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THE
WHITE DIVEL,
OR,
The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano
Ursini, Duke of Brachiano,
With
The Life and Death of Vittoria
Corombona the famous
Venetian Curtizan.

Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Servants.

Written by IOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora secutus.

LONDON,
Printed by N. O. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the
Royall Exchange. 1612.
To the Reader.

IN publishing this Tragedy, I do but challenge to my selfe that liberty, which other men haue tane before mee; not that I affect praise by it, for, nos hæc nouimus esse nihil, onely since it was acted, in so dull a time of Winter, presented in so open and blacke a Theater, that it wanted (that which is the onely grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding Auditory: and that since that time I haue noted, most of the people that come to that Play-house, resemble those ignorant asses (who visiting Stationers shoppes their vse is not to inquire for good bookes, but new bookes) I present it to the generall view with this confidence.

Nec Rhoncos metues, maligniorum, Nec Scombris tunicas, dabis molestas.
If it be objected this is no true Drammaticke Poem, I shall easily confesse it, non potes in nugas dicere plura meas: Ipse ego quam dixi, willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind haue I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory, the most sententious Tragedy that euer was written, observing all the critticall lawes, as heighth of stile; and grauety of person; inrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it were
To the Reader.

were life’n Death, in the passionate and weighty Nuntius: yet after all this divine rapture, O dura messorum ilia, the breath that comes frō the uncapable multitude, is able to poison it, and ere it be acted, let the Author resolve to fix to every scene, this of Horace,

— Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this Tragedy, I confess I do not write with a goose-quill, winged with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answere them with that of Eurypides to Alcestides, a Tragicke Writer: Alcestides objecting that Eurypides had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas him selfe had written three hundreth: Thou telst truth, (quoth he) but heres the difference, thine shall onely bee read for three daies, whereas mine shall continue three ages.

Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance: For mine owne part I haue euer truly cherisht my good opinion of other mens worthy Labours, especially of that full and haightned stile of Maister Chapman. The labor’d and understanding worke of Maister Johnson: The no lesse worthy compositories of the both worthily excellent Maister Beamont, & Maister Fletcher: And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker, & M. Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light: Protesting, that, in the strength of mine owne judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martiall.

— non norunt, Hæc monumenta mori.
LODOVICO.
BAnisht? ANTO. It greeu’d me much to
heare the sentence.
   LODO. Ha, Ha, ô Democritus thy Gods
That gouerne the whole world! Courtly re­
ward, and punishment. Fortun’s a right whore.
If she giue ought, she deales it in smal percel,
That she may take away all at one swope.
This tis to haue great enemies, God quite them:
Your woolfe no longer seems to be a woolfe
Then when shees hungry. GAS. You terme those enemies
Are men of Princely ranke.
   LOD. Oh I pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pasht in peeces by it. ANTO. Come my Lord,
You are iustly dom’d; looke but a little backe
Into your former life: you haue in three yeares
Ruin’d the noblest Earldome GAS. Your followers
Haue swallowed you like Mummia, and being sicke
With such vnnaturall and horrid Phisicke
Vomit you vp ith kennell ANTO. All the damnable degrees
Of
Vittoria Corombona.

Of drinkings haue you, you staggerd through one Cittizen
Is Lord of two faire Manors, cald you master
Only for Cauiare. GAS. Those noblemen
Which were inuited to your prodigall feastes,
Wherin the Phænix scarce could scape your throtes,
Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeminge you:
An idle Meteor which drawne forth the earth
Would bee soone lost ith aire. ANTO. Ieast vpon you,
And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,
You haue ruin’d such faire Lordships. LODO. Very good,
This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend
The powring out of eather. GAS. Worse then these,
You haue acted, certaine Murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror. LOD. Las they were flea-bytinges:
Why tooke they not my head then? GAS. O my Lord
The law doth somtimes mediate, thinkes it good
Not euer to steepe violent sinnes in blood,
This gentle pennance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.

   LOD. So, but I wonder then some great men scape
This banishment, ther’s Paulo Giordano Orsini,
The Duke of Brachiano, now liues in Rome,
And by close pandarisme seekes to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona,
Vittoria, she that might haue got my pardon
For one kisse to the Duke. ANTO. Haue a full man within you,
Wee see that Trees beare no such pleasant fruite
There where they grew first, as where the are new set.
Perfumes the more they are chaf’d the more they render
Their pleasing sents, and so affliction
Expresseth vertue, fully, whether trew,
Or ells adulterate. LOD. Leaue your painted comforts,
Ile make Italian cut-works in their guts
If euer I returne. GASP. O Sir. LODO. I am patient,
I haue seene some ready to be executed
Giue pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar
With the knaue hangman, so do I, I thanke them,

    And
Vittoria Corombona.

And would account them nobly mercifull
Would they dispatch me quicklie, ANTO. Fare you well,
Wee shall find time I doubt not to repeale
Your banishment. LOD. I am euer bound to you:
This is the worlds almes; pray make vse of it,
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in pieces,
When first they haue shorned them bare and sold their fleeces.

Exeunt.

Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo, Vittoria Corombona.

   BRA. Your best of rest. VIT. Vnto my Lord the Duke,
The best of wellcome, More lights, attend the Duke.
   BRA. Flamineo. FLA. My Lord. BRA. Quite lost Flamineo.
   FLA. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your servise, ô my Lord!
The faire Vittoria, my happy sister
Shall giue you present audience, gentlemen
Let the caroach go on, and tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches and depart.
   BRA. Are wee so happy. FLA. Can’t be otherwise?
Obseru’d you not to night my honor’d Lord
Which way so ere you went shee threw her eyes,
I haue dealt already with her chamber-maid
Zanche the More, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.
   BRA. Wee are happie aboue thought, because boue merrit.
   FLA. ’boue merrit! wee may now talke freely: ’boue merrit;
what ist you doubt, her coynesse, thats but the superficies of lust
most women haue; yet why should Ladyes blush to heare that
nam’d, which they do not feare to handle? O they are politicke,
They know our desire is increas’d by the difficultie of inioy
ing; where a satiety is a blunt, weary and drowsie passion, if
the buttery hatch at Court stood continually open their would
be nothing so passionat crouding, nor hot suit after the beueraage,
   BRA. O but her jealous husband.
   FLA. Hang him, a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with

B2 quicke-
Vittoria Corombona.

quicke-siluer is not more could in the liuer. The great Barriers moulted not more feathers then he hath shed haires, by the con-
fession of his doctor. An Irish gamster that will play himselfe nak-
ed, and then wage all downeward, at hazard, is not more ven-
terous. So vn-able to please a woman that like a dutch doublet
all his backe is shrunke into his breeches.
Shrowd you within this closet, good my Lord,
Some tricke now must be thought on to deuide
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow,
    BRA. O should she faile to come,
    FLA. I must not haue your Lordship thus vnwisely amorous,
I my selfe haue loued a lady and peursued her with a great deale
of vnder-age protestation, whom some 3. or 4. gallants that haue
enioyed would with all their harts haue bin glad to haue bin rid
of. Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden, the birds that are
without, despaire to get in, and the birds that are within despaire
and are in a consumption for feare they shall neuer get out: away
away my Lord,
See here he comes, this fellow by his apparell
Some men would iudge a pollitian,
But call his wit in question you shall find it
Merely an Asse in's foot cloath,
How now brother what trauailing to bed to your kind wife?
    CAM. I assure you brother no, My voyage lyes
More northerlie, in a farre colder clime,
I do not well remember I protest when I last lay with her.
    FLA. Strange you should loose your Count.
    CAM. Wee neuer lay together but eare morning
Their grew a flaw betweene vs.    FLA. T'had byn your part
To haue made vp that flaw.
    CAM. Trew, but shee loathes I should be seene in’t.
    FLA. Why Sir, what’s the matter?
    CAM. The Duke your maister visits me I thanke him,
And I perceauae how like an earnest bowler
Hee very passionatelic leanes that way,
He should haue his boule runne
    FLA. I hope you do not thinke

Enter Camillo,
Vittoria Corombona.

CAM. That noble men boule bootie, Faith his cheeke
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would faine iumpe with my mistris.

FLA. Will you be an asse.

Despight you Aristotle or a Cocould
Contrary to your Ephemerides
Which shewes you vnder what a smiling planet
You were first swadled,

CAM: Pew wew, Sir tell not me
Of planets nor of Ephemerides
A man may be made Cocould in the day time
When the Stars eyes are out. FLA. Sir God boy you,
I do commit you to your pittifull pillow
Stuft with horne-shauings. CAM. Brother. FLA. God refuse me
Might I aduise you now your onlie course
Weare to locke vp your wife. CAM. T‘weare very good.

FLA. Bar her the sight of reuels. CAM. Excellent.

FLA. Let her not go to Church, but like a hounde
In Leon at your heeles. CAM. Tweare for her honour
FLA. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,
Despight her chastity or innocence
To bee Cocoulded, which yet is in suspence:
This is my counsell and I aske no fee for’t.

CAM. Come you know not where my-night cap wringes mee.

FLA. Weare it ath’ old fashion, let your large eares come
through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter, barre your wife
of her entertaynment: women are more willinglie & more glo-
riouslie chast, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It
seemes you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically jealous
Coxcombe, take the height of your owne hornes with a Iacobs
staffe afore they are vp. These politicke inclosures for paltry
mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh then all the pro-
uocatiue electuraries Doctors haue vttered sence last Jubilee.

CAM. This doth not phisicke me,

FLA: It seemes you are jealous, ile shew you the error of it by
a familiar example, I haue seene a paire of spectacles fashiond
with such perspectiue art, that lay downe but one twelue pence
ath’ bord twill appeare as if there were twenty, now should you

B3
weare a paire of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her
shooe, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking vp of
your wiues clothes, and this would put you into a horrible
causlesse fury,

CAM. The fault there Sir is not in the eye-sight

FLA. True, but they that haue the yellow laundeise, thinke
all obiects they looke on to bee yellow. Jealousy is worser,
her fit’s present to a man, like so many bubles in a Bason of
water, twenty seuerall crabbed faces, many times makes his
owne shadow his cocould-maker. * See she comes, what reason
haue you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant asse or
flattering knauve might he be counted, that should write sonnets
to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or Iuorie of Co-
rinth, or compare her haire to the blacke birds bill, when ’tis
 liker the blacke birds feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make
you freinds and you shall go to bed together, marry looke you,
it shall not be your seeking, do you stand vpon that by any
meanes, walk you a loofe, I would not haue you seene in’t, sister
my Lord attends you in the banqueting house, your husband
is wondrous discontented.

VIT. I did nothing to displease him, I carued to him at
supper-time

FLA. You need not haue carued him infaith, they say he is
a capon already, I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall
a gentleman so well descended as Camillo. — a lousy slaue that
within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the
Dukes cariage mongst spits and dripping-pannes.

CAM. Now he begins to tickle her.

FLA. An excellent scholler, one that hath a head fild with
calues braynes without any sage in them, — come crouching
in the hams to you for a nights lodging — that hath an itch
in’s hams, which like the fier at the glasse house hath not gone out
this seauen yeares — is hee not a courtly gentleman, — when
he weares white sattin one would take him by his blacke mussel
to be no other creature then a maggot, you are a goodly Foile,
I confesse, well set out — but couerd with a false stone you con-
terfaite dyamond.

CAM.
Vittoria Corombona.

CAM. He will make her know what is in mee.
FLA. Come, my Lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. CAM. Now he comes to’t.
FLA. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine, I am opening your case hard.
CAM. A vertuous brother a my credit.
FLA. He will giue thee a ringle with a philosophers stone in it.
CAM. Indee I am studying Alcumye.
FLA. Thou shalt lye in a bed stuff with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed lynnen like the fellow was smothered in roses, so perfect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at Sea thinke land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so both heauen and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shal’t meete him, tis fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to ineuitable necessitie.
VITTO. How shals rid him hence?
FLA. I will put brees in’s tayle, set him gadding presentlie, I haue almost wrought her to it, I find her comming, but might I aduise you now for this night I would not lye with her, I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.
CAMIL. Shall I, shall I?
FLA. It will shew in you a supremacie of Iudgement.
CAMIL. Trew, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for quæ negata grata.
FLA. Right you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keepe distance of:
CAMIL. A philosophicall reason.
FLA. Walke by her a’the noble mans fashion, and tell her you will lye with her at the end of the Progresse
CAMIL. Vittoria, I cannot be induc’d, or as a man would say incited. VITTO. To do what Sir?
CAMIL. To lye with you to night; your silkworme vseth to fast euery third day, and the next following spinnes the better. Tomorrow at night I am for you.
VITTO. Youle spinne a faire thread, trust to’t.
FLA. But do you heare I shall haue you steale to her chamber about midnight.
CAMIL. Do you thinke so, why looke you brother, because you
you shall not think I gull you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

   FLA. Introth I will, Ile be your iaylor once,
   But haue you nere a false dore.
   CAM. A pox on’t, as I am a Christian tell mee to morrow how scuruelie shee takes my vnkind parting
   FLA. I will. CAM. Didst thou not make the ieast of the silke-worme? good night in faith I will use this tricke often,
   FLA. Do, do, do.
   So now you are safe. Ha ha ha, thou intanglest thy selfe in thine owne worke like a silke-worme
   Enter Brachiano. Come sister, darkenesse hides your blush, women are like curst dogges, ciuilitie keepes them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischeefe, my Lord, my Lord
   BRA. Giue credit: I could wish time would stand still
   And neuer end this enteruew this hower,
   ZACHE brings out a Carpet
   But all delight doth it selfe soon’st deuour.
   Spreads it and layes on it
   Let me into your bosome happy Ladie,
   Enter Brachiano
   Powre out in stead of eloquence my vowes,
   Enter Cornelia
   Loose me not Madam, for if you forego me I am lost eternallie.
   VIT. Sir in the way of pittie I wish you hart-hole.
   BRA. You are a sweet Phisition.
   VIT. Sure Sir a loathed crueltie in Ladyes
   ZANO. See now they close.
   BRA. Most happie vnion.
   COR. My feares are falne vpon me, oh my heart!
   My sonne the pandar: now I find our house
   Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leaue behind,
   Where they haue tyrannised, iron, or lead, or stone,
   But woe to ruine violent lust leaues none
   BRA. What valew is thisiewell
   VIT. Tis the ornament
   Of a weake fortune.
   BRA. In sooth Ile haue it; nay I will but change
   My
Vittoria Corombona.

My Iewell for your Iewell. FLAM. Excellent,
His Iewell for her Iewell, well put in Duke.
   BRAC. Nay let me see you weare it. VIT. Heare sir.
   BRAC. Nay lower, you shall weare my Iewell lower.
   FLAM. That’s better she must weare his Iewell lower.
   VIT. To passe away the time I’le tell your grace,
A dreame I had last night. BRAC. Most wishedly.
   VIT. A foolish idle dreame,
Me thought I walkt about the mid of night,
Into a Church-yard, where a goodly Ew Tree
Spred her large roote in ground, vnnder that Ew,
As I sat sadly leaning on a graue,
Checkered with crosse-sticks, their came stealing in
Your Dutchesse and my husband, one of them
A picax bore, th’other a Rusty spade,
And in rough termes they gan to challenge me,
About this Ew. BRAC. That Tree.
   VIT. This harmelesse Ew:
They told me my entent was to root vp
That well-growne Ew, and plant i’th steed of it
A withered blacke-thorne, and for that they vow’d
To bury me aliue: my husband straight
With picax gan to dig, and your fell Dutchesse
With shouell, like a fury, voyded out
The earth & scattered bones, Lord how me thought
I trembled, and yet for all this terror
I could not pray. FLAM. No the diuell was in your dreame.
   VIT. When to my rescue there arose me thought
A whirlewind, which let fall a massy arme
From that strong plant,
And both were strucke dead by that sacred Ew
In that base shallow graue that was their due.
   FLAM. Excellent Diuell.
Shee hath taught him in a dreame
To make away his Dutchesse and her husband.
   BRAC. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dreame,
You are lodged within his armes who shall protect you,
From all the feauers of a iealous husband,
From the poore enuy of our flegmaticke Dutchesse,
I’le seate you aboue law and aboue scandall,
Gieue to your thoughts the inuention of delight
And the fruition, nor shall gouernment
Diuide me from you longer then a care
To keepe you great: you shall to me at once,
Be Dukedome, health, wife, children, friends and all.

COR. Woe to light hearts they still forerun our fall.

FLAM. What fury rais’d thee vp? away, away Exit Zanche.

COR. What make you heare my Lord this dead of night?

Neuer dropt meldew on a flower here, tell now.

FLAM. I pray will you go to bed then,
Least you be blasted. COR. O that this faire garden,
Had all poysoned hearbes of Thessaly,
At first bene planted, made a nursery
For witch-craft; rather a buriall plot,
For both your Honours. VIT. Dearest mother heare me.

COR. O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner then nature, see the curse of children
In life they keepe vs frequently in teares,
And in the cold graue leaues vs in pale feares.

BRAC. Come, come, I will not heare you.

VIT. Deere my Lord.

COR. Where is thy Dutchesse now adulterous Duke?

Thou little dreamd’st this night shee is come to Rome.

FLAM. How? come to Rome, VIT. The Dutchesse,

BRAC. She had bene better,

COR. The liues of Princes should like dyals moue,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right or wrong.

FLAM. So, haue you done? COR. Vnfortunate Camillo.

VIT. I do protest if any chast deniall,
If any thing but bloud could haue alayed,
His long suite to me.

COR. I will ioyne with thee,
To the most wofull end ere mother kneel’d,
Vittoria Corombona.

If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,
Bee thy life short as are the funerall teares
In great mens.  BRAC.  Fye, fye, the womans mad.
  COR.  Bee thy act *Iudas-like* betray in kissing,
Maiest thou be enuied during his short breath,
And pittied like a wretch after this death.
  VIT.  O me accurst.  
  FLAM.  Are you out of your wits, my Lord
Ile fetch her backe againe?  BRAC.  No I’le to bed.
Send Doctor *Iulio* to me presently,
Vncharitable woman thy rash tongue
Hath rais’d a fearefull and prodigious storme,
Bee thou the cause of all ensuing harme.  
  FLAM.  Now, you that stand so much vpon your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night thinke you,
To send a Duke home without ere a man:
I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth
Which you haue whoorded for my maintenance,
That I may beare my beard out of the leuell
Of my Lords Stirop.  COR.  What? because we are poore,
Shall we be vicious?  FLAM.  Pray what meanes haue you
To keepe me from the gallies, or the gallowes?
My father prou’d himzelfe a Gentleman,
Sold al’s land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me vp,
At *Padua* I confesse, where I protest
For want of meanes, the Vniuersity judge me,
I haue bene faine to heele my Tutors stockings
At least seuen yeares: Conspiring with a beard
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes seruice,
I visited the Court, whence I return’d:
More courteous, more letcherous by farre,
But not a suite the richer, and shall I,
Hauing a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still retaine your milke
In my pale forehead, no this face of mine
I’le arme and fortifie with lusty wine,

  ’Gainst
Vittoria Corombona.

Gainst shame and blushing.
   COR. O that I ne’re had borne thee,
   FLAM. So would I.
I would the common’st Courtezan in Rome,
Had bene my mother rather then thy selfe.
Nature is very pittfull to whores
To giue them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers, they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complaine vnto my great Lord Cardinall,
Yet may be he will justifie the act.
Lycurgus wondred much men would prouide
Good stalions for their Mares, and yet would suffer
Their faire wiues to be barren,
   COR. Misery of miseries.  
   FLAM. The Dutchesse come to Court, I like not that,
Wee are ingag’d to mischiefe and must on.
As Riuers to finde out the Ocean
Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes,
Or as wee see to aspire some mountaine top,
The way ascends not straight, but Imitates
The suttle fouldings of a Winters snake,
So who knowes policy and her true aspect,
Shall finde her waies winding and indirect.  
   Exit Cornelia.

Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinall Mountcelso, Marcello,
   Isabella, young Giouanni, with little Iaques the Moore.
   FRAN. Haue you not seene your husband since you ariued?
   ISAB. Not yet sir.  FRAN. Surely he is wondrous kind,
If I had a such Doue-house as Camillo’s
I would set fire on’t, wer’t but to destroy
The Pole-cats that haunt to’t, — my sweet cossin.
   GIO. Lord vnkle you did promise mee a horse
And armour.  FRAN. That I did my pretty cossin,
Marcello see it fitted.  MAR. My Lord the Duke is here.
   FRAN. Sister away you must not yet bee seene.
   ISAB. I do beseech you intreate him mildly,
Let not your rough tongue

Set
Vittoria Corombona.

Set vs at louder variance, all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt
As men to try the precious Vnicornes horne
Make of the powder a preseruauiue Circle
And in it put a spider, so these armes
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying
And keepe him chast from an infected straying

FRAN. I wish it may. Be gone.

Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.

Exit.

FRAN. I wish it may. Be gone.

Void the chamber,
You are welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord
Bee you my Orator, my hearts too full,
I'le second you anon. MONT. E're I beginne
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

BRAC. As silent as i'th Church you may proceed.

MONT. It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you haue as 'twere entred the world,
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And haue to th’use of nature well applyed
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age
Neglect your awfull throne, for the soft downe
Of an insatiate bed. oh my Lord,
The Drunkard after all his lauish cuppes,
Is dry, and then is sober, so at length,
When you awake from this lasciuious dreame,
Repentance then will follow; like the sting
Plac’t in the Adders tayle: wretched are Princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their vnweldy crownes; or rauesheth
But one pearle from their Scepter: but alas!
When they to wilfull shipwrake loose good Fame
All Princely titles perish with their name.

BRAC. You haue said my Lord, MON. Inough to giue you tast

How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse?

BRAC. Now you that are his second, what say you?

Do not like yong hawkes fetch a course about

C3

Your
Your game flies faire and for you, FRAN. Do not feare it: I le answere you in your owne hawking phrase, Some Eagles that should gaze vpon the Sunne Seldome soare high, but take their lustfull ease, Since they from dunghill birds their pery can ceaze, You know Uittoria, BRA. Yes. FRAN. You shift your shirt there When you retire from Tennis. BRAC. Happely. FRAN. Her husband is Lord of a poore fortune Yet she wears cloth of Tissue, BRAC. What of this? Will you vrge that my good Lord Cardinall As part of her confession at next Shrift, And know from whence it sailes. FRAN. She is your Strumpet, BRAC. Vnciuill sir ther's Hemlocke in thy breath And that blacke slander, were she a whore of mine All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers Thy Gallies, nor thy sworne confederates, Durst not supplant her. FRAN. Let's not talke on thunder, Thou hast a wife, our sister, would I had giuen Both her white hands to death, bound and lockt fast In her last winding sheete, when I gaue thee But one. BRAC. Thou hadst giuen a soule to God then. FRAN. True, Thy ghostly father with al’s absolution, Shall ne’re do so by thee. BRAC. Spit thy poysn, FRAN. I shall not need, lust carries her sharpe whippe At her owne girdle, looke to’t for our anger Is making thunder-bolts. BRAC. Thunder? in faith, They are but crackers. FRAN. Wee’le end this with the Cannon. BRAC. Thou’lt get nought by it but iron in thy wounds, And gunpowder in thy nostrels. FRAN. Better that Then change perfumes for plaisters, BRAC. Pitty on thee, ’Twere good you’ld shew your slaues or men condemn’d Your new plow’d fore-head defiance, and I’le meete thee, Even in a thicket of thy ablest men. MON. My Lords, you shall not word it any further Without a milder limit. FRAN. Willingly.
Vittoria Corombona.

BRAC. Haue you proclaimed a Triumph that you baite a
Lyon thus. MON. My Lord. BRAC. I am tame, I am tame sir.

FLAN. We send, vnto the Duke for conference
Bout leauyes ’gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home, we come our selfe in person,
Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we feare
When Tyber to each proling passenger
Discouers flockes of wild-duckes, then my Lord
’Bout moulting time, I meane wee shall be certaine
To finde you sure enough and speake with you. BRAC. Ha?

FLAN. A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle,
But to expresse the Sonnet by naturall reason, Enter Giouanni
When Stagges grow melancholike you’le finde the season
MON. No more my Lord, heare comes a Champion,
Shall end the difference betweene you both,
Your sonne the Prince Giouanni, see my Lords
What hopes you store in him, this is a casket
For both your Crowns, & should be held like deere:
Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know
It is a more direct and euen way
To traine to vertue those of Princely bloud,
By examples then by precepts: if by examples
Whom should he rather strieue to imitate
Then his owne father: be his patterne then,
Leaue him a stocke of vertue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.

BRA. Your hand boy growing to soulidier. GIO. Giue me a pike.
FRAN. What practising your pike so yong, faire cous.
GIO. Suppose me one of Homers frogges, my Lord,
Tossing my bul-rush thus, pray sir tell mee
Might not a child of good descretion
Be leader to an army: FRAN. Yes cousin a yong Prince
Of good descretion might. GIO. Say you so,
Indeed I haue heard ’tis fit a Generall
Should not endanger his owne person oft,
So that he make a noyse, when hee’s a horsebacke
Like a danske drummer, ô ’tis excellent.

Hee
Vittoria Corombona.

Hee need not fight, me thinkes his horse as well
Might lead an army for him; if I liue
I’le charge the French foe, in the very front
Of all my troupes, the formost man.  FRA.  What, what,
   GIO.  And will not bid my Souldiers vp and follow
But bid them follow me.  BRAC.  Forward Lap-wing.
He flies with the shell on’s head.  FRAN.  Pretty cousin,
   GIO.  The first yeare vnkle that I go to warre,
All prisoners that I take I will set free
Without their ransome.  FRAN.  Ha, without thier ransome,
How then will you reward your souldiers
That tooke those prisoners for you.  GIO.  Thus my Lord,
I’le marry them to all the wealthy widowes
That fals that yeare.  FRAN.  Why then the next yeare following
You’le haue no men to go with you to warre.
   GIO.  Why then I’le presse the women to the war,
And then the men will follow.  MON.  Witty Prince.
   FRAN.  See a good habite makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast:
Come you and I are friends.  BRAC.  Most wishedly,
Like bones which broke in sunder and well set
Knit the more strongly.  FRAN.  Call Camillo hither
You haue receiued the rumor, how Count Lodowicke
Is turn’d a Pyrate.  BRAC.  Yes.  FRA.  We are now preparing,
Some shippes to fetch him in: behold your Dutchesse,
Wee now will leaue you and expect from you
You are in health we see.  ISA.  And aboue health
To see my Lord well,  BRAC.  So I wonder much,
What amorous whirlewind hurryed you to Rome
   ISA.  Deuotion my Lord.  BRAC.  Deuotion?
Is your soule charg’d with any grieuous sinne
   ISA.  ’Tis burdened with too many, and I thinke
The offter that we cast our reckonings vp,
Our sleepes will be the sounder.  BRAC.  Take your chamber?
   ISA.  Nay my deere Lord I will not haue you angry,
Doth not my absence from you two moneths,
Vittoria Corombona.

Merit one kisse? BRAC. I do not vse to kisse,
If that will dispossesse your ieleously,
I'le sweare it to you. ISA. O my loued Lord,
I do not come to chide; my ieleously,
I am to learne what that Italian meanes,
You are as welcome to these longing armes,
As I to you a Virgine. BRAC. O your breath,
Out vpon sweete meates, and continued Physicke.
The plague is in them. ISA. You haue oft for these two lippes
Neglected Cassia or the naturall sweetes
Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much whithered,
My Lord I should be merry, these your frownes
Shew in a Helmet, louely but on me,
In such a peacefull enteruiew me thinkes
They are to too roughly knit. BRA. O dissemblance.
Do you bandy factions against me? haue you learn’t,
The trick of impudent basenes to complaine
Vnto your kindred? ISA. Neuer my deere Lord.
BRAC. Must I be haunted out, or wast your trick
To meete some amorous gallant heere in Rome
That must supply our discontinuance?
ISA. I pray sir burst my heart, and in my death
Turne to your antient pitty, though not loue.
BRA. Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is the great Duke, S’deth I shall not shortly
Rackit away fiue hundreth Crownes at Tenis,
But it shall rest vpon record: I scorne him
Like a shau’d Pollake, all his reuerent wit
Lies in his wardrobe, hee’s a discret fellow
When hee’s made vp in his roabes of state,
Your brother the great Duke, because h’as gallies,
And now and then ransackes a Turkish flye-boate,
(Now all the hellish furies take his soule,)
First made this match, accursed be the Priest
That sang the wedding Masse, and euen my Issue.
ISA. O to too far you haue curst. BRA. Your hand I’le kisse,
This is the latest ceremony of my loue,
D Hence-
Hence-forth I’le neuer lye with thee, by this,
This wedding-ring: I’le ne’remore lye with thee.
And this diuorce shall be as truely kept,
As if the judge had doom’d it: fare you well,
Our sleeps are seuer’d. ISA. Forbid it the sweet vnion
Of all things blessed; why the Saints in heauen
Will knit their browes at that. BRA. Let not thy loue,
Make thee an vnbeleeuer, this my vow,
Shall neuer on my soule bee satisfied
With my repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horred tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed. ISA. O my winding sheet,
Now shall I need thee shortly, deere my Lord,
Let me heare once more, what I would not heare,
Neuer. BRA. Neuer?
ISA. O my vnkind Lord may your sins find mercy,
As I vpon a woefull widowed bed,
Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes,
Vpon your wretched wife, and hopefull sonne,
Yet that in time you’le fix them vpon heauen.
BRAC. No more, go, go, compleine to the great Duke.
ISA. No my deere Lord, you shall haue present witnesse,
How I’le worke peace betweene you, I will make
My selfe the author of your cursed vow
I haue some cause to do it, you haue none,
Conceale it I beseech you, for the weale
Of both your Dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes
Of such a separacion, let the fault
Remaine with my supposed iealousy,
And thinke with what a pitteous and rent heart,
I shall performe this sad insuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Montcello, Marcello, Camillo.
BRAC. Well, take your course my honourable brother.
FRAN. Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,
She merits not this welcome. BRAC. Welcome say?
Shee hath giuen a sharpe welcome. FRAN. Are you foolish?
Come dry your teares, is this a modest course.

To
Vittoria Corombona.

To better what is nought, to raile and weepe,
Grow to a reconcilement, or by heauen,
I’le nere more deale betweene you. ISA. Sir you shall not,
No though Uittoria vpon that condition
Would become honest. FRAN. Was your husband loud.
Since we departed. ISA. By my life sir no,
I sweare by that I do not care to loose.
Are all these ruines of my former beauty,
Laid out for a whores triumph? FRA. Do you heare
Looke vpon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what iustice
They study to requite them, take that course.
ISA. O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions. FRA. What? turn’d fury?
ISA. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye
Some twenty monethes a dying, to cut off
Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like Mummia, for trophies
Of my iust anger: Hell to my affliction
Is meere snow-water. by your fauour sir,
Brother draw neere, and my Lord Cardinall,
Sir let me borrow of you but one kisse,
Hence-forth I’le neuer lye with you, by this,
This wedding ring. FRA. How? nere more lie with him,
ISA. And this diuorce shall be as truly kept,
As if’n thronged Court, a thousand eares
Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands,
Seal’d to the separation. BRAC. Nere lie with me?
ISA. Let not my former dotage,
Make thee an vnbeleuer, this my vow
Shall neuer on my soule be satisfied
With my repentance, manet alta mente repositum.
FRAN. Now by my birth you are a foolish, mad,
And iealous woman. BRA. You see ’tis not my seeking.
FRAN. Was this your circle of pure Vnicornes horne,
You said should charme your Lord; now horns vpon thee,
Vittoria Corombona.

For jealously deservens them, keepe your vow,
And take your chamber. ISA. No sir I'le presently to Padua,
I will not stay a minute. MONT. O good Madame.

BRAC. ’Twere best to let her haue her humor,
Some halfe daies journey will bring downe her stomacke,
And then she’le turne in post. FRAN. To see her come,
To my Lord Cardinall for a dispensation
Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.

” ISA. Vnkindnesse do thy office, poore heart breake,
,,Those are the killing greifes which dare not speake. Exit.

MAR. Camillo’s come my Lord. Enter Camillo.
FRAN. Where’s the commission? MAR. Tis here.
FRAN. Giue me the Signet.
FLAM. My Lord do you marke their whispering, I will compound
a medicine out of their two heads, stronger then garlick,
deadlier then stibium, the Cantarides which are scarce seene to
sticke vpon the flesh when they work to the heart, shall not do it
with more silence or inuisible cunning. Enter Doctor.

BRAC. About the murder.
FLAM. They are sending him to Naples, but I’le send him to
Candy, her’s another property to. BRAC. O the Doctor,
FLA. A poore quackesaluing knaue, my Lord, one that should
haue bene lasht for’s letchery, but that he confess a judgement,
haed an execution laid vpon him, and so put the whip to a non­plus.
DOCT. And was cosin’d, my Lord, by an arranter knaue
then my selfe, and made pay all the coulourable execution.
FLAM. He will shoot pils into a mans guts, shall make them
haue more vantages then a cornet or a lamprey, hee will poysen
a kisse, and was once minded, for his Master­peece, because Ire­land
breeds no poysen, to haue prepared a deadly vapour in a
Spaniards fart that should haue poison’d all Dublin.

BRAC. O Saint Anthony fire:
DOCT. Your Secretary is merry my Lord:
FLAM. O thou cursed antipathy to nature, looke his eyes
bloud­shed like a needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with,
let me embrace thee toad, & loue thee ô thou abominable loth­some gargarisme, that will fetch vp lungs, lights, heart, and liuer

by
Vittoria Corombona.

by scruples.
   BRAC. No more, I must employ thee honest Doctor,
   You must to Padua and by the way, vse some of your skil for vs.
   DOC. Sir I shall. BRAC. But for Camillo?
   FLAM. He dies this night by such a politicke straine,
   Men shall suppose him by’s owne engine slaine.
   But for your Dutchesse death. DOCT. I’le make her sure
   BRAC. Small mischifes are by greater made secure.
   FLAM. Remember this you slaue, when knaues come to pre­ferment they rise as gallouses are raised i’t h low countries, one
   vpon another shoulders.
   Exeunt.
   MONT. Here is an Embleme nephew pray peruse it.
   ’Twas throwne in at your window, CAM. At my window,
   Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his hornes,
   And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes
   The word Inopem me copia fecit. MON. That is.
   Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes.
   CAM. What should this meane. MON. Ile tell you, ’tis giuen out
   You are a Cocould. CAM. Is it giuen out so.
   I had rather such report as that my Lord.
   Should keepe within dores. FRAN. Haue you any children.
   CAM. None my Lord. FRA. You are the happier
   Ile tell you a tale. CAM. Pray my Lord. FRAN. An old tale.
   Vppon a time Phœbus the God of light
   Or him wee call the Sunne would neede be married.
   The Gods gaue their consent, and Mercury
   Was sent to voice it to the generall world.
   But what a pitious cry their straight arose
   Amongst Smiths, & Felt-makers, Brewers & Cooks.
   Reapers and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers
   And thousand other trades, which are annoyed
   By his exessiuie heate; twas lamentable.
   They came to Jupiter all in a sweat
   And do forbid the banes; a great fat Cooke
   Was made their Speaker, who intreates of Ioue
   That Phoebus might bee guelded, for if now
   When there was but one, Sunne so many men,
   D3 Weare
Vittoria Corombona.

We are like to perish by his violent heat.
What should they do if he were married
And should be more, and those children
Make fier-workes like their father, so say I,
Only I will apply it to your wife,
Her issue should not prudence preuent it
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

MON. Looke you cossin.

Go change the aire for shame see if your absence,
Will blast your *Cornucopia, Marcello*
Is chosen with you joint commissioner
For the relieuing our Italian coast
From pirates. MAR. I am much honord int. CAM. But sir
Ere I returne the Stagges hornes may be sprouted,
Greater then these are shed. MONT. Do not feare it,
I'le bee your ranger. CAM. You must watch i’ch nights,
Then’s the most danger. FRAN. Farewell good Marcello.
All the best fortunes of a Souldiers wish,
Bring you a ship-board.

CAM. Were I not best now I am turn’d Souldier,
E’re that I leaue my wife, sell all shee hath,
And then take leave of her. MONT. I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry.

CAM. Merry my Lord, a’th Captaines humor right
I am resolued to be drunke this night.

FRA. So, ’twas well fitted, now shall we descerne,
How his wisht absence will giue violent way,
To Duke Brachiano’s lust, MONT. Why that was it;
To what scorn’d purpose else should we make choice
Of him for a sea Captaine, and besides,
Count Lodowicke which was rumor’d for a pirate.
Is now in *Padua*. FRAN. Is’t true? MONT. Most certaine.
I haue letters from him, which are suppliant
To worke his quicke repeale from banishment,
He meanes to adresse himselfe for pention,
Vnto our sister Dutchesse. FRAN. O ’twas well.
We shall not want his absence past sixe daies,
Vittoria Corombona.

I faine would haue the Duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandale, for their’s nought
In such curst dotage, to repaire his name,
Onely the deepe sence of some deathlesse shame:
      MON. It may be objected I am dishonourable,
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answere.
For my reuenge I’de stake a brothers life,
That being wrong’d durst not auenge himselfe.
      FRA. Come to obserue this Strūpet. MON. Cursse of greatnes,
Sure hee’le not leaue her. FRAN. There’s small pitty in’t
Like mistle-tow on seare Elmes spent by weather,
Let him cleaue to her and both rot together.  Exeunt.

Enter Brachiano with one in the habite of a Coniurer.

      BRAC. Now sir I claime your promise, ’tis dead midnighit,
The time prefixt to shew me by your Art,
How the intended murder of Camillo,
And our loathed Dutchesse grow to action.
      CON. You haue won me by your bounty to a deed,
I do not often practise, some there are,
Which by Sophisticke tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly loose, of Nigromancer:
As some that vse to iuggle vpon cardes,
Seeming to coniure, when indeed they cheate.
Others that raise vp their confederate spirits,
’Bout wind-mils, and indanger their owne neckes,
For making of a squib, and some their are
Will keepe a curtall to shew iuggling trickes
And glue out ’tis a spirit: besides these
Such a whole reame of Almanacke-makers, figure-flingers.
Fellowes indeed that onely liue by stealth,
Since they do meerely lie about stolne goods,
Thei’ld make men thinke the diuell were fast and loose,
With speaking fustian Lattine: pray sit downe,
Put on this night-cap sir, ’tis charm’d, and now
I’le shew you by my strong-commanding Art
The circumstance that breaks your Dutchesse heart.

      Enter
Vittoria Corombona.

A DVMBE SHEVV.

Enter suspiciously. Iulio and Christopero, they draw a curtaine where Brachian’s picture is, they put on spectacles of glasse, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burne perfumnes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.

Enter Isabell in her night-gowne as to bed-ward, with lights after her, Count Lodouico, Giouanni, Guidantonio and others waiting on her, shee kneels downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doe’s three reuerences to it, and kisses it thrice, shee faints and will not suffer them to come nere it, dies, sorrow exprest in Gio­uanni and in Count Lodouico, shees conueid out solemnly.

BRAC. Excellent, then shee’s dead, CON. She’s poysoned, By the fum’d picture, ’twas her custome nightly, Before shee went to bed, to go and visite Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes On the dead shadow, Doctor Julio

Observing this, infects it with an oile And other poison’d stuffe, which presentlyDid suffocate her spirits. BRAC. Me thought I saw, Count Lodowicke there. CON. He was, and by my art I finde hee did most passionately doate Vpon your Dutchesse, now turne another way, And veiw Camillo’s farre more politicke face, Strike louder musicke from this charmed ground, To yeeld, as fits the act, a Tragicke sound.

THE SECOND DVMBE SHEVV.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with foure more as Captaines, they drinke healths and dance, a vauting horse is brought into the roome, Marcello and two more whisper’d out of the roome, while Flamineo and Camillo strip themselues into their shirts, as to vault, complement who shall beginne, as Camillo is about to vault, Flam­imeo pitcheth him vpon his necke, and with the help of the rest, wriths his necke about, seeme’s to see if it be broke, and layes him fouled double as ’twere vnder the horse, makes shewes to call for helpe.

Marcello

Vittoria Corombona.

Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinall and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wonder at the act, commands the bodie to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and go as ’twere to apprehend Vittoria.

BRAC. ’Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance, I tast not fully. CON. O ’twas most apparant,
You saw them enter charged with their deepe helthes
To their boone voyage, and to second that,
*Flamineo* calls to haue a vaulting horse
Maintaine their sport. The vertuous *Marcello*,
Is innocently plotted forth the roome,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you
The engine of all. **MAR.** It seemes *Marcello*, and *Flamineo*
Are both committed. **CON.** Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your Mistresse, faire *Uttoria*; wee are now
Beneath her roofe: ’twere fit we instantly
Make out by some backe posterne: **BRAC.** Noble friend,
You bind me euere to you, this shall stand
As the firme seale annexed to my hand. **Exit Brac.**
It shall inforce a payment. **CON.** Sir I thanke you.
Both flowers and weedes, spring when the Sunne is warme,
And great men do great good, or else great harme. **Exit Con.**

*Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their Chancellor*
*and Register.*

**FRAN.** You haue dealt discreetly to obtaine the presence,
Of all the graue Leiger Embassadours
To heare *Vittorias* triall. **MON.** ’Twas not ill,
For sir you know we haue nought but circumstances
To charge her with, about her husbands death,
Their approbation therefore to the proofes
Of her blacke lust, shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring Kingdomes, I wonder
If Brachiano will be here. **FRA.** O fye ’twere impudence too pal-

*Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.*

**LAVV.** What are you in by the weeke, so I will try now
E

whether
Vittoria Corombona.

whether thy wit be close prisoner, mee thinke’s none should sit
upon thy sister but old whoore-maisters,

   FLAM.  Or cocoulds, for your cocould is your most terrible
tickler of letchery: whoore-maisters would serue, for none are
judges at tilting, but those that haue bene old Tilters.

   LAVV.  My Lord Duke and shee haue bene very priuate:
   FLAM.  You are a dull asse, ’tis threatned they haue bene very
publicke.

   LAVV.  If it can be proued they haue but kist one another.
   FLAM.  What then?   LAVV.  My Lord Cardinall will ferit them,
   FLAM.  A Cardinall I hope will not catch conyes.

   LAVV.  For to sowe kisses (marke what I say) to sowe kisses, is
to reape letchery, and I am sure a woman that will endure kissing
is halfe won.

   FLAM.  True, her vpper part by that rule, if you will win her
nether part to, you know what followes.

   LAVV.  Harke the Embassadours are lighted,
   FLAM.  I do put on this feigned Garbe of mirth,
To gull suspition.

   MAR.  O my vnfortunate sister!
I would my daggers point had cleft her heart
When she first saw Brachiano: You ’tis said,
Werde made his engine, and his stauking horse
To vndo my sister.   FLAM.  I made a kind of path
To her & mine owne preferment.   MAR.  Your ruine.

   FLAM.  Hum! thou art a soouldier,
Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Euen with thy prodigall bloud, what hast got?
But like the wealth of Captaines, a poore handfull,
Which in thy palme thou bear’st, as men hold water
Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward
Steales through thy fingers.   MAR.  Sir,
   FLAM.  Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes.   MAR.  Brother.
   FLAM.  Heare me,
And thus when we haue euen powred ourselues,
Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward,
But as we seldom find the mistle-towe
Sacred to physicke: Or the builder Oke,
Without a Mandrake by it, so in our quest of gaine.
Alas the poorest of their forc’d dislikes
At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes:
This is lamented doctrine.   MAR.   Come, come.

    FLAM.   When age shall turne thee,
White as a blooming hauhtorne.   MAR.   I’le interrupt you.
For loue of vertue beare an honest heart,
And stride ouer every politicke respect,
Which where they most aduance they most infect.
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leaue you
A better patrimony.   FLA.   I’le think on’t, The Lord Embassadors.

    LAVV.   O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, he’s an
admirable Tilter.
    FLAM.   I saw him at last Tilting, he shewed like a peuter candlestick
fashioned like a man in armour, houlding a Tilting
staffe in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelue i’th pound.
    LAVV.   O but he’s an excellent horseman.
    FLAM.   A lame one in his lofty trickes, hee sleepes a horse-
backe like a poulter,

    LAVV.   Lo you my Spaniard.
    FLAM.   He carries his face in’s ruffe, as I haue seene a seruing-
man carry glasses in a cipres hat-band, monstrous steddy for feare
of breaking, He lookes like the claw of a blacke-bird, first salted
and then broyled in a candle.

THE ARAIGNEMENT OF VITTORIA.

Enter Francisco, Montcelso, the sixe lieger Embassadours, Brachiano,
Vittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.

    MONT.   Forbeare my Lord, here is no place assing’d you,
This businesse by his holinesse is left
To our examination.

    E2   BRAC.
Vittoria Corombona.

BRA. May it thrive with you.        Lacies a rich gowne
FRAN. A Chaire there for his Lordship. vnder him,
BRA. Forbear your kindnesse, an unbidden guest
Should trauaile as dutch-women go to Church:
Beare their stooles with them.  MON. At your pleasure Sir.
Stand to the table gentlewomen: now Signior
Fall to your plea.
Domine Iudex converte oculos in hanc pestem
mulierum corruptissimam. VIT. What's he?
FRAN. A Lawyer, that pleades against you.
VIT. Pray my Lord, Let him speake his usuall tongue
Ile make no answere else.  FRAN. Why you vnderstand lattin.
VIT. I do Sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to heare my cause, the halfe or more
May bee ignorant int'.  MON. Go on Sir:
VIT. By your fauour,
I will not haue my accusation clouded,
In a strange tongue: All this assembly
Shall heare what you can charge mee with.  FRAN. Signior.
You need not stand on't much; pray change your language,
MON. Oh for God sake: gentlewoman, your credit
Shall bee more famous by it.
LAVV. Well then haue at you.
VIT. I am at the marke Sir, Ile giue aime to you,
And tell you how neare you shoote.
LAVV. Most literated Iudges, please your Lordships,
So to conniuue your Iudgements to the view
Of this debausht and diuersiuolent woman
Who such a blacke concatenation
Of mischiefe hath effected, that to exterpe
The memory of't, must be the consummation
Of her and her proiections  VIT. What's all this
LAVV. Hould your peace.
Exorbitant sinnes must haue exuleration.
VIT. Surely my Lords this lawier here hath swallowed
Some Poticaries bils, or proclamations.
And now the hard and vndegestable wordes,
Vittoria Corombona.

Come vp like stones wee vse giue Haukes for phisicke.
Why this is welch to Lattin. LAVV. My Lords, the woman
Know’s not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect
In the accademick deriuation
Of Grammaticall elocution. FRAN. Sir your paynes
Shall bee well spared, and your deepe eloquence
Bee worthely applauded amongst those
Which vnderstand you. LAVV. My good Lord. FRAN. Sir,
Put vp your papers in your fustian bag,
Cry mercy Sir, tis buckerm, and accept
My notion of your learn’d verbosity.
   LAVV. I most graduatically thanke your Lordship.
I shall haue vse for them elswhere.
   MON. I shall bee playner with you, and paint out
Your folies in more naturall red and white.
Then that vpon your cheeke. VIT. O you mistake.
You raise a blood as noble in this cheeke
As euer was your mothers.
   MON. I must spare yo
u till proofe cry whore to that,
Obserue this creature here my honoured Lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit
In her effected. VIT. Honorable my Lord,
It doth not sute a reuerend Cardinall
To play the Lawier thus
   MON. Oh your trade instructs your language!
You see my Lords what goodly fruict she seemes,
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomora stood.
I will but touch her and you straight shall see
Sheele fall to soote and ashes.
   VIT. Your inuenom’d Poticary should doo’t
MON. I am resolued.
Were there a second Paradice to loose
This Deuell would betray it. VIT. O poore charity!
Thou art seldome found in scarlet.
   MON. Who knowes not how, when seuerall night by night
Her gates were choak’d with coaches, and her roomes.
Out-brau’d the stars with seuerall kind of lights,
When shee did counterfet a Princes Court.
In musicke banquets and most ryotous surfets
This whore, forsooth, was holy.

VIT. Ha? whore what’s that?

MON. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I sha;
Ile giue their perfect character. They are first,
Sweete meates which rot the eater: In mans nostrill
Poison’d perfumes. They are coosning Alcumy,
Shipwrackes in Calmest weather? What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the trew materiall fier of hell,
Worse then those tributes ith low countries payed,
Exactions vpoun meat, drinke, garments sleepe.
I euen on mans perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle euidences of law
Which forfait all a wretched mans estate
For leaung out one sillable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bels haue all one tune:
At weddings, and at funerals, your ritch whores
Are only treasuries by extorsion fild,
And empted by curs’d riot. They are worse,
Worse then dead bodies, which are beg’d at gallowes
And wrought vpoun by surgeons, to teach man
Wherin hee is imperfect. Whats a whore?
Shees like the guilty conterfetted coine
Which who so eare first stampes it bring in trouble
All that receaue it VIT. This carracter scapes me.

MON. You gentlewoman;
Take from all beasts, and from all mineralls
Their deadly poison. VIT. Well what then? MON. Ile tell thee
Ile find in thee a Poticaries shop
To sample them all. FR. EMB. Shee hath liued ill.

ENG. and EMB. Trew, but the Cardinals too bitter.

MON. You know what Whore is next the deuell; Adultry.
Enters the deuell, murder. FRAN. Your vnhappy husband
Vittoria Corombona.

Is dead. VIT. O hee’s a happy husband
Now hee owes Nature nothing.
    FRAN. And by a vaulting engine. MON. An actiue plot
Hee iumpt into his grave. FRAN. what a prodigy wast,
That from some two yardes height a slender man
(more, Should breake his necke? MON. Ith’ rushes. FRA. And what’s
Vpon the instant loose all vse of speach,
All vitall motion, like a man had laine
Wound vp three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.
    MON. And looke vpon this creature was his wife.
Shee comes not like a widow: shee comes arm’d
With scorne and impudence: Is this a mourning habit.
    VIT. Had I forknowne his death as you suggest,
I would haue bespoke my mourning.
    MON. O you are conning.
    VIT. You shame your wit and judgement
To call it so; What is my iust defence
By him that is my Iudge cal’d impudence?
Let mee appeale then from this Christian Court
To the vnciuill Tartar. MON. See my Lords.
Shee scandals our proceedings. VIT. Humbly thus.
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leigier Embassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation
That my defence of force like Perseus.
Must personate masculine vertue to the point.
Find mee but guilty, seuer head from body:
Weele part good frindes: I scorne to hould my life.
at yours or any mans intreaty, Sir,
    ENG. EMB. Shee hath a braue spirit
    MON. Well, well, such counterfet Jewels
Make trew on’s oft suspected. VIT. You are deceaued.
For know that all your strickt combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamondes,
Shall proue but glassen hammers, they shall breake,
These are but faigned shadowes of my euels.
Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted deuils,
I am past such needlesse palsy, for your names,
Of Whoore and Murdresse they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returne’s in’s face.

MON. Pray you Mistresse satisfy me one question:
Who lodg’d beneath your roofe that fatall night
Your husband brake his necke? BRA. That question
Inforceth me breake silence, I was there.

MONT. Your businesse? BRAC. Why I came to comfort her,
And take some course for setling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you my Lord. MONT. He was.

BRAC. And ’twas strangely fear’d,
That you would cosen her. MONT. Who made you ouer-seer?

BRAC. Why my charity, my charity, which should flow
From euery generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widdows. MONT. Your lust.

BRA. Cowardly dogs barke loudest. Sirrah Priest,
Ile talke with you hereafter, — Do you heare?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I’le sheath in your owne bowels:
There are a number of thy coate resemble
Your common post-boyes. MONT. Ha?

BRAC. Your mercyinary post-boyes,
Your letters carry truth, but ’tis your guise
To fill your mouth’s with grosse and impudent lies.

SER. My Lord your gowne.

BRAC. Thou liest ’twas my stoole.
Bestow’t ypon thy maister that will challenge
The rest a’th houshold-stuffe for Brachiano
Was nere so beggarly, to take a stoole
Out of anothers lodging: let him make
Valence for his bed on’t, or a demy foote-cloth,
For his most reuerent moile, Monticelso,
Nemo me Impune lacescit. Exit Brachiano.

MONT. ’Your Champions gon.

VIT.
Vittoria Corombona.

VIT. The wolfe may prey the better.
FRA. My Lord there’s great suspition of the murder,
But no sound prove who did it: for my part
I do not thinke she hath a soule so blacke
To act a deed so bloody, if shee haue,
As in cold countries husband-men plant Vines,
And with warme bloud manure them, euens so
One summer she will beare vnsauary fruite,
And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.
The act of bloud let passe, onely descend,
To matter of incontinence. VIT. I decerne poison,
Vnder your guilded pils.

MON. Now the Duke’s gone, I wil produce a letter,
Wherein ’twas plotted, her and you should meete,
At an Appoticaries summer-house.
Downe by the riuers Tiber: view’t my Lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lasciuious banquet. — I pray read it,
I shame to speake the rest. VIT. Grant I was tempted,
Temptation to lust proues not the act,
Casta est quam nemo rogauit,
You reade his hot loue to me, but you want
My frosty answere. MON. Frost i’th dog-daies! strange!

VIT. Condemne you me for that the Duke did loue mee,
So may you blame some faire and christall riuier
For that some melancholike distracted man,
Hath drown’d himselfe in’t. MON. Truly drown’d indeed.

VIT. Summe vp my faults I pray, and you shall finde,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomacke to feast, are all,
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with:
Infaith my Lord you might go pistoll flyes,
The sport would be more noble. MON. Very good.

VIT. But take you your course, it seemes you haue beggerd me
And now would faine vndo me, I haue houses, (first
Iewels, and a poore remnant of Crusado’s,
Would those would make you charitable. MON. If the deuill
Did euer take good shape behold his picture.

F

VIT.
Vittoria Corombona.

VIT. You have one vertue left,
You will not flatter me. FRA. Who brought this letter?
VIT. I am not compel'd to tell you.
MON. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand duckets,
The twelfth of August. VIT. 'Twas to keepe your cosen
From prison, I paid vse for't. MON. I rather thinke
'Twas Interest for his lust.
VIT. Who saies so but your selfe? if you bee my accuser
Pray cease to be my Judge, come from the Bench,
Gie in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be moderators: my Lord Cardinall,
Were your intelligencing eares as louing
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
MON. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,
I'le gie you a choake pear. VIT. A' your owne grafting?
MON. You were borne in Venice, honourably descended,
From the Vittelli, 'twas my cossins fate,
Ill may I name the hower to marry you,
Hee bought you of your father. VIT. Ha?
MON. Hee spent there in sixe monthes
Twelue thousand Dukets, and to my acquaintance
Receiu'd in dowry with you not one Iulio:
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light,
I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture,
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you haue continued. VIT. My Lord.
MON. Nay heare me,
You shall haue time to prate my Lord Brachiano,
Alas I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talke,
And ballated, and would bee plaid a'th stage,
But that vice many times findes such loud freinds.
That Preachers are charm'd silent.
You Gentlemen Flamineo and Marcello,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,

Onely
Vittoria Corombona.

Onely you must remayne vpon your suerties,
For your appearance. FRA. I stand for Marcello.

FLA. And my Lord Duke for me.
MON. For you Vittoria, your publicke fault,
Ioyn’d to’th condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pitty.
Such a corrupted triall haue you made
Both of your life and beauty, and bene stil’d
No lesse in ominous fate then blasing starres
To Princes heares; your sentence, you are confin’d,

VIT. Vnto a house of conuertites and your baud.

FLA. O I am a sound man againe.
VIT. A house of conuertites, what’s that?
MON. A house of penitent whoores.
VIT. Do the Noblemen in Rome,
Erect it for their wiues, that I am sent
To lodge there? FRAN. You must haue patience.
VIT. I must first haue vengeance.
I faine would know if you haue your saluation
By patent, that you proceed thus. MON. Away with her,
Take her hence. VIT. A rape, a rape. MON. How?

VIT. Yes you haue rauisht justice,
Forc’t her to do your pleasure. MON. fy shee’s mad
VIT. Dye with these pils in your most cursed mawes,
Should bring you health, or while you sit a’th Bench,
Let your owne spittle choake you. MON. She’s turn’d fury.
VIT. That the last day of judgement may so find you,
And leaue you the same deuill you were before,
Instruct me some good horse-lech to speak Treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for wordes, ô womans poore reuenge
Which dwels but in the tongue, I will not weeppe,
No I do scorne to call vp one poore teare
To fawne one your iniustice, beare me hence,
Vnto this house of what’s your mitigating Title?

MON. Of conuertites. VIT. It shal not be a house of conuertites

F2 My
Vittoria Corombona.

My minde shall make it honester to mee
Then the Popes Pallace, and more peaceable
Then thy soule, though thou art a Cardinall,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,
Through darkenesse Diamonds spred their ritchest light.

Enter Brachiano.      Exit Vittoria.

BRA. Now you and I are friends sir, wee’le shake hands,
In a friends graue, together, a fit place,
Being the embleme of soft peace t’attone our hatred.

FRA. Sir, what’s the matter?

BRA. I will not chase more bloud from that lou’d checke,
You haue lost too much already, fare-you-well.

FRA. How strange these words sound? what’s the interpretatiō?

FLA. Good, this is a preface to the discouery of the Dutches
dearth: Hee carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a
whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will faine a madde
humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keepe off idle
questions, Treasons tongue hath a villanous palsy in’t, I will talk
to any man, heare no man, and for a time appeare a politicke
mad-man.      Enter Giouanni, Count Lodouico.

FRA. How now my Noble cossin, what in blacke?

GIO. Yes Vnckle, I was taught to imitate you
In vertue, and you must imitate mee
In couloures for your garments, my sweete mother
Is,      FRA. How? Where?

GIO. Is there, no yonder, indeed sir I’le not tell you,
For I shall make you weepe.      FRA. Is dead.

GIO. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so.      LOD. She’s dead my Lord.

FRA. Dead?      MON. Blessed Lady;
Thou art now aboue thy woes,
Wilt please your Lordships to with-draw a little.

GIO. What do the dead do, vnckle? do they eate,
Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and bee merrie, as wee that liue?

FRAN. No cose; they sleepe.

GIO. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I haue not slept these sixe nights. When doe they wake?

FRA.
Vittoria Corombona.

FRAN. When God shall please.
Good God let her sleepe euer.

GIO. For I haue knowne her wake an hundreth nights,
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to complaine to you Sir.
Ile tell you how they haue vsed her now shees dead:
They wrapt her in a cruell fould of lead,
And would not let mee kisse her. FRAN. Thou didst loue her.

GIO. I haue often heard her say shee gaue mee sucke,
And it should seeme by that shee deerely lou’d mee,
Since Princes seldom doe it.

FRAN. O, all of my poore sister that remaines!
Take him away for Gods sake. MON. How now my Lord?
FRAN. Beleeue mee I am nothing but her graue,
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie,
Longer then thousand Epitaphs. Enter Flamineo as distracted.

FLA. Wee indure the strokes like anuiles or hard steele,
Till paine it selfe make vs no paine to feele.
Who shall doe mee right now? Is this the end of seruice? Ide
rather go weede garlicke; trauaile through France, and be mine
owne ostler; weare sheepe-skin lininges; or shoos that stinke of
blacking; bee entred into the list of the fourtie thousand pedlars
in Poland. Enter Sauoy.

Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at Venice, built
upon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had seru’d Brachiano.

SAV. You must haue comfort.

FLA. Your comfortable wordes are like honie. They rellish
well in your mouth that’s whole; but in mine that’s wounded
they go downe as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they
haue wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not
seeme to doe it of malice. In this a Polititian imitates the
deuill, as the feuill imitates a Canon. Wheresoeuer he comes to
doe mischiefe, he comes with his backside towards you.

Enter the French.

FRE. The proofoes are euident.

FLA. Prooфе! t’was corruption. O Gold, what a God art
thou! and ô man, what a feuill art thou to be tempted by that

F3 cursed
cursed Minerall! You diuersiuolent Lawyer; marke him, knaues
turne informers, as maggots turne to flies, you may catch gud-
gions with either. A Cardinall; I would hee would heare mee,
theres nothing so holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it,
like vittell vnder the line. You are happie in England, my Lord;
here they sell justice with those weights they presse men to
death with. O horrible salarie!

ENG. Fie, fie, Flamineo.

FLA. Bels nere ring well, till they are at their full pitch,
And I hope yon Cardinall shall neuer haue the grace to pray
well, till he come to the scaffold.

If they were rackt now to know the confederacie! But your
Noblemen are priuiledged from the racke; and well may. For
a little thing would pull some of them a peeces afore they came
to their arraignment. Religion; oh how it is commedled with
policie. The first bloushed in the world happened about re-
ligion. Would I were a Iew. MAR. O, there are too many.

FLA. You are deceiu’d. There are not Iewes enough;
Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. MAR. How?

FLA. Ile proue it. For if there were Iewes enough, so many
Christians would not turne vsurers; if Preists enough, one
should not haue sixe Benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so
many earlie mushromes, whose best growth sprang from a
dunghill, should not aspire to gentilitie. Farewell. Let others
liue by begging. Bee thou one of them; practize the art of
Wol­
nor in England to swallow all’s giuen thee; and yet let one pur-
gation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in
saw-pit. Ile go heare the scritch-owle.

LOD. This was Brachiano’s Pandar, and ’tis strange
That in such open and apparant guilt
Of his adulterous sister, hee dare vtter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him. Enter Flamineo.

FLA. How dares this banisht Count returne to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchast? I haue heard
The deecast Dutchesse gaue him pension,
And that he came along from Padua
I’th’ traine of the yong Prince. There’s somewhat in ’t.

Phisitians
Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke
With counterpoisons.

MAR. Marke this strange incounter.
FLA. The God of Melancholie turne thy gall to poison,
And let the stigmaticke wrincles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waues in a rough tide
One still ouertake an other. LOD. I doe thanke thee
And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake
The dog-daies all yeare long.
FLA. How crokes the rauen?
Is our good Dutchesse dead? LOD. Dead FLA. O fate!
Misfortune comes like the Crowners businesse,
Huddle vpon huddle. LOD. Shalt thou & I ioyne housekeeping?
FLA. Yes, content.
Let’s bee vnsociably sociable.
LOD. Sit some three daies together, and discourse.
FLA. Onely with making faces;
Lie in our clothes. LOD. With faggots for our pillowes.
FLA. And bee lowsie.
LOD. In taffeta lininges; that’s gentile melancholie,
Sleepe all day. FLA. Yes: and like your melancholike hare
feed after midnight.
Wee are obserued: see how yon couple greue.
LOD. What a strange creature is a laughing foole,
As if man were created to no vse
But onely to shew his teeth. FLA. Ile tell thee what,
It would doe well in stead of looking glasses
To set ones face each morning by a sawcer
Of a witches congealed bloud. LOD. Pretious gue.
Weel neuer part. FLA. Neuer: till the beggerie of Courtiers,
The discontent of church-men, want of souldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacled,
Worse then strappado’d, on the lowest fellie
Of fortunes wheele be taught in our two liues. Enter Antonelli.
To scorne that world which life of meanes depruies.
AN. My Lord, I bring good newes. The Pope on’s death-bed,
At th’ earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,
Vittoria Corombona.

Hath sign’d your pardon, and restor’d vnto you —
   LOD. I thanke you for your news. Look vp againe

*Flamineo,* see my pardon. FLAM. Why do you laugh?

There was no such condition in our covenant. LOD. Why?
   FLAM. You shall not see me a happier man then I,

You know our vow sir, if you will be merry,

Do it i’th like posture, as if some great man

Sate while his enemy were executed:

Though it be very letchery vnto thee,

Doo’t with a crabbed Polititians face.
   LOD. Your sister is a damnable whore. FLAM. Ha?
   LOD. Looke you; I spake that laughing.
   FLAM. Dost euer thinke to speake againe?
   LOD: Do you heare?

Wil’t sel me fourty ounces of her bloud,

To water a mandrake? FL. Poore Lord; you did vow

To liue a lowzy creature. LOD. Yes; FLA. Like one

That had for euer forfaited, the day-light,

By being in debt, LOD. Ha, ha?
   FLAM. I do not greatly wonder you do breake:

Your Lordship learn’t long since. But Ile tell you,
   LOD. What? FLA. And’t shall sticke by you.
   LOD. I long for it.
   FLAM. This laughter scruily becomes your face,

If you will not be melancholy, be angry. 
   Strikes him.

See now I laugh too.
   MAR. You are to blame, Ile force you hence.
   LOD. Vnhand me: 
   Exit Mar. & Flam.

That ere I should be forc’t to right my selfe,

Vpon a Pandar. ANT. My Lord.
   LOD. H’had bene as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.
   GAS. How this shewes!
   LOD. Vds’ death, how did my sword misse him?

These rogues that are most weary of their liues,

Still scape the greatest dangers,

A pox vpon him: all his reputation;

Nay all the goodnesse of his family;
Vittoria Corombona.

Is not worth halfe this earthquake.
I learnt it of no fencer to shake thus;
Come, I’le forget him, and go drinke some wine. Exeunt.

Enter Francisco and Monticelso.

MON. Come, come my Lord, vntie your fouled thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a brid’s haire.
Your sister’s poisoned.
FRA. Farre bee it from my thoughts
To seeke reuenge.

MON. What, are you turn’d all marble?
FRA. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre
Most burthensome on my poore subjets neckes,
Which at my will I haue not power to end?
You know; for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horred lust of warre,
He that vniustly caus’d it first proceed,
Shall finde it in his graue and in his seed.

MON. That’s not the course I’de wish you: pray, obserue me,
We see that vndermining more preuailes
Then doth the Canon, Beare your wrongs conceal’d,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Cammell
Stalke o’re your back vnbruiss’d: sleep with the Lyon,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nosthrils, till the time bee ripe
For th’bloudy audit, and the fatall gripe:
Aime like a cunning fowler, close one eie,
That you the better may your game espy.

FRA. Free me my innocence; frõ treacherous actes:
I know ther’s thunder yonder: and I’le stand,
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountaine: since I know
Treason, like spiders weauing nets for flies,
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.
To passe away these thoughts, my honour’d Lord,
It is reported you possesse a booke
Wherein you haue quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders

G Lurking
Vittoria Corombona.

Lurking about the Citty, MON. Sir I doe
And some there are which call it my blacke booke:
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not
The Art of coniuring, yet in it lurke,
The names of many deuils. FRAN. Pray let’s see it.

MON. I’le fetch it to your Lordship.

FRA. Monticelsa,

Exit Monticelso.

I will not trust thee, but in all my plots
I’le rest as iealous as a Towne besieg’d.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act.
Your flax soone kindles, soone is out againe,
But gold slow heat’s, and long will hot remaine.

MON. ’Tis here my Lord.

FRA. First your Intelligencers pray let’s see.

MON. Their number rises strangely,
And some of them
You’d Take for honest men.
Next are Pandars.
These are your Pirats: and these following leaues,
For base roges that vndo yong Gentlemen
By taking vp commodities: for pollitick bankroupts:
For fellows that are bawdes to their owne wiues,
Onely to put off horses and slight iuvels,
Clockes, defac’t plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children. FRA. Are there such?

MON. These are for Impudent baudes,
That go in mens apparell: for vsurers
That share with scruiuners for their good reportage:
For Lawyers that will antedate their writtes:
And some Diuines you might find foulded there;
But that I slip them o’re for conscience sake.
Here is a generall catalogue of knaues.
A man might study all the prisons o’re,
Yet never atteine this knowledge. FRA. Murderers.
Fould downe the leafe I pray,
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.

MON. Pray vse’t my Lord.
Vittoria Corombona.

FRAN. I do assure your Lordship,  
You are a worthy member of the State,  
And haue done infinite good in your discouery  
Of these offendors. MON. Some-what Sir. FRA. O God!  
Better then tribute of wolues paid in England.  
’Twill hang their skinnes o’th hedge.  
MON. I must make bold  
To leaue your Lord-ship. FRA. Deerely sir, I thanke you,  
If any aske for me at Court, report  
You haue left me in the company of knaues. Exit Mont.  
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow  
That’s my Lords Officer, one that lately skipt  
From a Clerkes deske vp to a Iustice chaire,  
Hath made this knauish summons; and intendes,  
As th’Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,  
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,  
Your poore rogues pay for’t, which haue not the meanes  
To present bribe in fist: the rest o’th’ band  
Are raz’d out of the knaues record; or else  
My Lord he winkes at them with easy will,  
His man growes rich, the knaues are the knaues still.  
But to the vse I’le make of it; it shall serue  
To point me out a list of murderers,  
Agents for any villany. Did I want  
Ten leash of Curtisans, it would furnish me;  
Nay lawndresse three Armies. That so in little paper  
Should lye th’vndoing of so many men!  
’Tis not so big as twenty declarations.  
See the corrupted vse some make of bookes:  
Diuinity, wrested by some factious bloud,  
Draws swords, swels battels, & o'rethrowes all good.  
To fashion my reuenge more seriously,  
Let me remember my dead sisters face:  
Call for her picture: no; I’le close mine eyes,  
And in a melancholike thought I’le frame  
Enter Isabola’s Ghost.  
Her figure ’fore me. Now I — ha’t he how strong  
G2 Imagination
Imagination workes! how she can frame
Things which are not! me thinks she stands afore me;
And by the quicke Idea of my minde,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtile Iugler, makes vs deeme
Things, supernaturall, which haue cause
Common as sickenesse. 'Tis my melancholy,
How cam'st thou by thy death? — how idle am I
To question mine owne idlenesse? — did euer
Man dreame awake till now? — remoue this obiect
Out of my braine with’t: what haue I to do
With tombs, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,
That haue to meditate vpon reuenge?
So now 'tis ended, like an old wiues story.
States-men thinke often they see stranger sights
Then mad-men. Come, to this waightly businesse.
My Tragedy must haue some idle mirth in’t,
Else it will neuer passe. I am in loue,
In loue with Corombona; and my suite
Thus haltes to her in verse. —
I haue done it rarely: ô the fate of Princes!
I am so vs'd to frequent flattery,
That being alone I now flatter my selfe;
But it will serue, 'tis seal'd; beare this
To th'house of Conuertites; and watch your leisure
To giue it to the hands of Corombona,
Or to the Matron, when some followers
Of Brachiano may be by.
He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow:
When a mans head goes through each limbe will follow.
The engine for my busines, bold Count Lodowicke:
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,
With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter.
Like the wild Irish I’le nere thinke thee dead,
Till I can play at footeball with thy head.
Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo.
Vittoria Corombona.

Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.

MAT. Should it be knowne the Duke hath such recourse.
To your imprison’d sister, I were like
T’incur much damage by it. FLA. Not a scruple.
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads
Are troubled now with other businesse
Than guarding of a Ladie. Enter servant.

SER. Yonder’s Flamineo in conference
With the Matrona. Let mee speake with you.
I would intreat you to deliuer for mee
This letter to the faire Uittoria.

MAT. I shall Sir. Enter Brachiano.

SER. With all care and secrecie,
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receiue
Thankes for this curtesie. FLA. How now? what’s that?
MAT. A letter. FLA. To my sister: Ile see’t deliuered.
BRA. What’s that you read Flamineo? FLA. Looke.
BRA. Ha? To the most vnfortunate his best respected Uittoria
Who was the messenger? FLA. I know not.
BRA. No! Who sent it?
FLA. Vd’s foot you speake, as if a man
Should know what foule is coffind in a bak’t meate
Afore you cut it vp.
BRA. Ile open’t, were’t her heart. What’s heere subscribed
This jugling is grosse and palpable. (Florence? I haue found out the conueyance; read it, read, it.

FLA. Your teares Ile turne to triumphes, bee but mine. Reades the letter.
Your prop is fall’n; I pittie that a vine
Which Princes heretofore have long’d to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would serue his turne.
Your sad imprisonment Ile soone vncharme,
And with a princelie vncontrolled arme
Lead you to Florence, where my loue and care
Shall hang your wishes in my siluer haire.
A halter on his strange æquiuocation.
Nor for my yeares returne mee the sad willow,

G3 Who
Vittoria Corombona.

Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow.
Rotten on my knowledge with lying too long i’th bed-straw.
And all the lines of age this line convinces:
The Gods neuer wax old, no more doe Princes.
A pox on’t teare it, let’s haue no more Atheists for Gods sake.

BRA. Vds death, Ile cut her into Atomies
And let th’irregular North-winde sweepe her vp
And blow her int’ his nosthrils. Where’s this whore?

FLA. That? what doe you call her?

BRA. Oh, I could bee mad,
Preuent the curst disease shee’l bring mee to;
And teare my haire off. Where’s this changeable stuffe?

FLA. Ore head and eares in water, I assure you,
Shee is not for your wearing. BRA. In you Pandar?

FLA. What mee, my Lord, am I your dog?

BRA. A bloud-hound: doe you braue? doe you stand mee?

FLA. Stand you? let those that haue diseases run;
I need no plaisters. BRA. Would you bee kickt?

FLA. Would you haue your necke broke?
I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;
My shinnes must be kept whole. BRA. Do you know mee?

FLA. O my Lord! methodically.
As in this world there are degrees of euils:
So in this world there are degrees of deuils.
You’r a great Duke; I your poore secretarie.
I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.

BRA. Pandar, plie your conuoy, and leaue your prating.

FLA. All your kindnesse to mee is like that miserable cur-
tesie of Polypheus to Ulisses, you reserve mee to be deou’r’d last, you would dig turues out of my graue to feed your Larkes:
that would bee musicke to you. Come, Ile lead you to her.

BRA. Do you face mee?

FLA. O Sir I would not go before a Pollitique enemie with my backe towards him, though there were behind mee a whirle-
poole. Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.

BRA. Can you read Mistresse? looke vpnon that letter;
There are no characters nor Hieroglyphicks.

You
Vittoria Corombona.

You need no comment, I am growne your receiuer,
Gods pretious you shall bee a braue great Ladie,
A statelie and advanc'd whore.  VIT.  Say Sir.

    BRA.  Come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discouer
Your treasurie of loue-letters. Death and furies,
Ile see them all.  VIT.  Sir, vpon my soule,
I haue not any. Whence was this directed?

    BRA.  Confusion on your politicke ignorance.
You are reclaimed; are you? Ile giue you the bels
And let you flie to the deuill.  FLA.  Ware hawke, my Lord.

    VIT.  Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord,
To mee, he nere was louely I protest,
So much as in my sleepe.  BRA.  Right: they are plots.
Your beautie! ô, ten thousand curses on't.
How long haue I beheld the deuill in christall?
Thou hast lead mee, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musick, and with fatall yokes of flowers
To my eternall ruine. Woman to man
Is either a God or a wolfe.  VIT.  My Lord.  BRA.  Away.
Wee'l bee as differing as two Adamants;
The one shall shunne the other. What? do'st weepe?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
Yee'ld furnish all the Irish funeralls
With howling, past wild Irish.  FLA.  Fie, my Lord.

    BRA.  That hand, that cursed hand, which I haue wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest Dutchesse
How louelie art thou now! Thy loose thoughtes
Scatter like quicke-siluer, I was bewitch'd;
For all the world speakes ill of thee.  VIT.  No matter.
Ile liue so now Ile make that world recant
And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchesse.

    BRA.  Whose death God pardon.

    VIT.  Whose death God reuenge
On thee most godlesse Duke.  FLA.  Now for tow whirlewindes.

    VIT.  What haue I gain'd by thee but infamie?
Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my house,
And frightened thence noble societie:
Vittoria Corombona.

Like those, which sicke 'oth' Palsie, and retain
Ill-senting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd
By those of choicer nosthrills. What doe you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the Judge stile it
A house of penitent whores? who sent mee to it?
Who hath the honour to aduance Uittoria
To this incontinent colledge? is 't not you?
Is 't not your high preferment? Go, go brag
How many Ladies you haue vndone, like mee.
Fare you well Sir; let me heare no more of you.
I had a limbe corrupted to an vlcer,
But I haue cut it off: and now Ile go
Weeping to heauen on crutches. For your giftes,
I will returne them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full Executor
To all my sinnes, δ that I could tosse my selfe
Into a graue as quickly: for all thou art worth
Ile not shed one teare more; — Ile burst first. She throws her

Uittoria? My dearest happinesse? Vittoria?
What doe you aile my Loue? why doe you weepe?
   VIT. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you see.
   BRA. Are not those matchlesse eies mine? VIT. I had rather.
They were not matches. BRA. Is not this lip mine?
   VIT. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather than giue it thee.
   FLA. Turne to my Lord, good sister.
   VIT. Hence you Pandar.
   FLA. Pandar! Am I the author of your sinne?
   VIT. Yes: Hee’s a base theif that a theif lets in.
   FLA. Wee’re blowne vp, my Lord,
   BRA. Wilt thou heare mee?
Once to bee iealous of thee is t’expresse
That I will loue thee euerlastingly,
And neuer more bee iealous. VIT. O thou foole,
Whose greatnesse hath by much oregrowne thy wit!
What dar’st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to bee still thy whore? for that; In
Vittoria Corombona.

In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make
A bonefire.   FLA. O, no othes for gods sake.
   BRA. Will you heare mee? VIT. Neuer.
   FLA. What a damn’d impostume is a womans will?
Can nothing breake it? fie, fie, my Lord.
Women are caught as you take Tortoises,
Shee must bee turn’d on her backe. Sister, by this hand
I am on your side. Come, come, you haue wrong’d her.
What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,
To thinke the Duke of Florence could loue her?
Will any Mercer take an others ware
When once ’t is tows’d and sullied? And, yet sister,
How scuruily this frowardnesse becomes you?
Yong Leuerets stand not long; and womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;
A full crie for a quarter of an hower;
And then bee put to th’ dead quat.   BRA. Shall these eies,
VWhere hauᵉ so long time dwellt vpon your face,
Be now put out?   FLA. No cruel Land­ladie ‘ith’ world,
VWould doe’t.
Hand her, my Lord, and kisse her: be not like
A ferret to let go your hold with blowing.
   BRA. Let vs renew right handes. VIT. Hence.
   BRA. Neuer shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,
Make mee commit like fault.
   FLA. Now you are ith’ way out, follow ’thard.
   BRA. Bee thou at peace with mee; let all the world
Threaten the Cannon.   FLA. Marke his penitence.
Best natures doe commit the grossest faultes,
When they’re giu’n ore to iealosie; as best wine
Dying makes strongest vinneger. Ile tell you;
The Sea’s more rough and raging than calme riuers,
But nor so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water vnder a great bridge.
A man may shoot her safely.   VIT. O yee dissembling men!
   FLA. Wee suckt that, sister, from womens brestes, in our
   H
Vittoria Corombona.

first infancie. VIT. To ad miserie to miserie. BRA. Sweetest.
VIT. Am I not low enough?
I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball
Now your affection’s cold. FLA. Vd’foot, it shall melt,
To a hart againe, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o’t h lees for’t.
VIT. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I haue bin. Ile speake not one word more.
FLA. Stop her mouth,
With a sweet kisse, my Lord.
So now the tide’s turne’d the vessel’s come about
Hee’s a sweet armefull. O wee curl’d-haird men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.
BRA. That you should chide thus!
FLA. O, sir, your little chimnies
Doe euer cast most smoke. I swet for you.
Couple together with as deepe a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wodden horse.
My Lord supplie your promises with deedes.
You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.
BRA. Stay ingratefull Rome.
FLA. Rome! it deserues to be cal’d Barbarie, for our villainous
BRA. Soft; the same proiect which the Duke of Florence,
(Whether in loue or gullerie I know not)
Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.
FLA. And no time fitter than this night, my Lord;
The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entred
The Conclaue for th’ electing a new Pope;
The Cittie in a great confusion;
Wee may attire her in a Pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine
For Padua.
BRA. Ile instantly steale forth the Prince Giouanni,
And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother
And yong Marcello that attendes on Florence,
If you can worke him to it, follow mee.
I will aduance you all: for you Vittoria,

Thinke
Vittoria Corombona.

Thinke of a Dutchesse title.   FLA.   Lo you sister.  
Stay, my Lord; I’le tell you a tale. The crocodile, which liues in  
the riuers Nilus, hath a worme bred i’th teeth of’t, which puts it  
extreame anguish: a little bird, no bigger then a wren, is bar-  
borsurgeon to this crocodile; flies into the iawes of’t; pickes out  
the worme; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease  
but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird may not talke  
largely of her abroad for non payment, closeth her chaps inten-  
ding to swallow her, and so put her to perpetuall silence. But na-  
ture loathing such ingratitude, hath arm’d this bird with a quill  
or pricke on the head, top o’th which wounds the crocodile i’th  
mouth; forseth her open her bloudy prison; and away flies the  
pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.  
   BRAC.   Your application is, I haue not rewarded  
The seruice you haue done me.  FLAM.  No, my Lord;  
You sister are the crocodile: you are blemisht in your fame, My  
Lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in euery  
particle; yet obserue, remember, what good the bird with the  
pricke i’th head hath done you; and scorne ingratitude.  
It may appeare to some ridiculous  
Thus to talke knaue and madman; and sometimes  
Come in with a dried sentence, stuft with sage.  
But this allowes my varying of shapes,  
Knaues do grow great by being great mens apes.  

   Enter Francisco, Lodouico, Gasper, and sixe Embassadours.  
   Exeunt.  

   At another dore the Duke of Florence.  
   FRA.  So, my Lord, I commend your diligence  
Guard well the conclawe, and, as the order is,  
Let none haue conference with the Cardinals.  
   LOD.  I shall, my Lord: roome for the Embassadors,  
   GAS.  They’re wondrous braue to day: why do they weare  
These seuerall habits? LOD,  O sir, they’r Knights  
Of seuerall Orders.  
That Lord i’th blacke cloak with the siluer crosse  
Is Knight of Rhodes; the next Knight of S. Michael,  
That of the golden fleece; the French-man there  
Knight of the Holy-Ghost; my Lord of Sauoy  
H2 Knight
Vittoria Corombona.

Knight of th’Annuntiation; the *Englishman* Is Knight of th’honoured Garter, dedicated Vnto their Saint, S. *George*. I could describe to you Their seuerall institutions, with the lawes Annexed to their Orders, but that time Permits not such discouery.

   FRAN. Where’s Count *Lodowicke*?
   LOD. Here my Lord. 
   FRA. ’Tis o’th point of dinnertime, Marshall the Cardinals service, LOD. Sir I shall. Stand, let me search your dish, who’s this for?
   SER. For my Lord Cardinall *Monticelso*, LOD. Whose this?
   SER. For my Lord Cardinall of *Burbon*.
   FRE. Why doth he search the dishes, to observe What meate is drest? ENG. No Sir, but to preuent. Least any letters should be conuei’d in To bribe or to sollicite the advancement Of any Cardinall, when first they enter ’Tis lawfull for the Embassadours of Princes To enter with them, and to make their suit For any man their Prince affecteth best; But after, till a generall election,

No man may speake with them.

   LOD. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals Open the window, and receiue their viands.
   A CAR. You must returne the seruice; the L. Cardinals Are busied ’bout electing of the Pope, They have giuen o’re scrutinie, and are fallen To admiration. LOD. Away, away.
   FRAN. ’I le lay a thousand Duckets you here news

A Cardinal

Of a Pope presently, Hearke; sure he’s elected,

Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appeares,
On the Church battlements.

   ARRAGON. *Denuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reuerendissimus Cardinalis* Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem Apostolicam, & elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.

   OMNES.
Vittoria Corombona.

OMNES.  

_Uiuat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus._

SER.  _Vittoria_ my Lord.

FRAN.  Wel: what of her?  SER.  Is fled the Citty,  FRA.  Ha?

SER.  With Duke _Brachiano_.  FRA.  Fled? Where’s the Prince

SER.  Gone with his father.

FRAN.  Let the Matrona of the Conuertites

Be apprehended: fled ô damnable!

How fortunate are my wishes. Why? ’twas this

I onely laboured. I did send the letter

T’ instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond Duke,

I first haue poison’d; directed thee the way

To marrie a whore; what can be worse? This followes.

The hand must act to drowned the passionate tongue,

I scorne to weare a sword and prate of wrong.

_Enter Monticelso in state._

MON.  My Lord reportes _Vittoria Corombona_

Is stol’ne from forth the house of Conuertites

By _Brachiano_, and they’re fled the Cittie.

Now, though this bee the first daie of our state,

Wee cannot better please the diuine power,

Than to sequester from the holie Church

These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,

Wee doe denounce excommunication

Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome

Wee likewise banish. Set on.

Exeunt.

FRAN.  Come deare _Lodouico_.

You haue tane the sacrament to prosecute

Th’ intended murder.  LOD.  With all constancie.

But, Sir, I wonder you’l ingage your selfe,

In person, being a great Prince.  FRAN.  Diuert mee not.

Most of his Court are of my faction,

And some are of my counsell. Noble freind,

Our danger shall be ’like in this designe,

Giuie leaue, part of the glorie may bee mine.

Why did the Duke of Florence with such care

Labour your pardon? say.

LOD.  Italian beggars will resolue you that
Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of
Doe good for their owne sakes; or’t may bee
Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand,
Like Kings, who many times giue out of measure;
Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

MON. I know you’re cunning. Come, what deuill was that
That you were raising? LOD. Deuill, my Lord?
I aske you.

MONT. How doth the Duke imploy you, that his bonnet
Fell with such complement vnto his knee,
When hee departed from you? LOD. Why, my Lord,
Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse
Which he would faine haue brought to the carreere,
The 'sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,
I haue a rare French Rider. MONT. Take you heede:
Least the Iade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off’
With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra you doe lie.
O, thou’rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do’st threat
A violent storme. LOD. Stormes are ’ith aire, my Lord;
I am too low to storme. MONT. Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashion’d for all ill,
Like dogges, that once get bloud, they’l euer kill.
About some murder? wa’st not? LOD. Ile not tell you;
And yet I care not greatly if I doe;
Marry with this preparation. Holie father,
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I vtter
Is in confession meerely; which you know
Must neuer bee reueal’d. MONT. You haue oretane mee.

LOD. Sir I did loue Brachiano’s Dutchesse deerely;
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though shee nere knew on’t. Shee was poysond;
Vpon my soule shee was: for which I haue sworne
T’auenge her murder. MONT. To the Duke of Florence’?

LOD. To him I haue. MONT. Miserable Creature!
If thou persist in this, ’tis damnable.
Do’st thou imagine thou canst slide on bloud

And
Vittoria Corombona.

And not be tainted with a shamefull fall?
Or like the blacke, and melancholike Eugh-tree,
Do’st thinke to roote thy selfe in dead mens graues,
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee
Comes like sweet shewers to ouer-hardned ground:
They wet, but peirce not deepe. And so I leave thee
Withall the Furies hanging bout thy necke,
Till by thy penitence thou remoue this euill,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruell Deuill.

   LOD. I'le giue it o’re. He saies ’tis damable: Exit Mon.
 Besides I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of Camillo's death. Enter servuant
& Francisco,

   FRA. Do you know that Count? SER. Yes, my Lord,
   FRA. Beare him these thousand Duckets to his lodging;
Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily
That will confirme more then all the rest. SER. Sir.
   LOD. To me sir?
   SER. His holinesse hath sent you a thousand Crownes,
And will you if you trauaile, to make him (commanded.
Your Patron for intelligence. LOD. His creature euer to bee
Why now 'tis come about. He rai’ld vpon me;
And yet these Crownes were told out and laid ready,
Before he knew my voyiage. O the Art
The modest forme of greatnesse! that do sit
Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their look’s turn’d
From the least wanton iests, their puling stomacke
Sicke of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose.
Euen acting of those hot and lustfull sports
Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!
Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plummet,
I am doubly arm’d now. Now to th’act of bloud,
There’s but three furies found in spacious hell;
But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.

   A passage ouer the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hortensio, Corombona. Cornelia, Zanche and others.

   FLA. In all the weary minutes of my life,
   Day
Vittoria Corombona.

Day nere broke vp till now. This mariage.  
Confirmes me happy.  HOR.  'Tis a good assurance. 
Saw you not yet the Moore that’s come to Court?  
  FLA.  Yes, and confer’d with him i’th Dukes closet,  
I haue not seene a goodlier personage,  
Nor euer talkt with man better experienc’t  
In State-affaires or rudiments of warre.  
Hee hath by report, seru’d the Venetian  
In Candy these twice seuen yeares, and bene cheife  
In many a bold designe.  HOR.  What are those two,  
That beare him company?  
  FLA.  Two Noblemen of Hungary, that liuing in the Emperours seruice as commanders, eight yeares since, contrary to the expectation of all the Court entred into religion, into the strickt order of Capuchins: but being not well setled in their underta­king they left their Order and returned to Court: for which being after troubled in conscience, they vowed their seruice against the enemies of Christ; went to Malta; were there knighted; and in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolued for euer to forsake the world, and settle themselues here in a house of Capuchines in Padua.  HOR.  'Tis strange.  
  FLA.  One thing makes it so. They haue vowed for euer to weare next their bare bodies those coates of maile they ser­ued in.  HOR.  Hard penance.  
Is the Moore a Christian?  FLA.  Hee is.  
  HOR.  Why proffers hee his seruice to our Duke?  
  FLV.  Because he vnderstands ther’s like to grow  
Some warres betweene vs and the Duke of Florence,  
In which hee hopes imployment.  
I neuer saw one in a sterne bold looke  
Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase  
Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt  
Of our slight airy Courtiers. Hee talkes  
As if hee had trauail’d all the Princes Courts  
Of Christendome; in all things striues t’expresse,  
That all that should dispute with him may know,  
Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright

Enter Duke Brachiano.  

But
Vittoria Corombona.

But lookest to neare, haue neither heat nor light.
The Duke.

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar; Lodouico, Antonio, Gaspar, Farnese bearing their swordes and helmets.

   BRA. You'are nobly welcome. We haue heard at full
Your honourable servise ’gainst the Turke.
To you, braue Mulinassar, wee assigne
A competent pension: and are inly sorrow,
The vowes of those two worthie gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffer’d bountie.
Your wish is you may leaue your warlike swordes
For Monuments in our Chappell. I accept it
As a great honour done mee, and must craue
Your leaue to furnish out our Dutchesse reuells.
Onely one thing, as the last vanitie
You ere shall view, denie mee not to stay
To see a Barriers prepar’d to night;
You shall haue priuate standings: It hath pleas’d
The great Ambassadours of seuerall Princes
In their returne from Rome to their owne Countries
To grace our marriage, and to honour mee
With such a kind of sport. FRAN. I shall perswade them
To stay, my Lord.

Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo, and Marcello.

Set on there to the presence
   CAR. Noble my Lord, most fortunately wellcome,
You haue our vows seal’d with the sacrament
To second your attempts. PED. And all thinges readie.
Hee could not haue inuented his owne ruine,
Had hee despair’d with more proprietie.
   LOD. You would not take my way. FRA. ’Tis better ordered.
   LOD. ’T’haue poison’d his praier booke, or a paire of beades,
The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,
Or th’handle of his racket, ó that, that!
That while he had bin bandying at Tennis,
He might haue sworne himselfe to hell, and strooke
His soule into the hazzard! O my Lord!
I would haue our plot bee ingenious,

I

And
Vittoria Corombona.

And haue it hereafter recorded for example
Rather than borrow example. FRAN. There’s no way
More speeding than this thought on. LOD. On then.
FRAN. And yet mee thinkes that this reuenge is poore,
Because it steales vpon him like a theif,
To haue tane him by the Caske in a pitcht feild,
Led him to Florence! LOD. It had bin rare. — And there
Haue crown’d him with a wreath of stinking garlick.
T’haue showne the sharpnesse of his gournement;
And rancknesse of his lust.

Flamineo comes. Enter Flamineo, Marcello, and Zanche.

MAR. Why doth this deuill haunt you? say.

FLA. I know not.
For by this light I doe not coniure for her.
Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke
To raise the deuill: for heeres one vp allreadie,
The greatest cunning were to lay him downe

MAR. Shee is your shame. FLA. I prethee pardon her.
In faith you see, women are like to burres;
Where their affection throwes them, there they’l sticke.

ZAN. That is my Country­man, a goodly person;
When hee’s at leisure Ile discourse with him

In our owne language. FLA. I beseech you doe,
How is ’t braue souldier; ô that I had seene
Some of your iron daies! I pray relate
Some of your seruice to vs.

FRAN. ’Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to bee his owne
Chronicle, I did neuer wash my mouth with mine owne praise
for feare of getting a stincking breath.

MAR. You ’re too Stoicall. The Duke will expect other
discourse from you

FRAN. I shall neuer flatter him, I haue studied man to much
to do that: What difference is betweene the Duke and I? no more
than betweene two brickes; all made of one clay. Onely’s may
bee one is plac’t on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom
of a well by meere chance; if I were plac’t as high as the Duke,
I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; and beare out
Vittoria Corombona.

weather equally.

FLA. If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then hee would tell them stories, MAR. I haue bin a souldier too.

FRAN. How haue you thriu’d? MAR. Faith poorely.

FRAN. That’s the miserie of peace. Onely outsides are then respected: As shippes seeme verie great vpon the riuier, which shew verie little vpon the Seas: So some men i’th Court seeme Colossusses in a chamber, who if they came into the feild would appeare pittalfull. Pigmies.

FLA. Giue mee a faire roome yet hung with Arras, and some great Cardinall to lug mee by th’ eares as his endeared Minion.

FRA. And thou maist doe, the deuill knowes what vilanie.

FLA. And safely.

FRA. Right; you shall see in the Countrie in haruest time, pigeons, though they destroy neuer so much corne, the farmer dare not present the fowling piece to them! why? because they belong to the Lord of the Mannor; whilsts your poore sparrows that belong to the Lord of heauen, they go to the pot for’t.

FLA. I will now giue you some polliticke instruction. The Duke saies hee will giue you pension; that’s but bare promise: get it vnder his hand. For I haue knowne men that haue come from seruing against the Turke; for three or foure moneths they haue had pension to buy them new woodden legges and fresh plaisters; but after ’twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes, as if a Tormenter should giue hot cordiall drinkes to one three quarters dead o’t h racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to indure more dogdaies. Enter Hortensio, a yong Lord, Zanche, and two more.

How now, Gallants; what are they readie for the Barriers?

Y. LORD. Yes: the Lordes are putting on their armour.

HOR. What’s hee?

FLA. A new vp-start: one that sweares like a Falckner, and will lye in the Dukes eare day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since hee came to th’ Court smell worse of sweat than an vnder-tennis-court keeper.

HOR. Looke you, yonder’s your sweet Mistresse.

FLA.
Vittoria Corombona.

FLA. Thou art my sworne brother, I’le tell thee, I doe loue that Moore, that Witch very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my villanny; I do loue her, just as a man holds a wolfe by the eares. But for feare of turning vpon mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her go to the Deuill.

HOR. I heare she claimes marriage of thee.

FLA. ’Faith, I made to her some such darke promise, and in seeking to flye from’t I run on, like a frightened dog with a bottle at’s taile, that faine would bite it off and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious Gipsie!

ZAN. I your loue to me rather cooles then heates.

FLA. Marry, I am the sounder, louer, we haue many wenches about the Towne heate too fast.

HOR. What do you thinke of these perfum’d Gallants then?

FLAM. Their sattin cannot saue them. I am confident They haue a certaine spice of the disease, 
For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.

ZAN. Beleeue it! A little painting and gay clothes, Make you loathe me.

FLA. How? loue a Lady for painting or gay apparell? I’le vn-kennell one example more for thee. Esop had a foolish dog that let go the fleshe to catch the shadow. I would haue Courtiers bee better Diuers. ZAN. You remember your oathes.

FLA. Louers oathes are like Marriners prayers, vttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o’re, and that the vessell leaues tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst Gentlemen protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as Shooemakers and West-phalia bacon. They are both drawers on: for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the mortality of your sun-burnt Gentleman. Enter Cornelia.

COR. Is this your pearch, you haggard? flye to’th stewes.

FLA. You should be clapt by th’heeles now: strike i’th Court.

ZAN. She’s good for nothing but to make her maids, Catch cold a nights; they dare not vse a bedstaffe, 
For feare of her light fingers. MAR. Your’e a strumpet. An impudent one. FLA. Why do you kicke her? say,
Vittoria Corombona.

Do you thinke that she’s like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgel’d ere shee beare good fruite?
   MAR. Shee brags that you shall marry her. FLA. What then?
   MAR. I had rather she were pitcht vpon a stake
In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crowes thence. FLA. Your a boy, a foole,
Be guardian to your hound, I am of age.
   MAR. If I take her neere you I’le cut her throate.
   FLA. With a fan of feathers? MAR. And for you; I’le whip
This folly from you. FLAM. Are you cholericke?
I’le purg’t with Rubarbe. HOR. O your brother. FLA. Hang him.
Hee wrongs me most that ought t’offend mee least,
I do suspect my mother plaid foule play,
When she conceiu’d thee. MAR. Now by all my hopes.
Like the two slaughtred sonnes of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection,
Shall turne 10 waies. Those words I’le make thee answere
With thy heart bloud. FLA. Doe like the geesse in the progresse,
You know where you shall finde mee, MAR. Very good,
And thou beest a noble, friend, beare him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on’t. Y. LORD. Sir I shall.
   ZAN. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,
I neere lou’d my complexion till now,
Cause I may boldly say without a blush,
I loue you. FLA. Your loue is vntimely sownen,
Ther’s a Spring at Michaelmas, but ’tis but a fainte one, I am sunck
In yeares, and I haue vowed neuer to marry.
   ZAN. Alas! poore maides get more louers then husbands,
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadours
are sent to congratulate Princes, there’s commonly sent along
with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the
Embassadours person nor words, yet he likes well of the present-ment. So I may come to you in the same maner, & be better loued
for my dowry then my vertue. FLA. I’le thinke on the motion.
   ZAN. Do, Ile now detaine you no longer. At your better
leasure I’le tell you things shall startle your bloud.
Nor blame me that this passion I reueale;
I3 Louers
Vittoria Corombona.

Louers dye inward that their flames conceale.

**FLA.** Of all intelligence this may proue the best, Sure I shall draw strange fowle, from this foule nest. Enter Marcello and Cornelia. 

**COR.** I heare a whispering all about the Court, Your are to fight, who is your opposite? What is the quarrell? **MRA.** 'Tis an idle rumour. **COR.** Will you dissemble? sure you do not well To fright me thus, you neuer look thus pale, But when you are most angry. I do charge you Vpon my blessing; nay I'le call the Duke, And he shall schoole you. **MAR.** Publish not a feare Which would conuert to laughter; 'tis not so, Was not this Crucifix my fathers? **COR.** Yes.

**MAR.** I haue heard you say, giuing my brother sucke, Hee tooke the Crucifix betwixt his hands, Enter Flamineo, And broke a limbe off. **COR.** Yes: but 'tis mended.

**FLA.** I haue brought your weapon backe. Flamineo runnes **COR.** Ha, O my horroure! Marcello through. **MAR.** You haue brought it home indeed. **COR.** Helpe, oh he’s murdered. **FLA.** Do you turne your gaule vp? I’le to sanctuary, And send a surgeon to you. **HOR.** How? o’th ground?

**MAR.** O mother now remember what I told, Of breaking off the Crucifix: farewell Enter **Car. Hort.** There are some sinnes which heauen doth duly punish, In a whole family. This it is to rise By all dishonest meanes. Let all men know That tree shall long time keepe a steddy foote Whose branches spread no wilder then the roote.

**COR.** O my perpetuall sorrow! **HOR.** Vertuous **Marcello.** Hee’s dead: pray leaue him Lady; come, you shall.

**COR.** Alas he is not dead: hee’s in a trance. Why here’s no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call him againe for Gods sake. **CAR.** I would you were deceiu’d.

**COR.** O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me. How many haue gone away thus for lacke of tendance; reare vp’s head, reare
Vittoria Corombona.

rear vp’s head; His bleeding inward will kill him.

HOR. You see hee is departed.

COR. Let mee come to him; giue mee him as hee is, if hee
bee turn’d to earth; let mee but giue him one heartie kisse, and
you shall put vs both into one coffin: fetch a looking glass, see
if his breath will not staine it; or pull out some feathers from
my pillow, and lay them to his lippes, will you loose him for a
little paines taking? HOR. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

COR. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. Hee may liue to
lay mee ith’ ground, and pray for mee, if you’l let mee come
to him.

BRA. Was this your handy-worke?

FLA. It was my misfortune.

COR. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him: these haue
kill’d him, that would not let him bee better look’t to.

BRA. Haue comfort my greiu’d Mother.

COR. Haue comfort my greiu’d Mother.

HOR. Forbeare, good Madam.

COR. O you scritch-owle.

BRA. Go, beare the bodie to Cornelia’s lodging:

And wee commaund that none acquaint our Dutchesse
Vittoria Corombona.

With this sad accident: for you Flamineo,
Heareke, I will not graunt your pardon. FLA. No?

BRA. Onely a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc’th each euening to renew it,
or be hang’d. FLA. At your pleasure.

Midouico sprinkles Brachiano’s beuer with a poison.
Your will is law now, Ile not meddle with it.

BRA. You once did braue mee in your sisters lodging;
I’le now keepe you in awe for’t. Where’s our beauer?

FRAN. Hee calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pitty thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,
The last good deed hee did, he pardons murther. Exeunt.

Charges and shoutes, They fight at Barriers;
first single paires, then three to three.

Enter Brachiano & Flamineo with others.

BRA. An Armorer? uds’ death an Armorer?
FLA. Armorer; where’s the Armorer?
BRA. Teare off my beauer. FLA. Are you hurt, my Lord?
BRA. O my braine’s on fire, Enter Armorer.
The helmet is poison’d. ARM. My Lord vpon my soule.
BRA. Away with him to torture.
There are some great ones that haue hand in this,
And neere about me. VIT. O my loued Lord, poisoned?

FLA. Remoue the barre: heer’s vnfortunate reuls,
Call the Physitions; a plague vpon you; Ent. 2 Physitians:
Wee haue to much of your cunning here already.
I feare the Embassadours are likewise poysone’d.
BRA. Oh I am gone already: the infection
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart!
There’s such a covenant ’tweene the world and it,
They’re loath to breake. GIO. O my most loued father!

BRA. Remoue the boy away,
Where’s this good woman? had I infinite worlds
They were too little for thee. Must I leaque thee?
What say you scritch-owles, is the venome mortall?

PHYS. Most deadly. BRA. Most corrupted pollitick hangmā!

You
You kill without booke; but your art to saue
Failes you as oft, as great mens needy friends.
I that haue giuen life to offending slaues
And wretched murderers, haue I not power
To lengthen mine owne a twelue-month?
Do not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee.
This vnction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

FRA. Sir bee of comfort,
BRA. O thou soft
naturall death, that art joint-twin,
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,
Stares on thy milde departure: the dull Owle
Beates not against thy casement: the hoarse wolfe
Sents not thy carion. Pitty windes thy coarse,
Whilst horrorr waights on Princes. VIT. I am lost for euer.

BRAC. How miserable a thing it is to die,
’Mongst women howling! What are those. FLA. Franciscans.
They haue brought the extreame vnction.

BRA. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible,
Withdraw into our Cabinet

FLA. To see what solitarinesse is about dying Princes. As heretofore they haue vnpeopled Townes; diuorst friends, and made great houses vn hospitable: so now, ô iustice! where are their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadowes of Princes bodies the least thicke cloud makes them inuisible.

FRA. There’s great moane made for him.
FLA. ’Faith, for some few howers salt water will runne most plentifully in euery Office o’th Court. But beleue it; most of them do but weeepe ouer their step-mothers graues.
FRA. How meane you?
FLA. Why? They dissemble, as some men doe that liue within compasse o’th verge.
FRA. Come you haue thru’d well vnder him.
FLA. ’Faith, like a wolfe in a womans breast; I haue beene fed with poultry; but for money, vnderstand me, I had as good a will to cosen him, as e’re an Officer of them all. But I had not cunning enough to doe it.
Vittoria Corombona.

FRAN. What did’st thou thinke of him; ’faith speake freely.  
FLA. Hee was a kinde of States-man, that would sooner  
haue reckond how many Cannon bullets he had discharged  
against a Towne, to count his expence that way, than how many  
of his valiant and deseruing subiects hee lost before it.  
FRAN. O, speake well of the Duke.  
FLA. I haue done.  
Will’l heare some of my Court wisedome? Enter Lodouico.  
To reprehend Princes is dangerous: and to ouer-commend some  
of them is palpable lying.  
FRAN. How is it with the Duke?  
LOD. Most deadly ill.  
Hee’s fall’n into a strange distraction.  
Hee talkes of Battales and Monopolies,  
Leuying of taxes, and from that descends  
To the most brain-sicke language. His minde fastens  
On twentie seuerall objects, which confound  
Deepe Sence with follie. Such a fearefull end  
May teach some men that beare too loftie crest,  
Though they liue happiest, yet they dye not best.  
Hee hath conferr’d the whole State of the Dukedome  
Vpon your sister, till the Prince arriuue  
At mature age.  
FLA. There’s some good lucke in that yet.  
FRAN. See heere he comes. Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed  
There’s death in’s face allready.  
VIT. O my good Lord!  
BRA. Away, you haue abus’d mee.  
You haue conuayd coyne forth our territories;  
Bought and sold offices; oppres’d the poore,  
And I nere dreampt on’t. Make vp your accountes;  
Ile now bee mine owne Steward.  
FLA. Sir, haue patience.  
BRA. Indeed I am too blame.  
For did you euer heare the duskie rauen  
Chide blacknesse? or wast euer knowne, the diuell  
Raild against clouen Creatures.  
VIT. O my Lord!  
BRA. Let mee haue some quailes to supper.  
FLA. Sir, you shal.  
BRA. No: some fried dog-fish. Your Quailes feed on poison,  
That old dog-fox, that Polititian Florence,  
Ile forswear hunting and turne dog-killer;  
Rare! Ile bee frindes with him. for marke you, sir, one dog  

Still
Vittoria Corombona.

Still sets another a barking: peace, peace,
Yonder’s a fine slave come in now. FLA. Where?
   BRA. Why there.
In a blew bonnet, and a pair of breeches
With a great codpiece. Ha, ha, ha,
Looke you his codpiece is stucke full of pinnes
With pearles o’th head of them. Doe not you know him?
   FLA. No, my Lord. BRA. Why ’tis the Deuill.
I know him by a great rose he weares on’s shooe
To hide his clouen foot. Ile dispute with him.
Hee’s a rare linguist. VIT. My Lord heer’s nothing.
   BRA. Nothing? rare! nothing! when I want monie,
Our treasure is emptie; there is nothing,
Ile not bee vs’d thus. VIT. O! ’ly still, my Lord
   BRA. See, see, Flamineo that kill’d his brother
Is dancing on the ropes there: and he carries
A monie-bag in each hand, to keepe him euen,
For feare of breaking’s necke. And there’s a Lawyer
In a gowne whipt with velvet, stares and gapes
When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should haue bin in a halter.
’Tis there; what’s shee? FLA. Vittoria, my Lord.
   BRA. Ha, ha, ha. Her haire is sprinckled with Arras powder,
that makes her looke as if she had sinn’d in the Pastrie. What’s
hee? FLA. A Diuine my Lord.
   BRA. Hee will bee drunke: Auoid him: th’ argument is
fearfull when Church-men stagger in’t.
Looke you; six gray rats that haue lost their tailes, crall vp the
pillow, send for a Rat-cather.
Ile doe a miracle: Ile free the Court
From all foule vermin. Where’s Flamineo?
   FLA. I doe not like that hee names mee so often,
Especially on’s death-bed: ’tis a signe
I shall not liue long: see hee’s neere his end.
   LOD. Pray giue vs leave; Attende Domine Brachiane,
   FLA. See, see, how firrinely hee doth fixe his eye
Vpon the Crucifix. VIT. O hold it constant.
   K2
It settles his wild spirits; and so his eies
Melt into teares.

LOD. *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo,*
nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.

GAS. *Olim hasta valuit in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vi-
brabis contra hostem animarum.*

LOD. *Atende Domine Brachiane si nunc quòque probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte Caput in dextrum.*

GAS. *Esto securus Domine Brachiane: cogita quantum habeas meritorum denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratem si quid esset periculi.*

LOD. *Si nunc quoque probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in leuum.*

Hee is departing: pray stand all apart,
And let vs onely whisper in his eares
Some priuate meditations, which our order
Permits you not to heare. GAS. *Brachiano.*

LOD. Deuill *Brachiano.*
Thou art damn’d. GAS. *Perpetually.*

LOD. A slaue condemn’d, and giuen vp to the gallowes
Is thy great Lord and Master. GAS. *True: for thou
Art giuen vp to the deuill.*

LOD. That would haue broke your wiues necke downe the staires ere she was poison’d. GAS. *That had your villanous
LOD. And fine imbrodered bottles,* (sallets
And perfumes
Equally mortall with a winter plague
GAS. *Now there’s Mercarie.*

LOD. And copperesse
GAS. *And quicke-siluer.*

LOD. With other deuelish potticarie stuffe
A melting in your politicke braines: do’st heare.

GAS. *This is Count Lodouico.*

LOD. *This Gasparo.*

And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. GAS. *And stinke
Like a dead flie-blowne dog.*

LOD. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.
Vittoria Corombona.

BRA. Uittoria? Uittoria! LOD. O the cursed deuill, Come to himselfe a gaine. Wee are vndone.

Enter Vittoria and the attend. (againe

GAS. Strangle him in priuate. What? will you call him To liue in treble torments? for charitie,
For Christian charitie, auoid the chamber.

LOD. You would prate, Sir. This is a true­loue knot
Sent from the Duke of Florence. Brachiano is strangled

GAS. What is it done?

LOD. The snuffe is out. No woman­keeper i’th’ world,
Though shee had practis’d seuen yere at the Pest­house,
Could haue done’t quaintlyer. My Lordes hee’s dead.

OMN. Rest to his soule.

VIT. O mee! this place is hell.

FLO. How heauily shee takes it. FLA. O yes, yes;

Had women nauigable riuers in their eies
They would dispend them all; surely I wonder
Why wee should wish more riuers to the Cittie,
When they sell water so good cheape. Ile tell thee,
These are but Moonish shades of greifes or feares,
There’s nothing sooner drie than womens teares.
Why heere’s an end of all my haruest, hee has giuen mee nothing
Court promises! Let wisemen count them curst
For while you liue hee that scores best paies worst.

FLO. Sure, this was Florence doing. FLA. Very likelie.

Those are found waightie strokes which come from th’hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th’head.
O the rare trickes of a Machiuillian!
Hee doth not come like a grosse plodding slaue
And buffet you to death: No, my quaint knaue,
Hee tickles you to death; makes you die laughing;
As if you had swallow’d downe a pound of saffron
You see the seat, ’tis practis’d in a trice
To teach Court­honestie, it iumpes on Ice.

FLO. Now haue the people libertie to talke
And descant on his vices. FLA. Miserie of Princes,
That must of force bee censur’d by their slaues!

K3 Not
Not onely blam’d for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will.
One were better be a thresher.
Vds’d death, I would faine speake with this Duke yet.
   FLO. Now hee’s dead?
   FLAM. I cannot coniure; but if praiers or oathes
   Will get to th’speech of him: though forty deuils
   Vaught on him in his liery of flames,
I’le speake to him, and shake him by the hand,
   Though I bee blasted. FRA Excellent Lodouico!
   VVhat? did you terrifie him at the last gaspe?
   LOD. Yes; and so idely, that the Duke had like
   T’haue terrified vs. FRA. How?
   LOD. You shall heare that heearerafter,
   See! yon’s the infernall, that would make vp sport.
   Now to the revelation of that secret,
   Shee promi’st when she fell in loue with you.
   FLO. You’re passionately met in this sad world.
   MOO. I would haue you look vp, Sir; these Court teares
   Claime not your tribute to them. Let those weepe
   That guiltily pertake in the sad cause.
   I knew last night by a sad dreame I had
   Some mischiefe would insue; yet to say truth
   My dreame most concern’d you.
   LOD. Shal’s fall a dreaming?
   FRA. Yes, and for fashion sake Ile dreame with her.
   MOO. Mee thought sir, you came stealing to my bed.
   FRA. VVilt thou beleue me sweeting; by this light
I was a dreampt on thee too: for me thought
   I saw thee naked MOO. Fy sir! as I told you,
   Me thought you lay downe by me.
   FRA. So dreempt I;
And least thou should’st take cold, I couer’d thee
   VVith this Irish mantle. MOO. Verily I did dreame,
You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to’t.
   LOD. How? how? I hope you will not go to’t here.
   FRA. Nay: you must heare my dreame out.

   MOORE.
Vittoria Corombona.

MOORE. VVell, sir, forth.

FRA. VVhen I threw the mantle ore thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly me thought. MOORE. Laugh?

FLA. And cridst out,
The haire did tickle thee. MOO. There was a dreame indeed.

LOD. Marke her I prethee, shee simpers like the suddes
A Collier hath bene washt in.

MOO. Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reuеale a secret, Isabella
The Duke of Florence sister was impoison’d,
By a ’fum’d picture: and Camillo’s necke
Was broke by dam’d Flamineo; the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. FRA. Most strange!

MOO. Most true. LOD. The bed of snakes is broke.

MOO. I sadly do confesse I had a hand
In the blacke deed.

FRA. Thou kepts their counsell, MOO. Right,
For which, vrg’d with contrition, I intend
This night to rob Vittoria. LOD. Excellent penitence!

Vsurers dreame on’t while they sleepe out Sermons.

MOO. To further our escape, I haue entreated
Leaue to retire me, till the funerall,
Vnto a friend i’th country. That excuse
Will further our escape, In coine and iewels
I shall, at least, make good vnto your vse
An hundred thousand crowns. FRA. O noble wench!

LOD. Those crownes we’le share. MOO. It is a dowry,
Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt prouerbe false,
And wash the Ethiop white. FRA. It shall, away

MOO. Be ready for our flight. FRA. An howre ’fore day.
O strange discouery! why till now we knew not
The circumstance of either of their deaths.

MOO. You’le waight about midnight
In the Chappel. FRA. There.

LOD. Why now our action’s iustified,

FRA. Tush for iustice.

What harms it Iustice? we now, like the partridge

Purge
Vittoria Corombona.

Purge the disease with lawrell: for the fame
Shall crowne the enterprise and quit the shame.  

Enter Flam. and Gasp. at one dore, another way

Giouanni attended.

GAS. The yong Duke: Did you e’re see a sweeter Prince?

FLA. I haue knowne a poore womans bastard better fauor’d,
This is behind him: Now, to his face all cõparisons were hateful:
Wise was the Courtly Peacocke, that being a great Minion, and
being compar’d for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to
the Kingly Eagle, said the Eagle was a farre fairer bird then
herselfe, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long
Tallants. His will grow out in time,

My gratious Lord.  GIO. I pray leaue mee Sir.

FLA. Your Grace must be merry: ’tis I haue cause to mourne,
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father
on horsebacke?  GIO. Why, what said hee?

FLA. When you are dead father (said he) I hope then I shall
ride in the saddle, O ’tis a braue thing for a man to sit by himselfe:
he may stretch himselfe in the stirrops, looke about, and see the
whole compasse of the Hemisphere, you’re now, my Lord, ith
saddle.  GIO. Study your praieris, sir, and be penitent,
’Twere fit you’d thinke on what hath former bin,

I haue heard griefe nam’d the eldest child of sinne.  

Exit Giou.

FLA. Study my praieris? he threatens me diuinely,
I am falling to peeces already, I care not, though, like Anacharsis
I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were
fittter for Vsurers gold and themselues to be beaten together, to
make a most cordiall cullice for the deuill.

He hath his vnckles villanous looke already, 

Enter Courtier.

In dicimo sexto. Now sir, what are you?

COVR It is the pleasure sir, of the yong Duke
That you forbeare the Presence, and all roome,
That owe him reuercence.

FLAM. So, the wolfe and the rauen are very pretty fools when
they are yong. Is it your office, sir, to keepe me out?

COVR. So the Duke wils.

FLA. Verely, Maister Courtier, extreamity is not to bee vsed
in all offices: Say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her
bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the
Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smocke: would
it not shew a cruel part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to
her vpper garment, pull it ore her head and eares; and put her in
nak’d?  COVR. Very good: you are merrie

   FLA. Doth hee make a Court eiecement of mee? A flaming
firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, then within. Ile
smoore some of them.  

Enter Florence.

How now? Thou hart sad.

   FRAN. I met euen now with the most pitious sight.

   FLA. Thou metst another heare a pittifull

Degraded Courtier. FRAN. Your reuerend mother
Is growne a very old woman in two howers.
I found them winding of Marcello’s coarse;
And there is such a solenn melodie
’Tweene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies:
Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Were wont t’out-weare the nights with; that beleeue mee
I had no eyes to guide mee forth the roome,
They were so ore-charg’d with water. FLA. I will see them.

   FRAN. ’Twere much vncharity in you: for your sight
Will adde vnto their teares. FLA. I will see them.
They are behind the trauers. Ile discouer
Their superstitious howling.

   Cornelia, the Moore and 3. other Ladies discouered, winding
   Marcello’s Coarse. A song.

   COR. This rosemarie is wither’d, pray get fresh;
I would haue these herbes grow vp in his graue
When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes,
Ile tye a garland heere about his head:
’Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheet
I haue kept this twentie yere, and euerie daie
Hallow’d it with my praiers, I did not thinke
Hee should haue wore it. MOO. Looke you; who are yonder.

   COR. O reach mee the flowers.

   MOO. Her Ladiships foolish. WOM. Alas! her grief

   Hath
Hath turn’d her child againe. COR. You’re very wellcome. There’s Rosemarie for you, and Rue for you, to Flamineo. Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.

I haue left more for my selfe. FRAN. Ladie, who’s this?
COR. You are, I take it, the graue-maker. FLA. So.
MOO. ’Tis Flamineo.
COR. Will you make mee such a foole? heere’s a white hand: Can bloud so soone bee washt out? Let mee see,
When scrotch-howles croke vpon the chimney tops,
And the strange Cricket ith ouen singes and hoppes,
When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,
Bee certaine then you of a Course shall heare.
Out vpon’t, how ’tis speckled! h’as handled a toad sure.
Couslep-water is good for the memorie: pray buy mee 3. ounces of’t. FLA. I would I were from hence. COR. Do you heere,
Ile gieue you a saying which my grandmother
Was wont, when she heard the bell tolle, to sing ore vnto her lute
FLA. Doe and you will, doe.
COR. Call for the Robin-Red-brest and the wren,
Since ore shadie groues they houer,
And with leaues and flowres doe couer
The friendlesse bodies of vnburied men.
Call vnto his funerall Dole
The Ante, the field-mouse, and the mole
To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
And (when gay tombes are rob’d) sustaine no harme,
But keepe the wolfe far thence: that’s foe to men,
For with his nailes hee’l dig them vp agen.
They would not bury him ’cause hee died in a quarrell
But I haue an answere for them.
Let holie Church receiue him duly
Since hee payd the Church tithes truly.
His wealth is sum’d, and this is all his store:
This poore men get; and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, wee may shut vp shop.
Blesse you all good people, Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.
FLA. I haue a strange thing in mee, to th’ which
Vittoria Corombona.

I cannot give a name, without it bee
Compassion, I pray leave mee.
This night Ile know the utmost most of my fate,
Ile bee resolu’d what my rich sister meanes
T’assigne mee for my service: I haue liu’d
Riotously ill, like some that liue in Court.
And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles
Haue felt the maze of conscience in my brest.
Oft gay and honour’d robes those tortures trie,
,,Wee thinke cag’d birds sing, when indeed they crie.
Ha! I can stand thee. Neerer, neerer yet. Enter Brachia. Ghost.
What a mockerie hath death made of thee? thou look’st sad.
In what place art thou? in yon starrie gallerie,
Or in the cursed dungeon? No? not speake?
Pray, Sir, resolue mee, what religions best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answere mee how long I haue to liue?
That’s the most necessarie question.
Not answere? Are you still like some great men
That onely walke like shadowes vp and downe,
And to no purpose: say: —
What’s that? O fatall! hee throwes earth vpon mee.
A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers.
I pray speake Sir, our Italian Church-men
Make vs beleue, dead men hold conference
With their familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
Hee’s gone; and see, the scull and earth are vanisht.
This is beyond melancholie. I doe dare my fate
To doe its worst. Now to my sisters lodging,
And summe vp all these horrours; the disgrace
The Prince threw on mee; next the pitious sight
Of my dead brother; and my Mothers dotage;
And last this terrible vision. All these
Shall with Vittoria’s bountie turne to good,
Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood.

Exit Francisco.

Enter Francisco, Lodouico, and Hortensio.

L2 LOD.
Vittoria Corombona.

LOD. My Lord vpon my soule you shall no further:
You haue most ridicilously ingag’d your selfe
Toow far allready. For my part, I haue payd
All my debts, so if I should chance to fall
My Creditours fall not with mee; and I vow
To quite all in this bold assemblie
To the meanest follower. My Lord leaue the Cittie,
Or Ile forsweare the murder.

FRAN. Farewell Lodouico.

If thou do’st perish in this glorious act,
Ile reare vnto thy memorie that fame
Shall in the ashes keepe alie thy name.

HOR. There’s some blacke deed on foot. Ile presently
Downe to the Citadell, and raise some force.
These strong Court factions that do brooke no checks,
In the cariere of’t breake the Riders neckes.

FLA. What are you at your prayers? Giue o’re.
VIT. How Ruffin?

FLA. I come to you ’bout worldly businesse:
Sit downe, sit downe: Nay stay blouze, you may heare it,
The dores are fast inough. VIT. Ha, are you drunke?

FLA. Yes, yes, with wombewood water, you shall tast
Some of it presently. VIT. What intends the fury?

FLA. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claime
Reward, for my long seruice. VIT. For your seruice

FLA. Come therfore heere is pen and Inke, set downe
What you will giue me.

VIT. There, FLA. Ha! haue you done already,
’Tis a most short conueyance. VIT. I will read it.
I giue that portion to thee, and no other
Which Caine gron’d vnder hauing slaine his brother.

FLA. A most courtly Pattent to beg by.
VIT. You are a villaine.

FLV. Is’t come to this? the say affrights cure agues:
Thou hast a Deuill in thee; I will try
If I can scarre him from thee: Nay sit still:
My Lord hath left me yet two case of jewels
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see thē.

VIT.
Vittoria Corombona.

VIT. Sure hee’s distracted. ZAN. O he’s desperate For your owne safety giue him gentle language.

FLA. Looke, these are better far at a dead lift, Then all your ieweell house. VIT. And yet mee thinkes, These stones have no faire lustre, they are ill set.

FLA. I’le turne the right side towards you: you shall see how the will sparkle. VIT. Turne this horror from mee: What do you want? what would you haue mee doe? Is not all mine, yours? haue I any children?

FLA. Pray thee good woman doe not trouble mee With this vaine wordly businesse; say your prayers, I made a vow to my deceased Lord, Neither your selfe, nor I should out-liue him, The numbring of fourie howers. VIT. Did he enioyne it.

FLA. He did, and ’twas a deadly jealousy, Least any should enioy thee after him; That vrg’d him vow me to it: For my death I did propound it voluntarily, knowing If hee could not be safe in his owne Court Being a great Duke, what hope then for vs?

VIT. This is your melancholy and dispaire. FLA. Away, Ffole, thou art to thinke that Polititians Do vse to kill the effects of injuries And let the cause liue: shall we groane in irons, Or be a shamefull and a waightsy burthen To a publicke scaffold: This is my resolue I would not liue at any mans entreaty Nor dye at any’s bidding. VIT. Will you heare me?

FLA. My life hath done seruice to other men, My death shall serue mine owne turne; make you ready VIT. Do you meane to die indeed.

FLA. With as much pleasure As e’re my father gat me. VIT. Are the dores lockt? ZAN. Yes Madame.

VIT. Are you growne an Atheist? will you turne your body, Which is the goodly pallace of the soule To the soules slaughter house? o the cursed Deuill

Which
Vittoria Corombona.

Which doth present vs with all other sinnes
Thrice candied ore; Despaire with gaule and stibium,
Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for helpe,
Makes vs forsake that which was made for Man,
The world, to sinke to that was made for deuils,
Eternall darkenesse. ZAN. Helpe, helpe. FLA. I’le stop your
With Winter plums,  VIT. I prethee yet remember,  (throate
Millions are now in graues, which at last day
Like Mandrakes shall rise shreeking. FLA. Leaue your prating,
For these are but grammaticall laments,
Feminine arguments, and they moue me
As some in Pulpits moue their Auditory
More with their exclamation then sence
Of reason, or sound Doctrine.  ZAN. Gentle Madam
Seeme to consent, onely perswade him teach
The way to death; let him dye first.
  VIT. ’Tis good, I apprehend it,
To kill one’s selfe is meate that we mus take
Like pils, not chew’t, but quickly swallow it,
The smart a’th wound, or weakensse of the hand
May else bring trebble torments.  FLA. I haue held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to dye.  VIT. O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolu’d, farewell affliction;
Behold Brachiano, I that while you liu’d
Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
To sacrifice vnto you; Now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Fare­well Zanche.
  ZAN. How Madam! Do you thinke that I’le out­liue you?
Especially when my best selfe Flamineo
 Goes the same voyaige.  FLA. O most loued Moore!
  ZAN. Onely by all my loue let me entreat you;
Since it is most necessary none of vs
Do violence on our selues; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to dye.
  FLA. Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain’d with bloud already:

Two
Vittoria Corombona.

Two of these you shall leuell at my brest,
Th’other gainst your owne, and so we’le dye,
Most equally contented: But first sweare
Not to out-liue me. VIT. & MOO. Most religiously.

FLA. Then here’s an end of me: fare-well day-light
And ô contemtible Physike! that dost take
So long a study, onely to preserue
So short a life, I take my leaue of thee.
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected bloud out,
Are you ready? BOTH. Ready.

FLA. Whither shall I go now? O Lucian thy ridiculious Pur-
gatory to finde Alexander the great cobling shooes, Pompey tag-
ging points, and Iulius Caesar; making haire buttons, Haniball sel-
ling blacking, and Augustus crying garlike, Charlemaigne selling
lists by the dozen, and King Pippin crying Apples in a cart drawn
with one horse.
Whether I resolue to Fire, Earth, water, Aire,
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not
Nor greatly care, — Shoote, shoote,
Of all deaths the violent death is best,
For from our selues it steales our selues so fast
The paine once apprehended is quite past.

VIT. What are you drop’t.

FLA. I am mixt with Earth already: As you are Noble
Performe your vowes, and brauely follow mee.

VIT. Whither to hell, ZAN. To most assured damnation.

FLA. O thou most cursed deuill. ZAN. Thou art caught

VIT. In thine owne Engine, I tread the fire out
That would haue bene my ruine.

FLA. Will you be periur’d? what a religious oath was Stix
that the Gods neuer durst sweare by and violate? ô that wee had
such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of
Justice. VIT. Thine whither thou art going. ZAN. And remēber
What villanies thou hast acted. VIT. This thy death,
Shall make me like a blazing ominous starre,
Looke vp and tremble. FLA. O I am caught with a springe!

VIT.
Vittoria Corombona.

VIT. You see the Fox comes many times short home, 'Tis here prou’d true. FLA. Kild with a couple of braches.

VIT. No fitter offering for the infernal furies Then one in whom they raign’d while hee was liuing.

FLA. O the waies darke and horrid! I cannot see, Shall I haue no company? VIT. O yes thy sinnes, Do runne before thee to fetch fire from hell, To light thee thither.

FLA. O I smell soote, most sinking soote, the chimneis a fire, My liuers purboil’d like scotch holly-bread; There’s a plumber, laying pipes in my guts, it scalds; Wilt thou out-liue mee? ZAN. Yes, and drive a stake Through thy body; for we’le gieue it out, Thou didst this violence vpon thy selfe.

FLA. O cunning Deuils! now I haue tri’d your loue, And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded: The pistols held no bullets: ’twas a plot To proue your kindnesse to mee; and I liue To punish your ingratitude, I knew One time or other you would finde a way To gieue me a strong potion, ô Men That lyue vpon your death-beds, and are haunted With howling wiues, neere trust them, they’le re-marry Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete: ere the Spider Make a thinne curtaine for your Epitaphes. How cunning you were to discharge? Do you practise at the Artillery yard? Trust a woman; neuer, neuer; Brachiano bee my president: we lay our soules to pawn to the Deuill for a little pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That euer man should marry! For one Hypermnestra that sau’d her Lord and husband, forty nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates all in one night. There was a shole of vertuous horse-leeches.

Here are two other Instruments. Enter Lod. Gasp. Pedro, Carlo.

VIT. Helpe, helpe.

FLA. What noise is that? hah? falce keies i’th Court.

LOD. We haue brought you a Maske. FLA. A matachine it By your drawne swords. (seemes, Church-men
Vittoria Corombona.

**Chuch-men** turn’d reuellers. CON. **Isabella, Isabella,**
LOD. Doe you know vs now? FLA. **Lodouico** and **Gasparo.**
LOD. Yes and that Moore the Duke gaue pention to
Was the great Duke of Florence. VIT. O wee are lost.
FLA. You shall not take Iustice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her. — Ile cut my safty
Through your coates of steele: Fate’s a Spaniell,
Wee cannot beat it from vs: what remains now?
Let all that doe ill, take this president:
**Man may his Fate foresee, but not preuent.**
And of all Axiomes this shall winne the prise,
’Tis better to be fortunate then wise.
GAS. Bind him to the pillar. VIT. O your gentle pitty:
I haue seene a black-bird that would sooner fly
To a mans bosome, then to stay the gripe
Of the feirce Sparrow-hawke. GAS. Your hope deceuies you.
VIT. If Florence be ith Court, would hee would kill mee.
GAS. Foole! Princes giue rewards with their owne hands,
But death or punishment by the handes of others.
LOD. Sirha you once did strike mee, Ile strike you
Into the Center.
FLA. Thoul’t doe it like a hangeman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest
I cannot strike againe. LOD. Dost laugh?
FLA. Wouldst haue me dye, as I was borne, in whining.
GAS. Recommend your selfe to heauen.
FLA. Noe I will carry mine owne commendations thither.
LOD. Oh could I kill you forty times a day
And vs’t foure yeere together; ’twear ye to little:
Nought greeu’s but that you are to few to feede
The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on?
FLA. Nothing; of nothing: leaue thy idle questions;
I am ith way to study a long silence,
To prate were idle, I remember nothing.
Thers nothing of so infinit vexation
As mans owne thoughts. LOD. O thou glorious strumpet,
Could I deuide thy breath from this pure aire
M

When’t
Vittoria Corombona.

When’t leaues thy body, I would sucke it vp
And breath’vpon some dunghill. VIT. You, my Deaths man;
Me thinkes thou doest not looke horrid enough,
Thou hast to good a face to be a hang-man,;
If thou eoe thy office in right forme;
Fall downe vpon thy knees and aske forgiuensse.
    LOD. O thou hast bin a most prodigious comet,
But Ile cut of your traine: kill the Moore first.
    VIT. You shall not kill her first. behould my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my seruant
Shall neuer go before mee. GAS. Are you so braue.
    VIT. Yes I shall wellcome death
As Princes doe some great Embassadors; Ile meete thy weapon
halfe way. LOD. Thou dost tremble,
Mee thinkes feare should dissolue thee into ayre.
    VIT. O thou art deceiu’d, I am to true a woman:
Conceit can neuer kill me: Ile tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base teare,
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.
    CAR. Thou art my taske, blacke fury. ZAN. I haue blood
As red as either of theirs; wilt drinke some?
'Tis good for the falling sickness: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall neere looke pale. LOD. Strike, strike,
With a Ioint motion. VIT. 'Twas a manly blow
The next thou giu’st, murder some sucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. FLA. O what blade ist?
A Toledo, or an English Fox.
I euer thought a Cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather then a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steele that made it.
    VIT. O my greatest sinne lay in my blood.
Now my blood paies for’t. FLA. Th’art a noble sister
I loue thee now; if woeman doe breed man
Shee ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know many glorious woemen that are fam’d
For masculine vertue, haue bin vitious

Onely
Vittoria Corombona.

Onely a happier silence did betyde them
Shee hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.

VIT. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,
Is driuen I know not whither. FLA. Then cast ancor.

„Prosperity doth bewitch men seeming cleere,
„But seas doe laugh, shew white, when Rocks are neere.
„Wee cease to greiue, cease to be fortunes slaues,
„Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gonne
And thou so neare the bottome: falce reporte
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee;
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end:
„While we looke vp to heauen wee confound
„Knowledge with knowledge. ô I am in a mist.

VIT. O happy they that neuer saw the Court,
„Nor euuer knew great Man but by report. Vittoria dyes.

FLA, I recouer like a spent taper, for a flash
And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to Great men remember th’ ould wiues tra-
dition, to be like the Lyons ith Tower on Candlemas day, to
mourne if the Sunne shine, for feare of the pittifull remainder of
winter to come.
'Tis well yet there’s some goodnesse in my death,
My life was a blacke charnell: I haue caught
An everlasting could. I haue lost my voice
Most irre couerably: Farewell glorious villaines,
„This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,
„Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by paine.
Let no harsh flattering Bels resound my knell,
Strike thunder, and strike lowde to my farewell. Dyes.

Enter Embassad: and Giouanni.

ENG. and E. This way, this way, breake ope the doores, this way.

LOD. Ha, are wee betraid;
Why then lets constantly dye all together,
And hauing finisht this most noble deede,
Defy the worst of fate; not feare to bleed.

M2

ENG.
Vittoria Corombona.

ENG. Keepe backe the Prince, shoot, shoot,

LOD. O I am wounded. I feare I shall be tane. GIO. You blody villaines,
By what authority haue you committed This Massakre. LOD. By thine. GIO. Mine?

LOD. Yes, thy vnckle, which is a part of thee enioyn’d vs to’t: Thou knowst me I am sure, I am Cout Lodowicke,
And thy most noble vnckle in disguise
Was last night in thy Court. GIO. Ha!

CAR. Yes, that Moore thy father chose his petioner.

GIO. He turn’d murderer;
Away with them to prison, and to torture;
All that haue hands in this, shall tast our iustice,
As I hope haue
LOD. I do glory yet,
That I can call this act mine owne: For my part,
The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing wheele
Shall bee but sound sleepes to me, here’s my rest
„I limb’d this night-peece and it was my best.

GIO. Remoue the bodies, see my honoured Lord,
what vse you ought make of their punishment.
Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes,
Do leane on cruthes, made of slender reedes.

In stead of an Epilogue onely this of Martial sup-
plies me.

Hæc fuerint nobis præmia si placui.

For the action of the play, twas generally well, and I dare affir-
me, with the Ioint testimony of some of their owne quality, (for
the true imitation of life, without striuing to make nature a mon-
ster) the best that euer became them: whereof as I make a gene-
rall acknowledgement, so in particular I must remember the
well approued industry of my freind Maister Perkins, and con-
fesse the worth of his action did Crowne both the beginning
and end.

FINIS.
Textual Notes

1. **147 (5-b)**: The regularized reading boy comes from the original boy, though possible variants include be w'.
2. **183 (6-a)**: The regularized reading Corombona is supplied for the original Corom[***]a.
3. **342 (8-a)**: The regularized reading frequently is amended from the original fiequently.
4. **420 (9-a)**: The regularized reading Monticelso is amended from the original Mountcelso.
5. **474 (10-a)**: The regularized reading prey is amended from the original pery.
6. **509 (10-b)**: The regularized reading FRANCISCO is amended from the original FLAN..
7. **517 (10-b)**: The regularized reading FRANCISCO is amended from the original FLAN..
8. **649 (12-a)**: The regularized reading Monticelso is amended from the original Montcello.
9. **841 (15-a)**: The regularized reading Brachiano's is amended from the original Brachian's.
10. **886 (15-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix.
11. **979 (16-b)**: The regularized reading Monticelso is amended from the original Montcelso.
12. **1182 (19-b)**: The regularized reading her comes from the original her, though possible variants include he.
13. **1253 (20-b)**: Some editions move the semi-colon before 'heares’.
14. **1254 (20-b)**: Some editions give this line to Monticelso not Vittoria.
15. **1515 (24-a)**: This unusual stage direction is expanded in some editions to: Enter Monticelso [and presents] Francisco with [a book].
16. **1860 (28-b)**: The regularized reading Gasparo is amended from the original Gasper.
17. **2003 (30-b)**: The regularized reading will comes from the original will, though possible variants include wills.
18. **2047 (31-a)**: The regularized reading FLAMINEO is amended from the original FLV..
19. **2061 (31-b)**: The regularized reading Gasparo is amended from the original Gaspar.
20. **2222 (33-b)**: The regularized reading ten comes from the original 10, though possible variants include two.
24. **2248 (34-a)**: The regularized reading Your comes from the original Your, though possible variants include You.
25. **2267 (34-a)**: Some editions give Lodovico in place of Carlo.
26. **2277 (34-a)**: Some editions give this speech to Lodovico.
27. **2456 (36-b)**: The regularized reading Rat-catcher is amended from the original Rat-cather.
28. **2467 (37-a)**: The regularized reading By is supplied for the original f*/jy.
29. **2467 (37-a)**: The regularized reading Crucifix is supplied for the original Cru[**]fx.
30. **2470 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Hallowed* is supplied for the original *Hof[***]wed*.
31. **2516 (37-b)**: Florence is another name for Francisco de Medici, Duke of Florence.
32. **2557 (38-a)**: *Moor* refers to Zanche.
33. **2639 (39-a)**: The regularized reading *fitter* is amended from the original *fittter*.
34. **2659 (39-b)**: The regularized reading *art* is amended from the original *hart*.
35. **2734 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *Cassock* is supplied for the original *Cassoc[*]*.
36. **2734 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *cowl* is supplied for the original *coo[*]*.
37. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *earth* is supplied for the original *ear[*]*.
38. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is supplied for the original *a[**]*.
39. **2777 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *Zanche* is amended from the original *Zanke*.
40. **2794 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
41. **2799 (41-b)**: The margins are trimmed, resulting in lost text. A potential alternate reading is: *He enters with two case of pistols*.
42. **2805 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
43. **2808 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *thee* is amended from the original *theee*.
44. **2881 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *the* is supplied for the original *t[*]*.
45. **2894 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *tread* is supplied for the original *tr[*]*.
46. **2918 (43-a)**: The regularized reading *sinking* comes from the original *sinking*, though possible variants include *stinking*.
47. **2947 (43-b)**: The regularized reading *Churchmen* is amended from the original *Chuch-men*.
48. **3064 (45-a)**: The regularized reading *Count* is amended from the original *Cout*.
49. **3079 (45-a)**: The regularized reading *crutches* is amended from the original *cruthes*.