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THE
MALCONTENT.

By John Marston.

1604.

Printed at London by V. S. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul’s Churchyard.

BENJAMINO JONSONIO
POETAE
ELEGANTISSIMO
GRAVISSIMO
AMICO
SUO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,
JOHANNES MARSTON
MUSARUM ALUMNUS
ASPERAM HANC SUAM THALIAM
D. D.

To the Reader.

I Am an ill Orator; and in truth, use to indite more honestly then eloquently, for ’tis my custom to speak as I think, and write as I speak. In plainness therefore understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking
names different from that City’s families: for which some may wittily accuse me, but my defense shall be as honest, as many reproofs unto me have been most malicious. Since (I heartily protest) ’twas my care to write so far from reasonable offense, that even strangers, in whose State I laid my Scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet in despite of my endeavors, I understand, some have been most unadvisedly overcunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtlety (as deep as hell) have maliciously spread ill rumors, which springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple: to such I protest, that with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose unquiet studies labor innovation, contempt of holy policy, reverent comely superiority, and established unity: for the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not, but unto every worthy mind ’twill be approved so general and honest, as may modestly pass with the freedom of a Satire. I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that Scenes invented, merely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive, is to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself therefore set forth this Comedy; but so, that my enforced absence must much rely upon the Printer’s discretion: but I shall entreat, slight errors in orthography may be as slightly o’erpassed; and that the unhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

Me mea sequentur fata.

J. M.

Giovanni Altofronto

Disguised Malevole sometime Duke of Genoa.
Pietro Jacomo
Mendoza
Celso
Bilioso.
Prepasso
Ferneze
Ferrardo
Equato.
Guerrino.
Aurelia
Maria
Emilia
Bianca
Maquerelle

Duke of Genoa.
A Minion to the Duchess of
Pietro Jacomo.
A friend to Altofront.
An old choleric Marshal.
A Gentleman Usher.
A young Courtier, and enamored
on the Duchess.
A Minion to Duke Pietro
Jacomo.
Two Courtiers.
Duchess to Duke Pietro Jacomo.
Duchess to Duke Altofront.
Two Ladies attending the Duchess.
An old Panderess.

THE
MALCONTENT.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

The vilest out of tune Music being heard.

Enter Bilioso and Prepasso.

Bilioso.
Why how now? are ye mad? or drunk? or
both? or what?
    Prepasso  Are ye building Babylon there?
    Bilioso  Here’s a noise in Court, you think you
are in a Tavern, do you not?
    Prepasso  You think you are in a brothel house do you
not? This room is ill scented.

Enter one with a Perfume.

So; perfume; perfume; some upon me I pray thee: The
Duke is upon instant entrance; so, make place there.

SCAENA SECUNDA.
Enter the Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Count Equato, 
Count Celso before, and Guerrino.

Pietro. Where breathes that Music?
Bilioso. The discord rather than the Music is heard from the Malcontent Malevole chamber.
Ferrardo Malevole.
Pietro. Come down thou rugged Cur, and snarl here, I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty: trot about and bespurtle whom thou pleasest.

Malevole. I’ll come among you, you Goatish-blooded Toderers, as Gum into Taffeta, to fret, to fret: I’ll fall like a sponge into water to suck up; to suck up. Howl again. I’ll pray, and come to you.
Pietro. This Malevole is one of the most prodigious affections that ever conversed with nature; A man or rather a monster; more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence, his appetite is unsatiable as the Grave; as far from any content as from heaven, his highest delight is to procure others’ vexation, and therein he thinks he truly serves heaven; for ’tis his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented is a slave and damned; therefore does he afflict all in that to which they are most affected; the Elements struggle within him; his own soul is at variance; his speech is halter-worthy at all hours; I like him faith, he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes me understand those weaknesses which others’ flattery palliate: hark they sing.

SCAENA TERTIA
A Song.
Enter Malevole after the Song.

See he comes; now shall you hear the extremity of a Malcontent: he is as free as air; he blows over every man. And sir whence come you now?
Malevole From the public place of much dissimulation; the church
Pietro What didst there?
Malevole Talk with a Usurer; take up at Interest.
Pietro I wonder what religion thou art?
Malevole Of a Soldier’s religion.
Pietro And what dost thou think makes most Infidels now?
Malevole  Sects, sects, I have seen seeming Piety change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch-devil can shape her a new Petticoat.

Pietro.  Of a religious policy.
Malevole  But damnation on a politic religion.
Pietro.  But what’s the common news abroad Malevole, thou dog’st rumor still.
Malevole  Common news? why common words are, God save ye, Fare ye well: common actions, Flattery and Cozenage: common things, Women and Cuckolds: and how does my little Ferrard: a ye lecherous Animal, my little Ferret, he goes sucking up and down the Palace into every Hen’s nest like a Weasel: and to what dost thou addict thy time to now, more than to those Antique painted drabs that are still affected of young Courtiers, Flattery, Pride and Venery.
Ferrardo  I study languages: who dost think to be the best linguist of our age?
Malevole  Phew, the Devil let him possess thee, he’ll teach thee to speak all languages, most readily and strangely, and great reason marry, he’s traveled greatly i’ the world; and is everywhere.
Ferrardo  Save i’ th’ Court.
Malevole  Ay save i’ th’ Court: and how does my old Muckhill overspread with fresh snow: thou half a man half a Goat, all a Beast: how does thy young wife old huddle?
Bilioso  Out you improvident rascal.
Malevole  Do, kick thou hugely horned old Duke’s Ox, good Master Make-pleas.
Pietro.  How dost thou live nowadays Malevole?
Malevole  Why like the Knight Saint Patrick Penlobrans, with killing o’ Spiders for my Lady’s Monkey.
Pietro  How dost spend the night, I hear thou never sleepest?
Malevole  O no, but dream the most fantastical: O heaven: O fubbery, fubbery.
Pietro.  Dream, what dreamest?
Malevole  Why methinks I see that Signior pawned his foot-cloth, that Metreza her Plate, this madam takes physic, that t’ other Monsieur may minister to her: here is a Pandar Jeweled: there a fellow in shift of Satin this day, that could not shift a shirt t’ other night, here a Paris supports that Helen,

there’s a Lady Guinever bears up that sir Lancelot. Dreams, dreams, visions, fantasies, Chimaeras, imaginations, tricks, conceits, Sir Tristram Trimtram come a loft Jackanapes with a whim-wham, here’s a Knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any Page in Europe; Do the
sword dance, with any Morris-dancer in Christendom;
ride at the Ring till the fin of his eyes look as blue as
the welkin, and run the wild-goose chase even with
Pompey the huge.
  Pietro.  You run.
  Malevole  To the devil: now Signior Guerrino: that thou
from a most pitied prisoner shouldst grow a most loathed
flatterer: Alas poor Celso, thy stars oppressed, thou art an honest
Lord, 'tis pity.
  Equato.  Is 't pity?
  Malevole  Ay marry is 't Philosophical Equato, and 'tis pity that
thou being so excellent a Scholar by Art, shouldst be so ridiculous
a fool by Nature: I have a thing to tell you Duke;
bid 'em avaunt, bid 'em avaunt.
  Pietro.  Leave us, leave us, now sir what is 't?
  Malevole  Duke thou art a Becco, a Cornuto.
  Pietro.  How?
  Malevole  Thou art a Cuckold.
  Pietro.  Speak; unshell him quick.
  Malevole  With most tumbler-like nimbleness.
  Malevole Mendoza is the man makes thee a horned beast;
Duke 'tis Mendoza cornutes thee.
  Malevole  As a Lawyer's beard,
  There is an old Crone in the Court, her name is Maquerelle,
She is my Mistress sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me,
Blirt o' rhyme; blirt o' rhyme; Maquerelle is a cunning Bawd,
I am an honest villain, thy wife is a close Drab, and thou
art a notorious Cuckold, farewell Duke.
  Pietro.  Stay stay.
  Malevole  Dull, dull Duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge;
O God for a woman to make a man that which
God never created, never made.
  Pietro.  What did God never make?
  Malevole  A Cuckold: To be made a thing that's hoodwinked
with kindness whilst every rascal fillips his brows; to
have a Coxcomb with egregious horns pinned to a Lord's
back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter,
whilst he must be the last must know it; Pistols and Poniards,
Pistols and Poniards.
  Pietro.  Death and damnation.
  Malevole  Lightning and thunder.
  Pietro.  Vengeance and torture.
  Malevole  Catso.
  Pietro.  O revenge.
  Malevole  I would damn him and all his generation, my own
hands should do it; ha I would not trust heaven with my
vengeance anything.

Pietro. Anything, anything Malevole thou shalt see instantly
what temper my spirit holds; farewell, remember,
I forget thee not, farewell.  

Exit Pietro.

SCAENA QUARTA.

Enter Celso.

Celso  My honored Lord.

Malevole  Peace, speak low; peace, O Celso, constant Lord,
Thou to whose faith I only rest discovered,
Thou one of full ten millions of men
That loveth virtue only for itself,
Thou in whose hands old OPS may put her soul;
Behold forever-banished Altofront
This Genoa’s last year’s Duke. O truly noble,
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance, and suspect: I could not time it Celso,

My throne stood like a point in midst of a circle,
To all of equal nearness, bore with none:
Reigned all alike, so slept in fearless virtue,
Suspectless, too suspectless, till the crowd:
(Still liquorous of untried novelties)
Impatient with severer government:
Made strong with Florence: banished Altofront.

Celso. Strong with Florence, Ay thence your mischief rose,
For when the daughter of the Florentine:
Was matched once with this Pietro now Duke,
No stratagem of state untired was left, till you of all

Malevole  Of all was quite bereft,
Alas Maria too close prisioned:
My true faithed duchess i’ the Citadel.

Celso. I’ll still adhere, let’s mutiny and die.

Malevole  O climb not a falling tower Celso,
’Tis well held desperation, no Zeal:
Hopeless to strive with fate (peace) Temporize.
Hope, hope, that never forsakest the wretchedst man,
Yet bidst me live, and lurk in this disguise,
What play I well the free breathed discontent,
Why man we are all philosophical monarchs or natural
fools, Celso the Court’s afire, the duchess’ sheets will smoke
forth ere it be long: Impure Mendoza that sharp nosed
Lord, that made the cursed match linked Genoa with Florence
now broad horns, the Duke which he now knows: Discord
to malcontents is very Manna, when the ranks are
burst then scuffle Altofront.
Celso. Ay but durst.
Malevole 'Tis gone, 'tis swallowed like a mineral, some way
'twill work, phewt i'll not shrink, „He's resolute who can
no lower sink.
Celso. Yonder's Mendoza.
Malevole True, the privy key.
Celso. I take my leave sweet Lord. Exit Celso.
Malevole 'Tis fit, away.

SCAENA QUINTA.

Enter Mendoza with three or four suitors.

Mendoza Leave your suits with me, I can and will: attend
my secretary, leave me.
Malevole Mendoza hark ye, hark ye, You are a treacherous
villain, God b' wi' ye.
Mendoza Out you base-born rascal.
Malevole We are all the sons of heaven though a Tripe-wife
were our mother; ah you whoreson hot-reined he-Marmoset,
Aegisthus didst ever hear of one Aegisthus?
Mendoza Gistus?
Malevole Ay Aegisthus, he was a filthy incontinent Fleshmonger,
such a one as thou art.
Mendoza Out grumbling rogue.
Malevole Orestes, beware Orestes.
Mendoza Out beggar.
Malevole I once shall rise,
Mendoza Thou rise?
Malevole Ay at the resurrection.
No vulgar seed but once may rise and shall,
No King so huge, but fore he die may fall. Exit.
Mendoza Now good Elysium, what a delicious heaven is it
for a man to be in a Prince's favor? ô sweet God, ô pleasure!
ô Fortune! ô all thou best of life? what should I think?
what say? what do? to be a favorite? a minion? to have a
general timorous respect observe a man, a stateful silence
in his presence: solitariness in his absence, a confused
hum and busy murmur of obsequious suitors training him;
the cloth held up, and way proclaimed before
him; Petitionary vassals licking the pavement with
their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace Lamprels
that engender with Snakes, and are full of eyes on
both sides with a kind of insinuating humbleness fix
all their lights upon his brow: O blessed state what a

ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favor yield; Death,
I cornute the Duke: sweet women, most sweet Ladies, nay Angels; by heaven he is more accursed than a Devil that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier than a God that loves you, or is beloved by you; you preservers of mankind, lifeblood of society, who would live, nay who can live without you? O Paradise, how majestical is your austere presence? how imperiously chaste is your more modest face? but O! how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance: these amorous smiles, those soul-warming sparkling glances; ardent as those flames that singed the world by heedless Phaeton; in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favors how judicious, in day how sociable, and in night how? O pleasure unutterable, indeed it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman: but a Duchess? in despite of Phoebus I'll write a Sonnet instantly in praise of her.

Exit.

SCAENA SEXTA.

Enter Ferneze ushering Aurelia, Emilia and Maquerelle bearing up her train, Bianca attending: all go out but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Ferneze.

Aurelia And is ’t possible? Mendoza slight me, possible?
Ferneze Possible? what can be strange in him that's drunk with favor,
Grows insolent with grace, speak Maquerelle, speak.
Maquerelle To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those Jewels of your ears to receive my enforced duty, as for my part 'tis well known I can put up anything; can bear patiently with any man: But when I heard he wronged your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offense; 'Tis most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite; and as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another) when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed with your endeared grace: Mendoza most ingrately renounced all faith to you.
Ferneze Nay, called you, speak Maquerelle, speak.
Maquerelle By heaven witch? dried biscuit, and contested blushlessly he loved you but for a spurt or so.
Ferneze For maintenance.
Maquerelle Advancement and regard.
Aurelia O villain? O impudent Mendoza.
Maquerelle Nay he is the rustiest-jawed, the foulest-mouthed knave in railing against our sex: he will rail again’ women.
Aurelia How? how?

Maquerelle I am ashamed to speak ’t, I.

Aurelia I love to hate him, speak.

Maquerelle Why when Emilia scorned his base unsteadiness
the black-throated rascal scolded, and said.

Aurelia What?

Maquerelle Troth ’tis too shameless,

Aurelia What said he?

Maquerelle Why that at four women were fools, at fourteen
Drabs, at forty Bawds, at fourscore witches, and
a hundreth Cats.

Aurelia O unlimitable impudency!

Ferneze But as for poor Ferneze’s fixed heart,
Was never shadeless meadow drier parched,
Under the scorching heat of heaven’s dog,
Then is my heart with your enforcing eyes.

Maquerelle A hot simile.

Ferneze Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell,
O pity then; Grace should with beauty dwell.

Maquerelle Reasonable perfect by ’r lady.

Aurelia I will love thee, be it but in despite,
Of that Mendoza, witch! Ferneze, witch!
Ferneze thou art the Duchess’ favorite,
Be faithful, private, but ’tis dangerous,

Ferneze „His love is liveless, that for love fears breath,
„The worst that’s due to sin, O would ’t were death.

Aurelia Enjoy my favor, I will be sick instantly and take physic,
Therefore in depth of night, visit

Maquerelle Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not
offend her bed: by this Diamond.

Ferneze By this Diamond. Gives it to Maquerelle.

Maquerelle Nor tarry longer than you please: by this Ruby.

Ferneze By this Ruby.

Maquerelle And that the door shall not creak.

Ferneze And that the door shall not creak.

Malevole Nay but swear.

Ferneze By this purse.

Maquerelle Go to, I’ll keep your oaths for you: remember,
visit.

Enter Mendoza reading a Sonnet.

Aurelia Dried biscuit? look where the base wretch comes.

Mendoza Beauty’s life, Heaven’s model, Love’s Queen.

Maquerelle That’s his Emilia.

Mendoza Nature’s triumph, best of Earth.

Maquerelle Meaning Emilia.

Mendoza Thou only wonder that the world hath seen.

Maquerelle That’s Emilia.

Aurelia Must I then hear her praised? Mendoza.
SCENA SEPTIMA.

Enter Pietro his sword drawn.

Mendoza Madam, your excellency is graciously encountered; I have been writing passionate flashes in honor of —Exit Ferneze

Aurelia Out villain, villain, O judgement where have been my eyes? what bewitched election made me dote on thee? what sorcery made me love thee? but be gone, bury thy head; O that I could do more than loathe thee: Hence worst of ill, No reason else, my reason is my will.

Exit with Maquerelle.

Mendoza Women? nay furies, nay worse, for they torment Only the bad, but women good and bad. Damnation of mankind, breath hast thou praised them for this: And is ’t you Ferneze are wriggled into smock grace; fit sure, O that I could rail against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth, women that dare attempt anything, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish, without all premeditation or prevention; rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, only constant in unconstancy, only perfect in counterfeiting: their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their sights dissembled, their looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial:

Their blood is their only God: Bad clothes, and old age are only the Devils they tremble at:
That I could rail now.

SCAENA SEPTIMA.

Enter Pietro his sword drawn.

Pietro. A mischief fill thy throat, thou foul-jawed slave: Say thy prayers.

Mendoza I ha’ forgot ’em.

Pietro. Thou shalt die.

Mendoza So shalt thou; I am heart mad.

Pietro. I am horn mad.

Mendoza Extreme mad.

Pietro. Monstrously mad.

Mendoza Why?


Mendoza I? come, come, sit, here’s my bare heart to thee as steady as is this center to this glorious world,
And yet hark thou art a Cornuto; but by me?

Pietro. Yes slave by thee.

Mendoza Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath, Lose him can loose thee; I offend my Duke?

Bare record O ye dumb and raw aired nights,
How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been,

To watch the Traitor; record thou spirit of truth,
With what debasement I ha’ thrown myself,
To under-offices, only to learn
The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgraced:
And am I paid with slave? hath my intrusion
To places private, and prohibited,
Only to observe the closer passages:
Heaven knows with vows of revelation,
Made me suspected, made me deemed a villain?
What rogue hath wronged us?

Pietro. Mendoza, I may err.

Mendoza Err? ’tis too mild a name, but err and err,
Run giddy with suspect, fore through me thou know,
That which most creatures save thyself do know,
Nay since my service hath so loathed reject,
Fore I’ll reveal, shalt find them clipped together.

Pietro Mendoza thou know’st I am a most plain-breasted man.

Mendoza The fitter to make a Cornuto, would your brows
were most plain too.

Pietro Tell me, indeed I heard thee rail?

Mendoza At women, true, why what cold phlegm could choose,
Knowing a Lord so honest, virtuous,
So boundless loving, bounteous, fair shaped, sweet,
To be contemned, abused, defamed, made Cuckold,
Heart, I hate all women for ’t: sweet sheets, wax lights,
Antique bedposts, Cambric smocks, villainous curtains,
Arras pictures, oiled hinges, and all ye tongue-tied lascivious
witnesses of great creatures’ wantonness: what salvation
can you expect?

Pietro Wilt thou tell me?

Mendoza Why you may find it yourself, observe, observe.

Pietro I ha’ not the patience, wilt thou deserve me; tell,
give it.

Mendoza Take ’t, why Ferneze is the man, Ferneze, I’ll prove ’t,
this night you shall take him, in your sheets, wilt serve.

Pietro It will, my bosom’s in some peace, till night.

Mendoza What?

Pietro Farewell.

Mendoza God how weak a Lord are you,
Why do you think there is no more but so?

Pietro Why?

Mendoza Nay then will I presume to counsel you,
It should be thus; you with some guard upon the sudden
Enter Mendoza with a Sconce, to observe Ferneze’s entrance, who whilst the Act is playing: Enter unbraced two Pages before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and conveyed in. The Duchess’ Pages sent away.

Mendoza He’s caught, the Woodcock’s head is i’ th’ noose, Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust, Swearing his sense is merely deified. The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget Centaurs. And now in strength of panting faint delight, The Goat bids heaven envy him; good Goose, I can afford thee nothing but the poor comfort of calamity, Pity. „Lust’s like the plummets hanging on clock lines, Will ne’er a’ done till all is quite is undone. Such is the course salt-sallow lust doth run. Which thou shalt try; I’ll be revenged. Duke thy suspect, Duchess thy disgrace, Ferneze thy rivalship, Shall have swift vengeance, nothing so holy, No band of nature so strong, No law of friendship so sacred, But i’ll profane, burst, violate
Fore i’ll endure disgrace: contempt and poverty:
Shall I whose very hum, struck all heads bare,
Whose face made silence: creaking of whose shoe,
Forced the most private passages fly ope,
Scrape like a servile dog at some latched door?
Learn now to make a leg? and cry beseech ye,
Pray ye is such a Lord within? be awed
At some odd usher’s scoffed formality?
First sear my brains: Unde cadis non quo refert.
My heart cries perish all, how? how? what fate?
„Can once avoid revenge, that’s desperate,
I’ll to the Duke, if all should ope, if? tush
„Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush.

SCAENA Secunda.

Enter Malevole at one door, Bianca, Emilia and
Maquerelle at the other door.

Malevole    Bless ye cast a’ Ladies; ha Dipsas, how dost thou old Coal.
Maquerelle  Old Coal?
Malevole    Ay old Coal, methinks thou liest like a brand under
these billets of green wood.
He that will inflame a young wench’s heart, let him lay close
to her, an old Coal that hath first been fired a panderess, my
half burned lint, who though thou canst not flame thyself
yet art able to set a 1000. virgins’ tapers afire: and how does
Janivere thy husband, my little periwinkle: is a troubled with
the cough a’ the Lungs still, does he hawk a-nights still, he
will not bite.
Bianca      No by my troth, I took him with his mouth empty
of old teeth.
Malevole    And he took thee with thy belly full of young bones,
marry he took his maim by the stroke of his enemy.
Bianca      And I mine by the stroke of my friend:
Malevole    The close stock, ó mortal wench: Lady ha’ ye now no
restoratives for your decayed Jason, look ye, Crab’s guts
baked, distilled Ox-pith, the pulverised hairs of a Lion’s upper
lip, jelly of Cock-sparrows, He Monkey’s marrow, or
powder of Fox-stones; and whither are all you ambling
now?
Bianca      Why to bed, to bed.
Malevole    Do your husbands lie with ye?
Bianca      That were country fashion i’ faith.
Malevole    Ha’ ye no foregoers about you; come, whither in
good deed la now?
Maquerelle  In good indeed la now, to eat the most miraculously,
adorably, astonishingable composed Posset with
three Curds, without any drink: will ye help me with a
He Fox: here’s the Duke.           \textit{Exeunt Ladies.}

\begin{center}
\textbf{SCENA TERTIA}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
Enter Duke Pietro, Count Celso, Count Equato, Bilioso, Ferrardo, and Mendoza.
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\begin{tabular}{ll}
Pietro & The night grows deep and foul, what hour is ’t?  
Celso. & Upon the stroke of twelve.  
Malevole & Save ye Duke.  
Pietro & From thee, begone I do not love thee, let me see thee no more, we are displeased.
Malevole & Why God b’ wi’ thee, heaven hear my curse, 
May thy wife and thee live long together.  
Pietro & Be gone sirrah.  
Malevole & When Arthur first in Court began, — Agamemnon, Menelaus, — was ever any Duke a Cornuto,  
Pietro & Begone hence.  
Malevole & What religion wilt thou be of next?  
Mendoza & Out with him.  
Malevole & With most servile patience, time will come, When wonder of thy error will strike dumb, 
Thy bezzled sense, slaves I’ favor, Ay marry shall he rise, ,,Good God how subtle Hell doth flatter vice, 
,,Mount him aloft, and makes him seem to fly, 
,,As foul the Tortoise mocked: who to the sky, 
,,Th’ ambitious shell-fish raised, th’ end of all, 
,,Is only that from height he might dead fall. \textit{Exit.}

Pietro & It shall be so.  
Mendoza & It must be so, for where great States revenge, ’Tis requisite, the parts with piety 
And soft respect forbears, be closely dogged, Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him, Feed in the same dish, run in self faction, Who may dissever any shape of danger, For once disgraced, discovered in offense, It makes man blushless, and man is (all confess)

More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness. ,,Favors are writ in dust, but stripes we feel, ,,Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel.
Pietro & You shall be leagued with the Duchess.  
Equato & The plot is very good.  
Mendoza & You shall both kill, and seem the course to save.  
Ferrardo & A most fine brain trick.
Exit with others.

SCAENA QUARTA.

Enter Maquerelle, Emilia and Bianca, with a Posset.

Celso. Of a most cunning knave.

Pietro. My Lords: The heavy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
That can confound a soul, think, think of it;
I strike but yet like him that 'gainst stone walls,
Directs his shafts, rebounds in his own face,
My Lady’s shame is mine, O God, ’tis mine.
Therefore I do conjure all secrecy,
Let it be as very little as may be, pray ye, as may be;
Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
Stain naught with blood, only Ferneze dies,
But not before her brows: O Gentlemen
God knows I love her, nothing else, but this
I am not well; if grief that sucks veins dry,
Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men’s faces,
Bedulls the eye, unstrengthen all the blood,
Chance to remove me to another world,
As sure I once must die: let him succeed:
I have no child, all that my youth begot,
Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me,
Which as it ever shall, I do conjure it
Mendoza may succeed, he’s nobly born;
With me of much desert.

Celso. Much.

Pietro. Your silence answers Ay,
I thank you, come on now, ô that I might die,
Before her shame’s displayed, would I were forced
To burn my father’s Tomb; unhill his bones,
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this:

This both the living and the dead offends,
,,Sharp surgery where naught but death amends.

Exit with others.

SCAENA QUARTA.

Enter Maquerelle, Emilia and Bianca,
with a Posset.

Maquerelle Even here it is, three curds in three regions individually distinct,
Most methodically according to art composed, without any drink.

Bianca Without any drink.

Maquerelle Upon my honor, will ye sit and eat.

Emilia Good the composure the receipt, how is ’t:

Maquerelle ’Tis a pretty pearl, by this pearl, (how dost with me) thus it is, seven and thirty yolks of Barbary hens’ eggs, eighteen spoonfuls and a half of the Juice of cock-sparrow
bones, one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and
one quarter of the Syrup of Ethiopian Dates, sweetened with
three quarters of a pound of pure Candied Indian Eryngoes,
strowed over with the powder of Pearl of America, Amber
of Cataia, and Lamb stones of Muscovia.

Bianca Trust me the ingredients are very Cordial, and no
question good, and most powerful in operation.

Maquerelle I know not what you mean by restoration, but
this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skin, enliveneth
the eye, strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth the
teeth, comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, and
quickenneth the wit, that’s all.

Emilia By my troth I have eaten but two spoonfuls, and
methinks I could discourse most swiftly, and wittily
already.

Maquerelle Have you the art to seem honest.

Bianca I thank advice and practice.

Maquerelle Why then eat me a this posset, quicken your
blood, and preserve your beauty, do you know Doctor
Plaster-face, by this curd he is the most exquisite in forging
of veins, sprightening of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of
skins, blushing of cheeks, surfling of breasts, blanching
and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an old lady gracious
by torchlight: by this curd law:

Bianca Well we are resolved, what God has given us we’ll
cherish.

Maquerelle Cherish anything saving your husband, keep him
not too high lest he leap the pale: but for your beauty, let
it be your Saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning
in your closet, I ha’ been young, and yet in my conscience I am
not above five and twenty, but believe me, preserve and use
your beauty, for youth and beauty once gone, we are like
Beehives without honey: out a fashion, apparel that no man
will wear, therefore use me your beauty.

Emilia Ay but men say.

Maquerelle Men say, let men say what they will, life a’ woman,
they are ignorant of our wants, the more in years the more
in perfection they grow: if they lose youth and beauty, they
gain wisdom and discretion: But when our beauty fades,
goodnight with us, there cannot be an uglier thing to see
than an old woman, from which, ô pruning, pinching, and
painting, deliver all sweet beauties.

Bianca Hark music.

Maquerelle Peace ’tis i’ the Duchess’ bedchamber, good rest
most prosperously graced ladies.

Emilia Goodnight sentinel.

Bianca Night dear Maquerelle.

Exeunt at several doors.
SCAENA QUINTA.

A Song.

 Whilst the Song is singing, enter Mendoza with his sword drawn standing ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Duchess’ chamber.

 All. Strike, strike.

 Aurelia Save my Ferneze, ô save my Ferneze.

 Enter Ferneze in his shirt, and is received upon Mendoza’s sword.

 Aurelia O save Ferneze.

 Mendoza Pierce, pierce, thou shallow fool drop there.

 He that attempts a Prince’s lawless love,
 Must have broad hands, close heart with Argos’ eyes,
 And back of Hercules, or else he dies.

 Enter Aurelia, Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Bilioso, Celso and Equato.

 All. Follow, follow,

 Pietro Stand off, forbear, ye most uncivil Lords.

 Mendoza Strike.

 Mendoza Do not; tempt not a man resolved;

 Would you inhuman murderers more than death?

 Aurelia O poor Ferneze.

 Mendoza Alas now all defense too late.

 Aurelia He’s dead.

 Pietro I am sorry for our shame, go to your bed,
 Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed
 When I am dead?

 Aurelia What weep for thee? my soul no tears shall find.

 Pietro Alas, alas, that women’s souls are blind.

 Mendoza Betray such beauty? murder such youth? contemn civility,

 He loves him not that rails not at him.

 Pietro Thou canst not move us, we have blood enough;
 And please you Lady we have quite forgot

 All your defects: if not, why then

 Aurelia Not.

 Pietro Not: the best of rest, good night. 

 Exit Pietro with
Aurelia Despite go with thee.

Mendoza Madam, you ha’ done me foul disgrace,
You have wronged him much, loves you too much.
Go to; your soul knows you have.
Aurelia I think I have.
Mendoza Do you but think so?
Aurelia Nay sure I have, my eyes have witnessed thy love,
Thou hast stood too firm for me.
Mendoza Why tell me fair-cheeked Lady, who even in tears
Art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion
Struck ye into such a violent heat against me,
Speak, what mischief wronged us? what devil injured us?
Speak?
Aurelia That thing ne’er worthy of the name of man; Ferneze,
Ferneze swore thou lov’est Emilia,
Which to advance, with most reproachful breath,
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.
Mendoza Ignoble Villain, did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbs; for this? rank opposite
Even to my Sovereign: for this? O God for this?
Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life,
Ripped bare my throat unto the hangman’s Axe,
Thou most dishonored trunk — Emilia?
By life I know her not — Emilia?
Did you believe him?
Aurelia Pardon me, I did.
Mendoza Did you, and thereupon you graced him?
Aurelia I did.
Mendoza Took him to favor, nay even clasped with him?
Aurelia Alas I did.
Mendoza This night?
Aurelia This night.
Mendoza And in your lustful twines the Duke took you?

Aurelia A most sad truth.
Mendoza O God, O God, how we dull honest souls,
Heavy brained men, are swallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitful ground, whilst nimble bloods,
Light jointed spirits pent, cut good men’s throats,
And scape alas, I am too honest for this age,
Too full of phlegm, and heavy steadiness:
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;
Nay then to stand in honor of him, and her,
Who had even sliced my heart.
Aurelia Come I did err, and am most sorry, I did err.
Mendoza Why we are both but dead, the Duke hates us
„And those whom Princes do once groundly hate,
„Let them provide to die; as sure as fate,
„Prevention is the heart of policy.
Exit Aurelia.

Enter Malevole.

Aurelia  Shall we murder him.
Mendoza  Instantly?
Aurelia  Instantly, before he casts a plot,
Or further blaze my honor’s much known blot,
Let’s murder him?
Mendoza  I would do much for you, will ye marry me?
Aurelia  I’ll make thee Duke, we are of Medicis,
Florence our friend, in court my faction
Not meanly strengthful; the Duke then dead,
We well prepared for change, the multitude
Irresolutely reeling, we in force,
Our party seconded, the kingdom mazed,
No doubt of swift success all shall be graced.
Mendoza  You do confirm me, we are resolute,
Tomorrow look for change, rest confident,
’Tis now about the immodest waste of night,
The mother of moist dew with pallid light,
Spreads gloomy shades about the numbed earth,
Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief’s birth,
This man i’ll get inhumed, farewell, to bed,
I kiss thy pillow, dream, the duke is dead.  

Exit Aurelia.

So, so, good night, how fortune dotes on impudence,
I am in private the adopted son of yon good Prince,
I must be Duke, why if I must, I must,
Most silly Lord, name me? O heaven
I see God made honest fools, to maintain crafty knaves:
The duchess is wholly mine too; must kill her husband
To quit her shame, much: then marry her: Ay,
O I grow proud in prosperous treachery,
As wrestlers clip, so i’ll embrace you all,
Not to support, but to procure your fall.

Enter Malevole.

Malevole  God arrest thee.
Mendoza  At whose suit?
Malevole  At the devil’s, ha you treacherous damnable monster,
How dost? how dost thou treacherous rogue,
Ha ye rascal, I am banished the Court, Sirrah.
Mendoza  Prithee let’s be acquainted, I do love thee faith.
Malevole  At your service, by the Lord law, shall’s go to supper,
Let’s be once drunk together, and so unite a most virtuously
strengthened friendship, shall’s Huguenot, shall’s?
Mendoza  Wilt fall upon my chamber tomorrow morn.
Malevole  As a Raven to a dunghill, they say there’s one dead
here pricked for the pride of the flesh.
Mendoza  Ferneze: there he is, pray thee bury him.
Malevole  O most willingly, I mean to turn pure Rochelle
Exit Mendoza.

Ferneze stirs and Malevole helps him up and conveys him away.

Exeunt.

Churchman, I.

Mendoza  Thou Churchman, why? why?

Malevole  Because i’ll live lazily, fail upon authority, deny

King’s supremacy in things indifferent, and be a Pope in
mine own parish.

Mendoza  Wherefore dost thou think Churches were
made?

Malevole  To scour plowshares, I ha’ seen Oxen plow
up Altars: Et nunc seges ubi sion fuit.

Mendoza  Strange.

Malevole  Nay monstrous, I ha’ seen a sumptuous steeple turned
to a stinking privy: more beastly, the sacredst place
made a Dog’s kennel: nay most inhuman, the stoned coffins
of long dead Christians burst up, and made Hogs-troughs.
Hic finis Priami.

Shall I ha’ some sack, and cheese at thy chamber,
Good night, good mischivous incarnate devil, goodnight
Mendoza, ha, ye Inhuman villain goodnight, night fub:

Mendoza  Goodnight: tomorrow morn.

Malevole  Ay, I will come friendly Damnation, I will come,
I do descry cross-points, honesty, and courtship, straddle
as far asunder, as a true Frenchman’s legs.

Ferneze  O!

Malevole  Proclamations, more proclamations.

Ferneze  O a Surgeon.

Malevole  Hark lust cries for a surgeon, what news from Limbo

How does the grand cuckold Lucifer.

Ferneze  O help, help, conceal and save me.

Ferneze stirs and Malevole helps him up and conveys him away.

Malevole  Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieve me far,
„Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar:
„But fame ne’er heals still rankles worse and worse,
„Such is of uncontrolled Lust the curse.
 „Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie,
 „But ô Fernze what in lust to die:
 „Then thou that shame respects ô fly converse,
 „With women’s eyes and lisping wantonness:
 „Stick candles ’gainst a virgin wall’s white back,
 „If they not burn, yet at the least they’ll black,
Come I’ll convey thee to a private port,
Where thou shalt live (O happy man) from court.
The beauty of the day begins to rise,
From whose bright form Night’s heavy shadow flies.
Now ’gins close plots to work, the Scene grows full,
And craves his eyes who hath a solid Skull.  

Exeunt.
ACTUS TERTIUS. SCAENA PRIMA.

Enter Pietro the Duke, Mendoza Count Equato and Bilioso.

Pietro ’Tis grown to youth of day, how shall we waste this light? My heart’s more heavy than a tyrant’s crown. Shall we go hunt? Prepare for field. Exit Equato.

Mendoza Would ye could be merry.


,‘Sad souls may well change place, but not change grief:
As Deer being struck fly thorough many soils, Yet still the shaft stick fast, so, A good old simile my honest Lord, I am not much unlike to some sick-man, That long desired hurtful drink; at last Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once Both life and thirst: O would I ne’er had known My own dishonesty: good God, that men should Desire to search out that, which being found kills all Their joy of life: to taste the tree of Knowledge, And then be driven from out Paradise.
Canst give me some comfort?

Bilioso My Lord, I have some books which have been dedicated to my honor, and I ne’er read ’em, and yet they had very fine names: Physic for Fortune: Lozenges of sanctified sincerity; very pretty works of Curates, Scriveners and Schoolmasters. Marry I remember one Seneca, Lucius Annaeus Seneca.

Pietro Out upon him, he writ of Temperance and Fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous Epicure, and died like an effeminate coward. Haste thee to Florence: here take our Letters, see ’em sealed, away: report in private to the honored duke his daughter’s forced disgrace, tell him at length we know too much, due complaints advance.

,‘There’s naught that’s safe and sweet but Ignorance. Exit Duke.

SCAENA SECUNCA.

Enter Malevole in some frieze gown whilst Bilioso reads his Patent.

Malevole I cannot sleep my eyes ill neighboring lids Will hold no fellowship: O thou pale sober night, Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep: Thou that gives all the world full leave to play, Unbend’st the feeble veins of sweaty labor; The Galley-slave, that all the toilsome day, Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave, Straining his rugged veins; snores fast:
Exit Bilioso.

SCAENA TERTIA.

Enter Count Celso.

The stooping Scytheman that doth barb the field,
Thou mak’st wink sure: in night all creatures sleep,
Only the Malcontent, that ’gainst his fate,
Repies and quarrels, alas he’s goodman tell-clock,
His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan,
Whilst other beds are down, his pillow’s stone.

Bilioso Malevole.

Malevole Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of wicked nature
and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee
lie with her?

Bilioso I am going Ambassador to Florence.

Malevole Ambassador, now for thy country’s honor, prithee
do not put up Mutton and Porridge i’ thy clock bag: thy
young lady wife goes to Florence with thee too does she not?

Bilioso No, I leave her at the Palace.

Malevole At the Palace? now discretion shield man, for God’s
love let’s ha’ no more cuckolds, Hymen begins to put off his
Saffron robe, keep thy wife i’ the state of grace, heart a’ truth,
I would sooner leave my lady singled in a Bordello, then in
the Genoa palace, sin there appearing in her sluttish shape
Would soon grow loathsome, even to blush’s sense,
Surfeit would cloak intemperate appetite,
Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust.
When in an Italian lascivious Palace, a Lady guardianless.
Left to the push of all allurement,
The strongest incitements to immodesty,

To have her bound, incensed with wanton sweets,
Her veins filled high with heating delicates,
Soft rest, sweet Music, amorous Masquerers, lascivious
banquets, sin itself gilt o’er, strong fantasy tricking up
strange delights, presenting it dressed pleasingly to sense,
sense leading it unto the soul, confirmed with potent example,
impudent custom enticed by that great bawd opportunity,
thus being prepared, clap to her easy ear,
youth in good clothes, well shaped, rich, fair spoken, promising
noble, ardent blood-full, witty, flattering, Ulysses absent,
O Ithaca can chastest Penelope hold out.

Bilioso Mass i’ll think on ’t farewell.

Exit Bilioso.

Malevole Farewell, take thy wife with thee, farewell,
To Florence, um? it may prove good, it may,
And we may once unmask our brows.

SCAENA TERTIA.

Enter Count Celso.

Celso My honored Lord.

Malevole Celso peace, how is ’t? speak low, pale fears suspect
that hedges, walls and trees have ears, speak how runs all?

Celso I’ faith my Lord, that beast with many heads,
The staggering multitude recoils apace,
Though thorough great men’s envy, most men’s malice,
Their much intemperate heat hath banished you.
Yet now they feigned envy and malice ne’er,
Produce faint reformation.
The Duke, the too soft Duke lies as a block,
For which two tugging factions seem to saw,
But still the Iron through the ribs they draw.

Malevole I tell thee Celso, I have ever found
Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice
And fearful baseness: therefore i’ll tell thee Celso,
I find the wind begins to come about,
I’ll shift my suit of fortune, I know the Florentine whose only force,
By marrying his proud daughter to this Prince,
Both banished me, and made this weak Lord Duke,
Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:

I’ll lie in ambush for conveinency,
Upon their severance to confirm myself.

Celso Is Ferneze interred?
Malevole Of that at leisure: he lives.

Celso But how stands Mendoza, how is ’t with him?
Malevole Faith like a pair of Snuffers, snibs filth in other men, and retains it in himself.

Celso He does fly from public notice methinks, as a Hare does from hounds, the feet whereon he flies betrays him.

Malevole I can track him Celso:
O my disguise fools him most powerfully:
For that I seem a desperate malcontent
He fain would clasp with me: he is the true slave,
That will put on the most affected grace, 
Enter Mendoza
For some vild second cause.

Celso He’s here.

Malevole Give place.

Illo, ho ho ho, art there old true penny,
Exit Celso.

Where hast thou spent thyself this morning? I see flattery in thine eyes, and damnation i’ thy soul. Ha ye huge Rascal.

Mendoza Thou art very merry.
Malevole As a scholar futuens gratis: How does the devil go with thee now.
Mendoza Malevole, thou art an arrant knave.
Malevole Who I? I have been a Sergeant man.
Mendoza Thou art very poor.
Malevole As Job, an Alchemist, or a Poet.
Mendoza The Duke hates thee.
Malevole As Irishmen do bum-cracks.
Mendoza Thou hast lost his amity.
Malevole As pleasing as Maids lose their virginity.
Mendoza Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, would thou wert noble.
Malevole Why sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kind, for I find myself possessed with all their
qualities: love Dogs, Dice and Drabs, scorn wit in stuff
clothes, have beat my Shoemaker, knocked my Sempstress,
cuckold my Potheary, and undone my Tailor.
Noble, why not? since the Stoic said; Neminem seruum non
ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum, only busy
fortune touses, and the provident chances blends them

Mendoza Let’s grasp? I do like thee infinitely, wilt enact
one thing for me?

Malevole Shall I get by it? Gives him his purse.

Command me, I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

Mendoza Murder the Duke?

Malevole My heart’s wish, my soul’s desire, my fantasy’s dream,
My blood’s longing, the only height of my hopes, how?
O God how? O how my united spirits throng together,
So strengthen my resolve.

Mendoza The Duke is now a-hunting.

Malevole Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it,
lend me, lend me, Rapier Pistol, Crossbow: so, so, i’ll do it.

Mendoza Then we agree.

Malevole As Lent and Fishmongers, come a cap-à-pie, how in form?

Mendoza Know that this weak-brained duke, who only stands
on Florence stilts, hath out of witless zeal made me his
heir, and secretly confirmed the wreath to me after his
life’s full point.

Malevole Upon what merit?

Mendoza Merit? by heaven I horn him, only Ferneze’s
death gave me state’s life: tut we are politic, he must not
live now.

Malevole No reason marry: but how must he die now.

Mendoza My utmost project is to murder the Duke, that I
might have his state, because he makes me his heir: to banish
the Duchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedaemonian,
because I know Florence will forsake her, and then to marry
Maria the banished duke Altofront’s wife, that her friends
might strengthen me and my faction, this is all law.

Malevole Do you love Maria.

Mendoza Faith no great affection, but as wise men do love
great women to ennoble their blood and augment their revenue:
to accomplish this now, thus now. The Duke is in
the forest next the Sea, single him, kill him, hurl him i’ the main, and proclaim thou saw’st Wolves eat him.

Malevole Um, not so good, methinks when he is slain to get some Hypocrite, some dangerous wretch that’s muffled, or with feigned holiness to swear he heard the Duke on some steep cliff lament his wife’s dishonor, and in an agony of his heart’s torture hurled his groaning sides into the swollen sea, this circumstance well made, sounds probable, and hereupon the Duchess.

Mendoza May well be banished: ô unpeerable invention, rare, Thou God of policy! it honeys me.

Malevole Then fear not for the wife of Altofront, i’ll close to her.

Mendoza Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellency is pleased: why wert not thou an Emperor, when we are Duke i’ll make thee some great man sure?

Malevole Nay make me some rich knave, and I’ll make myself some great man.

Mendoza In thee be all my spirit, retain ten souls, unite thy virtual powers, resolve, ha, remember greatness, heart farewell. Enter Celso.
The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

Malevole Celso didst hear? ô heaven didst hear?
Such devilish mischief, sufferest thou the world
Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow,
And still dost wink, still does thy vengeance slumber,
If now thy brows are clear; when will they thunder. Exit.

SCAENA QUARTA.

Enter Pietro, Ferrardo, Prespasso and three Pages.

Ferrardo The Dogs are at a fault. Cornets like horns.

Pietro Would God nothing but the dogs were at it? let the Deer pursue safely, the Dogs follow the game, and do you follow the dogs, as for me, ’tis unfit one beast should hunt another; I ha’ one chaseth me: and please you I would be rid of ye a little.

Ferrardo Would your grief would as soon as we, leave you to quietness. Exeunt.

Pietro I thank you: Boy; what dost thou dream of now?

Page Of a dry summer my Lord for here’s a hot world towards: but my Lord I had a strange dream last night.

Pietro What strange dream?

Page Why methought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt you gave me that short sword.

Pietro Prettily begged: hold thee, i’ll prove thy dream true, take ’t.

Page My duty: But still I dreamt on my Lord, and methought
and shall please your excellency, you would needs
out of your royal bounty give me that jewel in your Hat.

Pietro  O thou didst but dream boy, do not believe it,
dreams prove not always true, they may hold in a short
sword, but not in a Jewel. But now sir you dream you
had pleased me with singing, make that true as I ha’ made
the other.

Page.  Faith my Lord I did but dream, and dreams
you say prove not always true: they may hold in a good
sword, but not in a good song: the truth is, I ha’ lost my
voice.

Pietro  Lost thy voice, how?

Page.  With dreaming faith but here’s a couple of Sirenical
rascals shall enchant ye: What shall they sing my
good Lord?

Pietro  Sing of the nature of women, and then the song
shall be surely full of variety, old crochets and most sweet
closes; it shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy,
sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Pages  All in one?

Pietro  By ’r Lady too many sing, my speech grows culpable
of unthrifty idleness, sing.

The Song.

SCAENA QUINTA.

Enter Malevole with Crossbow and Pistol.

A, so. so, sing, I am heavy, walk off, I shall talk in my sleep
walk off.  Exeunt Pages.

Malevole  Brief, brief, who? the Duke? good heaven that
fools should stumble upon greatness? do not sleep duke,
give ye good morrow: must be brief Duke. I am fee’d to
murder thee, start not; Mendoza, Mendoza hired me, here’s
his gold, his Pistol, Crossbow, Sword, ’tis all as firm as
earth: O fool, fool, choked with the common maze of
easy Idiots, credulity make him thine heir, what thy
sworn murderer?

Pietro.  O can it be?

Malevole  Can?

Pietro.  Discovered he not Ferneze?

Malevole  Yes, but why? but why? for love to thee, much,
much, to be revenged upon his rival, who had thrust his
jaws awry, who being slain supposed by thine own
hands; defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome,
him most gracious, with thy loose Princes, thou closely
yielding egress and regress to her, madest him heir,
whose hot unquiet lust straight toused thy sheets, and now
Enter Celso with a Hermit’s gown and beard.  

Celso   Lord Malevole, if this be true
Malevole  If? come shade thee with this disguise, if? thou shalt handle it, he shall thank thee for killing thyself, come follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

Pietro.  World whither wilt thou?
Malevole  Why to the Devil: come, the morn grows late.

A steady quickness is the soul of state.  Exeunt.

Finis actus tertij.

ACTUS QUARTUS,

SCAENA PRIMA.

Enter Maquarelle, knocking at the Ladies’ door.

Maquerelle  Madam, Madam, are you stirring Madam, if you be stirring Madam, if I thought I should disturb ye.

Page.  My Lady is up forsooth.

Maquerelle  A, pretty boy, faith how old art thou?

Page.  I think fourteen.

Maquerelle  Nay, and ye be in the teens, are ye a gentleman born, do you know me, my name is Madam Maquerelle, I lie in the old Cunny Court.

Enter Bianca and Emilia.

See here the Ladies.

Bianca  A fair day to ye Maquerelle.

Emilia  Is the Duchess up yet Sentinel?

Maquerelle  O Ladies, the most abominable mischance, O dear Ladies the most piteous disaster, Ferneze was taken last night in the Duchess’ Chamber: Alas the Duke catched him and killed him.

Bianca  Was he found in bed?

Maquerelle  O no, but the villainous certainty is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace, so the naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I like an errand beast lay in the outward Chamber, heard nothing, and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was. O beauties, look to your busk-points, if not chastely, yet charily: be sure the door be bolted: is your Lord gone to Florence?

Bianca  Yes Maquerelle.

Maquerelle  I hope you’ll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown fore his return: Now by my troth beauties,
I would ha’ ye once wise: he loves ye, pish: he is witty, bubble:
fair proportioned, mew: nobly born, wind; let this
be still your fixed position, esteem me every man according
to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear,
and most worthy to be most dear Ladies.

*Emilia.*  Is the Duke returned from hunting yet?

*Maquerelle*  They say, not yet.

*Bianca*  ’Tis now in midst of day.

*Emilia*  How bears the Duchess with this blemish now?

*Maquerelle*  Faith boldly, strongly defies defame, as one that
has a Duke to her father. And there’s a note to you, be
sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe
your husband. Mark the ’havior of the Duchess now,
she dares defame, cries, Duke do what thou canst, i’ll quite
mine honor: nay, as one confirmed in her own virtue against
ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she’s
presently for dances.

*Enter Ferrardo.*

*Bianca*  For dances?

*Maquerelle*  Most true.

*Emilia.*  Most strange, see, here’s my servant young *Ferrard*:

How many servants thinkst thou I have,

*Maquerelle*?

*Maquerelle*  The more the merrier: ’twas well said, use your
servants as you do your smocks, have many, use one, and
change often, for that’s most sweet and courtlike.

*Ferrardo*  Save ye fair Ladies, is the Duke returned?

*Bianca*  Sweet Sir, no voice of him as yet in Court.

*Ferneze*  ’Tis very strange.

*Bianca*  And how like you my servant, *Maquerelle*?

*Maquerelle*  I think he could hardly draw *Ulysses* ’bow,
but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader,
his hands thinner, his lips thicker, his legs bigger,
his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter,
he were a tolerable sweet youth i’ faith. And he will
come to my Chamber, I will read him the fortune of
his beard.

*Cornets sound.*

*Ferrardo*  Not yet returned I fear, but
The Duchess approacheth.

*Enter Mendoza supporting the Duchess: Guerrino,
the Ladies that are on the Stage rise: Ferrardo*

*Ushers in the Duchess, and then takes a*

*Lady to tread a measure.*

SCAENA SECUNDA.
Aurelia We will dance, music, we will dance.
Guerrino Les quanto (Lady) penses bien, passa regis, or Bianca’s brawl.
Aurelia We have forgot the brawl.
Ferrardo So soon? ’tis wonder.
Guerrino Why ’tis but two singles on the left, two on the right, three double forward, a traverse of six round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick of twenty, coranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honor.
Aurelia O Daedalus! thy maze, I have quite forgot it.
Maquerelle Trust me so have I, saving the falling back, and then honor. Enter Prepasso.
Aurelia Music, music.
Prepasso Who saw the duke? the duke. Enter Equato.
Aurelia Music.
Equato The duke, is the duke returned?
Aurelia Music: Enter Celso.
Celso The duke is either quite invisible, or else is not.
Aurelia We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement: we are not pleased: you have forgot yourselves. Enter a Page.
Celso Boy, thy Master, where’s the Duke?
Page Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs: he told me he was heavy, would sleep, bade me walk off, for that the strength of fantasy oft made him talking in his dreams: I straight obeyed, nor never saw him since: but, wheresoe’er he is, he’s sad.
Aurelia Music sound high, as is our heart, sound high.

SCAENA TERTIA

Enter Malevole and Pietro disguised like an Hermit.

Malevole The Duke, peace, the Duke is dead.
Aurelia Music.
Malevole Is ’t Music?
Mendoza Give proof.
Ferrardo How?
Celso Where.
Prepasso When?
Malevole Rest in peace, as the Duke does, quietly sit: for my own part, I beheld him but dead, that’s all: marry here’s one can give you a more particular account of him.
Mendoza Speak holy father, nor let any brow within this presence fright thee from the truth: speak confidently and freely.
Aurelia We attend.

Pietro Now had the mounting Sun’s all-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earth’s dank breast,
When I (whom men call Hermit of the Rock)
Forsook my Cell, and clambered up a cliff,
Against whose base, the heady Neptune dashed
His high curled brows, there ’twas I eased my limbs,
When lo, my entrails melted with the moan,
Some one, who far ’bove me was climbed, did make:
I shall offend.

Mendoza Not. Aurelia On.

Pietro. Methinks I hear him yet, O female faith!
Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman:
And do I live to be the scoff of men,
To be their wittol cuckold, even to hug my poison?

Thou knowest ô Truth!
Sooner hard steel will melt with Southern wind;
A Seaman’s whistle calm the Ocean;
A town on fire be extinct with tears,
Then women vowed to blushless impudence,
With sweet behavior and soft minioning,
Will turn from that where appetite is fixed.
O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their soul?
I washed an Ethiop, who for recompense
Sullied my name. And must I then be forced.
To walk, to live thus black: must, must, fie,
He that can bear with must, he cannot die.

With that he sighed so passionately deep,
That the dull air even groaned, at last he cries:
Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough, so dies.
For then I viewed his body fall and souse
Into the foamy main, O then I saw
That which methinks I see, it was the Duke,
Whom straight the nicer stomached sea
Belched up: but then,

Malevole Then came I in, but ’las all was too late,
For even straight he sunk.

Pietro. Such was the Duke’s sad fate.

Celso A better fortune to our Duke Mendoza.

Cry all, Mendoza: Cornets flourish.

Enter a guard.

Mendoza A guard, a guard, we full of hearty tears,
For our good father’s loss,
For so we well may call him:
Who did beseech your loves, for our succession,
Cannot so lightly over-jump his death.
As leave his woes revengeless: woman of shame,
We banish thee forever to the place,
From whence this good man comes,
Nor permit on death unto the body any ornament:
But base as was thy life, depart away.

Aurelia Ungrateful. Mendoza Away.
Aurelia Villain hear me.

Prepasso and Guerrino leads away the Duchess.
Mendoza Be gone my Lords, address to public counsel,
’Tis most fit,
The train of Fortune is borne up by wit.
Away, our presence shall be sudden, haste.

All depart saving Mendoza, Malevole, and Pietro.
Malevole Now you egregious devil, ha’ ye murdering politician,
how dost duke? how dost look now? brave duke
i’ faith.
Mendoza How did you kill him?
Malevole Slatted his brains out, then soused him in the briny sea.
Mendoza Brained him and drowned him too?
Malevole O ’twas best, sure work:
For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else ’ware,
he’ll prove no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unless you
may be sure to lay him in the kennel.
Mendoza A most sound brain-pan,
I’ll make you both Emperors
Malevole Make us christians, make us christians.
Mendoza I’ll hoist ye, ye shall mount.
Malevole To the gallows, say ye? O ô me, Praemium incertum petit certum scelus. How stands the Progress?

Mendoza Here, take my ring unto the Citadel,
Have entrance to Maria the grave Duchess
Of banished Altofront. Tell her we love her:
Omit no circumstance to grace our Person (do ’t)
Malevole I’l make an excellent pander: Duke farewell,
due adieu Duke.

Mendoza Take Maquerelle with thee; for ’tis found,
None cuts a Diamond but a Diamond.
Hermit, thou art a man for me, my Confessor,
O thou selected spirit, born for my good,
Sure thou wouldst make an excellent elder in a deformed

church:
Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one.
Pietro I am glad I was ordained for ye.
Mendoza Go to then, thou must know that Malevole is a strange villain: dangerous, very dangerous, you see how broad ’a speaks, a gross-jawed rogue, I would have thee
poison him: he’s like a corn upon my great toe, I cannot
  go for him: he must be cored out: he must, wilt do ’t, ha?
  
  Pietro  Anything, anything.
  Mendoza  Heart of my life, thus then to the Citadel,
Thou shalt consort with this Malevole,
There being at supper, poison him,
It shall be laid upon Maria, who yields love, or dies,
Scud quick.
  
  Pietro  Like lightning good deeds crawl, but mischief flies.
  
  Enter Malevole.  
  Exit Pietro
  
  Malevole  Your devilship’s ring has no virtue, the buff-captain,
the sallow-westphalian gammon-faced zaza cries
stand out, must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the
castle of Comfort.
  
  Mendoza  Command our sudden Letter: not enter? sha’t,
what place is there in Genoa, but thou shalt into my heart,
into my very heart: come, let’s love, we must love, we two,
soul and body.
  
  Malevole  How didst like the Hermit? A strange Hermit
sirrah.
  
  Mendoza  A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he must die.
Malevole  Ay, he must die.
Mendoza  Thoust kill him: we are wise, we must be wise.
Malevole  And provident.
Mendoza  Yea provident; beware an hypocrite.
  
  A Churchman once corrupted, oh avoid
A fellow that makes Religion his stalking horse,
He breeds a plague: thou shalt poison him.
  
  Malevole  Ho, ’tis wondrous necessary: how?
  
  Mendoza  You both go jointly to the Citadel,
There sup, there poison him: and Maria,
Because she is our opposite, shall bear
The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loves us.
  
  Malevole  I run. Exit Malevole
  
  Mendoza  We that are great, our sole self good still moves us:
They shall die both, for their deserts craves more
Than we can recompense, their presence still
Imbraids our fortunes with beholdingness,
Which we abhor, like deed, not doer: then conclude,
They live not to cry out Ingratitude.
One stick burns t’ other, steel cuts steel alone:
’Tis good trust few: but O, ’tis best trust none.
  
  Exit Mendoza.
  
  SCAENA QUARTA.
  
  Enter Malevole and Pietro still disguised, at several doors.
  
  Malevole  How do you? how dost Duke?
  
  Pietro  O let the last day fall, drop, drop in our cursed heads!
Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames:

    Malevole  O do not rave, do not turn Player, there's more
of them, than can well live one by another already.
What, art an Infidel still?
    Pietro  I am mazed, struck in a swoon with wonder,
I am commanded to poison thee.
    Malevole  I am commanded to poison thee, at supper.
    Pietro  At supper?
    Malevole  In the Citadel.
    Pietro  In the Citadel.
    Malevole  Cross capers, tricks? truth a heaven would discharge
us as boys do elder guns, one pellet to strike out
another: of what faith art now?
    Pietro  All is damnation, wickedness extreme, there is no
faith in man.
    Mendoza  In none but usurers and brokers, they deceive no
man, men take 'em for bloodsuckers, and so they are: now
God deliver me from my friends.

    Pietro  Thy friends?
    Malevole  Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies
I'll deliver myself. O, cutthroat friendship is the rankest
villainy, mark this Mendoza, mark him for a villain:
but heaven will send a plague upon him for a rogue.
    Pietro  O world!
    Malevole  World? 'Tis the only region of Death, the greatest
shop of the Devil, the cruelest prison of men, out of the
which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a
fee, there's nothing perfect in it, but extreme extreme calamity,
such as comes yonder.

SCENA QUINTA.

Enter Aurelia, two Halberds before, and two after,
supported by Celso and Ferrardo, Aurelia
in base mourning attire.

Aurelia  To banishment, led on to banishment.
    Pietro  Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you.
Aurelia  Why, why, I can desire nothing but death, nor deserve
anything but hell.
If heaven should give sufficiency of grace
To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:
My sins would make the stock of mercy poor,
Oh they would try heaven's goodness to reclaim them:
Judgement is just yet from that vast villain:
But sure he shall not miss sad punishment,
For he shall rule on to my Cell of shame.
    Pietro  My Cell 'tis Lady, where instead of Masques,
Music, Tilts, Tourneys, and such Courtlike shows,
The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
Shall groan again, whilst the unquiet sea
Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery:
There Usherless the air comes in and out,
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
Whilst you behold true desolation:
A rocky barrenness shall pain your eyes,

Where all at once one reaches, where he stands,
With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

Aurelia It is too good, blessed spirit of my Lord:
O in what orb soe’er thy soul is throned,
Behold me worthily most miserable:
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit,
Entreat some reconciliation:
If not, O joy! triumph in my just grief,
Death is the end of woes, and tears relief.

Pietro Belike your Lord not loved you, was unkind.

Aurelia O heaven,
As the soul loved the body, so loved he,
’Twas death to him to part my presence,
Heaven to see me pleased:
Yet I like to a wretch given o’er to hell,
Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,
To clip a base ungentle faithless villain:
O God, a very Pagan reprobate!
What should I say, ungrateful throws me out,
For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honor:
But ’tis most fit: why should a better fate
Attend on any, who forsake chaste sheets,
Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,
Joined by a solemn vow ’fore God and man,
To taste the brackish blood of beastly lust
In an adulterous touch? Oh ravenous immodesty,
Insatiat impudence of appetite:
Look, here’s your end, for mark what sap in dust,
What sin in good, even so much love in lust:
Joy to thy ghost, sweet Lord, pardon to me.

Celso It is the Duke’s pleasure this night you rest in court.

Aurelia Soul lurk in shades, run shame from brightsome skies,
In night, the blind man misseth not his eyes. exit Aurelia

Malevole Do not weep kind cuckold, take comfort man, thy
betters have been Beccos: Agamemnon Emperor of all
the merry Greeks; that tickled all the true Trojans, was a

Cornuto: Prince Arthur that cut off twelve Kings’ beards
was a Cornuto: Hercules, whose back, bore up heaven, and
got forty wenches with child in one night.

Pietro    Nay 'twas fifty.

Malevole  Faith forty's enough a conscience, yet was a Cornuto:

Patience, mischief grows proud, be wise.

Pietro    Thou pinchest too deep, art too keen upon me.

Malevole  Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous sore.

I'll tent thee to the ground. Thinkst I'll sustain myself
by flattering thee, because thou art a Prince? I had rather
follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than
by servile flattery.

Pietro    Yet great men ha' done 't.

Malevole  Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally
for a coal-basket, though the common usher of prince's
presence fortune ha' blindly given them better place, I
am vowed to be thy affliction.

Pietro    Prithee be, I love much misery, and be thou
son to me.

Enter Biliosa.

Malevole  Because you are an usurping Duke,
Your Lordship's well returned for Florence.

Biliosa    Well returned, I praise my horse.

Malevole  What news from the Florentines?

Biliosa    I will conceal the great Duke's pleasure, only this
was his charge, his pleasure is, that his daughter die, Duke
Pietro be banished for banishing his blood's dishonor, and
that Duke Altofront be reaccepted: this is all, but I hear
Duke Pietro is dead.

Malevole  Ay, and Mendoza is Duke, what will you do?

Biliosa    Is Mendoza strongest?

Malevole  Yet he is.

Biliosa    Then yet I'll hold with him.

Malevole  But if that Altofront should turn straight again?

Bilioso.   Why then I would turn straight again:
'Tis good run still with him that has most might:

I had rather stand with wrong, then fall with right.

Malevole  Your Lordship sweats, your young Lady will get
you a cloth for your old worship's brows,

Exit Biliosa.

here's a fellow to be damned, this is his inviolable Maxim.

(flatter the greatest, and oppress the least:) a whoreson
flesh fly, that still gnaws upon the lean galled backs.

Pietro    Why dost then salute him?

Malevole  Faith as bawds go to Church, for fashion sake:
come, be not confounded, th' art but in danger to lose a
Dukedom, think this: this earth is the only grave and golgotha
wherein all things that live must rot: 'tis but the
draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption,
the very muckhill on which the sublunary orbs
cast their excrements: man is the slime of this dungpit,
and Princes are the governors of these men: for, for our souls, they are as free as Emperors, all of one piece, there goes but a pair of shears betwixt an Emperor and the son of a bagpiper: only the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing makes the difference: now what art thou like to lose?

A jailor’s office to keep men in bonds,
Whilst toil and treason, all life’s good confounds.

Pietro. I here renounce forever Regency,
O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right:
To trip thy heels up with a devilish slight.
For which I now from Throne am thrown, world tricks abjure,
For vengeance that comes slow, yet it comes sure.
O I am changed, for herefore the dread power,
In true contrition I do dedicate,
My breath to solitary holiness,
My lips to prayer, and my breasts care shall be,
Restoring Altofront to regency.

Malevole Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith.

Enter Ferneze and Celso undisguiseth himself.

Altofront, Ferneze, Celso, Pietro.

Banish amazement: come, we four must stand full shock of Fortune, be not so wonder-stricken.

Pietro Doth Ferneze live?
Ferneze. For your pardon.
Pietro Pardon and love, give leave to recollect My thoughts dispersed in wild astonishment:
My vows stand fixed in heaven, and from hence I crave all love and pardon.

Malevole Who doubts of providence,
That sees this change, a hearty faith to all:
He needs must rise, who can no lower fall,
For still impetuous Vicissitude
Loseth the world, then let no maze intrude
Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise,
For who can sink that close can temporize?
The time grows ripe for action, I’ll detect My privat’st plot, lest ignorance fear suspect:
Let’s close to counsel, leave the rest to fate,
Mature discretion is the life of state.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus Scaena prima.

Enter Malevole and Maquarrel, at several doors opposite, singing.

Malevole The Dutchman for a drunkard,
Maquerelle The Dane for golden locks:
Malevole The Irishman for usquebaugh,
Maquerelle The Frenchman for the ( )
Malevole  O thou art a blessed creature, had I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody, for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company: ha, thou art a melodious Maquarelle, thou picture of a woman and substance of a beast, and how dost thou think a’ this transformation of state now?

Maquarelle  Very well, for we women always note, the falling of the one, is the rising of the other: some must be fat, some must be lean, some must be fools, and some must be Lords: some must be knaves, and some must be officers, some must be beggars, some must be Knightes, some must be cuckoldes, and some must be citizens: as for example, I have two court dogs, most fawning curs, the one called Watch, th’ other Catch: now I, like Lady Fortune, sometimes love this dog, sometimes rouse that dog, sometimes favor Watch, most commonly fancy Catch: Now that dog which I favor I feed, and he’s so ravenous, that what I give he never chaws it, guls it down whole without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have: the other dog, now:

Malevole  No more dog, soot Maquarelle no more dog: and what hope hast thou of the Duchess Maria, will she stoop to the Duke’s lure, will she come, thinkst?

Maquarelle  Let me see where’s the sign now? ha’ ye e’er a calendar, where’s the sign trow you?

Malevole  Sign? why, is there any moment in that?

Maquarelle  O believe me a most secret power, look ye a Caldean, or an Assyrian, I am sure ’twas a most sweet Jew told me, court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss, but you must take her in the right vein then: As when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger’s wife is very sociable: in Cancer, a precision’s wife is very flexible: in Capricorn, a Merchant’s wife hardly holds out: in Libra, a Lawyer’s wife is very tractable, especially, if her husband be at the term: only, in Scorpio ’tis very dangerous meddling, has the Duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter Captain.

Malevole  Ay, I think those are the best signs, to take a Lady in: by your favor signor: I must discourse with the Lady Maria, Altofront’s Duchess: I must enter for the Duke.

Captain  She here shall give you interview, I received the guardship of this Citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I’ll keep ’t, till I am of no use.

Malevole  Wilt thou, O heaven that a christian should be found in a buff-jerkin, Captain conscience? I love thee
Exit Captain.

SCAENA Secunda.
Enter Maria and Captain.

Captain. we attend, and what hope hast thou of this Duchess easiness?

   Maquerelle 'Twill go hard, she was a cold creature ever, she hated monkeys, fools, jesters, and gentlemen ushers extremely: she had the wild trick on 't, not only to be truly modestly honorable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton carri that might incur suspect, as God bless me, she had almost brought bed pressing out of fashion: I could scarce get a fine, for the lease of a Lady’s favor once in a fortnight.

   Malevole Now in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

   Maquerelle Let me see: heaven forgive us our misdeeds, here’s the Duchess.

   SCAENA Secunda.
Enter Maria and Captain.

   Malevole God bless thee Lady,
   Maria out of thy company:
   Malevole We have brought thee tender of a husband,
   Maria I hope I have one already.

   Maquerelle Nay, by mine honor madam, as good he ne’er a husband, as a banished husband, he’s in another world now, I’ll tell ye Lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep, the wife might lawfully entertain another man: for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished.

   Maria Unhonest creature:

   Maquerelle Pish, honesty is but an art to seem: pray ye what’s constancy? but fables feigned, odd old fools chat devised by jealous fools, to wrong our liberty.

   Malevole Mully, he that loves thee is a Duke, Mendoza, he will maintain thee royally, love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in

despite of Rosicleer, or Donzel del Phoebus: there’s jewels, if thou wilt, so, if not, so.

   Maria Captain, for God’s love save poor wretchedness, From tyranny of lustful insolence: Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell Rather than here, here round about is hell. O my dearest Altofront where ere thou breathe, Let my soul sink into the shades beneath: Before I stain thine honor, 'tis thou hast, And long as I can die, I will live chaste.
Malevole 'Gainst him that can enforce how vain is strife?

Maria She that can be enforced has ne’er a knife.

She that through force her limbs with lust enrols,
Wants Cleopatra’s asps and Portia’s coals.

God amend you. Exit with Captain.

Malevole Now the fear of the Devil forever go with thee.

Maquerelle, I tell thee I have found an honest woman, faith
I perceive when all is done, there is of women as of all other
things: some good, most bad, some saints, some sinners:
for as nowadays no Courtier but has his mistress, no
Captain but has his cockatrice, no Cuckold but has his
horns, and no fool but has his feather: even so no woman
but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his:
I can hunt the letter no further: O God how loathsome
this toying is to me, that a Duke should be forced to fool
it: well, Stultorum plena sunt omnia, better play the fool Lord,
then be the fool Lord: now, where’s your slights Madam
Maquerelle?

Maquerelle Why, are ye ignorant that ’tis said, a squeamish
affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse
of their yielding, is only forsooth the difficult obtaining,
you must put her to ’t, women are flax, and will fire in a
moment.

Malevole Why was the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou?
thou set fire? thou inflame her.

Maquerelle Marry, but I’ll tell ye now, you were too hot,

Malevole The fitter to have inflamed the flaxwoman.

Maquerelle You were too boisterous spleeny, for indeed.

Malevole Go, go, thou art a weak panderess, now I see.

Sooner earth’s fire heaven itself shall waste,
Than all with heat can melt a mind that’s chaste.

Go thou the Duke’s lime-twig, I’ll make the Duke turn
thee out of thine office, what not get one touch of hope, and
had her at such advantage.

Maquerelle Now a’ my conscience, now I think in my discretion,
we did not take her in the right sign, the blood was
not in the true vein, sure.

Exit.

SCAENA TERTIA

Enter Prepasso and Ferrando, two pages with lights, Celso and
Equato, Mendoza in Duke’s robes, Bilioso and Guerrino.

:Exeunt all saving: Malevole.

Mendoza On on, leave us, leave us: stay where is the hermit?


Mendoza Is he dead? is he poisoned?

Malevole Dead as the Duke is.

Mendoza Good, excellent, he will not blab, secureness lives
in secrecy, come hither, come hither.

Malevole Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about
thee, my nature cannot endure.

_Mendoza_ Scent man? what returns _Maria_? what answer to our suit?

_Malevole_ Cold, frosty, she is obstinate.

_Mendoza_ Then she’s but dead ’tis resolute, she dies:

*Black deed only through black deeds safely flies*

_Malevole_ Pew, _per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter._

_Mendoza_ What art a scholar? art a politician? sure thou art an arrant knave.

_Malevole_ Who I? I ha’ been twice an under-sheriff, man.

_Mendoza_ Canst thou empoison? canst thou empoison?

_Malevole_ Excellently, no Jew, Potheadry, or Politician better: look ye, here’s a box, whom wouldst thou empoison, here’s a box, which opened, and the fume ta’en up in conduits, thorough which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours’ space, bind up all show of life in a deep senseless sleep:

here’s another, which being opened under the sleeper’s nose, chokes all the pores of life, kills him suddenly.  _Enter Celso_  

*Seems to poison Malevole.*

_Mendoza_ I’ll try experiments, ’tis good not to be deceived: so, so, _Catzo:_

Who would fear that may destroy, _death hath no teeth, nor tongue,_  

_And he that’s great, to him one slaves shame,_  

_Murder, fame and wrong._ Celso?

_Celso_ My honored Lord.

_Mendoza_ The good _Malevole_, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on sudden wondrous strangely, he held in our esteem good place,

_Celso_, see him buried, see him buried.

_Celso_ I shall observe ye.

_Mendoza_ And _Celso_, prithee let it be thy care tonight To have some pretty show, to solemnize Our high instalment, some music, masquerie: We’ll give fair entertain unto _Maria_  
The Duchess to the banished _Altofront:_  
Thou shalt conduct her from the Citadel Unto the Palace, think on some masquerie.  

_Celso_ Of what shape, sweet Lord,

_Mendoza_ Why shape? why any quick done fiction, As some brave spirits of the _Genoan_ Dukes,  
To come out of _Elysium forsooth,_  
Led in by _Mercury_ to gratulate  
Our happy fortune, some such any thing, some far fet trick, good for Ladies, some stale toy or other, no matter so ’t be of our devising.  
Do thou prepare ’t, ’tis but for fashion sake,  
Fear not, it shall be graced man, it shall take.  

_Celso_ All service.

_Mendoza_ All thanks, our hand shall not be close to thee: farewell

Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall:
Mischief that prospers men do virtue call,
I’ll trust no man, he that by tricks gets wreathes,
Keeps them with steel, no man securely breathes,
Out of distuned ranks the Crowd will mutter fool:
Who cannot bear with spite he cannot rule:

The chiefest secret for a man of state,
Is to live senseless of a strengthless hate. Exit Mendoza.

Malevole  Death of the damned thief, I’ll make one i’ the
masque, thou shalt ha’ some
Brave spirits of the antique Dukes.

Celso  My Lord, what strange delusion?

Malevole  Most happy, dear Celso, poisoned with an empty box? I’ll give thee all anon: my Lady comes to court, there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on, the Castle’s captain stands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader of the just stands for me: then courage Celso.

For no disastrous chance can ever move him,
That leaveth nothing but a God above him. Exeunt.

Enter Prepasso and Bilioso, two Pages, before them
Maquarelle Bianca, and Emilia.

Biliosa  Make room there, room for the ladies: why gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? why gallants? and you sir, to drop your Torch where the beauties must sit too.

Prepasso  And there’s a great fellow plays the knave, why dost not strike him?

Biliosa  Let him play the knave a’ God’s name, thinkst thou I have no more wit than to strike a great fellow, the music, more lights, revelling, scaffolds: do you hear? let there be oaths enough ready at the door, swear out the devil himself. Let’s leave the Ladies, and go see if the Lords be ready for them. All save the Ladies depart.

Maquerelle  And by my troth Beauties, why do you not put you into the fashion, this is a stale cut, you must come in fashion: look ye, you must be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your head: look ye, these tiring things are justly out of request now: and do ye hear? you must wear falling bands, you must come into the falling fashion: there is such a deal a’ pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all: and again, if you should chance to take a nap in the afternoon, your falling band requires no poting-stick to recover his form: believe me, no fashion to the falling band I say.

Bianca  And is not signior Saint Andrew Jaques gallant fellow now?
Maquerelle  By my maidenhead la, honor and he agrees as well together, as a satin suit and woolen stockings.

Emilia  But is not Marshal Make-room my servant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Maquerelle  Yes in reversion as he had his office, as in truth he hath all things in reversion: he has his Mistress in reversion, his clothes in reversion, his wit in reversion, and indeed, is a suitor to me for my dog in reversion: but in good verity la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as: and indeed, as fine a man as may be, having a red beard and a pair of warped legs,

Bianca  But I’ faith I am most monstrously in love with count Quidlibet in Quodlibet, is he not a pretty dapper windle gallant?

Maquerelle  He is even one of the most busy fingered lords, he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously.

Bilioso  Room, make a lane there, the Duke is entering: stand handsomely for beauty’s sake, take up the Ladies there. So, cornets, cornets.

SCAENA QUARTA.
Enter Prepasso joins to Bilioso, two pages with lights, Ferrardo, Mendoza, at the other door two pages with lights, and the Captain leading in Maria, the Duke meets Maria, and closeth with her, the rest fall back.

Mendoza  Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit, A kingdom’s safety should o’er peise slight rites, Marriage is merely Nature’s policy: Then since unless our royal beds be joined, Danger and civil tumult frights the state, Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

Maria  What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house? Thou ever devil, ’twas thou that banishedst my truly noble Lord. Men. I?

Maria  Ay, by thy plots by thy black stratagems, Twelve Moons have suffered change since I beheld

The loved presence of my dearest Lord. O thou fair worse than death, he parts but soul From a weak body, but thou soul from soul Dissever’st, that which God’s own hand did knit. Thou scant of honor, full of devilish wit.

Mendoza  We’ll check your too intemperate lavishness, Ay I can, and will.  Maria  What canst?

Mendoza  Go to, in banishment thy husband dies. Maria  He ever is at home that’s ever wise. Mendoza  Youst never meet more, Reason should Love control, Maria  Not meet?

She that dear loves, her love’s still in her soul. Mendoza  You are but a woman Lady, you must yield.
Maria  O save me thou innated bashfulness,
Thou only ornament of woman’s modesty.

Mendoza  Modesty? Death I’ll torment thee,

Maria  Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try,
I’ll die, my Lords, as long as I can die.

Mendoza  Thou obstinate, thou shalt die: captain, that Lady’s life is forfeited to Justice, we have examined her,
And we do find, she hath empoisoned
The reverend Hermit, therefore we command
Severest custody. Nay, if you’ll do ’s no good,
Youst do ’s no harm, a tyrant’s peace is blood.

Maria  O thou art merciful, O gracious devil,
Rather by much let me condemned be,
For seeming murder than be damned for thee.
I’ll mourn no more, come girt my brows with flowers,
Revel and dance, soul, now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a Bride, poor heart thou shalt die chaste.

Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.

Life is a frost of cold felicity,

Aurelia  And death the thaw of all our vanity.

Wast not an honest Priest that wrote so?

Mendoza  Who? let her in.

Bilioso  Forbear. Prepasso  Forbear.

Aurelia  Alas calamity is everywhere.

Sad misery, despite your double doers,
Will enter even in court.

Bilioso  Peace.

Aurelia  I ha’ done; one word, take heed, I ha’ done.

Enter Mercury with loud music.

Mercury  Cyllenian Mercury, the God of ghosts,
From gloomy shades that spread the lower coasts,
Calls four high famed Genoa Dukes to come,
And make this presence their Elysium:
To pass away this high triumphal night,
With song and dances, courts more soft delight.

Aurelia  Are you God of ghosts, I have a suit depending
in hell betwixt me and my conscience, I would fain have
thee help me to an advocate.

Bilioso  Mercury shall be your lawyer Lady,

Aurelia  Nay faith, Mercury has too good a face to be a right lawyer.

Prepasso  Peace, forbear: Mercury presents the masque.

Cornets: The song to the Cornets, which playing the masque enters.

Enter Malevole, Pietro, Ferneze, and Celso in white robes,
with Duke’s Crowns upon laurel, wreaths, pistolets and short swords under their robes.

Mendoza  Celso, Celso, court Maria for our love Lady, be
gracious, yet grace.

Maria With me Sir?

Malevole Yes more loved than my breath:

With you I’ll dance.

Maria Why then you dance with death,

But come Sir, I was ne’er more apt for mirth.

Death gives eternity a glorious breath

O, to die honored, who would fear to die.

Malevole They die in fear who live in villainy.

Mendoza Yes, believe him Lady, and be ruled by him.

Pietro, Madam with me?

Aurelia Wouldst then be miserable?

Pietro, I need not wish.

Aurelia O, yet forbear my hand, away, fly, fly,

O seek not her that only seeks to die.

Pietro, Poor loved soul.

Aurelia What, wouldst court misery?

Pietro, Yes.

Aurelia She’ll come too soon O my grieved heart.

Pietro Lady ha’ done, ha’, done.

Come down let’s dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aurelia Art a sad man?

Pietro, Yes sweet.

Aurelia Then we’ll agree.

Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Bianca: then the cornets sound the measure, on change, and rest.

Ferneze Believe it Lady, shall I swear, let me enjoy you in private, and I’ll marry you by my soul.

Bianca I had rather you would swear by your body: I think that would prove the more regarded oath with you.

Ferneze I’ll swear by them both, to please you.

Bea. O, damn them not both, to please me, for God’s sake.

Ferneze Faith sweet creature let me enjoy you tonight, and I’ll marry you tomorrow fortnight, by my troth lo.

Maquerelle On his troth lo, believe him not, that kind of coney-catching is as stale as sir Oliver Anchovy’s perfumed jerkin: promise of matrimony by a young Gallant, to bring a virgin Lady into a fool’s paradise: make her a great woman, and then cast her off: ’tis as common as natural to a Courtier, as jealousy to a Citizen, gluttony to a Puritan, wisdom to an Alderman, pride to a Tailor, or an empty to one of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth lo, believe him not, traps to catch polecats.

Malevole Keep your face constant, let no sudden passion speak in your eyes.

Maria O my Altofront.

Pietro A tyrant’s jealousies

are very nimble, you receive it all.
Cornets sound the measure over again which danced they unmask.

Malevole kicks out Mendoza.

Maria Speech to such, ay, O what will affords?
Cornets a-flourish. Exeunt. omnes.

Finis.
Textual Notes

1. **57 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *the church* is supplied for the original [*◇◇*].
2. **59 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *Interest* is amended from the original *Intetest*.
3. **92 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *Penlobrans* comes from the original *Penlobrans*, though possible variants include *Penlolians*.
4. **113 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Guerrino* is amended from the original *Guerchino*.
5. **119 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *ridiculous* is amended from the original *riculous*.
6. **181 (7-a)**: The regularized reading *daughter* is amended from the original *danghrer*.
7. **236 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *hum* is amended from the original *ham*.
8. **895 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *heart* is amended from the original *harr*.
9. **898 (17-a)**: The regularized reading *blush’s* comes from the original *blushes*, though possible variants include *blushless*.
10. **1083 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *one* is amended from the original *on*.
11. **1085 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *idleness* is amended from the original *idlenesse*.
12. **1322 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *I’ll* is amended from the original *Iste*.
13. **1514 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *dost* is amended from the original *dust*.
14. **1558 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *lest* is amended from the original *est*.
15. **1561 (26-b)**: Act five (quintus) mistakenly labeled as act four (quartus).
16. **1588 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *soot* comes from the original *soote*, though possible variants include *sweet*.
17. **1725 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Seems* is supplied for the original [*◇◇◇*eems*].
18. **1725 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *poison* is supplied for the original [*◇◇◇*on*].
19. **1811 (30-a)**: The regularized reading *windle* comes from the original *windle*, though possible variants include *unidle*.
20. **1924 (31-b)**: The regularized reading *Ferneze* is amended from the original *Eer*.
21. **1895 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *his* is supplied for the original [*◇◇◇*is*].
22. **1895 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *dance* is supplied for the original [*◇◇◇*unce*].
23. **1903 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *Pietro* is supplied for the original [*◇◇◇*etro*].
24. **1903 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *his* is supplied for the original [*◇◇◇*is*].
25. **1903 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *Aurelia* is supplied for the original [*◇◇◇◇*lia*].
26. **1959 (32-a)**: The regularized reading *treacherous* is amended from the original *trecherour*.