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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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ln 0001

ln 0002

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THE  
REVENGERS  
TRAGÆDIE.

*As it hath beene sundry times Acted,  
by the Kings Maiesties  
Seruants.*

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

AT LONDON  
Printed by G. ELD, and are to be sold at his  
house in Fleete-lane at the signe of the  
Printers-Presse.  
1607.

img: 2-a  
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wln 0001

The Reuengers Tragædie.

wln 0002

ACT. 1. SCÆ. 1.

wln 0003

*Enter Vendici, the Duke, Dutchesse, Lusurioso her sonne,*

wln 0004

*Spurio the bastard, with a traine, passe ouer the*

wln 0005

*Stage with Torch-light.*

wln 0006

*Vindi.* DVke: royall letcher; goe, gray hayred adultery,

wln 0007

And thou his sonne, as impious steept as hee:

wln 0008

And thou his bastard true-begott in euill:

wln 0009

And thou his Dutchesse that will doe with Diuill,

wln 0010

Foure exlent Characters — O that marrow-lesse age,

wln 0011

Would stufte the hollow Bones with dambd desires,

wln 0012

And stead of heate kindle infernall fires,

wln 0013

Within the spend-thrift veynes of a drye Duke,

wln 0014

A parcht and iuicelesse luxur. O God! one

wln 0015

That has scarce bloud inough to liue vpon.

wln 0016

And hee to ryct it like a sonne and heyre?

wln 0017

O the thought of that

wln 0018

Turnes my abused heart-strings into fret.

wln 0019

Thou sallow picture of my poysoned loue,

wln 0020

My studies ornament, thou shell of Death,

wln 0021

Once the bright face of my betrothed Lady,

wln 0022

When life and beauty naturally fild out

wln 0023

These ragged imperfections;

wln 0024

When two-heauen-pointed Diamonds were set

wln 0025

In those vnsightly Rings; — then 'twas a face

wln 0026

So farre beyond the artificiall shine

wln 0027

Of any womans bought complexion

wln 0028

That the vprightest man, (if such there be,

wln 0029

That sinne but seauen times a day) broke custome

wln 0030

And made vp eight with looking after her,

wln 0031

Oh she was able to ha made a Vsurers sonne

wln 0032

Melt all his patrimony in a kisse,

wln 0033

And what his father fiftie yeares told

wln 0034

To haue consumde, and yet his sute beene cold:

wln 0035

But oh accursed Pallace!

wln 0036

Thee when thou wert appareld in thy flesh,

wln 0037

The old Duke poyson'd,

wln 0038

Because thy purer part would not consent

wln 0039 Vnto his palsey-lust, for old men lust-full  
wln 0040 Do show like young men angry, eager violent,  
wln 0041 Out-bid like their limited performances  
wln 0042 O ware an old man hot, and vicious  
wln 0043 "Age as in gold, in lust is couetous.  
wln 0044 *Vengeance* thou murders Quit-rent, and whereby  
wln 0045 Thou shoust thy selfe Tennant to Tragedy,  
wln 0046 Oh keepe thy day, houre, minute, I beseech,  
wln 0047 For those thou hast determind: hum: who ere knew  
wln 0048 Murder vnpayd, faith giue Reuenge her due  
wln 0049 Sha's kept touch hetherto — be merry, merry,  
wln 0050 Aduance thee, O thou terror to fat folkes  
wln 0051 To haue their costly three-pilde flesh worne of  
wln 0052 As bare as this — for banquets: ease and laughter,  
wln 0053 Can make great men, as greatnesse goes by clay,  
wln 0054 But wise men little are more great then they?  
wln 0055 *Enter her brother Hippolito.*  
wln 0056 *Hip.* Still sighing ore deaths vizard.  
wln 0057 *Vind.* Brother welcome,  
wln 0058 What comfort bringst thou? how go things at Court?  
wln 0059 *Hip.* In silke and siluer brother: neuer brauer.  
wln 0060 *Vind.* Puh,  
wln 0061 Thou playst vpon my meaning pree-thee say  
wln 0062 Has that bald Madam, Opportunity?  
wln 0063 Yet thought vpon's, speake are we happy yet?  
wln 0064 Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabberd fit.  
wln 0065 *Hip.* It may proue happinesse?  
wln 0066 *Vind.* What ist may proue?  
wln 0067 Giue me to tast.  
wln 0068 *Hip.* Giue me your hearing then,  
wln 0069 You know my place at Court.  
wln 0070 *Vind.* I; the Dukes Chamber  
wln 0071 But tis a maruaile thourt not turnd out yet!  
wln 0072 *Hip.* Faith I haue beene shooud at, but twas still my hap  
wln 0073 To hold by'th Duchesse skirt, you gesse at that,  
wln 0074 Whome such a Coate keepes vp can nere fall flat,  
wln 0075 But to the purpose.  
wln 0076 Last euening predecessor vnto this,

wln 0077 The Dukes sonne warily enquired for me,  
wln 0078 Whose pleasure I attended: he began,  
wln 0079 By policy to open and vnhuske me  
wln 0080 About the time and common rumour:  
wln 0081 But I had so much wit to keepe my thoughts  
wln 0082 Vp in their built houses, yet afforded him  
wln 0083 An idle satisfaction without danger,  
wln 0084 But the whole ayme, and scope of his intent  
wln 0085 Ended in this, coniuring me in priuate,  
wln 0086 To seeke some strange digested fellow forth:  
wln 0087 Of ill-contented nature, either disgracst  
wln 0088 In former times, or by new groomes displacst,  
wln 0089 Since his Step-mothers nuptialls, such a bloud  
wln 0090 A man that were for euill onely good;  
wln 0091 To giue you the true word some base coynd Pander?  
wln 0092 *Vind.* I reach you, for I know his heate is such,  
wln 0093 Were there as many Concubines as Ladies  
wln 0094 He would not be contaynd, he must flie out:  
wln 0095 I wonder how ill featurde, vilde proportiond.  
wln 0096 That one should be: if she were made for woman,  
wln 0097 Whom at the Insurrection of his lust  
wln 0098 He would refuse for once, heart, I thinke none,  
wln 0099 Next to a skull, tho more vnsound then one  
wln 0100 Each face he meetes he strongly doates vpon.  
wln 0101 *Hip.* Brother y'auē truly spoke him?  
wln 0102 He knowes not you, but Ile swear you know him.  
wln 0103 *Vind.* And therefore ile put on that knaue for once,  
wln 0104 And be a right man then, a man a'th Time,  
wln 0105 For to be honest is not to be ith world,  
wln 0106 Brother ile be that strange composed fellow.  
wln 0107 *Hip.* And ile prefer you brother.  
wln 0108 *Vind.* Go too then,  
wln 0109 The smallest aduantage fattens wronged men  
wln 0110 It may point out, occasion, if I meete her,  
wln 0111 Ile hold her by the fore-top fast ynough;  
wln 0112 Or like the *French Moale* heaue vp hayre and all,  
wln 0113 I haue a habit that wil fit it quaintly,  
wln 0114 Here comes our Mother. *Hip.* And Sister.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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*Vind.* We must quoyne.  
Women are apt you know to take false money,  
But I dare stake my soule for these two creatures  
Onely excuse excepted that they'le swallow,  
Because their sexe is easie in beleefe.  
*Moth.* What newes from Cour sonne *Carlo*?  
*Hip.* Faith Mother,  
Tis whisperd there the Duchesse yongest sonne  
Has playd a Rape on Lord *Antonios* wife.  
*Moth.* On that relligious Lady!  
*Cast.* Royall bloud: monster he deserues to die,  
If *Italy* had no more hopes but he.  
*Vin.* Sister y'auē sentenc'd most direct, and true,  
The Lawes a woman, and would she were you:  
Mother I must take leaue of you.  
*Moth.* Leaue for what?  
*Vin.* I Intend speedy trauaile.  
*Hip.* That he do's Madam. *Mo.* Speedy indeed!  
*Vind.* For since my worthy fathers funerall,  
My life's vnnaturally to me, e'en compeld  
As if I liu'd now when I should be dead.  
*Mot.* Indeed he was a worthy Gentleman  
Had his estate beene fellow to his mind.  
*Vind.* The Duke did much deiect him.  
*Moth.* Much?  
*Vind.* To much.  
And through disgrace oft smotherd in his spirit,  
When it would mount, surely I thinke hee dyed  
Of discontent: the Noblemans consumption.  
*Moth.* Most sure he did!  
*Vind.* Did he? lack, — you know all  
You were his mid-night secretary.  
*Moth.* No.  
He was to wise to trust me with his thoughts.  
*Vind.* Yfaith then father thou wast wise indeed,  
"Wiues are but made to go to bed and feede.  
Come mother, sister: youle bring me onward brother?  
*Hip.* I will.

*Vind.*



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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*Vind.* Ile quickly turne into another. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter the old Duke, Lussiurioso, his sonne, the Duchesse; the Bastard, the Duchesse two sonnes Ambitioso, and Superuacuo, the third her yongest brought out with Officers for the Rape two Iudges.*

*Duke.* Duchesse it is your yongest sonne, we're sory,  
His violent Act has e'en drawne bloud of honor  
And staine our honors,  
Throwne inck vpon the for-head of our state  
Which enuious spirits will dip their pens into  
After our death; and blot vs in our Toombes.  
For that which would seeme treason in our liues  
Is laughter when we're dead. who dares now whisper  
That dares not then speake out, and e'en proclaime,  
With lowd words and broad pens our closest shame.

*Iud.* Your grace hath spoke like to your siluer yeares  
Full of confirmed grauity; — for what is it to haue,  
A flattering false insculption on a Toombe:  
And in mens hearts reproch, the boweld Corps,  
May be seard in, but with free tongue I speake,  
"The faults of great men through their feerce clothes breake,

*Duk.* They do, we're sory for't, it is our fate,  
To liue in feare and die to liue in hate,  
I leaue him to your sentance dome him Lords  
The fact is great; whilst I sit by and sigh.

*Duch.* My gracious Lord I pray be mercifull,  
Although his trespasse far exceed his yeares,  
Thinke him to be your owne as I am yours,  
Call him not sonne in law: the law I feare  
Wil fal too soone vpon his name and him:  
Temper his fault with pittty?

*Luss.* Good my Lord.  
Then twill not tast so bitter and vnpleasant  
Vpon the Iudges pallat, for offences  
Gilt ore with mercy, show like fayrest women,  
Good onely for therr beauties, which washt of: no sin is oug-  
*Ambitis* I beseech your grace, (lier  
Be soft and mild, let not *Relentlesse* Law,

Looke

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Looke with an iron for-head on our brother.  
*Spu.* He yeelds small comfort yet, hope he shall die,  
And if a bastards wish might stand in force,  
Would all the court were turnde into a coarse,  
*Duc.* No pittie yet? must I rise fruitlesse then,  
A wonder in a woman; are my knees,  
Of such lowe — mettall — that without Respect —  
*1. Iudg.* Let the offender stand forth,  
Tis the Dukes pleasure that Impartiall Doome,  
Shall take first hold of his vncleane attempt,  
A Rape! why tis the very core of lust,  
Double Adultery.  
*Iuni.* So Sir.  
*2. Iud.* And which was worse,  
Committed on the Lord *Antonioes* wife,  
That Generall honest Lady, confesse my Lord!  
What mou'd you toot?  
*Iuni.* why flesh and blood my Lord.  
What should moue men vnto a woman else,  
*Luss.* O do not iest thy doome, trust not an axe  
Or sword too far; the Law is a wise serpent  
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life,  
Tho marriage onely has made thee my brother,  
I loue thee so far, play not with thy Death,  
*Iuni.* I thanke you troth, good admonitions faith,  
If ide the grace now to make vse of them,  
*1. Iud.* That Ladyes name has spred such a faire wing  
Ouer all *Italy*; that if our Tongs,  
Were sparing toward the Fact, Iudgment it selfe,  
Would be condemned and suffer in mens thoughts,  
*Iuni.* Well then tis done, and it would please me well  
Were it to doe agen: sure shees a Goddesse,  
For ide no power to see her, and to liue,  
It falls out true in this for I must die,  
Her beauty was ordaynd to be my scaffold,  
And yet **my thinks** I might be easier ceast,  
My fault being sport, let me but die in iest,  
*1. Iud.* This be the sentence,

*Duc.*

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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*Dut.* O kept vpon your Tongue, let it not slip,  
Death too soone steales out of a Lawyers lip,  
Be not so cruell-wise?  
*I. Iudg.* Your Grace must pardon vs,  
'Tis but the Iustice of the Lawe.  
*Dut.* The Lawe,  
Is growne more subtill then a woman should be.  
*Spu.* Now, now he dyes, rid 'em away.  
*Dut.* O what it is to haue an old-coole Duke,  
To bee as slack in tongue, as in performance.  
*I. Iudg.* Confirmde, this be the doome irreuocable.  
*Dut.* Oh! *I. Iudg.* To morrow early.  
*Dut.* Pray be a bed my Lord.  
*I. Iudg.* Your Grace much wrongs your selfe.  
*Ambi.* No 'tis that tongue,  
Your too much right, dos do vs too much wrong.  
*I. Iudg.* Let that offender —  
*Dut.* Liue, and be in health.  
*I. Iud.* Be on a Scaffold— *Duk.* Hold, hold, my Lord.  
*Spu.* Pax ont,  
What makes my Dad speake now?  
*Duke.* We will defer the iudgement till next sitting,  
In the meane time let him be kept close prisoner:  
Guard beare him hence.  
*Ambi.* Brother, this makes for thee,  
Feare not, weele haue a trick to set thee free.  
*Iuni.* Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope  
I rest. *Super.* Farewell, be merry. *Exit with a garde.*  
*Spu.* Delayd, deferd nay then if iudgement haue cold bloud,  
Flattery and bribes will kill it.  
*Duke.* About it then my Lords with your best powers,  
More serious businesse calls vpon our houres. *Exe. manet Du.*  
*Dut.* Wast euer knowne step-Dutchesse was so milde,  
And calme as I? some now would plot his death,  
With easie Doctors, those loose liuing men,  
And make his witherd Grace fall to his Graue,  
And keepe Church better?  
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

wln 0267 Her double loathd Lord at meate and sleepe,  
wln 0268 Indeed 'tis true an old mans twice a childe,  
wln 0269 Mine cannot speake, one of his single words,  
wln 0270 Would quite haue freed my yongest deerest sonne  
wln 0271 From death or durance, and haue made him walke  
wln 0272 With a bold foote vpon the thornie law,  
wln 0273 Whose Prickles should bow vnder him, but 'tis not,  
wln 0274 And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot,  
wln 0275 Ile kill him in his fore-head, hate there feede,  
wln 0276 That wound is deepest tho it neuer bleed:  
wln 0277 And here comes hee whom my heart points vnto,  
wln 0278 His bastard sonne, but my loues true-begot,  
wln 0279 Many a wealthy letter haue I sent him,  
wln 0280 Sweld vp with Iewels, and the timorous man  
wln 0281 Is yet but coldly kinde,  
wln 0282 That Iewel's mine that quiuers in his eare,  
wln 0283 Mocking his Maisters chilnesse and vaine feare,  
wln 0284 Ha's spide me now.  
wln 0285 *Spu.* Madame? your Grace so priuate.  
wln 0286 My duety on your hand.  
wln 0287 *Dut.* Vpon my hand sir, troth I thinke youde feare,  
wln 0288 To kisse my hand too if my lip stood there,  
wln 0289 *Spi.* Witsnesse I would not Madam.  
wln 0290 *Dut.* Tis a wonder,  
wln 0291 For ceremonie ha's made many fooles,  
wln 0292 It is as easie way vnto a Dutchesse,  
wln 0293 As to a Hatted-dame, (if her loue answer)  
wln 0294 But that by timorous honors, pale respects,  
wln 0295 Idle degrees of feare, men make their wayes  
wln 0296 Hard of themselues — what haue you thought of me?  
wln 0297 *Spi.* Madam I euer thinke of you, in duty,  
wln 0298 Regard and —  
wln 0299 *Dut.* Puh, vpon my loue I meane.  
wln 0300 *Spu.* I would 'twere loue, but 'tus a fowler name  
wln 0301 Then lust; you are my fathers wife, your Grace may gesse now,  
wln 0302 What I could call it.  
wln 0303 *Dut.* Why th'art his sonne but falsly,  
wln 0304 Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

*Spu.*

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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*Spu.* Ifaith 'tis true too; Ime an vncertaine man,  
Of more vncertaine woman; may be his groome 'ath stable be-  
got me, you know I know not, hee could ride a horse well, a  
shrowd suspicion marry — hee was wondrous tall, hee had his  
length yfaith, for peeping ouer halfe shut holy-day windowes,  
Men would desire him light, when he was a foot,  
He made a goodly show vnder a Pent-house,  
And when he rid, his Hatt would check the signes, and clatter  
Barbers Basons.

*Dut.* Nay set you a horse back once,  
Youle nere light off.

*Spu.* Indeed I am a beggar.

*Dut.* That's more the signe thou'art Great — but to our loue.  
Let it stand firme both in thought and minde,  
That the Duke was thy Father, as no doubt then  
Hee bid faire fort, thy iniurie is the more,  
For had hee cut thee a right Diamond,  
Thou hadst beene next set in the Duke-doomes Ring,  
When his worne selfe like Ages easie slaue,  
Had dropt out of the Collet into th' Graue;  
What wrong can equall this? canst thou be tame  
And thinke vppon't.

*Spu.* No mad and thinke vpon't.

*Dut.* Who would not be reuengd of such a father,  
E'en in the worst way? I would thanke that sinne,  
That could most iniury him, and bee in league with it,  
Oh what a griefe 'tis, that a man should liue  
But once ith world, and then to liue a Bastard,  
The curse a'the wombe, the theefe of Nature,  
Begot against the seauenth commandement,  
Halfe dambd in the conception, by the iustice  
Of that vnbrided euerlasting law.

*Spu.* Oh Ide a hot-backt Diuill to my father.

*Dut.* Would not this mad e'en patience, make bloud rough?  
Who but an Eunuch would not sinne? his bed  
By one false minute disinherited.

*Spi.* I, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapt in,  
Ile be reuengd for all, now hate begin,

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Ile call foule Incest but a Veniall sinne.

*Dut.* Cold still: in vaine then must a Dutchesse woo?

*Spu.* Madam I blush to say what I will doo.

*Dut.* Thence flew sweet comfort, earnest and farewell.

*Spu.* Oh one incestuous kisse picks open hell.

*Dut.* Faith now old Duke; my vengeance shall reach high,

Ile arme thy brow with womans Herauldrie.

*Exit.*

*Spu.* Duke, thou didst do me wrong, and by thy Act  
Adultery is my nature;

Faith if the truth were knowne, I was begot

After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish

Was my first father; when deepe healths went round,

And Ladies cheekes were painted red with Wine,

Their tongues as short and nimble as their heeles

Vttering words sweet and thick; and when they rise,

Were merrily disposd to fall agen,

In such a whispering and with-drawing houre,

When base-male-Bawds kept Centinell at staire-head

Was I stolne softly; oh — damnation met

The sinne of feasts, drunken adultery.

I feele it swell me; my reuenge is iust,

I was begot in impudent Wine and Lust:

Step-mother I consent to thy desires,

I loue thy mischiefe well, but I hate thee,

And those three Cubs thy sonnes, wishing confusion

Death and disgrace may be their Epitaphs,

As for my brother the Dukes onely sonne,

Whose birth is more beholding to report

Then mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sowne.

(Women must not be trusted with their owne)

Ile loose my dayes vpon him hate all I,

Duke on thy browe Ile drawe my Bastardie.

For indeed a bastard by nature should make Cuckolds,

Because he is the sonne of a Cuckold-maker.

*Exit.*

*Enter Vindici and Hippolito, Vindici in disguise to  
attend L. Lussurioso the Dukes sonne.*

*Vind.* What brother? am I farre inough from my selfe?

*Hip.* As if another man had beene sent whole

Into

wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384  
wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
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wln 0412  
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wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418

Into the world, and none wist how he came.

*Vind.* It wil confirme me bould: the child a' th Court,  
Let blushes dwell i'th Country impudence!

Thou Goddesse of the pallace, Mistrs of **Mistesses**

To whom the costly perfumd-people pray,  
Strike thou my fore-head into dauntlesse Marble;

Mine eyes to steady Saphires: turne my visage,  
And if I must needes glow, let me blush inward

That this immodest season may not spy,  
That scholler in my cheekes, foole-bashfullnes.

That Maide in the old time, whose flush of *Grace*  
Would neuer suffer her to get good cloaths;

Our maides are wiser; and are lesse ashamd,  
Saue *Grace* the bawde I seldome heare *Grace* nam'd!

*Hip.* Nay brother you reach out a'th Verge now, — Sfoote  
the Dukes sonne, settle your lookes.

*Vind.* Pray let me not be doubted. *Hip.* My Lord —

*Luss.* *Hipolito?* — be absent leaue vs.

*Hip.* My Lord after long search, wary inquiryes  
And politick siftings, I made choise of yon fellow,

Whom I gesse rare for many deepe imployments;  
This our age swims within him: and if Time

Had so much hayre, I should take him for Time,  
He is so neere kinne to this present minute?

*Luss.* Tis ynough.

We thanke thee: yet words are but great-mens blanckes  
Gold tho it be dum do's vtter the best thankes.

*Hip.* Your plenteous honor — an exlent fellow my Lord.

*Luss.* So, giue vs leaue — welcome, bee not far off, we must bee  
better acquainted, push, be bould with vs, thy hand:

*Vind.* With all my heart yfaith how dost sweete Musk-cat.  
When shall we lie together?

*Luss.* Wondrous knaue!

Gather him into bouldnesse, Sfoote the slaue's  
Already as familiar as an Ague,

And shakes me at his pleasure, friend I can  
Forget my selfe in priuate, but else where,

I pray do you remember me.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 0419                    *Vind.* Oh very well sir — I conster my selfe sawcy!  
wln 0420                    *Luss.* What hast beene,  
wln 0421                    Of what profession.  
wln 0422                    *Vind.* A bone-setter!    *Luss.* A bone-setter!  
wln 0423                    *Vind.* A bawde my Lord,  
wln 0424                    One that setts bones together.  
wln 0425                    *Luss.* Notable bluntnesse?  
wln 0426                    Fit, fit for me, e'en traynd vp to my hand  
wln 0427                    Thou hast beene Scriuener to much knauery then.  
wln 0428                    *Vind.* Foole, to abundance sir; I haue beene witsesse  
wln 0429                    To the surrenders of a thousand virgins,  
wln 0430                    And not so little,  
wln 0431                    I haue seene Patrimonyes washt a peices  
wln 0432                    Fruit-feilds turnd into bastards,  
wln 0433                    And in a world of Acres,  
wln 0434                    Not so much dust due to the heire t'was left too  
wln 0435                    As would well grauell a petition!  
wln 0436                    *Luss.* Fine villaine? troth I like him wonderously  
wln 0437                    Hees e'en shapt for my purpose, then thou knowst  
wln 0438                    Ith world strange lust.  
wln 0439                    *Vind.* O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!  
wln 0440                    Druncken procrearion, which begets, so many drunckards;  
wln 0441                    Some father dreads not (gonne to bedde in wine) to slide from  
wln 0442                    the mother,  
wln 0443                    And cling the daughter-in-law,  
wln 0444                    Some Vncles are adulterous with their Neeces,  
wln 0445                    Brothers with brothers wiues, O howre of Incest!  
wln 0446                    Any kin now next to the Rim ath sister  
wln 0447                    Is mans meate in these dayes, and in the morning  
wln 0448                    When they are vp and drest, and their maske on,  
wln 0449                    Who can perceiue this? saue that eternall eye  
wln 0450                    That see's through flesh and all, well: — If any thing be dambd?  
wln 0451                    It will be twelue a clock at night; that twelue  
wln 0452                    Will neuer scape;  
wln 0453                    It is the *Iudas* of the howers; wherein,  
wln 0454                    Honest saluation is betrayde to sin,  
wln 0455                    *Luss.* In troth it is too? but let this talke glide  
wln 0456                    It is our bloud to erre, tho hell gapte lowde

Ladies



wln 0457  
wln 0458  
wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
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wln 0494

Ladies know *Lucifer* fell, yet still are proude!  
Now sir? wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtil,  
And deeply fadomd into all estates  
I would embrace thee for a neere imployment,  
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able  
To make lame beggers crouch to thee.

*Vind.* My Lord?

Secret? I nere had that disease ath mother  
I praise my father: why are men made closse?  
But to keepe thoughts in best, I grant you this  
Tell but some woman a secret ouer night,  
Your doctor may finde it in the vrinall ith morning,  
But my Lord.

*Luss.* So, thou'rt confirmd in mee  
And thus I enter thee.

*Vind.* This Indian diuill,  
Will quickly enter any man: but a Vsurer,  
He preuents that, by entring the diuill first.

*Luss.* Attend me, I am past my depth in lust  
And I must swim or drowne, all my desires  
Are leueld at a Virgin not far from Court,  
To whom I haue conuayde by Messenger  
Many waxt Lines, full of my neatest spirit,  
And iewells that were able to rauish her  
Without the helpe of man; all which and more  
Shee foolish chast sent back, the messengers,  
Receiuing frownes for answeres.

*Vind.* Possible!

Tis a rare *Phænix* who ere she bee,  
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,  
In troth my Lord ide be reuengde and marry her.

*Luss.* Push; the doury of her bloud & of her fortunes,  
Are both too meane, — good ynough to be bad withal  
Ime one of that number can defend  
Marriage is good: yet rather keepe a friend,  
Giue me my bed by stealth — theres true delight  
What breeds a loathing in't, but night by night.

*Vind.* A very fine relligion?

*Luss.*

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wln 0496  
wln 0497  
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wln 0532

*Luss.* Therefore thus,  
Ile trust thee in the businesse of my heart  
Because I see thee wel experienc'st  
In this Luxurious day wherein we breath,  
Go thou, and with a smooth enchanting tongue  
Bewitch her eares, and Couzen her of all Grace  
Enter vpon the portion of her soule,  
Her honor, which she calls her chastity  
And bring it into expence, for honesty  
Is like a stock of money layd to sleepe,  
Which nere so little broke, do's neuer keep:  
*Vind.* You haue gint the Tang yfaith my Lord  
Make knowne the Lady to me, and my braine,  
Shall swell with strange Inuention: I will moue it  
Till I expire with speaking, and drop downe  
Without a word to saue me; — but ile worke ——  
*Luss.* We thanke thee, and will raise thee: — receiue her name,  
it is the only daughter, to Madame *Gratiana* the late widdow.  
*Vind.* Oh, my sister, my sister? — *Luss.* Why dost walke aside?  
*Vind.* My Lord, I was thinking how I might begin  
As thus, oh Ladie — or twenty hundred deuices,  
Her very bodkin will put a man in.  
*Luss.* I, or the wagging of her haire.  
*Vind.* No, that shall put you in my Lord.  
*Luss.* Shal't? why content, dost know the daughter then?  
*Vind.* O exlent well by sight.  
*Luss.* That was her brother  
That did prefer thee to vs.  
*Vind.* My Lord I thinke so,  
I knew I had seene him some where —  
*Luss.* And therefore pree-thee let thy heart to him,  
Be as a Virgin, closse. *Vind.* Oh me good Lord.  
*Luss.* We may laugh at that simple age within him;  
*Vind.* Ha, ha, ha.  
*Luss.* Himselfe being made the subtill instrument,  
To winde vp a good fellow.  
*Vind.* That's I my Lord.  
*Luss.* That's thou.

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wln 0570

To entice and worke his sister.  
*Vind.* A pure nouice? *Luss.* T'was finely manag'd.  
*Vind.* Gallantly carried;  
A prety-perfumde villaine.  
*Luss.* I'ue bethought me  
If she prooue chast still and immouable,  
Venture vpon the Mother, and with giftes  
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.  
*Vin.* Oh fie, fie, that's the wrong end my Lord. Tis meere impos-  
sible that a mother by any gifts should become a bawde to her  
owne Daughter!  
*Luss.* Nay then I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtill Mistery of  
a woman: — why tis held now no dainty dish: The name  
Is so in league with age, that now adaies  
It do's Eclipse three quarters of a Mother;  
*Vind.* Dost so my Lord?  
Let me alone then to Eclipse the fourth.  
*Luss.* Why well sayd, come ile furnish thee, but first  
swear to be true in all.  
*Vind.* True? *Luss.* Nay but swear!  
*Vind.* Swear? — I hope your honor little doubts my fayth.  
*Luss.* Yet for my humours sake cause I loue swearing.  
*Vind.* Cause you loue swearing, slud I will.  
*Luss.* Why ynough,  
Ere long looke to be made of better stuff.  
*Vind.* That will do well indeed my Lord.  
*Luss.* Attend me?  
*Vind.* Oh.  
Now let me burst, I'ue eaten Noble poyson,  
We are made strange fellowes, brother, innocent villaines,  
Wilt not be angry when thou hearst on't, thinkst thou?  
Ifayth thou shalt; swear me to foule my sister.  
Sword I durst make a promise of him to thee,  
Thou shalt dis-heire him, it shall be thine honor,  
And yet now angry froath is downe in me,  
It would not proue the meanest policy  
In this disguise to try the fayth of both,  
Another might haue had the selfe same office,

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 0571  
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wln 0608

Some slaue, that would haue wrought effectually,  
I and perhaps ore-wrought em, therefore I,  
Being thought trauayld, will apply my selfe,  
Vnto the selfe same forme, forget my nature,  
As if no part about me were kin to em,  
So touch 'em, — tho I durst almost for good,  
Venture my lands in heauen vpon their good. *Exit.*

*Enter the discontented Lord Antonio, whose wife the Duchesses  
youngest Sonne rauisht; he Discovering the body of her dead  
to certaine Lords: and Hippolito.*

*L. Ant.* Draw neerer Lords and be sad witnesses  
Of a fayre comely building newly falne,  
Being falsely vndermined: violent rape  
Has playd a glorious act, behold my Lords  
A sight that strikes man out of me:

*Piero* That vertuous Lady? *Ant.* President for wiues?

*Hip.* The blush of many weomen, whose chast presence,  
Would ene call shame vp to their cheekes,  
And make pale wanton sinners haue good colours. —

*L. Ant.* Dead!

Her honor first drunke poyson, and her life,  
Being fellowes in one house did pledge her honour,

*Pier.* O greefe of many!

*L. Anto.* I markt not this before.

A prayer Booke the pillow to her cheeke,  
This was her rich confection, and another  
Plaste'd in her right hand, with a leafe tuckt vp,  
Poynting to these words.

*Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecus viuere.*

True and effectuall it is indeed.

*Hip.* My Lord since you enuite vs to your sorrowes,  
Lets truly tast'em, that with equall comfort,  
As to our selues we may releiue your wrongs,  
We haue greefe too, that yet walkes without Tong,

*Curæ leues loquuntur, Maiores stupent.*

*L. Ant.* You deale with truth my Lord.  
Lend me but your Attentions, and Ile cut  
Long greefe into short words: last reuelling night.

When

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wln 0646

When Torch-light made an artificiall noone  
About the Court, some Courtiers in the maske,  
Putting on better faces then their owne,  
Being full of frawde and flattery: amongst whome,  
The Ducheses yongest sonne (that moth to honor)  
Fild vp a Roome; and with long lust to eat,  
Into my wearing; amongst all the Ladyes,  
Singled out that deere forme; who euer liu'd,  
As cold in Lust as shee is now in death;  
(Which that step Duches — Monster knew to well;)   
And therefore in the height of all the reuells,  
When Musick was hard lowdest, Courtiers busiest,  
And Ladies great with laughter; — O Vitious minute!  
Vnfit but for relation to be spoke of,  
Then with a face more impudent then his vizard  
He harried her amidst a throng of Panders,  
That liue vppon damnation of both kindes,  
And fed the rauenous vulture of his lust,  
(O death to thinke ont) she her honor forcest,  
Deemd it a nobler dowry for her name,  
To die with poyson then to liue with shame.

*Hip.* A wondrous Lady; of rare fire compact,  
Sh'as made her name an Empresse by that act,

*Pier.* My Lord what iudgement follows the offender?

*L. Ant.* Faith none my Lord it cooles and is deferd,

*Pier.* Delay the doome for rape?

*L. Ant.* O you must note who tis should die,  
The Duchesse sonne, sheele looke to be a sauer,  
"Iudgment in this age is nere kin to fauour.

*Hip.* Nay then step forth thou *Bribelesse* officer;  
I bind you all in steele to bind you surely,  
Heer let your oths meet, to be kept and payd,  
Which else will sticke like rust, and shame the blade,  
Strengthen my vow, that if at the next sitting,  
Iudgment speake all in gold, and spare the bloud  
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats,  
To let his soule out, which long since was found,  
Guilty in heauen.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 0647

*All.* We sweare it and will act it,

wln 0648

*L. Anto.* Kind Gentlemen, I thanke you in mine Ire,

wln 0649

*Hip.* Twere pittie?

wln 0650

The ruins of so faire a Monument,

wln 0651

**Sould** not be dipt in the defacers bloud,

wln 0652

*Piero.* Her funerall shall be wealthy, for her name,

wln 0653

Merits a toombe of pearle; my Lord *Antonio*,

wln 0654

For this time wipe your Lady from your eyes,

wln 0655

No doubt our greefe and youres may one day court it,

wln 0656

When we are more familiar with Reueng,

wln 0657

*L. Anto.* That is my comfort Gentlemen, and I ioy,

wln 0658

In this one happines about the rest,

wln 0659

Which will be cald a miracle at last,

wln 0660

That being an old—man ide a wife so chast.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0661

ACTVS. 2. SCÆ 1.

wln 0662

*Enter Castiza the sister.*

wln 0663

*Cast.* How hardly shall that mayden be beset,

wln 0664

Whose onely fortunes, are her constant thoughts,

wln 0665

That has no other childe-part but her honor,

wln 0666

That Keepest her lowe; and empty in estate.

wln 0667

Maydes and their honors are like poore beginners,

wln 0668

Were not sinne rich there would be fewer sinners;

wln 0669

Why had not vertue a reuennewe? well,

wln 0670

I know the cause, twold haue impouerish'd hell.

wln 0671

How now *Dondolo*.

wln 0672

*Don.* *Madona*, there is one as they say a thing of flesh and

wln 0673

blood, a man I take him by his beard that would very desire-

wln 0674

ously mouth to mouth with you.

wln 0675

*Cast.* Whats that?

wln 0676

*Don.* Show his teeth in your company,

wln 0677

*Cast.* I vnderstand thee not;

wln 0678

*Don.* Why speake with you *Madona*!

wln 0679

*Cast.* Why say so mad-man, and cut of a great deale of durty

wln 0680

way; had it not beene better spoke in ordinary words that one

wln 0681

would speake with me.

wln 0682

*Don.* Ha, ha, thats as ordinary as two shillings, I would striue

alittle

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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wln 0720

alittle to show my selfe in my place, a Gentleman-vsher scornes  
to vse the Phrase and fanzye of a seruimgman.

*Cast.* Yours be your one sir, go direct him hether,  
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,  
That lately trauayld, whome my soule affects.  
Here he comes.

*Enter Vindice her brother disguised.*

*Vin.* Lady the best of wishes to your sexe.  
Faire skins and new gownes,

*Cast.* Oh they shall thanke you sir,  
Whence this,

*Vin.* Oh from a deere and worthy friend,  
mighty! *Cast.* From whome?

*Vin.* The Dukes sonne!

*Cast.* Receiue that!

*A boxe ath eare to her Brother.*

I swore I'de put anger in my hand,  
And passe the Virgin limits of my selfe,  
To him that next appear'd in that base office,  
To be his sinnes Attorney, beare to him,  
That figure of my hate vpon thy cheeke  
Whilst tis yet hot, and Ile reward thee fort,  
Tell him my honor shall haue a rich name,  
When seuerall harlots shall share his with shame,  
Farewell commend me to him in my hate!

*Exit.*

*Vin.* It is the sweetest Boxe,  
That ere my nose came nye,  
The finest drawne-worke cuffe that ere was worne,  
Ile loue this blowe for euer, and this cheeke  
Shall still hence forward take the wall of this.  
Oh Ime about my tong: most constant sister,  
In this thou hast right honorable showne,  
Many are cald by their honour that haue none,  
Thou art approu'd for euer in my thoughts.  
It is not in the power of words to taynt thee,  
And yet for the saluation of my oth,  
As my resolute in that poynt; I will lay,  
Hard seige vnto my Mother, tho I know,

[◇◇]

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wln 0756  
wln 0757  
wln 0758

A *Syrens* tongue could not bewitch her so.  
Masse fitly here she comes, thanks my disguise,  
Madame good afternoone.  
*Moth.* Y' are welcome sir?  
*Vind.* The Next of *Italy* commends him to you,  
Our mighty expectation, the Dukes sonne.  
*Moth.* I thinke my selfe much honord, that he pleases,  
To ranke me in his thoughts.  
*Vind.* So may you Lady:  
One that is like to be our suddaine Duke,  
The Crowne gapes for him euey tide, and then  
Commander ore vs all, do but thinke on him,  
How blest were they now that could pleasure him  
E'en with any thing almost.  
*Moth.* I, saue their honor?  
*Vind.* Tut, one would let a little of that go too  
And nere be seene in't: nere be seene it, marke you,  
Ide winck and let it go —  
*Moth.* Marry but I would not.  
*Vind.* Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,  
If youd that bloud now which you gaue your daughter,  
To her indeed tis, this wheele comes about,  
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning  
(For his white father do's but moule away)  
Has long desirde your daughter. *Moth.* Desirde?  
*Vind.* Nay but heare me,  
He desirs now that will command hereafter,  
Therefore be wise, I speake as more a friend  
To you then him; Madam, I know y'are poore,  
And lack the day, there are too many poore Ladies already  
Why should you vex the number? tis despisd,  
Liue wealthy, rightly vnderstand the world,  
And chide away that foolish — Country girle  
Keepes company with your daughter, chastity,  
*Moth.* Oh fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mo-  
ther to such a most vnnaturall taske.  
*Vind.* No, but a thousand Angells can,  
Men haue no power, Angells must worke you too't,

The



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wln 0795  
wln 0796

The world descends into such base-borne euills  
That forty Angells can make fourescore diuills,  
There will be fooles still I perceiue, still foole.  
Would I be poore deieted, scorn'd of greatnesse,  
Swept from the Pallace, and see other daughters  
Spring with the dewe ath Court, hauing mine owne  
So much desir'd and lou'd — by the Dukes sonne,  
No, I would raise my state vpon her brest  
And call her eyes my Tennants, I would count  
My yearely maintenance vpon her cheekes:  
Take Coach vpon her lip, and all, her partes  
Should keepe men after men, and I would ride,  
In pleasure vpon pleasure:  
You tooke great paines for her, once when it was,  
Let her requite it now, tho it be but some  
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home,  
*Moth.* O heauens! this ouer-comes me?  
*Vind.* Not I hope, already?  
*Moth.* It is too strong for me, men know that know vs,  
We are so weake their words can ouerthrow vs,  
He toucht me neerely made my vertues bate  
When his tongue struck vpon my poore estate.  
*Vind.* I e'en quake to proceede, my spirit turnes edge?  
I feare me she's vnmotherd, yet ile venture,  
"That woman is all male, whome none can Enter?  
What thinke you now Lady, speake are you wiser?  
What sayd aduancement to you: thus it sayd!  
The daughters fal lifts vp the mothers head:  
Did it not Madame? but ile sweare it does  
In many places, tut, this age feares no man,  
"Tis no shame to be bad, because tis common.  
*Moth.* I that's the comfort on't.  
*Vind.* The comfort on't!  
I keepe the best for last, can these perswade you  
To forget heauen — and — *Moth.* I these are they?  
*Vind.* Oh!  
*Moth.* That enchant our sexe,  
These are the means that gouerne our affections, — that woman

Will

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wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
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wln 0834

Will not be troubled with the mother long,  
That sees the comfortable shine of you,  
I blush to thinke what for your sakes Ile do!  
*Vind.* O suffring heauen with thy inuisible finger,  
Ene at this Instant turne the pretious side  
Of both mine eye-balls inward, not to see my selfe,  
*Mot.* Looke you sir. *Vin.* Holla.  
*Mot.* Let this thanke your paines.  
*Vind.* O you'r a kind Mad-man;  
*Mot.* Ile see how I can moue,  
*Vind.* Your words will sting,  
*Mot.* If she be still chast Ile nere call her mine,  
*Vind.* Spoke truer then you ment it,  
*Mot.* Daughter *Castiza.* *Cast.* Madam,  
*Vind.* O shees yonder.  
Meete her: troupes of celestiall Soldiers gard her heart.  
Yon dam has deuills ynough to take her part,  
*Cast.* Madam what makes yon euill offic'd man,  
In presence of you; *Mot.* Why?  
*Cast.* He lately brought  
Immodest writing sent from the Dukes sonne  
To tempt me to dishonorable Act,  
*Mot.* Dishonorable Act? — good honorable foole,  
That wouldst be honest cause thou wouldst be so,  
Producing no one reason but thy will.  
And t'as a good report, pretely commended,  
But pray by whome; meane people; ignorant people,  
The better sort Ime sure cannot abide it,  
And by what rule shouldst we square out our liues,  
But by our betters actions? oh if thou knew'st  
What t'were to loose it, thou would neuer keepe it:  
But theres a cold curse layd vpon all Maydes,  
Whilst other clip the Sunne they clasp the shades!  
Virginitie is paradise, lockt vp.  
You cannot come by your selues without fee.  
And twas decreed that man should keepe the key!  
Deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne,  
*Cast.* I cry you mercy. Lady I mistooke you,

Pray

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wln 0837  
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wln 0871  
wln 0872

Pray did you see my Mother; which way went you?  
Pray God I haue not lost her.

*Vind.* Prittily put by.

*Moth.* Are you as proud to me as coye to him?  
Doe you not know me now?

*Cast.* Why are you shee?

The worlds so changd, one shape into another,  
It is a wise childe now that knowes her mother?

*Vind.* Most right ifaith.

*Mother.* I owe your cheeke my hand,  
For that presumption now, but Ile forget it,  
Come you shall leaue those childish hauiours,  
And vnderstand your Time, Fortunes flow to you,  
What will you be a Girle?

If all feard drowning, that spye waues a shoare,  
Gold would grow rich, and all the Marchants poore.

*Cast.* It is a pritty saying of a wicked one, but me thinkes now  
It dos not show so well out of your mouth,  
Better in his.

*Vind.* Faith bad inough in both,  
Were I in earnest as Ile seeme no lesse?  
I wonder Lady your owne mothers words,  
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.  
'Tis honestie you vrge; what's honestie?  
'Tis but heauens beggar; and what woman is so foolish to  
keepe honesty,  
And be not able to keepe her-selfe? No,  
Times are growne wiser and will keepe lesse charge,  
A Maide that h'as small portion now entends,  
To breake vp house, and liue vpon her friends  
How blest are you, you haue happinesse alone,  
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,  
Sufficient in him-selfe to make your fore-head  
Dazle the world with Iewels, and petitionary people  
Start at your presence.

*Mother.* Oh if I were yong, I should be rauisht.

*Cast.* I to loose your honour.

*Vind.* Slid how can you loose your honor?

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

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wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
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wln 0909  
wln 0910

To deale with my Lords Grace,  
Heele adde more honour to it by his Title,  
Your Mother will tell you how.  
*Mother.* That I will.  
*Vind.* O thinke vpon the pleasure of the Pallace,  
Secured ease and state; the stirring meates, (their eaten,  
Ready to moue out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when  
Banquets abroad by Torch-light, Musicks, sports,  
Bare-headed vassailes, that had nere the fortune  
To keepe on their owne Hats, but let hornes were em.  
Nine Coaches waiting — hurry, hurry, hurry.  
*Cast.* I to the Diuill.  
*Vind.* I to the Diuill, toth' Duke by my faith.  
*Moth.* I to the Duke: daughter youde scorne to thinke ath'  
Diuill and you were there once.  
*Vin.* True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart ifaith  
Who'de sit at home in a neglected roome,  
Dealing her short-liu'de beauty to the pictures,  
That are as vse-lesse as old men, when those  
Poorer in face and fortune then her-selfe,  
Walke with a hundred Acres on their backs,  
Faire Medowes cut into Greene fore-parts — oh  
It was the greatest blessing euer happened to women;  
When Farmers sonnes agreed, and met agen,  
To wash their hands, and come vp Gentlemen;  
The common-wealth has flourisht euer since,  
Lands that were meat by the Rod, that labors spar'd,  
Taylors ride downe, and measure em by the yeard;  
Faire trees, those comely fore-tops of the Field,  
Are cut to maintaine head-tires — much vntold,  
All thriues but Chastity, she lyes a cold,  
Nay shall I come neerer to you, marke but this:  
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer  
profession, that's accounted best, thats best followed, least in  
trade, least in fashion, and thats not honesty beleue it, and doe  
but note the loue and deieted price of it:  
*Loose but a Pearle, we search and cannot brooke it.*  
*But that once gone, who is so mad to looke it.*

*Mother*

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948

*Mother.* Troth he sayes true.

*Cast.* False, I defie you both:  
I haue endur'd you with an eare of fire,  
Your Tongues haue struck hotte yrons on my face;  
Mother, come from that poysonous woman there.

*Mother.* Where?

*Cast.* Do you not see her, shee's too inward then:  
Slaue perish in thy office: you heauens please,  
Hence-forth to make the Mother a disease,  
Which first begins with me, yet I'ue out-gon you.

*Exit.*

*Vind.* O Angels clap your wings vpon the skyes,  
And giue this Virgin Christall plaudities?

*Mot.* Peeuish, coy, foolish, but returne this answer,  
My Lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure  
Conducts him this way, I will sway mine owne,  
Women with women can worke best alone.

*Exit.*

*Vind.* Indeed Ile tell him so;  
O more vnciuill, more vnnaturall,  
Then those base-titled creatures that looke downe-ward,  
Why do's not heauen turne black, or with a frowne  
Vndoo the world — why do's not earth start vp,  
And strike the sinnes that tread vpon't — oh;  
Wert not for gold and women; there would be no damnation,  
Hell would looke like a Lords Great Kitchin without fire in't;  
But 'twas decreed before the world began,  
That they should be the hookes to catch. at man.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lussurioso, with Hippolito,  
Vindicies brother.*

*Luss.* I much applaud thy iudgement, thou art well read in a  
fellow,  
And 'tis the deepest Arte to studie man;  
I know this, which I neuer learnt in schooles,  
The world's diuided into knaues and fooles.

*Hip.* Knaue in your face my Lord, behinde your back.

*Luss.* And I much thanke thee, that thou hast preferd,  
A fellow of discourse — well mingled,  
And whose braine Time hath seasond.

*Hip.* True my Lord,

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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wln 0986

We shall finde season once I hope; — O villaine!  
To make such an vnnaturall slaue of me; — but —  
*Luss.* Masse here he comes.  
*Hip.* And now shall I haue free leaue to depart.  
*Luss.* Your absence, leaue vs.  
*Hip.* Are not my thoughts true?  
I must remooue; but brother you may stay,  
Heart, we are both made Bawdes a new-found way? *Exit.*  
*Luss.* Now, we're an euen number? a third mans dangerous,  
Especially her brother, say, be free,  
Haue I a pleasure toward. *Vind.* Oh my Lord.  
*Luss.* Rauish me in thine answer, art thou rare,  
Hast thou beguilde her of saluation,  
And rubd hell ore with hunny; is she a woman?  
*Vind.* In all but in Desire.  
*Luss.* Then shee's in nothing, — I bate in courage now.  
*Vind.* The words I brought,  
Might well haue made indifferent honest, naught,  
A right good woman in these dayes is change,  
Into white money with lesse labour farre,  
Many a Maide has turn'd to Mahomet,  
With easier working; I durst vndertake  
Vpon the pawne and forfeit of my life.  
With halfe those words to flat a Puritanes wife,  
But she is closse and good; — yet 'tis a doubt by this time; oh  
the mother, the mother?  
*Luss.* I neuer thought their sex had beene a wonder,  
Vntill this minute? what fruite from the Mother?  
*Vind.* Now must I blister my soule, be forsworne,  
Or shame the woman that receiu'd mee first,  
I will be true, thou liu'st not to proclaime,  
Spoke to a dying man, shame ha's no shame.  
My Lord. *Luss.* Whose that?  
*Vind.* Heres none but I my Lord.  
*Luss.* What would thy hast vtter?  
*Vind.* Comfort. *Luss.* Welcome.  
*Vind.* The Maide being dull, hauing no minde to trauell,  
Into vnknowne lands, what did me I straight,

But

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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wln 1023  
wln 1024

But set spurs to the Mother; golden spurs,  
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice,  
*Luss.* Ist possible that in this.  
The Mother should be dambd before the daughter?  
*Vin.* Oh, that's good manners my Lord, the Mother for her  
age must goe formost you know.  
*Lu.* Thou'st spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort.  
*Vind.* In a fine place my Lord — the vnnaturall mother,  
Did with her tong so hard be set her honor,  
That the poore foole was struck to silent wonder,  
Yet still the maid like an vnlighted Taper,  
Was cold and chast, saue that her Mothers breath,  
Did blowe fire on her cheekes, the girle departed,  
But the good antient Madam halfe mad, threwe me  
These promissing words, which I tooke deepely note of;  
My Lord shall be most wellcome,  
*Luss* Faith I thanke her,  
*Vin.* When his pleasure conducts him this way.  
*Luss.* That shall be soone ifath, *Vind.* I will sway mine owne,  
*Luss.* Shee do's the wiser I commend her fort,  
*Vind.* Women with women can worke best alone,  
*Luss.* By this light and so they can, giue 'em their due, men are  
not comparable to 'em.  
*Vind.* No thats true, for you shall haue one woman knit  
more in a hower then any man can Rauell agen in seauen and  
twenty yeare.  
*Luss.* Now my desires are happy, Ile make 'em free-men now,  
Thou art a pretious fellow, faith I loue thee,  
Be wise and make it thy reuennew, beg, leg,  
What office couldst thou be Ambitious for?  
*Vind.* Office my Lord marry if I might haue my wish I would  
haue one that was neuer begd yet,  
*Luss.* Nay then thou canst haue none.  
*Vind.* Yes my Lord I could picke out another office yet, nay  
and keepe a horse and drab vppont,  
*Luss.* Prethee good bluntnes tell me.  
*Vind.* Why I would desire but this my Lord, to haue all the  
fees behind the *Arras*; and all the farthingales that fal plumpe

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 1025

about twelue a clock at night vpon the Rushes.

wln 1026

*Luss.* Thou'rt a mad apprehensiue knaue, dost thinke to make any great purchase of that.

wln 1027

wln 1028

*Vind.* Oh tis an vnknowne thing my Lord, I wonder ta's been mist so long?

wln 1029

wln 1030

*Luss.* Well, this night ile visit her, and tis till then

wln 1031

A yeare in my desires—farwell, attend,

wln 1032

Trust me with thy preferment.

*Exit.*

wln 1033

*Vind.* My lou'd Lord;

wln 1034

Oh shall I kill him ath wrong-side now, no!

wln 1035

Sword thou wast neuer a back-biter yet,

wln 1036

Ile peirce him to his face, he shall die, looking vpon me,

wln 1037

Thy veines are sweld with lust, this shall vnfill e'm,

wln 1038

Great men were Gods, if beggers could not kil e'm,

wln 1039

Forgiue me heauen, to call my mother wicked,

wln 1040

Oh lessen not my daies vpon the earth

wln 1041

I cannot honor her, by this I feare me

wln 1042

Her tongue has turnd my sister into vse.

wln 1043

I was a villaine not to be forsworne:

wln 1044

To this our lecherous hope, the Dukes sonne,

wln 1045

For Lawiers, Merchants, some diuines and all,

wln 1046

Count beneficiall periury a sin small,

wln 1047

It shall go hard yet, but ile guard her honor

wln 1048

And keepe the portes sure?

*Enter Hippol.*

wln 1049

*Hip.* Brother how goes the world? I would know newes of you

wln 1050

But I haue newes to tell you.

wln 1051

*Vind.* What in the name of knauery?

wln 1052

*Hipo.* Knauery fayth,

wln 1053

This vicious old Duke's worthily abusde

wln 1054

The pen of his bastard writes him Cuckold!

wln 1055

*Vind.* His bastard?

wln 1056

*Hip.* Pray beleeeue it, he and the Duchesse,

wln 1057

By night meete in their linnen, they haue beene seene

wln 1058

By staire-foote pandars!

wln 1059

*Vind.* Oh sin foule and deepe,

wln 1060

Great faults are winckt at when the Duke's a sleepe,

wln 1061

See, see, here comes the *Spurio*.

wln 1062

*Hip.* Monstrous Luxur?

*Vind.*



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100

*Vind.* Vnbrac'd: two of his valiant bawdes with him.

O There's a wicked whisper; hell is in his eare  
Stay let's obserue his passage —

*Spu.* Oh but are you sure on't.

*Ser.* My Lord most sure on't, for twas spoke by one,  
That is most inward with the Dukes sonnes lust:  
That he intends within this houre to steale,  
Vnto *Hippolitoes* sister, whose chaste life  
The mother has corrupted for his vse.

*Sp.* Sweete word, sweete occasion, fayth then brother  
Ile disinherit you in as short time,  
As I was when I was begot in hast:  
Ile dam you at your pleasure: pretious deed  
After your lust, oh twill be fine to bleede,  
Come let our passing out be soft & wary.

*Exeunt.*

*Vi.* Marke, there, there, that step, now to the Duches,  
This their second meeting, writes the Duke Cuckold  
With new additions, his hornes newly reuiu'd:  
Night! thou that lookst like funerall Heraulds fees  
Torne downe betimes ith morning, thou hangst fittly  
To Grace those sins that haue no grace at all,  
Now tis full sea a bed ouer the world,  
Theres iugling of all sides, some that were Maides  
E'en at Sun set are now perhaps ith Toale-booke,  
This woman in immodest thin apparell:  
Lets in her friend by water, here a Dame  
Cunning, nayles lether-hindges to a dore,  
To auoide proclamation,  
Now Cuckolds are a quoyning, apace, apace, apace, apace?  
And carefull sisters spinne that thread ith night,  
That does maintaine them and their bawdes ith daie!

*Hip.* You flow well brother?

*Vind.* Puh I'me shallow yet,  
Too sparing and too modest, shall I tell thee,  
If euery trick were told thats dealt by night  
There are few here that would not blush out right.

*Hip.* I am of that beleefe too.

*Vind.* Whose this comes,

The

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 1101                    *Vind.* The Dukes sonne vp so late, — brother fall back,  
wln 1102                    And you shall learne, some mischeife, — my good Lord.  
wln 1103                    *Luss.* *Piato*, why the man I wisht for, come,  
wln 1104                    I do embrace this season for the fittest  
wln 1105                    To tast of that yong Lady? *Vind.* Heart, and hell.  
wln 1106                    *Hip.* Dambd villaine.  
wln 1107                    *Vind.* I ha no way now to crosse it, but to kill him.  
wln 1108                    *Luss.* Come only thou and I. *Vin.* My Lord my Lord.  
wln 1109                    *Luss.* Why dost thou start vs?  
wln 1110                    *Vind.* Ide almost forgot — the bastard! *Lus.* What of him?  
wln 1111                    *Vind.* This night, this houre — this minute, now.  
wln 1112                    *Luss.* What? what? *Vin.* Shadowes the Duchesse —  
wln 1113                    *Luss.* Horrible word.  
wln 1114                    *Vind.* And like strong poyson eates,  
wln 1115                    Into the Duke your fathers fore-head. *Luss.* Oh.  
wln 1116                    *Vind.* He makes horne royall. *Lus:* Most ignoble slaue?  
wln 1117                    *Vind.* This is the fruite of two beds. *Luss.* I am mad.  
wln 1118                    *Vind.* That passage he trod warily: *Luss.* He did!  
wln 1119                    *Vind.* And husht his villaines euery step he tooke.  
wln 1120                    *Luss.* His villaines? ile confound them.  
wln 1121                    *Vind.* Take e'm finely, finely, now.  
wln 1122                    *Luss.* The Duchesse Chamber-doore shall not controule mee.  
wln 1123                    *Hip.* Good, happy, swift, there's gunpowder ith Court, (*Exeunt*  
wln 1124                    Wilde fire at mid-night, in this heedlesse fury  
wln 1125                    He may show violence to crosse himselfe,  
wln 1126                    Ile follow the Euent. *Exit.*  
wln 1127                    *Luss.* Where is that villaine? *Enter againe.*  
wln 1128                    *Vind.* Softly my Lord and you may take e'm twisted.  
wln 1129                    *Luss.* I care not how!  
wln 1130                    *Vind.* Oh twill be glorious,  
wln 1131                    To kill e'm doubled, when their heapt, be soft my Lord.  
wln 1132                    *Luss.* Away my spleene is not so lazy, thus and thus,  
wln 1133                    Ile shake their eye-lids ope, and with my sword  
wln 1134                    Shut e'm agen for euer; — villaine, strumpet —  
wln 1135                    *Duk.* You vpper Guard defend vs. *Duch.* Treason, treason.  
wln 1136                    *Duk.* Oh take mee not in sleepe, I haue great sins, I must haue  
wln 1137                    Nay months deere sonne, with penitential heaues, (daies,  
wln 1138                    To lift 'em out, and not to die vnclere,

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
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wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176

O thou wilt kill me both in heauen and here.  
*Luss.* I am amazde to death.  
*Duke.* Nay villaine traytor,  
Worse then the fowlest Epithite, now Ile gripe thee  
Ee'n with the Nerues of wrath, and throw thy head  
Amongst the Lawyers gard.  
*Enter Nobles and sonnes.*  
*1. Noble.* How comes the quiet of your **Gtace** disturbd?  
*Duke.* This boye that should be my selfe after mee,  
Would be my selfe before me, and in heate  
Of that ambition bloudily rusht in  
Intending to depose me in my bed?  
*2. Noble.* Duty and naturall-loyalty for-fend.  
*Dut.* He cald his Father villaine; and me strumpet,  
A word that I abhorre to file my lips with.  
*Ambi.* That was not so well done Brother?  
*Luss.* I am abusde — I know ther's no excuse can do me good.  
*Vind.* Tis now good policie to be from sight,  
His vicious purpose to our sisters honour,  
Is crost beyond our thought.  
*Hip.* You little dreamt his Father slept heere.  
*Vind.* Oh 'twas farre beyond me.  
But since it fell so; — without fright-full word,  
Would he had kild him, twould haue easde our swords.  
*Duk.* Be comforted our Duchesse, he shall dye. *dissemble a*  
*Luss.* Where's this slaue-pander now? out of mine eye, *flight.*  
Guiltie of this abuse.  
*Enter Spurio with his villaines.*  
*Spu.* Y'are villaines, Fblers,  
You haue knaues chins, and harlots tongues, you lie,  
And I **will** dam you with one meale a day.  
*1. Ser.* O good my Lord!  
*Spu.* Sbloud you shall neuer sup.  
*2. Ser.* O I beseech you sir.  
*Spu.* To let my sword — Catch cold so long and misse him.  
*1. Ser.* Troth my Lord — Twas his intent to meete there.  
*Spu.* Heart hee's yonder?  
Ha? what newes here? is the day out ath-socket,

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
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wln 1184  
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wln 1214

That it is Noone at Mid-night; the Court vp,  
How comes the Guard so sawcie with his elbowes?  
*Luss.* The Bastard here?  
Nay then the truth of my intent shall out,  
My Lord and Father heare me. *Duke.* Beare him hence.  
*Luss.* I can with loyaltie excuse.  
*Duke.* Excuse? to prison with the Villaine,  
Death shall not long lag after him.  
*Spu.* Good ifaith, then 'tis not much amisse,  
*Luss.* Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues,  
I pray perswade for mee.  
*Ambi.* It is our duties: make your selfe sure of vs.  
*Sup.* Weele sweate in pleading.  
*Luss.* And I may liue to thanke you. *Exeunt.*  
*Ambi.* No, thy death shall thanke me better.  
*Spu.* Hee's gon: Ile after him,  
And know his trespasse, seeme to beare a part  
In all his ills, but with a *Puritane* heart. *Exit.*  
*Amb.* Now brother, let our hate and loue be wouen  
So subtilly together, that in speaking one word for his life,  
We may make three for his death,  
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.  
*Sup.* Set on, Ile not be farre behinde you brother.  
*Duke.* Ist possible a sonne should bee disobedient as farre as  
the sword: it is the highest he can goe no farther.  
*Ambi.* My gracious Lord, take pittie, — *Duke.* Pittie boyes?  
*Amb.* Nay weed be loth to mooue your Grace too much,  
Wee know the trespasse is vnpardonable,  
Black, wicked, and vnnaturall,  
*Sup.* In a Sonne, oh Monstrous.  
*Ambi.* Yet my Lord,  
A Dukes soft hand stroakes the rough head of law,  
And makes it lye smooth. *Duk.* But my hand shall nere doot.  
*Amb.* That as you please my Lord.  
*Super.* Wee must needs confesse,  
Some father would haue enterd into hate,  
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes,  
Hee would ha seene the execution sound,

Withou

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1215  
wln 1216  
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wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252

Without corrupted fauour?  
*Amb.* But my Lord,  
Your Grace may liue the wonder of all times,  
In pardning that offence which neuer yet  
Had face to beg a pardon. *Duke.* Hunny, how's this?  
*Amb.* Forgiue him good my Lord, hees your owne sonne,  
And I must needs say 'twas the vildlier done.  
*Superv.* Hee's the next heire — yet this true reason gathers,  
None can possesse that dispossesse their fathers:  
Be mercifull; —  
*Duke.* Here's no Step-mothers-wit,  
Ile trie 'em both vpon their loue and hate.  
*Amb.* Be mercifull — altho — *Duke.* You haue preuaild,  
My wrath like flaming waxe hath spent it selfe, (releasd.  
I know 'twas but some peeuish Moone in him: goe, let him bee  
*Superv.* Sfoote how now Brother?  
*Amb.* Your Grace doth please to speake beside your spleene,  
I would it were so happy? *Duke.* Why goe, release him.  
*Superv.* O my good Lord, I know the fault's too weighty,  
And full of generall loathing; too inhumaine,  
Rather by all mens voyces worthy death.  
*Duke.* Tis true too; here then, receiue this signet, doome shall  
Direct it to the Iudges, he shall dye (passe,  
Ere many dayes, make hast.  
*Amb.* All speed that may be,  
We could haue wisht his burthen not so sore,  
We knew your Grace did but delay before. *Exeunt.*  
*Duke.* Here's Enuie with a poore thin couer or't,  
Like Scarlet hid in lawne, easily spide through,  
This their ambition by the Mothers side,  
Is dangerous, and for safetie must be purgd,  
I will preuent their enuies, sure it was  
But some mistaken furie in our sonne,  
Which these aspiring boyes would climbe vpon:  
He shall bee releasde suddainly. *Enter Nobles.*  
*1. Nob.* Good morning to your Grace.  
*Duke.* Welcome my Lords. (euer,  
*2. Nob.* Our knees shall take away the office of our feete for

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1253

Vnlesse your Grace bestow a fathers eye,  
Vpon the Clouded fortunes of your sonne,  
And in compassionate vertue grant him that,  
Which makes e'en meane men happy; liberty

wln 1254

wln 1255

wln 1256

wln 1257

*Duk.* How seriously their loues and honors woo

wln 1258

For that, which I am about to pray them doo

wln 1259

Which, rise my Lords, your knees signe his release,

wln 1260

We freely pardon him.

wln 1261

*I. Nob.* We owe your Grace much thanks, and he much duety.

wln 1262

*Duk.* It well becomes that Iudge to nod at crimes, *(Exeunt.)*

wln 1263

That dos commit greater himselfe and liues:

wln 1264

I may forgiue a disobedient error,

wln 1265

That expect pardon for adultery

wln 1266

And in my old daies am a youth in lust:

wln 1267

Many a beauty haue I turnd to poyson

wln 1268

In the deniall, couetous of all,

wln 1269

Age hot, is like a Monster to be seene:

wln 1270

My haire is white, and yet my sinnes are Greene.

wln 1271

ACT. 3.

wln 1272

*Enter Ambitioso, and Superuacuo?*

wln 1273

*Sup.* Brother, let my opinion sway you once,

wln 1274

I speake it for the best, to haue him die:

wln 1275

Surest and soonest, if the signet come,

wln 1276

Vnto the iudges hands, why then his doome,

wln 1277

Will be deferd till sittings and Court-daies:

wln 1278

Iuries and further, — Fayths are bought and sold,

wln 1279

Oths in these daies are but the skin of gold.

wln 1280

*Amb.* In troth tis true too!

wln 1281

*Super.* Then lets set by the Iudges

wln 1282

And fall to the Officers, tis but mistaking

wln 1283

The Duke our fathers meaning, and where he nam'd,

wln 1284

Ere many daies, tis but forgetting that

wln 1285

And, haue him die i'th morning.

wln 1286

*Amb.* Excellent,

wln 1287

Then am I heire — Duke in a minute.

wln 1288

*Super.* Nay,

wln 1289

And he were once pufft out, here is a pinne.

Should

wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
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wln 1326  
wln 1327

Should quickly prick your bladder.

*Amb.* Blast occasion,

He being packt, weele haue some trick and wile,  
To winde our yonger brother out of prison,  
That lies in for the Rape, the Ladies dead,  
And peoples thoughts will soone be buried.

*Super.* We may with safty do't, and liue and feede,  
The Duchesse-sonnes are too proud to bleed,

*Am.* We are yfaith to say true. — come let's not linger  
Ile to the Officers, go you before,  
And set an edge vpon the Executioner.

*Sup.* Let me alone to grind him.

*Exit.*

*Amb.* Meete; farewell,

I am next now, I rise just in that place,  
Where thou'rt cut of, vpon thy Neck kind brother,  
The falling of one head, lifts vp another.

*Exit.*

*Enter with the Nobles, Lussurioso from pryson.*

*Luss.* My Lords? I am so much indebted to your loues,  
For this, O this deliuey.

*1. Nob.* But our dueties, my Lord, vnto the hopes that growe

*Luss.* If ere I liue to be my selfe ile thanke you, (in you,  
O liberty thou sweete and heauenly Dame;  
But hell for pryson is too milde a name.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Ambitioso, and Superuacuo? with Officers.*

*Am.* Officers? heres the Dukes signet, your firme warrant,  
Brings the command of present death a long with it  
Vnto our brother, the Dukes sonne; we are sory,  
That we are so vnnaturally employde  
In such an vnkinde Office, fitter farre  
For enemies then brothers.

*Super.* But you know,  
The Dukes command must be obayde.

*1. Offi.* It must and shal my Lord — this morning then,  
So suddainely?

*Am.* I alasse poore-good-soule,  
Hee must breake fast betimes, the executioner  
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

*2. Offi.* Already?

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

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wln 1365

*Sup.* Already ifath, O sir, destruction hies,  
And that is least Impudent, soonest dyes,  
*1. Off.* Troth you say true my Lord we take our leaues,  
Our Office shall be sound, weele not delay,  
The third part of a minute.  
*Amb.* Therein you showe.  
Your selues good men, and vpright officers,  
Pray let him die as priuat as he may,  
Doe him that fauour, for the gaping people.  
Will but trouble him at his prayers,  
And make him curse, and sweare, and so die black.  
Will you be so far Kind?  
*1. Off.* It shall be done my Lord.  
*Amb.* Why we do thanke you, if we liue to be,  
You shall haue a better office,  
*2. Off.* Your good Lord-shippe,  
*Sup.* Commend vs to the scaffold in our teares.  
*1. Off.* Weele weepe and doe your commendations, *Exeunt.*  
*Amb.* Fine fooles in office! *Sup.* Things fall out so fit.  
*Amb.* So happily, come brother ere next clock,  
His head will be made serue a bigger block. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter in prison Iunior Brother,*  
*Iuni.* Keeper. *Keep.* My Lord.  
*Iuni.* No newes lately from our brothers?  
Are they vnmindfull of vs? (from 'em,  
*Keep.* My Lord a messenger came newly in and brought this  
*Iuni.* Nothing but paper comforts?  
I look'd for my deliuery before this,  
Had they beene worth their oths — prethee be from vs.  
Now what say you forsooth, speake out I pray,  
*Letter.* *Brother be of good cheere,*  
Slud it begins like a whore with good cheere,  
*Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.*  
Not fiue and thirty yeare like a banqrout, I thinke so,  
*We haue thought vpon a deuice to get thee out by a tricke!*  
By a tricke, pox a your tricke and it be so long a playing.  
*And so rest comforted, be merry and expect it suddaynely!*  
Be merry, hang merry, draw and quarter merry, Ile be mad!



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1366  
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wln 1403

Ist not strange that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman, well, wee shall see how suddaine our brothers: will bee in their promise, I must expect still a trick! I shall not bee long a prisoner, how now, what newes?

*Keeper.* Bad newes my Lord I am discharg'd of you.

*Iunio.* Slaue calst thou that bad newes, I thanke you brothers.

*Keep.* My Lord twill proue so, here come the Officers, Into whose hands I must commit you.

*Iunio.* Ha, Officers, what, why?

*1. Offi.* You must pardon vs my Lord, Our Office must be sound, here is our warrant The signet from the Duke, you must straight suffer.

*Iunior.* Suffer? ile suffer you to be gon, ile suffer you, To come no more, what would you haue me suffer?

*2. Offi.* My Lord those words were better chang'd to praiers, The times but breife with you, prepare to die.

*Iunior.* Sure tis not so. *3. Offi.* It is too true my Lord.

*Iunior.* I tell you tis not, for the Duke my father, Deferd me till next sitting, and I looke E'en euery minute threescore times an houre, For a release, a tricke wrought by my brothers.

*1. Offi.* A trick my Lord? if you expect such comfort, Your hopes as fruitlesse as a barren woman: Your brothers were the vnhappy messengers, That brought this powerfull token for your death.

*Iunior.* My brothers, no, no.

*2. Offi.* Tis most true my Lord.

*Iunior.* My brothers to bring a warrant for my death How strange this shoves?

*3. Offi.* There's no delaying time.

*Iunior.* Desire e'm hether, call e'm vp, my brothers? They shall deny it to your faces.

*1. Offi.* My Lord,

They're far ynough by this, at least at Court, And this most strickt command they left behinde e'm, When grieffe swum in their eyes, they show'd like brothers, Brim-full of heauy sorrow: but the Duke Must haue his pleasure. *Iunio.* His pleasure?

1. *Offi.*

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1404  
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wln 1441

*1. Off.* These were their last words which my memory beares,  
*Commend vs to the Scaffold in our teares.*

*Iunior.* Pox drye their teares, what should I do with teares?  
I hate em worse then any Cittizens sonne  
Can hate salt water; here came a letter now,  
New-bleeding from their Pens, scarce stinted yet,  
Would lde beene torne in peeces when I tore it,  
Looke you officious whoresons words of comfort,  
*Not long a Prisoner.*

*1. Off.* It sayes true in that sir, for you must suffer presently.

*Iunior.* A villanous Duns, vpon the letter knauish exposition,  
Looke you then here sir: *Weele get thee out by a trick sayes hee.*

*2. Off.* That may hold too sir, for you know a Trick is com-  
monly foure Cardes, which was meant by vs foure officers.

*Iunior.* Worse and worse dealing.

*1. Off.* The houre beckens vs,  
The heads-man waites, lift vp your eyes to heauen.

*Iunior.* I thanke you faith; good pritty-holsome counsell,  
I should looke vp to heauen as you sedd,  
Whilst he behinde me cozens me of my head,  
I thats the Trick. *3. Off.* You delay too long my Lord.

*Iunior.* Stay good Authorities Bastards, since I must  
Through Brothers periurie dye, O let me venome  
Their soules with curses. *1. Off.* Come tis no time to curse.

*Iunior.* Must I bleed then, without respect of signe? well —  
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approoues,  
I dye for that which euery woman loues. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vindici with Hippolito his brother.*

*Vind.* O sweete, delectable, rare, happy, rauishing,

*Hip.* Why what's the matter brother?

*Vin.* O tis able, to make a man spring vp, & knock his for-head  
Against yon siluar seeling.

*Hip.* Pre-thee tell mee,

Why may not I pertake with you? you vowde once  
To giue me share to euery tragick thought.

*Vind.* Byth' Masse I thinke I did too,  
Then Ile diuide it to thee, — the old Duke  
Thinking my outward shape, and inward heart

Are

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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wln 1479

Are cut out of one peice; (for he that prates his secrets,  
His heart stands ath out side) hires me by price:  
To greete him with a Lady,  
In some fit place vaylde from the eyes ath Court,  
Some darkned blushlesse Angle, that is guilty  
Of his fore-fathers lusts, and great-folkes riots,  
To which (I easily to maintaine my shape)  
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace  
To meete her here in this vn-sunned-lodge,  
Where-in tis night at noone, and here the rather,  
Because vnto the torturing of his soule,  
The Bastard and the Duchesse haue appoynted  
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle,  
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes  
Before we kill the rest of him.

*Hip.* Twill yfaith, most dreadfully digested,  
I see not how you could haue mist me brother.

*Vind.* True, but the violence of my ioy forgot it.

*Hip.* I, but where's that Lady now?

*Vind.* Oh at that word,

I'me lost againe, you cannot finde me yet  
I'me in a throng of happy Apprehensions.  
Hee's suted for a Lady, I haue tooke care  
For a delitious lip, a sparkling eye,  
You shall be witsesse brother;  
Be ready stand with your hat off.

*Exit.*

*Hip.* Troth I wonder what Lady it should be?  
Yet tis no wonder, now I thinke againe,  
To haue a Lady stoope to a Duke, that stoopes vnto his men,  
Tis common to be common, through the world:  
And there's more priuate common shadowing vices,  
Then those who are knowne both by their names and prices  
Tis part of my alleagance to stand bare,  
To the Dukes Concubine, — and here she comes.

*Enter Vindice, with the skull of his loue drest vp in Tires.*

*Vind.* Madame his grace will not be absent long.  
Secret? nere doubt vs Madame? twill be worth  
Three veluet gownes to your Ladyship — knowne?

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

wln 1480 Few Ladies respect that? disgrace, a poore thin shell,  
wln 1481 Tis the best grace you haue to do it well,  
wln 1482 Ile saue your hand that labour, ile vnmaske you?  
wln 1483 *Hip.* Why brother, brother.  
wln 1484 *Vind.* Art thou beguild now? tut, a Lady can,  
wln 1485 At such all hid, beguile a wiser man,  
wln 1486 Haue I not fitted the old surfetter  
wln 1487 With a quaint peice of beauty, age and bare bone  
wln 1488 Are ere allied in action; here's an eye,  
wln 1489 Able to tempt a greatman — to serue God,  
wln 1490 A prety hanging lip, that has for got got now to dissemble  
wln 1491 Me thinkes this mouth should make a swearer tremble.  
wln 1492 A drunckard claspe his teeth, and not vndo e'm,  
wln 1493 To suffer wet damnation to run through e'm.  
wln 1494 Heres a cheeke keepes her colour let the winde go whistle,  
wln 1495 Spout Raine, we feare thee not, be hot or cold  
wln 1496 Alls one with vs; and is not he absur'd,  
wln 1497 Whose fortunes are vpon their faces set,  
wln 1498 That feare no other God but winde and wet.  
wln 1499 *Hip.* Brother y' aue spoke that right,  
wln 1500 Is this the forme that liuing shone so bright?  
wln 1501 *Vind.* The very same,  
wln 1502 And now me thinkes I cold e'en chide my selfe,  
wln 1503 For doating on her beauty, tho her death  
wln 1504 Shall be reuengd after no common action;  
wln 1505 Do's the Silke-worme expend her yellow labours  
wln 1506 For thee? for thee dos she vndoe herselfe?  
wln 1507 Are Lord-ships sold to maintaine Lady-ships  
wln 1508 For the poore benefit of a bewitching minute?  
wln 1509 Why dos yon fellow falsify hie-waies  
wln 1510 And put his life betweene the Iudges lippes,  
wln 1511 To refine such a thing, keepes horse and men  
wln 1512 To beate their valours for her?  
wln 1513 Surely wee're all mad people, and they  
wln 1514 Whome we thinke are, are not, we mistake those,  
wln 1515 Tis we are mad in scence, they but in clothes.  
wln 1516 *Hip.* Faith and in clothes too we, giue vs our due.  
wln 1517 *Vind.* Dos euery proud and selfe-affecting Dame

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 1518 Camphire her face for this? and grieue her Maker  
wln 1519 In sinfull baths of milke, — when many an infant starues,  
wln 1520 For her superfluous out-side, all for this?  
wln 1521 Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares  
wln 1522 Musick, perfumes, and sweete-meates, all are husht,  
wln 1523 Thou maist lie chast now! it were fine me thinkes:  
wln 1524 To haue thee seene at Reuells, forgetfull feasts,  
wln 1525 And vncleane Brothells; sure twould fright the sinner  
wln 1526 And make him a good coward, put a Reueller,  
wln 1527 Out off his Antick amble  
wln 1528 And cloye an Epicure with empty dishes?  
wln 1529 Here might a scornfull and ambitious woman,  
wln 1530 Looke through and through her selfe, — see Ladies, with false  
wln 1531 You deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes. (formes,  
wln 1532 Now to my tragick businesse, looke you brother,  
wln 1533 I haue not fashiond this onely — for show  
wln 1534 And vselesse property, no, it shall beare a part  
wln 1535 E'en in it owne Reuenge. This very skull,  
wln 1536 Whose Mistris the Duke poysoned, with this drug  
wln 1537 The mortall curse of the earth; shall be reuengd  
wln 1538 In the like straine, and kisse his lippes to death,  
wln 1539 As much as the dumbe thing can, he shall feele:  
wln 1540 What fayles in poyson, weele supply in steele.  
wln 1541 *Hip.* Brother I do applaud thy constant vengeance,  
wln 1542 The quaintnesse of thy malice about thought.  
wln 1543 *Vind.* So tis layde on: now come and welcome Duke,  
wln 1544 I haue her for thee, I protest it brother:  
wln 1545 Me thinkes she makes almost as faire a sine  
wln 1546 As some old gentlewoman in a Periwig?  
wln 1547 Hide thy face now for shame, thou hadst neede haue a Maske  
wln 1548 Tis vaine when beauty flowes, but when it flectes (now  
wln 1549 This would become graues better then the streetes.  
wln 1550 *Hip.* You haue my voice in that; harke, the Duke's come.  
wln 1551 *Vind.* Peace, let's obserue what company he brings,  
wln 1552 And how he dos absent e'm, for you knowe  
wln 1553 Heele wish all priuate, — brother fall you back a little,  
wln 1554 With the bony Lady. *Hip.* That I will.  
wln 1555 *Vind.* So, so, — now 9. years vengeance crowde into a minute!

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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*Duk.* You shall haue leaue to leaue vs, with this charge,  
Vpon your liues, if we be mist by'th Duchesse  
Or any of the Nobles, to giue out,  
We're priuately rid forth. *Vind* Oh happinesse!  
*Duk* With some few honorable gentlemen you may say,  
You may name those that are away from Court.  
*Gentle.* Your will and pleasure shall be done my Lord.  
*Vind.* Priuately rid forth,  
He striues to make sure worke on't — your good grace?  
*Duk.* *Piato*, well done hast brought her, what Lady ist?  
*Vind.* Faith my Lord a Country Lady, a little bashfull at first  
as most of them are, but after the first kisse my Lord the worst is  
past with them, your grace knowes now what you haue to doo;  
sha's some-what a graue looke with her — but —  
*Duk.* I loue that best, conduct her.  
*Vind.* Haue at all.  
*Duk.* In grauest lookes the Greatest faultes seeme lesse  
Giue me that sin thats rob'd in Holines.  
*Vind.* Back with the Torch; brother raise the perfumes.  
*Duk.* How sweete can a Duke breath? age has no fault,  
Pleasure should meete in a perfumed mist,  
Lady sweetely encountred, I came from Court I must bee bould  
with you, oh, what's this, oh!  
*Vind.* royall villaine, white diuill; *Duke.* Oh.  
*Vind.* Brother — place the Torch here, that his affrighted eye-  
May start into those hollowes, Duke; dost knowe (balls  
Yon dreadfull vizard, view it well, tis the skull  
Of *Gloriana*, whom thou poysonedst last.  
*Duk.* Oh, tas poysoned me.  
*Vind.* Didst not know that till now?  
*Duk.* What are you two?  
*Vind.* Villaines all three? — the very ragged bone,  
Has beene sufficiently reuengd.  
*Duk.* Oh *Hippolito*? call treason.  
*Hip.* Yes my good Lord, treason, treason, treason. *stamping*  
*Duk.* Then I'me betrayde. *on him.*  
*Vind.* Alasse poore Lecher in the hands of knaues,  
A slauish Duke is baser then his slaues.

Duke.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 1594                    *Duke.* My teeth are eaten out.    *Vind.* Hadst any left.  
wln 1595                    *Hip.* I thinke but few.  
wln 1596                    *Vin.* Then those that did eate are eaten.    *Duk.* O my tongue.  
wln 1597                    *Vind.* Your tongue? twill teach you to kisse closer,  
wln 1598                    Not like a **Flobbering Dutchman**, you haue eyes still:  
wln 1599                    Looke monster, what a Lady hast thou made me,  
wln 1600                    My once bethrothed wife.  
wln 1601                    *Duk.* Is it thou villaine, nay then —  
wln 1602                    *Vind.* T’is I, ’tis *Vindici*, tis I.  
wln 1603                    *Hip.* And let this comfort thee: our Lord and Father  
wln 1604                    Fell sick vpon the infection of thy frownes,  
wln 1605                    And dyed in sadnesse; be that thy hope of life.    *Duke.* Oh?  
wln 1606                    *Vind.* He had his toung, yet greefe made him die speechlesse.  
wln 1607                    Puh, tis but early yet, now ile begin  
wln 1608                    To stick thy soule with Vlcers, I will make  
wln 1609                    Thy spirit grieuous sore, it shall not rest,  
wln 1610                    But like some pestilent man tosse in thy brest— (marke me duke)  
wln 1611                    Thou’rt a renowned, high, and mighty Cuckold.    *Duke.* Oh!  
wln 1612                    *Vind.* Thy Bastard, thy bastard rides a hunting in thy browe.  
wln 1613                    *Duke.* Millions of deaths.  
wln 1614                    *Vind.* Nay to afflict thee more,  
wln 1615                    Here in this lodge they meete for damned clips,  
wln 1616                    Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.  
wln 1617                    *Duke.* Is there a hell besides this, villaines?    *Vind.* Villaine?  
wln 1618                    Nay heauen is iust, scornes are the hires of scornes,  
wln 1619                    I nere knew yet Adulterer with-out hornes.  
wln 1620                    *Hip.* Once ere they dye ’tis quitted.  
wln 1621                    *Vind.* Harke the musicke,  
wln 1622                    Their banquet is preparede, they’re comming —  
wln 1623                    *Duke.* Oh, kill me not with that sight.  
wln 1624                    *Vin.* Thou shalt not loose that sight for all thy Duke-dooome.  
wln 1625                    *Duke.* Traytors, murderers?  
wln 1626                    *Vin.* What? is not thy tongue eaten out yet?  
wln 1627                    Then weele inuent a silence? brother stifle the Torch,  
wln 1628                    *Duke.* Treason, murther?  
wln 1629                    *Vind.* Nay faith, weele haue you husht now with thy dagger  
wln 1630                    Naile downe his tongue, and mine shall keepe possession  
wln 1631                    About his heart, if hee but gaspe hee dyes,

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 1632  
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Wee dread not death to quittance iniuries; — Brother,  
If he but winck, not brooking the foule obiect,  
Let our two other hands teare vp his lids,  
And make his eyes like Comets shine through bloud,  
When the bad bleedes, then is the Tragedie good,  
*Hip.* Whist, brother, musick's at our eare, they come.  
*Enter the Bastard meeting the Dutchesse.*  
*Spu.* Had not that kisse a taste of sinne 'twere sweete.  
*Dutch.* Why there's no pleasure sweet but it is sinfull.  
*Spu.* True, such a bitter sweetnesse fate hath giuen,  
Best side to vs, is the worst side to heauen.  
*Dutch.* Push, come: 'tis the old Duke thy doubtfull Father,  
The thought of him rubs heauen in thy way,  
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,  
Forget him, or ile poyson him.  
*Spu.* Madam, you vrge a thought which nere had life,  
So deadly doe I loath him for my birth,  
That if hee tooke mee haspt within his bed,  
I would adde murther to adultery,  
And with my sword giue vp his yeares to death.  
*Dutch.* Why now thou'rt sociable, lets in and feast,  
Lowdst Musick sound: pleasure is Banquets guest. *Exeunt.*  
*Duk.* I cannot brooke — *Vind.* The Brooke is turnd to bloud.  
*Hip.* Thanks to lowd Musick. *Vind.* Twas our friend indeed,  
'Tis state in Musicke for a Duke to bleed:  
The Duke-dome wants a head, tho yet vnknowne,  
As fast as they peepe vp, lets cut 'em downe. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter the Dutchesse two sonnes, Ambitioso & Supervacuo.*  
*Amb.* Was not his execution rarely plotted?  
We are the Dukes sonnes now.  
*Super.* I you may thanke my policie for that.  
*Amb.* Your policie, for what?  
*Super.* Why wast not my inuention brother,  
To slip the Iudges, and in lesser compasse,  
Did not I draw the modell of his death,  
Aduizing you to suddaine officers,  
And een extemporall execution.  
*Amb.* Heart, twas a thing I thought on too.

*Super.*



THE ERVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

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wln 1706  
wln 1707

*Sup.* You thought ont too, sfoote slander not your thoughts  
With glorious vntruth, I know twas from you.  
*Amb.* Sir I say, twas in my head.  
*Spu.* I, like your braines then,  
Nere to come out as long as you liu'd.  
*Amb.* You'd haue the honor on't forsooth, that your wit  
Lead him to the scaffold,  
*Super.* Since it is my due,  
Ile publisht, but Ile ha't in spite of you.  
*Amb.* Me thinkes y'are much too bould, you should a little  
Remember vs brother, next to be honest Duke.  
*Sup.* I, it shall be as easie for you to be Duke,  
As to be honest, and that's neuer ifaith.  
*Amb.* Well, cold he is by this time, and because  
Wee're both ambitious, be it our amity,  
And let the glory be sharde equally. *Sup.* I am content to that.  
*Amb.* This night **out** yonger brother shall out of prison,  
I haue a trick. *Sup.* A trick, pre-thee what ist?  
*Amb.* Weele get him out by a wile. *Sup.* Pre-thee what wile?  
*Amb.* No sir, you shall not know it, till't be done,  
For then you'd sweare twere yours.  
*Super.* How now, whats he? *Amb.* One of the officers.  
*Super.* Desired newes. *Amb.* How now my friend?  
*Off.* My Lords, vnder your pardon, I am allotted  
To that desertlesse office, to present you  
With the yet bleeding head. *Sup.* Ha, ha, excellent.  
*Amb.* All's sure our owne: Brother, canst weepe thinkst thou?  
Twould grace our Flattery much; thinke of some Dame,  
Twill teach thee to dissemble.  
*Sup.* I haue thought, — Now for your selfe.  
*Amb.* Our sorrowes are so fluent,  
Our eyes ore-flow our touns, words spoake in teares,  
Are like the murmures of the waters, the sound  
Is lowdly heard, but cannot be distinguisht.  
*Sup.* How dyed he pray? *Off.* O full of rage and spleene.  
*Super.* He dyed most valiantly then, we're glad to heare it.  
*Off.* We could not woe him once to pray. (due.  
*Amb.* He showd himselfe a Gentleman in that: giue him his

*Off.* But



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 1746 *Sup.* Villaine Ile braine thee with it, *Off.* O my good Lord!  
wln 1747 *Sup.* The Diuill ouer-take thee? *Amb.* O fatall.  
wln 1748 *Sup.* O prodigious to our blouds. *Amb.* Did we dissemble?  
wln 1749 *Sup.* Did we make our teares woemen for thee?  
wln 1750 *Amb.* Laugh and reioyce for thee.  
wln 1751 *Sup.* Bring warrant for thy death. *Amb.* Mock off thy head  
wln 1752 *Super.* You had a trick, you had a wile forsooth.  
wln 1753 *Amb.* A murren meete 'em, there's none of these wiles that  
wln 1754 euer come to good: I see now, there is nothing sure in mortali-  
wln 1755 ite, but mortalitie, well, no more words shalt be reuengd ifaith.  
wln 1756 Come, throw off clouds now brother, thinke of vengeance,  
wln 1757 And deeper settled hate, sirrah sit fast,  
wln 1758 Weele pull downe all, but thou shalt downe at last. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 1.

*Enter Lussurioso with Hippolito.*

wln 1759 *Luss.* *Hippolito.* *Hip.* My Lord:  
wln 1760 Has your good Lordship ought to command me in?  
wln 1761 *Luss.* I pre-thee leaue vs.  
wln 1762 *Hip.* How's this? come and leaue vs? *Luss.* *Hippolito.*  
wln 1763 *Hip.* Your honor — I stand ready for any dutious employment.  
wln 1764 *Luss.* Heart, what makst thou here?  
wln 1765 *Hip.* A pritty Lordly humor: (honor?)  
wln 1766 He bids me to bee present, to depart; some-thing has stung his  
wln 1767 *Luss.* Bee neerer, draw neerer:  
wln 1768 Ye'are not so good me thinkes, Ime angry with you.  
wln 1769 *Hip.* With me my Lord? Ime angry with my selfe fort.  
wln 1770 *Luss.* You did preferre a goodly fellow to me,  
wln 1771 Twas wittily elected, twas, I thought  
wln 1772 Had beene a villaine, and he prooues a Knaue?  
wln 1773 To mee a Knaue.  
wln 1774 *Hip.* I chose him for the best my Lord,  
wln 1775 Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him, breed discontent in you.  
wln 1776 *Luss.* Neglect, twas will: Iudge of it,  
wln 1777 Firmely to tell of an incredible Act,  
wln 1778 Not to be thought, lesse to be spoken of,  
wln 1779 Twixt my Step-mother and the Bastard, oh,  
wln 1780 Incestuous sweetes betweene 'em.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1783

*Hip.* Fye my Lord.

wln 1784

*Lus.* I in kinde loyaltie to my fathers fore-head,  
Made this a **desperare** arme, and in that furie,  
Committed treason on the lawfull bed,  
And with my sword een rac'd my fathers bosome,  
For which I was within a stroake of death.

wln 1785

wln 1786

wln 1787

wln 1788

wln 1789

*Hip.* Alack, Ime sorry; ssoote iust vpon the stroake,  
Iars in my brother, twill be villanous Musick.

wln 1790

wln 1791

*Vind.* My honored Lord. *Enter Vind.* (thee.

wln 1792

*Luss.* Away pre-thee forsake vs, heereafter weele not know

wln 1793

*Vind.* Not know me my Lord, your Lorship cannot choose.

wln 1794

*Lus.* Begon I say, thou art a false knaue.

wln 1795

*Vind.* Why the easier to be knowne, my Lord.

wln 1796

*Lus.* Push, I shall prooue too bitter with a word,  
Make thee a perpetuall prisoner,  
And laye this yron-age vpon thee,

wln 1797

wln 1798

wln 1799

*Vind.* Mum, for theres a doome would make a woman dum,  
Missing the bastard next him, the winde's **comes** about,  
Now tis my brothers turne to stay mine to goe out. *Exit Vin.*

wln 1800

wln 1801

*Lus.* Has greatly moou'd me. *Hip.* Much to blame ifaith.

wln 1802

wln 1803

*Lus.* But ile recouer, to his ruine: twas told me lately,  
I know not whether falslie, that you'd a brother,

wln 1804

wln 1805

*Hip.* Who I, yes my good Lord, I haue a brother

wln 1806

*Lus.* How chance the Court neere saw him? of what nature?  
How does he apply his houres?

wln 1807

wln 1808

*Hip.* Faith to curse Fates,

wln 1809

Who, as he thinkes, ordaind him to be poore,  
Keepes at home full of want, and discontent.

wln 1810

wln 1811

*Lus.* There's hope in him, for discontent and want  
Is the best clay to mould, a villaine off;

wln 1812

wln 1813

*Hippolito,* wish him repaire to vs,

wln 1814

If there be ought in him to please our bloud,  
For thy sake weele aduance him, and build faire

wln 1815

wln 1816

His meanest fortunes: for it is in vs

wln 1817

To reare vp Towers from cottages.

wln 1818

*Hip.* It is so my Lord, he will attend your honour,  
But hees a man, in whom much melancholy dwels.

wln 1819

wln 1820

*Lus.* Why the better: bring him to Court.

*Hip.*

wln 1821  
wln 1822  
wln 1823  
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wln 1857  
wln 1858

*Hip.* With willingnesse and speed,  
Whom he cast off een now, must now succeed,  
Brother disguise must off,  
In thine owne shape now, ile prefer thee to him:  
How strangely does himselfe worke to vndo him. *Exit.*

*Luss.* This fellow will come fitly, he shall kill,  
That other slaue, that did abuse my spleene,  
And made it swell to Treason, I haue put  
Much of my heart into him, hee must dye.  
He that knowes great mens secrets and proues slight,  
That man nere liues to see his Beard turne white:  
I he shall speede him: Ile employ thee brother,  
Slaues are but Nayles, to driue out one another?  
Hee being of black condition, sutable  
To want and ill content, hope of preferment  
Will grinde him to an Edge — The Nobles enter.

*1.* Good dayes vnto your honour.  
*Luss.* My kinde Lords, I do returne the like,  
*2.* Sawe you my Lord the Duke?  
*Luss.* My Lord and Father, is he from Court?  
*1.* Hees sure from Court,  
But where, which way, his pleasure tooke we know not,  
Nor can wee heare ont.  
*Luss.* Here come those should tell,  
Sawe you my Lord and Father?  
*3.* Not since two houres before noone my Lord,  
And then he priuately ridde forth.  
*Lus.* Oh hees rod forth.  
*1.* Twas wondrous priuately,  
*2.* Theres none ith Court had any knowledge ont.  
*Lus.* His Grace is old, and sudden, tis no treason  
To say, the Duke my Father has a humor,  
Or such a Toye about him; what in vs  
Would appeare light, in him seemes vertuous.  
*3.* Tis Oracle my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vind. out of his disguise.*  
*Hip.* So, so, all's as it should be, y'are your selfe.  
*Vind.* How that great-villaine puts me to my shifts.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1859

*Hip.* Hee that did lately in disguise reiect thee;  
Shall now thou art thy selfe, as much respect thee.

wln 1860

*Vind.* Twill be the quainter fallacie; but brother,  
Sfoote what vse will hee put me to now thinkst thou?

wln 1861

wln 1862

*Hip.* Nay you must pardon me in that, I know not:

wln 1863

H'as some employment for you: but what tis

wln 1864

Hee and his Secretary the Diuell knowes best.

wln 1865

wln 1866

*Vind.* Well I must suite my tounge to his desires,

wln 1867

What colour so ere they be; hoping at last

wln 1868

To pile vp all my wishes on his brest,

wln 1869

*Hip.* Faith Brother he himselfe showes the way.

wln 1870

*Vind.* Now the Duke is dead, the realme is clad in claye:

wln 1871

His death being not yet knowne, vnder his name

wln 1872

The people still are gouern'd; well, thou his sonne

wln 1873

Art not long-liu'd, thou shalt not ioy his death:

wln 1874

To kill thee then, I should most honour thee;

wln 1875

For twould stand firme in euery mans beliefe,

wln 1876

Thou'st a kinde child, and onely dyedst with grieffe.

wln 1877

*Hip.* You fetch about well, but lets talke in present,

wln 1878

How will you appeare in fashion different,

wln 1879

As well as in apparrell, to make all things possible:

wln 1880

If you be but once tript, wee fall for euer.

wln 1881

It is not the least pollicie to bee doubtfull,

wln 1882

You must change tounge: — familiar was your first.

wln 1883

*Vind.* Why Ile beare me in some straine of melancholie,

wln 1884

And string my selfe with heauy—sounding Wyre,

wln 1885

Like such an Instrument, that speakes merry things sadly.

wln 1886

*Hip.* Then tis as I meant,

wln 1887

I gaue you out at first in discontent.

wln 1888

*Vind.* Ile turne my selfe, and then —

wln 1889

*Hip.* Sfoote here he comes: hast thought vppont.

wln 1890

*Vind.* Salute him, feare not me. *Luss.* *Hippolito.*

wln 1891

*Hip.* Your Lordship. *Luss.* What's he yonder?

wln 1892

*Hip.* Tis *Vindici*, my discontented Brother,

wln 1893

Whom, cording to your will I'auē brought to Court.

wln 1894

*Luss.* Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence,

wln 1895

I wonder h'as beene from the Court so long?

wln 1896

Come neerer.

*Hip.* Brother

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1897  
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wln 1932  
wln 1933  
wln 1934

*Hip.* Brother, Lord *Lussurioso* the Duke sonne.

*Luss.* Be more neere to vs, welcome, neerer yet.

*Vind.* How don you? god you god den.

*Luss.* We thanke thee?

*Snatches of  
his hat and  
makes legs  
to him.*

How strangely such a course-homely salute,  
Showes in the Pallace, where we greete in fire:  
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name,  
God in a salutation, twould neere be stood on't, — heauen!  
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy.

*Vind.* Why, going to Law.

*Luss.* Why will that make a man mellancholy?

*Vind.* Yes, to looke long vpon inck and black buckrom — I  
went mee to law in *Anno Quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded  
out of it, in *Anno sextagesimo tertio*.

*Luss.* What, three and twenty years in law?

*Vind.* I haue knowne those that haue beene fiue and fifty and,  
all about Pullin and Pigges.

*Luss.* May it bee possible such men should breath,  
To vex the Tearmes so much. *Vin.* Tis foode to some my Lord.  
There are olde men at the present, that are so poysoned  
with the affectiō of law-words, (hauing had many suites can-  
uast,) that their common talke is nothing but Barbery lattin:  
they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sinnes may  
be remou'd, with a writ of Error, and their soules fetcht vp to  
heauen, with a sasarara.

*Hip.* It seemes most strange to me,  
Yet all the world meetes round in the same bent:  
Where the hearts set, there goes the tongues consent,  
How dost apply thy studies fellow?

*Vind.* Study? why to thinke how a great rich man lies a dying,  
and a poore Cobler toales the bell for him? how he cannot de-  
part the world, and see the great chest-stand before him, when  
hee lies speechlesse, how hee will point you readily to all the  
boxes, and when hee is past all memory, as the gosseps gesse,  
then thinkes hee of forffetures and obligations, nay when to all  
mens hearings he whurles and rotles in the throate hee's bus-  
sie threatning his poore Tennants? and this would last me now  
some seauen yeares thinking or there abouts? but, I haue a

wln 1935  
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wln 1969  
wln 1970  
wln 1971  
wln 1972

Conceit a comming in picture vpon this, I drawe it my selfe,  
which ifaith la Ile present to your honor, you shall not chose  
but like it for your Lordship shall giue me nothing for it,

*Luss.* Nay you misstake me then,  
For I am publisht bountifull inough,  
Lets tast of your conceit.

*Vin.* In picture my Lord. *Luss.* I in picture,  
*Vin.* Marry this it is — *A vsuring Father to be boyling in hell,*  
*and his sonne and Heire with a Whore dancing ouer him.*

*Hip.* Has par'd him to the quicke.

*Lus.* The conceit's pritty ifaith,  
But tak't vpon my life twill nere be likt.

*Vind.* No, why Ime sure the whore will be likt well enough.

*Hip.* I if she were out ath picture heede like her then himselfe.

*Vin.* And as for the sonne and heire, he shall be an eyesore to  
no young Reuellers, for hee shall bee drawne in cloth of gold  
breeches.

*Luss.* And thou hast put my meaning in the **pockets**,  
And canst not draw that out, my thought was this,  
To see the picture of a vsuring father  
Boyling in hell, our richmen would nere like it,

*Vin.* O true I cry you heartly mercy I **hnow** the reason, for  
some of'em had rather be dambd indeed, thē dambd in colours.

*Lus.* A parlous melancholy, has wit enough,  
To murder any man, and Ile giue him meanes,  
I thinke thou art ill monied;

*Vin.* Money, ho, ho,  
Tas beene my want so long, tis now my scoffe.  
Iue ene forgot what colour siluers off,

*Lus.* It hits as I could wish, *Vin.* I get good cloths,  
Of those that dread my humour, and for table-roome,  
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me,

*Lus.* Somewhat to set thee vp withall,

*Vin.* O mine eyes, *Lus.* How now man.

*Vin.* Almost strucke blind,  
This bright vnusuall shine, to me seemes proud,  
I dare not looke till the sunne be in a cloud,

*Lus.* I thinke I shall afecte his melancholy,



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 1973  
wln 1974  
wln 1975  
wln 1976  
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wln 2009  
wln 2010

How are they now. *Vin.* The better for your asking.  
*Lus.* You shall be better yet if you but fasten,  
Truly on my intent, now yare both present  
I will vnbrace such a closse priuate villayne,  
Vnto your vengfull swords, the like nere heard of,  
Who hath disgrac'd you much and iniur'd vs,  
*Hip.* Disgraced vs my Lord?  
*Lus.* I *Hippolito*.  
I kept it here till now that both your angers,  
Might meete him at once,  
*Vin.* Ime couetuous,  
To know the villayne,  
*Lus.* You know him that slaue Pandar,  
*Piato* whome we threatened last  
With irons in perpetuall prisonment;  
*Vin.* All this is I. *Hip.* Ist he my Lord?  
*Lus.* Ile tell you, you first preferd him to me.  
*Vin.* Did you brother. *Hip.* I did indeed?  
*Lus.* And the ingreatfull villayne,  
To quit that kindnes, strongly wrought with me,  
Being as you see a likely man for pleasure,  
With iewels to corrupt your virgin sister.  
*Hip.* Oh villaine, *Vin.* He shall **fully** die that did it.  
*Lus.* I far from thinking any Virgin harme.  
Especially knowing her to be as chaste  
As that part which scarce suffers to be toucht,  
Th' eye would not endure him,  
*Vin.* Would you not my Lord,  
Twas wondrous honorably donne,  
*Lus.* But with some fiue frownes kept him out,  
*Vin.* Out slaue.  
*Lus.* What did me he but in reuenge of that,  
Went of his owne free will to make infirme,  
Your sisters honor, whome I honor with my soule,  
For chaste respect, and not preuayling there,  
(As twas but desperate folly to attempt it,)  
In meere spleene, by the way, way laies your mother,  
Whose honor being a coward as it seemes.

Yeeled

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2011 Yeelded by little force. *Vind.* Coward indeed.  
wln 2012 *Luss.* He proud of their aduantage, (as he thought)  
wln 2013 Brought me these newes for happy, but I, heauen forgiue mee  
wln 2014 *Vind.* What did your honour. (for't.  
wln 2015 *Luss.* In rage pusht him from mee.  
wln 2016 Trampled beneath his throate, spurnd him, and bruizd:  
wln 2017 Indeed I was too cruell to say troth.  
wln 2018 *Hip.* Most Nobly managde.  
wln 2019 *Vind.* Has not heauen an eare? Is all the lightning wasted?  
wln 2020 *Luss.* If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,  
wln 2021 What should you be?  
wln 2022 *Vind.* Full mad, he shall not liue  
wln 2023 To see the Moone change.  
wln 2024 *Luss.* He's about the Pallace,  
wln 2025 *Hippolito* intice him this way, that thy brother  
wln 2026 May take full marke of him.  
wln 2027 *Hip.* Heart? — that shall not neede my Lord,  
wln 2028 I can direct him so far.  
wln 2029 *Luss.* Yet for my hates sake,  
wln 2030 Go, winde him this way? ile see him bleede my selfe.  
wln 2031 *Hip.* What now brother?  
wln 2032 *Vind.* Nay e'en what you will — y'are put to't brother?  
wln 2033 *Hip.* An impossible taske, Ile sweare,  
wln 2034 To bring him hither, thats already here. *Exit Hippo.*  
wln 2035 *Luss.* Thy name, I haue forgot it? *Vin.* *Vindice* my Lord.  
wln 2036 *Luss.* Tis a good name that. *Vind.* I, a Reuenger.  
wln 2037 *Luss.* It dos betoken courage, thou shouldst be valiant,  
wln 2038 And kill thine enemies. *Vind.* Thats my hope my Lord.  
wln 2039 *Luss.* This slaue is one. *Vind.* Ile doome him.  
wln 2040 *Luss.* Then ile praise thee?  
wln 2041 Do thou obserue me best, and Ile best raise thee. *Enter. Hip.*  
wln 2042 *Vind.* Indeed, I thanke you.  
wln 2043 *Luss.* Now *Hippolito*, where's the slaue Pandar?  
wln 2044 *Hip.* Your good Lordship,  
wln 2045 Would haue a loathsome sight of him, much offensiue?  
wln 2046 Hee's not in case now to be seene my Lord,  
wln 2047 The worst of all the deadly sinnes is in him:  
wln 2048 That beggerly damnation, drunkennesse.

Luss.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2049                    *Luss.* Then he's a double-slaue.  
wln 2050                    *Vind.* Twas well conuaide, vpon a suddaine wit.  
wln 2051                    *Luss.* What, are you both,  
wln 2052 Firmely resolud, ile see him dead my selfe.  
wln 2053                    *Vind.* Or else, let not vs liue.  
wln 2054                    *Luss.* You may direct your brother to take note of him.  
wln 2055                    *Hip.* I shall.  
wln 2056                    *Luss.* Rise but in this, and you shall neuer fall.  
wln 2057                    *Vind.* Your honours Vassayles.  
wln 2058                    *Luss.* This was wisely carried,  
wln 2059 Deepe policie in vs, makes fooles of such:  
wln 2060 Then must a slaue die, when he knowes too much.                    *Exi. Luss.*  
wln 2061                    *Vind.* O thou almighty patience, tis my wonder,  
wln 2062 That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,  
wln 2063 Should not be clouen as he stood:  
wln 2064 Or with a secret winde burst open!  
wln 2065 Is there no thunder left, or ist kept vp  
wln 2066 In stock for heauier vengeance, there it goes!  
wln 2067                    *Hip.* Brother we loose our selues?  
wln 2068                    *Vind.* But I haue found it,  
wln 2069 Twill hold, tis sure, thanks, thanks to any spirit,  
wln 2070 That mingled it mongst my inuentions.  
wln 2071                    *Hip.* What ist?  
wln 2072                    *Vind.* Tis sound, and good, thou shalt pertake it,  
wln 2073 I'me hir'd to kill my selfe.                    *Hip.* True.  
wln 2074                    *Vind.* Pree-thee marke it,  
wln 2075 And the old Duke being dead, but not conuaide,  
wln 2076 For he's already mist too, and you know:  
wln 2077 Murder will peepe out of the closest huske.                    *Hip.* Most true?  
wln 2078                    *Vind.* What say you then to this deuce,  
wln 2079 If we drest vp the body of the Duke.  
wln 2080                    *Hip.* In that disguise of yours.  
wln 2081                    *Vind.* Y'are quick, y'auē reacht it.  
wln 2082                    *Hip.* I like it wonderously.  
wln 2083                    *Vind.* And being in drinck, as you haue publisht him,  
wln 2084 To leane him on his elbowe, as if sleepe had caught him:  
wln 2085 Which claimes most interest in such sluggy men.  
wln 2086                    *Hip.* Good yet, but here's a doubt,

THE REVENGERS TRAGEDY.

wln 2087  
wln 2088  
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wln 2092  
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wln 2124

Me thought by'th Dukes sonne to kill that pandar,  
Shall when he is knowne be thought to kill the Duke.

*Vind.* Neither, O thankes, it is substantiall

For that disguise being on him, which I wore,  
It wil be thought I, which he calls the Pandar, did kil the Duke,  
& fled away in his apparell, leauing him so disguiz'd, to auoide  
swift pursuite. *Hip.* Firmer, and firmer.

*Vind.* Nay doubt not tis in graine, I warrant it hold collour.

*Hip.* Lets about it.

*Vind.* But by the way too, now I thinke on't, brother,  
Let's coniure that base diuill out of our Mother. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Dutches arme in arme with the Bastard: he seemeth lasciuiously to her, after them, Enter Superuacuo, running with a rapier, his Brother stops him.*

*Spuri.* Madam, vnlock your selfe, should it be seene,  
Your arme would be suspected.

*Duch.* Who ist that dares suspect, or this, or these?  
May not we deale our fauours where we please?

*Spu.* I'me, confident, you may. *Exeunt.*

*Amb.* Sfoot brother hold.

*Sup.* **Woult** let the Bastard shame vs?

*Amb.* Hold, hold, brother? there's fitter time then now.

*Sup.* Now when I see it. *Amb.* Tis too much seene already.

*Sup.* Seene and knowne,

The Nobler she's, the baser is shee growne.

*Amb.* If she were bent lasciuiously, the fault  
Of mighty women, that sleepe soft, — O death,  
Must she needes chuse such an vnequall sinner:  
To make all worse.

*Sup.* A Bastard, the Dukes Bastard, Shame heapt on shame.

*Amb.* O our disgrace.

Most women haue small waste the world through-out,  
But there desires are thousand miles about. *Exeunt.*

*Sup.* Come stay not here, lets after, and preuent,  
Or els theile sinne faster then weele repent.

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, bringing out there Mother  
one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with  
daggers in their hands.*

*Vind.*

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2125 *Vind.* O thou? for whom no name is bad ynough.  
wln 2126 *Moth.* What meanes my sonnes what will you murder me?  
wln 2127 *Vind.* Wicked, vnnaturall Parents.  
wln 2128 *Hip.* Feend of women.  
wln 2129 *Moth.* Oh! are sonnes turnd monsters? helpe.  
wln 2130 *Vind.* In vaine.  
wln 2131 *Moth.* Are you so barbarous to set Iron nipples  
wln 2132 Vpon the brest that gaue you suck.  
wln 2133 *Vind.* That brest,  
wln 2134 Is turnd to Quarled poyson.  
wln 2135 *Moth.* Cut not your daies for't, am not I your mother?  
wln 2136 *Vind.* Thou dost vsurpe that title now by fraud  
wln 2137 For in that shell of mother breeds a bawde.  
wln 2138 *Moth.* A bawde? O name far loathsomer then hell.  
wln 2139 *Hip.* It should be so knewst thou thy Office well.  
wln 2140 *Moth.* I hate it.  
wln 2141 *Vind.* Ah ist possible, *Thou onely*, you powers on hie,  
wln 2142 That women should disseemble when they die.  
wln 2143 *Mot.* Disseemble.  
wln 2144 *Vind.* Did not the Dukes sonne direct  
wln 2145 A fellow, of the worlds condition, hither,  
wln 2146 That did corrupt all that was good in thee:  
wln 2147 Made thee vnciuilly forget thy selfe,  
wln 2148 And worke our sister to his lust.  
wln 2149 *Moth.* Who I,  
wln 2150 That had beene monstrous? I defie that man:  
wln 2151 For any such intent, none liues so pure,  
wln 2152 But shall be soild with slander, — good sonne beleiue it not.  
wln 2153 *Vind.* Oh I'me in doubt,  
wln 2154 Whether I'me my selfe, or no,  
wln 2155 Stay, let me looke agen vpon this face.  
wln 2156 Who shall be sau'd when mothers haue no grace.  
wln 2157 *Hip.* Twould make one halfe dispaire.  
wln 2158 *Vind.* I was the man,  
wln 2159 Defie me, now? lets see, do't modestly.  
wln 2160 *Moth.* O hell vnto my soule.  
wln 2161 *Vind.* In that disguise, I sent from the Dukes sonne,  
wln 2162 Tryed you, and found you base mettell,

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wln 2164  
wln 2165  
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wln 2167  
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wln 2169  
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wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201

As any villaine might haue donne.

*Mo.* O no, no tongue but yours could haue bewicht me so.

*Vind.* O nimble in damnation, quick in tune,  
There is no diuill could strike fire so soone:  
I am confuted in a word.

*Mot.* Oh sonnes, forgiue me, to my selfe ile proue more true,  
You that should honor me, I kneele to you.

*Vind.* A mother to giue ayme to her owne daughter.

*Hip.* True brother, how far beyond nature 'tis,  
Tho many Mothers do't.

*Vind.* Nay and you draw teares once, go you to bed,  
Wet will make yron blush and change to red:  
Brother it raines, twill spoile your dagger, house it.

*Hip* Tis done.

*Vin.* Yfaith tis a sweete shower, it dos much good,  
The fruitfull grounds, and meadowes of her soule,  
Has beene long dry: powre downe thou blessed dew,  
Rise Mother, troth this shower has made you higher.

*Mot.* O you heauens? take this infectious spot out of my soule,  
Ile rence it in seauen waters of mine eyes?

Make my teares salt ynough to tast of grace,  
To weepe, is to our sexe: naturally giuen:  
But to weepe truely thats a gift from heauen?

*Vind.* Nay Ile kisse you now: kisse her brother?  
Lets marry her to our soules, wherein's no lust,  
And honorably loue her. *Hip.* Let it be.

*Vind.* For honest women are so sild and rare,  
Tis good to cherish those poore few that are.

Oh you of easie waxe, do but imagine  
Now the disease has left you, how leproously  
That Office would haue cling'd vnto your forehead,  
All mothers that had any gracefull hue,  
Would haue worne maskes to hide their face at you:  
It would haue growne to this, at your foule name;  
Greene-collour'd maides would haue turnd red with shame?

*Hip.* And then our sister full of hire, and bassenesse.

*Vind.* There had beene boyling lead agen,  
The dukes sonnes great Concubine:  
A drab of State, a cloath a siluer slut,

To

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205  
wln 2206  
wln 2207  
wln 2208  
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wln 2210  
wln 2211  
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wln 2237  
wln 2238  
wln 2239

To haue her traine borne vp, and her soule traile i'th durt; great.

*Hip.* To be miserably great, rich to be eternally wretched.

*Vind.* O common madnesse:

Aske but the thriuingst harlot in cold bloud,  
Sheed giue the world to make her honour good,  
Perhaps youle say but onely to'th Dukes sonne,  
In priuate; why, shee first begins with one,  
Who afterward to thousand prooues a whore:  
"Breake Ice in one place, it will crack in more.

*Mother.* Most certainly applyed?

*Hip.* Oh Brother, you forget our businesse.

*Vind.* And well remembred, ioye's a subtill elfe,  
I thinke man's happiest, when he forgets himselfe:  
Farewell once dried, now holy-watred Meade,  
Our hearts weare Feathers, that before wore Lead.

*Mother.* Ile giue you this, that one I neuer knew  
Plead better, for, and gainst the Diuill, then you.

*Vind.* You make me proud ont.

*Hip.* Commend vs in all vertue to our Sister.

*Vind.* I for the loue of heauen, to that true maide.

*Mother.* With my best words.

*Vind.* Why that was motherly sayd.

*Exeunt.*

*Mother.* I wonder now what fury did transport me?  
I feele good thoughts begin to settle in me.  
Oh with what fore-head can I looke on her?  
Whose honor I'ue so impiouslie beset,  
And here shee comes,

*Cast.* Now mother, you haue wrought with me so strongly,  
That what for my aduancement, as to calme  
The trouble of your tongue: I am content.

*Mother.* Content, to what?

*Cast.* To do as you haue wisht me,  
To prostitute my brest to the Dukes sonne:  
And put my selfe to common Vsury.

*Mother.* I hope you will not so.

*Cast.* Hope you I will not?

That's not the hope you looke to be saued in.

*Mother.* Truth but it is.

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249  
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wln 2271  
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wln 2275  
wln 2276  
wln 2277  
wln 2278

*Cast.* Do not deceiue your selfe,  
I am, as you een out of Marble wrought,  
What would you now, are yee not pleasde yet with me,  
You shall not wish me to be more lasciuious  
Then I intend to be. *Mother.* Strike not me cold,  
*Cast.* How often haue you chargd me on your blessing  
To be a cursed woman — when you knew,  
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,  
You laide your cursse vpon me, that did more,  
The mothers curse is heauy, where that fights,  
Sonnes set in storme, and daughters loose their lights?  
*Moth.* Good childe, deare maide, if there be any sparke  
Of heauenly intellectuall fire within thee, oh let my breath,  
Reuiue it to a flame:  
Put not all out, with womans wilfull follyes,  
I am recouerd of that foule disease  
That haunts too many mothers, kinde forgiue me,  
Make me not sick in health? — if then  
My words preuailde when they were wickednesse,  
How much more now when they are iust and good?  
*Cast.* I wonder what you meane, are not you she  
For whose infect perswasions I could scarce  
Kneele out my prayers, and had much adoo  
In three houres reading, to vntwist so much  
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me.  
*Moth.* Tis vnfruitfull, held tedious to repeate whats past,  
Ime now your present Mother. *Cast.* Push, now 'tis too late,  
*Moth.* Bethinke agen, thou knowst not what thou sayst.  
*Cast.* No, deny aduancement, treasure, the Dukes sonne.  
*Moth.* O see, I spoke those words, and now they poyson me:  
What will the deed do then?  
Aduancement, true: as high as shame can pitch,  
For Treasure; who ere knew a harlot rich?  
Or could build by the purchase of her sinne,  
An hospitall to keepe their bastards in: The Dukes sonne,  
Oh when woemen are yong Courtiers, they are sure to be old  
To know the miseries most harlots taste, (beggars,  
Thoudst wish thy selfe vnborne, when thou art vnchast.  
*Cast.* O mother let me twine about your necke,

And



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2279  
wln 2280  
wln 2281  
wln 2282  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
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wln 2292  
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wln 2294  
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wln 2317  
wln 2318

And kisse you till my soule melt on your lips,  
I did but this to trie you. *Mot.* O speake truth.

*Cast.* Indeed I did not, for no tong has force to alter me from  
If maydens would, mens words could haue no power, (honest  
A vergin honor is a christall Tower.  
Which being weake is guarded with good spirits,  
Vntill she basely yeelds no ill inherits.

*Mot.* O happy child! faith and thy birth hath saued me,  
Mongst thousand daughters happiest of all others,  
Buy thou a glasse for maides, and I for mothers. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito.*

*Vin.* So, so, he leanes well, take heede you wake him not bro-

*Hip.* I warant you my life for yours. (ther

*Vin.* Thats a good lay, for I must kill my selfe?  
Brother thats I: that sits for me: do you marke it,  
And I must stand ready here to make away my selfe yonder — I  
must sit to bee kild, and stand to kill my selfe, I could varry it  
not so little as thrice ouer agen, tas some eight returnes like  
Michelmas Tearme. *Hip.* Thats enow a conscience.

*Vind.* But sirrah dos the Dukes sonne come single?

*Hip.* No, there's the hell on't, his faith's too feeble to go alone?  
hee brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzze against supper  
time, and hum for his comming out.

*Vind.* Ah the fly-flop of vengeance beate 'em to peeces? here  
was the sweetest occasion, the fittest houre, to haue made my  
reueng familiar with him, show him the body of the Duke his  
father, and how quaintly he died like a Polititian in hugger-  
mugger, made no man acquainted with it, and in Catastrophe  
slaine him ouer his fathers brest, and oh I'me mad to loose such a  
sweete opportunity.

*Hip.* Nay push, pree-thee be content! there's no remedy pre-  
sent, may not hereafter times open in as faire faces as this.

*Vind.* They may if they can paint so well?

*Hip.* Come, now to auoide al suspicion, lets forsake this roome,  
and be going to meete the Dukes sonne. (comes? *Ent.* Luss.

*Vind.* Content, I'me for any wether? heart step closse, here hee

*Hip.* My honord Lord? *Lus.* Oh me; you both present.

*Vin.* E'en newly my Lord, iust as your Lordship enterd now? a-  
bout this place we had notice giuen hee should bee, but in some

[◇] [◇] [◇] [◇][\*]

[◇]

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2319                   *Hip.* Came your honour priuate?  
wln 2320                   *Luss.* Priuate inough for this: onely a few  
wln 2321                   Attend my comming out. *Hip.* Death rotte those few.  
wln 2322                   *Luss.* Stay yonder's the slaue.  
wln 2323                   *Vind.* Masse there's the slaue indeed my Lord;  
wln 2324                   Tis a good child, he calls his Father slaue.  
wln 2325                   *Luss.* I, thats the villaine, the dambd villaine: softly,  
wln 2326                   Tread easie.  
wln 2327                   *Vin.* Puh, I warrant you my Lord, weele stifflie in our breaths.  
wln 2328                   *Luss.* That will do well:  
wln 2329                   Base roague, thou sleepest thy last, tis policie,  
wln 2330                   To haue him killd in's sleepe, for if he wakt  
wln 2331                   Hee would betray all to them.  
wln 2332                   *Vind.* But my Lord. *Luss.* Ha, what sayst?  
wln 2333                   *Vind.* Shall we kill him now hees drunke? *Lus.* I best of all.  
wln 2334                   *Vind.* Why then hee will nere liue to be sober?  
wln 2335                   *Lus.* No matter, let him reele to hell.  
wln 2336                   *Vind.* But being so full of liquor, I feare hee will put out all  
wln 2337                   *Lus.* Thou art a mad **breſt**. (the fire,  
wln 2338                   *Vin.* And leaue none to warme your Lordships Gols withall;  
wln 2339                   For he that dyes drunke, falls into hell fire like a Bucket o' water,  
wln 2340                   quſh quſh.  
wln 2341                   *Lus.* Come be ready, nake your swords, thinke of your wrongs  
wln 2342                   This slaue has iniur'd you.  
wln 2343                   *Vind.* Troth so he has, and he has paide well fort.  
wln 2344                   *Lus.* Meete with him now.  
wln 2345                   *Vin.* Youle beare vs out my Lord?  
wln 2346                   *Lus.* Puh, am I a Lord for nothing thinke you, quickly, now.  
wln 2347                   *Vind.* Sa, sa, sa: thumpe, there he lyes.  
wln 2348                   *Lus.* Nimble done, ha? oh, villaines, murderers,  
wln 2349                   Tis the old Duke my father. *Vind.* That's a iest.  
wln 2350                   *Lus.* What stiffe and colde already?  
wln 2351                   O pardon me to call you from your names:  
wln 2352                   Tis none of your deed, — that villaine *Piato*  
wln 2353                   Whom you thought now to kill, has murderd him,  
wln 2354                   And left him thus disguizd. *Hip.* And not vnlikely.  
wln 2355                   *Vind.* O rascall was he not aſhamde,  
wln 2356                   To put the Duke into a greasie doublet.

*Luss.*

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2357  
wln 2358  
wln 2359  
wln 2360  
wln 2361  
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wln 2363  
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wln 2379  
wln 2380  
wln 2381  
wln 2382  
wln 2383  
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wln 2389  
wln 2390  
wln 2391  
wln 2392  
wln 2393  
wln 2394

*Luss.* He has beene cold and stiff who knowes, how long?

*Vind.* Marry that do I.

*Luss.* No words I pray, off any thing entended:

*Vind.* Oh my Lord.

*Hip.* I would same haue your Lordship thinke that we haue  
small reason to prate.

*Lus.* Faith thou sayst true? ile forth-with send to Court,  
For all the Nobles, Bastard, Duchesse, all?  
How here by miracle wee found him dead,  
And in his rayment that foule villaine fled.

*Vind.* That will be the best way my Lord, to cleere vs all: lets  
cast about to be cleere.

*Luss.* Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest.

*Enter all.*

*I.* My Lord. *2.* My Lord.

*Lus.* Be witnesses of a strange spectacle:  
Choosing for priuate conference that sad roome  
We found the Duke my father gealde in bloud.

*I.* My Lord the Duke — run hie thee Nencio,  
Startle the Court by signifying so much.

*Vind.* Thus much by wit a deepe Reuenger can:  
When murders knowne, to be the cleerest man  
We're fordest off, and with as bould an eye,  
Suruay his body as the standers by.

*Luss.* My royall father, too basely let bloud,  
By a maleuolent slaue.

*Hip.* Harke? he calls thee slaue agen. *Vin.* Ha's lost, he may.

*Lus.* Oh sight, looke hether, see, his lips are gnawn with poysō.

*Vin.* How — his lips by'th masse they bee.

*Lus.* O villaine — O roague — O slaue — O rascall:

*Hip.* O good deceite, he quits him with like tearmes.

*I.* Where. *2.* Which way.

*Amb.* Ouer what rooffe hangs this prodigious Comet,  
In deadly fire.

*Lus.* Behold, behold my Lords the Duke my fathers murderd  
by a vassaile, that owes this habit, and here left disguisde.

*Duch.* My Lord and husband. *2.* Reuerend Maiesty.

*I.* I haue seene these cloths, often attending on him.

*Vin.* That Nobleman, has bin ith Country, for he dos not lie?

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDY.

wln 2395  
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wln 2398  
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wln 2432

*Sup.* Learne of our mother lets dissemble to,  
I am glad hee's vanisht; so I hope are you?  
*Amb.* I you may take my word fort.  
*Spur.* Old Dad, dead?  
I, one of his cast sinnes will send the Fates  
Most hearty commendations by his owne sonne,  
Ile tug in the new streame, till strength be done.  
*Lus.* Where be those two, that did affirme to vs?  
My Lord the Duke was priuately rid forth?  
*I.* O pardon vs my Lords, hee gaue that charge  
Vpon our liues if he were mist at Court,  
To answer so; hee rode not any where,  
We left him priuate with that fellow here? *Vind.* Confirmde.  
*Lus.* O heauens, that false charge was his death,  
Impudent Beggars, durst you to our face,  
Maintaine such a false answer? beare him straight to execution.  
*I.* My Lord? *Luss.* Vrge me no more.  
In this the excuse, may be cal'd halfe the murther?  
*Vind.* Yo'ue sentencde well.  
*Luss.* Away see it be done.  
*Vind.* Could you not stick: see what confession doth?  
Who would not lie when men are hangd for truth?  
*Hip.* Brother how happy is our vengeance.  
*Vin.* Why it hits, past the apprehension of indifferent wits.  
*Luss,* My Lord let post horse be sent,  
Into all places to intrap the villaine,  
*Vin.* Post-horse ha ha.  
*Nob.* My Lord, we're som-thing bould to know our duety?  
Your fathers accidentally departed,  
The titles that were due to him, meete you.  
*Lus.* Meete me? I'me not at leisure my good Lord,  
I'ue many greefes to dispatch out ath way:  
Welcome sweete titles, — talke to me my Lords,  
Of sepulchers, and mighty Emperors bones,  
Thats thought for me.  
*Vind.* So, one may see by this,  
How forraine markets goe:  
Courtiers haue feete ath nines, and tongues ath twellues,

They

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2433  
wln 2434  
wln 2435  
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wln 2470

They flatter Dukes and Dukes flatter them-selues.  
*Nob.* My Lord it is your shine must comfort vs.  
*Luss.* Alas I shine in teares like the Sunne in Aprill.  
*Nobl.* Your now my Lords grace?  
*Luss.* My Lords grace? I perceiue youle haue it so.  
*Nobl.* Tis but your owne.  
*Luss.* Then heauens giue me grace to be so?  
*Vind* He praies wel for him-selfe.  
*Nobl.* Madame all sorrowes,  
Must runne their circles into ioyes, no doubt but time,  
Wil make the murderer bring forth him-selfe.  
*Vind.* He were an Asse then yfaith?  
*Nob.* In the meane season,  
Let vs bethinke the latest-funerall honors:  
Due to the Dukes cold bodie, — and withall,  
Calling to memory our new happinesse,  
Spreade in his royall sonne, — Lords Gentlemen,  
Prepare for Reuells. *Vind.* Reuells.  
*Nobl.* Time hath seuerall falls,  
Greefes lift vp ioyes, feastes put downe funeralls.  
*Lus.* Come then my Lords, my fauours to you all,  
The Duchesse is suspected, fowly bent,  
Ile beginne Dukedome with her banishment? *Exeunt Duke*  
*Hip.* Reuells. *Nobles and Duchesse.*  
*Vind.* I, that's the word, we are firme yet,  
Strike one straine more, and then we crowne our wit. *Exeu. Bro.*  
*Spu.* Well, haue the fayrest marke, — (so sayd the Duke when  
he begot me,)  
And if I misse his heart or neere about,  
Then haue at any, a Bastard scornes to be out.  
*Sup.* Not'st thou that *Spurio* brother.  
*And.* Yes I note him to our shame.  
*Super.* He shall not liue, his haire shall not grow much longer?  
in this time of Reuells tricks may be set a foote, seest thou yon  
new Moone, it shall out-liue the new Duke by much, this hand  
shall dispossesse him, then we're mighty.  
A maske is treasons licence, that build vpon?  
Tis murders best face when a vizard's on. *Exit Super.*

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2471  
wln 2472  
wln 2473  
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wln 2508

*Amb.* Ist so, 'ts very good,  
And do you thinke to be Duke then, kinde brother:  
Ile see faire play, drop one, and there lies tother. *Exit Ambi.*  
*Enter Vindice & Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.*  
*Vind.* My Lords; be all of Musick, strike old gricfes into other  
That flow in too much milke, and haue faint liuers, (countries  
Not daring to stab home their discontents:  
Let our hid flames breake out, as fire, as lightning,  
To blast this villanous Dukedome: vext with sinne;  
Winde vp your soules to their full height agen.  
*Piero.* How? *I.* Which way?  
*3.* Any way: our wrongs are such,  
We cannot iustly be reuengde too much.  
*Vind.* You shall haue all enough: — Reuels are toward,  
And those few Nobles that haue long suppressd you,  
Are busied to the furnishing of a Maske:  
And do affect to make a pleasant taile ont,  
The Masking suites are fashioning, now comes in  
That which must glad vs all — wee to take patterne  
Of all those suites, the colour, trimming, fashion,  
E'en to an vndistinguisht hayre almost:  
Then entring first, obseruing the true forme,  
Within a straine or two we shall finde leasure,  
To steale our swords out handsomly,  
And when they thinke their pleasure sweete and good,  
In midst of all their ioyes, they shall sigh bloud.  
*Pie.* Weightily, effectually, *3.* before the tother Maskers come.  
*Vind.* We're gone, all done and past.  
*Pie.* But how for the Dukes guard? *Vind.* Let that alone,  
By one and one their strengths shall be drunke downe,  
*Hip.* There are fiue hundred Gentlemen in the action,  
That will apply them-selues, and not stand idle.  
*Pier.* Oh let vs hug your bosomes. *Vin.* Come my Lords,  
Prepare for deeds, let other times haue words. *Exeunt.*  
*In a dum shew, the possessing of the young Duke.*  
*with all his Nobles: Then sounding Musick.*  
*A furnisht Table is brought forth: then enters the Duke*  
*& his Nobles to the banquet. A blasing-star appeareth.*

Noble-

THE RE[\*\*\*\*]ERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2509  
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wln 2545  
wln 2546  
wln 2547

*Noble.* Many harmonious houres, and choisest pleasures,  
Fill vp the royall numbers of your yeares.  
*Lus.* My Lords we're pleas'd to thanke you? — tho we know,  
Tis but your duety now to wish it so.  
*Nob.* That shine makes vs all happy.  
3. *Nob.* His Grace frounes?  
2. *Nob.* Yet we must say he smiles. 1. *Nob.* I thinke we must.  
*Lus.* That foule-Incontinent Duchesse we haue banisht,  
The Bastard shall not liue: after these Reuells  
Ile begin strange ones; hee and the stepsonnes,  
Shall pay their liues for the first subsidies,  
We must not frowne so soone, else t'ad beene now?  
1. *Nob.* My gracious Lord please you prepare for pleasure,  
The maske is not far off.  
*Lus.* We are for pleasure,  
Beshrew thee, what art thou? madst me start?  
Thou hast committed treason, — A blazing star.  
1. *Nob.* A blazing star, O where my Lord. *Lus.* Spy out.  
2. *Nob.* See, see, my Lords, a wondrous-dreadful one.  
*Lus.* I am not pleas'd at that ill-knotted fire,  
That bushing-flaring star, — am not I Duke?  
It should not quake me now: had it appeard,  
Before it, I might then haue iustly feard,  
But yet they say, whom art and learning Weds:  
When stars were locks, they threaten great-mens heads,  
Is it so? you are read my Lords.  
1. *Nob.* May it please your Grace,  
It shoues great anger.  
*Lus.* That dos not please our Grace.  
2. *Nob.* Yet here's the comfort my Lord, many times  
When it seemes most it threatnes fardest off.  
*Lus.* Faith and I thinke so too.  
1. *Nob.* Beside my Lord,  
You'r gracefully establisht with the loues  
Of all your subiects: and for naturall death,  
I hope it will be threescore years a comming.  
*Lus.* True, no more but threescore years.  
1. *Nob.* Fourescore I hope my Lord: 2. *Nob.* And fuescore, I,  
3. *Nob.* But tis my hope my Lord, you shall nere die.

THE REVENGERS [\*\*\*]ÆDIE.

wln 2548  
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wln 2584  
wln 2585

*Lus.* Giue me thy hand, these others I rebuke,  
He that hopes so, is **sittest** for a Duke:  
Thou shalt sit next me, take your places Lords,  
We're ready now for sports, let 'em set on.  
You thing? we shall forget you quite anon!  
3. *Nob.* I heare 'em comming my Lord. *Enter the Maske of*  
*Lus.* Ah tis well, *Reuengers the two Brothers, and*  
Brothers, and Bastard, you dance next in hell? *two Lords more.*  
*The Reuengers daunce?*  
*At the end, steale out their swords, and these foure kill the foure at*  
*the Table, in their Chaires. It thunders.*  
*Vind.* Marke, Thunder?  
Dost know thy kue, thou big-voyc'st cryer?  
Dukes groanes, are thunders watch-words,  
*Hip.* So my Lords, You haue ynough.  
*Vind.* Come lets away, no lingring. *Exeunt.*  
*Hip.* Follow, goe?  
*Vind.* No power is angry when the lust-ful die,  
When thunder-claps, heauen likes the tragedy. *Exit Vin.*  
*Lus.* Oh, oh.  
*Enter the other Maske of entended murderers? Step-sons; Bastard;*  
*and a fourth man, comming in dauncing, the Duke recouers a*  
*little in voyce, and groanes, — calls a guard, treason.*  
*At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards*  
*the Table, they finde them all to be murdered.*  
*Spur.* Whose groane was that? *Lus.* Treason, a guard.  
*Amb.* How now? all murderd! *Super.* Murderd!  
4. And those his Nobles?  
*Amb.* Here's a labour sau'd,  
I thought to haue sped him, Sbloud how came this.  
*Spur.* Then I proclaime my selfe, now I am Duke.  
*Amb.* Thou Duke,! brother thou liest.  
*Spu.* Slaue so dost thou?  
4. Base villayne hast thou slaine my Lord and Maister.  
*Enter the first men.*  
*Vind.* Pistolls, treason, murder, helpe, guard my Lord the Duke.  
*Hip.* Lay hold vpon this Traytors? *Lus.* Oh.  
*Vind.* Alasse, the Duke is murderd. *Hip.* And the Nobles.

*Vind.*



THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2586  
wln 2587  
wln 2588  
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wln 2590  
wln 2591  
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wln 2623

*Vin.* Surgeons, Surgeons, — heart dos he breath so long.  
*Ant.* A piteous tragædy, able to **wake**,  
An old-mans eyes bloud-shot; *Luss.* Oh.  
*Vin.* Looke to my Lord the Duke—a vengeance throttle him.  
Confesse thou murdrous and vnhollowed man,  
Didst thou kill all these?  
4. None but the Bastard I,  
*Vin.* How came the Duke slaine then;  
4. We found him so, *Luss.* O villaine,  
*Vin.* Harke. *Luss.* Those in the maske did murder vs,  
*Vin.* Law you now sir.  
O marble impudence! will you confesse now?  
4. Sloud tis all false,  
*Ant.* Away with that foule monster,  
Dipt in a Princes bloud.  
4. Heart tis a lye,  
*Ant.* Let him haue bitter execution,  
*Vin.* New marrow no I cannot be exprest,  
How faires my Lord the Duke.  
*Luss.* Farewel to al,  
He that climes highest has the greatest fall,  
My tong is out of office.  
*Vin.* Ayre Gentlemen, ayre,  
Now thoulst not prate ont, twas *Vindice* murdred thee,  
*Luss.* Oh. *Vin.* Murdred thy Father.  
*Luss.* Oh.  
*Vin.* And I am he — tell no-body, so so, the Dukes departed,  
*Ant.* It was a deadly hand that wounded him,  
The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway,  
After his death were so made all away,  
*Vin.* My Lord was vnlikely, *Hip.* Now the hope,  
Of *Italy* lyes in your reuerend yeares?  
*Vin.* Your hayre, will make the siluer age agen,  
When there was fewer but more honest men,  
*Anto.* The burdens weighty and will presse age downe,  
May I so rule that heauen **nay** keepe the crowne,  
*Vin.* The rape of your good Lady has beene quited,  
With death on death. *Ant.* Iust is the Lawe aboue

But

THE REVENGERS TRAGÆDIE.

wln 2624 But of al things it puts me most to wonder  
wln 2625 How the old Duke came murdred *Vin.* Oh, my Lord.  
wln 2626 *Ant.* It was the strangeliest carried, I not hard of the like,  
wln 2627 *Hip.* Twas all donne for the best my Lord, (now,  
wln 2628 *Vin.* All for your graces good? we may be bould to speake it  
wln 2629 Twas some-what witty carried tho we say it.  
wln 2630 Twas we two murdred him, *Ant.* You two?  
wln 2631 *Vin.* None else ifaith my Lord nay twas well managde,  
wln 2632 *Ant.* Lay hands vpon those villaines. *Vin.* How? on vs?  
wln 2633 *Ant.* Beare 'em **two** speedy execution,  
wln 2634 *Vin.* Heart wast not for your good my Lord?  
wln 2635 *Ant.* My good away with 'em such an ould man as he,  
wln 2636 You that would murder him would murder me,  
wln 2637 *Vin.* Ist come about; *Hip.* Sfoote brother you begun,  
wln 2638 *Vin.* May not we set as well as the Dukes sonne,  
wln 2639 Thou hast no conscience, are we not reuengde?  
wln 2640 Is there one enemy left aliue amongst those?  
wln 2641 Tis time to die, when we are our selues our foes.  
wln 2642 When murders shut deeds close, this curse does seale 'em,  
wln 2643 If none disclose 'em they them selues reueale 'em!  
wln 2644 This murder might haue slept in tonglesse brasse,  
wln 2645 But for our selues, and the world dyed an asse;  
wln 2646 Now I remember too, here was *Piato.* (time  
wln 2647 Brought forth a knauish sentance once, no doubt (said he) but  
wln 2648 Will make the murderer bring forth himselfe?  
wln 2649 Tis well he died, he was a witch,  
wln 2650 And now my Lord, since we are in for euer:  
wln 2651 This worke was ours which else might haue beene slipt,  
wln 2652 And if we list we could haue Nobles clipt,  
wln 2653 And go for lesse then beggers, but we hate  
wln 2654 To bleed so cowardly we haue ynough,  
wln 2655 Yfaith, we're well, our Mother turn'd, our Sister true,  
wln 2656 We die after a nest of Dukes, adue, *Exeunt*  
wln 2657 *Ant.* How subtilly was that murder **elosde**, beare vp,  
wln 2658 Those tragick bodies, tis a heauy season:  
wln 2659 Pray heauen their bloud may wash away all treason. *Exit*

wln 2660

FINIS.

**img: 37-b**  
**sig: [N/A]**

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## Textual Notes

1. **3 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *Vindice* is amended from the original *Vendici*.
2. **55 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *her* comes from the original *her*, though possible variants include *his*.
3. **120 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Court* is amended from the original *Cour*.
4. **226 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *methinks* is amended from the original *my thinks*.
5. **384 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *Mistresses* is amended from the original *Mistesses*.
6. **651 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *Should* is amended from the original *Sould*.
7. **1146 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Grace* is amended from the original *Gtace*.
8. **1169 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *will* is amended from the original *wlll*.
9. **1598 (23-b)**: The regularized reading *Slobbering* is amended from the original *Flobbering*.
10. **1673 (24-b)**: The regularized reading *Supervacuo* is amended from the original *Spu.*.
11. **1686 (24-b)**: The regularized reading *our* is amended from the original *out*.
12. **1785 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *desperate* is amended from the original *desperare*.
13. **1800 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *come* is amended from the original *comes*.
14. **1952 (28-a)**: The letters *ets* in this word are printed beneath the line, due to slipped type. EMED reinstates the letters to the correct position.
15. **1956 (28-a)**: The regularized reading *know* is amended from the original *hnow*.
16. **1995 (28-b)**: The regularized reading *surely* is amended from the original *fuely*.
17. **2107 (30-a)**: The regularized reading *Wouldst* is amended from the original *Woult*.
18. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *loathsome* is supplied for the original [◇].
19. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *plight* is supplied for the original [◇].
20. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *or* is supplied for the original [◇].
21. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *other* is supplied for the original [◇].
22. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *.* is supplied for the original [\*].
23. **2337 (33-a)**: The regularized reading *breast* comes from the original *brest*, though possible variants include *beast*.
24. **2464 (34-b)**: The regularized reading *Ambitoso* is amended from the original *And.*.
25. **2549 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *fittest* is amended from the original *sittest*.
26. **2587 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *make* is amended from the original *wake*.
27. **2621 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *may* is amended from the original *nay*.
28. **2633 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *to* is amended from the original *two*.
29. **2657 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *closed* is amended from the original *elosde*.

