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



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img: 1-a
sig: [N/A]

img: 1-b
sig: A2r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

THE
MALCONTENT.

By Iohn Marston.

1604.

Printed at London by *V. S.* for *William Aspley*,
and are to be sold at his shop in Paules
Church-yard.

img: 2-a
sig: A2v

img: 2-b
sig: A3r

In 0001

BENIAMINO IONSONIO

In 0002

POETÆ

In 0003

ELEGANTISSIMO

In 0004

GRAVISSIMO

In 0005

AMICO

In 0006

SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

In 0007

IOHANNES MARSTON

In 0008

MVSARVM ALVMNVS

In 0009

ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM

In 0010

D. D.
A3

ln 0001

To the Reader.

ln 0002

I Am an ill Oratour; and in

ln 0003

truth, vse to indite more ho-

ln 0004

nestly then eloquently, for

ln 0005

t'is my custome to speake as

ln 0006

I think, and write as I speake.

ln 0007

In plainenesse therefore vnderstand, that in some

ln 0008

things I have willingly er-

ln 0009

red, as in supposing a Duke of *Genoa*, and in taking

ln 0010

names different from that Citties families: for

ln 0011

which some may wittily accuse me, but my defence

ln 0012

shall bee as honest, as many reproofes vnto mee have

ln 0013

been most malicious. Since (I heartily protest) t'was

ln 0014

my care to write so farre from reasonable offence,

ln 0015

that even strangers, in whose State I layd my Scene,

ln 0016

should not from thence draw any disgrace to any,

ln 0017

dead or living. Yet in despight of my indevors, I vn-

ln 0018

derstand, some have bin most vnadvisedly over-cun-

ln 0019

ning in mis-interpreting me, & with subtilty (as deep

ln 0020

as hell) have maliciously spread ill rumors, which

ln 0021

springing from themselves, might to themselves

ln 0022

have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfie eve-

ln 0023

ry firme spirit, who in all his actions, proposeth to

ln 0024

himselfe no more ends then God and vertue doe,

ln 0025

whose intentions are alwayes simple: to such I pro-

test,

To the Reader.

In 0026
In 0027
In 0028
In 0029
In 0030
In 0031
In 0032
In 0033
In 0034
In 0035
In 0036
In 0037
In 0038
In 0039
In 0040
In 0041
In 0042
In 0043
In 0044
In 0045
In 0046
In 0047

test, that with my free vnderstanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose vnquiet studies labor innovation, contempt of holy policie, reverent comely superiority, and established vnity: for the rest of my supposed tartnesse, I feare not, but vnto every worthy mind t'wil be approved so generall and honest, as may modestly passe with the freedome of a Satyre. I would faine leave the paper; onely one thing afflicts mee, to thinke that Scenes invented, meerely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, & that the least hurt I can receive, is to do my selfe the wrong. But since others otherwise would doe me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have my selfe therefore set forth this Comedy; but so, that my inforced absence must much relye vpon the Printers discretion: but I shal intreat, slight errors in orthography may bee as slightly or'e-passed; and that the vnhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may bee pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soule of lively action.

In 0048

Me mea sequentur fata.

In 0049

I. M.

Dramatis personæ.

In 0001 In 0002	Giouanni Altofronto	} Disguised Maleuole sometime Duke of Genoa.
In 0003	Pietro Iacomo	} Duke of Genoa.
In 0004 In 0005	Mendozo	} A Minion to the Dutchesse of Pietro Iacomo.
In 0006	Celso	} A friend to Altofront.
In 0007	Bilioso.	} An olde cholerike Marshall.
In 0008	Prepasso	} A Gentleman Vsher.
In 0009 In 0010	Ferneze	} A yong Courtier, and inamored on the Dutchesse.
In 0011 In 0012	Ferrardo	} A Minion to Duke Pietro Ia- como.
In 0013 In 0014	Equato. Guerrino.	} Two Courtiers.
In 0015	Aurelia	} Dutches to Duke Piet: Iacomo.
In 0016	Maria	} Dutches to Duke Altofront.
In 0017 In 0018	Emilia Beancha	} Two Ladies attending the Dut- chesse.
In 0019	Maquerelle	} An olde Pandresse.

img: 4-b
sig: B1r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

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

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

wln 0027

wln 0028

wln 0029

wln 0030

wln 0031

THE
MALCONTENT.

*Vexat cen-
sura colum-
bas.*

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCE. PRIMA.

The vilest out of tune Musicke being heard.

Enter Bilioso and Præpasso.

Bilioso.

WHY how now? are yee mad? or drunke? or
both? or what?

Præp. Are yee building *Babilon* there?

Bili. Heer's a noyse in Court, you thinke you
are in a Tauerne, do you not?

Præp. You thinke you are in a brothell house doe you
not? This roome is ill sented.

Enter one with a Perfume.

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

SCENA SECVNDA.

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

Pietro. Where breath's that Musique?

Bilioso. The discord rather then the Musique is heard
from the Malcontent *Maleuoles* chamber.

Ferrar. *Maleuole.*

Male. *Yaugh, godaman what do'st thou there: Dukes
Ganimed Iunoes iealous of thy long stockings: shadow
of a woman, what wouldst Weesell? thou lambe a
Court: what doost thou bleat for? a you smooth chind
Catamite.

** Out of his
Chamber.*

Pietro. Come downe thou rugged Cur, and snarle here,
I giue thy dogged sullenesse free liberty: trot about and
be-spurtle whom thou pleasest.

B

Male.

wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049

Maleuole. Ile come among you, you Gotish bloudded Toderers, as Gum into Taffata, to fret, to fret: Ile fall like a sponge into water to suck vp; to suck vp. Howle againe. Ile pray, and come to you.

Pietro. This *Maleuole* is one of the most prodigious affections that euer conuerst with nature; A man or rather a monster; more discontent then Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence, his appetite is vnsatiabie as the Graue; as farre from any content as from heauen, his highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein hee thinkes he truly serues heauen; for tis his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented is a slaue and dam'd; therefore do's he afflict all in that to which they are most affected; the Elements struggle within him; his owne soule is at variance; his speach is halter-worthy at all howers; I like him faith, he giues good intelligence to my spirit, makes me vnderstand those weaknesses which others flattery palliate: harke they sing.

wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065

SCENA TERTIA

A Song.

Enter Maleuole after the Song.

See he comes; now shall you heare the extremity of a Malecontent: he is as free as ayre; he blowes ouer euery man. And sir whence come you now?

Mal. From the publick place of much dissimulation;

[◇◇]

Piet. What didst there?

Mal. Talke with a Vsurer; take vp at Intetest.

Piet. I wonder what religion thou art?

Mal. Of a Souldiers religion. (now?)

Pietr. And what doost thou thinke makes most Infidels

Mal. Sects, sects, I haue seene seeming *Piety* change her roabe so oft, that sure none but some arch-diuell can shape her a new Peticote.

Pietro.

wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076
wln 0077
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wln 0097
wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102

Pietro. Of a religious pollicie.

Mal. But damnation on a politique religion.

Pietro. But whats the common newes abroade *Maleuole*,
thou dogst rumor still.

Mal. Common newes? why common words are, God
sauē yee, Fare yee well: common actions, Flattery and Co-
senage: common things, Women and Cuckolds: and how
do's my little *Ferrard*: a yee lecherous Animall, my little
Ferret, he goes sucking vp & downe the Pallace into euery
Hens nest like a Weesell: & to what doost thou addict thy
time to now, more then to those Antique painted drabs that
are stil affected of young Courtiers, *Flattery, Pride & Venery*.

Ferrard. I study languages: who doost thinke to be the
best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew, the Diuell let him possesse thee, heele teach
thee to speake all languages, most readily and strangely, and
great reason mary, hees traueld greatly ithē worlde; and is
euery where.

Ferrard. Saue ith Court.

Mal. I saue ith Court: and how do's my old Muckill
ouerspred with fresh snow: thou halfe a mā halfe a Goate,
all a Beast: how do's thy young wife old huddle?

Bilio. Out you improuident rascall.

Mal. Doe, kick thou hugely hornd olde Dukes Oxe,
good Maister Make-pleece.

Pietro. How doost thou liue now a dayes *Maleuole*?

Mal. Why like the Knight *S. Patrik Penlobrans*, with
killing a Spiders for my Ladies Munckey.

Pie. How do'st spend the night, I heere thou neuer sleepst?

Mal. O no, but dreame the most fantasticall: O heauen:
O fubbery, fubbery.

Pietro. Dreame, what dreamst?

Mal. Why me thinkes I see that *Signior* pawnd his foot-
cloth, that *Metreza* her Plate, this madam takes phisick, that
tother *Mounsieur* may minister to her: here is a Pandar Iew-
eld: there a fellow in shift of Satten this day, that could not
shift a shirt tother night, here a *Paris* supports that *Hellen*,

To Bilioso.

MALECONTENT.

wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
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wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138

*To Pre-
passo.

theres a Lady *Guineuer* beares vp that sir *Lancelot*. Dreames,
dreames, visions, fantasies, *Chimeras*, imaginations, trickes,
conceites, *Sir *Tristram Trimtram* come a loft Iack a
napes with a whim wham, heres a Knight of the land of
Catito shall play at trap with any Page in Europe; Doe the
sword daunce, with any Morris-dauncer in Christendome;
ride at the Ring till the finne of his eyes looke as blew as
the welkin, and runne the wilde-goose chase euen with
Pompey the huge.

Pietro. You runne.

Mal. To the diuell: now *Signor Guerchino*; that thou
from a most pittied prisoner shouldst grow a most loathd
flatterer: Alas poore *Celso*, thy starres opprest, thou art an ho-
nest Lord, tis pittie.

Equato. Ist pittie?

Mal. I marry ist Philosophicall *Equato*, and tis pittie that
thou being so excellent a Scholler by Art, shouldst be so **ri-**
culous a foole by Nature: I haue a thing to tell you Duke;
bid vm auant, bid vm auant.

Pietro. Leau vs, leau vs, now sir what ist?

Exeunt all sauing Pietro and Maleuole

Mal. Duke thou art a *Beco*, a *Cornuto*.

Pietro. How?

Mal. Thou art a Cuckold.

Pietro. Speake; vnshale him quick.

Mal. With most tumbler-like nimblenes.

Pietro. Who? by whom? I burst with desire.

Mal. *Mendozo* is the man makes thee a horn'd beast;
Duke 'tis *Mendozo* cornutes thee.

Pietro. What conformance, relate, short, short.

Mal. As a Lawyers beard,

*There is an old Crone in the Court, her name is Maquerelle,
Shee is my Mistris sooth to say, and she doth euer tell me,
Blirt a rime; blirt a rime; Maquerelle is a cunning Bawde,
I am an honest villaine, thy wife is a close Drab, and thou
art a notorious Cuckold, farewell Duke.*

Pietro.

MALECONTENT.

wln 0139

Pietro. Stay stay.

wln 0140

Mal. Dull, dull Duke, can lazy patience make lame re-
uenge; O God for a woman to make a man that which
God neuer created, neuer made.

wln 0141

wln 0142

Pietro. What did God neuer make?

wln 0143

wln 0144

Mal. A Cockold: To be made a thing thats hud-winkt
with kindnesse whilst euery rascall philips his browes; to
haue a Cox-combe with egregious hornes pind to a Lords
back, euery page sporting himselfe with delightfull laugh-
ter, whilst he must be the last must know it; Pistols and Po-
niards, Pistols and Poinards.

wln 0145

wln 0146

wln 0147

wln 0148

wln 0149

Pietro. Death and damnation.

wln 0150

wln 0151

Mal. Lightning and thunder.

wln 0152

Pietro. Vengeance and torture.

wln 0153

Mal. *Catzo.*

wln 0154

Pietro. O reuenge.

wln 0155

Mal. I would dam him and all his generation, my owne
hands should do it; ha I would not trust heauen with my
vengeance any thing.

wln 0156

wln 0157

Pietro. Any thing, any thing *Maleuole* thou shalt see in-
stantly what temper my spirit houlds; farewell, remember,
I forget thee not, farewell.

wln 0158

wln 0159

wln 0160

Exit Pietro.

wln 0161

SCENA QVARTA.

wln 0162

Enter Celso.

wln 0163

Cel. My honor'd Lord.

wln 0164

Mal. Peace, speake low; peace, O *Celso*, constant Lord,
Thou to whose faith I onely rest discovered,

wln 0165

Thou one of full ten millions of men

wln 0166

That louest vertue onely for it selfe,

wln 0167

Thou in whose hands olde *OPS* may put her soule;

wln 0168

Behold for euer banisht *Altofront*

wln 0169

This *Genoas* last yeares Duke. O truly noble,

wln 0170

I wanted those old instruments of state,

wln 0171

Dissemblance, and suspect: I could not time it *Celso*,

wln 0172

MALECONTENT.

wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
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wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208

My throane stood like a point in midd'st of a circle,
To all of equall neerenes, bore with none:
Raind all alike, so slept in fearelesse vertue,
Suspectles, too suspectles, till the crowde:
(Still liquerous of vntried nouelties)
Impacient with seuerer gouernmente:
Made strong with *Florence*: banisht *Altofront*.
Celso. Strong with *Florence*, I thence your mischiefe rose,
For when the **danghrer** of the *Florentine*:
Was matched once with this *Pietro* now Duke,
No stratagem of state vntride was lefte, till you of all
Mal. Of all was quite berefte,
Alas *Maria* too close prisoned:
My true fayth'd dutches i'the *Citadell*.
Celso. Ile still adhere, lets mutinie and die.
Mal. O clime not a falling tower *Celso*,
Tis well held desperation, no Zeale:
Hopeles to striue with fate (peace) Temporize.
Hope, hope, that neuer forsak'st the wretchedst man,
Yet bidst me liue, and lurke in this disguise,
What play I well the free breath'd discontent,
Why man we are all philosophicall monarkes or naturall
fooles, *Celso* the Courtes a fiar, the dutches sheets will smoke
forth ere it be long: Impure *Mendozo* that sharpe nos'd
Lord, that made the cursed match linkt *Genoa* with *Florence*
now brode hornes, the Duke which he now knowes: Dis-
cord to malecontents is very *Manna*, when the rankes are
burst then scuffle *Altophant*.
Celso. I but durste.
Mal. Tis gone, tis swallowed like a minerall, some way
twill worke, phewt ile not shrinke, ,, *Hees resolute who can*
no lower sinke.
Celso. Yonder's *Mendoza*.
Mal. True, the priuie key.
Celso. I take my leaue sweete Lord. *Exit Celso*.
Mal. Tis fit, away.

SCENA.

wln 0209

SCENA QVINTA.

wln 0210

Enter Mendoza with three or foure sutors.

wln 0211

Mend. Leaue your suites with me, I can and will: attend my secretarie, leaue me.

wln 0212

wln 0213

Mal. *Mendoza* harke yee, harke yee, You are a treacherous villaine, God buye yee.

wln 0214

wln 0215

Mend. Out you base borne rascall.

wln 0216

wln 0217

Mal. We are all the sonnes of heauen though a Tripe wife were our mother; a you whore-sonne hot rainde hee

wln 0218

Marmoset, Egistus didst euer here of one *Egistus*?

wln 0219

Mend. *Gistus*?

wln 0220

Mal. I *Egistus*, he was a filthy incontinent Fleshmonger, such a one as thou art.

wln 0221

wln 0222

Mend. Out grumbling roage.

wln 0223

Mal. *Orestes*, beware *Orestes*.

wln 0224

Mend. Out beggar.

wln 0225

Mal. I once shall rise,

wln 0226

Mend. Thou rise?

wln 0227

Mal. I at the resurrection.

wln 0228

No vulgar seede but once may rise and shall,

wln 0229

No King so huge, but fore he die may fall.

Exit.

wln 0230

Mend. Now good *Elizium*, what a delicious heauen is it for a mā to be in a Princes fauour? ô sweet God, ô pleasure!

wln 0231

ô Fortune! ô all thou best of life? what should I thinke?

wln 0232

what say? what do? to be a fauorite? a minion? to haue a generall timerous respect obserue a man, a statefull sci-

wln 0233

lence in his presence: solitarinesse in his absence, a confused **ham** and busie murmure of obsequious suters training him; the cloth held vp, and waye proclaimd before

wln 0234

him; Petitionarie vassailes licking the pauement with their slauish knees, whilst some odde pallace *Lampree-*

wln 0235

les that ingender with Snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides with a kinde of insinuating humblenesse fixe

wln 0236

all their lights vpon his browe: O blessed state what a

wln 0237

wln 0238

wln 0239

wln 0240

wln 0241

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wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261

raushing prospect doth the *Olympus* of fauor yeeld; Death,
I cornute the Duke: sweete women, most sweet Ladies, nay
Angels; by heauen he is more accursed then a Diuell that
hates you, or is hated by you, and happier then a God that
loues you, or is beloued by you; you preseruers of mankind,
life blood of society, who would liue, nay who can liue
without you? O Paradiſe, how maiesticall is your austerer
presence? how imperiouslie chaste is your more modest
face? but O! how full of rauishing attraction is your pretty,
petulant, languishing, laciuiously-composed countenance:
these amarous smiles, those soule-warming sparkling glances;
ardent as those flames that sing'd the world by heedlesse
Phaeton; in body how delicate, in soule how witty, in discourse
how pregnant, in life how wary, in fauours how iudicious,
in day how sociable, and in night how? O pleasure vnutterable,
indeed it is most certaine, one man cannot deserue onely to inioy
a beautious woman: but a Dutches? in dispight of *Phæbus* Ile write
a Sonnet instantly in praise of her.

Exit.

wln 0262

SCENA SEXTA.

wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265

Enter Farnese vshering Aurelia, Emillia and Maquerelle bearing vp her traine, Beancha attending: all goe out but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Farneze.

wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276

Aure. And ist possible? *Mendozo* slight me, possible?
Far. Possible? what can be strange in him thats drunke
with fauour,
Groes insolent with grace, speake *Maquerelle*, speake.
Maque. To speake feelingly, more, more richely in solid
sence then worthlesse words, giue me those Iewels of your
eares to receiue my inforced dutie, as for my part tis well
knowne I can put vp any thing; can beare patiently with
any man: But when I heard hee wronged your pretious
sweetnesse, I was inforced to take deepe offence; Tis most
certaine he loues *Emillia* with high appetite; and as she told

me

wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
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wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312

me (as you knowe we woemen impart our secrets one to another) when she repulsed his suite, in that he was possessed with your indeered grace: *Mendoza* most ingratically renounced all fayth to you.

Fer. Nay, cald you, speake *Maquerelle*, speake.

Maq. By heauen witch? dride bisquet, and contested blushlesly hee lou'd you but for a spurt or soe.

Fer. For maintenance.

Maq. Aduancement and regarde.

Aur. O villaine? O impudent *Mendoza*.

Maq. Nay he is the rustiest iawde, the fowlest mouthd knaue in rayling against our sex: he will rayle agen women.

Aur. How? how?

Maq. I am asham'd to speakt, I.

Aur. I loue to hate him, speake.

Maq. Why when *Emillia* scornde his base vnsteddines the blacke throated rascall scoulded, and sedd.

Aur. What?

Maq. Troth tis too shamelesse,

Aur. What saide he?

Maq. Why that at foure women were fooles, at foure-teene Drabbes, at fortie Bawdes, at fourescore witches, and a hundreth Cats.

Aur. O vnlimitable impudencie!

Fer. But as for poore *Fernezes* fixed hart, Was neuer shadelesse meadow drier parcht, Vnder the scorching heate of heauens dog, Then is my hart with your inforcing eyes.

Maq. A hotte simile.

Fer. Your smiles haue bin my heauē, your frownes my hel, O pittie then; Grace should with beauty dwell.

Maq. Reasonable perfect bir-lady.

Aur. I will loue thee, be it but in dispight, Of that *Mendoza*, witch! *Farneze*, witch! *Ferneze* thou art the Dutches fauorite, Be faithfull, priuate, but tis dangerous,

MALECONTENT.

wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
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wln 0320
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wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348

Fer. „, His loue is liuelesse, that for loue feares breath,
„, The worst thats due to sinne, O would't were death.
Aur. Enioy my fauor, I wil be sick instantly & take phisick,
Therefore in depth of night, visit
Maq. Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not
offend her bed: by this Diamond.
Fer. By this Diamond. *Giues it to Maquerelle.*
Maq. Nor tary longer then you please: by this Ruby.
Fer. By this Ruby.
Maq. And that the doore shall not creake.
Fer. And that the doore shall not creake.
Mal. Nay but sweare.
Ferne. By this purse.
Maq. Goe to, Ile keepe your oathes for you: remem-
ber, visit.
Enter Mendoza reading a Sonnet.
Aur. Dry'd bisquet? looke where the base wretch comes.
Men. *Beauties life, Heauens modell, Loues Queene.*
Maq. Thats his *Aemilia*.
Men. *Natures triumph, best of Earth.*
Maq. Meaning *Emillia*.
Mend. *Thou onely wonder that the world hath seene.*
Maq. Thats *Emilia*.
Aur. Must I then here her praised? *Mendoza*.
Mend. Madam, your excellency is graciously incountred;
I haue bin writing passionate flashes in honor of — *Exit Fer.*
Aur. Out villaine, villaine, O iudgement where haue bin
my eies? what bewitched election made me doate on thee?
what sorcery made me loue thee? but be gone, bury thy
head; O that I could doe more then loath thee: *Hence*
worst of ill, No reason else, my reason is my will.
Exit with Maquer.
Mend. Women? nay furies, nay worse, for they torment
Onely the bad, but women good and bad.
Damnation of mankinde, breath hast thou praised them for
this: And ist you *Ferneze* are wrigled into smock grace; fit

sure,

MALECONTENT.

wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358

sure, O that I could raile against these monsters in nature,
models of hell, curse of the earth, women that dare attempt
any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they
accomplish, without all premeditation or preuention; rashe
in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, ex-
treame in desiring, slaues vnto appetite, mistresses in dissem-
bling, onely constant in vnconstancie, onely perfect in cou-
terfetting: their words are fained, their eyes forg'd, their
sights dissembled, their lookes counterfeit, their haire false,
their giuen hopes deceitfull, their very breath artificiall:

wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361

Their blood is their onely God: Bad clothes, and old age
are onely the Diuels they tremble at:
That I could raile now.

wln 0362

SCENA SEPTIMA.

wln 0363

Enter Pietro his sworde drawne.

wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381

Pietro. A mischiefe fill thy throate, thou fowle iaw'd slaue:
Say thy prayers.

Mend. I ha forgot vm.

Pietro. Thou shalt dye.

Mend. So shalt thou; I am hart mad.

Pietro. I am horne mad.

Mend. Extreame mad.

Pietro. Monstrously mad.

Mend. Why?

Pietro. Why? thou thou hast dishonored my bed.

Mend. I? come, come, sit, heeres my bare heart to thee as
steddy as is this center to this glorious world,
And yet harke thou art a *Cornuto*; but by me?

Pietro. Yes slaue by thee.

Mend. Do not, do not with tart and spleenefull breath,
Loose him can loose thee; I offend my Duke?
Bare record O yee dumbe and raw aird nights,
How vigilant my sleeplesse eyes haue bin,

MALECONTENT.

wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
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wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417

To watch the Traitor; record thou spirit of truth,
With what debasement I ha throne my selfe,
To vnder offices, onely to learne
The truth, the party, time, the meanes, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgrac'd:
And am I paid with slaue? hath my intrusion
To places priuate, and prohibited,
Onely to obserue the closer passages:
Heauen knowes with vowes of reuelation,
Made me suspected, made me deemd a villaine?
What roage hath wronged vs?
Pietro. *Mendoza*, I may erre.
Mend. Erre? tis too mild a name, but erre and erre,
Runne giddy with suspect, fore through me thou know,
That which most creatures saue thy selfe doe know,
Nay since my seruice hath so loath'd reiect,
Fore Ile reueale, shalt finde them clipt together.
Piet. *Mendoza* thou knowst I am a most plaine brested mā.
Mend. The fitter to make a *Cornuto*, would your browes
were most plane to.
Piet. Tell me, indeed I heard thee raile?
Mend. At womē, true, why what cold fleame could chose,
Knowing a Lord so honest, vertuous,
So boundlesse louing, bounteous, faire shapt, sweete,
To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made Cuckold,
Hart, I hate all women for't: sweete sheetes, waxe lights,
Antique bed-posts, Cambrick smocks, villanous curtaines,
Arras pictures, oylde hinges, and all yee tong-tide lasciuious
witnesses of great creatures wantonnesse: what saluation
can you expect?
Piet. Wilt thou tell me?
Mend. Why you may find it your selfe, obserue, obserue.
Piet. I ha not the patience, wilt thou deserue me; tell,
giue it.
Mend. Tak't, why *Farneze* is the man, *Ferneze*, Ile proou't,
this night you shall take him, in your sheets, wilt serue.

Piet. It

MALECONTENT.

wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424
wln 0425
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wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450

Piet. It will, my bozomes in some peace, till night.
Mend. What?
Piet. Farewell.
Mend. God how weake a Lord are you,
Why doe you thinke there is no more but so?
Piet. Why?
Mend. Nay then will I presume to counsell you,
It should be thus; you with some garde vpon the suddaine
Breake into the Princes chamber, I stay behinde
Without the doore, through which he needs must passe,
Ferneze flies, let him, to me he comes, hee's kild
By me, obserue by me, you follow, I raile,
And seeme to saue the body: Dutches comes
On whom (respecting her aduanced birth,
And your faire nature) I know, nay I doe know
No violence must be vsed. She comes, I storme,
I praise, excuse *Ferneze*, and still maintaine
The Dutches honor, she for this loues me,
I honor you, shall know her soule, you mine,
Then naught shall she contriue in vengeance,
(As women are most thoughtfull in reuenge)
Of her *Ferneze*, but you shall sooner know't
Then she can think't, thus shall his death come sure,
Your Dutches braine-caught; so your life secure.
Piet. It is too well, my bozome, and my hart,
„ *When nothing helps, cut of the rotten part.*
Mend. Who cannot faine friendship, can nere produce
the effects of hatred: Honest foole Duke, subtile lasciuious
Dutches, silly nouice *ferneze*; I doe laugh at yee, my braine
is in labour till it produce mischief, & I feele sudden thro's,
proofes sencible, the issue is at hand.
„ *As Beares shape young, so Ile forme my deuice,*
„ *Which growne prooues horrid: Vengeance makes men wise.*

Exit.

MALECONTENT.

ACTVS SECVNDVS. SCE. PRIMA.

wln 0451

*Enter Mendoza with a Sconce, to obserue Fernezes entrance,
who whilst the Act is playing: Enter vnbraced 2. Pages
before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and
conuaide in. The Dutches Pages
sent away.*

wln 0452

wln 0453

wln 0454

wln 0455

wln 0456

wln 0457

wln 0458

wln 0459

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

wln 0478

wln 0479

wln 0480

wln 0481

wln 0482

wln 0483

wln 0484

wln 0485

Men. Hee's caught, the Woodcocks head is i'th noose,
Now treads *Ferneze* in daungerous path of lust,
Swearing his sence is meerely deified.
The foole grasps clouds, and shall beget *Centaures*.
And now in strength of panting faint delight,
The Goate bids heauen enuie him; good Goose,
I can afforde thee nothing but the poore cōfort of calamity,
„ *Lusts like the plummets hanging on clock lines,* (Pitty.
Will nere a done till all is quite is vndone.
Such is the course salt sallow lust doth runne.
Which thou shalt trie; Ile be reueng'd. Duke thy suspect,
Dutches thy disgrace, *Ferneze* thy riuall-ship,
Shall haue swift vengeance, nothing so holy,
No band of nature so strong,
No law of friendship so sacred,
But ile prophane, burst, violate
Fore ile indure disgrace: contempt and pouertie:
Shall I whose very humme, strooke all heads bare,
Whose face made scilence: creaking of whose shooe,
Forc'd the most priuate passages flie ope,
Scrape like a seruile dog at some latch'd doore?
Learne now to make a leg? and cry beseech yee,
Pray yee is such a Lord within? be aw'd
At some odde vshers scoft formality?
First seare my braines: *Unde cadis non quo refert.*
My hart cries perish all, how? how? what fate?
„ *Can once auoide reuenge, thats desperate,*
Ile to the Duke, if all should ope, if? tush
„ *Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush.*

SCENA.

MALECONTENT.

SCENA SECVNDA.

wln 0486

wln 0487

wln 0488

*Enter Maleuole at one doore, Beancha, Emillia and
Maquerelle at the other doore.*

wln 0489

Mal. Blesse ye cast a Ladies; ha *Dipsas*, how doost thou

wln 0490

Maq. Olde *Cole*? (old *Cole*.)

wln 0491

Mal. I old *Cole*, me thinkes thou liest like a brand vnder
these billets of greene wood.

wln 0492

wln 0493

wln 0494

wln 0495

wln 0496

wln 0497

wln 0498

wln 0499

He that will inflame a yonge wench's hart, let him lay close
to her, an ould *Cole* that hath first bin fierd a *pandresse*, my
halfe burnt lynt, who though thou canst not flame thy selfe
yet art able to set a 1000. virgins tapers a fiar: and how do's
Ianiwere thy husband, my little periwinckle: is a trobled with
the cough a the Lunges still, does he hawke anights still, he
will not bite.

wln 0500

Bean. No by my troth, I tooke him with his mouth emp-
tie of ould teeth.

wln 0501

wln 0502

Mal. And he tooke thee with thy belly ful of yong bones,
marry he tooke his maime by the stroake of hisemie.

wln 0503

wln 0504

Bean. And I myne by the stroake of my freinde:

wln 0505

wln 0506

wln 0507

wln 0508

wln 0509

wln 0510

Mal. The close stock, ô mortall wench: Ladie ha ye now no
restoratius for your decayed *Iason*, looke yee, Crabs guts
bak't, distil'd Oxe-pith, the puluerized haire of a Lyons vp-
per lip, gelly of Cock-sparrowes, Hee Monkeis marrow, or
powder of Foxe-stones; and whither are all you ambling
now?

wln 0511

Beanc. Why to bed, to bed.

wln 0512

Mal. Doe your husbands lye with yee?

wln 0513

Bean. That were countrey fashion yfaith.

wln 0514

wln 0515

Mal. Ha yee no foregoers about you; come, whither in
good deed law now?

wln 0516

wln 0517

wln 0518

wln 0519

Maq. In good indeed law now, to eate the most mira-
culously, admirably, astonishable compos'd Posset with
three Curds, without any drinke: will yee helpe me with a
Hee Fox: heer's the Duke.

Exeunt Ladies.

MALECONTENT.

wln 0520

SCENA TERTIA

wln 0521

*Enter Duke Pietro, Count Celso, Count Equato,
Bilioso, Ferrard, and Mendozo.*

wln 0522

wln 0523

Piet. The night growes deepe and fowle, what houre ist?

wln 0524

Celso. Vpon the stroake of twelue.

wln 0525

Mal. Saue yee Duke.

wln 0526

Piet. From thee, begone I do not loue thee, let me see
thee no more, we are displeasd.

wln 0527

wln 0528

Mal. Why God buy thee, heauen heare my curse,
May thy wife and thee liue long together.

wln 0529

Piet. Be gone sirra.

wln 0530

wln 0531

Mal. When *Arthur* first in Court began, — *Agamemnon*,
Menelaus, — was euer any Duke a *Cornuto*,

wln 0532

Piet. Begon hence.

wln 0533

wln 0534

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

wln 0535

Mend. Out with him.

wln 0536

Mal. With most seruile patience, time will come,
When wonder of thy error will strike dumbe,
Thy beseld sence, slaues I fauour, I marry shall he rise,
„ *Good God how subtile Hell doth flatter vice*,
„ *Mount him aloft, and makes him seeme to flie*,
„ *As foule the Tortois mockt: who to the skie*,
„ *Th'ambitious shell fish rais'd, th'end of all*,
„ *Is onely that from height he might dead fall.*

wln 0537

wln 0538

wln 0539

wln 0540

wln 0541

wln 0542

wln 0543

Exit.

wln 0544

Piet. It shall be so.

wln 0545

Mend. It must be so, for where great States reuenge,
Tis requisite, the parts with piety
And soft respect forbear, be closely dogd,
Lay one into his breast shall sleepe with him,
Feede in the same dish, run in selfe faction,
Who may disseuer any shape of danger,
For once disgrac'd, discovered in offence,
It makes man blushlesse, and man is (all confesse)

wln 0546

wln 0547

wln 0548

wln 0549

wln 0550

wln 0551

wln 0552

More

MALECONTENT.

wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
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wln 0559
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wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588

More prone to vengeance then to gratefulness.
„ *Fauours are writ in dust, but stripes we feele,*
„ *Depraued nature stamps in lasting steele.*
Piet. You shalbe leagued with the Dutches.
Equat. The plot is very good.
Mend. You shall both kill, and seeme the course to saue.
Ferrard. A most fine braine trick.
Celso. Of a most cunning knaue.
Pietro. My Lords: The heauy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the vgliest shapes
That can confound a soule, thinke, thinke of it;
I strike but yet like him that gainst stone walles,
Directs his shaftes, rebounds in his owne face,
My Ladies shame is mine, O God, tis mine.
Therefore I do coniure all secresie,
Let it be as very little as may be; pray yee, as may be;
Make frightlesse entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
Staine naught with blood, onely *Ferneze* dyes,
But not before her browes: O Gentlemen
God knowes I loue her, nothing els, but this
I am not well; if grieffe that sucks veines drye,
Riuels the skinne, casts ashes in mens faces,
Be-duls the eye, vnstrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remooue me to an other world,
As sure I once must dye: let him succeed:
I haue no childe, all that my youth begot,
Hath bin your loues, which shall inherit me,
Which as it euer shall, I doe coniure it
Mendoza may succeed, hees nobly borne;
With me of much desert.
Celso. Much.
Pietro. Your silence answeres I,
I thanke you, come on now, ô that I might dye,
Before her shames displaide, would I were forst
To burne my fathers Tombe; vnhill his boanes,
And dash them in the durt, rather then this:

MALECONTENT.

This both the liuing and the dead offends,
„ *Sharpe surgery where nought but death amends.*

Exit with others.

SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Maquerelle, Emillia and Beanca,
with a Posset.*

Maq. Euen here it is, three curds in three regions indiui-
duallie distinct,
Most methodically according to art compos'd, without a-
ny drinke.

Bean. Without any drinke.

Maq. Vpon my honour, will yee sit and eate.

Emil. Good the composure the receite, how ist:

Maq. Tis a pretty pearle, by this pearle, (how dost with
me) thus it is, seauen and thirty yowlks of *Barbarie* hennes
eggs, eightene spoonfulles and a halfe of the Ioice of cock-
sparrowe bones, one ounce, three drams, foure scruples, and
one quarter of the Sirrop of *Ethiopian* Dates, sweetned with
three quarters of a pound of pure *Candid Indian Eringos*,
strow'd ouer with the powder of Pearle of *America*, *Amber*
of *Cataia*, and Lambe stones of *Muscouia*.

Bean. Trust me the ingredients are very Cordiall, and no
question good, and most powerfull in operation.

Maq. I know not what you meane by restauracion, but
this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skinne, in-
lifeneth the eye, strengthneth the vaines, mundefieth the
teeth, comforteth the stomacke, fortifieth the backe, and
quickneth the wit, thats all.

Emil By my troth I haue eaten but two spoonefuls, and
me thinkes I could discourse most swiftly, and wittily al-
ready.

Maq. Haue you the art to seeme honest.

Bean. I thanke aduise and practise.

Maq.

wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591

wln 0592

wln 0593
wln 0594

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MALECONTENT.

wln 0622
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wln 0656

Maq. Why then eate me a this posset, quicken your blood, and preserue your beauty, doe you knowe Doctor Plaster-face, by this curd he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, sprightning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks, surpheling of brests, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that euer made an ould ladie gratuitous by torch-light: by this curd law.

Bean. Well we are resolu'd, what God has giuen vs weell cherish.

Maq. Cherish any thing sauing your husband, keepe him not too high least he leape the pale: but for your beauty, let it be your Saint, bequeath two howers to it euery morning in your closet, I ha bin yong, and yet in my conscience I am not aboue fiue and twenty, but beleue me, preserue and vse your beauty, for youth and beautie once gone, we are like Beehiues without honey: out a fashion, apparell that no man will weare, therefore vse me your beauty.

Emil. I but men say.

Maq. Men say, let men say what the will, life a woman, they are ignorant of our wants, the more in yeeres the more in perfection the grow: if they loose youth and beauty, they gaine wisdom and discretion: But when our beauty fades, godnight with vs, there cannot be an vglie thing to see then an ould woman, from which, ô pruning, pinching, and painting, deliuer all sweete beauties.

Bean. Harke musique.

Maq. Peace tis ithe Dutches bed-chamber, good rest most prosperously grac'd ladies.

Emil. Godnight centinell.

Bean. Night deere Maquerelle.

Exeunt at seuerall doores.

Maq. May my possets operation send you my witt and honesty,
And me your youth and beauty, the pleasingst rest.

Exit.

SCENA

MALECONTENT.

SCENA QVINTA.

A Song.

Whilst the Song is singing, enter Mendoza with his sworde drawne standing ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Dutches chamber.

wln 0662
wln 0663
*Tumult
within.*

All. Strike, strike.

Aur. Saue my *Ferneze*, ô saue my *Ferneze*.

Enter Ferneze in his shirt, and is receiud vpon Mendoz. sword.

All. Follow, pershew.

Aur. O saue *Ferneze*.

Mend. Pierce, pierce, thou shallow foole drop there,
He that attempts a Princes lawlesse loue,
Must haue broad hands, close hart with *Argos* eyes,
And back of *Hercules*, or els he dyes.

*Enter Aurelia, Duke Pietro, Ferrard, Bilioso,
Celso and Equato.*

All. Follow, follow,

Mend. Stand off, forbear, yee most vnciuill Lords.

Piet. Strike.

Mend. Do not; tempt not a man resolu'd;
Would you inhumane murtherers more then death?

Aur. O poore *Ferneze*.

Mend. Alas now all defence too late.

Aur. Hee's dead.

Piet. I am sorry for our shame, goe to your bed,
Weepe not too much, but leaue some teares to shed
When I am dead?

Aur. What weepe for thee? my soule no teares shall find.

Piet. Alas, alas, that womens soules are blind.

Mend. Betraye such beauty? murther such youth? con-
temne ciuilitie,
He loues him not that railes not at him.

Piet. Thou canst not mooue vs, we haue blood inough;
And please you Lady we haue quite forgot

wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
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wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
*Mendoza
bestrids the
v wounded
body of Fer-
neze and
seemes to
saue him.*

MALECONTENT.

wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
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wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726

All your defects: if not, why then

Aur. Not.

Piet. Not: the best of rest, good night.

*Exit Pietro with
other Courtiers.*

Aur. Despight goe with thee.

Mend. Madam, you ha done me foule disgrace,

You haue wrongd him much, loues you too much.

Goe to; your soule knowes you haue.

Aur. I thinke I haue.

Mend. Do you but thinke so?

Aur. Nay sure I haue, my eyes haue witnessed thy loue,

Thou hast stood too firme for me.

Mend. Why tell me faire cheekt Lady, who euen in teares

Art powerfully beautious, what vnaduised passion

Strooke yee into such a violent heate against me,

Speake, what mischiefe wrongd vs? what diuell iniur'd vs?

Speake?

Aur. That thing nere worthy of the name of mā; *Ferneze*,
Ferneze swore thou lou'st *Emillia*,

Which to aduance, with most reprochfull breath,

Thou both didst blemish and denounce my loue.

Mend. Ignoble Villaine, did I for this bestride

Thy wounded limbs; for this? ranck opposite

Euen to my Soueraigne: for this? O God for this?

Sunke all my hopes, and with my hopes my life,

Ript bare my throate vnto the hangmans Axe,

Thou most dishonour'd trunke — *Emillia*?

By life I know her not — *Emillia*?

Did you beleeeue him?

Aur. Pardon me, I did.

Mend. Did you, and therevpon you graced him?

Aur. I did.

Mend. Tooke him to fauour, nay euen claspd with him?

Aur. Alas I did.

Mend. This night?

Aur. This night.

Mend. And in your lustfull twines the Duke tooke you?

MALECONTENT.

wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
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wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762

Aur. A most sad truth.

Mend. O God, O God, how we dull honest soules,
Heauy braind men, are swallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitfull ground, whilst nimble bloods,
Light iointed spirits pent, cut good mens throats,
And scape alas, I am too honest for this age,
Too full of fleame, and heauy steddinesse:
Stood still whilst this slaue cast a noose about me;
Nay then to stand in honor of him, and her,
Who had euen slic'd my hart.

Aur. Come I did erre, and am most sorry, I did erre.

Mend. Why we are both but dead, the Duke hates vs
„ *And those whome Princes doe once groundly hate,*
„ *Let them prouide to dye; as sure as fate,*
„ *Preuention is the hart of pollicie.*

Aur. Shall we murder him.

Mend. Instantly?

Aur. Instantly, before he casts a plot,
Or further blaze my honours much knowne blot,
Lets murther him?

Mend. I would do much for you, will ye marry me?

Aur. Ile make thee Duke, we are of *Medices*,
Florence our friend, in court my faction
Not meanly strength-full; the Duke then dead,
We well prepar'd for change, the multitude
Irresolutely reeling, we in force,
Our partie seconded, the kingdome mazde,
No doubt of swift successe all shalbe grac'd.

Mend. You do confirme me, we are resolute,
To morrow looke for change, rest confident,
Tis now about the immodest waste of night,
The mother of moist dew with pallid light,
Spreads gloomy shades about the nummed earth,
Sleepe, sleepe, whilst we contriue our michiefes birth,
This man ile get inhum'de, farewell, to bed,
I kisse thy pillow, dreame, the duke is dead.

Exit Aurelia.

So,

MALECONTENT.

wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772

So, so, good night, how fortune dotes on impudence,
I am in priuate the adopted sonne of yon good Prince,
I must be Duke, why if I must, I must,
Most silly Lord, name me? O heauen
I see God made honest fooles, to maintaine craftie knaues:
The dutches is wholly mine too; must kill her husband
To quit her shame, mutch: then marry her: I,
O I grow proud in prosperous trecherie,
As wrestlers clip, so ile imbrace you all,
Not to support, but to procure your fall.

wln 0773

Enter Maleuole.

wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785
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wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797

Mal. God arrest thee.
Mend. At whose suite?
Mal. At the diuels, ha you treacherous damnable monster,
How doost? how doost thou treacherous roage,
Ha yee rascall, I am banisht the Court, Sirra.
Mend. Prethee lets be acquainted, I do loue thee faith.
Mal. At your seruice, by the Lord law, shals go to supper,
Lets be once drunke together, and so vnite a most vertu-
ously strengthned friendship, shals *Hugonot*, shals?
Mend. Wilt fall vpon my chamber to morrow morne.
Mal. As a Rauens to a dunghill, they say ther's one dead
here prickt for the pride of the flesh.
Mend. *Ferneze*: there he is, prey thee bury him.
Mal. O most willingly, I meane to turne pure Rochell
Churchman, I.
Mend. Thou Churchman, why? why?
Mal. Because ile liue lazely, faile vpon authoritie, deny
Kings supremacie in things indifferent, and bee a Pope in
mine owne parish.
Mend. Wherefore doo'st thou thinke Churches were
made?
Mal. To scoure Plough-shares, I ha seene Oxen plough
vp Altars: *Et nunc seges vbi sion fuit.*
Mend. Strange.

MALECONTENT.

wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
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wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832

Mal. Nay monstrous, I ha seene a sumptuous steeple turned to a stinking priuie: more beastly, the sacredst place made a Doggs kenill: nay most inhumane, the ston'd coffins of long dead Christians burst vp, and made Hogstroughs. *Hic finis Priami.*

Shall I ha some sack, and cheese at thy chamber,
Good night, good mischuious incarnate diuill, godnight
Mendoza, ha, yee Inhumain villaine godnight, night fub:

Men. God night: to morrow morne. *Exit Mendoza.*

Mal. I, I will come friendly Damnation, I will come,
I doe discrie crosse-poynts, honesty, and court-ship, straddle
as farre a sunder, as a true Frenchmans legges.

Ferne. O!

Mal. Proclamations, more proclamations.

Fer. O a Surgion.

Mal. Hark lust cries for a surgion, what news from *Limbo*
How does the graund cuckold *Lucifer*.

Fer. O helpe, helpe, conceale & saue me.

Ferneze stirs & Male. helps him vp and conuaies him away.

Mal. Thy shame more then thy wounds do grieue me far,
„ Thy woundes but leaue vpon thy flesh some skarre:
„ But fame neare heales still ranckl's worse and worse,
„ Such is of vncontrolled Lust the curse.
„ Thinke what it is in lawlesse sheetes to lye,
„ But ô *Ferneze* what in lust to die:
„ Then thou that shame respects ô flie conuerse,
„ With womens eyes and lisping wantonnesse:
„ Stick candells gainst a virgin walles white back,
„ If they not burne, yet at the least theile blacke,
Come Ile conuey thee to a priuate porte,
Where thou shalt liue (O happy man) from court.
The beautie of the daye begins to rize,
From whose bright forme *Nights* heaue shadow flies.
Now gins close plots to worke, the Sceane growes full,
And craues his eyes who hath a sollid Skull.

Exeunt.

ACTVS

wln 0833

ACTVS TERTIVS. SCENA PRIMA.

wln 0834

Enter Pietro the Duke, Mendoz: Count Equato and Bilioso.

wln 0835

Piet. Tis growne to youth of day, how shall we wast this

wln 0836

My hart's more heauie then a tyrants crowne.

(light?

wln 0837

Shall we goe hunt? Prepare for field.

Exit Equa.

wln 0838

Mend. Would yee could be merry.

wln 0839

Piet. Would God I could: *Mendoza* bid am hast.

Exit

wln 0840

I would faine shift place, O vaine reliefe.

Mendo.

wln 0841

„ *Sad soules may well change place, but not change grieffe:*

wln 0842

As Deere being struck flie thorow many soyles,

wln 0843

Yet still the shaft stick fast, so, A good old simile my honest

wln 0844

I am not much vnlike to some sickman,

(Lord,

wln 0845

That long desired hurtfull drinke; at last

wln 0846

Swilles in and drinks his last, ending at once

wln 0847

Both life and thirst: O would I nere had knowne

wln 0848

My owne dishonor: good God, that men should

wln 0849

Desire to search out that, which being found kils all

wln 0850

Their ioye of life: to taste the tree of Knowledge,

wln 0851

And then be driuen from out Paradiſe.

wln 0852

Canst giue me some comfort?

wln 0853

Bili. My Lord, I haue some bookes which haue beene

wln 0854

dedicated to my honor, and I neare read am, and yet they

wln 0855

had very fine names: *Phisicke for Fortune: Lozingses of sancti-*

wln 0856

fied sincerity; very prettie workes of Curats, Scriueners and

wln 0857

Schoolemaisters. Mary I remember one *Seneca, Lucius A-*

wln 0858

neus Seneca.

wln 0859

Piet. Out vpon him, he writ of Temperance and Forti-

wln 0860

tude, yet liued like a voluptuous Epicure, and died like an

wln 0861

effeminate coward. Hast thee to *Florence*: heere take our

wln 0862

Letters, see um seald, awaye: report in priuate to the ho-

wln 0863

nournd duke his daughters forc'd disgrace, tell him at length

wln 0864

we know too much, due complaints aduaunce.

wln 0865

„ *Theres naught thats safe and sweete but Ignorance.*

wln 0866

E

Exit Duke.

SCENA.

MALECONTENT.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Maleuole in some freeze gowne whilest Bilioso
reades his Patent.*

Mal. I cannot sleepe my eyes ill neighbouring lids
Will holde no fellowship: O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sence doost steepe:
Thou that giues all the world full leaue to play,
Vnbendst the feebled vaines of sweatie labour;
The Gally-slaue, that all the toilesome day,
Tugges at his oare against the stubborne waue,
Straining his rugged vaines; snores fast:
The stooping Sitheman that dooth barbe the field,
Thou makst winke sure: in night all creatures sleepe,
Onely the Malecontent, that gainst his fate,
Repines and quarrels, alas hees goodman tell-clock,
His sallow iaw-bones sincke with wasting mone,
Whilst other beds are downe, his pillowes stone.

Bili. Maleuole.

Mal. Elder of Izrael, thou honest defect of wicked na-
ture and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee
lie with her?

Bili. I am going Embassadour to *Florence*.

Mal. Ambassador, now for thy countries honor, preethe
doe not put vp Mutton and Porredge i'thy clock bag: thy
yong lady wife goes to *Florence* with thee too do's she not?

Bili. No, I leaue her at the Pallace.

Mal. At the Pallace? now discretion shield man, for Gods
loue lets ha no more cuckolds, *Hymen* begins to put of his
Saffron robe, keepe thy wife i'the state of grace, **harr** a truth,
I would sooner leaue my lady singled in a *Bordello*, then in
the *Genoa* pallace, sinne there appearing in her sluttish shape
Would soone grow loathsome, euen to **blushes** sence,
Surfet would cloake intemperate appetite,
Make the soule sent the rotten breath of lust.
When in an *Italian* lasciuious Pallace, a Lady gardianlesse.
Left to the push of all allurement,
The strongest incitements to immodestie,

wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
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wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903

MALECONTENT.

wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
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wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940

To haue her bound, incensed with wanton sweetes,
Her vaines fild hie with heating delicates,
Soft rest, sweete Musick, amorous Masquerers, lasciuious
banquets, sinne it selfe gilt ore, strong phantasie tricking vp
strange delights, presenting it dressed pleasingly to sence,
sence leading it vnto the soule, confirmed with potent ex-
ample, impudent custome intic'd by that great bawd op-
portunitie, thus being prepar'd, clap to her easie eare,
youth in good clothes, well shapt, rich, faire spoken, promi-
sing noble, ardent bloud-full, wittie, flattering, *Ulysses* absent,
O *Ithaca* can chastest *Penelope* hold out.

Bil. Masse ile thinke on't farewell.

Exit Bilioso.

Mal. Farewell, take thy wife with the, farewell,
To *Florence*, um? it may proouee good, it may,
And we may once vnmaske our browes.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Count Celzo.

Cel. My honour'd Lord.

Mal. *Celso* peace, how ist? speake loe, pale feares suspect
that hedges, walls & trees haue eares, speake how runs all?

Cel. I faith my Lord, that beast with many heads,
The staggering multitude recoiles apace,
Though thorow great mens enuie, most mens mallice,
Their much intemperate heate hath banisht you.
Yet now they faind enuie and mallice neere,
Produce faint reformation.

The Duke, the too soft Duke lies as a block,
For which two tugging factions seeme to sawe,
But still the Yron through the ribbes they drawe.

Mal. I tell thee *Celzo*, I haue euer found
Thy brest most farre from shifting cowardize
And fearfull basenesse: therefore ile tell thee *Celzo*,
I finde the winde begins to come about, (ly force,
Ile shift my sute of fortune, I know the *Florentine* whose on-
By marrying his prowde daughter to this Prince,
Both banisht me, and made this weake Lord Duke,
Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:

MALECONTENT.

wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
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wln 0976
wln 0977

Ile lye in ambush for conueniencie,
Vpon their seuerance to confirme my selfe.
Cel. Is *Ferneze* interred?
Mal. Of that at leisure: he liues.
Cel. But how stands *Mendoza*, how ist with him?
Mal. Faith like a paire of Snuffers, snibbes filth in other
men, and retaines it in himselfe.
Cel. He do's flie frō publique notice me thinks, as a Haire
do's from hounds, the feet wheron he flies betraies him.
Mal. I can track him *Celzo*:
O my disguise fooles him most powerfully:
For that I seeme a desperate malecontent
He faine would claspe with me: he is the true slaue,
That will put on the most affected grace, *Enter Mendoz.*
For some vild second cause.
Cel. Hees here.
Mal. Giue place.
Illo, ho ho ho, art there old true peny, *Exit Celso.*
Where hast thou spent thy selfe this morning? I see flattery
in thine eyes, & damnation i'thy soule. Ha ye huge Rascal.
Men. Thou art very merry. (go with thee now.
Mal. As a scholler *futuens gratis*: How doz the deuill
Men. *Maleuole*, thou art an arrant knaue.
Mal. Who I? I haue beene a Sergeant man.
Men. Thou art very poore.
Mal. As *Iob*, an Alcumist, or a Poet.
Men. The Duke hates thee.
Mal. As *Irishmen* do bum-cracks.
Men. Thou hast lost his amitie.
Mal. As pleasing as Maids loose their virginitie. (noble.
Men. Would thou wert of a lustie spirit, would thou wert
Mal. Why sure my bloud giues me I am noble, sure I am
of noble kinde, for I finde my selfe possessed with all their
qualities: loue Dogs, Dice and Drabs, scorne witte in stufte
clothes, haue beate my Shoemaker, knockt my Sempstres,
cuckold my Pottecary, and vndone my Taylor.
Noble, why not? since the Stoick said; *Neminem seruum non*

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wln 1014

ex regibus, neminem regem non ex seruis esse oriundum, only busie fortune towses, and the prouident chaunces blends them together; Ile giue you a symilie: did you ere see a Well with 2. buckets, whilst one comes vp full to be emptied, another goes downe emptie to be filled; such is the state of all humanitie: why looke you, I may be the sonne of some Duke, for beleeeue me intemperate lasciuious bastardie makes nobility doubtfull, I haue a lusty daring hart *Mendoza*.

Men. Lets graspe? I doe like thee infinitely, wilt inact one thing for me?

Mal. Shall I get by it? *Giues him his purse.*
Commaund me, I am thy slaue, beyond death and hell.

Men. Murther the Duke?

Mal. My harts wish, my soules desire, my fantasies dream, My blouds longing, the only haight of my hopes, how? O God how? O how my vnited spirits throng together, So strengthen my resolute.

Men. The Duke is now a hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the diuell would haue it, lend me, lend me, Rapier Pistol, Crosebow: so, so, ile do it.

Men. Then we agree. (forme?)

Mal. As Lent and Fishmongers, come *a cape a pe*, how in

Men. Know that this weake braind duke, who only stands on *Florence* stilts, hath out of witlesse zeale made me his heire, and secretly confirmed the wreathe to me after his lifes full point.

Mal. Vpon what merit?

Men. Merit? by heauen I horne him, onely *Fernezie's* death gaue me states life: tut we are politique, he must not liue now.

Mal. No reason marry: but how must he dye now.

Men. My vtmost proiect is to murder the Duke, that I might haue his state, because he makes me his heire: to banish the Duches, that I might be rid of a cūning *Lacedemonian*, because I know *Florence* will forsake her, & then to marrie *Maria* the banished duke *Altofronts* wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction, this is all lawe.

MALECONTENT.

wln 1015

Mal. Doe you loue *Maria*.

wln 1016

Mend. Faith noe great affection, but as wise men do loue great wemen to innoble their bloud and augment their re-uenew: to accomplish this now, thus now. The Duke is in the forest next the Sea, single him, kill him, hurle him i'the maine, and proclaime thou sawst Woolues eate him.

wln 1017

wln 1018

wln 1019

wln 1020

wln 1021

Mal. Vm, not so good, me thinkes when he is slayne to get some Ipocrite, some daungerous wretch thats muffled, or with fayned holines to sweare he hard the Duke on some steepe cliffe lament his wifes dishonor, and in an agony of his hearts torture hurled his groning sides into the swolne sea, this circumstance well made, soundes probable, and hereupon the Dutches.

wln 1022

wln 1023

wln 1024

wln 1025

wln 1026

wln 1027

Men. May well be banished: ô vnpeerable inuension, rare, Thou God of pollicie! it hunnies me. (her.

wln 1028

wln 1029

wln 1030

Mal. Then feare not for the wife of *Altofront*, ile close to

wln 1031

Men. Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellencie is pleased: why wert not thou an Emperour, when wee are Duke ile make thee some great man sure?

wln 1032

wln 1033

wln 1034

Mal. Nay make me some ritch knaue, and Ile make my selfe some great man.

wln 1035

wln 1036

Mend. In thee be all my spirit, retaine ten soules, vnite thy vertuall powers, resolute, ha, remember greatnesse, hart farewell. *Enter Celso.*

wln 1037

wln 1038

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

wln 1039

wln 1040

Mal. *Celzo* didst heare? ô heauen didst heare?

wln 1041

Such diuelish mischiefe, sufferest thou the world

wln 1042

Carowse damnation euen with greedie swallow,

wln 1043

And still doost winke, still duz thy vengeance slumber,

wln 1044

If now thy browes are cleare; when will they thunder. *Exit.*

wln 1045

SCENA QVARTA.

wln 1046

Enter Pietro, Ferrard, Prespasso and three Pages.

wln 1047

Ferr. The Dogges are at a fault. *Cornets like hornes.*

wln 1048

Piet. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it? let the Deare persue safely, the Dogs follow the game, and do

wln 1049

you

MALECONTENT.

wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
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wln 1068
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wln 1070
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wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085

you follow the dogges, as for me, tis vnfit one beast should hunt another; I ha one chaseth me: and please you I would be rid of yee a little.

Ferr. Would your grieffe would as soone as wee, leaue you to quietnesse.

Exeunt.

Piet. I thanke you: Boy; what dost thou dreame of now?

Page. Of a drie summer my Lord for heer's a hote world towards: but my Lord I had a strange dreame last night.

Piet. What strange dreame?

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

Piet. Prettily begd: hold thee, ile prooue thy dreame true, tak't.

Page. My dutie: But still I dreamt on my Lord, and me thought and shall please your excellencie, you would needs out of your royall bountie giue me that iewell in your Hat.

Piet. O thou didst but dreame boye, doe not beleue it, dreames prooue not alwayes true, they may hold in a shorte sworde, but not in a Iewell. But now sir you dreame you had pleasd me with singing, make that true as I ha made the other.

Page. Faith my Lorde I did but dreame, and dreames you say prooue not alwayes true: they may hold in a good sworde, but not in a good song: the truth is, I ha lost my voyce.

Piet. Lost thy voyce, how?

Page. With dreaming faith but here's a couple of Syrenicall rascall shall inchaunt yee: What shall they singe my good Lorde?

Piet. Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of varietie, olde crochets and most sweet closes; it shall be humerous, graue, fantastick, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Pags. All in on?

Piet. Bir Lady too many sing, my spech growes culpable of vnthriftie idlencsse, sing.

MALECONTENT.

The Song.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Maleuole with Crosebowe and Pistoll.

A, so. so, sing, I am heauie, walke of, I shall talke in my sleepe
walke of. *Exeunt Pages.*

Mal. Briefe, briefe, who? the Duke? good heauen that
fooles should stumble vpon greatnesse? do not sleepe duke,
giue yee good morrow: must be briefe Duke. I am feed to
murther thee, start not; *Mendozo, Mendozo* hired me, her's
his gold, his Pistoll, Crosbowe, Sword, tis all as firme as
earth: O foole, foole, choakt with the common maze of
easie Ideots, credulity make him thine heire, what thy
sworne murderer?

Pietro. O can it be?

Mal. Can?

Pietro. Discouered he not *Ferneze*?

Mal. Yes, but why? but why? for loue to thee, much,
much, to be reueng'd vpon his riuall, who had thrust his
iawes awrye, who being slaine supposed by thine owne
hands; defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome,
him most gracious, with thy loose Princes, thou closely
yeelding egresse and regresse to hir, madest him heire,
whose hot vnquiet lust straight towzd thy sheetes, and now
would seaze thy state, polititian, wise man, death to be led
to the stake, like a Bull by the hornes to make euen kindnes
cut a gentle throate, life, why art thou numb'd: Thou fog-
gie dulnesse speake? liues not more faith in a home thrust-
ing tongue, then in these fencing tip tap Courtiers.

Enter Celso with a Hermits gowne and beard.

Cel. Lord *Maleuole*, if this be true

Mal. If? come shade thee with this disguise, if? thou
shalt handle it, he shall thanke thee for killing thy selfe,
come follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange
sleights.

Pietro.

wln 1086

wln 1087

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

wln 1111

wln 1112

wln 1113

wln 1114

wln 1115

wln 1116

wln 1117

wln 1118

wln 1119

MALECONTENT.

Pietro. World whether wilt thou?

Mal. Why to the Divell: come, the morne growes late.
A steady quicknes is the soule of state.

Exeunt.

Finis actus tertij.

ACTVS QVARTVS,
SCEN. PRIMA.

Enter Maquarelle, knocking at the Ladies dore.

Maq. Medam, Medam, are you stirring Medame, if
you be stirring Medam, if I thought I should disturbe yee.

Page. My Lady is vp forsooth.

Maq. A, pretty boy, faith how old art thou?

Page. I thinke foureteene.

Maq. Nay, and yee be in the teens, are yee a gentleman
borne, do you know me, my name is Medam *Maquerelle*,
I lye in the old Cunny Court.

Enter Beancha and Emilia.

See heere the Ladyes.

Bean. A faire day to yee *Maquerelle*.

Emili. Is the Dutches vp yet *Centinell*?

Maq. O Ladies, the most abhominable mischance, O
deare Ladies the most piteous disaster, *Farneze* was taken
last night in the Dutches Chamber: Alas the Duke catcht
him and kild him.

Bean. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O no, but the villanous certenty is, the dore was
not bolted, the tongue-tyed hatch held his peace, so the
naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilest I like an
arrand beast lay in the outward Chamber, heard nothing,
and yet they came by me in the dark, and yet I felt thē not,
like a sencelesse creature as I was. O beauties, looke to
your buske-poynts, if not chastely, yet charily: be sure
the doore be boulded: is your Lorde gone to *Florence*?

Bean. Yes *Maquarelle*.

Maq. I hope youle finde the discretion to purchase a
fresh gowne fore his returne: Now by my troth beauties,

wln 1120

wln 1121

wln 1122

wln 1123

wln 1124

wln 1125

wln 1126

wln 1127

wln 1128

wln 1129

wln 1130

wln 1131

wln 1132

wln 1133

wln 1134

wln 1135

wln 1136

wln 1137

wln 1138

wln 1139

wln 1140

wln 1141

wln 1142

wln 1143

wln 1144

wln 1145

wln 1146

wln 1147

wln 1148

wln 1149

wln 1150

wln 1151

wln 1152

wln 1153

wln 1154

MALCONTENT.

wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190

I would ha ye once wise: he loues ye, pish: he is witty, bubble: faire proportioned, mew: nobly borne, winde; let this be still your fixt position, esteeme me euery man according to his good gifts, and so yee shall euer remaine most deare, and most woorthie to be most deare Ladies.

Emilia. Is the Duke returnd from hunting yet?

Maq. They say, not yet.

Bean. Tis now in mid'st of day.

Em. How beares the Dutches with this blemish now?

Maq. Faith boldly, strongly defyes defame, as one that haz a Duke to her father. And theres a note to you, be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may alwayes awe your husband. Marke the hauiour of the Dutches now, she dares defame, cryes, Duke do what thou canst, ile quite mine honor: nay, as one confirmed in her owne vertue against ten thousand mouthes that mutter her disgrace, shees presently for daunces.

Enter Ferrar.

Bean. For daunces?

Maq. Most true.

Emilia. Most strange, see, heeres my seruant yong *Ferrard*: How many seruants thinkst thou I haue, *Maquarelle*?

Maq. The more the merier: twas well sayd, vse your seruants as you doe your smocks, haue many, vse one, and change often, for that's most sweete and courtlike.

Ferrar. Saue yee fayre Ladies, is the Duke returned?

Bean. Sweet Sir, no voyce of him as yet in Court.

Fer. Tis very strange.

Bean. And how like you my seruant, *Maquarelle*?

Maq. I thinke hee could hardly drawe *Ulisses* bowe, but by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lippes thicker, his legges bigger, his feete lesser, his haire blacker, and his teeth whiter, hee were a tollerable sweete youth ifaith. And hee will come to my Chamber, I will reade him the fortune of his beard.

Cornets sound.

Fer.

MALECONTENT.

wln 1191
wln 1192

Fer. Not yet returnd I feare, but
The Dutches approacheth.

wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196

*Enter Mendoza supporting the Dutches: Guerrino,
the Ladyes that are on the Stage rise: Ferrard
Vshers in the Dutches, and then takes a
Lady to treade a measure.*

wln 1197

SCENA SECVNDA.

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
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222

Aur. We will daunce, musique, we will daunce.
Guer. *Les quanto (Ladie) penses bien, passa regis, or Beanchas*
brawle.
Aur. We haue forgot the brawle.
Fer. So soone? tis wonder.
Guerrino Why tis but two singles on the left, two on the
right, three double forward, a trauerse of six round: do this
twice, three singles side, galliard tricke of twenty, curranto
pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken downe, come
vp, meete two doubles, fall backe, and then honor.
Aurelia O *Dedalus!* thy maze, I haue quite forgot it.
Maq. Trust me so haue I, sauing the falling back, and
then honor. *Enter Prepasso.*
Aurelia Musicke, musicke.
Prepasso Who saw the duke? the duke. *Enter Equato.*
Aurel. Musicke.
Equato The duke, is the duke returned?
Aurelia Musicke: *Enter Celso.*
Celso The duke is either quite inuisible, or else is not.
Aurelia We are not pleased with your intrusion vppon
our priuate retirement: we are not pleasde: you haue for-
got your selues. *Enter a Page.*
Celso Boy, thy Maister, where's the Duke?
Page Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread
ioylesse limbs: he tolde me he was heauy, would sleep, bade

wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226

me walke off, for that the strength of fantasie oft made him
talking in his dreames: I strait obeide, nor neuer saw him
since: but, where so ere he is, hee's sad.

Aur. Musicke sound high, as is our heart, sound high.

wln 1227

SCENA TERTIA

wln 1228

Enter Maleuole and Pietro disguised like an Hermit.

wln 1229

Mal. The Duke, peace, the Duke is dead.

wln 1230

Aurel. Musicke.

wln 1231

Mal. Ist Musicke?

wln 1232

Men. Giue prooffe.

wln 1233

Fer. How?

wln 1234

Cel. Where.

wln 1235

Pre. When?

wln 1236

Mal. Rest in peace, as the Duke duz, quietly sit: for
my owne part, I beheld him but dead, thats all: marry heers
one can giue you a more particular account of him.

wln 1237

wln 1238

wln 1239

Men. Speake holy father, nor let any browe within this
presence fright thee from the truth: speake confidently and
freely.

wln 1240

wln 1241

Aur. We attend.

wln 1242

wln 1243

Pietro Now had the mounting Suns all-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earths danke breast,
When I (whom men call *Hermit* of the *Rocke*)
Forsooke my Cell, and clamberd vp a cliffe,
Against whose base, the heady *Neptune* dasht
His high curld browes, there t'was I easde my limbes,
When loe, my entrailles melted with the moane,
Some one, who farre boue me was climbde, did make:
I shal offend.

wln 1244

wln 1245

wln 1246

wln 1247

wln 1248

wln 1249

wln 1250

wln 1251

Men. Not. *Aur.* On.

wln 1252

wln 1253

Pietro. Me thinks I heare him yet, O female faith!

wln 1254

Goe sowe the ingratefull sand, and loue a woman:

wln 1255

And do I liue to be the skoffe of men,

wln 1256

To be their wittall cuckold, euen to hugge my poyson?

Thou

wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
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wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292

Thou knowest ô Trueth!
Sooner hard steele will melt with Southerne wind;
A Seamans whistle calme the Ocean;
A towne on fire be extinct with teares,
Then women vow'd to blushlesse impudence,
With sweet behaiour and soft minioning,
Will turne from that where appetite is fixt.
O powerfull blood! how thou dost slaue their soule?
I washt an Ethiop, who for recompence
Sullyde my name. And must I then be for'cd.
To walke, to liue thus black: must, must, fie,
He that can beare with must, he cannot die.
With that he sigh'd so passionately deepe,
That the dull ayre even groand, at last he cries:
Sinke shame in seas, sinke deepe enough, so dies.
For then I viewd his bodie fall and sowse
Into the fomy maine, O then I saw
That which me thinks I see, it was the Duke,
Whome straight the nicer stomackt sea
Belcht vp: but then,
Mal. Then came I in, but las all was too late,
For euen straight he sunke.
Pietro. Such was the Dukes sad fate.
Cel. A better fortune to our Duke *Mendoza*.
Cry all, *Mendoza*:
Enter a guard.
Men. A guard, a guard, we full of hartie teares,
For our good fathers losse,
For so we well may call him:
Who did beseech your loues, for our succession,
Cannot so lightly ouer-iump his death.
As leaue his woes reuenglesse: *woman of shame,
We banish thee for euer to the place,
From whence this good man comes,
Nor permit on death vnto the bodie any ornament:
But base as was thy life, depart away.

Cornets flourish.

*To *Emilia*,

MALECONTENT.

wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
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wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328

Aur. Vngratefull. *Men.* Away.
Aur. Villaine heare me.
Prepasso and Guerino leads away the Dutches.
Men. Be gone my Lords, addresse to publique counsel,
Tis most fit,
The traine of Fortune is borne vp by wit.
Away, our presence shal be sudden, haste.
All depart sauing Mendozo, Maleuole, and Pietro.
Mal. Now you egregious deuill, ha ye murthering po-
liticalian, how dost duke? how dost looke now? braue duke
yfaith.
Men: How did you kill him?
Mal: Slatted his brains out, then sowst him in the bri-
nie sea.
Men: Braind him and drownd him too?
Mal: O twas best, sure worke:
For he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or els ware,
heele prooue no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, vnlesse you
may be sure to lay him in the kennell.
Men: A most sound braine panne,
Ile make you both Emperours
Mal: Make vs christians, make vs christians.
Men: Ile hoist yee, yee shall mount.
Mal. To the gallows, say ye? O ô me, *Præmium incer-*
tum petit certum scelus. How stands the Progresse?
Men. Here, take my ring vnto the Citadell,
Haue entrance to *Maria* the graue Dutches
Of banisht *Altofront.* Tell her wee loue her:
Omit no circumstance to grace our Person (doo't)
Mal. **Iste** make an excellent pandar: Duke farewell,
due adue Duke.
Men. Take *Maquerelle* with thee; for t'is found,
None cutts a Diamon but a Diamound.
Hermit, thou art a man for me, my Confessor,
O thou selected spirit, borne for my good,
Sure thou wouldst make an excellent elder in a deformed

Exit

church.

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
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364

church:

Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one.

Pietro I am glad I was ordayned for yee.

Men. Goe to then, thou must knowe that *Maleuole* is a strange villaine: dangerous, very dangerous, you see howe broade a speakes, a grose-jawde rogue, I would haue thee poison him: hees like a korne vpon my great toe, I cannot goe for him: hee must be kored out: he must, wilt doo't, ha?

Pietro Anything, any thing.

Men. Heart of my life, thus then to the Citadell,
Thou shalt consort with this *Maleuole*,
There being at supper, poison him,
It shalbe layde vpon *Maria*, who yeeldes loue, or dies,
Skud quicke.

Pietro *Like lightning good deedes crawle, but mischiefe flies.*

Enter Maleuole.

Exit Pietro

Mal. Your diuelships ring haze no vertue, the buffe-captaine, the sallo-westfalian gamon-faced zaza cries stand out, must haue a stiffer wareant, or no passe into the castle of Comfort.

Men. Commaund our sodaine Letter: not enter? shat, what place is there in *Genoa*, but thou shalt into my heart, into my very heart: come, lets loue, we must loue, we two, soule and body.

Mal. How didst like the Hermite? A strange Hermite sirrah.

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perillous: he must die.

Mal. I, he must die.

Men. Thoust kil him: we are wise, we must be wise.

Mal. And prouident.

Men. Yea prouident; beware an hypocrite.

*A Church man once corrupted, oh auoyd
A fellow that makes Religion his stawking horse,
He breedes a plague: thou shalt poyson him.*

Mal. Ho, tis wondrous necessary: how?

Men.

MALECONTENT.

wln 1365
wln 1366
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
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wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400

Men. You both goe ioyntly to the Citadell,
There sup, there poison him: and *Maria*,
Because she is our opposite, shall beare
The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loues vs.

Mal: I runne. *Exit mal:* (vs:

Men: We that are great, our sole self good still moues
They shall die both, for their deserts craues more
Than we can recompence, their presence still
Imbraides our fortunes with beholdingnesse,
Which we abhorre, like deede, not doer: then conclude,
They liue not to cry out Ingratitude.

One sticke burnes tother, steele cuts steele alone:
Tis good trust few: but O, tis best trust none.

Exit Mendoza.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Maleuole and Pietro still disguised, at seuerall doores.

Mal: How doe you? how doost Duke?

Pietro O let the last day fall, drop, drop in our curssed
Let heauen vnclasp itselife, vomit forth flames: (heads!

Mal: O doe not raue, do not turne Player, theres more
of them, than can well live one by an other already.
What, art an Infidell still?

Pietro I am mazde, strucke in a swowne with wonder,
I am commaunded to poison thee.

Mal: I am commaunded to poyson thee, at supper.

Pietro At supper?

Mal: In the Citadell.

Pietro In the Citadell.

Mal: Crosse capers, trickes? truth a heauen would dis-
charge vs as boyes do elder gunnes, one pellet to strike out
another: of what faith art now?

Pietro Al is damnation, wickednes extreame, there is no
faith in man.

Men. In none but vsurers and brokers, they deceiue no
man, men take vm for blood-suckers, and so they are: now
God deliuer me from my friendes.

Pietro

MALCONTENT.

wln 1401

Pietro Thy friendes?

wln 1402

Mal. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies
Ile deliuer my selfe. O, cut-throate friendship is the ranc-
kest villany, marke this *Mendozo*, marke him for a villaine:
but heauen will send a plague vpon him for a rogue.

wln 1403

wln 1404

wln 1405

Pietro O world!

wln 1406

wln 1407

wln 1408

wln 1409

wln 1410

wln 1411

Mal. World? Tis the onely region of Death, the grea-
test shop of the Diuell, the cruelst prison of men, out of the
which none passe without paying their dearest breath for a
fee, theres nothing perfect in it, but extreame extreame ca-
lamitie, such as comes yonder.

wln 1412

SCENA QVINTA.

wln 1413

*Enter Aurelia, two Holberts before, and two after,
supported by Celso and Ferrard, Aurelia
in base mourning attire.*

wln 1414

wln 1415

wln 1416

Aur. To banishment, led on to banishment.

wln 1417

Pietro Lady, the blessednesse of repentance to you.

wln 1418

wln 1419

Au. Why, why, I can desire nothing but death, nor de-
serue any thing but hell.

wln 1420

If heauen should giue sufficiencie of grace
To cleere my soule, it would make heauen gracelesse:

wln 1421

wln 1422

My sinnes would make the stocke of mercy poore,

wln 1423

Oh they would try heauens goodnes to reclaime them:

wln 1424

Iudgement is iust yet from that vast villaine:

wln 1425

But sure he shall not misse sad punishment,

wln 1426

For he shall rule on to my Cell of shame.

wln 1427

Pietro My Cell tis Lady, where insteede of Maskes,
Musique, Tilts, Tournies, and such Courtlike shewes,

wln 1428

The hollow murmure of the checklesse windes

wln 1429

Shall groane againe, whilst the vnquiet sea

wln 1430

Shakes the whole rocke with foamy battery:

wln 1431

There Vsherlesse the ayre comes in and out,

wln 1432

The reumy vault will force your eyes to weepe,

wln 1433

Whilst you behold true desolation:

wln 1434

A rocky barrenesse shall paine your eyes,

wln 1435

MALECONTENT.

wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
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wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471

Where all at once one reaches, where he stands,
With browes the rooffe, both walles with both his handes.

Aur. It is to good, blessed spirit of my Lord:

O in what orbe soere thy soule is throand,

Behold me worthily most miserable:

O let the anguish of my contrite spirite,

Intreate some reconciliation:

If not, O ioy! triumph in my iust grieffe,

Death is the end of woes, and teares reliefe.

Pietro Belike your Lord not lou'd you, was vnkinde.

Aur. O heauen,

As the soule lou'd the body, so lou'd hee,

Twass death to him to part my presence,

Heauen to see me pleased:

Yet I like to a wretch given ore to hell,

Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,

To clippe a base vngentle faithles villaine:

O God, a very Pagan reprobate!

What should I say, vngratefull throwes me out,

For whom I lost soule, body, fame, and honor:

But tis most fit: why should a better fate

Attend on any, who forsake chaste sheetes,

Flie the imbrace of a deuoted hart,

Ioynd by a solemne vow fore God and man,

To taste the brackish bloud of beastly lust

In an adulterous touch? Oh rauenous immodesty,

Insatiate impudence of appetite:

Looke, heere's your end, for marke what sap in dust,

What sinne in good, euen so much loue in lust:

Ioy to thy ghost, sweete Lord, pardon to me.

Cel. It is the Dukes pleasure this night you rest in court.

Aur. Soule lurke in shades, run shame from brightsome

In night, the blind man misseth not his eies. exit Au: (skies,

Mal. Do not weep kind cuckold, take comfort man, thy

betters haue beene *Beccos: Agamemnon* Emperour of all

the merry Greekes; that tickled all the true Troyans, was a

Cornuto,

wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
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wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507

Cornuto: Prince *Arthur* that cut off twelue Kings beardes was a *Cornuto*: *Hercules*, whose backe, bore vp heauen, and got forty wenches with childe in one night.

Pietro Nay twas fifty.

Mal: Faith fortie's enow a conscience, yet was a *Cornuto*: patience, mischief growes prowde, be wise.

Piet: Thou pinchest too deepe, art too keene vpon me.

Mal: Tut, a pittifull surgeon makes a dangerous sore. Ile tent thee to the ground. Thinkst Ile sustaine my selfe by flattering thee, because thou art a Prince? I had rather follow a drunkard, and liue by licking vp his vomite, than by seruile flattery.

Piet: Yet great men ha don't.

Mal: Great slaues feare better than loue, borne naturally for a coale-basket, though the common usher of princes presence fortune ha blindely giuen them better place, I am vow'd to be thy affliction.

Pietro Prethee be, I loue much misery, and be thou sonne to me.

Enter Biliosa.

Mal: Because you are an vsurping Duke, Your Lordship's well returnd for *Florence*.

*To *Biliosa*.

Bil: Well returnd, I praise my horse.

Mal: What newes from the Florentines?

Bil: I will conceale the great Dukes pleasure, onely this was his charge, his pleasure is, that his daughter die, Duke *Pietro* be banished for banishing his bloudes dishonor, and that Duke *Altofront* be reaccepted: this is all, but I heare Duke *Pietro* is dead.

Mal. I, and *Mendozo* is Duke, what will you doe?

Bil: Is *Mendozo* strongest?

Mal: Yet he is.

Bil: Then yet Ile hold with him.

Mal: But if that *Altofront* should turne strait againe?

Biliosa. Why then I would turne strait againe: Tis good runne still with him that haz most might:

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wln 1509
wln 1510
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wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543

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

Mal. Your Lordship sweats, your yong Ladie will get
you a cloth for your old worships browes, *Exit Biliosa.*

heeres a fellow to be damnd, this is his inuiolable *Maxime.*

(flatter the greatest, and oppresse the least:) a whorson

flesh fly, that still gnawes vpon the leane gauld backs.

Piet. Why **dust** then salute him?

Mal. Faith as baudes go to Church, for fashion sake:
come, be not confounded, th'art but in danger to loose a
Dukedome, think this: this earth is the only graue and gol-
gotha wherein all thinges that liue must rotte: tis but the
draught wherein the heauenly bodies discharge their cor-
ruption, the verie muckhill on which the sublunarie orbes
cast their excrements: man is the slime of this dongue-pit,
and Princes are the gouernours of these men: for, for our
soules, they are as free as Emperoures, all of one peece, there
goes but a paire of sheeres betwixt an Emperour and the
sonne of a bagpiper: only the dying, dressing, pressing, glos-
sing makes the difference: now what art thou like to lose?

A iaylors office to keepe men in bonds,

Whilst toyle and treason, all lifes good confounds.

Pietro. I heere renounce for euer Regencie,

O *Altofront*, I wrong thee to supplant thy right:

To trip thy heeles vp with a diuelish slight. (abiure,

For which I now from Throane am throwne, world tricks

For vengeance that comes slow, yet it comes sure.

O I am chang'd, for heerefore the dread power,

In true contrition I doe dedicate,

My breath to solitarie holines,

My lips to prayer, and my brests care shall be,

Restoring *Altofront* to regency.

Mal. Thy vowes are heard, and we accept thy faith.

Enter Ferneze and Celso *vndisguiseth himselfe.*

Altofront, Ferneze, Celso, Pietro.

Banish amazement: come, we foure must stand full shocke
of Fortune, be not so wunder stricken.

Pietro

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wln 1560

Pietro Doth *Ferneze* liue?
Farn.. For your pardon.
Pietro Pardon and loue, giue leaue to recollect
My thoughts disperst in wilde astonishment:
My vowes stand fixt in heauen, and from hence
I craue all loue and pardon.
Mal. Who doubts of prouidence,
That sees this change, a hartie faith to all:
He needs must rise, who can no lower fall,
For still impetuous Vicissitude
Looseth the world, then let no maze intrude
Vpon your spirits: wonder not I rise,
For who can sinke that close can temporise?
The time growes ripe for action, Ile detect
My priuatst plot, est ignorance feare suspect:
Lets cloase to counsell, leaue the rest to fate,
Mature discretion is the life of state.

Exeunt.

wln 1561

Actus quartus Scena prima.

wln 1562
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wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577

*Enter Maleuole and Maquarelle, at seuerall
doores opposite, singing.*

Mal. The Dutchman for a drunkard,
Maq. The Dane for golden lockes:
Mal. The Irishman for vsquebath,
Maq. The Frenchman for the ()
Mal. O thou art a blessed creature, had I a modest wo-
man to conceale, I would put her to thy custodie, for no
reasonable creature would euer suspect her to be in thy
company: ha, thou art a melodious *Maquarelle*, thou picture
of a woman and substance of a beast, and how dost thou
think a this transformation of state now?
Maq. Verie verie well, for we women alwaies note,
the falling of the one, is the rising of the other: some must
be fat, some must be leane, some must be fooles, and some
must be Lords: some must be knaues, and some must bee

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wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612

officers, some must be beggars, some must be Knightes,
some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens: as for
example, I haue two court dogs, most fawning cures, the
one calde Watch, thother Catch: now I, like Ladie *Fortune*,
sontimes loue this dog, sontimes rouse that dog, sontimes
fauour Watch, most commonly fancie Catch: Now that
dogge which I fauour I feede, and hees so rauenous, that
what I giue he neuer chawes it, gulpes it downe whole
without any relish of what he haz, but with a greedie ex-
pectation of what he shal haue: the other dogge, now:

Mal. No more dogge, **soote** *Maquarelle* no more dogge:
and what hope hast thou of the Dutches *Maria*, will she
stoope to the Dukes luer, wil she come, thinkst?

Maq. Let me see wheres the signe now? ha ye ere a cal-
lender, wheres the signe trow you?

Mal. Sign? why, is there any moment in that?

Maq. O beleee me a most secret power, looke yee
a *Caldean*, or an *Assyrian*, I am sure t'was a most sweete Iew
tould me, court any woman in the right signe, you shal not
misse, but you must take her in the right veine then: As
when the signe is in Pisces, a fishmongers wife is verie so-
tiable: in Cancer, a precisians wife is verie flexible: in Ca-
pricorne, a Marchants wife hardly holdes out: in Libra,
a Lawyers wife is very tractable, especially, if her husband
be at the tearme: onely, in Scorpio tis verie dangerous
medling, haz the Duke sent any jewell, anie rich stones?

Enter Captaine.

Mal. I, I thinke those are the best signes, to take a Lady
in: by your fauor signeur: I must discourse with the Lady
Maria, *Altofronts* Dutches: I must enter for the Duke.

Cap. Shee heere shall guie you enterveiw, I receaued the
guardshippe of this Citadell from the good *Altofront*, and
for his vse Ile keep't, til I am of no vse.

Mal. Wilt thou, O heauen that a christian should be
found in a buffeierkin, Captaine conscience? I loue thee

Captaine.

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wln 1646
wln 1647

Captaine. *Exit Captaine.*
wee attend, and what hope hast thou of this Dutches easinesse?

Maq. Twill goe hard, she was a could creature euer, she hated munkies, fooles, ieasters, and gentlemen vs hers extremely: she had the vilde tricke on't, not onely to bee truely modestly honourable in her owne conscience, but shee would avoide the least wanton carriage that might incurre suspect, as God blesse me, she had almost brought bed pressing out of fashion: I could scarce get a fine, for the lease of a Ladies fauour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now in the name of immodesty, how many maiden-heads hast thou brought to the block?

Maq. Let me see: heauen forgiue vs our misdeedes, heeres the Dutches.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Meria and Captaine.

Mal. God blesse thee Lady,

Mar. out of thy company:

Mal. We haue brought thee tender of a husband,

Mar. I hope I haue one already.

Maq. Nay, by mine honour madam, as good hee nere a husband, as a banisht husband, hees in an other world now, Ile tell ye Lady, I haue heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleepe, the wife might lawfully entertaine another man: for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished.

Mar. Vnhonest creature:

Maq. Pish, honesty is but an art to seeme so: pray yee whats honesty? whats constancie? but fables fained, odde old fooles chat deuisde by ielous fooles, to wrong our liberty.

Mal. *Mully*, he that loues thee is a Duke, *Mendozo*, he will maintaine thee royally, loue thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marrie thee sumptuously, and keepe thee in

dispight

MALECONTENT.

wln 1648
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wln 1683

despight of *Rosciclere*, or *Donzell dell Phebe*: theres jewels, if thou wilt, so, if not, so.

Mar. Captaine, for Gods loue saue poore wretchednesse, From tyranny of lustfull insolence:
Inforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell
Rather then heere, heere round about is hell.
O my dear'st *Altofront* where ere thou breath,
Let my soule sinke into the shades beneath:
Before I staine thine honour, tis thou hast,
And long as I can die, I will liue chaste.

Mal. Gainst him that can enforce how vaine is strife?

Mar. She that can be enforc'd haz nere a knife.
She that through force her limbes with lust enroules,
Wants Cleopatraes aspēs and Portiaes coales.

God amend you. *Exit with Captaine.*

Mal. Now the feare of the Diuell for euer go with thee.
Maquerelle, I tell thee I haue found an honest woman, faith I perceiue when all is done, there is of women as of all o-ther things: some good, most bad, some saintes, some sinners: for as now adaies no Courtier but haz his mistris, no Captaine but haz his cockatrice, no Cuckold but haz his hornes, and no foole but haz his fether: even so no woman but haz her weaknesse and feather too, no sex but haz his: I can hunt the letter no furder: O God how loathsome this toying is to me, that a Duke should be forc'd to foole it: well, *Stultorū plena sunt omnia*, better play the foole Lord, then be the foole Lord: now, wheres your slightes Madam *Maquarelle*?

Maq. Why, are yee ignorant that tis sed, a squemish affected nicenes is naturall to women, and that the excuse of their yeelding, is onely forsooth the difficult obtaining, you must put her too't, women are flaxe, and will fire in a moment.

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

Maq. Mary, but Ile tell yee now, you were too hot,

Mal.

MALCONTENT.

wln 1684
wln 1685
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Mal. The fitter to haue inflamed the flaxwoman.

Maq. You were too boisterous spleeny, for indeede.

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weake pandres, now I see.

Sooner earthes fire heauen it selfe shall waste,

Then all with heat can melt a minde that's chaste.

Go thou the Dukes lime-twigge, Ile make the Duke turne thee out of thine office, what not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage.

Maq. Now a my conscience, now I thinke in my discretion, we did not take her in the right signe, the blood was not in the true veine, sure.

Exit.

SCENA TERTIA

Enter Prepasso and Ferrand, two pages with lightes, Celso and Equato, Mendozo in Duke's roabes, Bilioso and Guerrino.

:Exeunt all saving: Maleuole.

Men. On on, leaue vs, leaue vs: stay where is the hermit?

Mal. With Duke *Pietro*, with Duke *Pietro*.

Men. Is he dead? is he poynoned?

Mal. Dead as the Duke is.

Men. Good, excellent, he will not blabbe, securenes liues in secrecy, come hither, come hither.

Mal. Thou hast a certaine strong villanous sent about thee, my nature cannot indure.

Men. Sent man? what returnes *Maria*? what answer to

Mal. Colde, frostie, she is obstinate. (our sute?)

Men, Then shees but dead tis resolute, she dies:

Black deede onely through black deedes safely flies

Mal. Pew, *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.*

Men. What art a scholler? art a polititian? sure thou arte an arrand knaue.

Mal. Who I? I ha bene twice an vnder sherife, man.

Men. Canst thou impoyson? canst thou impoyson?

Mal: Excellently, no Iew, Potecary, or Polititian better: look ye, here's a box, whom wouldst thou impoison, here's a box, which opened, and the fume tane vp in condites, throw which the braine purges it selfe, doth instantly for 12. houres space, bind vp al shew of life in a deep sensles sleep:

H

heeres

MALECONTENT.

wln 1721 heres another, which being opened vnder the sleepers nose,
wln 1722 choaks all the pores of life, kills him sodainely. *Enter Celso*
wln 1723 *Men.* Ile try experiments, tis good not to be deceued: so,
wln 1724 so, *Catzo:*
wln 1725 *[*leems to poi-* *Who would feare that ma destroy, death hath no teeth, nor tong,*
wln 1726 *[*Jon Maleuole.* *And he thats great, to him one slaues shame,*
wln 1727 *Murder, fame and wrong. Celzo?*
wln 1728 *Cell:* My honored Lord.
wln 1729 *Men.* The good *Maleuole*, that plain-tongued man, alas,
wln 1730 is dead on sodaine wondrous strangely, he held in our e-
wln 1731 *Celso*, see him buried, see him buried. (steem good place,
wln 1732 *Cels:* I shall obserue yee.
wln 1733 *Men.* And *Celso*, prethee let it be thy care to night
wln 1734 To haue some pretty shew, to solemnize
wln 1735 Our high instalment, some musike, maskery:
wln 1736 Weele giue faire entertaine vnto *Maria*
wln 1737 The Dutchesse to the banishd *Altofront:*
wln 1738 Thou shalt conduct her from the Citadell
wln 1739 Vnto the Pallace, thinke on some maskery.
wln 1740 *Cel:* Of what shape, sweete Lorde,
wln 1741 *Men.* Why shape? why any quicke done fiction,
wln 1742 As some braue spirites of the *Genoan* Dukes,
wln 1743 To come out of *Elizium* forsooth,
wln 1744 Led in by *Mercury* to gratulate
wln 1745 Our happy fortune, some such any thing, some farre fet
wln 1746 tricke, good for Ladies, some stale toy or other, no matter
wln 1747 so't be of our deusing.
wln 1748 Do thou prepar't, tis but for fashion sake,
wln 1749 Feare not, it shal be grac'd man, it shall take.
wln 1750 *Cel:* All seruice.
wln 1751 *Men:* All thanks, our hand shal not be close to thee:
wln 1752 Now is my trechery secure, nor can we fall: (farewel
wln 1753 *Mischiefe that prospers men do vertue call,*
wln 1754 *Ile trust no man, he that by trickes gets wreathes,*
wln 1755 *Keepes them with steele, no man securely breathes,*
wln 1756 *Out of distuned rankes the Crowde will mutter foole:*
wln 1757 *Who cannot beare with spite he cannot rule:*

The

MALECONTENT.

wln 1758
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wln 1795

*The chiefest secret for a man of state,
Is to liue senslesse of a strengthlesse hate.* *Exit Mendoza.*

Mal. Death of the damn'd thiefe, Ile make one i'the
maske, thou shalt ha some
Braue spirites of the antique Dukes.

Cel: My Lord, what strange dilusion?

Mal. Most happy, deere *Celso*, poisond with an empty
box? Ile giue thee all anone: my Lady comes to court, there
is a whurle of fate comes tumbling on, the Castles captaine
stands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader
of the iust stands for me: then courage *Celso*.

Starts vp and
speakes.

*For no disastrous chance can euer moue him,
That leaueth nothing but a God aboue him.*

Exeunt.

*Enter Prepasso and Bilioso, two Pages, before them
Maquar: Beanche, and Emilia.*

Bil: Make roome there, roome for the ladies: why gen-
tlemen, wil not ye suffer the ladies to be entred in the great
chamber? why gallants? and you sir, to droppe your Torch
where the beauties must sit too.

Pre. And theres a great fellow playes the knaue, why
dost not strike him?

Bil: Let him play the knaue a Gods name, thinkst thou
I haue no more wit then to strike a great fellow, the musike,
more lights, reueling, scaffolds: do you heare? let there be
othes enow ready at the doore, swears out the diuel himself.
Lets leaue the Ladies, and goe see if the Lords be ready for
them.

All saue the Ladies depart.

Maq. And by my troth Beauties, why do you not put
you into the fashion, this is a stale cut, you must come in fa-
shion: looke ye, you must be all felt, fealt and feather, a fealt
vpon your head: looke ye, these tiring things are iustly out
of request now: and doe yee heare? you must weare falling
bands, you must come into the falling fashion: there is such
a deale a pinning these ruffes, when the fine cleane fall is
woorth all: and agen, if you should chance to take a nap in
the afternoone, your falling band requires no poting sticke
to recouer his forme: belieue me, no fashion to the falling
band I say.

H2

Bean:

MALECONTENT.

wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
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wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832

Bean. And is not sinnior S. *Andrew Iaques* gallant fellow now?

Maq. By my maiden-head la, honour and hee agrees aswell together, as a satten sute and wollen stockings.

Emil. But, is not Marshall Make-roome my seruant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Maq. Yes in reuersion as he had his office, as in truth he hath all things in reversion: hee haz his Mistris in reversion, his cloathes in reversion, his wit in reversion, & indeede, is a suter to me for my dogge in reversion: but in good veritie la, hee is as proper a gentleman in reversion as: and indeede, as fine a man as may be, hauing a red beard and a paire of warpt legges,

Bean. But I faith I am most monstrously in loue with count Quidlibet in Quodlibet, is he not a pretty dapper **windle** gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the most busy fingerd lords, he will put the beauties to the squeake most hiddeously.

Bil. Roome, make a lane there, the Duke is entring: stand handsomely for beauties sake, take vp the Ladies there. So, cornets, cornets.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Prepasso *ioynes* to Bilioso, *two pages with lightes*, Ferrard, Mendozo, *at the other dore two pages with lights*, and *the Captaine leading in Maria*, *the Duke meetes Maria*, and *closeth with her*, *the rest fall backe.*

Men. Madam, with gentle eare receiue my suite,
A kingdomes safety should o're paize slight rites,
Marriage is meere Natures policy:
Then since vnlesse our royall beds be ioynd,
Danger and ciuill tumult frights the state,
Be wise as you are faire, giue way to fate.

Mar: What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou euer diuell, twas thou that banishedst
my truely noble Lord. *Men.* I?

Mar: I, by thy plottes by thy blacke stratagemes,
Twelue Moons haue suffred change since I beheld

MALECONTENT.

wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
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wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869

The lou'd presence of my deerest Lord.
O thou faire worse than death, he partes but soule
From a weake body, but thou soule from soule
Disseuerst, that which Gods owne hand did knit.
Thou scant of honor, full of diuelish wit.
Men: Weele checke your too intemperate lauishnes, I
I can, and will. *Mar:* What canst?
Men: Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.
Mar: *He euer is at home thats euer wise.*
Men. Youst neuer meete more, Reason should Loue
Mar. Not meete? (controule,
She that deere loues, her loue's still in her soule.
Men. You are but a woman Lady, you must yeelede.
Mar: O saue me thou innated bashfulnes,
Thou onely ornament of womans modestie.
Men: Modesty? Death Ile torment thee,
Mar: Do, vrge all torments, all afflictions trie,
Ile die, my Lords, as long as I can die.
Men: Thou obstinate, thou shalt die: captaine, that La-
dies life is forfeited to Iustice, we haue examined her,
And we do finde, she hath impoisoned
The reuerend Hermite, therefore we command
Severest custody. Nay, if youle dooes no good,
Youst dooes no harme, a tyrants peace is blood.
Mar. O thou art mercifull, O gracious diuell,
Rather by much let me condemned be,
For seeming murder than be damn'd for thee.
Ile mourne no more, come girt my browes with floures,
Reuell and daunce, soule, now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a Bride, poore heart thou shalt die chaste.
Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.
Life is a frost of could felicitie,
Aur. *And death the thaw of all our vanitie.*
Wast not an honest Priest that wrote so?
Men. Who? let her in.
Bili. Forbeare. *Pre.* Forbeare.
Aur. *Alas calamitie is euerie where.*

MALECONTENT.

wln 1870 Sad misery, dispight your double doores,
wln 1871 Will enter euen in court. *Vnto Maria.*
wln 1872 *Bili.* Peace.
wln 1873 *Aur.* I ha done; one word, take heede, I ha done.
wln 1874 *Enter Mercurie with lowde musicke.*
wln 1875 *Mer.* Cilleman *Mercurie*, the God of ghostes,
wln 1876 From glomie shades that spread the lower coastes,
wln 1877 Calles fower high famed *Genoa* Dukes to come,
wln 1878 And make this presence their *Elizium*:
wln 1879 To passe away this high triumphall night,
wln 1880 With song and daunces, courts more soft delight.
wln 1881 *Aur.* Are you God of ghostes, I haue a sute depending
wln 1882 in hell betwixt me and my conscience, I would faine haue
wln 1883 thee helpe me to an advocate.
wln 1884 *Bil.* *Mercurie* shalbe your lawier Lady, (right lawier.
wln 1885 *Aur.* Nay faith, *Mercurie* haz too good a face to be a
wln 1886 *Pre.* Peace, forbear: *Mercurie* presents the maske.

wln 1887 *Cornets: The song to the Cornets, which playing the mask enters.*
wln 1888 *Enter Maleuole, Pietro, Ferneze, and Celso in white robes,*
wln 1889 *with Dukes Crownes vpon lawrell, wreathes, pistolets and*
wln 1890 *short swordes vnder thier roabes.*

wln 1891 *Men.* *Celso, Celso*, court *Maria* for our loue Lady, be
wln 1892 gracious, yet grace.
wln 1893 *Mar.* With me Sir?
wln 1894 *Mal.* Yes more loued then my breath:
wln 1895 *Maleuole takes* With you Ile dance.
wln 1896 *[*]is wife to* *Mar.* Why then you dance with death,
wln 1897 *[*]unce.* But come Sir, I was nere more apt for mirth.
wln 1898 *Death giues eternitie a glorious breath*
wln 1899 *O, to die honourd, who would feare to die.*
wln 1900 *Mal:* *They die in feare who liue in villanie.*
wln 1901 *Men.* Yes, beleeeue him Ladie, and be rulde by him.
wln 1902 *Pietro,* Madam with me?
wln 1903 *[*]etro takes* *Aur.* Wouldst then be miserable?
wln 1904 *[*]s wife Au-* *Pietro,* I neede not wish.
wln 1905 *[*]lia to dance* *Aur.* O, yet forbear my hand, away, fly, fly,

MALECONTENT.

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wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942

O seeke not her that onely seekes to dy.

Pietro, Poore loued soule.

Aur. What, wouldst court miserie?

Pietro, Yes.

Aur. Sheele come too soone O my greev'd heart.

Pietro Lady ha done, ha, doone.

Come downe lets dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man?

Pietro, Yes sweete.

Aur. Then weele agree.

*Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Beanche: then the
cornets sownd the measure, on change, and rest.*

Fer: Beleeue it Lady, shal I sweare, let me inioy you in
priuate, and Ile marrie you by my soule.

To Beancha.

Bean. I had rather you would sweare by your body: I
think that would proue the more regarded othe with you.

Fer. Ile sweare by them both, to please you.

Bea. O, dam them not both, to please me, for Gods sake.

Eer. Faith swete creature let me inioy you to night, and
Ile marry you to morrow fortnight, by my troth lo.

Maq. On his troth lo, beleeue him not, that kinde of
cunnicatching is as stale as sir Oliuer Anchoues perfumde
ierkin: promise of matrimony by a yoong Gallant, to
bring a virgin Lady into a fooles paradise: make her a great
woman, and then cast her off: tis as common as naturall to
a Courtier, as jelosie to a Citizen, gluttony to a Puritan,
wisdome to an Alderman, pride to a Tayler, or an empty
to one of these sixepenny damnations: of his troth lo, be-
leeue him not, traps to catch polecats.

Mal. Keepe your face constant, let no suddaine passion
speake in your eies.

To Maria.

Mar. O my *Altofront.*

Pietro A tyrants jelosies
are verie nimble, you receiue it all.

To Aurelia.

Aur. My heart though not my knees doth vmbly fall,
Lo as the earth to thee.

Pietro. Peace, next change, no words.

Mar.

img: 32-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

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