some title
That may be neere your friend.
Ar. Sir I must leave ye,
But with so hearty love, and pray be confident, *Ex. Arm.*
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong ye. *& Em.*

wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353

Py. Come, come, you are right agen, sir love your honor,
And love your friend, take heed of bloody purposes,
And unjust ends, good heaven is angry with 'm;
Make your faire vertues, and your fame your mistres,
And let these trinkets goe.

Ru. You teach well nephew,
Now to be honorable even with this Gentleman,
Shall be my businesse, and my ends his.

wln 2354

Enter Governor and King.

wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363

Gov. Sir, sir, you must doe something suddenly,
To stop his pride so great and high, he is shot up,
Upon his person too, your state is sunke else:
You must not stand now upon termes of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot ye:
I'le bring ye suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave sister privately;
Marke but his high behaviour then.

Kin. I will Father.

Gov.

column: 193-b-2

wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370

Gov. And with scorne, I feare contempt too.
Kin. I hope not.
Gov. I will not name a lust;
It may be that also;
A little force must be applyed upon him,
Now, now applyed, a little force to humble him.
These sweet intreaties doe but make him wanton.

wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375

Kin. Take heed ye wrong him not.
Gov. Take heed to your safety,
I but forewarne ye King; if you mistrust me,
Or thinke I come unsent —

Kin. No I'le goe with you.

Exeunt.

wln 2376

Enter Armusia, Quisara.

wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my obedience, or my service,
That May deserve your love, or win a liking,
But a poore thought, but I pursue it seriously,
Take pleasure in your wils, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow stormy;
I study new humility to please ye,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions,
Because they come from ye, I love my sorrowes:
Pray Madam but consider —

wln 2388

Quisar. Yes, I do sir,
And to that honest end I drew ye hether;

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wln 2391
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wln 2427

I know ye have deserv'd as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:

I know ye love.

Arm. If ever love was mortall,
And dwelt in man, and for that love command me,
So strong I find it, and so true, here Lady,
Something of such a greatnesse to allow me,
Those things I have done already, may seem foyles too:
'Tis equity that man aspires to heaven,
Should win it by his worth, and not sleepe to it.

Enter Governour, and King.

Gov. Now stand close King and heare, and as you find
Beleeve me right, or let religion suffer. (him,

Quisar. I dare beleeve your worth without additions;
But since you are so liberall of your love sir,
And wou'd be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you wou'd not win me
At such an easie rate.

Arm. I am prepared still,
And if I shrinke —

Quisar. I know ye are no coward,
This is the utmost triall of your constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife sir;
You hold there's nothing deare that may atchieve me,
Doubted or dangerous.

Arm. There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight flie to it.

Quisar. I'le tell you then, change your religion,
And be of one beleeffe with me.

Arm. How?

Quisar. Marke,
Worship our Gods, renounce that faith you are bred in;
'Tis easily done, I'le teach ye suddenly;
And humbly on your knees —

Arm. Ha? I'le be hang'd first.

Quisar. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the Devill Lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the devill,
To dogs and cats? you make offer to them;

wln 2428 To every bird that flies, and every worme.
wln 2429 How terribly I shake? Is this the venture?
wln 2430 The tryall that you talkt off? where have I bin?
wln 2431 And how forgot my selfe? how lost my memorie?
wln 2432 When did I pray or looke up stedfastly?
wln 2433 Had any goodnes in my heart to guide me?
wln 2434 That I should give this vantage to mine enemie;
wln 2435 The enemie to my peace, forsake my faith.
wln 2436 *Quisar.* Come, come, I know ye love me.
wln 2437 *Ar.* Love ye this way?
wln 2438 This most destroying way? sure you but jest Lady.
wln 2439 *Quis.* My love and life are one way.
wln 2440 *Ar.* Love alone then, and mine another way,
wln 2441 I'le love diseases first,
wln 2442 Doate on a villaine that would cut my throat,
wln 2443 Wooe all afflictions of all sorts, kisse crueltye;
wln 2444 Have mercy heaven, how have I been wandring?
wln 2445 Wandring the way of lust, and left my maker?
wln 2446 How have I slept like Corke upon a water,
wln 2447 And had no feeling of the storme that tost me?
wln 2448 Trod the blinde paths of death? forsooke assurance,
wln 2449 Eternitie of blessednesse for a woman?
wln 2450 For a young handsome face hazard my being?
wln 2451 *Quis.* Are not our powers eternall so their comforts?
wln 2452 As great and full of hopes as yours?
wln 2453 *Ar.* They are puppits.
wln 2454 *Gov.* Now marke him sir, and but observe him nearly,
wln 2455 *Ar.* Their comforts like themselves, cold senseles outsidies;
wln 2456 You make 'em sicke, as we are, peevisch, mad,
wln 2457 Subject to age; and how can they cure us,
wln 2458 That are not able to refine themselves?
wln 2459 *Quis.* The Sun & Moon we worship, those are heavenly,
wln 2460 And their bright influences we beleeve.
wln 2461 *Ar.* Away foole,
wln 2462 I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moone,
wln 2463 That gives those bodies light and influence,
wln 2464 That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions;
wln 2465 They are not so great as we, they are our servants,
wln 2466 Plac'd there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
wln 2467 Of when and how the swellings of the maine aire,
wln 2468 And their returnes agen; they are but our stewards
wln 2469 To make the earth fat with their influence,
wln 2470 That she may bring forth her increase and feed us.
wln 2471 Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?
wln 2472 For her embraces bring my soule to ruine?
wln 2473 I lookd you should have said, make me a Christian,

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wln 2493

Worke that great cure, for 'tis a great one woman;
That labour truly doe performe, that venture
The crowne of all great triall, and the fairest:
I lookd ye should have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Washt off your mist of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant, from those eyes; I lookt
You should have brought me your chief god ye worship,
He that you offer humane bloud and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to memorie,
Beat downe his Altars, ruin'd his false Temples.

Gov. Now you may see.

Quis. Take heed, you goe too far sir,
And yet I love to heare him; I must have ye,
And to that end I let you storme a little;
I know there must be some strife in your bosome
To coole and quiet ye, ere you can come backe:
I know old friends cannot part suddenly,
There wil be some let still, yet I must have ye,
Have ye of my faith too, and so injoy ye.

Arm. Now I contemne ye, and I hate my selfe

column: 194-a-2

wln 2494
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wln 2521

For looking on that face lasciviously,
And it lookes ugly now methinkes.

Quisar. How Portugall?

Ar. It lookes like death it selfe, to which 'twou'd lead
Your eyes resemble pale dispaire, they fright me, (me;
And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruines,
Methinkes I see; and in your tongue heare fearefully
The hideous murmurs of weake soules have suffer'd;
Get from me, I despise ye, and know woman,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch my life in,
To catch my immortall life, I hate and curse ye,
Contemne your deities, spurne at their powers,
And where I meet your maumet Gods, I'le swing 'em
Thus o're my head, and kick 'em into puddles,
Nay I will out of vengeance search your Temples,
And with those hearts that serve my God, demolish
Your shambles of wild worships.

Gov. Now, now you heare sir.

Arm. I will have my faith since you are so crafty,
The glorious crosse, although I love your brother;
Let him frowne too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole State storme.

Kin. Enter and take him;

I am sorry friend that I am forc'd to do this.

Gov. Be sure you bind him fast.

Quisar. But use him nobly.

King Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserv'd you faire, but to our Gods sir —

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wln 2541
wln 2542
wln 2543
wln 2544

Quisar. Methinkes I hate 'em now,
Kin. To our Religion,
To these to be thus stubborne, thus rebellious
To threaten them.
Arm. Use all your violence,
I aske no mercy, nor repent my words;
I spit at your best powers; I serve one,
Will give me strength to scourge your gods.
Gov. Away with him.
Arm. To grind 'em into base dust, and disperse 'em,
That never more their bloody memories —
Gov. Clap him close up.
Kin. Good friend be cooler.
Arm. Never;
Your painted sister I despise too.
King. Softly.
Arm. And all her devillish arts laugh and scorne at,
Mocke her blind purposes.
King. You must be temperate;
Offer him no violence I command you strictly.
Gov. Now thou art up I shall have time to speake too.
Quis. Oh how I love this man, how truly honour him.

Exeunt.

wln 2545

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

wln 2546
wln 2547

*Enter Christophero, and Pedro (at one doore) Emanuel.
and Soza, (at another.)*

wln 2548
wln 2549
wln 2550
wln 2551
wln 2552
wln 2553

Chr. DDo you know the newes Gentlemen?
Em. Wou'd we knew as well sir
How to prevent it.
Soz. Is this the love they beare us,
For our late benefit? taken so maliciously,
And clapt up close? is that the thankes they render?

Chr.

column: 194-b-1

wln 2554
wln 2555
wln 2556
wln 2557
wln 2558
wln 2559
wln 2560
wln 2561
wln 2562
wln 2563
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wln 2594
wln 2595
wln 2596
wln 2597
wln 2598
wln 2599

Ch. It must not be put up thus, smother'd sleightly,
'Tis such a base unnaturall wrong.

Ped. I know,
They may thinke to doe wonders, aime at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o'th' Islands:
But if we be our selves honest and resolute,
And continue but Masters of our ancient courages,
Sticke close and give no vantage to their villanies —

Soz. Nay if we faint or fall apees now,
We are fooles and worthy to be markt for miserie;
Begin to strike at him they are all bound to?
To cancell his deserts? what must we looke for
If they can carry this?

Em. I'le carry coales then;
I have but one life, and one fortune Gentlemen,
But I'le so husband it to vexee these rascalls,
These barbarous slaves.

Ch. Shall we goe charge 'em presently?

Soz. No that will be too weake, and too foole-hardy,
We must have grounds that promise safety friends,
And sure offence, we loose our angers else,
And worse then that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter Pyniero.

Py. Did you see mine Uncle? plague 'a these Barbarians,
How the rogues sticke in my teeth, I know ye are angry,
So I am too, monstrous angry Gentlemen,
I am angry that I choke agen.

You heare *Armusias* up, honest *Arm*:
Clapt up in prison friends, the brave *Arm*:
Here are fine boyes.

Em. We hope he shall not stay there.

Py. Stay? no he must not stay, no talke of staying,
These are no times to stay; are not these Rascals?
Speake, I beseech ye speake, are they not Rogues?
Thinke some abominable names — are they not Devils?
But the devil's a great deale too good for 'em — fusty vil-

Ch. They are a kind of hounds. (laines.)

Py. Hounds were their fathers,
Old blear-eyed bob-tail'd hounds — Lord where's my

Soz. But what shall be done sir? (Unckle?)

Py. Done?

Soz. Yes to relieve him;
If it be not sudden they may take his life too.

Py. They dare as soone take fire and swallow it,
Take stakes and thrust into their tailes for glisters:
His life, why 'tis a thing worth all the Islands,

wln 2600
wln 2601
wln 2602
wln 2603
wln 2604
wln 2605
wln 2606
wln 2607
wln 2608
wln 2609
wln 2610
wln 2611
wln 2612
wln 2613
wln 2614
wln 2615
wln 2616
wln 2617
wln 2618
wln 2619

And they know will be rated at that value;
His very imprisonment will make the Town stinch,
And shake and stinke, I have phisick in my hand for 'em
Shall give the goblins such a purge —

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ped Your Uncle.

Ru. I heare strange newes, and have bin seeking ye;
They say *Armusia's* prisoner.

Py. 'Tis most certaine.

Ru. Upon what cause?

Py. He has deserv'd too much sir;
The old heathen policie has light upon him,
And paid him home.

Ru. A most unnoble dealing.

Py. You are the next if you can carry it tamely,
He has deserved of all.

Ru. I must confesse it,
Of me so nobly too.

Py. I am glad to heare it,
You have a time now to make good your confession,

column: 194-b-2

wln 2620
wln 2621
wln 2622
wln 2623
wln 2624
wln 2625
wln 2626
wln 2627
wln 2628
wln 2629
wln 2630
wln 2631
wln 2632
wln 2633
wln 2634
wln 2635
wln 2636
wln 2637
wln 2638
wln 2639
wln 2640
wln 2641
wln 2642
wln 2643
wln 2644
wln 2645
wln 2646
wln 2647

Your faith will shew but cold else, and for fashion,
Now to redeeme all, now to thanke his courtesie,
Now to make those beleeve that held you backward,
And an ill instrument, you are a Gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your Nation,
Dare sticke to vertue though she be opprest,
And for her owne faire sake step to her Rescue:
If you live ages sir, and lose this houre,
Not now redeeme, and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmure, and no man in't.

Ru. I thanke ye nephew, come along with me Gentle-
Wee'l make 'em dancing sport immediately: (men,
We are Masters of the Fort yet, we shall see
What that can doe.

Py. Let it but spit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted Palaces,
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the aire.

Ru. Come, wee'l doe something
Shall make 'em looke about, wee'l send 'em plumbes
If they be not too hard for their teeth.

Py. And fine Potatoes
Roasted in gunpowder, such a banquet sir
Will prepare their unmannerly stomacks.

Ru. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villanie;
Come be high hearted all.

Omnes. We are all on fire sir.

Exeunt.

wln 2648

Enter King and Governor.

wln 2649

Kin. I am ungratefull, and a wretch, perswade me not,
Forgetfull of the mercy he show'd me,
wln 2650 The timely noble pittie — why should I
wln 2651 See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose true curtesie,
wln 2652 Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand set me free?
wln 2653 Why should it come from me? why I command this?
wln 2654 Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankfull?
wln 2655

wln 2656

Gov. Had the offence bin thrown on you, 'tis certaine
wln 2657 It had been in your power, and your discretion
wln 2658 To have turn'd it into mercy, and forgiven it,
wln 2659 And then it had show'd a vertuous point of gratitude,
wln 2660 Timely and nobly taken; but since the cause
wln 2661 Concernes the honour of our gods, and their title,
wln 2662 And so transcends your power, and your compassion,
wln 2663 A little your owne safety if you saw it too,
wln 2664 If your too fond indulgence did not dazle you,
wln 2665 It cannot now admit a private pittie;
wln 2666 'Tis in their wils, their mercies, or revenges,
wln 2667 And these revolts in you shew meere rebellious.

wln 2668

Kin. They are milde and pittifull.

wln 2669

Gov. To those repent.

wln 2670

Kin. Their nature's soft and tender.

wln 2671

Gov. To true hearts

wln 2672

That feele compunction for their trespasses:
wln 2673 This man defies 'em still, threatens destruction
wln 2674 And demolition of their armes and worship,
wln 2675 Spits at their powers; take heed ye be not found sir,
wln 2676 And markt a favourer of their dishonour;
wln 2677 They use no common justice.

wln 2678

Kin. What shall I doe

wln 2679

To deserve of this man —

wln 2680

Gov. If ye more bemoane him,

wln 2681

Or mitigate your power to preserve him,

wln 2682

I'le curse ye from the gods, call up their vengeance,

Ppp2

Enter

wln 2683

Enter Quisara with her hands bound, Quisana, Panura.

wln 2684

And fling it on your Land and you, I have charge for't;
I hope to wracke you all.

wln 2685

King. What ailes my sister?

wln 2686

Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?

wln 2687

Who does doe this?

wln 2688

Quisan. We did it, pardon sir,

wln 2689

And for her preservation — She is growne wilde,

wln 2690

And raving on the strangers love and honour,

wln 2691

Sometimes crying out, help, help, they will torture him,

wln 2692

They will take his life, they will murder him, presently,

wln 2693

If we had not prevented, violently

wln 2694

Have laid hands on her owne life.

wln 2695

Go. These are tokens

wln 2696

The gods displeasure is gone out, be quicke,

wln 2697

And ere it fall doe something to appease 'em,

wln 2698

You know the sacrifice — I am glad it works thus.

wln 2699

Quisar. How low and base thou lookst now that wert

wln 2700

No figure of a King methinks showes on you, (noble?)

wln 2701

No face of Majestie, foule swarth ingratitude

wln 2702

Has taken off thy sweetnesse, base forgetfulnesse

wln 2703

Of mighty benefits, has turned thee Devill:

wln 2704

Thou hast persecuted goodnes, innocence,

wln 2705

And laid a hard and violent hand on vertue,

wln 2706

On that faire vertue that should teach and guide us;

wln 2707

Thou hast wrong'd thine owne preserver, whose least me-

wln 2708

Pois'd with thy maine estate, thou canst not satisfie, (rit

wln 2709

Nay put thy life in too, 'twill be too light still:

wln 2710

What hast thou done?

wln 2711

Gov. Goe for him presently.

wln 2712

And once more wee'l try if we can win him fairely:

wln 2713

If not, let nothing she sayes hinder ye, or stir ye;

wln 2714

She speaks distractedly — Do that the gods command ye:

wln 2715

Doe you know what ye say Lady?

wln 2716

Quisar. I could curse thee too,

wln 2717

Religion and severitie has steel'd thee,

wln 2718

Has turnd thy heart to stone; thou hast made the gods hard

wln 2719

Against their sweet and patient natures, cruell: (too,

wln 2720

None of ye feele what braverie ye tread on?

wln 2721

What innocence? what beauty?

wln 2722

Kin. Pray be patient.

wln 2723

Quisar. What honorable things ye cast behind ye?

wln 2724

What monuments of man?

wln 2725

Enter Armusia and Guard.

wln 2726

wln 2727
wln 2728
wln 2729
wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732
wln 2733
wln 2734
wln 2735
wln 2736
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wln 2739
wln 2740
wln 2741
wln 2742
wln 2743
wln 2744
wln 2745
wln 2746

Kin. Once more *Armusia*,
Because I love ye tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,
Even from my heart I wish and woove ye —
Ar. What sir,
Take heed how ye perswade me falsely, then ye hate me;
Take heed how ye intrap me.
Kin. I advise ye,
And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
Both for your soules health and your safetie.
Ar. Stay,
And name my soule no more, she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too secure too.
Go. Consider the reward sir, and the honor
That is prepared, the glory you shall grow to.
Ar. They are not to be consider'd in these cases,
Not to be nam'd when soules are questioned;
They are vaine and flying vapors — touch my life,
'Tis ready for ye, put it to what test
It shall please ye, I am patient; but for the rest

column: 195-a-2

wln 2747
wln 2748
wln 2749
wln 2750
wln 2751
wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774

You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountaine out o'th' way, with bellows,
As soon as stir my faith; use no more arguments.
Gov. We must use tortures then.
Arm. Your worst and painful'st
I am joyfull to accept.
Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our deities
Delivered openly, your threats and scornings,
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customes,
Or equall punishment, which is your life sir.
Arm. I am glad I have it for ye, take it Priest,
And all the miseries that shall attend it:
Let the Gods glut themselves with Christian bloud,
It will be ask'd againe, and so far followed,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy justice,
Your Gods of gold shall melt and sinke before it;
Your Altars, and your Temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshippers, blind fooles of ceremony,
Shall seeke for holes to hide your heads, and feares in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkenesse to dwell about ye, and conceale ye,
Your mothers wombes agen —
Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the severall tortures out.
Quisar. Stand fast sir,
And feare 'em not, you that have stept so nobly

wln 2775
wln 2776
wln 2777
wln 2778
wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783
wln 2784
wln 2785
wln 2786
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wln 2791
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wln 2794
wln 2795
wln 2796
wln 2797
wln 2798
wln 2799
wln 2800
wln 2801
wln 2802
wln 2803
wln 2804
wln 2805
wln 2806
wln 2807
wln 2808
wln 2809
wln 2810
wln 2811
wln 2812

Into this pious triall start not now,
Keepe on your way, a virgin will assist ye,
A virgin won by your faire constancy,
And glorying that she is won so, will dye by ye;
I have touch'd ye every way, tried ye most honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing chaste, and temperate,
Valiant, without vaine glory, modest, stayed,
No rage, or light affection ruling in you:
Indeed, the perfect schoole of worth I find ye,
The temple of true honour.

Arm. Whether will she?

What do you infer by this faire argument Lady?

Quisar. Your faith, and your religion must be like ye,
They that can shew you these, must be pure mirrours,
When the streames flow cleare and faire, what are
I do embrace your faith sir, and your fortune; (fountaines?
Go one, I will assist ye, I feele a sparkle here,
A lively sparke that kindles my affection,
And tels me it will rise to flames of glory:
Let 'em put on their angers, suffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint instruct me;
And if I follow not —

Arm. O blessed Lady,

Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph,
Come clap your terrors on.

Quisar. All your fell tortures.

For there is nothing he shall suffer brother,
I sweare by new faith which is most sacred,
And I will keepe it so, but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spite of all your Gods without prevention.

Gov. Death she amazes me.

King. What shall be done now?

Go. They must dye both,

And suddenly, they will corrupt all else;
This woman makes me weary of my mischiefe,
She shakes me, and she staggers me, go in sir.
I'le see the execution.

King

column: 195-b-1

wln 2813
wln 2814
wln 2815
wln 2816
wln 2817
wln 2818
wln 2819
wln 2820
wln 2821
wln 2822
wln 2823
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wln 2826
wln 2827
wln 2828
wln 2829
wln 2830
wln 2831
wln 2832
wln 2833
wln 2834

King. Not so suddaine:
If they goe all my friends and sisters perish.

Gov. Wou'd I were safe at home agen.

Enter Messenger.

Mes Arme, arme sir,
Seek for defence, the Castle playes and thunders,
The Towne Rocks, and the houses flye ith' aire,
The people dye for feare — Captaine *Ruy Dias*,
Has made an Oath he will not leave a stone here;
No not the memory, here has stood a City,
Unlesse *Armusia* be deliver'd fairely.

Kin. I have my feares: what can our gods do now for us?

Gov. Be patient, But keep him still: he is a cure sir
Against both rage and Cannon: goe and fortifie,
Call in the Princess, make the Pallace sure,
And let 'em know you are a King: look nobly;
And take your courage to ye; keep close the prisoner,
And under command, we are betray'd else.

Ar. How ioyfully I goe?

Quisar. Take my heart with thee.

Gov. I hold a Wolfe by the eare now:
Fortune free me.

Exeunt.

wln 2835

Enter foure Townes-men.

wln 2836
wln 2837
wln 2838
wln 2839
wln 2840
wln 2841
wln 2842
wln 2843
wln 2844
wln 2845
wln 2846
wln 2847
wln 2848
wln 2849
wln 2850
wln 2851
wln 2852
wln 2853
wln 2854
wln 2855
wln 2856

1. Heaven blesse us,
What a thundring's here? what fire-spitting?
We cannot drinke, but our Cans are mald amongst us.

2. I wou'd they would mall our skores too:
Shame o'their Guns, I thought they had been bird-pots,
Or great Candlecases, how devilishly they bounce,
And how the Bullets borrow a piece of a house here,
There another, and mend those up agen
With another parish; here flyes a poudring-tub,
The meat ready roasted & there a barrel pissing vinegar,
And they two over-taking the top of a high Steeple,
Newly slic'd off for a sallet.

3. A vengeance fire 'em.

2. Nay they fire fast enough;
You need not help 'em.

4. Are these the *Portugall* Bulls —
How loud they bellow? (laces

2. Their horns are plaguie strong, they push down Pal-
They tosse our little habitations like whelps,
Like grindle-tails, with their heeles upward;
All the windowes ith' town dance a new trench-more,

wln 2857
wln 2858
wln 2859
wln 2860
wln 2861
wln 2862
wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869
wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872
wln 2873
wln 2874
wln 2875
wln 2876

'Tis like to prove a blessed age for Glasiers,
I met a hand, and a Letter in't in great haste,
And by and by a single leg running after it,
As if the Arme had forgot part of his arrant,
Heads flie like foot-balls every where.
1. What shall we doe?
2. I care not, my shop's cancell'd,
And all the Pots and earthen pans in't vanish't:
There was a single Bullet and they together by the eares;
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been there,
And all his troop of devills.
3. Let's to the King,
And get this gentleman deliver'd handsomely;
By this hand there's no walking above ground else.
2. By this leg — Let me sweare nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe it,
If I were out oth' Towne once, if I came in agen to
Fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave to cram me
With a *Portugall* pudding: Come, let's doe any thing
To appease this thunder,

Exeunt.

column: 195-b-2

wln 2877

Enter Pyniero, and Panura.

wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
wln 2882
wln 2883
wln 2884
wln 2885
wln 2886
wln 2887
wln 2888
wln 2889
wln 2890
wln 2891
wln 2892
wln 2893
wln 2894
wln 2895
wln 2896
wln 2897
wln 2898
wln 2899
wln 2900
wln 2901
wln 2902

Pyn. Art sure it was that blinde priest?
Pan. Yes most certaine,
He has provok't all this; the King is mercifull,
And wondrous loving; but he fires him on still,
And when he cooles enrages him, I know it,
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods fierce justice
When he but looks with faire eyes on *Armusia*,
Will lend him no time to relent; my royall Mistris,
She has entertain'd a Christian hope.
Py. Speake truely.
Pan. Nay 'tis most true, but Lord, how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and dams her,
And I feare, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed.
Py. Ile kisse thee for this newes: nay more *Panura*,
If thou wilt give me leave, Ile get thee with Christian,
The best way to convert thee.
Pan. Make me believe so.
Py. I will y'faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?
The Pallace is close guarded, and barricado'd.
Pan. I came through a private vault, which few there
It rises in a Temple not farre hence, (know of;
Close by the Castle here.
Py. How — To what end?
Pan. A good one:

wln 2903
wln 2904
wln 2905
wln 2906
wln 2907
wln 2908
wln 2909
wln 2910
wln 2911
wln 2912
wln 2913
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wln 2940

To give ye knowledge of my new-borne Mistris,
And in what doubt *Armusia* stands,
Thinke any present meanes, or hope to stop 'em
From their fell ends: the Princes are come in too,
And they are hardn'd also.

Py. The damn'd Priest —

Pa. Sure he's a cruell man, methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate lessons.

Py. He the fire-brand?

He dare to touch at such faire lives as theirs are?
Well Prophet, I shall prophesie, I shall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem yee?
Wilt thou doe one thing bravely?

Pa. Any good I am able. (vertuous,

Py. And by thine owne white hand Ile swear thou art
And a brave wench, durst thou but guide me presently
Through the same vault thou cam'st into the Pallace,
And those I shall appoynt, such as I thinke fit.

Pa. Yes, I will doe it, and suddenly, and truely.

Py. I wou'd faine behold this Prophet.

Pa. Now I have yee;

And shall bring yee where ye shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences:

That shall be my care; but you must not betray me.

Py. Dost thou think we are so base? such slaves, rogues?

Pa. I doe not:

And you shall see how fairely Ile worke for ye.

Py. I must needs steale that Priest,

Steale him, and hang him.

Pa. Do any thing to remove his mischife, strangle him —

Py. Come prethee love.

Pa. You'll offer me no foule play?

The Vault is darke.

Py. 'Twas well remember'd.

Pa. And ye may —

But I hold ye honest.

Py. Honest enough, I warrant thee. (the place,

Pa. I am but a poore weak wench; and what with

And

wln 2941 And your perswasions Sir — but I hope you will not;
wln 2942 You know we are often cozn'd.

wln 2943 *Py.* If thou dost feare me,
wln 2944 Why dost thou put me in minde?

wln 2945 *Pa.* To let you know sir,
wln 2946 Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
wln 2947 Yet a true gent —

wln 2948 *Py.* I know what hee'll doe:
wln 2949 Come and remember me, and Ile answer thee,
wln 2950 Ile answer thee to the full; wee'll call at th' Castle,
wln 2951 And then my good guide do thy will; sha't finde me
wln 2952 A very tractable man.

wln 2953 *Pa.* I hope I shall sir.

Exeunt.

wln 2954 *Enter Bakam, Syana, and Souldiers,*

wln 2955 *Bak.* Let my men guard the gates.

wln 2956 *Syan.* And mine the Temple,
wln 2957 For feare the honour of our gods should suffer,
wln 2958 And on your lives be watchfull.

wln 2959 *Ba.* And be valiant;
wln 2960 And let's see, if these *Portugalls* dare enter;
wln 2961 What their high hearts dare doe: Let's see how readily,
wln 2962 The great *Ruy Dias* will redeem his Countrey-men;
wln 2963 He speaks proud words, and threatens.

wln 2964 *Sy.* He is approv'd sir,
wln 2965 And will put faire for what he promises;
wln 2966 I could wish friendlier termes,
wln 2967 Yet for our Liberties, and for our gods,
wln 2968 We are bound in our best service
wln 2969 Even in the hazard of our lives.

Enter the King above.

wln 2971 *Kin.* Come up Princes,
wln 2972 And give your counsells, and your helps, the Fort still
wln 2973 Playes fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
wln 2974 And turnes our people wild with feares.

wln 2975 *Ba.* Send for the prisoner,
wln 2976 And give us leave to argue.

Exit Ba. and Sy. Then,

wln 2977 *Enter Ruy Dyas, Emanuel, Christoph. Pedro, with Sould.*

wln 2978 *Ru.* Come on nobly,
wln 2979 And let the Fort play still, we are
wln 2980 Strong enough to look upon 'em,
wln 2981 And returne at pleasure; it may
wln 2982 Be on our view they will returne him.

wln 2983
wln 2984
wln 2985
wln 2986
wln 2987
wln 2988
wln 2989
wln 2990
wln 2991
wln 2992
wln 2993
wln 2994
wln 2995
wln 2996
wln 2997
wln 2998
wln 2999
wln 3000
wln 3001
wln 3002

Chr. We will returne 'em such thanks else,
Shall make 'im scratch where it itches not.

Em. How the people stare,
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily:
But it is the King —

*Enter Syana, Bakam, Quisara, Armusia, with
Souldiers above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdomes,
They are all above, *Armusia* chain'd and bound too?
O these are thankfull Squiers.

Ba. Heare us *Ruy Dias*,
Be wise and heare us, and give speedy answer,
Command thy Cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted People,
Or suddenly *Armusias* head goes off,
As suddenly as seeaid.

Em. Stay Sir, be moderate.

Arm. Doe nothing that's dishonourable *Ruy Dyas*,
Let not the feare of me master thy valour;
Pursue 'em still, they are base malicious people.

column: 196-a-2

wln 3003
wln 3004
wln 3005
wln 3006
wln 3007
wln 3008
wln 3009
wln 3010
wln 3011
wln 3012
wln 3013
wln 3014
wln 3015
wln 3016
wln 3017
wln 3018
wln 3019
wln 3020
wln 3021
wln 3022
wln 3023
wln 3024
wln 3025
wln 3026
wln 3027
wln 3028
wln 3029
wln 3030

Kin. Friend be not desperate.

Ar. I scorne your courtesies;
Strike when you dare, a faire arme guide the Gunner,
And may he let flye still with fortune: friend,
Doe me the honour of a souldiers funeralls,
The last faire Christian right, see me ith' ground,
And let the pallace burne first, then the Temples,
And on their scorn'd gods erect my monument:
Touch not the Princesse, as you are a souldier.

Quisar. Which way you go, sir,
I must follow necessary.
One life, and one death.

Kin. Will you take a truce yet?

*Enter Pyniero, Soza, and Souldiers with the
Governour.*

Py. No, no, goe on:
Look here your god, your Prophet.

King. How came he taken?

Py. I Conjur'd for him King.
I am sure Curre at an old blinde Prophet.
Ile haunt ye such a false knave admirably,
A terrier I; I eartht him, and then snapt him;

Soz. Saving the reverence of your grace, we stole him
E'ne out of the next chamber to yee.

Py. Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloody matter when you dare;
And yet I scorne my sword should touch the rascall,
Ile teare him thus before ye. Ha!

wln 3031
wln 3032
wln 3033
wln 3034
wln 3035
wln 3036
wln 3037
wln 3038
wln 3039
wln 3040
wln 3041
wln 3042
wln 3043
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wln 3059
wln 3060
wln 3061
wln 3062
wln 3063
wln 3064
wln 3065
wln 3066
wln 3067
wln 3068

What art thou?

King. How's this!

Art thou a Prophet?

Ru. Come downe Princes.

Kin. VVe are abus'd —

Oh my most deare *Armusia* —

Off which his chaines. And now my noble sister,

Rejoyce with me, I know yee are pleas'd as I am.

Py. This is a pretious Prophet. Why *Don* Governour,
What make you here? how long have you taken orders?

Ruy. VVhy what a wretch

Art thou to work this mischief?

To assume this holy shape to ruine honour,

Honour and chastity?

Enter King, and all from above.

Gov. I had paid you all,

But fortune plaid the slut. Come,

Give me my doome.

King. I cannot speak for wonder.

Gov. Nay, 'tis *I* sir,

And here I stay your sentence.

King. Take her friend,

You have halfe perswaded me to be a Christian,

And with her all the joyes, and all the blessings.

VVhy what dreame have we dwelt in?

Ru. All peace to yee,

And all the happinesse of heart dwell with ye,

Children as sweet and noble as their Parents.

Py. And Kings at least.

Ar. Good Sir forget my rashnesse.

And noble Princesse, for I was once angrie,

And out of that might utter some distemper,

Think not 'tis my nature.

Sya. Your joy is ours sir,

And nothing we finde in ye, But most noble.

King. To prison with this dog, there let him houle,

And if he can repent, sigh out his villanies:

His Island we shall seize into our hands,

{Pulls his Beard and
haire off.

His

column: 196-b-1

wln 3069
wln 3070
wln 3071
wln 3072
wln 3073
wln 3074
wln 3075
wln 3076
wln 3077

His father and himselfe have both usurp'd it,
And kept it by oppression; the Towne and Castle,
In which I lay my selfe most miserable,
Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signeur *Pyniero* I bestow on you,
The rest of next command upon these gentlemen,
Upon ye all my love.
Arm. O brave *Ruy Dias*.
You have started now beyond me. I must thank ye,

column: 196-b-2

wln 3078
wln 3079
wln 3080
wln 3081
wln 3082
wln 3083
wln 3084
wln 3085
wln 3086

And thank ye for my life, my wife and honour.
Ruy. I am glad *I* had her for you sir.
King. Come Princes,
Come friends and lovers all, come noble gentlemen,
No more guns now, nor hates but joyes and triumphes,
An universall gladnesse flye about us:
And know however subtill men dare cast,
And promise wrack, the gods give peace at last.

Exeunt.

wln 3087

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **174 (185-a)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* is supplied for the original *Quis[*]n.*
2. **301 (185-b)**: The regularized reading *brings* is amended from the original *btings*.
3. **357 (185-b)**: The regularized reading *royalty* is amended from the original *toyalty*.
4. **544 (186-b)**: The regularized reading *know* is amended from the original *knnw*.
5. **798 (187-b)**: Some editions remove the word 'the'.
6. **863 (187-b)**: The regularized reading *Citizen* is amended from the original *Ciitizen*.
7. **1514 (190-a)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* comes from the original *Quis.*, though possible variants include *Quisara*.
8. **1518 (190-a)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* comes from the original *Quis.*, though possible variants include *Quisara*.
9. **1526 (190-b)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* comes from the original *Quisan.*, though possible variants include *Quisara*.
10. **1567 (190-b)**: The regularized reading *Quisana* comes from the original *Quis.*, though possible variants include *Quisara*.
11. **1573 (190-b)**: The regularized reading *Quisara* is amended from the original *Quis.*
12. **1779 (191-a)**: The regularized reading *ruffian* is amended from the original *russin*.