Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare’s contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London’s professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

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.
THE
ISLAND PRINCESS.

Actus primus. Scaena prima

column: 184-b-1

A Bell Rings.
Enter Pyniero, Christophero, and Pedro.

Pyniero
Open the Ports and see the watch relieved,
And let the guards be careful of their business
Their vigilant eyes fixed on these Islanders,
They are false and desperate people,
when they find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruel, and crafty souls, believe me Gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which against all arms, and honesty,
The Governor of Ternate made surprise.
Of our confederate, the King of Tidore,
As for his recreation he was rowing
Between both Lands, bids us be wise and circumspect.

Christophero  It was a mischief suddenly imagined;
And as soon done; that Governor’s a fierce knave,
Unfaithful as he is fierce too, there’s no trusting;
But I wonder much how such poor and base pleasures,
As tugging at an oar, or skill in steerage,
Should become Princes.

Pyniero  Base breeding love base pleasure;
They take as much delight in a Baratto,
A little scurvy boat to row her tightly,
And have the art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, though it be slavish,
And a dull labor 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 fair presence.

Pedro  He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there’s no trust; he has paid for ’t
His sister yet the fair and great Quisara,
Has showed a noble mind, and much love in ’t
To her afflicted brother, and the nobler still it appears,
And seasons of more tenderness, because his ruin styles her absolute
And his imprisonment adds to her profit.
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her.
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made diverse and noble treaties,
And propositions for her brother’s freedom,
If wealth or honor —

_Pyniero_ Peace, peace, you are fooled sir;
Things of these natures have strange outsidies _Pedro_,
And cunning shadows, set ’em far from us,
Draw ’em but near, they are gross, 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 Princess, and she must be fair,
That’s the prerogative of being royal:

_column: 184-b-2_

Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beauteous,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,
And people must believe it, they are damned else:
Why, all the neighbor Princes, are mad for her,

_Christophero_ Is she not fair then?
_Pyniero_ But her hopes are fairer,
And there’s a haughty Master, the King of _Bacan_,
That lofty sir, that speaks far more, and louder
In his own commendations than a Cannon:
He is stricken dumb with her.

_Pedro_ Beshrew me she is a sweet one.
_Pyniero_ And there’s that hopeful man of _Siana_,
That sprightly fellow, he that’s wise and temperate,
He is a lover too.

_Christophero_ Would I were worth her looking
For; by my life I hold her a complete one,
The very Sun I think, affects her sweetness,
And dares not as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tawny Livery.

_Pyniero_ She dares not see him,
But keeps herself at distance from his kisses,
And wears her complexion in a case; let him but like it
A week or two, or three, she would look like a Lion;
But the main sport on ’t is, or rather wonder
The Governor of _Ternate_ her mortal enemy,
He that has caught her brother King is struck too,
And is arrived under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth delivered for him;
And he brought a letter from his prisoner,
Whether compelled, or willingly delivered
From the poor King, or what else dare be in ’t.

_Christophero_ So it be honorable, any thing, ’tis all one,
For I dare think she’ll do the best.

_Pyniero_ ’Tis certain
He has admittance, and solicits hourly.
Now if he have the trick —

*Pedro*  What trick?

*Pyniero*  The true one,

To take her too, if he be but skilled in batfowling,
And lime his bush right.

*Christophero*  I’ll be hanged when that hits,

For ’tis not a compelled, or forced affection,
That must take her, I guess her stout and virtuous,
But where’s your uncle sir, our valiant Captain,
The brave *Ruy Dias* all this while?

*Pyniero*  Ay marry,

He is amongst ’em too.

*Pedro*  A Lover.

*Pyniero*  Nay,

I know not that, but sure he stands in favor,
Or would stand stiffly, he is no Portugal else.

*Christophero*  The voice says in good favor, in the list too

Of the privy wooers, how cunningly of late
I have observed him, and how privately
He has stolen at all hours from us, and how readily
He has feigned a business to bid the Fort farewell
For five or six days, or a month together,
Sure there is something —

*Pyniero*  Yes, yes, there is a thing in ’t,

A thing would make the best ones all dance after it;
A dainty thing; Lord how this uncle 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.

*Pedro*  You cared not for it.

*Pyniero*  ’T faith, not much, I ventured on still easily,
And took my chance, danger is a Soldier’s honor;
But that this man, this herb of Grace, *Ruy Dias*,
This father of our faculties should slip thus,
For sure he is a ferreting, that he
That would drink nothing to depress the spirit,
But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air
To make his blood obedient, that his youth
In spite of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love mange on him.

*Christophero*  ’Tis in him sir

But honorable courtship, and becomes his rank too.

*Pyniero*  In me ’twere abominable Lechery, or would be,
For when our thoughts are on ’t, and miss their level,
We must hit something.

*Pedro*  Well, he’s a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a suitor, may he speed in ’t.

    Pyniero    Let him alone, our family ne’er failed yet.
    Christopher   Our mad Lieutenant still merry Pyniero,
Thus would he do if the Surgeon were searching of him.
    Pedro    Especially if a warm wench had shot him.
    Pyniero    But hark Christopher; come hither Pedro;
When saw you our brave countryman Armusia?
He that’s arrived here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Methinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant,
For he that dares come hither, dares fight anywhere.
    Christopher   I saw him not of late, a sober Gentleman
I am sure he is, and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much nobleness.
    Pyniero    I love him,
And by my troth would fain be inward with him;
Pray let’s go seek him.
    Pedro    We’ll attend you sir.
    Pyniero    By that time we shall hear the burst of business.  Exeunt

        Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

    Quisara    Aunt I much thank you for your courtesy,
And the fair liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service, though I be
A Princess, and by that Prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet my dear brother being still a prisoner,
And many wand’ring eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a Sea-mark, it behooves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.
    Quisana    You’re wise and noble Lady.
    Quisara    Often Aunt
I resort hither, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favor;

column: 185-a-2

I would not have it known as oft, nor construed,
It stands not with my care.
    Quisana    You speak most fairly,
For even our pure devotions are examined.
    Quisara    So mad are men’s minds now.
    Ruy Dias    Or rather monstrous;
They are thick dreams, bred in fogs that know no fairness.
    Quisana    Madam the house is yours, I am yours, pray use me,
And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
My care shall ever be to yield ye honor,
And when your fame falls here, ’tis my fault Lady;
A poor and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honor with your presence —
    *Quisara*  I thank ye Aunt, I shall be with you instantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.
    *Quisana*  I’ll leave ye,                              *Exeunt. Quisana,*
And when you please retire, I’ll wait upon you.
    *Quisara*  Why, how now Captain, what afraid to speak to me?
A man of arms, and daunted with a Lady?
Commanders have the power to parley with Princes.
    *Ruy Dias*  Madam, the favors you have still showered on me,
Which are so high above my means of merit,
So infinite, that naught can value ’em
But their own goodness, no eyes look up to ’em
But those that are of equal light, and lustre,
Strike me thus mute, you are my royal Mistress,
And all my services that aim at honor,
Take life from you, the Saint of my devotions;
Pardon my wish, it is a fair ambition,
And well becomes the man that honors you;
I would I were of worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal piece, a King I would be,
A mighty King that might command affection,
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch ye,
And you a sweet souled Christian.
    *Quisara*  Now you talk sir;
You Portugals, though you be rugged Soldiers,
Yet when you list to flatter, you are plain courtiers;
And could you wish me Christian brave *Ruy Dias*?
    *Ruy Dias*  At all the danger of my life great Lady,
At all my hopes, at all —
    *Quisara*  Pray ye stay a little,
To what end runs your wish?
    *Ruy Dias*  O glorious Lady,
That I might — but I dare not speak.
    *Quisara*  I dare then,
That you might hope to marry me; nay blush not,
An honorable end needs no excuse;
And would you love me then?
    *Ruy Dias*  My soul not dearer.
    *Quisara*  Do some brave thing that may entice me that way,
Some thing of such a meritorious goodness,
Of such an unmatched nobleness, that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preserves you,
’Tis not the person, nor the royal title,
Nor wealth, nor glory that I look upon,
That inward man I love that’s lined with virtue,
That well deserving soul works out a favor;
I have many Princes suitors, 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 mean to marry,
Only the hope is something may be done,
That may compel my faith, and ask my freedom,
And leave opinion fair.

\textit{Ruy Dias} Command dear Lady,

\begin{center}
\textbf{column: 185-b-1}
\end{center}

And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direful to attempt —
\begin{center}
\textit{Quisara} Y’ are too sudden,
\end{center}
I must be ruled by you, find out a fortune
Wisely and handsomely, 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 poor dangers; you are a Soldier,
I would not talk so else, and I love a Soldier,
And that that speaks him true, and great, his valor;
Yet for all these which are but women’s follies,
You may do what you please, I shall still know ye,
And though ye wear no sword.
\begin{center}
\textit{Ruy Dias} Excellent Lady,
\end{center}
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,
’Twere fit I wore a Tombstone; you have read to me
The story of your favor, if I mistake it,
Or grow a tenant in the study of it,
A great correction Lady —
\begin{center}
\textit{Quisara} Let’s to th’ banquet,
\end{center}
And have some merrier talk, and then to Court,
Where I give audience to my general Suitors;
Pray heaven my woman’s wit hold; there brave Captain,
You may perchance meet something that may startle ye;
I’ll say no more, come be not sad —
I love ye.

\textit{Exeunt}

\textit{Enter Pyniero, Armusia Soza, Christophero, and Emanuel.}

\begin{center}
\textit{Pyniero} You are welcome gentlemen, most worthy welcome,
\end{center}
And know there’s nothing in our power may serve ye,
But you may freely challenge.
\begin{center}
\textit{Armusia} Sir we thank ye,
\end{center}
And rest your servants too.
\begin{center}
\textit{Pyniero} Ye are worthy Portugals,
\end{center}
You show the bravery of your minds and spirits;
The nature of our country too, that brings forth
Stirring, unwearied souls to seek adventures;
Minds never satisfied with search of honor
Where time is, and the sun gives light, brave countrymen,
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.

_Armusia_ These noble thoughts sir, have enticed us forward,
And minds unapt for ease to see these miracles,
In which we find report a poor relater;
We are arrived among the blessed Islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes;
And every breath of air is like an Incense:
The treasure of the Sun dwells here, each tree
As if it envied the old Paradise,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying,
And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth should taint or suck their beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us:
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers as we float along,
Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to court us;

_column: 185-b-2_

The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknown gems, and thousand riches;
Nothing that bears a life, but _brings_ a treasure;
The people they show brave too, civil mannered,
Proportioned like the Masters of great minds,
The women which I wonder at —

_Pyniero_ Ye speak well.

Armusia Of delicate aspects, fair, clearly beauteous,
And to that admiration, sweet and courteous.

_Pyniero_ And is not that a good thing? brave _Armusia_
You never saw the Court before?

Armusia No certain,
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact.

_Christophero_ Ye shall see anon,
That that will make ye start indeed, such beauties,
Such riches, and such form.

_Enter Bacan, Siana, Governor._

_Soza_ We are fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of nature sure
Inhabits here.

_Armusia_ These sure are all _Islanders._

_Pyniero_ Yes, and great Princes too, and lusty lovers.
Armusia They are goodly persons; what might he be signior
That bears so proud a state?
Pyniero King of Bacan,
A fellow that farts terror,
Emanuel He looks highly,
Sure he was begot o’ th’ top of a steeple.
Christophero It may well be,
For you shall hear him ring anon.
Pyniero That is Siana,
And a brave tempered fellow, and more valiant.
Soza What rugged face is that?
Pyniero That’s the great Governor,
The man surprised our friend, I told ye of him.
Armusia ‘Has dangerous eyes.
Pyniero A perilous thief, and subtle.
Christophero And to that subtlety a heart of Iron.
Pyniero Yet the young Lady makes it melt.
Armusia They start all,

And thunder in the eyes.
Bacan Away ye poor ones,
Am I in competition with such bubbles?
My virtue, and my name ranked with such trifles?
Siana Ye speak loud.
Bacan Young man, I will speak louder;
Can any man but I, deserve her favor,
You petty Princes?
Pyniero He will put ’em all in ’s pocket.
Siana Thou proud mad thing be not so full of glory,
So full of vanity.
Bacan How? I contemn thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow,
Pyniero How the dog looks,
The bandog Governor?
Governor Ha, why?
Bacan Away thing,

And keep your rank with those that fit your royalty;
Call out the Princess.
Governor Dost thou know me bladder,
Thou insolent impostume?
Bacan I despise thee;


Governor Art thou acquainted with my nature baby?
Let my revenge for injuries? dar’st thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canst thou merit?
Bacan Merit? I am above it;
I am equal with all honors, all achievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer
I keep at my command, fortune’s my servant,
’Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye,
And but she deigns at some hours to remember ye,
And people have bestowed some titles on ye,
I should forget your names —

Siana  Mercy of me;
What a blown fool has self affection
Made of this fellow? did not the Queen your mother,
Long for bellows, and bagpipes when she was great with ye,
She brought forth such a windy birth?

Governor  ’Tis ten to one
She ate a Drum, and was delivered of alarum,
Or else he was swaddled in an old sail when he was young.

Siana  He swells too mainly with his meditations;
Faith talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Princes,
But those are but poor things to you; talk wiser,
’Twill well become your mightiness; talk less,
That men may think ye can do more.

Governor  Talk truth,
That men may think ye are honest, and believe ye,
Or talk yourself asleep, for I am weary of you.

Bacan  Why? I can talk and do.

Governor  That would do excellent.

Bacan  And tell you, only I deserve the Princess,
And make good only I, if you dare, you sir,
Or your Siana’s Prince.

Pyniero  Here’s a storm toward,
Methinks it sings already, to him Governor.

Governor  Here lies my proof.

Siana  And mine.

Governor  I’ll be short with ye,
For these long arguments I was never good at.

Pyniero  How white the boaster looks?

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, Panura.

Armusia  I see he lacks faith.
Ruy Dias  For shame forbear great Princes, rule your angers,
You violate the freedom of this place,
The state and royalty —

Governor  He’s well contented
It seems, and so I have done.
Armusia  Is this she signior?
Pyniero  This is the Princess sir.
Armusia  She is sweet and goodly,
An admirable form, they have cause to justle.

Quisara  Ye wrong me and my court, ye forward Princes;
Comes your love wrapped in violence to seek us?
Is’t fit though you be great, my presence should be
Stained, and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacies affrighted with your swords?
He that loves me, loves my command; be tempered,
Or be no more what ye profess, my Servants.

*Omnès*  We are calm as peace.

*Armusia*  What command she carries?
And what a sparkling Majesty flies from her?

---

*Quisara*  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 favor,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and Majesty,
Must win me with his worth; must travel for me;
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on
A well confirmed, temperate, and true valor.

*Omnès*  But show the way.

*Quisara*  And will, and then show you
A Will to tread the way, I’ll say ye are worthy.

*Pyniero*  What task now
Will she turn ’em to? these hot youths,
I fear will find a cooling card, I read in her eyes
Something that has some swinge must fly amongst ’em;
By this hand I love her a little now.

*Quisara*  ’Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal brother, now miserable,
And Prisoner to that man; if I were ambitious,
Gaped for that glory was ne’er born with me,
There they should lie as miseries upon him:
If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow
On pleasures uncontrolled, or safe revenges,
There he should die, his death would give me all these;
For then stood I up absolute to do all;
Yet all these flattering shows of dignity,
These golden dreams of greatness cannot force
To forget nature and my fair 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 scorn shall feel such slavery,
Or seek another Mistress, ’twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness;
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.

*Christopher*  How they stand gaping all?

*Quisara*  *Ruy Dias* cold?
Not fly 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 proclaim it; if I lie,
Or seek to set you on with subtlety,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falsehood.
No stirring yet, no start into a bravery?

_Ruy Dias_ Madam, it may be, but being a main danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time, the cause will ask it,
Great acts require great counsels.

_Quisara_ Take your pleasure,
I fear the Portugal.

_Bacan_ I’ll raise an Army
That shall bring back his Island fort and all,
And fix it here.

_Governor_ How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your Grandfathers’ days.

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

_Quisara_ Fair be your fortune,
Few promises are best, and fair performance.

_Governor_ These cannot do,
Their power and arts are weak ones.

’Tis in my will, I have this King your brother,
He is my prisoner, I accept your prisoner,
And bless the fair occasion that achieved him:
I love ye, and I honor ye, but speak
Whether alive or dead he shall be rendered,
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes Lady —

_Quisara_ No, I scorn ye,
You and your courtesy; I hate your love sir;
And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
I would study to forget he was my brother;
By force he was taken; he that shall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.

_Pyniero_ As I live, a rare wench.
_Armustia_ She has a noble spirit.
_Governor_ By force?

_Quisara_ Yes sir by force, and make you glad too
To let him go.

_Governor_ How? you may look nobler on me,
And think me no such boy; by force he must not,
For your love much may be.
Quisara  Put up your passion,
And pack ye home, I say, by force, and suddenly.
He lies there till he rots else, although I love him
Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
And out of these respects would joy to see him;
Yet to receive him as thy courtesy,
With all the honor thou couldst add unto him
From his hands that most hate him, I had rather
Though no condition were propounded for him,
See him far sunk i’ th’ earth, and there forget him.

Pyniero  Your hopes are gelt good Governor.

Armusia  A rare woman.

Governor  Lady,
I’ll pull this pride, I’ll quench this bravery,
And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
I will proud Princess; this neglect of me
Shall make thy brother King most miserable;
Shall turn him into curses ’gainst thy cruelty:
For where before I used him like a King,
And did those Royal Offices unto him,
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
Laden with chains and fetters, colds and hunger,
Darkness and lingering death for his companions;
And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desperate fool; look toward it; farewell,
And when thou knowest him thus, lament thy follies,
Nay I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in puppets.  Exit.

Quisara  If none dare undertake it, I’ll live a mourner.

Bacan  You cannot want.

Siana  You must not.

Ruy Dias  ’Tis most dangerous,
And wise men would proceed with care and counsel,
Yet some way would I know —
Walk with me Gentlemen —  Exeunt.

Armusia  How do you like her spirit?

Soza  ’Tis a clear one,

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

Emanuel  The bravest wench I ever looked upon,
And of the strongest parts, she is most fair,
Yet her mind such a mirror —

Armusia  What an action
Would this be to put forward one, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it?
Methinks my soul is strangely raised.

Soza  To step into it,
Just while they think, and ere they have determined
To bring the King off.
Armisia  Things have been done as dangerous.
Emanuel  And prospered best when they were least considered.
Armisia  Bless me my hopes,
And you my friends assist me.
None but our companions.
Soza  You deal wisely,
And if we shrink the name of slaves die with us.
Emanuel  Stay not for second thoughts.
Armasia  I am determined;
And though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turned to story,
Worthy the Princess’ tongue. A boat that’s all
That’s unprovided, and habits like to merchants,
The rest we’ll counsel as we go.
Soza  Away then,
Fortune looks fair on those, make haste to win her.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scaena prima.

Enter Keeper, and 2 or 3 Moors.

Keeper  I Have kept many a man, and many a great one,
Yet I confess, I ne’er saw before
A man of such a sufferance; he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, for sure ’twould kill him.
Where neither light or comfort can come near him;
Nor air, nor earth that’s wholesome; it grieves me
To see a mighty King with all his glory,
Sunk o’ th sudden to the bottom of a dungeon.
Whether should we descend that are poor Rascals
If we had our deserts?

1 Moor    ’Tis a strange wonder,
Load him with Irons, oppress him with contempts,
Which are the Governor’s commands, give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustain life, ’tis next nothing;
They stir not him, he smiles upon his miseries,
And bears ’em with such strength as if’his nature
Had been nursed up, and fostered with calamities.

2 Moor,  He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing we can hear of;
And in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.
Keeper    I’ll be sworn
He fears not, for even when I shake for him,
As many times my pity will compel me,
When other souls that bear not half his burden,
Shrink in their powers, and burst with their oppressions;
Then will he sing, woo his affections,
And court ’em in sad airs, as if he would wed ’em.

1. Moor    That’s more than we have heard yet, we are only
Appointed for his guard, but not so near him,
If we could hear that wonder —

Keeper Many times
I fear the Governor should come to know it;
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
That when I find his hour, I have Music ready,
And it stirs me infinitely. be but still and private,
And you may chance to hear.

King appears laden with chains, his head, arms only above

2. Moor We will not stir sir;
This is a sudden change, but who dares blame it.

Keeper Now hark and melt, for I am sure I shall;
Stand silent, what stubborn weight of chains —

I Moor Yet he looks temperately.

2. Moor His eyes not sunk, and his complexon firm still,
No wildness, no distempered touch upon him.
How constantly he smiles, and how undaunted?
With what a Majesty he heaves his head up? Music.

Keeper Now mark, I know he will sing; do not disturb him.
Your allowance from the Governor, would it were more sir,
Or in my power to make it handsomer.

King Do not transgress thy charge, I take his bounty,
And fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leavened with the glory I am fallen from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor.

Governor Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.

Keeper The Governor himself.

Governor What, at your banquet?

And in such state, and with such change of service?

King Nature’s no glutton sir, a little serves her.

Governor This diet’s wholesome then.

King I beg no better.

Governor A calm contented mind, give him less next;
These full meals will oppress his health, his Grace
Is of a tender, and pure constitution,
And such replications —

King Mock, mock, it moves not me sir,
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs fly behind me.

Governor Ye carry it handsomely, but tell me patience,
Do not you curse the brave and royal Lady
Your gracious sister? do not you damn her pity,
Damn twenty times a day, and damn it seriously?
Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very soul sweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? couldst not thou eat her
For being so injurious to thy fortune,
Thy fair and happy fortune? couldst not thou wish her
A Bastard, or a whore, fame might proclaim her
Black ugly fame, or that thou hadst had no sister?
Spitting the general name out, and the nature;
Blaspheming heaven for making such a mischief;
For giving power to pride, and will to woman?

   King  No Tyrant, no, I bless and love her for it;
And though her scorn of thee, had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds,
As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes.
As many forms of death, as doubt can figure;
Yet I should love her more still, and more honor her;
All thou canst lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No not the stroke of death, that I despise too:
For if fear could possess me, thou hadst won me;
As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,
And less than those thy prayers, though thou wouldst kneel to me;
And if she be not Mistress of this nature,
She is none of mine, no kin, and I contemn her.

   Governor  Are you so valiant sir?

   King  Yes, and so fortunate;
For he that holds my constancy still conquers;
Hadst thou preserved me as a noble enemy,
And as at first, made my restraint seem to me
But only as the shadow of captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declared thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still loved thee,
And still preferred thy fair love to my sister;

   column: 187-a-2

But to compel this from me with a misery,
A most inhumane, and unhandsome slavery —

   Governor  You will relent for all this talk I fear not,
And put your wits a work again.

   King  You are cozened;
Or if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart if she consented.

   Governor  You shall write and entreat or —

   King  Do thy utmost,
And e’en in all thy tortures I’ll laugh at thee,
I’ll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a thief,
Achieved by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst desire, thou art unhonest;
Nor no way live to build a name, thou art barbarous.

   Governor  Down with him low enough, there let him murmur,
And see his diet be so light and little,
He grow not thus high hearted on ’t, I will cool ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly; and your sister taken down,
Your scornful, cruel sister shall repent too,
And sue to me for grace.
Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessened;
Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture him:
Let him not sleep, nothing that’s dear to nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near 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, keep your guards close,
And as you love your lives be diligent,
And what I charge, observe.

   Omnes   We shall be dutiful.
   Governor I’ll pull your courage King and all your bravery. Exit. Governor

1. Moor Most certain he is resolved nothing can stir him;
For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk thus,
And do thus stoutly too, as willingly,
And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
As some men to their sleeps.

   Keeper Yes, and sleeps with ’em;
So little he regards them, there’s the wonder,
And often soundly sleeps, would I durst pity him,
Or would it were in my will, but we are servants,
And tied unto command.

2. Moor I wish him better,
But much I fear ’has found his tomb already,
We must observe our guards.

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

   Keeper That’s the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living.

2. Moor That’s as he please;
For that man that resolves, needs no Physician.  Exeunt.

Enter Armusia, Soza, Emanuel like merchants,
Armed underneath.

Armusia Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a fair omen.

   Omnes We believe it.
Armusia The sea and wind strove who should most befriend us,
And as they favored our design and loved us,
So led us forth — where lies the boat that brought us?
Soza    Safe lodged within the Reeds, close by the Castle,
That no eye can suspect, nor thought come near it.
Emanuel    But where have you been, brave sir?
Armusia    I have broke the Ice boys:
I have begun the game, fair fortune guide it,
Suspectless have I traveled all the town through,
And in this Merchant’s shape won much acquaintance,
Surveyed each strength and place that may befriend us,
Viewed all his Magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the prison is, and what power guards it.
Soza    These will be strong attempts.
Armusia    Courage is strong:
What we began with policy, my dear friends,
Let’s end with manly force; there’s no retiring,
Unless it be with shame.
Emanuel    Shame his that hopes it
Armusia    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 weight, will style us worthies.
Soza    Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or fail —
Armusia    I am sure ye dare not.
Then further know, and let no ear be near us
That may be false.
Emanuel    Speak boldly on, we are honest;
Our lives and fortunes yours.
Armusia    Hard by the place then
Where all his treasure lies, his arms, his women,
Close by the prison too where he keeps the King,
I have hired a lodging, as a trading merchant,
A Cellar to that too, to stow my wares in,
The very wall of which, joins to his storehouse.
Soza    What of all this?
Armusia    Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not:
Into that Cellar, elected friends, I have conveyed
And unsuspected too that will do it;
That that will make all shake, and smoke too.
Emanuel    Ha?
Armusia    My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice:
The fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the Island shall stand wondering at it,
As if they had been stricken with a Comet:
Powder is ready, and enough to work it,
The match is left afire, all, all hushed, and locked close,
No man suspecting what I am but Merchant:
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honored purpose,
For by that time ’twill take.
Upon the first cry of the amazed people,  
(For nothing will be marked then, but the misery)  
Be ready with the boat upon an instant,  
And then all’s right and fair.  
   Emanuel   Bless us dear fortune.  
   Armusia   Let us be worthy 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 do, or die.  
   Soza   So be it.  

Enter Governor and Captain.

   Governor   No Captain, for those troops we need ’em not,  
The Town is strong enough to stand their furies;  
I would see ’em come, and offer to do something.  
They are high in words.  
   Captain   ’Tis safer sir than doing.  
   Governor   Dost think they dare attempt.  
   Captain   May be by treaty  
But sure by force they will not prove so forward.  
   Governor   No faith, I warrant thee, they know me well 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 fools are in their promises, and how pregnant  
Their wits and powers are to bring things to pass;  
Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep and care  
To prevent these threatenings, Captain?  
   Captain   You look well sir:  
Upon my conscience you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

Governor I hope I shall not:
Well would I had this wench, for I must have her,
She must be mine; and there’s another charge Captain;
What betwixt love and brawling I got nothing,
All goes in maintenance —
Hark what was that, The Train takes.

That noise there? it went with a violence.

Captain Some old wall belike sir,
That had no neighbor help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

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

Within, Fire, fire.

Governor I hear another tune, good Captain,
It comes on fresher still, ’tis loud and fearful,
Look up into the Town, how bright the air shows;
Upon my life some sudden fire.
The bell too? Bell Rings.

I hear the noise more clear

Enter Citizen.

Citizen Fire, fire.

Governor Where? where?

Citizen Suddenly taken in a Merchant’s house sir,
Fearful and high it blazes; help good people.

Governor Pox o’ their paper houses, how they smother,
They light like candles, how the roar still rises?

Enter Captain.

Captain Your Magazine’s afire 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 help, all hands sir,
Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the town perished;

The Castle now begins to flame.

Governor My soul shakes.

Captain A Merchant’s house next joining? shame light on him,
That ever such a neighbor, such a villain —

Governor 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, help Citizens,
Freedom and wealth to him that helps: follow, oh follow.
Fling wine, or any thing, I’ll see ’t recompensed.
Buckets, more Buckets; fire, fire, fire.  

Enter Armusia, and his company.

Armusia  Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our discovery.
Soza  Hark, what a merry cry
These hounds make? forward fairly,
We are not seen in the mist, we are Not noted. Away,
Away. Now if we lose our fortune —

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Captain  Up soldiers, up, and deal like men.
Citizen  More water, more water, all is consumed else.
Captain  All’s gone, unless you undertake it straight, your
Wealth too, that must preserve, and pay your labor bravely.
Up, up, away.  

Enter Armusia and his company breaking open a door.

Armusia  So, thou art open, keep the way clear
Behind still. Now for the place.
Soldier  ’Tis here sir.
Armusia  Sure this is it.
Force ope the door — A miserable creature!
Yet by his manly face —

King  Why stare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to affright me:
In death I am a King still, and contenm ye:
Where is that Governor? methinks his manhood
Should be well pleased to see my Tragedy,
And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows;
I dare him to the sight, bring his scorns with him,
And all his rugged threats: here’s a throat, soldiers;
Come, see who can strike deepest.

Emanuel  Break the Chain there.
King  What does this mean?
Armusia  Come, talk of no more Governors,
He has other business sir, put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage like a man,
We’ll carry off your head else: we are friends,
And come to give your sorrows ease.
Soza  On bravely;
Delays may lose again,

Enter Guard.

Armusia  The Guard.
Soza  Upon ’em.
Armusia  Make speedy, and sure work.
Emanuel  They fly.
Armusia  Up with him, and to the Boat; stand fast, now be speedy,
When this heat’s past, we’ll sing our History.
Away, like thoughts, sudden as desires, friends;
Now sacred chance be ours.

Soza   Pray when we have done sir.  

Exeunt.

column: 188-a-2

Enter 3 or 4 Citizens severally.

1. Citizen   What is the fire allayed?
2. Citizen   ’Tis out, ’tis out,
Or past the worst, I never did so stoutly
I’ll assure you neighbors since I was a man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib:
I lived two hours 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 took her leave a hundred times, I bore up still,
And tossed the Buckets boys.

3. Citizen   We are all mere Martins.
1. Citizen   I heard a voice at latter end o’ th hurry,
Or else I dreamt I heard it, that said treason.
2. Citizen   ’Tis like enough, it might cry murder too, for there was
Many without a joint, but what’s that to us: Let’s home
And fright our wives. for we look like Devils.

Enter 3 Women.

3. Citizen   Here come some of ’em to fright us.
1 Woman    Mine’s alive neighbor — oh sweet honey husband.
2. Citizen   Thou liest I think abominably, and thou hadst been
In my place, thou wouldst have stunk at both ends.
Get me some drink, give me whole tuns of drink,
Whole cisterns, for I have four dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly, I have more smoke in my mouth, then would
Bloat a hundred herrings.

2 Woman    Art thou come safe again?
3 Woman    I pray you what became of my man, is he in a well?
2. Citizen   At heart’s ease in a Well, is very well neighbor;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets;
Thy husband’s happy, he was through roasted,
And now he’s basting of himself at all points:
The Clerk and he are cooling their pericraniums;
Body O’ me neighbors there’s fire in my codpiece.

1 Woman    Bless my husband.
2. Citizen   Blow it out wife — blow, blow, the gable end a’ th store-house.
Women.        Some water, water, water.
3. Citizen   Peace, ’tis but a sparkle;
Raise not the Town again, ’twill be a great hindrance,
I’m glad ’tis out, and ’t had ta’en in my hayloft?
What frights are these, marry heaven bless thy modicum.

3 Woman    But is a drowned outright, pray put me out of
Fear neighbor.
2. Citizen   Thou wouldst have it so, but after a hundred fires
More, he’ll live to see thee burnt for brewing musty
Liquor.

1. Citizen     Come let’s go neighbor.
2 Citizen     For I would very fain turn down this liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt marrowbone:
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 tails, cry ale, ale.

Women     Away let’s nourish the poor wretches.
2. Citizen     We’ll Rally up the rest of the burnt Regiment.

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldier, and Guard.

Governor     The fire’s quenched Captain, but the mischief hangs still;
The King’s redeemed, and gone too; a trick, a damned one:
Oh I am overtaken poorly, tamely.

Captain     Where were the guard that waited upon the prison?

Soldier     Most of ’em slain, yet some ’scaped sir, and they deliver,
They saw a little boat ready to receive him,
And those redeemed him, making such haste and fighting;

Fighting beyond the force of men.

Governor     I am lost Captain,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorn me:
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirmed coward,
One without carriage, or common sense.

Soldier     He’s gone sir,
And put to sea amain, past our recovery,
Not a Boat ready to pursue; if there were any,
The people stand amazed so at their valor,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.

Governor     Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my boys’ brains
’Gainst every post I meet; fooled with a fire?

Captain     It was a crafty trick.

Governor     No, I was lazy,
Confident sluggish lazy, had I but met ’em,
And changed a dozen blows, I had forgiven ’em,
By both these hands held up, and by that brightness
That gilds the world with light, by all our worships,
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue 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 dishonor:
Make ready my Barratoes instantly,
And what I shall intend —

Captain     We are your servants.  

Exeunt.
Enter Quisara, Ruy Dyas.

Quisara Never tell me, you never cared to win me,
Never for my sake to attempt a deed,
Might draw me to a thought you sought my favor:
If not for love of me, for love of arms sir,
For that cause you profess, for love of honor,
Of which you style yourself the mighty Master,
You might have stepped out nobly, and made an offer,
As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward face.

Ruy Dias Dear Lady hold me —
Quisara I hold ye, as I find ye, a faint servant.
Ruy Dias By — I dare do —
Quisara In a Lady’s chamber

I dare believe ye, there’s no mortal danger:
Give me the man that dares do, to deserve that:
I thought you Portugals had been rare wonders,
Men of those haughty courages and credits,
That all things were confined within your promises,
The Lords of fate and fortune I believed ye,
But well I see I am deceived Ruy Dias,
And blame too late my much belief.

Ruy Dias I am ashamed, Lady,
I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
Now you have once more schooled me, I am right,
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in act as soon, some preparation —

Quisara And give it out?
Ruy Dias Yes, Lady, and so great too:
In which, the noise of all my Countrymen —

Quisara Those will do well, for they are all approved ones,
And though he be restored alive.

Ruy Dias I have ye.
Quisara For then we are both servants.
Ruy Dias I conceive ye,

Good Madam give me leave to turn my fancies.

Quisara Do, and make all things fit, and then I’ll visit you. Exit

Ruy Dias Myself, the cousin, and the Garrison,

The neighbors of the out-Isles of our nation,
Siana’s strength, for I can humor him:
And proud Bacamus, 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, Christophero.

Pyniero Where are ye?
Ruy Dias Now Pyniero, what’s the haste you seek me?
Pyniero  Do you know this sign sir?
Ruy Dias  Ha!
Pyniero  Do you know this emblem?

Your nose is bored.
Ruy Dias  Bored? what’s that?
Pyniero  Y’ are topped sir:
The King’s come home again, the King.
Ruy Dias  The devil?
Pyniero  Nay sure he came a god’s name home:

He’s returned sir.
Christophero  And all this joy ye hear —
Ruy Dias  Who durst attempt him?
The Princes are all here.
Christophero  They are worthy Princes,
They are special 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?
Pyniero  How stands your claim?

That ever man should be fooled so,
When he should do and prosper; stand protesting,
Kissing the hand, and farting for a favor,
When he should be about his business sweating;
She bid you go, and picked you out a purpose,
To make yourself a fortune by, a Lady, a Lady, and a lusty one,
A lovely, that now you may go look, she pointed ye,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly, you have made a fair flight on ’t,
You have caught a goose.
Ruy Dias  How dare you thus molest me?  
A shout.

It cannot be.

Christophero  Hark how the general joy rings!
Pyniero  Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk too?

For if you had been sober, you had been wise sure.
Ruy Dias  Done? who dares do?
Pyniero  It seems an honest fellow,

That has ended his Market before you be up.
Christophero  The shame on ’t’s a stranger too.
Pyniero  ’Tis no shame,

He took her at her word, and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to the cause, as he will do to the Lady:
’Is a fellow of that speed and handsomeness,
He will get her with child too, ere you shall come to know him,
Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to show him, must start forth,
At the first sight to —
Ruy Dias  I am undone.
Pyniero  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 undo an egg,  
A hundred shames about ye.  

*Enter Quisara, Panura, and Train.*

**Quisara**  Can it be possible,  
A stranger that I have not known, not seen yet,  
A man I never graced; O Captain, Captain,  
What shall I do? I am betrayed by fortune,  
It cannot be, it must not be.  

**Pyniero**  It is Lady,  
And by my faith a handsome Gentleman;  
’Tis his poor Scholar’s prize.  

**Quisara**  Must I be given  
Unto a man I never saw, never spoke with,  
I know not of what Nation?  

**Pyniero**  Is a Portugal,  
And of as good a pitch he will be given to you Lady,  
For he’s given much to handsome flesh.  

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

**Pyniero**  Your love sloth, Uncle do you find it now?  
You should have done at first, and faithfully:  
A shout.  
And then the t’other had lied ready for ye;  
Madam, the general joy comes.  

**Quisara**  We must meet it — but with what comfort?  

*Enter Citizens carrying boughs, boys singing after ’em;  
Then King, Armusia, Soza, Emanuel; The  
Prince and train following.*  

**Quisara**  Oh my dear brother what a joy runs through me,  
To see you safe again, yourself, and mighty,  
What a blessed day is this?  

**King**  Rise up fair sister,  
I am not welcome till you have embraced me.  

**Ruy Dias**  A general gladness sir flies through the City,  
And mirth possesses all to see your Grace arrive,  
Thus happily arrived again, and fairly;  
’Twas a brave venture who so e’er 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 forced the Governor,  
In spite of all his threats.  

**King**  I thank ye Gentleman.
\textit{Ruy Dias} \hspace{1em} And all his subtleties to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.
\textit{King} \hspace{1em} I know ye love me.
\textit{Pyniero} \hspace{1em} This had been good with something done before it,
Something set off to beautify it, now it sounds empty like
A Barber’s basin. pox there’s no mettle in ’t, no noble marrow.
\textit{Bacan} \hspace{1em} I have an army sir, but that the Governor,
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 peal —
\textit{Pyniero} \hspace{1em} Yes backward,
To make dogs howl, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy army’s good for hawks, there’s
Nothing but sheeps’ hearts in it.
\textit{Siana} \hspace{1em} I have done nothing sir, therefore
I think it convenient I say little what I purposed,
And what my love intended.
\textit{King} \hspace{1em} I like your modesty,
And thank ye royal friends, I know it grieved ye
To know my misery; but this man Princes,
I must thank heartily indeed and truly,
For this man saw me in ’t, and redeemed me:
He looked upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This sister this, this all man, this all valor,
This pious man.
\textit{Ruy Dias} \hspace{1em} My countenance, it shames me,

\textbf{column: 189-a-2}

One scarce arrived, not hardened yet, not
Read in dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not seasoned —
Oh I have boyed myself.
\textit{King} \hspace{1em} This noble bulwark,
This lance and honor of our age and Kingdom;
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 sorrows
Has new begot my name, and once more made me:
Oh sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recom pense invented.
\textit{Armusia} \hspace{1em} You are too noble sir, there is reward
Above my action too by millions:
A recom pense so rich and glorious,
I durst not dream it mine, but that ’twas promised;
But that it was propounded, sworn 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.
\textit{King} \hspace{1em} O speak it, speak it, bless mine ears to hear it,
Make me a happy man, to know it may be,
For still methinks I am a prisoner,  
And feel no liberty before I find it.  

   Armusia Then know it is your sister, she is mine sir,  
I claim her by her own word, and her honor;  
It was her open promise to that man  
That durst redeem ye; Beauty set me on,  
And fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.  

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

   Armusia Good sir pardon me,  
There is a blushing modesty becomes her,  
That holds her back; women are nice to woo sir;  
I would not have her forced, give her fair liberty;  
For things compelled and frighted of soft natures,  
Turn into fears, and fly from their own wishes.  

   King Look on my Quisara such another,  
Oh all ye powers, so excellent in nature,  
In honor so abundant.  

   Quisara I confess sir,  
Confess my word is past too, he has purchased;  
Yet good sir give me leave to think, 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 believe so suddenly,  
Or come to fasten our affections —  
Alas, love has his complements.  

   King Be sudden  
And certain in your way, no woman’s doubles,  
Nor coy delays, you are his, and so assure it,  
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever;  
Respect your word, I know you will, come sister,  
Let’s see what welcome you can give a prisoner,  
And what fair looks a friend — Oh my most noble  
Princes, no discontent, but all be lusty,  
He that frowns this day is an open enemy:  
Thus in my arms my dear.  

   Armusia You make me blush sir.  

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

   Ruy Dias Madam, despair not, something shall be done yet,  
And suddenly and wisely.  

   Quisara O Ruy Dias.  

   Fyniero Well he’s a brave fellow, and he has deserved her richly,  
And you have had your hands full I dare swear Gentlemen.

   Soza We have done something sir, if it hit right.
The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty,
So much I think.

Come, let’s go bounce amongst ’em,
To the King’s health, and my brave countryman’s.

My uncle looks as though he were sick o’ th’
Worms friends.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scaena prima.

Enter Pyniero.

Mine uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy,
Wondrous proof melancholy, sometimes swears,
Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans, as if he had the Bots.
As to say truth, I think h’as little better,
And would fain speak; bids me good morrow at midnight,
And good night when ’tis noon, has something hovers
About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not: still he follows;

Enter

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old Dog at a dead scent? Ay marry,
There was a sigh would a set a ship a sailing:
These winds of love and honor blow at all ends.
Now speak and ‘t be thy will: good morrow Uncle.

Ruy Dias Good morrow sir.

Pyniero This is a new salute:

Sure h’as forgot me: this is purblind Cupid.

Ruy Dias My Nephew?

Pyniero Yes sir, it I be not changed.

Ruy Dias I would fain speak with you.

Pyniero I would fain have ye sir,

For to that end I stay.

Ruy Dias You know I love ye,

And I have loved you long, my dear Pyniero,
Bred and supplied you.

Pyniero Whither walks this Preamble?

Ruy Dias You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,

I sure had a father’s care, a father’s tenderness.

Pyniero Sure he would wrap me into something now suddenly,

He doubts my nature in, for mine is honest,
He winds about me so.

Ruy Dias A father’s diligence.

My private benefits, I have forgot sir,
But those you might lay claim to as my follower;
Yet some men would remember —

Pyniero I do daily.

Ruy Dias The place which I have put ye in, which is no weak one,

Next to myself you stand in all employments,
Your counsels, cares, assignments with me equal,
So is my study still to plant your person;
These are small testimonies I have not forgotten ye,  
Nor would not be forgotten.  

   Pyniero   Sure you cannot.  

   Ruy Dias    O Pyniero —  

   Pyniero    Sir; what hangs upon you,  
What heavy weight oppresses ye, ye have lost,  
(I must confess, in those that understand ye)  
Some little of your credit, but time will cure that;  
The best may slip sometimes.  

   Ruy Dias    Oh my best Nephew —  

   Pyn    It may be ye fear her too, that disturbs ye,  
That she may fall herself, or be forced from ye.  

   column: 189-b-2  

   Ruy Dias    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 murdering chain shot at me from my Country;  
That goodly plague that I must court to kill me.  

   Pyniero    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?  

   Ruy Dias    I must confess it nephew, must allow it,  
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,  
Has trod me like a name in sand to nothing,  
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my ruin:  
And if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune;  
And when that’s set, where’s thy advancement Cousin?  
That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,  
That would consider these; that man were grateful;  
And he that durst do something here durst love me.  

   Pyniero    You say true, ’tis worth consideration,  
Your reasons are of weight, and mark me Uncle,  
For I’ll 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?  

   Ruy Dias    She is mine for ever;  
For she contemns his deed and him.  

   Pyniero    Pox on him,  
Or if the single pox be not sufficient,  
The hog’s, the dog’s, and devil’s pox possess him:  
’Faith this Armusia stumbles me, ’is a brave fellow;  
And if he could be spared Uncle —  

   Ruy Dias    I must perish:  
Had he set up at any rest but this,  
Done any thing but what concerned my credit,  
The everlasting losing of my worth. —  

   Pyniero    I understand you now, who set you on too;
I had a reasonable good opinion of the devil
Till this hour; and I see he is a knave indeed,
An arrant stinking knave, for now I smell him;
I’ll see what may be done then, you shall know
You have a kinsman, but no villain Uncle,
Nor no betrayer of fair fame, I scorn it;
I love and honor virtue; I must have
Access unto the Lady to know her mind too,
A good word from her mouth you know may stir me;
A Lady’s look at setting on —

Ruy Dias You say well;
Here Cousin, here’s a Letter ready for you,
And you shall see how nobly she’ll receive you,
And with what care direct.

Pyniero Farewell then Uncle,
After I have talked with her, I am your servant,
To make you honest if I can — else hate you.
Pray ye no more compliments, my head is busy, heaven bless me;
What a malicious soul does this man carry?
And to what scurvy things this love converts us?
What stinking things, and how sweetly they become us?
Murder’s a moral virtue with these Lovers,
A special piece of Divinity I take it:
I may be mad, or violently drunk,
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And learn to murder men’s estates, that’s base too;
Or proud, but that’s a Paradise to this;
Or envious, and sit eating of myself
At others’ fortunes; I may lie, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;
Cousin, Cutpurses, sit i’ th’ stocks for apples.

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

Enter Quisana, and Panura.

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

Quisana Good mornow to you sir.

Pyniero That’s the old Hen, the brood-bird? how she bustles?
How like an Inventory of Lechery she looks?
Many a good piece of iniquity
Has passed her hands, I warrant her — I beseech you,
Is the fair Princess stirring?
   Pyniero  Yes marry is she sir,
But somewhat private: have you a business with her?
   Pyniero  Yes forsooth have I, and a serious business.
   Pyniero  May not we know?
   Pyniero  Yes, when you can keep counsel.
   Panura  How prettily he looks? he’s a soldier sure,
His rudeness sits so handsomely upon him.
   Quisana  A good blunt gentleman.
   Pyniero  Yes marry am I:
Yet for a push or two at sharp, an ’t please you —
   Panura  My honest friend, you know not who you speak to:
This is the Princess’ Aunt.
   Pyniero  I like her th’ better
And she were her Mother, (Lady) or her grandmother,
I am not so bashful but I can buckle with her.
   Panura  Of what size is your business?
   Pyniero  Of the long sixteens,
And will make way I warrant ye.
   Panura  How fine he talks?
   Pyniero  Nay in troth I talk but cursorly, Lady,
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding:
How fain they would 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.
   Panura  Why do you look so on me?
   Pyniero  I am guessing
By the cast of your face, what the property of your place should be,
For I presume you turn a key sweet beauty,
And you another gravity, under the Princess,
And by my — I warrant ye good places,
Comely commodious feats.
   Quisana  Prithee let him talk still,
For methinks he talks handsomely.
   Pyniero  And truly
As near as my understanding shall enable me
You look as if you kept my Lady’s secrets:
Nay do not laugh, for I mean honestly,
How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th’ end?
And how their hearts go pit-a-pat and look for it?
Would it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?
Your gravity I guess, to take the Petitions,
And hear the lingering suits in love disposed,
Their sighs and sorrows in their proper place,
You keep the ay-me office.
   Quisana  Prithee suffer him,
For as I live he’s a pretty fellow.
I love to hear sometimes what men think of us:
And thus delivered freely, ’tis no malice:
Proceed good honest man.
Pyniero  I will, good Madam.
According to men’s states and dignities,
Moneys and movables, you rate their dreams,
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 practic Art too in these discoveries,
Who loves at such a length, who a span farther,
And who draws home, yield you no little profit,
For these ye milk by circumstance.

Quisana  Ye are cunning.
Pyniero  And as they Oil ye, and advance your spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love, your doors too,
The doors of destiny, that men must pass through;
These are fair places.

Panura  He knows all.
Pyniero  Your trap doors,
To pop fools in it, that have no providence,
Your little wicks, to work wise men, like wires through at,
And draw their states and bodies into Cobwebs,
Your Postern doors, to catch those that are cautelous,
And would not have the world’s eye find their knavery:
Your doors of danger, some men hate a pleasure,
Unless that may be full of fears; your hope doors,
And those are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new encouragement, a new custom;
You have your doors of honor, and of pleasure;
But those are for great Princes, glorious vanities,
That travel to be famous through diseases;
There be the doors of poverty and death too:
But these you do the best you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out.

Quisana  This is a rare lecture.
Pyniero  Read to them that understand.

Panura  Beshrew me,
I dare not venture on ye, ye cut too keen sir.

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

Enter

Quisara

Here comes the Princess now, attend your business.

Quisara  Is there no remedy? no hopes can help me?
No wit to set me free? who’s there ho?

Quisana  Troubled? her looks are almost wild:
What ails the Princess?
I know nothing she wants.

Quisara  Who’s that there with you?
Oh Signior Pyniero? you are most welcome:
How does your noble uncle?

Pyniero  Sad as you are Madam:
But he commends his service, and this Letter.

    Quisara    Go off, attend within — Fair sir, I thank ye,
Pray be no stranger, for indeed you are welcome;
For your own virtues welcome.
    Quisana    We are mistaken,
This is some brave fellow sure.
    Panura     I’m sure he’s a bold fellow:
But if she hold him so, we must believe it.
    Quisara    Do you know of this fair sir?
    Pyniero    I guess it Madam,
And whither it intends: I had not brought it else.
    Quisana    It is a business of no common reckoning.
    Pyniero    The handsomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks:
Give me a matter of some weight to wade in.
    Quisana    And can you love your Uncle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?
Can there be such a faith?

    Pyniero    Dare you say Aye to it,
And set me on? ’tis no matter for my Uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.
    Quisara.   I would fain —
    Pyniero    Have it done; say but so Lady.
    Quisana    Conceive it so.
    Pyniero    I will, ’tis that I am bound too:
Your will that must command me, and your pleasure,
The fair aspects of those eyes, that must direct me:
I am no Uncle’s agent, I am mine own, Lady;
I scorn my able youth should plow for others,
Or my ambition serve for pay; I aim,
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at shall be equal,
And what love spurs me on to, this desire,
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant, and a virtuous man, my countryman, Armusia,
The delight of all the Minions,
Is love of you, doting upon your beauty, the admiration of your excellence;
Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
Or the least grace you have bestowed on others,
And see how suddenly I’ll work your safety,
And set your thoughts at peace; I am no flatterer,
To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lie a-bed, and swear men into Fevers,
Like some of your trim suitors; when I promise,
The light is not more constant to the world,
Than I am to my word — She turns for millions.
Quisana  I have not seen a braver confirmed courage.

Pyniero  For a tun of Crowns she turns: she is a woman,
And much I fear a worse than I expected.
You are the object Lady, you are the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valor:
And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his estate, Father, Mother,
Friends, Wife, and Children,
'Is a fool, and I scorn him,
And be but to make clean his sword: coward
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty.
Had I the place in your affections,
My most unworthy uncle is fit to fall from,
Lived in those blessed eyes, and read the stories
Of everlasting pleasures figured there,
I would find out your commands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, ere you dreamt of 'em.

Quisana  I admire his boldness.

Pyniero  This, or any thing;
Your brother's death, mine uncle's, any man's,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my youth, I bring no blastings to you,
The first flower of my strength, my faith.

Quisana  No more sir;
I am too willing to believe, rest satisfied;
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful:
You are a handsome gentleman, a fair one,
My servant if you please; I seal it thus sir.
No more, till you deserve more.  

Exit.

Pyniero  This woman's cunning, but she's bloody too;
Although she pulls her Talons in, she's mischievous;
Formed like the face of heaven, clear and transparent;
I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody slave thrust in indeed,
Fashioned and fleshed to what they wish: well uncle,
What will become of this, and what dishonor

column: 190-b-2

Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let time tell,
I can but only fear, and cross to cross it.  

Exit.

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, Soza.

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

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

    Soza Does not the King allow it?

    Armusia Yes and all honors else, all I can ask,
That he has power to give; but from his sister,
The scornful cruelty, forgive me beauty,
That I transgress from her that should look on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her own faith’s sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me.

    Soza And you go whining up and down for this sir,
Lamenting and disputing of your grievances;
Sighing and sobbing like a sullen Schoolboy,
And cursing goodwife fortune for this favor.

    Armusia What would you have me do?

    Soza Do what you should do,
What a man would do in this case, a wise man,
An understanding man that knows a woman;
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns and all her trifes:
Go to her and take her in your arms and shake her,
Take her and toss her like a bar.

    Emanuel But be sure you pitch her upon a featherbed,
Shake her between a pair of sheets sir,
There shake these sullen fits out of her, spare her not there,
There you may break her will, and bruise no bone sir.

    Soza Go to her.

    Emanuel That’s the way.

    Soza And tell her and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock yourself,
With being too indulgent to her pride:
Let her hear roundly from ye, what ye are,
And what ye have deserved, and what she must be.

    Emanuel And be not put off like a common fellow,
With the Princess would be private,
Or that she has taken physic, and admits none,
I would talk to her anywhere.

    Armusia It makes me smile.

    Emanuel Now you look handsomely:
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 spaniel.

    Soza Pray take our counsel sir.

    Armusia I shall do something,
But not your way, it shows too boisterous,
For my affections are as fair and gentle,
As her they serve.

    Soza The King.

    King Why, how now friend?
Why do you rob me of the company
I love so dearly sir, I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure:

Enter King.
Why sad? thus sad still man; I will not have it;  
I must not see the face I love thus shadowed.  
  Emanuel And ’t please your Grace, methinks it ill becomes him,  
A soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.  
  King He shall be so, come, come, I know your reason,

It shall be none to cross you, ye shall have her,  
Take my word, (’tis a King’s word) ye shall have her,  
She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.  
  Armusia Your grace has given me cause, I shall be sir,  
And ever your poor servant.  
  King. Me myself sir,  
My better self, I shall find time, and suddenly,  
To gratify your loves too gentlemen,  
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:  
Nay ’tis not worth your thanks, no further compliment;  
Will you go with me friend?  
  Armusia I beseech your grace,  
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you,  
Some little private business with myself sir,  
For such a time.  
  King. I’ll hinder no devotion,  
For I know you are regular, I’ll take you gentlemen,  
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him,  
I shall look for your friend.  
  Exeunt. Manet Armusia.
  Armusia I dare not fail sir:  
What shall I do to make her know my misery,  
To make her sensible? This is her woman,  
I have a toy come to me suddenly,  
It may work for the best, she can but scorn me,  
And lower than I am I cannot tumble,  
I’ll try whate’er my fate be — Good even fair one,  
  Panura ’Tis the brave stranger — A good night to you sir.  
Now by my Lady’s hand a goodly gentleman!  
How happy shall she be in such a husband?  
Would I were so provided too.  
  Armusia Good pretty one,  
Shall I keep you company for an hour or two?  
I want employment for this evening.  
I am an honest man.  
  Panura I dare believe ye:  
Or if ye were not sir, that’s no great matter,  
We take men’s promises, would ye stay with me sir?  
  Armusia So it please you; pray let’s be better acquainted,  
I know you are the Princess’ gentlewoman,  
And wait upon her near.  
  Panura ’Tis like I do so.
Armusia  And may befriend a man, do him fair courtesies,
If he have business your way.

Panura  I understand ye.

Armusia  So kind an office, that you may bind a gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too,
And ye may bless the hour you did this benefit,
Sweet handsome faces should have courteous minds,
And ready faculties.

Panura  Tell me your business,
Yet if I think it be to her, yourself 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 would do it better,
The Princess must be pleased with your accesses,
I’m sure I should.

Armusia  I want a Courtier’s boldness,
And am yet but a stranger, I would fain speak with her:

Panura  ’Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep sir.

Armusia  Pray ye wear this, and believe my meaning civil,
My business of that fair respect and carriage:
This for our more acquaintance.

Panura  How close he kisses?
And how sensible the passings of his lips are?
I must do it, and I were to be hanged now, and I will do it,
He may do as much for me, that’s all I aim at,

column: 191-a-2

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

Armusia  I would be private with her.

Panura  So you shall,

’Tis not worth thanks else, you must dispatch quick.

Armusia  Suddenly.

Panura  And I must leave you in my chamber sir,
Where you must lock yourself that none may see you,
’Tis close to her, you cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to bed.

Armusia  I understand ye, and once more thank ye Lady.

Panura  Thank me but thus.

Armusia  If I fail thee —
Come close then.

Exit

Enter Quisara, and Quisana.

Quisara  ’Tis late good Aunt, to bed, I am e’en unready,
My woman will not be long away.

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

Quisara  No, no I thank you,
I shall sleep without these, I wrong your age Aunt
To make ye wait thus, pray let me entreat ye,
Tomorrow I’ll see ye, I know y’are sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest, you shall not, Enter
Indeed you shall not stay; oh here’s my woman, Panura.
Good night, good night, and good rest Aunt attend you.
  Quisana  Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court ye.  
  Quisara  Come, where have you been wench? make me unready;
I slept but ill last night.
  Panura  You’ll sleep the better
I hope tonight Madam.
  Quisara  A little rest contents me;
Thou lovest thy bed Panura.
  Panura  I am not in love Lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils, I sleep soundly.
  Quisara  I’ll swear thou dost, thy husband would not take it so well
If thou wert married wench.
  Panura  Let him take Madam
The way to waken me, I am no dormouse.
Husband’s have larum bells, if they but
Ring once.
  Quisara  Thou art a merry wench.
  Panura  I shall live the longer.
  Quisara  Prithee fetch my book.
  Panura  I am glad of that.
  Quisara  I’l read a while before I sleep.
  Panura  I will Madam.
  Quisara  And if Ruy Dias meet you and be importunate, He may come in.
  Panura  I have a better fare for you,
Now least in sight play I.  
  Enter Armusia, locks the door.
  Quisara  Why should I love him?
Why should I dote upon a man deserves not, Nor has no will to work it? who’s there wench?
What are you? or whence come you?
  Armusia  Ye may know me,
I bring not such amazement noble Lady.
  Quisara  Who let you in?
  Armusia  My restless love that serves ye.
  Quisara  This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brother’s love protect this boldness,

You build so strongly on, my rooms are sanctuaries, And with that reverence they that seek my favors, And humble fears, shall render their approaches.
Armusia Mine are no less.
Quisara I am Mistress of myself sir,
And will be so, I will not be thus visited;
These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy,
Stand further off, I’ll cry out else.
Armusia Oh dear Lady!
Quisara I see dishonor in your eyes.
Armusia There is none:
By all that beauty they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, you have no cause.
Quisara I’ll die first;
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces;
The little strength I have left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I am forced
To that I hate, or suffer —
Armusia You wrong my duty.
Quisara So base a violation of my liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly; I’ll take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldness,
And force my woman’s fears into a madness,
And ere you arrive at what you aim at —
Armusia Lady,
If there be in you any woman’s pity?
And if your fears have not proclaimed me monstrous?
Look on me and believe me; is this violence?
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
A ruffians boldness? is humility a rudeness?
The griefs and sorrows that grow here an impudence?
These forcings, and these fears I bring along with me,
These impudent abuses offered ye;
And thus high has your brother’s favor blown me:
Alas dear Lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose rough, or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle
As your fair 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.
Quisara Now I dare hear you.
Armusia If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad; or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbored here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarks to assure you,
The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity;
Your honor and your virtues are such armors;
Your clear thoughts such defenses; if you misdoubt still,
And yet retain a fear I am not honest,
Come with impure thoughts to this place;
Take this, and sheath it here; be your own safety;
Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish;
How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you.
Quisara  No, I believe now, you speak worthily;
What came you then for?
Armusia  To complain, me beauty,
But modestly.
Quisara  Of what?
Armusia  Of your fierce cruelty,
For though I die, I will not blame the doer:
Humbly to tell your grace, ye had forgot me:
A little to have touched at, not accused,
For that I dare not do, your scorns, pray pardon me
And be not angry, that I use the liberty
To urge that word, a little to have showed you

column: 191-b-2

What I have been, and what done to deserve ye,
If any thing that love commands may reach ye,
To have remembered ye, but I am unworthy,
And to that misery falls all my fortunes,
To have told ye, and by my life ye may believe me,
That I am honest, and will only marry
You, or your memory; pray be not angry.

Quisara  I thank you sir, and let me tell you seriously,
Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion,
Yet to try your obedience —

Armusia  I stand ready Lady,
Without presuming to ask any thing.
Quisara  Or at this time to hope for further favor;
Or to remember services, or smiles;
Dangers you have passed through, and rewards due to ’em;
Loves or despairs, but leaving all to me:
Quit this place presently.

Armusia  I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ruy Dias  Ha?
Armusia  Who’s this?
What art thou?
Ruy Dias  A Gentleman.
Armusia  Thou art no more I’m sure: oh ’tis Ruy Dias;
How high he looks, and harsh?
Ruy Dias  Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow room?
Armusia  If I take it, I’ll carry it.
Ruy Dias  Does this become you Princess?
Armusia  The Captain’s jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet;
Go freely, go I’ll give thee leave.

Ruy Dias  Your leave sir?

Armusia  Yes my leave sir, I’ll not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my heart ache, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reign in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I’ll smile at thee;
I kiss your fair hand first, then farewell Captain.    

    Exit

    Quisara    What a pure soul inherits here? what innocence?
    Sure I was blind when I first loved this fellow,
And long to live in that fog still: how he blusters!

    Ruy Dias    Am I your property? or those your flatteries,
The banquets that ye bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?

    Quisara    Be more temperate.
    Ruy Dias    Are these the shows of your respect and favor?
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?

    Quisara    You are too forward.
    Ruy Dias    Why at these private hours?

    Quisara    You are too saucy,
Too impudent to task me with those errors:
Do ye know what I am sir, and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I have called by th’ name of friend,
I never taught you to dispose my liberty;
How durst you touch mine honor? blot my meanings?
And name an action, and of mine but noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I graced thee?
How have I nourished thee, and raised thee hourly?
Are these the gratitudes you bring Ruy Dias?
The thanks? the services? I am fairly paid;
Was’t not enough I saw thou wert a Coward,
And shadowed thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Daily provoked thee, and still found thee coward?

Raised noble causes for thee, strangers started at;
Yet still, still, still a Coward, ever Coward;
And with those taints, dost thou upbraid my virtues?

    Ruy Dias    I was to blame
Lady.

    Quisara    So blindly bold to touch at my behavior?
Durst thou but look amiss at my allowance?
If thou hadst been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some license,
Some liberty I might have then allowed thee
For thy good face, some scope to have argued with me;
But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The mere sign of a Soldier — of a Lover,
The dregs and drafty part, disgrace and jealousy,
I scorn thee, and contemn thee.

    Ruy Dias    Dearest Lady,
If I have been too free —
**Quisara**  Thou hast been too foolish,  
And go on still, I’ll study to forget thee,  
I would I could, and yet I pity thee.  

*Exit.*

**Ruy Dias**  I am not worth it, if I were, that’s misery,  
The next door is but death, I must aim at it.  

*Exit.*

---

**Actus Quartus. Scaena prima.**

**Enter King, and Governor like a Moor Priest.**

**King**  So 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.  

**Governor**  I am no liar,  
’Tis strange I should, and live so near a neighbor;  
But these are not my ends.  

**King**  Pray ye sit good father,  
Certain a reverend man, and most religious.  

**Governor**  Ay, that belief’s well now, and let me work then,  
I’ll make ye curse religion ere I leave ye;  
I have lived a long time son, a mewed up man,  
Sequestered by the special hand of heaven  
From the world’s vanities, bid farewell to follies,  
And shook hands with all heats of youth and pleasures,  
As in a dream these twenty years I have slumbered,  
Many a cold moon have I in meditation,  
And searching out the hidden wills of heaven,  
Lain shaking under, many a burning Sun  
Has seared my body, and boiled up my blood,  
Feebled my knees, and stamped a Meagerness  
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge,  
Which I have now attained too, thanks to heaven,  
All for my country’s good too, and many a vision,  
Many a mystic 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 reveal these,  
To travel and discover, now I am come son,  
The hour is now appointed,  
My tongue is touched, and now I speak.  

**King**  Do holy man, I’ll hear ye.  

**Governor**  Beware these Portugals, I say beware ’em,  
These smooth faced strangers, have an eye upon ’em.  
The cause is now the God’s, hear, and believe King.
King. I do hear, but before I give rash credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a sin father;
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular, bound to 'em,
I mean to some for my most strange deliverance.

Governor O Son, the future aims of men, observe me,
Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be looked at: the stars show many turnings,
If you could see, mark but with my eye’s pupil;
These men came hither as my vision tells me,
Poor, weatherbeaten, almost lost, starved, feeble,
Their vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long suit for traffic, and for comfort,
To vent their children’s toys, cure their diseases:
They had their suit, they landed, and too th’ rate
Grew rich and powerful, sucked the fat, and freedom
Of this most blessed Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the Castle here, the Citadel,
They have clapped upon the neck of your Tidore,
This happy town, till that she knew these strangers,
To check her when she’s jolly.

King They have so indeed father.

Governor Take heed, take heed, I find your fair delivery,
Though you be pleased to glorify that fortune,
And think these strangers Gods, take heed I say,
I find it but a handsome preparation,
A fair faced Prologue to a further mischief:
Mark but the end good King, the pin he shoots at
That was the man delivered ye; the mirror,
Your Sister is his due; what’s she, your heir sir?
And what’s he a kin then to the Kingdom?
But heirs are not ambitious, who then suffers?
What reverence shall the Gods have? and what justice
The miserable people? what shall they do?

King He points at truth directly.

Governor Think of these son:
The person, nor the manner I misuse not
Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but seasoned in the faith we are,
Ne, our devotions learned.

King. You say right father.

Governor To change our worships now, and our Religion?
To be traitor to our God?

King. You have well advised me,
And I will seriously consider father,
In the mean time you shall have your fair access
Unto my sister, advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the Gods determine.

Governor I will, but my main end is to advise
The destruction of you all, a general ruin,
And then I am revenged, let the Gods whistle. 

*Enter Ruy Dias, and Pyniero.*

_**Ruy Dias**_ Indeed, I am right glad ye were not greedy, And sudden in performing what I willed you, Upon the person of Armusia, I was afraid, for I well knew your valor, And love to me.  
_**Pyniero**_ ’Twas not a fair thing uncle, It showed not handsome, carried no man in it.  
_**Ruy Dias**_ I must confess ’twas ill, and I abhor it, Only this good has risen from this evil; I have tried your honesty, and find proof, A constancy that will not be corrupted, And I much honor it.  
_**Pyniero**_ This Bell sounds better.

_Ruy Dias_ My anger now, and that disgrace I have suffered, Shall be more manly vented, and wiped off, And my sick honor cured the right and straight way; My Swords in my hand now nephew, my cause upon it, And man to man, one valor to another, My hope to his.  
_**Pyniero**_ Why? this like _Ruy Dias_? This carries something of some substance in it; Some mettle and some man, this sounds a gentleman; And now methinks ye utter what becomes ye; To kill men securvily, ’tis such a dog trick, Such a ratcatcher’s occupation —  
_**Ruy Dias**_ It is no better, But _Pyniero_ now —  
_**Pyniero**_ Now I do bravely.  
_**Ruy Dias**_ The difference of our states flung by forgotten, The full opinion I have won in service, And such respects that may not show us equal, Laid handsomely aside, only our fortunes, And single manhoods —  
_**Pyniero**_ 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 banished those brave thoughts were wont to wait upon you I am glad to see ’em called home again.  
_**Ruy Dias**_ They are nephew, And thou shall see what fire they carry in them, Shows a Challenge  
Here, you guess what this means.
Upon your but now if what I dealing curry and I 'tis take and that or any out a man.

Ruy Dias Y’ are i’ th’ right, if ye can work that handsomely —
Pyniero Let me alone, and pray be you prepared

Some three hours hence.

Ruy Dias I will not fail.
Pyniero 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’ll bring him on.

Ruy Dias Farewell Nephew,

And when we meet again —
Pyniero Ay, ay, fight handsomely;

Take a good draught or two of wine to settle ye,
’Tis an excellent armor for an ill conscience Uncle;
I am glad to see this man’s conversion,
I was afraid fair honor had been bedrid,
Or beaten out o’ th’ Island, soldiers and good ones,
Intended such base courses? he will fight now;
And I believe too bravely; I have seen him
Curry a fellow’s carcase handsomely:
And in the head of a troop stand as if he had been rooted there,
Dealing large doles of death; what a rascal was I

column: 192-b-2

I did not see his will drawn?
What does she here? Enter Quisara.

If there be any mischief toward, a woman makes one still;
Now what new business is for me?

Quisara I was sending for ye,

But since we have met so fair,
You have saved that labor; I must entreat you sir —
Pyniero Anything thing Madam,

Your wills are my commands.

Quisara Y’ are nobly courteous;

Upon my better thoughts Signior Pyniero,
And my more peaceable considerations.
Which now I find the richer ornaments;
I would desire you to attempt no farther
Against the person of the noble stranger,
In truth I am ashamed of my share in ’t;
Nor be incited further by your uncle,
I see it will sit ill upon your person;
I have considered, and it will show ugly
Carried at best, a most unheard of cruelty;
Good sir desist —

Pyniero   You speak now like a woman,
And wondrous well this tenderness becomes ye;
But this you must remember — your command
Was laid on with a kiss, and seriously
It must be taken off the same way Madam,
Or I stand bound still.

Quisara   That shall not endanger ye,
Look ye fair sir, thus I take off that duty.

Pyniero   By th’ mass ’twas soft and sweet,
Some bloods would bound now,
And run a tilt; do not you think bright beauty,
You have done me in this kiss a mighty favor,
And that I stand bound by virtue of this honor,
To do whatever you command me?

Quisara   I think sir,
From me these are unusual courtesies,
And ought to be respected so; there are some,
And men of no mean rank, would hold themselves
Not poorly blessed to taste of such a bounty.

Pyniero   I know there are that would do many unjust things
For such a kiss, and yet I hold this modest;
All villainies body and soul dispense with,
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the fair credits of their Parents;
Those kisses I am not acquainted with, most certain Madam
The appurtenance of this kiss would not provoke me
To do a mischief, ’tis the devil’s own dance,
To be kissed into cruelty.

Quisara   I am glad you make that use sir.

Pyniero   I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel,
For by this hand I know I am so honest,
However I deceived ye, ’twas high time too,
Some common slave might have been set upon it else,
That willingly I would 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 played the best game at it,
And ’fore a woman’s anger prefer her fancy.
Quisara I take it in you well.
Pyniero I thank ye Lady,
And I shall study to confirm it.
Quisara Do sir,

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

Enter Governor, Quisana and Panura.
Governor Bless ye my royal daughter,
And in you, bless this Island heaven.
Quisara Good Aunt,
What think ye of this man?
Quisana Sure 'is a wise man,
And a religious, he tells us things have happened
So many years ago almost forgotten,
As readily, as if they were done this hour.
Quisara Does he not meet with your sharp tongue?
Panura He tells me Madam,
Marriage, and moldy cheese will make me tamer.
Governor A stubborn keeper, and worse fare,
An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a Jade, may be your share.
Panura By 'r Lady, a sharp prophet, when this proves good
I'll bequeath you a skin to make ye a hood.
Governor Lady I would talk with you.
Quisara Do reverend sir.
Governor And for you good, for that that must concern ye,
And give ear wisely to me.
Quisara I shall father.
Governor You are a Princess of that excellence,
Sweetness, and grace, that Angel-like fair feature,
Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed Lady,
And as I think the gods bestowed these on ye,
The gods that love ye.
Quisara I confess their bounty.
Governor Apply it then to their use, to their honor,
To them, and to their service give this sweetness;
They have an instant great use of your goodness;
You are a Saint esteemed here for your beauty,
And may a longing heart —
Quisara I seek no fealty,
Nor will I blemish that heaven has sealed 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 think my handsomeness,
That what I shall enjoin —
Governor Use it discreetly,
For I perceive ye understand me rightly,
For here the gods regard your help, and suddenly;
The Portugals like sharp thorns (mark me Lady)
Stick in our sides, like razors, wound religion,
Draw deep, they wound, till the life blood follows,
Our gods they spurn at, and their worships scorn,
A mighty hand they bear upon our government,
These are the men your miracle must work on,
Your heavenly form, either to root them out,
Which as you may endeavor will be easy,
Remember whose great cause you have to execute,
To nip their memory, that may not spring more,
Or fairly bring ’em home to our devotions,
Which will be blessed, and for which, you sainted,
But cannot be, and they go; let me puzzle.

Quisara Go up with me,
Where we’ll converse more privately;
I’ll show ye shortly how I hold their temper;
And in what chain their souls.

Governor Keep fast that hold still,
And either bring that chain, and those bound in it,
And link it to our gods, and their fair worships,
Or daughter pinch their hearts a pieces with it,

I’ll wait upon your grace.

Quisara Come reverend father.
Wait you below. Exeunt Quisara. and Governor

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

Quisana Away, away fool, a poor wretch,

Panura These poor ones

Warm but their stomachs once —

Quisana Come in, thou art foolish. Exeunt Quisana. and Panura

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, Pyniero.

Armusia I am sorry sir my fortune is so stubborn,
To court my sword against my countryman,
I love my nation well, and where I find
A Portugal of noble name and virtue,
I am his humble servant. Signior Pyniero,
Your person, nor your uncle’s am I angry with,
You are both fair Gentlemen in my opinion,
And I protest, I had rather use my sword
In your defenses, then against your safeties;
’Tis methinks, a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among ourselves.
Emanuel  You are injured,
And you must make the best on 't now, and readiest —
Armusia  You see I am ready in the place; and armed
To his desire that called me.
Pyniero  Ye speak honestly,
And I could wish ye had met on terms more friendly,
But it cannot now be so.  Enter Ruy Dias.
Emanuel  Turn sir, and see.
Pyniero  I have kept my word with ye uncle,
The Gentleman is ready.  Enter Governor, and
Armusia  Ye are welcome.
Ruy Dias  Bid those fools welcome that affect your courtesy,
I come not to use compliment, ye have wronged me,
And ye shall feel proud man ere I part from ye,
The effects of that, if fortune do not fool me;
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.
Armusia  That's a proud word,
More than your faith can justify.
Quisara  Sure they will fight.
Ruy Dias  She's there, I am happy.
Governor  Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another,
These are the main posts, if they fall, the buildings
Will tumble quickly.
Quisara  How temperate Armusia?
No more, be quiet yet.
Armusia  I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me,
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princess,
I am resolved to fight.
Ruy Dias  Fight home Armusia,
For if thou faint'st, or fall'st —
Armusia  Do ye make all vantages?
Ruy Dias  Always; unto thy life I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy.
Armusia  I am armed then.
Ruy Dias  Stand still I charge ye nephew, as ye honor me.
Armusia  And good Emanuel — not —
Pyniero  Ye speak fitly,
For we had not stood idle else.
Governor  I am sorry for 't.
Emanuel  But since you will have it so —
Ruy Dias  Come sir.

Armusia  I wait ye.
Pyniero  Ay marry this looks handsomely,
This is warm work.
Governor  Both fall an 't be thy will.  Ruy falls.
Pyniero My Uncle dead?  
Emanuel Stand still, or my sword’s in —  
Armusia Now brave Ruy Dias,  

Now where’s your confidence, your prayers? quickly  
Your own spite has condemned ye.  

Quisara Hold Armusia.  
Armusia Most happy Lady.  
Quisara Hold and let him rise,  

Spare him for me.  
Armusia A long life may he enjoy Lady.  
Governor What ha’ you done? ’tis better they had all perished.  
Quisara Peace father, I work for the best; Armusia,  

Be in the garden an hour hence.  
Exeunt Quisara and Governor  

Pyniero Now as I live a Gentleman at all inches,  

So brave a mingled temper saw I never.  
Armusia Why are ye sad sir? how would this have grieved you,  
If ye had fallen under a professed 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 victory,  
That I desire to serve ye, pray look cheerfully  

Pyniero Do you hear this sir? this love sir? do you see this Gentleman  
How he courts ye? why do you hold your head down?  
’Tis no high treason I take it, to be equalled,  
To have a slip i’ th’ field, no sin that’s mortal;  
Come, come, thank fortune and your friend.  
Armusia It may be  

You think my tongue may prove your enemy;  
And though restrained sometimes, out of a bravery  
May take a license to disable ye:  
Believe me sir, so much I hate that liberty,  
That in a stranger’s tongue ’t will prove an injury,  
And I shall right you in ’t.  

Pyniero Can you have more Uncle?  
Ruy Dias Sir you have beat me both ways, yet so nobly,  
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:  
Fortune may make me worthy of some title  
That may be near your friend.  
Armusia Sir I must leave ye,  

But with so hearty love, and pray be confident,  
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong ye.  
Exit Armusia and Emanuel  

Pyniero Come, come, you are right again, sir love your honor,  
And love your friend, take heed of bloody purposes,  
And unjust ends, good heaven is angry with ’em;  
Make your fair virtues, and your fame your mistress,  
And let these trinkets go.  
Ruy Dias You teach well nephew,  
Now to be honorable even with this Gentleman,  
Shall be my business, and my ends his.
Enter Governor and King.

Governor  Sir, sir, you must do something suddenly,
To stop his pride so great and high, he is shot up,
Upon his person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot ye:
I'll bring ye suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave sister privately;
Mark but his high behavior then.

King  I will Father.

column: 193-b-2

Governor  And with scorn, I fear contempt too.

King  I hope not.

Governor  I will not name a lust;

It may be that also;
A little force must be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him.
These sweet entreaties do but make him wanton.

King  Take heed ye wrong him not.

Governor  Take heed to your safety,

I but forewarn ye King; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come unsent —

King  No I'll go with you.

Exeunt.

Enter Armusia, Quisara.

Armusia  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 poor thought, but I pursue it seriously,
Take pleasure in your wills, 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 sorrows:
Pray Madam but consider —

Quisara  Yes, I do sir,

And to that honest end I drew ye hither;
I know ye have deserved as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know ye love.

Armusia  If ever love was mortal,

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

Enter Governor, and King.

Governor  Now stand close King and hear, and as you find him,
Believe me right, or let religion suffer.

Quisara    I dare believe your worth without additions;
But since you are so liberal of your love sir,
And would be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you would not win me
At such an easy rate.

Armusia  I am prepared still,
And if I shrink —

Quisara    I know ye are no coward,
This is the utmost trial of your constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife sir;
You hold there’s nothing dear that may achieve me,
Doubted or dangerous.

Armusia  There’s nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight fly to it.

Quisara    I’ll tell you then, change your religion,
And be of one belief with me.

Armusia  How?

Quisara  Mark,
Worship our Gods, renounce that faith you are bred in;
'Tis easily done, I’ll teach ye suddenly;
And humbly on your knees —

Armusia  Ha? I’ll be hanged first.

Quisara    Offer as we do.

Armusia  To the Devil Lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the devil,
To dogs and cats? you make offer to them;

To every bird that flies, and every worm.
How terribly I shake? Is this the venture?
The trial that you talked of? where have I been?
And how forgot myself? how lost my memory?
When did I pray or look up steadfastly?
Had any goodness in my heart to guide me?
That I should give this vantage to mine enemy;
The enemy to my peace, forsake my faith.

Quisara    Come, come, I know ye love me.

Armusia  Love ye this way?
This most destroying way? sure you but jest Lady.

Quisara    My love and life are one way.

Armusia  Love alone then, and mine another way,
I’ll love diseases first,
Dote on a villain that would cut my throat,
Woo all affictions of all sorts, kiss cruelty;
Have mercy heaven, how have I been wand’ring?
Wand’ring the way of lust, and left my maker?
How have I slept like Cork upon a water,
And had no feeling of the storm that tossed me?
Trod the blind paths of death? forsook assurance,
Eternity of blessedness for a woman?
For a young handsome face hazard my being?

Quisara Are not our powers eternal so their comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?

Armusia They are puppets.

Governor Now mark him sir, and but observe him nearly,

Armusia Their comforts like themselves, cold senseless outsiders;
You make ’em sick, as we are, peevish, mad,
Subject to age; and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themselves?

Quisara The Sun and Moon we worship, those are heavenly,
And their bright influences we believe.

Armusia Away fool,
I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moon,
That gives those bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions;
They are not so great as we, they are our servants,
Placed there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
Of when and how the swellings of the main air,
And their returns again; they are but our stewards
To make the earth fat with their influence,
That she may bring forth her increase and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?
For her embraces bring my soul to ruin?
I looked you should have said, make me a Christian,
Work that great cure, for ’tis a great one woman;
That labor truly do perform, that venture
The crown of all great trial, and the fairest:
I looked ye should have wept and kneeled to beg it,
Washed off your mist of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant, from those eyes; I looked
You should have brought me your chief god ye worship,
He that you offer human blood and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to memory,
Beat down his Altars, ruined his false Temples.

Governor Now you may see.

Quisara Take heed, you go too far sir,
And yet I love to hear him; I must have ye,
And to that end I let you storm a little;
I know there must be some strife in your bosom
To cool and quiet ye, ere you can come back:
I know old friends cannot part suddenly,
There will be some let still, yet I must have ye,
Have ye of my faith too, and so enjoy ye.

Armusia Now I contemn ye, and I hate myself
For looking on that face lasciviously,
And it looks ugly now methinks.
  Quisara  How Portugal?
  Armusia  It looks like death itself, to which 'twould lead me;
Your eyes resemble pale despair, they fright me,
And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruins,
Methinks I see; and in your tongue hear fearfully
The hideous murmurs of weak souls have suffered;
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 immortal life, I hate and curse ye,
Contemn your deities, spurn at their powers,
And where I meet your mammet Gods, I'll swing 'em
Thus o'er 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.
  Governor  Now, now you hear sir.
  Armusia  I will have my faith since you are so crafty,
The glorious cross, although I love your brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole State storm.
  King  Enter and take him;
I am sorry friend that I am forced to do this.
  Governor  Be sure you bind him fast.
  Quisara  But use him nobly.
  King  Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserved you fair, but to our Gods sir —
  Quisara  Methinks I hate 'em now,
  King  To our Religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious
To threaten them.
  Armusia  Use all your violence,
I ask no mercy, nor repent my words;
I spit at your best powers; I serve one,
Will give me strength to scourge your gods.
  Governor  Away with him.
  Armusia  To grind 'em into base dust, and disperse 'em,
That never more their bloody memories —
  Governor  Clap him close up.
  King  Good friend be cooler.
  Armusia  Never;
Your painted sister I despise too.
  King.  Softly.
  Armusia  And all her devilish arts laugh and scorn at,
Mock her blind purposes.
  King.  You must be temperate;
Offer him no violence I command you strictly.
Governor  Now thou art up I shall have time to speak too.
Quisara    Oh how I love this man, how truly honor him.  

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scaena prima.

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

Christophero  Do you know the news Gentlemen?
Emanuel        Would we knew as well sir
How to prevent it.
Soza          Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? taken so maliciously,  
And clapt up close? is that the thanks they render?

Christophero  It must not be put up thus, smothered slightly,
'Tis such a base unnatural wrong.
Pedro         I know,
They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o’ th’ Islands:
But if we be ourselves honest and resolute,
And continue but Masters of our ancient courages,
Stick close and give no vantage to their villainies —
Soza        Nay if we faint or fall apieces now,
We are fools and worthy to be marked for misery;
Begin to strike at him they are all bound to?
To cancel his deserts? what must we look for
If they can carry this?
Emanuel      I’ll carry coals then;
I have but one life, and one fortune Gentlemen,
But I’ll so husband it to vex these rascals,
These barbarous slaves.
Christophero  Shall we go charge ’em presently?
Soza            No that will be too weak, and too foolhardy,
We must have grounds that promise safety friends,
And sure offense, we lose our anger else,
And worse than that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter Pyniero.

Pyniero    Did you see mine Uncle? plague ’a these Barbarians,
How the rogues stick in my teeth, I know ye are angry,
So I am too, monstrous angry Gentlemen,
I am angry that I choke again.
You hear Armusia’s up, honest Armusia:
Clapt up in prison friends, the brave Armusia:
Here are fine boys.
Emanuel  We hope he shall not stay there.
Pyniero  Stay? no he must not stay, no talk of staying,
These are no times to stay; are not these Rascals?
Speak, I beseech ye speak, are they not Rogues?
Think some abominable names — are they not Devils?
But the devil’s a great deal too good for ‘em — dusty villains.
Christophero  They are a kind of hounds.
Pyniero  Hounds were their fathers,
Old blear-eyed bobtailed hounds — Lord where’s my Uncle?
Soza  But what shall be done sir?
Pyniero  Done?
Soza  Yes to relieve him;
If it be not sudden they may take his life too.
Pyniero  They dare as soon take fire and swallow it,
Take stakes and thrust into their tails for glisters:
His life, why ’tis a thing worth all the Islands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very imprisonment will make the Town stinch,
And shake and stink, I have physic in my hand for ’em
Shall give the goblins such a purge —

Enter Ruy Dias.

Pedro  Your Uncle.
Ruy Dias  I hear strange news, and have been seeking ye;
They say Armusia’s prisoner.
Pyniero  ’Tis most certain.
Ruy Dias  Upon what cause?
Pyniero  He has deserved too much sir;
The old heathen policy has light upon him,
And paid him home.
Ruy Dias  A most un noble dealing.
Pyniero  You are the next if you can carry it tamely,
He has deserved of all.
Ruy Dias  I must confess it,
Of me so nobly too.
Pyniero  I am glad to hear it,
You have a time now to make good your confession,

column: 194-b-2

Your faith will show but cold else, and for fashion,
Now to redeem all, now to thank his courtesy,
Now to make those believe that held you backward,
And an ill instrument, you are a Gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your Nation,
Dare stick to virtue though she be oppressed,
And for her own fair sake step to her Rescue:
If you live ages sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem, and vindicate your honor,
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in ’t.
Ruy Dias  I thank ye nephew, come along with me Gentlemen,
We’ll make ’em dancing sport immediately:
We are Masters of the Fort yet, we shall see
What that can do.

Pyniero    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 air.

Ruy Dias    Come, we’ll do something
Shall make ’em look about, we’ll send ’em plums
If they be not too hard for their teeth.

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

Ruy Dias    They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villainy;
Come be high hearted all.

Omnes.    We are all on fire sir.  

Enter King and Governor.

King    I am ungrateful, and a wretch, persuade me not,
Forgetful of the mercy he showed me,
The timely noble pity — why should I
See him fast bound and fettered, whose true courtesy,
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand set me free?
Why should it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankful?

Governor    Had the offense been thrown on you, ’tis certain
It had been in your power, and your discretion
To have turned it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had showed a virtuous point of gratitude,
Timely and nobly taken; but since the cause
Concerns the honor of our gods, and their title,
And so transcends your power, and your compassion,
A little your own safety if you saw it too,
If your too fond indulgence did not dazzle you,
It cannot now admit a private pity;
’Tis in their wills, their mercies, or revenges,
And these revolts in you show mere rebellious.

King    They are mild and pitiful.

Governor    To those repent.

King    Their nature’s soft and tender.

Governor    To true hearts

That feel compunction for their trespasses:
This man defies ’em still, threatens destruction
And demolition of their arms and worship,
Spits at their powers; take heed ye be not found sir,
And marked a favorer of their dishonor;
They use no common justice.

King    What shall I do
To deserve of this man —

Governor    If ye more bemoan him,
Enter Quisara with her hands bound, Quisana, Panura.

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

*King.* What ails my sister?

Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?

Who does do this?

*Quisana* We did it, pardon sir,
And for her preservation — She is grown wild,
And raving on the stranger’s love and honor,
Sometimes crying out, help, help, they will torture him,
They will take his life, they will murder him, presently,
If we had not prevented, violently
Have laid hands on her own life.

*Governor* These are tokens

The gods’ displeasure is gone out, be quick,
And ere it fall do something to appease ’em,
You know the sacrifice — I am glad it works thus.

*Quisara* How low and base thou lookest now that wert noble?

No figure of a King methinks shows on you,
No face of Majesty, foul swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness, base forgetfulness
Of mighty benefits, has turned thee Devil:
Thou hast persecuted goodness, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on virtue,
On that fair virtue that should teach and guide us;
Thou hast wronged thine own preserver, whose least merit
Poised with thy main estate, thou canst not satisfy,
Nay put thy life in too, ’twill be too light still:
What hast thou done?

*Governor* Go for him presently.

And once more we’ll try if we can win him fairly:
If not, let nothing she says hinder ye, or stir ye;
She speaks distractedly — Do that the gods command ye:

Do you know what ye say Lady?

*Quisara* I could curse thee too,

Religion and severity has steeled thee,
Has turned thy heart to stone; thou hast made the gods hard too,
Against their sweet and patient natures, cruel:

None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on?

What innocence? what beauty?

*King* Pray be patient.

*Quisara* What honorable things ye cast behind ye?
What monuments of man?

Enter Armusia and Guard.

King  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 woo ye —

Armusia  What sir,
Take heed how ye persuade me falsely, then ye hate me;
Take heed how ye entrap me.

King  I advise ye,
And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
Both for your soul’s health and your safety.

Armusia  Stay,
And name my soul no more, she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too secure too.

Governor  Consider the reward sir, and the honor
That is prepared, the glory you shall grow to.

Armusia  They are not to be considered in these cases,
Not to be named when souls are questioned;
They are vain 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

You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountain out o’ th’ way, with bellows,
As soon as stir my faith; use no more arguments.

Governor  We must use tortures then.

Armusia  Your worst and painful’st
I am joyful to accept.

Governor  You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our deities
Delivered openly, your threats and scorings,
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment, which is your life sir.

Armusia  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 blood,
It will be asked again, and so far followed,
So far revenged, and with such holy justice,
Your Gods of gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your Altars, and your Temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshippers, blind fools of ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your heads, and fears in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about ye, and conceal ye,
Your mothers’ wombs again —

Governor  Make the fires ready,
And bring the several tortures out.
Quisara Stand fast sir,  
And fear 'em not, you that have stepped so nobly  
Into this pious trial start not now,  
Keep on your way, a virgin will assist ye,  
A virgin won by your fair constancy,  
And glorying that she is won so, will die by ye;  
I have touched ye every way, tried ye most honest,  
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing chaste, and temperate,  
Valiant, without vainglory, modest, stayed,  
No rage, or light affection ruling in you:  
Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find ye,  
The temple of true honor.

Armusia Whether will she?  
What do you infer by this fair argument Lady?  
Quisara Your faith, and your religion must be like ye,  
They that can show you these, must be pure mirrors,  
When the streams flow clear and fair, what are fountains?  
I do embrace your faith sir, and your fortune;  
Go one, I will assist ye, I feel a sparkle here,  
A lively spark that kindles my affection,  
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory:  
Let 'em put on their angers, suffer nobly,  
Show me the way, and when I faint instruct me;  
And if I follow not —  
Armusia O blessed Lady,  
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph,  
Come clap your terrors on.

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

Governor Death she amazes me.  
King What shall be done now?  
Governor They must die both,  
And suddenly, they will corrupt all else;  
This woman makes me weary of my mischief,  
She shakes me, and she staggers me, go in sir.  
I'll see the execution.

King Not so sudden:  
If they go all my friends and sisters perish.  
Governor Would I were safe at home again.  
Enter Messenger.

Messanger Arm, arm sir,  
Seek for defense, the Castle plays and thunders,
The Town Rocks, and the houses fly i’ th’ air,
The people die for fear — Captain Ruy Dias,
Has made an Oath he will not leave a stone here;
No not the memory, here has stood a City,
Unless Armusia be delivered fairly.

King    I have my fears: what can our gods do now for us?
Governor Be patient, But keep him still: he is a cure sir
Against both rage and Cannon: go and fortify,
Call in the Princess, make the Palace 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 betrayed else.

Armusia How joyfully I go?
Quisara   Take my heart with thee.
Governor I hold a Wolf by the ear now:

Fortune free me.                        Exeunt.

Enter four Townsmen.

1. Townsman   Heaven bless us,
What a thund’ring’s here? what fire-spitting?
We cannot drink, but our Cans are mauled amongst us.

2. Townsman   I would they would mauel our scores 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 again
With another parish; here flies a pow’d’ring-tub,
The meat ready roasted and there a barrel pissing vinegar,
And they two overtaking the top of a high Steeple,
Newly sliced off for a sallet.

3. Townsman   A vengeance fire ’em.

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

4. Townsman   Are these the Portugal Bulls —
How loud they bellow?

2. Townsman   Their horns are plaguy strong, they push down Palaces
They toss our little habitations like whelps,
Like grindle-tails, with their heels upward;
All the windows i’ th’ town dance a new trenchmore,
’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 Arm had forgot part of his arrant,
Heads fly like footballs everywhere.

1. Townsman   What shall we do?

2. Townsman   I care not, my shop’s canceled,
And all the Pots and earthen pans in ’t vanished:
There was a single Bullet and they together by the ears;
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been there,
And all his troop of devils.
3. Townsman  Let’s to the King,
And get this gentleman delivered handsomely;
By this hand there’s no walking above ground else.

2. Townsman  By this leg — Let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe it,
If I were out o’ th’ Town once, if I came in again to
Fetch my breakfast, I will give ’em leave to cram me
With a Portugal pudding: Come, let’s do any thing
To appease this thunder,

Exeunt.

column: 195-b-2

Enter Pyniero, and Panura.

Pyniero  Art sure it was that blind priest?
Panura  Yes most certain,
He has provoked all this; the King is merciful,
And wondrous loving; but he fires him on still,
And when he cools enrages him, I know it,
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods fierce justice
When he but looks with fair eyes on Armusia,
Will lend him no time to relent; my royal Mistress,
She has entertained a Christian hope.

Pyniero  Speak truly.

Panura  Nay ’tis most true, but Lord, how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her,
And I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed.

Pyniero  I’ll kiss thee for this news: nay more Panura,
If thou wilt give me leave, I’ll get thee with Christian,
The best way to convert thee.

Panura  Make me believe so.

Pyniero  I will i’ faith. But which way cam’st thou hither?
The Palace is close guarded, and barricadoed.

Panura  I came through a private vault, which few there know of;
It rises in a Temple not far hence,
Close by the Castle here.

Pyniero  How — To what end?
Panura  A good one:
To give ye knowledge of my newborn Mistress,
And in what doubt Armusia stands,
Think any present means, or hope to stop ’em
From their fell ends: the Princes are come in too,
And they are hardened also.

Pyniero  The damned Priest —

Panura  Sure he’s a cruel man, methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate lessons.

Pyniero  He the firebrand?
He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs are?
Well Prophet, I shall prophesy, I shall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem ye?
Wilt thou do one thing bravely?

    Panura    Any good I am able.
    Pyniero   And by thine own white hand I’ll swear thou art virtuous,
And a brave wench, durst thou but guide me presently
Through the same vault thou cam’st into the Palace,
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit.
    Panura    Yes, I will do it, and suddenly, and truly.
    Pyniero   I would fain behold this Prophet.
    Panura    Now I have ye;
And shall bring ye where ye shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnished of defenses:
That shall be my care; but you must not betray me.
    Pyniero   Dost thou think we are so base? such slaves, rogues?
    Panura    I do not:
And you shall see how fairly I’ll work for ye.
    Pyniero   I must needs steal that Priest,
Steal him, and hang him.
    Panura    Do any thing to remove his mischief, strangle him —
    Pyniero   Come prithee love.
    Panura    You’ll offer me no foul play?
The Vault is dark.
    Pyniero   ’Twas well remembered.
    Panura    And ye may —
But I hold ye honest.
    Pyniero   Honest enough, I warrant thee.
    Panura    I am but a poor weak wench; and what with the place,

And your persuasions Sir — but I hope you will not;
You know we are often cozened.
    Pyniero   If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?
    Panura    To let you know sir,
Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true gent —
    Pyniero   I know what he’ll do:
Come and remember me, and I’ll answer thee,
I’ll answer thee to the full; we’ll call at th’ Castle,
And then my good guide do thy will; shalt find me
A very tractable man.
    Panura    I hope I shall sir.  

    Exeunt.

Enter Bacan, Siana, and Soldiers,

    Bacan    Let my men guard the gates.
    Siana    And mine the Temple,
For fear the honor of our gods should suffer,
And on your lives be watchful.
   Bacan And be valiant;
And let’s see, if these Portugals dare enter;
What their high hearts dare do: Let’s see how readily,
The great RyDias will redeem his Countrymen;
He speaks proud words, and threatens.
   Siana He is approved sir,
And will put fair for what he promises;
I could wish friendlier terms,
Yet for our Liberties, and for our gods,
We are bound in our best service
Even in the hazard of our lives.

   Enter the King above.

   King Come up Princes,
And give your counsels, and your helps, the Fort still
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.
   Bacan Send for the prisoner,
And give us leave to argue.           Exit Bacan and Siana Then,

Enter RyDias, Emanuel, Christophero. Pedro, with Soldier

   RyDias Come on nobly,
And let the Fort play still, we are
Strong enough to look upon ’em,
And return at pleasure; it may
Be on our view they will return him.
   Christophero We will return ’em such thanks else,
Shall make ’em scratch where it itches not.
   Emanuel How the people stare,
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily:
But it is the King —

   Enter Siana, Bacan, Quisara, Armusia, with
   Soldiers above.

   RyDias I cannot blame their wis doms,
They are all above, Armusia chained and bound too?
O these are thankful Squires.
   Bacan Hear us RyDias,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer,
Command thy Cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted People,
Or suddenly Armusia’s head goes off,
As suddenly as said.
   Emanuel Stay Sir, be moderate.
   Armusia Do nothing that’s dishonorable RyDias,
Let not the fear of me master thy valor;
Pursue ’em still, they are base malicious people.

   King Friend be not desperate.
Armusia I scorn your courtesies;
Strike when you dare, a fair arm guide the Gunner,
And may he let fly still with fortune: friend,
Do me the honor of a soldier’s funerals,
The last fair Christian right, see me i’ th’ ground,
And let the palace burn first, then the Temples,
And on their scorned gods erect my monument:
Touch not the Princess, as you are a soldier.

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

King Will you take a truce yet?

Enter Pyniero, Soza, and Soldiers with the Governor.

Pyniero No, no, go on:
Look here your god, your Prophet.

King How came he taken?

Pyniero I Conjured for him King.
I am sure Cur at an old blind Prophet.
I’ll haunt ye such a false knave admirably,
A terrier I; I earthed him, and then snapped him;

Soza Saving the reverence of your grace, we stole him
E’en out of the next chamber to ye.

Pyniero Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloody matter when you dare;
And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal,
I’ll tear him thus before ye. Ha!

What art thou? Pulls his Beard and hair off.

Art thou a Prophet?

Ruy Dias Come down Princes.

King We are abused —

Oh my most dear Armusia —

Off which his chains. And now my noble sister,
Rejoice with me, I know ye are pleased as I am.

Pyniero This is a precious Prophet. Why Don Governor,
What make you here? how long have you taken orders?

Ruy Dias Why what a wretch
Art thou to work this mischief?
To assume this holy shape to ruin honor,
Honor and chastity?

Enter King, and all from above.

Governor I had paid you all,
But fortune played the slut. Come,
Give me my doom.

King I cannot speak for wonder.

Governor Nay, ’tis I sir,
And here I stay your sentence.

King Take her friend,
You have half persuaded me to be a Christian,
And with her all the joys, and all the blessings.
Why what dream have we dwelt in?
   Ruy Dias  All peace to ye,
And all the happiness of heart dwell with ye,
Children as sweet and noble as their Parents.
   Pyniero  And Kings at least.
   Armusia  Good Sir forget my rashness.
And noble Princess, for I was once angry,
And out of that might utter some distemper,
Think not 'tis my nature.
   Siana  Your joy is ours sir,
And nothing we find in ye, But most noble.
   King.  To prison with this dog, there let him howl,
And if he can repent, sigh out his villainies:
His Island we shall seize into our hands,

His father and himself have both usurped it,
And kept it by oppression; the Town and Castle,
In which I lay myself most miserable,
Till my most honorable friend redeemed me,
Signior Pyniero I bestow on you,
The rest of next command upon these gentlemen,
Upon ye all my love.
   Armusia  O brave Ruy Dias.
You have started now beyond me. I must thank ye,

And thank ye for my life, my wife and honor.
   Ruy Dias  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 joys and triumphs,
An universal gladness fly about us:
And know however subtle men dare cast,
And promise wrack, the gods give peace at last.

   Exeunt.

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 *bring*..  
3. **357 (185-b)**: The regularized reading *royalty* is amended from the original *toya1y*.  
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 *Ci1iizen*.  
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*.  