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



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

THE
Tragedy of Dido
Queen of Carthage:
Played by the Children of her
Majesty's Chapel.
Written by Christopher Marlowe, and
Thomas Nash. Gent.

Actors

Jupiter. *Ascanius.*
Ganymede. *Dido.*
Venus. *Anna.*
Cupid. *Achates.*
Juno. *Ilioneus.*
Mercury, or *Iarbas.*
Hermes. *Cloanthes.*
Aeneas. *Sergestus.*

In 0017

In 0018

In 0019

In 0020

AT LONDON,
Printed, by the Widow *Orwin*, for *Thomas Woodcock*, and
are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Churchyard, at
the sign of the black Bear. 1594.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A2r

wln 0001

wln 0002

The Tragedy of *Dido* Queen
of Carthage.

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

*Here the Curtains draw, there is discovered Jupiter dandling
Ganymede upon his knee, and Mercury
lying asleep.*

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

Jupiter Come gentle *Ganymede* and play with me,
I love thee well, say *Juno* what she will.

Ganymede I am much better for your worthless love,
That will not shield me from her shrewish blows:
Today whenas I filled into your cups,
And held the cloth of pleasance whiles you drank,
She reached me such a rap for that I spilled,
As made the blood run down about mine ears.

Jupiter What? dares she strike the darling of my thoughts?
By *Saturn's* soul, and this earth threatening air,
That shaken thrice, makes Nature's buildings quake,
I vow, if she but once frown on thee more,
To hang her meteor like twixt heaven and earth,
And bind her hand and foot with golden cords,

wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

As once I did for harming *Hercules*.

Ganymede Might I but see that pretty sport a foot,
O how would I with *Helen's* brother laugh,
And bring the Gods to wonder at the game:
Sweet *Jupiter*, if e'er I pleased thine eye,
Or seemed fair walled in with Eagle's wings,
Grace my immortal beauty with this boon,
And I will spend my time in thy bright arms.

Jupiter What is't sweet wag I should deny thy youth?

wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
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wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054

Whose face reflects such pleasure to mine eyes,
As I exhaled with thy fire darting beams,
Have oft driven back the horses of the night,
When as they would have haled thee from my sight:
Sit on my knee, and call for thy content,
Control proud Fate, and cut the thread of time,
Why are not all the Gods at thy command,
And heaven and earth the bounds of thy delight?
Vulcan shall dance to make thee laughing sport,
And my nine Daughters sing when thou art sad,
From *Juno's* bird I'll pluck her spotted pride,
To make thee fans wherewith to cool thy face,
And *Venus's* Swans shall shed their silver down,
To sweeten out the slumbers of thy bed:
Hermes no more shall show the world his wings,
If that thy fancy in his feathers dwell,
But as this one I'll tear them all from him,
Do thou but say their colour pleaseth me:
Hold here my little love these linked gems,
My *Juno* wore upon her marriage day,
Put thou about thy neck my own sweet heart,
And trick thy arms and shoulders with my theft.

Ganymede I would have a jewel for mine ear,
And a fine brooch to put in my hat,
And then I'll hug with you an hundred times.

Jupiter And shall have *Ganymede*, if thou wilt be my love.

wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064

Enter Venus.

Venus. Ay this is it, you can sit toying there,
And playing with that female wanton boy,
Whiles my *Aeneas* wanders on the Seas,
And rests a prey to every billow's pride.
Juno, false *Juno* in her Chariot's pomp,
Drawn through the heavens by Steeds of *Boreas's* brood,
Made *Hebe* to direct her airy wheels
Into the windy country of the clouds,
Where finding *Aeolus* entrenched with storms,

img: 3-b
sig: A3r

wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
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wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101

img: 4-a
sig: A3v

wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111

And guarded with a thousand grisly ghosts,
She humbly did beseech him for our bane,
And charged him drown my son with all his train.
Then 'gan the winds break ope their brazen doors,
And all *Aeolia* to be up in arms:
Poor *Troy* must now be sacked upon the Sea,
And *Neptune's* waves be envious men of war,
Epeus ' horse to *Etna's* hill transformed,
Prepared stands to wrack their wooden walls,
And *Aeolus* like *Agamemnon* sounds
The surges, his fierce soldiers to the spoil:
See how the night *Ulysses*-like comes forth,
And intercepts the day as *Dolon* erst:
Ay me! the Stars surprised like *Rhesus* ' Steeds,
Are drawn by darkness forth *Astraeus* ' tents.
What shall I do to save thee my sweet boy?
When as the waves do threat our Crystal world,
And *Proteus* raising hills of floods on high,
Intends ere long to sport him in the sky.
False *Jupiter*, rewardst thou virtue so?
What? is not piety exempt from woe?
Then die *Aeneas* in thine innocence,
Since that religion hath no recompense.
Jupiter Content thee *Cytherea* in thy care,
Since thy *Aeneas* wand'ring fate is firm,
Whose weary limbs shall shortly make repose,
In those fair walls I promised him of yore:
But first in blood must his good fortune bud,
Before he be the Lord of *Turnus* ' town,
Or force her smile that hitherto hath frowned:
Three winters shall he with the *Rutiles* war,
And in the end subdue them with his sword,
And full three Summers likewise shall he waste,
In managing those fierce barbarian minds:
Which once performed, poor *Troy* so long suppressed,
From forth her ashes shall advance her head,
And flourish once again that erst was dead:

But bright *Ascanius* ' beauties better work,
Who with the Sun divides one radiant shape,
Shall build his throne amidst those starry towers,
That earth-born *Atlas* groaning underprops:
No bounds but heaven shall bound his Empery,
Whose azured gates enchased with his name,
Shall make the morning haste her grey uprise,
To feed her eyes with his engraven fame.
Thus in stout *Hector's* race three hundred years,
The Roman Sceptre royal shall remain,

wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
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wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138

img: 4-b
sig: A4r

wln 0139
wln 0140

wln 0141
wln 0142

wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157

Till that a Princess priest conceived by *Mars*,
Shall yield to dignity a double birth,
Who will eternize *Troy* in their attempts.

Venus. How may I credit these thy flattering terms,
When yet both sea and sands beset their ships,
And *Phoebus* as in stygian pools, refrains
To taint his tresses in the Tyrrhene main?

Jupiter I will take order for that presently:
Hermes awake, and haste to *Neptune*'s realm,
Whereas the Wind-god warring now with Fate,
Besiege the offspring of our kingly loins,
Charge him from me to turn his stormy powers,
And fetter them in *Vulcan*'s sturdy brass,
That durst thus proudly wrong our kinsman's peace.
Venus farewell, thy son shall be our care:
Come *Ganymede*, we must about this gear.

Exeunt Jupiter cum Ganymede.

Venus. Disquiet Seas lay down your swelling looks,
And court *Aeneas* with your calmy cheer,
Whose beauteous burden well might make you proud,
Had not the heavens conceived with hellborn clouds.
Veiled his resplendent glory from your view,
For my sake pity him *Oceanus*,
That erstwhile issued from thy wat'ry loins,
And had my being from thy bubbling froth:
Triton I know hath filled his trump with *Troy*,
And therefore will take pity on his toil,

And call both *Thetis* and *Cimodea*,
To succour him in this extremity.

*Enter Aeneas with Ascanius, with
one or two more.*

What? do I see my son now come on shore:
Venus, how art thou compassed with content,
The while thine eyes attract their sought for joys:
Great *Jupiter*, still honoured mayst thou be,
For this so friendly aid in time of need.
Here in this bush disguised will I stand,
Whiles my *Aeneas* spends himself in plaints,
And heaven and earth with his unrest acquaints.

Aeneas You sons of care, companions of my course,
Priam's misfortune follows us by sea,
And *Helen*'s rape doth haunt thee at the heels.
How many dangers have we overpassed?
Both barking *Scylla* and the sounding Rocks,
The *Cyclops* shelves, and grim *Ceraunia*'s seat
Have you o'ergone, and yet remain alive?

wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172

img: 5-a
sig: A4v

wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
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wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205

Pluck up your hearts, since fate still rests our friend,
And changing heavens may those good days return,
Which *Pergama* did vaunt in all her pride.

Achates Brave Prince of *Troy*, thou only art our God,
That by thy virtues freest us from annoy,
And makes our hopes survive to cunning joys:
Do thou but smile, and cloudy heaven will clear,
Whose night and day descendeth from thy brows:
Though we be now in extreme misery,
And rest the map of weatherbeaten woe:
Yet shall the aged Sun shed forth his air,
To make us live unto our former heat,
And every beast the forest doth send forth,
Bequeath her young ones to our scantd food.

Ascanius Father I faint, good father give me meat.

Aeneas Alas sweet boy, thou must be still a while,
Till we have fire to dress the meat we killed:
Gentle *Achates*, reach the Tinder box,
That we may make a fire to warm us with,
And roast our new found victuals on this shore.

Venus. See what strange arts necessity finds out,
How near my sweet *Aeneas* art thou driven?

Aeneas Hold, take this candle and go light a fire,
You shall have leaves and windfall boughs
Near to these woods, to roast your meat withal:
Ascanius, go and dry thy drenched limbs,
Whiles I with my *Achates* rove abroad,
To know what coast the wind hath driven us on,
Or whether men or beasts inhabit it.

Achates The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
For Cities, and society's supports:
Yet much I marvel that I cannot find,
No steps of men imprinted in the earth.

Venus. Now is the time for me to play my part:
Ho young men, saw you as you came
Any of all my Sisters wand'ring here?
Having a quiver girded to her side,
And clothèd in a spotted Leopard's skin.

Aeneas I neither saw nor heard of any such:
But what may I fair Virgin call your name?
Whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,
Nor speech bewrays aught human in thy birth,
Thou art a Goddess that delud'st our eyes,
And shrouds thy beauty in this borrowed shape:
But whether thou the Sun's bright Sister be,
Or one of chaste *Diana*'s fellow Nymphs,
Live happy in the height of all content,
And lighten our extremes with this one boon,

wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

As to instruct us under what good heaven
We breathe as now, and what this world is called,
On which by tempests' fury we are cast,

wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
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wln 0243
wln 0244
wln 0245

Tell us, O tell us that are ignorant,
And this right hand shall make thy Altars crack
With mountain heaps of milk white Sacrifice.
Venus. Such honour, stranger, do I not affect:
It is the use for Tyrian maids to wear
Their bow and quiver in this modest sort,
And suit themselves in purple for the nonce,
That they may trip more lightly o'er the lawns,
And overtake the tusked Boar in chase.
But for the land whereof thou dost inquire,
It is the punic kingdom rich and strong,
Adjoining on *Agenor's* stately town,
The kingly seat of Southern *Libya*,
Whereas Sidonian *Dido* rules as Queen.
But what are you that ask of me these things?
Whence may you come, or whither will you go?
Aeneas Of *Troy* am I, *Aeneas* is my name,
Who driven by war from forth my native world,
Put sails to sea to seek out *Italy*:
And my divine descent from sceptred *Jove*,
With twice twelve Phrygian ships I ploughed the deep,
And made that way my mother *Venus* led:
But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,
And they so wracked and weltered by the waves,
As every tide tilts twixt their oaken sides:
And all of them unburdened of their load,
Are ballast with billows' watery weight.
But hapless I, God wot, poor and unknown,
Do trace these Libyan deserts all despised,
Exiled forth *Europe* and wide *Asia* both,
And have not any coverture but heaven.
Venus. Fortune hath favoured thee whate'er thou be,
In sending thee unto this courteous Coast:
A God's name on and haste thee to the Court,
Where *Dido* will receive ye with her smiles:
And for thy ships which thou supposost lost,
Not one of them hath perished in the storm,

img: 6-a
sig: B1v

wln 0246
wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249
wln 0250

But are arrived safe not far from hence:
And so I leave thee to thy fortune's lot,
Wishing good luck unto thy wand'ring steps.
Aeneas *Achates*, 'tis my mother that is fled,
I know her by the movings of her feet:

Exit.

wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257

Stay gentle *Venus*, fly not from thy son,
Too cruel, why wilt thou forsake me thus?
Or in these shades deceiv'st mine eye so oft?
Why talk we not together hand in hand?
And tell our griefs in more familiar terms:
But thou art gone and leavest me here alone,
To dull the air with my discursive moan.

Exit

wln 0258

Enter Illioneus, and Cloanthus.

wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
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wln 0272
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wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280

Illioneus Follow ye Trojans, follow this brave Lord,
And plain to him the sum of your distress.
Iarbas Why, what are you, or wherefore do you sue?
Illioneus Wretches of *Troy*, envied of the winds,
That crave such favour at your honour's feet,
As poor distressed misery may plead:
Save, save, O save our ships from cruel fire,
That do complain the wounds of thousand waves,
And spare our lives whom every spite pursues.
We come not we to wrong your Libyan Gods,
Or steal your household lares from their shrines:
Our hands are not prepared to lawless spoil,
Nor armed to offend in any kind:
Such force is far from our unweaponed thoughts,
Whose fading weal of victory forsook,
Forbids all hope to harbour near our hearts.
Iarbas But tell me Trojans, Trojans if you be,
Unto what fruitful quarters were ye bound,
Before that *Boreas* buckled with your sails?
Cloanthus There is a place *Hesperia* termed by us,
An ancient Empire, famoused for arms,
And fertile in fair *Ceres*' furrowed wealth,

img: 6-b
sig: B2r

wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
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wln 0286
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wln 0290
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wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296

Which now we call *Italia* of his name,
That in such peace long time did rule the same:
Thither made we,
When suddenly gloomy *Orion* rose,
And led our ships into the shallow sands,
Whereas the Southern wind with brackish breath,
Dispersed them all amongst the wrackful Rocks:
From thence a few of us escaped to land,
The rest we fear are folded in the floods.
Iarbas Brave men at arms, abandon fruitless fears,
Since Carthage knows to entertain distress.
Sergestus Ay but the barbarous sort do threat our ships,
And will not let us lodge upon the sands:
In multitudes they swarm unto the shore,
And from the first earth interdict our feet.
Iarbas Myself will see they shall not trouble ye,

wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305

Your men and you shall banquet in our Court,
And every Trojan be as welcome here,
As *Jupiter* to silly *Baucis*' house:
Come in with me, I'll bring you to my Queen,
Who shall confirm my words with further deeds.
Sergestus Thanks gentle Lord for such unlooked for grace,
Might we but once more see *Aeneas*' face,
Then would we hope to quite such friendly turns,
As shall surpass the wonder of our speech.

wln 0306

Actus 2.

wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315

Enter Aeneas, Achates, and Ascanius.
Aeneas Where am I now? these should be Carthage walls.
Achates Why stands my sweet *Aeneas* thus amazed?
Aeneas O my *Achates*, Theban *Niobe*,
Who for her son's death wept out life and breath,
And dry with grief was turned into a stone,
Had not such passions in her head as I.
Methinks that town there should be *Troy*, *Ida*'s hill,
There *Xanthus*' stream, because here's *Priamus*,

img: 7-a
sig: B2v

wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
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wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340

And when I know it is not, then I die.
Achates And in this humour is *Achates* too,
I cannot choose but fall upon my knees,
And kiss his hand: O where is *Hecuba*,
Here she was wont to sit, but saving air
Is nothing here, and what is this but stone?
Aeneas O yet this stone doth make *Aeneas* weep,
And would my prayers (as *Pygmalion*'s did)
Could give it life, that under his conduct
We might sail back to *Troy*, and be revenged
On these hard-hearted Grecians, which rejoice
That nothing now is left of *Priamus*:
O *Priamus* is left and this is he,
Come, come aboard, pursue the hateful Greeks.
Achates What means *Aeneas*?
Aeneas *Achates* though mine eyes say this is stone,
Yet thinks my mind that this is *Priamus*:
And when my grieved heart sighs and says no,
Then would it leap out to give *Priam* life:
O were I not at all so thou might'st be.
Achates, see King *Priam* wags his hand,
He is alive, *Troy* is not overcome.
Achates Thy mind *Aeneas* that would have it so
Deludes thy eyesight, *Priamus* is dead.
Aeneas Ah *Troy* is sacked, and *Priamus* is dead,

wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345

And why should poor *Aeneas* be alive?
Ascanius Sweet father leave to weep, this is not he:
For were it *Priam* he would smile on me.
Achates *Aeneas* see here come the Citizens,
Leave to lament lest they laugh at our fears.

wln 0346

Enter Cloanthus, Sergestus, Illioneus.

wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350

Aeneas Lords of this town, or whatsoever style
Belongs unto your name, vouchsafe of ruth
To tell us who inhabits this fair town,
What kind of people, and who governs them:

img: 7-b
sig: B3r

wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
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wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381

For we are strangers driven on this shore,
And scarcely know within what Clime we are.
Illioneus I hear *Aeneas*' voice, but see him not,
For none of these can be our General.
Achates Like *Illioneus* speaks this Noble man,
But *Illioneus* goes not in such robes.
Sergestus You are *Achates*, or I deceived.
Achates *Aeneas* see *Sergestus* or his ghost.
Illioneus He means *Aeneas*, let us kiss his feet.
Cloanthus It is our Captain, see *Ascanius*.
Sergestus Live long *Aeneas* and *Ascanius*.
Aeneas *Achates*, speak, for I am overjoyed.
Achates O *Illioneus*, art thou yet alive?
Illioneus Blessed be the time I see *Achates*' face.
Cloanthus Why turns *Aeneas* from his trusty friends?
Aeneas *Sergestus*, *Illioneus* and the rest,
Your sight amazed me, O what destinies
Have brought my sweet companions in such plight?
O tell me, for I long to be resolved.
Illioneus Lovely *Aeneas*, these are Carthage walls,
And here Queen *Dido* wears th'imperial Crown,
Who for *Troy*'s sake hath entertained us all,
And clad us in these wealthy robes we wear.
Oft hath she asked us under whom we served,
And when we told her she would weep for grief,
Thinking the sea had swallowed up thy ships,
And now she sees thee how will she rejoice?
Sergestus See where her servitors pass through the hall
Bearing a banquet, *Dido* is not far.
Illioneus Look where she comes: *Aeneas* viewed her well.
Aeneas Well may I view her, but she sees not me.

wln 0382

Enter Dido and her train.

wln 0383
wln 0384

Dido. What stranger art thou that dost eye me thus?
Aeneas Sometime I was a Trojan mighty Queen:

wln 0385

img: 8-a
sig: B3v

wln 0386

wln 0387

wln 0388

wln 0389

wln 0390

wln 0391

wln 0392

wln 0393

wln 0394

wln 0395

wln 0396

wln 0397

wln 0398

wln 0399

wln 0400

wln 0401

wln 0402

wln 0403

wln 0404

wln 0405

wln 0406

wln 0407

wln 0408

wln 0409

wln 0410

wln 0411

wln 0412

wln 0413

wln 0414

wln 0415

wln 0416

wln 0417

wln 0418

wln 0419

wln 0420

wln 0421

wln 0422

img: 8-b
sig: B4r

wln 0423

wln 0424

wln 0425

wln 0426

wln 0427

wln 0428

wln 0429

But *Troy* is not, what shall I say I am?

Illioneus Renowned *Dido*, 'tis our General: warlike *Aeneas*.

Dido. Warlike *Aeneas*, and in these base robes?

Go fetch the garment which *Sychaeus* wore:

Brave Prince, welcome to Carthage and to me,

Both happy that *Aeneas* is our guest:

Sit in this chair and banquet with a Queen,

Aeneas is *Aeneas*, were he clad

In weeds as bad as ever *Irus* wore.

Aeneas This is no seat for one that's comfortless,

May it please your grace to let *Aeneas* wait:

For though my birth be great, my fortunes mean,

Too mean to be companion to a Queen.

Dido. Thy fortune may be greater than thy birth,

Sit down *Aeneas*, sit in *Dido*'s place,

And if this be thy son as I suppose,

Here let him sit, be merry lovely child.

Aeneas This place beseems me not, O pardon me.

Dido. I'll have it so, *Aeneas* be content.

Ascanius Madam, you shall be my mother.

Dido. And so I will sweet child: be merry man,

Here's to thy better fortune and good stars.

Aeneas In all humility I thank your grace.

Dido. Remember who thou art, speak like thyself,

Humility belongs to common grooms.

Aeneas And who so miserable as *Aeneas* is?

Dido. Lies it in *Dido*'s hands to make thee blessed,

Then be assured thou art not miserable.

Aeneas O *Priamus*, O *Troy*, Oh *Hecuba*!

Dido. May I entreat thee to discourse at large,

And truly to how *Troy* was overcome:

For many tales go of that City's fall,

And scarcely do agree upon one point:

Some say *Antenor* did betray the town,

Others report 'twas *Sinon*'s perjury:

But all in this that *Troy* is overcome,

And *Priam* dead, yet how we hear no news.

Aeneas A woeful tale bids *Dido* to unfold,

Whose memory like pale death's stony mace,

Beats forth my senses from this troubled soul,

And makes *Aeneas* sink at *Dido*'s feet.

Dido. What fains *Aeneas* to remember *Troy*?

In whose defence he fought so valiantly:

Look up and speak.

Aeneas Then speak *Aeneas* with *Achilles*' tongue,

wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
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wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459

And *Dido* and you Carthaginian Peers
Hear me, but yet with *Myrmidons* ' harsh ears,
Daily inured to broils and Massacres,
Lest you be moved too much with my sad tale.
The Grecian soldiers tired with ten years' war,
Began to cry, let us unto our ships,
Troy is invincible, why stay we here?
With whose outcries *Atrides* being appalled,
Summoned the Captains to his princely tent,
Who looking on the scars we Trojans gave,
Seeing the number of their men decreased,
And the remainder weak and out of heart,
Gave up their voices to dislodge the Camp,
And so in troops all marched to *Tenedos*:
Where when they came, *Ulysses* on the sand
Assayed with honey words to turn them back:
And as he spoke to further his intent,
The winds did drive huge billows to the shore,
And heaven was darkened with tempestuous clouds:
Then he alleged the Gods would have them stay,
And prophesied *Troy* should be overcome:
And therewithal he called false *Sinon* forth,
A man compact of craft and perjury,
Whose tongue was made of *Hermes* ' pipe,
To force an hundred watchful eyes to sleep:
And him *Epeus* having made the horse,
With sacrificing wreathes upon his head,
Ulysses sent to our unhappy town:
Who grovelling in the mire of *Xanthus* ' banks,
His hands bound at his back, and both his eyes

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477

Turned up to heaven as one resolved to die,
Our Phrygian shepherd haled within the gates,
And brought unto the Court of *Priamus*:
To whom he used action so pitiful,
Looks so remorseful, vows so forcible,
As there withal the old man overcome,
Kissed him, embraced him, and unloosed his bands,
And then, O *Dido*, pardon me.
 Dido. Nay leave not here, resolve me of the rest
 Aeneas O th'enchanting words of that base slave,
Made him to think *Epeus* ' pine-tree Horse
A sacrifice t' appease *Minerva* 's wrath:
The rather for that one *Laocoon*
Breaking a spear upon his hollow breast,
Was with two winged Serpents stung to death.
Whereat aghast, we were commanded straight
With reverence to draw it into *Troy*.
In which unhappy work was I employed,

wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496

img: 9-b
sig: C1r

wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
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wln 0521
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wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525

These hands did help to hale it to the gates,
Through which it could not enter 'twas so huge.
O had it never entered, *Troy* had stood.
But *Priamus* impatient of delay,
Enforced a wide breach in that rampired wall,
Which thousand battering Rams could never pierce,
And so came in this fatal instrument:
At whose accursed feet as overjoyed,
We banqueted till overcome with wine,
Some surfeited and others soundly slept.
Which *Sinon* viewing, caused the Greekish spies
To haste to *Tenedos* and tell the Camp:
Then he unlocked the Horse, and suddenly
From out his entrails, *Neoptolemus*
Setting his spear upon the ground, leapt forth,
And after him a thousand Grecians more,
In whose stern faces shined the quenchless fire,
That after the pride of *Asia*.
By this the Camp was come unto the walls,

And through the breach did march into the streets,
Where meeting with the rest, kill kill they cried.
Frighted with this confused noise, I rose,
And looking from a turret, might behold
Young infants swimming in their parents' blood,
Headless carcasses piled up in heaps,
Virgins half dead dragged by their golden hair,
And with main force flung on a ring of pikes,
Old men with swords thrust through their aged sides,
Kneeling for mercy to a Greekish lad,
Who with steel Pole-axes dashed out their brains.
Then buckled I mine armour, drew my sword,
And thinking to go down, came *Hector's* ghost
With ashy visage, bluish sulphur eyes,
His arms torn from his shoulders, and his breast
Furrowed with wounds, and that which made me weep,
Thongs at his heels, by which *Achilles'* horse
Drew him in triumph through the Greekish Camp,
Burst from the earth, crying, *Aeneas* fly,
Troy is a-fire, the Grecians have the town,
 Dido. O *Hector* who weeps not to hear thy name?
 Aeneas Yet flung I forth, and desperate of my life,
Ran in the thickest throngs, and with this sword
Sent many of their savage ghosts to hell.
At last came *Pyrrhus* fell and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of *Priam's* youngest son,
And after him his band of Myrmidons,
With balls of wild fire in their murdering paws,

wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533

img: 10-a
sig: C1v

Which made the funeral flame that fair *Troy*:
All which hemmed me about, crying, this is he.
Dido. Ah, how could poor *Aeneas* scape their hands?
Aeneas My mother *Venus* jealous of my health,
Conveyed me from their crooked nets and bands:
So I escaped the furious *Pyrrhus* ' wrath:
Who then ran to the palace of the King,
And at *Jove's* Altar finding *Priamus*,

wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
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wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570

About whose withered neck hung *Hecuba*,
Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both
Beating their breasts and falling on the ground,
He with his falchion's point raised up at once,
And with *Megaera's* eyes stared in their face,
Threat'ning a thousand deaths at every glance.
To whom the aged King thus trembling spoke:
Achilles ' son, remember what I was,
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain,
Lord of my fortune, but my fortunes turned,
King of this City, but my *Troy* is fired,
And now am neither father, Lord, nor King:
Yet who so wretched but desires to live?
O let me live, great *Neoptolemus*,
Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,
This butcher whilst his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.
Dido. O end *Aeneas*, I can hear no more.
Aeneas At which the frantic Queen leapt on his face,
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,
A little while prolonged her husband's life:
At last the soldiers pulled her by the heels,
And swung her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded King:
Whereat he lifted up his bedrid limbs,
And would have grappled with *Achilles* ' son,
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands,
Which he disdainingly whisked his sword about,
And with the wound thereof the King fell down:
Then from the navel to the throat at once,
He ripped old *Priam*: at whose latter gasp
Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend the brow,
As loathing *Pyrrhus* for this wicked act:
Yet he undaunted took his father's flag,
And dipped it in the old King's chill cold blood,
And then in triumph ran into the streets,
Through which he could not pass for slaughtered men:

img: 10-b
sig: C2r

wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
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wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607

So leaning on his sword he stood stone still,
Viewing the fire wherewith rich *Ilion* burned.
By this I got my father on my back,
This young boy in mine arms, and by the hand
Led fair *Creusa* my beloved wife,
When thou *Achates* with thy sword mad'st way,
And we were round environed with the Greeks:
O there I lost my wife: and had not we
Fought manfully, I had not told this tale:
Yet manhood would not serve, of force we fled,
And as we went unto our ships, thou knowest
We saw *Cassandra* sprawling in the streets,
Whom *Ajax* ravished in *Diana's* Fawn,
Her cheeks swollen with sighs, her hair all rent,
Whom I took up to bear unto our ships:
But suddenly the Grecians followed us,
And I alas, was forced to let her lie.
Then got we to our ships, and being aboard,
Polixena cried out, *Aeneas* stay,
The Greeks pursue me, stay and take me in.
Moved with her voice, I leapt into the sea,
Thinking to bear her on my back aboard:
For all our ships were launched into the deep,
And as I swum, she standing on the shore,
Was by the cruel Myrmidons surprised,
And after by that *Pyrrhus* sacrificed.
Dido. I die with melting ruth, *Aeneas* leave.
Anna. O what became of aged *Hecuba*?
Iarbas How got *Aeneas* to the fleet again?
Dido. But how 'scaped *Helen*, she that caused this war?
Aeneas *Achates* speak, sorrow hath tired me quite.
Achates What happened to the Queen we cannot show
We hear they led her captive into Greece,
As for *Aeneas* he swum quickly back,
And *Helena* betrayed *Deiphobus*
Her Lover, after *Alexander* died,
And so was reconciled to *Menelaus*.

img: 11-a
sig: C2v

wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612

Dido. O had that ticing strumpet ne'er been born:
Trojan, thy ruthless tale hath made me sad:
Come let us think upon some pleasing sport,
To rid me from these melancholy thoughts.

Exeunt omnes.

wln 0613
wln 0614

*Enter Venus at another door, and takes
Ascanius by the sleeve.*

wln 0615
wln 0616

Venus. Fair child stay thou with *Dido's* waiting maid,
I'll give thee Sugar-almonds, sweet Conserves,

wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
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wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

A silver girdle, and a golden purse,
And this young Prince shall be thy playfellow.
Ascanius Are you Queen *Dido*'s son?
Cupid. Ay, and my mother gave me this fine bow.
Ascanius Shall I have such a quiver and a bow?
Venus. Such bow, such quiver, and such golden shafts,
Will *Dido* give to sweet *Ascanius*:
For *Dido*'s sake I take thee in my arms,
And stick these spangled feathers in thy hat,
Eat Comfits in mine arms, and I will sing.
Now is he fast asleep, and in this grove
Amongst green brakes I'll lay *Ascanius*,
And strew him with sweet smelling Violets,
Blushing Roses, purple *Hyacinth*:
These milk white Doves shall be his Sentinels:
Who if that any seek to do him hurt,
Will quickly fly to *Citheida*'s fist.
Now *Cupid* turn thee to *Ascanius*' shape,
And go to *Dido*, who in stead of him
Will set thee on her lap and play with thee:
Then touch her white breast with this arrow head,
That she may dote upon *Aeneas*' love:
And by that means repair his broken ships,
Victual his Soldiers, give him wealthy gifts,
And he at last depart to *Italy*,
Or else in *Carthage* make his kingly throne.

wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
wln 0647
wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650

Cupid. I will fair mother, and so play my part,
As every touch shall wound Queen *Dido*'s heart.
Venus Sleep my sweet nephew in these cooling shades,
Free from the murmur of these running streams,
The cry of beasts, the rattling of the winds,
Or whisking of these leaves, all shall be still,
And nothing interrupt thy quiet sleep,
Till I return and take thee hence again.

Exit.

wln 0651

Actus 3. Scaena I.

wln 0652
wln 0653
wln 0654
wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
wln 0658

Enter Cupid solus.
Cupid. Now *Cupid* cause the Carthaginian Queen,
To be enamoured of thy brother's looks,
Convey this golden arrow in thy sleeve,
Lest she imagine thou art *Venus*' son:
And when she strokes thee softly on the head,
Then shall I touch her breast and conquer her.

wln 0659

Enter Iarbas, Anna, and Dido.

wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675

img: 12-a
sig: C3v

wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
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wln 0684
wln 0685
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wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707

Iarbas How long fair *Dido* shall I pine for thee?
'Tis not enough that thou dost grant me love,
But that I may enjoy what I desire:
That love is childish which consists in words.

Dido. *Iarbas*, know that thou of all my wooers
(And yet have I had many mightier Kings)
Hast had the greatest favours I could give:
I fear me *Dido* hath been counted light,
In being too familiar with *Iarbas*:
Albeit the Gods do know no wanton thought
Had ever residence in *Dido*'s breast.

Iarbas But *Dido* is the favour I request.

Dido. Fear not *Iarbas*, *Dido* may be thine.

Anna. Look sister how *Aeneas*' little son
Plays with your garments and embraceth you.

Cupid. No *Dido* will not take me in her arms,

I shall not be her son, she loves me not.

Dido. Weep not sweet boy, thou shalt be *Dido*'s son,
Sit in my lap and let me hear thee sing.
No more my child, now talk another while,
And tell me where thou this pretty song?

Cupid. My cousin *Helen* taught it me in *Troy*.

Dido. How lovely is *Ascanius* when he smiles?

Cupid. Will *Dido* let me hang about her neck?

Dido. Ay wag, and give thee leave to kiss her too.

Cupid. What will you give me? now I'll have this Fan.

Dido. Take it *Ascanius*, for thy father's sake.

Iarbas Come *Dido*, leave *Ascanius*, let us walk.

Dido. Go thou away, *Ascanius* shall stay.

Iarbas Ungentle Queen, is this thy love to me?

Dido. O stay *Iarbas*, and I'll go with thee.

Cupid. And if my mother go, I'll follow her.

Dido. Why stayest thou here? thou art no love of mine?

Iarbas *Iarbas* die, seeing she abandons thee.

Dido. No, live *Iarbas*, what hast thou deserved,
That I should say thou art no love of mine?

Something thou hast deserved, away I say,
Depart from *Carthage*, come not in my sight.

Iarbas Am I not King of rich *Gaetulia*?

Dido. *Iarbas* pardon me, and stay a while.

Cupid. Mother, look here.

Dido. What tell'st thou me of rich *Gaetulia*?
Am not I Queen of *Libya*? then depart.

Iarbas I go to feed the humour of my Love,
Yet not from *Carthage* for a thousand worlds.

Dido. *Iarbas*.

Iarbas Doth *Dido* call me back?

Dido. No, but I charge thee never look on me.

wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711
wln 0712

img: 12-b
sig: C4r

wln 0713
wln 0714
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wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749

img: 13-a
sig: C4v

wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752

Iarbas Then pull out both mine eyes, or let me die. *Exit Iarbas*
Anna. Wherefore doth *Dido* bid *Iarbas* go?
Dido. Because his loathsome sight offends mine eye,
And in my thoughts is shrined another Jove:
O *Anna*, didst thou know how sweet love were,

Full soon wouldst thou abjure this single life.

Anna. Poor soul I know too well the of love,
O that *Iarbas* could but fancy me.

Dido. Is not *Aeneas* fair and beautiful?

Anna. Yes, and *Iarbas* foul and favourless.

Dido. Is he not eloquent in all his speech?

Anna. Yes, and *Iarbas* rude and rustical.

Dido. Name not *Iarbas*, but sweet *Anna* say,
Is not *Aeneas* worthy *Dido's* love?

Anna. O sister, were you Empress of the world,
Aeneas well deserves to be your love,
So lovely is he that where'er he goes,
The people swarm to gaze him in the face.

Dido. But tell them none shall gaze on him but I,
Lest their gross eye-beams taint my lover's cheeks:

Anna, good sister *Anna* go for him,
Lest with these sweet thoughts I melt clean away.

Anna. Then sister you'll abjure *Iarbas's* love?

Dido. Yet must I hear that loathsome name again?
Run for *Aeneas*, or I'll fly to him. *Exit Anna.*

Cupid. You shall not hurt my father when he comes.

Dido. No, for thy sake I'll love thy father well.

O dull conceited *Dido*, that till now
Didst never think *Aeneas* beautiful:
But now for quittance of this oversight,
I'll make me bracelets of his golden hair,
His glistening eyes shall be my looking glass,
His lips an altar, where I'll offer up
As many kisses as the Sea hath sands,
Instead of music I will hear him speak,
His looks shall be my only Library,
And thou *Aeneas*, *Dido's* treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more wealth,
Than twenty thousand Indias can afford:
O here he comes, love, love, give *Dido* leave
To be more modest than her thoughts admit,
Lest I be made a wonder to the world.

Achates, how doth *Carthage* please your Lord?

Achates That will *Aeneas* show your majesty.

Dido. *Aeneas*, art thou there?

wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
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wln 0785
wln 0786

Aeneas I understand your highness sent for me.
Dido. No, but now thou art here, tell me in sooth
In what might *Dido* highly pleasure thee.
Aeneas So much have I received at *Dido's* hands,
As without blushing I can ask no more:
Yet Queen of *Afric* are my ships unrigged,
My Sails all rent in sunder with the wind,
My Oars broken, and my Tackling lost,
Yea all my Navy split with Rocks and Shelves:
Nor Stern nor Anchor have our maimed Fleet,
Our Masts the furious winds struck overboard:
Which piteous wants if *Dido* will supply,
We will account her author of our lives.
Dido. *Aeneas*, I'll repair thy Trojan ships,
Conditionally that thou wilt stay with me,
And let *Achates* sail to *Italy*:
I'll give thee tackling made of riveled gold,
Wound on the barks of odoriferous trees,
Oars of massy Ivory full of holes,
Through which the water shall delight to play:
Thy Anchors shall be hewed from Crystal Rocks,
Which if thou lose shall shine above the waves:
The Masts whereon thy swelling sails shall hang,
Hollow Pyramids of silver plate:
The sails of folded Lawn, where shall be wrought
The wars of *Troy*, but not *Troy's* overthrow:
For ballast, empty *Dido's* treasury,
Take what ye will, but leave *Aeneas* here.
Achates, thou shalt be so meanly clad,
As Sea-born Nymphs shall swarm about thy ships,
And wanton Mermaids court thee with sweet songs,
Flinging in favours of more sovereign worth,
Than *Thetis* hangs about *Apollo's* neck,
So that *Aeneas* may but stay with me.

img: 13-b
sig: D1r

wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800

Aeneas Wherefore would *Dido* have *Aeneas* stay?
Dido. To war against my bordering enemies:
Aeneas, think not *Dido* is in love:
For if that any man could conquer me,
I had been wedded ere *Aeneas* came:
See where the pictures of my suitors hang,
And are not these as fair as fair may be?
Achates I saw this man at *Troy* ere *Troy* was sacked.
Aeneas I this in *Greece* when *Paris* stole fair *Helen*.
Illioneus This man and I were at *Olympus'* games.
Sergestus I know this face, he is a Persian born,
I travelled with him to *Aetolia*.
Cloanthus And I in *Athens* with this gentleman,
Unless I be deceived disputed once.

wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829

wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847

Dido. But speak *Aeneas*, know you none of these?
Aeneas No Madam, but it seems that these are Kings.
Dido. All these and others which I never saw,
Have been most urgent suitors for my love,
Some came in person, others sent their Legates:
Yet none obtained me, I am free from all,
And yet God knows entangled unto one.
This was an Orator, and thought by words
To compass me, but yet he was deceived:
And this a Spartan Courtier vain and wild,
But his fantastic humours pleased not me:
This was *Alcion*, a Musician,
But played he ne'er so sweet, I let him go:
This was the wealthy King of *Thessaly*,
But I had gold enough and cast him off:
This *Meleager's* son, a warlike Prince,
But weapons 'gree not with my tender years:
The rest are such as all the world well knows,
Yet how I swear by heaven and him I love,
I was as far from love, as they from hate.
Aeneas O happy shall he be whom *Dido* loves.
Dido. Then never say that thou art miserable,
Because it may be thou shalt be my love:

Yet boast not of it, for I love thee not,
And yet I hate thee not: O if I speak
I shall betray myself: *Aeneas* speak,
We two will go a hunting in the woods,
But not so much for thee, thou art but one,
As for *Achates*, and his followers.

Exeunt.

Enter Juno to Ascanius asleep.
Juno. Here lies my hate, *Aeneas* cursed brat,
The boy wherein false destiny delights,
The heir of fury, the favourite of the face,
That ugly imp that shall outwear my wrath,
And wrong my deity with high disgrace:
But I will take another order now,
And race th' eternal Register of time:
Troy shall no more call him her second hope,
Nor *Venus* triumph in his tender youth:
For here in spite of heaven I'll murder him,
And feed infection with his left out life:
Say *Paris*, now shall *Venus* have the ball?
Say vengeance, now shall her *Ascanius* die.
O no God wot, I cannot watch my time,
Nor quit good turns with double fee down told:
Tut, I am simple without made to hurt,
And have no gall at all to grieve my foes:

wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850

But lustful *Jove* and his adulterous child,
Shall find it written on confusion's front,
That only *Juno* rules in *Rhamnus* town.

wln 0851

Enter Venus.

wln 0852

Venus. What should this mean? my Doves are back returned,

wln 0853

Who warn me of such danger prest at hand,

wln 0854

To harm my sweet *Ascanius*' lovely life.

wln 0855

Juno, my mortal foe, what make you here?

wln 0856

Avaunt old witch and trouble not my wits.

wln 0857

Juno. Fie *Venus*, that such causeless words of wrath,

wln 0858

Should e'er defile so fair a mouth as thine:

img: 14-b

sig: D2r

wln 0859

Are not we both sprung of celestial race,

wln 0860

And banquet as two Sisters with the Gods?

wln 0861

Why is it then displeasure should disjoin,

wln 0862

Whom kindred and acquaintance co-unites.

wln 0863

Venus. Out hateful hag, thou wouldst have slain my son,

wln 0864

Had not my Doves discovered thy intent:

wln 0865

But I will tear thy eyes fro forth thy head,

wln 0866

And feast the birds with their blood-shotten balls,

wln 0867

If thou but lay thy fingers on my boy.

wln 0868

Juno. Is this then all the thanks that I shall have,

wln 0869

For saving him from Snakes' and Serpents' stings,

wln 0870

That would have killed him sleeping as he lay?

wln 0871

What though I was offended with thy son,

wln 0872

And wrought him mickle woe on sea and land,

wln 0873

When for the hate of Trojan *Ganymede*,

wln 0874

That was advanced by my *Hebe*'s shame,

wln 0875

And *Paris* judgement of the heavenly ball,

wln 0876

I mustered all the winds unto his wrack,

wln 0877

And urged each Element to his annoy:

wln 0878

Yet now I do repent me of his ruth,

wln 0879

And wish that I had never wronged him so:

wln 0880

Bootless I saw it was to war with fate,

wln 0881

That hath so many unresisted friends:

wln 0882

Wherefore I change my counsel with the time,

wln 0883

And planted love where envy erst had sprung.

wln 0884

Venus. Sister of *Jove*, if that thy love be such,

wln 0885

As these thy protestations do paint forth,

wln 0886

We two as friends one fortune will divide:

wln 0887

Cupid shall lay his arrows in thy lap,

wln 0888

And to a Sceptre change his golden shafts,

wln 0889

Fancy and modesty shall live as mates,

wln 0890

And thy fair peacocks by my pigeons perch:

wln 0891

Love my *Aeneas*, and desire is thine,

wln 0892

The day, the night, my Swans, my sweets are thine.

wln 0893

Juno. More than melodious are these words to me,

wln 0894

That overcloy my soul with their content:

wln 0895

img: 15-a
sig: D2v

wln 0896

wln 0897

wln 0898

wln 0899

wln 0900

wln 0901

wln 0902

wln 0903

wln 0904

wln 0905

wln 0906

wln 0907

wln 0908

wln 0909

wln 0910

wln 0911

wln 0912

wln 0913

wln 0914

wln 0915

wln 0916

wln 0917

wln 0918

wln 0919

wln 0920

wln 0921

wln 0922

wln 0923

wln 0924

wln 0925

wln 0926

wln 0927

wln 0928

wln 0929

wln 0930

wln 0931

img: 15-b
sig: D3r

wln 0932

wln 0933

wln 0934

wln 0935

wln 0936

wln 0937

wln 0938

Venus, sweet *Venus*, how may I deserve

Such amorous favours at thy beauteous hand?
But that thou may'st more easily perceive,
How highly I do prize this amity,
Hark to a motion of eternal league,
Which I will make in quittance of thy love:
Thy son thou knowest with *Dido* now remains,
And feeds his eyes with favours of her Court,
She likewise in admiring spends her time,
And cannot talk nor think of aught but him:
Why should not they then join in marriage,
And bring forth mighty Kings to Carthage town,
Whom casualty of sea hath made such friends?
And *Venus*, let there be a match confirmed
Betwixt these two, whose loves are so alike,
And both our Deities conjoined in one,
Shall chain felicity unto their throne.

Venus. Well could I like this reconciliation's means,
But much I fear my son will ne'er consent,
Whose armed soul already on the sea,
Darts forth her light to *Lavinia*'s shore.

Juno. Fair Queen of love, I will divorce these doubts,
And find the way to weary such fond thoughts:
This day they both a-hunting forth will ride
Into these woods, adjoining to these walls,
When in the midst of all their gamesome sports,
I'll make the Clouds dissolve their wat'ry works,
And drench *Silvanus*' dwellings with their showers,
Then in one Cave the Queen and he shall meet,
And interchangeably discourse their thoughts,
Whose short conclusion will seal up their hearts,
Unto the purpose which we now propound.

Venus. Sister, I see you savour of my wiles,
Be it as you will have for this once,
Mean time, *Ascanius* shall be my charge,
Whom I will bear to *Ida* in mine arms,
And couch him in *Adonis*' purple down.

Exeunt.

*Enter Dido, Aeneas, Anna, Iarbas, Achates,
and followers.*

Dido. *Aeneas*, think not but I honour thee,
That thus in person go with thee to hunt:
My princely robes thou seest are laid aside,
Whose glittering pomp *Diana*'s shrouds supplies,
All fellows now disposed alike to sport,

wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966

img: 16-a
sig: D3v

wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986

The woods are wide, and we have store of game:
Fair Trojan, hold my golden bow a while,
Until I gird my quiver to my side:
Lords go before, we two must talk alone.

Iarbas Ungentle, can she wrong *Iarbas* so?
I'll die before a stranger have that grace:
We two will talk alone, what words be these?
Dido. What makes *Iarbas* here of all the rest?
We could have gone without your company.

Aeneas But love and duty led him on perhaps,
To press beyond acceptance to your sight.
Iarbas Why man of *Troy*, do I offend thine eyes?
Or art thou grieved thy betters press so nigh?

Dido. How now Gaetolian, are ye grown so brave,
To challenge us with your comparisons?
Peasant, go seek companions like thyself,
And meddle not with any that I love:
Aeneas, be not moved at what he says,
For otherwhile he will be out of joint.

Iarbas Women may wrong by privilege of love:
But should that man of men (*Dido* except)
Have taunted me in these opprobrious terms,
I would have either drunk his dying blood,
Or else I would have given my life in gage?

Dido. Huntsmen, why pitch you not your toils apace,
And rouse the light-foot Deer from forth their lair.

Anna. Sister, see see *Ascanius* in his pomp,
Bearing his huntspear bravely in his hand.

Dido. Yea little son, are you so forward now?

Ascanius Ay mother I shall one day be a man,
And better able unto other arms,
Mean time these wanton weapons serve my war,
Which I will break betwixt a Lion's jaws.

Dido. What, darrest thou look a Lion in the face?
Ascanius Ay, and outface him too, do what he can.

Anna. How like his father speaketh he in all?

Aeneas And I live to see him sack rich *Thebes*,
And load his spear with Grecian Princes' heads,
Then would I wish me with *Anchises*' Tomb,
And dead to honour that hath brought me up.

Iarbas And might I live to see thee shipped away,
And hoist aloft on *Neptune's* hideous hills,
Then would I wish me in fair *Dido's* arms,
And dead to scorn that hath pursued me so.

Aeneas Stout friend *Achates*, dost thou know this wood?

Achates As I remember, here you shot the Deer,
That saved your famished soldiers lives from death,
When first you set your foot upon the shore,

wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

And here we met fair *Venus* virgin like,
Bearing her bow and quiver at her back.
Aeneas O how these irksome labours now delight,
And overjoy my thoughts with their escape:
Who would not undergo all kind of toil,
To be well stored with such a winter's tale?

Dido. *Aeneas*, leave these dumps and let's away,
Some to the mountains some unto the soil,
You to the valleys, thou unto the house.

Exeunt omnes manet.

Iarbas Ay, this it is which wounds me to the death,
To see a Phrygian **forfeit** to the sea,
Preferred before a man of majesty
O love, O hate, O cruel women's hearts,
That imitate the Moon in every change.
And like the Planets ever love to range:
What shall I do thus wronged with disdain?

wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019

Revenge me on *Aeneas* or on her:
On her? fond man, that were to war 'gainst heaven,
And with one shaft provoke ten thousand darts:
This Trojan's end will be thy envy's aim,
Whose blood will reconcile thee to content,
And make love drunken with thy sweet desire:
But *Dido* that now holdeth him so dear,
Will die with very tidings of his death:
But time will discontinue her content,
And mould her mind unto new fancies shapes:
O God of heaven, turn the hand of fate
Unto that happy day of my delight,
And then, what then? *Iarbas* shall but love:
So doth he now, though not with equal gain,
That resteth in the rival of thy pain,
Who ne'er will cease to soar till he be slain.

Exit.

wln 1020
wln 1021

*The storm. Enter Aeneas and Dido in the
Cave at several times.*

wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032

Dido. *Aeneas*.

Aeneas *Dido*.

Dido. Tell me dear love, how found you out this Cave?

Aeneas By chance sweet Queen, as *Mars* and *Venus* met.

Dido. Why, that was in a net, where we are loose,
And yet I am not free, o would I were.

Aeneas Why, what is it that *Dido* may desire
And not obtain, be it in human power?

Dido. The thing that I will die before I ask,
And yet desire to have before I die.

Aeneas It is not aught *Aeneas* may achieve?

wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
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wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

wln 1076
wln 1077

Dido. *Aeneas* no although his eyes do pierce.
Aeneas What, hath *Iarbas* angered her in aught?
And will she be avenged on his life?
Dido. Not angered me, except in ang'ring thee.
Aeneas Who then of all so cruel may he be,
That should detain thy eye in his defects?

Dido. The man that I do eye where'er I am,
Whose amorous face like *Paeon* sparkles fire,
When as he butts his beams on *Flora's* bed,
Prometheus hath put on *Cupid's* shape,
And I must perish in his burning arms:
Aeneas, O *Aeneas*, quench these flames.
Aeneas What ails my Queen, is she fall'n sick of late?
Dido. Not sick my love, but sick, I must conceal
The torment, that it boots me not reveal,
And yet I'll speak, and yet I'll hold my peace,
Do shame her worst, I will disclose my grief:
Aeneas, thou art he, what did I say?
Something it was that now I have forgot.
Aeneas What means fair *Dido* by this doubtful speech?
Dido. Nay, nothing, but *Aeneas* loves me not.
Aeneas *Aeneas's* thoughts dare not ascend so high
As *Dido's* heart, which Monarchs might not scale.
Dido. It was because I saw no King like thee,
Whose golden Crown might balance my content:
But now that I have found what to effect,
I follow one that loveth fame for me,
And rather had seem fair *Sirens's* eyes,
Than to the Carthage Queen that dies for him.
Aeneas If that your majesty can look so low,
As my despised worths, that shun all praise,
With this my hand I give to you my heart,
And vow by all the Gods of Hospitality,
By heaven and earth, and my fair brother's bow,
By *Paphos*, *Capys*, and the purple Sea,
From whence my radiant mother did descend,
And by this Sword that saved me from the Greeks,
Never to leave these new upreared walls,
Whiles *Dido* lives and rules in *Juno's* town,
Never to like or love any but her.
Dido. What more than delian music do I hear,
That calls my soul from forth his living seat,
To move unto the measures of delight:

Kind clouds that sent forth such a courteous storm,
As made disdain to fly to fancy's lap:

wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086

Stout love in mine arms make thy *Italy*,
Whose Crown and kingdom rests at thy command:
Sychaeus, not *Aeneas* be thou called:
The King of *Carthage*, not *Anchises*' son:
Hold, take these Jewels at thy Lover's hand,
These golden bracelets, and this wedding ring,
Wherewith my husband wooed me yet a maid,
And be thou king of *Libya*, by my gift.

Exeunt to the Cave.

wln 1087

Actus 4. Scena I.

wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110

Enter Achates, Ascanius, Iarbas, and Anna.

Achates Did ever men see such a sudden storm?
Or day so clear so suddenly o'ercast?

Iarbas I think some fell Enchantress dwelleth here,
That can call them forth whenas she please,
And dive into black tempest's treasury,
whenas she means to mask the world with clouds.

Anna. In all my life I never knew the like,
It hailed, it snowed, it lightened all at once.

Achates I think it was the devil's revelling night,
There was such hurly-burly in the heavens:
Doubtless *Apollo's* Axletree is cracked,
Or aged *Atlas'* shoulder out of joint,
The motion was so over violent.

Iarbas In all this coil, where have ye left the Queen?

Ascanius Nay, where is my warlike father, can you tell?

Anna. Behold where both of them come forth the Cave.

Iarbas Come forth the Cave: can heaven endure this sight?

Iarbas, curse that unrevenging *Jove*,
Whose flinty darts slept in *Typhoeus'* den,
Whiles these adulterers surfeited with sin:
Nature, why mad'st me not some poisonous beast,
That with the sharpness of my edged sting,

img: 18-a
sig: E1v

wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122

I might have staked them both unto the earth,
Whilst they were sporting in this darksome Cave?

Aeneas The air is clear, and Southern winds are whist,
Come *Dido*, let us hasten to the town,
Since gloomy *Aeolus* doth cease to frown.

Dido. *Achates* and *Ascanius*, well met.

Aeneas Fair *Anna*, how escaped you from the shower?

Anna. As others did, by running to the wood.

Dido But where were you *Iarbas* all this while?

Iarbas Not with *Aeneas* in the ugly Cave.

Dido. I see *Aeneas* sticketh in your mind,
But I will soon put by that stumbling block,

wln 1123

And quell those hopes that thus employ your ears.

Exeunt.

wln 1124

Enters Iarbas to Sacrifice.

wln 1125

Iarbas Come servants, come bring forth the Sacrifice,

wln 1126

That I may pacify that gloomy *Jove*,

wln 1127

Whose empty Altars have enlarged our ills.

wln 1128

Eternal *Jove*, great master of the Clouds,

wln 1129

Father of gladness, and all frolic thoughts,

wln 1130

That with thy gloomy hand corrects the heaven,

wln 1131

When airy creatures war amongst themselves:

wln 1132

Hear, hear, O hear *Iarbas* plaining prayers,

wln 1133

Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl,

wln 1134

And all the woods *Eliza* to resound:

wln 1135

The woman that thou willed us entertain,

wln 1136

Where straying in our borders up and down,

wln 1137

She craved a hide of ground to build a town,

wln 1138

With whom we did divide both laws and land,

wln 1139

And all the fruits that plenty else sends forth,

wln 1140

Scorning our loves and royal marriage rites,

wln 1141

Yields up her beauty to a stranger's bed,

wln 1142

Who having wrought her shame, is straight way fled:

wln 1143

Now if thou beest a pitying God of power,

wln 1144

On whom ruth and compassion ever waits,

wln 1145

Redress these wrongs, and warn him to his ships,

wln 1146

That now afflicts me with his flattering eyes.

img: 18-b

sig: E2r

wln 1147

Enter Anna.

wln 1148

Anna. How now *Iarbas*, at your prayers so hard?

wln 1149

Iarbas Ay *Anna*, is there aught you would with me?

wln 1150

Anna. Nay, no such weighty business of import,

wln 1151

But may be slacked until another time:

wln 1152

Yet if you would partake with me the cause

wln 1153

Of this devotion that detaineth you,

wln 1154

I would be thankful for such courtesy.

wln 1155

Iarbas *Anna*, against this Trojan do I pray,

wln 1156

Who seeks to rob me of thy Sister's love,

wln 1157

And dive into her heart by coloured looks.

wln 1158

Anna. Alas poor King that labours so in vain,

wln 1159

For her that so delighteth in thy pain:

wln 1160

Be ruled by me, and seek some other love,

wln 1161

Whose yielding heart may yield thee more relief.

wln 1162

Iarbas Mine eye is fixed where fancy cannot start,

wln 1163

O leave me, leave me to my silent thoughts,

wln 1164

That register the numbers of my ruth,

wln 1165

And I will either move the thoughtless flint,

wln 1166

Or drop out both mine eyes in drizzling tears,

wln 1167

Before my sorrow's tide have any stint.

wln 1168

Anna. I will not leave *Iarbas* whom I love,

wln 1169

In this delight of dying pensiveness:

wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196

wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216

Away with *Dido*, *Anna* be thy song,
Anna that doth admire thee more than heaven.

Iarbas I may nor will list to such loathsome change,
That intercepts the course of my desire:
Servants, come fetch these empty vessels here,
For I will fly from these alluring eyes,
That do pursue my peace where'er it goes.

Exit.

Anna. *Iarbas* stay, loving *Iarbas* stay,
For I have honey to present thee with:
Hard-hearted, wilt not deign to hear me speak,
I'll follow thee with outcries ne'er the less,
And strew thy walks with my disheveled hair.

Exit.

Enter Aeneas alone.

Aeneas *Carthage*, my friendly host adieu,
Since destiny doth call me from the shore:
Hermes this night descending in a dream,
Hath summoned me to fruitful *Italy*:
Jove wills it so, my mother wills it so:
Let my *Phoenissa* grant, and then I go:
Grant she or no, *Aeneas* must away,
Whose golden fortunes clogged with courtly ease,
Cannot ascend to *Fame's* immortal house,
Or banquet in bright honour's burnished hall,
Till he hath furrowed *Neptune's* glassy fields,
And cut a passage through his topless hills:
Achates come forth, *Sergestus*, *Illioneus*,
Cloanthus, haste away, *Aeneas* calls.

*Enter Achates, Cloanthus, Sergestus,
and Illioneus.*

Achates What wills our Lord, or wherefore did he call?
Aeneas The dreams (brave mates) that did beset my bed,
When sleep but newly had embraced the night,
Commands me leave these unrenowned beams,
Whereas Nobility abhors to stay,
And none but base *Aeneas* will abide:
Aboard, aboard, since Fates do bid aboard,
And slice the Sea with sable-coloured ships,
On whom the nimble winds may all day wait,
And follow them as footmen through the deep:
Yet *Dido* casts her eyes like anchors out,
To stay my Fleet from forth the Bay
Come back, come back, I hear her cry afar,
And let me link my body to my lips,
That tied together by the striving tongues,
We may as one sail into *Italy*.

Achates Banish that dame from forth your mouth,
And follow your foreseeing stars in all;

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240

This is no life for men at arms to live,
Where dalliance doth consume a Soldier's strength,
And wanton motions of alluring eyes,
Effeminate our minds inured to war.

Illioneus Why, let us build a City of our own,
And not stand lingering here for amorous looks:
Will *Dido* raise old *Priam* forth his grave,
And build the town again the Greeks did burn?
No no, she cares not how we sink or swim,
So she may have *Aeneas* in her arms.

Cloanthus To *Italy*, sweet friends to *Italy*,
We will not stay a minute longer here.

Aeneas Trojans aboard, and I will follow you,
I fain would go, yet beauty calls me back:
To leave her so and not once say farewell,
Were to transgress against all laws of love:
But if I use such ceremonious thanks,
As parting friends accustom on the shore,
Her silver arms will coll me round about,
And tears of pearl, cry stay, *Aeneas*, stay:
Each word she says will then contain a Crown,
And every speech be ended with a kiss:
I may not dure this female drudgery,
To sea *Aeneas*, find out *Italy*.

Exit.

wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252

Enter Dido and Anna.

Dido. O *Anna*, run unto the water side,
They say *Aeneas*' men are going aboard,
It may be he will steal away with them:
Stay not to answer me, run *Anna* run.
O foolish Trojans that would steal from hence,
And not let *Dido* understand their drift:
I would have given *Achates* store of gold,
And *Illioneus* gum and Libyan spice,
The common soldiers rich embroidered coats,
And silver whistles to control the winds,
Which *Circes* sent *Sychaeus* when he lived:

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

wln 1253
wln 1254

wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259

Unworthy are they of a Queen's reward:
See where they come, how might I do to chide?

*Enter Anna, with Aeneas, Achates, Illioneus,
and Sergestus.*

Anna. 'Twas time to run, *Aeneas* had been gone,
The sails were hoising up, and he aboard.

Dido. Is this thy love to me?

wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
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wln 1275
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wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307

Aeneas O princely *Dido*, give me leave to speak,
I went to take my farewell of *Achates*.
Dido. How haps *Achates* bid me not farewell?
Achates Because I feared your grace would keep me here
Dido. To rid thee of that doubt, aboard again,
I charge thee put to sea and stay not here.
Achates Then let *Aeneas* go aboard with us.
Dido. Get you aboard, *Aeneas* means to stay.
Aeneas The sea is rough, the winds blow to the shore.
Dido. O false *Aeneas*, now the sea is rough,
But when you were aboard 'twas calm enough,
Thou and *Achates* meant to sail away.
Aeneas Hath not the Carthage Queen mine only son?
Thinks *Dido* I will go and leave him here?
Dido. *Aeneas* pardon me, for I forgot
That young *Ascanius* lay with me this night:
Love made me jealous, but to make amends,
Wear the imperial Crown of *Libya*,
Sway thou the Punic Sceptre in my stead,
And punish me *Aeneas* for this crime.
Aeneas This kiss shall be fair *Dido*'s punishment.
Dido. O how a Crown becomes *Aeneas*' head!
Stay here *Aeneas*, and command as King.
Aeneas How vain am I to wear this Diadem,
And bear this golden Sceptre in my hand?
A Burgonet of steel, and not a Crown,
A Sword, and not a Sceptre fits *Aeneas*.
Dido. O keep them still, and let me gaze my fill:
Now looks *Aeneas* like immortal *Jove*,

O where is *Ganymede* to hold his cup,
And *Mercury* to fly for what he calls,
Ten thousand *Cupids* hover in the air,
And fan it in *Aeneas*' lovely face,
O that the Clouds were here wherein thou fleest,
That thou and I unseen might sport ourselves:
Heavens envious of our joys is waxen pale,
And when we whisper, then the stars fall down,
To be partakers of our honey talk.
Aeneas O *Dido*, patroness of all our lives,
When I leave thee, death be my punishment,
Swell raging seas, frown wayward destinies,
Blow winds, threaten ye Rocks and sandy shelves,
This is the harbour that *Aeneas* seeks,
Let's see what tempests can annoy me now.
Dido. Not all the world can take thee from mine arms,
Aeneas may command as many Moors,
As in the Sea are little water drops:
And now to make experience of my love,

wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325

img: 21-a
sig: E4v

Fair sister *Anna* lead my lover forth,
And seated on my Jennet, let him ride
As *Dido's* husband through the punic streets,
And will my guard with Mauritanian darts,
To wait upon him as their sovereign Lord.
Anna. What if the Citizens repine thereat?
Dido. Those that dislike what *Dido* gives in charge,
Command my guard to slay for their offence:
Shall vulgar peasants storm at what I do?
The ground is mine that gives them sustenance,
The air wherein they breathe, the water, fire,
All that they have their lands, their goods, their lives,
And I the Goddess of all these, command
Aeneas ride as Carthaginian King.
Achates *Aeneas* for his parentage deserves
As large a kingdom as is *Libya*.
Aeneas Ay, and unless the destinies be false,
I shall be planted in as rich a land.

wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355

Dido. Speak of no other land, this land is thine,
Dido is thine, henceforth I'll call thee Lord:
Do as I bid thee, sister lead the way,
And from a turret I'll behold my love.
Aeneas Then here in me shall flourish *Priam's* race,
And thou and I *Achates*, for revenge,
For *Troy*, for *Priam*, for his fifty sons,
Our kinsmen's loves, and thousand guiltless souls,
Will lead an host against the hateful Greeks,
And fire proud *Lacedaemon* o'er their heads. *Exit.*
Dido. Speaks not *Aeneas* like a Conqueror?
O blessed tempests that did drive him in,
O happy sand that made him run aground:
Henceforth you shall be our Carthage Gods:
ay, but it may be he will leave my love,
And seek a foreign land called *Italy*:
O that I had a charm to keep the winds
Within the closure of a golden ball,
Or that the Tyrrhen sea were in mine arms,
That he might suffer shipwreck on my breast,
As oft as he attempts to hoist up sail:
I must prevent him, wishing will not serve:
Go, bid my Nurse take young *Ascanius*,
And bear him in the country to her house,
Aeneas will not go without his son:
Yet lest he should, for I am full of fear,
Bring me his oars, his tackling, and his sails:
What if I sink his ships? O he'll frown:
Better he frown, than I should die for grief:
I cannot see him frown, it may not be:

wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362

img: 21-b
sig: F1r

Armies of foes resolved to win this town,
Or impious traitors vowed to have my life,
Affright me not, only *Aeneas*' frown
Is that which terrifies poor *Dido*'s heart:
Not bloody spears appearing in the air,
Presage the downfall of my Empery,
Nor blazing Comets threatens *Dido*'s death,

wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366

It is *Aeneas*' frown that ends my days:
If he forsake me not, I never die,
For in his looks I see eternity,
And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398

Enter a Lord.

Your Nurse is gone with young *Ascanius*,
And here's *Aeneas*' tackling, oars and sails.
Dido. Are these the sails that in despite of me,
Packed with the winds to bear *Aeneas* hence?
I'll hang ye in the chamber where I lie,
Drive if you can my house to *Italy*:
I'll set the casement open that the winds
May enter in, and once again conspire
Against the life of me poor Carthage Queen:
But though he go, he stays in Carthage still,
And let rich Carthage fleet upon the seas,
So I may have *Aeneas* in mine arms.
Is this the wood that grew in Carthage plains,
And would be toiling in the wat'ry billows,
To rob their mistress of her Trojan guest?
O cursed tree, hadst thou but wit or sense,
To measure how I prize *Aeneas*' love,
Thou wouldst have leapt from out the Sailors' hands,
And told me that *Aeneas* meant to go:
And yet I blame thee not, thou art but wood.
The water which our Poets term a Nymph,
Why did it suffer thee to touch her breast,
And shrunk not back, knowing my love was there?
The water is an Element, no Nymph,
Why should I blame *Aeneas* for his flight?
O *Dido*, blame not him, but break his oars,
These were the instruments that launched him forth,
There's not so much as this base tackling too,
But dares to heap up sorrow to my heart:
Was it not you that hoised up these sails?
Why burst you not, and they fell in the seas?

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

wln 1399

For this will *Dido* tie ye full of knots,

wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409

And shear ye all asunder with her hands:
Now serve to chastise ship-boys for their faults,
Ye shall no more offend the Carthage Queen.
Now let him hang my favours on his masts,
And see if those will serve instead of sails:
For tackling, let him take the chains of gold,
Which I bestowed upon his followers:
Instead of oars, let him use his hands,
And swim to *Italy*, I'll keep these sure:
Come bear them in.

Exit.

wln 1410

Enter the Nurse with Cupid for Ascanius.

wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433

Nurse. My Lord *Ascanius*, ye must go with me.
Cupid. Whither must I go? I'll stay with my mother.
Nurse. No, thou shalt go with me unto my house,
I have an Orchard that hath store of plums,
Brown Almonds, Services, ripe Figs and Dates,
Dew-berries, Apples, yellow Oranges,
A garden where are Beehives full of honey,
Musk-roses, and a thousand sort of flowers,
And in the midst doth run a silver stream,
Where thou shalt see the red gilled fishes leap,
White Swans, and many lovely water-fowls:
Now speak *Ascanius*, will ye go or no?
Cupid. Come come I'll go, how far hence is your house?
Nurse. But hereby child, we shall get thither straight.
Cupid. Nurse I am weary, will you carry me?
Nurse. Ay, so you'll dwell with me and call me mother.
Cupid. So you'll love me, I care not if I do.
Nurse. That I might live to see this boy a man,
How prettily he laughs, go ye wag,
You'll be a twigger when you come to age.
Say *Dido* what she will I am not old,
I'll be no more a widow, I am young,
I'll have a husband, or else a lover.

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445

Cupid. A husband and no teeth!
Nurse. O what mean I to have such foolish thoughts!
Foolish is love, a toy, O sacred love,
If there be any heaven in earth, 'tis love:
Especially in women of your years.
Blush blush for shame, why shouldst thou think of love?
A grave, and not a lover fits thy age:
A grave, why? I may live a hundred years,
Fourscore is but a girl's age, love is sweet:
My veins are withered, and my sinews dry,
Why do I think of love now I should die?
Cupid. Come Nurse.

wln 1446
wln 1447

Nurse. Well, if he come a-wooing he shall speed,
O how unwise was I to say him nay!

Exeunt.

wln 1448

Actus 5.

wln 1449

Enter Aeneas with a paper in his hand, drawing the

wln 1450

platform of the city, with him Achates,

wln 1451

Cloanthus, and Illioneus.

wln 1452

Aeneas Triumph my mates, our travels are at end.

wln 1453

Here will *Aeneas* build a statelier *Troy*,

wln 1454

Than that which grim *Atrides* overthrew:

wln 1455

Carthage shall vaunt her petty walls no more,

wln 1456

For I will grace them with a fairer frame,

wln 1457

And clad her in a Crystal livery,

wln 1458

Wherein the day may evermore delight:

wln 1459

From golden *India Ganges* will I fetch,

wln 1460

Whose wealthy streams may wait upon her towers,

wln 1461

And triple-wise entrench her round about:

wln 1462

The Sun from Egypt shall rich odours bring,

wln 1463

Wherewith his burning beams like labouring Bees,

wln 1464

That load their thighs with *Hybla's* honey's spoils,

wln 1465

Shall here unburden their exhaled sweets,

wln 1466

And plant our pleasant suburbs with her fumes.

wln 1467

Achates What length or breadth shall this brave town contain?

wln 1468

Aeneas Not past four thousand paces at the most.

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

wln 1469

Illioneus But what shall it be called, *Troy* as before?

wln 1470

Aeneas That have I not determined with my self.

wln 1471

Cloanthus Let it be termed *Aenea* by your name.

wln 1472

Sergestus Rather *Ascania* by your little son.

wln 1473

Aeneas Nay, I will have it called *Anchisaon*,

wln 1474

Of my old father's name.

wln 1475

Enter Hermes with Ascanius.

wln 1476

Hermes. *Aeneas* stay, *Jove's* Herald bids thee stay.

wln 1477

Aeneas Whom do I see, *Jove's* winged messenger?

wln 1478

Welcome to *Carthage* new erected town.

wln 1479

Hermes. Why cousin stand you building Cities here,

wln 1480

And beautifying the Empire of this Queen,

wln 1481

While *Italy* is clean out of thy mind?

wln 1482

Too too forgetful of thine own affairs,

wln 1483

Why wilt thou so betray thy son's good hap?

wln 1484

The king of Gods sent me from highest heaven,

wln 1485

To sound this angry message in thine ears.

wln 1486

Vain man, what Monarchy expect'st thou here?

wln 1487

Or with what thought sleep'st thou in *Libya* shore?

wln 1488

If that all glory hath forsaken thee,

wln 1489

And thou despise the praise of such attempts:

wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513

wln 1514
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wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536

Yet think upon *Ascanius* ' prophecy,
And young *Iulus* ' more than thousand years,
Whom I have brought from *Ida* where he slept,
And bore young *Cupid* unto *Cypress* Isle.

Aeneas This was my mother that beguiled the Queen,
And made me take my brother for my son:
No marvel *Dido* though thou be in love,
That daily **danglest** *Cupid* in thy arms:

Welcome sweet child, where hast thou been this long?

Ascanius Eating sweet Comfits with Queen *Dido* 's maid,
Who eversince hath lulled me in her arms.

Aeneas *Sergestus*, bear him hence unto our ships,
Lest *Dido* spying him keep him for a pledge.

Hermes. Spend'st thou thy time about this little boy,
And givest not ear unto the charge I bring?

I tell thee thou must straight to *Italy*,
Or else abide the wrath of frowning *Jove*.

Aeneas How should I put into the raging deep,
Who have no sails nor tackling for my ships?
What would the Gods have me *Deucalion* like,
Float up and down where'er the billows drive?
Though she repaired my fleet and gave me ships,
Yet hath she ta'en away my oars and masts,
And left me neither sail nor stern aboard.

Enter to them Iarbas.

Iarbas How now *Aeneas*, sad, what means these dumps?

Aeneas *Iarbas*, I am clean besides myself,
Jove hath heaped on me such a desperate charge,
Which neither art nor reason may achieve,
Nor I devise by what means to contrive.

Iarbas As how I pray, may I entreat you tell.

Aeneas With speed he bids me sail to *Italy*,
Whenas I want both rigging for my fleet,
And also furniture for these my men.

Iarbas If that be all, then cheer thy drooping looks,
For I will furnish thee with such supplies:
Let some of those thy followers go with me,
And they shall have what thing soe'er thou needst.

Aeneas Thanks good *Iarbas* for thy friendly aid,
Achates and the rest shall wait on thee,
Whilst I rest thankful for this courtesy.

Exit Iarbas and Aeneas' train.

Now will I haste unto *Lavinian* shore,
And raise a new foundation to old *Troy*,
Witness the Gods, and witness heaven and earth,
How loath I am to leave these *Libyan* bounds,
But that eternal *Jupiter* commands.

wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539

img: 24-a
sig: F3v

wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
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wln 1576

img: 24-b
sig: F4r

wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580

Enter Dido and Aeneas.

Dido. I fear I saw *Aeneas*' little son,
Led by *Achates* to the Trojan fleet:

If it be so, his father means to fly:
But here he is, now *Dido* try thy wit.
Aeneas, wherefore go thy men aboard?
Why are thy ships new rigged? or to what end
Launched from the haven, lie they in the Rhode?
Pardon me though I ask, love makes me ask.

Aeneas O pardon me, if I resolve thee why:
Aeneas will not feign with his dear love,
I must from hence: this day swift *Mercury*
When I was laying a platform for these walls,
Sent from his father *Jove*, appeared to me,
And in his name rebuked me bitterly,
For lingering here, neglecting *Italy*.

Dido. But yet *Aeneas* will not leave his love.

Aeneas I am commanded by immortal *Jove*,
To leave this town and pass to *Italy*,
And therefore must of force.

Dido. These words proceed not from *Aeneas*' heart.

Aeneas Not from my heart, for I can hardly go,
And yet I may not stay, *Dido* farewell.

Dido. Farewell: is this the mends for *Dido*'s love?
Do Trojans use to quit their Lovers thus?
Fare well may *Dido*, so *Aeneas* stay,
I die, if my *Aeneas* say farewell.

Aeneas Then let me go and never say farewell,
Let me go, farewell, I must from hence.

Dido. These words are poison to poor *Dido*'s soul,
O speak like my *Aeneas*, like my love:
Why look'st thou towards the sea? the time hath been
When *Dido*'s beauty changed thine eyes to her:
Am I less fair than when thou sawest me first?
O then *Aeneas*, 'tis for grief of thee:
Say thou wilt stay in *Carthage* with my Queen,
And *Dido*'s beauty will return again:
Aeneas, say, how canst thou take thy leave?
Wilt thou kiss *Dido*? O thy lips have sworn
To stay with *Dido*: canst thou take her hand?

Thy hand and mine have plighted mutual faith,
Therefore unkind *Aeneas*, must thou say,
Then let me go, and never say farewell.

Aeneas O Queen of *Carthage*, wert thou ugly black,

wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
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wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613

img: 25-a
sig: F4v

wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628

Aeneas could not choose but hold thee dear,
Yet must he not gainsay the Gods' behest.
Dido. The Gods, what Gods be those that seek my death?
Wherein have I offended *Jupiter*,
That he should take *Aeneas* from mine arms?
O no, the Gods weigh not what Lovers do,
It is *Aeneas* calls *Aeneas* hence,
And woeful *Dido* by these blubbered cheeks,
By this right hand, and by our spousal rites,
Desires *Aeneas* to remain with her:
*Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quidquam
Dulce meum, miserere domus labentis: et istam
Oro, si quis ad haec precibus locus, exue mentem.*
Aeneas *Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis,
Italiam non sponte sequor.*
Dido. Hast thou forgot how many neighbour kings
Were up in arms, for making thee my love?
How *Carthage* did rebel, *Iarbas* storm,
And all the world calls me a second *Helen*,
For being entangled by a stranger's looks:
So thou wouldst prove as true as *Paris* did,
Would, as fair *Troy* was, *Carthage* might be sacked,
And I be called a second *Helena*.
Had I a son by thee, the grief were less,
That I might see *Aeneas* in his face:
Now if thou goest, what canst thou leave behind,
But rather will augment than ease my woe?
Aeneas In vain my love thou spend'st thy fainting breath,
If words might move me I were overcome.
Dido. And wilt thou not be moved with *Dido's* words?
Thy mother was no Goddess perjured man,
Nor *Dardanus* the author of thy stock:
But thou art sprung from *Scythian Caucasus*,

And Tigers of *Hyrkania* gave thee suck:
Ah foolish *Dido* to forbear this long!
Wast thou not wracked upon this *Libyan* shore,
And cam'st to *Dido* like a Fisher swain?
Repaired not I thy ships, made thee a King,
And all thy needy followers Noblemen?
O Serpent that came creeping from the shore,
And I for pity harboured in my bosom,
Wilt thou now flay me with thy venomd sting,
And hiss at *Dido* for preserving thee?
Go go and spare not, seek out *Italy*,
I hope that that which love forbids me do,
The Rocks and Sea-gulfs will perform at large,
And thou shalt perish in the billows' ways,
To whom poor *Dido* doth bequeath revenge,

wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650

img: 25-b
sig: G1r

wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667

wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675

Ay traitor, and the waves shall cast thee up,
Where thou and false *Achates* first set foot:
Which if it chance, I'll give ye burial,
And weep upon your lifeless carcasses,
Though thou nor he will pity me a whit.
Why star'st thou in my face? if thou wilt stay,
Leap in mine arms, mine arms are open wide:
If not, turn from me, and I'll turn from thee:
For though thou hast the heart to say farewell,
I have not power to stay thee: is he gone?
Ay but he'll come again, he cannot go,
He loves me to too well to serve me so:
Yet he that in my sight would not relent,
Will, being absent, be obdurate still.
By this is he got to the water side,
And, see the Sailors take him by the hand,
But he shrinks back, and now rememb'ring me,
Returns amain: welcome, welcome my love:
But where's *Aeneas*? ah he's gone he's gone!
Anna. What means my sister thus to rave and cry?
Dido. O *Anna*, my *Aeneas* is aboard,
And leaving me will sail to *Italy*.

Once didst thou go, and he came back again,
Now bring him back, and thou shalt be a Queen,
And I will live a private life with him.
Anna. Wicked *Aeneas*.
Dido. Call him not wicked, sister speak him fair,
And look upon him with a Mermaid's eye,
Tell him, I never vowed at *Aulis* gulf
The desolation of his native *Troy*,
Nor sent a thousand ships unto the walls,
Nor ever violated faith to him:
Request him gently (*Anna*) to return,
I crave but this, he stay a tide or two,
That I may learn to bear it patiently,
If he depart thus suddenly, I die:
Run *Anna*, run, stay not to answer me.
Anna. I go fair sister, heavens grant good success.

Exit Anna.

Enter the Nurse.

Nurse. O *Dido*, your little son *Ascanius*
Is gone! he lay with me last night,
And in the morning he was stol'n from me,
I think some Fairies have beguiled me.
Dido. O cursed hag and false dissembling wretch!
That slayest me with thy harsh and hellish tale,
Thou for some petty gift hast let him go,

wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682

And I am thus deluded of my boy:
Away with her to prison presently,
Traitoress too keened and cursed Sorceress.
Nurse. I know not what you mean by treason, I,
I am as true as any one of yours. *Exeunt the Nurse.*
Dido. Away with her, suffer her not to speak.
My sister comes, I like not her sad looks.

wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685

Enter Anna.

Anna. Before I came, *Aeneas* was aboard,
And spying me, hoist up the sails amain:

img: 26-a
sig: G1v

wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
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wln 1716
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wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722

But I cried out, *Aeneas*, false *Aeneas* stay.
Then 'gan he wag his hand, which yet held up,
Made me suppose he would have heard me speak:
Then 'gan they drive into the Ocean,
Which when I viewed, I cried, *Aeneas* stay,
Dido, fair *Dido* wills *Aeneas* stay:
Yet he whose heart of adamant or flint,
My tears nor plaints could mollify a whit:
Then carelessly I rent my hair for grief,
Which seen to all, though he beheld me not,
They 'gan to move him to redress my ruth,
And stay a while to hear what I could say,
But he clapped under hatches sailed away.
Dido. O *Anna*, *Anna*, I will follow him.
Anna. How can ye go when he hath all your fleet?
Dido. I'll frame me wings of wax like *Icarus*,
And o'er his ships will soar unto the Sun,
That they may melt and I fall in his arms:
Or else I'll make a prayer unto the waves,
That I may swim to him like *Triton's* niece:
O *Anna*, fetch *Orion's* Harp,
That I may a Dolphin to the shore,
And ride upon his back unto my love:
Look sister, look lovely *Aeneas's* ships,
See see, the billows heave him up to heaven,
And now down falls the keels into the deep:
O sister, sister, take away the Rocks,
They'll break his ships, O *Proteus*, *Neptune*, *Jove*,
Save, save *Aeneas*, *Dido's* liefest love!
Now is he come on shore safe without hurt:
But see, *Achates* wills him put to sea,
And all the Sailors merry make for joy,
But he rememb'ring me shrinks back again:
See where he comes, welcome, welcome my love.
Anna. Ah sister, leave these idle fantasies,
Sweet sister cease, remember who you are.
Dido. *Dido* I am, unless I be deceived,

img: 26-b
sig: G2r

wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735

And must I rave thus for a runagate?
Must I make ships for him to sail away?
Nothing can bear me to him but a ship,
And he hath all thy fleet, what shall I do
But die in fury of this oversight?
Ay, I must be the murderer of myself:
No but I am not, yet I will be straight.
Anna be glad, now have I found a mean
To rid me from these thoughts of Lunacy:
Not far from hence there is a woman famous for arts,
Daughter unto the Nymphs *Hesperides*,
Who willed me sacrifice his ticing relics:
Go *Anna*, bid my servants bring me fire.

Exit Anna.

wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
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wln 1745
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wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758

Enter Iarbas.

Iarbas How long will *Dido* mourn a stranger's flight,
That hath dishonoured her and *Carthage* both?
How long shall I with grief consume my days,
And reap no guerdon for my truest love?

Dido. *Iarbas*, talk not of *Aeneas*, let him go,
Lay to thy hands and help me make a fire,
That shall consume all that this stranger left,
For I intend a private Sacrifice,
To cure my mind that melts for unkind love.

Iarbas But afterwards will *Dido* grant me love?

Dido. Ay, ay, *Iarbas*, after this is done,
None in the world shall have my love but thou:
So, leave me now, let none approach this place.

Exit Iarbas.

Now *Dido*, with these relics burn thyself,
And make *Aeneas* famous through the world,
For perjury and slaughter of a Queen:
Here lie the Sword that in the darksome Cave
He drew, and swore by to be true to me,
Thou shalt burn first, thy crime is worse than his:
Here lie the garment which I clothed him in,
When first he came on shore, perish thou too:
These letters, lines, and perjured papers all,

img: 27-a
sig: G2v

wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766

Shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.
And now ye Gods that guide the starry frame,
And order all things at your high dispose,
Grant, though the traitors land in *Italy*,
They may be still tormented with unrest,
And from mine ashes let a Conqueror rise,
That may revenge this treason to a Queen,
By ploughing up his Countries with the Sword:

wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
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wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788

wln 1789

Betwixt this land and that be never league,
Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor: arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotes:
Live false *Aeneas*, truest *Dido* dies,
Sic sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Enter Anna.

Anna. O help *Iarbas*, *Dido* in these flames
Hath burnt herself, ay me, unhappy me!

Enter Iarbas running.

Iarbas Cursed *Iarbas*, die to expiate
The grief that tires upon thine inward soul,
Dido I come to thee, ay me *Aeneas*.

Anna. What can my tears or cries prevail me now?
Dido is dead, *Iarbas* slain, *Iarbas* my dear love,
O sweet *Iarbas*, *Anna*'s sole delight,
What fatal destiny envies me thus,
To see my sweet *Iarbas* slay himself?
But *Anna* now shall honour thee in death,
And mix her blood with thine, this shall I do,
That Gods and men may pity this my death,
And rue our ends senseless of life or breath:
Now sweet *Iarbas* stay, I come to thee.

FINIS.

img: 27-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **299 (6-b)**: The regularized reading *Baucis'* is amended from the original *Vausis*.
2. **714 (12-b)**: The regularized reading *sour* comes from the original *sower*, though possible variants include *power*.
3. **996 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *manet* is amended from the original *manent*.
4. **998 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *forfeit* is amended from the original *farfet*.
5. **1497 (23-a)**: The regularized reading *danglest* is amended from the original *danlest*.