ElizabethanDrama.org
presents
the Annotated Popular Edition of

THE WIDOW’S TEARS
by George Chapman
1612

Featuring complete and easy-to-read annotations.

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The Widow's Tears
by George Chapman
1612

THE ACTORS.

Tharsalio, the wooer.
Lysander, his brother.
   Cynthia, wife to Lysander.
   Ero, waiting-woman to Cynthia.
   Hylus, son to Lysander, nephew to Tharsalio.

Eudora, the widow countess.
   Sthenia, gentlewoman attending on Eudora.
   Ianthe, gentlewoman attending on Eudora.
   Clinias, a servant to Eudora.
   Lycus, a servant to Eudora.
   Argus, gentleman usher to Eudora.
   Laodice, daughter to Eudora.

Rebus, a suitor to Eudora.
   Hiarbas, Friend to Rebus.
   Psorabeus, Friend to Rebus.

The Governor of Cyprus
Captain of the Watch
Two Soldiers

Arsace, a pandress.
Thomasin, a courtesan

The Scene:
Paphos, on the Island of Cyprus.

INTRODUCTION to the PLAY

The Widow's Tears by George Chapman is a schizophrenic play, whose farcical first-half plot eventually gives way to a somewhat more serious second-half one. Yet a single theme, the inconstancy of women, is shared by both tales; indeed, Chapman has been criticized for his rather cynical approach to the ability of women to control their libidos. A bonus in the play is the hilarious appearance of the highly ridiculous Governor in the final scene.

NOTE on the PLAY'S SOURCE

The text of the play is taken from Thomas Marc Parrott's 1913 collection Chapman's Comedies, fully cited below.

NOTES on the ANNOTATIONS

Mention of Parrott, Smeak and Holaday in the annotations refers to the notes provided by each of these editors in their respective editions of this play, each cited fully below.

The most commonly cited sources are listed in the footnotes immediately below. The complete list of footnotes appears at the end of this play.

1. Oxford English Dictionary (OED) online.
ACT I.

SCENE I.
A Room in the House of Lysander.

Enter Tharsalio solus, with a glass in his hand, = alone. = mirror.

making ready.

Entering Character: our hero Tharsalio is a young man brimming with self-confidence. Tharsalio lives in the home of his brother Lysander.

1

Thar. Thou blind imperfect goddess, that delights

2

(Like a deep-reaching statesman) to converse

Only with fools, jealous of knowing spirits.

For fear their piercing judgments might discover

Thy inward weakness and despise thy power,

Contemn thee for a goddess; thou that lad'st

Th' unworthy ass with gold, while worth and merit

Serve thee for nought, weak Fortune, I renounce

Thy vain dependance, and convert my duty

And sacrifices of my sweetest thoughts

To a more noble deity, sole friend to worth.

And patroness of all good spirits, Confidence;

She be my guide, and hers the praise of these

My worthy undertakings.

Enter Lysander with a glass in his hand,

Cynthia, Hylus, Ero.

= find out.¹

= disdain.

6: Contemn thee for a goddess = the sense is "in their scorn, no longer respect your godhead."

    thou that...gold = "you who shower wealth on the undeserving".
    lad'st = ie. lades, loads (as cargo).¹

= ie. those persons who are deserving of good fortune.

= nothing.

9: thy vain dependence = "my worthless (vain) connection or reliance on you";¹ Tharsalio will no longer pay homage to Fortune.

    convert = turn or switch.¹

= ie. those who are meritorious.

= boldness, here a sentiment more daring than plain vanilla confidence.

Entering Characters: Lysander is Tharsalio's brother;

Cynthia is the wife of Lysander, Hylus their son. Ero is Cynthia's personal female servant.

Lysander is also holding a mirror (glass), indicating that he too is preparing to go out and face the world.

19ff: the initial interaction between the brothers Lysander and Tharsalio, and Lysander's wife Cynthia, is one of good-natured teasing and humorous banter.

21: "No. I am a bit like my brother this way."

23: not up = not ready or awake, but also quite suggestive, with Cynthia being ready.

    Save you = "God save you", traditional greeting.
    sister = ie. sister-in-law. It was normal to address one's sister-in-law as sister, and Cynthia will in turn refer to her brother-in-law Tharsalio as brother.

= appearance.²
Cyn. Faith, no worse than I did last week; the weather has nothing changed the grain of your complexion.

Thar. A firm proof 'tis in grain, and so are not all complexions. A good soldier's face, sister!

Cyn. Made to be worn under a beaver.

Thar. Ay, and 'twould show well enough under a mask, too.

Lys. So much for the face!

Thar. But is there no object in this suit to whet your tongue upon?

Lys. None, but Fortune send you well to wear it; for she best knows how you got it.

Thar. Faith, 'tis the portion she bestows upon younger brothers, valour and good clothes. Marry, if you ask how we come by this new suit, I must take time to answer it; for as the ballad says, In written books I find it. Brother, these are the blossoms of spirit; and I will have it said for my father's honour, that some of his children were truly begotten.

Lys. Not all?

Thar. Shall I tell you, brother, that I know will rejoice you? My former suits have been all spenders; this shall be a speeder.

Lys. A thing to be heartily wished; but, brother, take heed you be not gulled; be not too forward.

Thar. 'T had been well for me if you had followed that counsel. You were too forward when you stepped into
the world before me and gulled me of the land that my spirits and parts were indeed born to.

_Cyn._ May we not have the blessing to know the aim of your fortunes? What coast, for Heaven's love?

_Thar._ Nay, 'tis a project of state: you may see the preparation, but the design lies hidden in the breasts of the wise.

_Lys._ May we not know't?

_Thar._ Not unless you'll promise me to laugh at it, for without your applause I'll none.

_Lys._ The quality of it may be such as a laugh will not be ill bestowed upon't; pray Heaven I call not Arsace sister.

_Cyn._ What, the pandress?

_Thar._ Know you (as who knows not?) the exquisite lady of the palace, the late governor's admired widow, the rich and haughty Countess Eudora? Were not she a jewel worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her?

_Lys._ How's that, how's that?

_Thar._ Brother, there is a certain goddess called Confidence, that carries a main stroke in honourable preferments. Fortune waits upon her, Cupid is at her beck; she sends them both of errands. This deity doth promise me much assistance in this business.

_Lys._ But if this deity should draw you up in a basket to your countess's window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the town to shoot at; how then?

_Thar._ If she do, let them shoot their bolts and spare not; I have a little bird in a cage here that sings me better comfort. What should be the bar? You'll say, I was page to the Count her husband. What of that? I have thereby one foot in her favour already. She has taken note of my spirit and surveyed my good parts, and the picture of them lives in her eye; which sleep, I know, cannot close till she have embraced the cheated, though Tharsalio does not intend such a bitter sense.\(^1\) qualities.

= direction.\(^1\) scheme; Tharsalio won't reveal the details of his latest plan.

= ie. sister-in-law; Lysander only wants assurance that Tharsalio doesn't intend to marry the bawd Arsace, whom we will meet later. The good humour between the brothers is pleasing.

85f: Tharsalio ignores the last comments of Lysander and Cynthia.

= lofty or dignified.\(^1\) = "wouldn't she be".

90: Lysander cannot believe what he is hearing.

92f: Tharsalio plans to win the rich Eudora, who is somewhat above his class, through sheer audaciousness.

= advancements.

94-95: *Cupid…beck* = the god of love, like the goddess Fortune, is under Confidence's control.  
\(df = on.\)

98-100: Lysander alludes to a story told in the Middle Ages about the Roman poet Virgil, who was imagined to be a sorcerer; a lady he was wooing asked him to visit her at night, promising to draw him up to her tower window in a basket. Halfway up the tower, she ceased raising Virgil any further, and left him there to be the object of ridicule to the passersby below the next morning.\(^16\) Virgil's revenge is referred to below in Act I.iii.201-3.

= arrows with blunt heads.\(^2\)

= "What will stop me?"

= a key part of Eudora's upcoming resistance to Tharsalio's courtship will be that he had been a lowly servant (*page*) to her now-deceased husband, the former governor.

= step.

= ie. already had a chance to observe. = physical qualities.
Lys. All this savours of the blind goddess you speak of.

Thar. Why should I despair but that Cupid hath one dart in store for her great ladyship, as well as for any other huge lady whom she hath made stoop gallant to kiss their worthy followers? In a word, I am assured of my speed. Such fair attempts led by a brave resolve are evermore seconded by Fortune.

Cyn. But, brother, have I not heard you say your own ears have been witness to her vows, made solemnly to your late lord, in memory of him to preserve till death the unstained honour of a widow's bed? If nothing else, yet that might cool your confidence.

Thar. Tush, sister! Suppose you should protest with solemn oath (as perhaps you have done) if ever Heaven hears your prayers that you may live to see my brother nobly interred, to feed only upon fish and not endure the touch of flesh during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you believe it, brother?

Lys. I am therein most confident.

Thar. Indeed you had better believe it than try it. But pray, sister, tell me – you are a woman – do not you wives nod your heads and smile one upon another when ye meet abroad?

Cyn. Smile? Why so?

Thar. As who should say, “Are not we mad wenches, that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses?” Do you not brag among yourselves how grossly you abuse their honest credulities? How they adore you for saints, and you believe it, while you adhorn their temples, and they believe it not? How you vow widowhood in their lifetime and they believe you, when even in the sight of
their breathless corse, ere they be fully cold, you join embraces with his groom, or his physician, and perhaps his poisoner; or at least, by the next moon (if you can expect so long) solemnly plight new hymeneal bonds, with a wild, confident, untamed ruffian —

Lys. As for example?

Thar. And make him the top of his house and sovereign lord of the palace? As for example, look you, brother, this glass is mine —

Lys. What of that?

Thar. While I am with it, it takes impression from my face; but can I make it so mine, that it shall be of no use to any other? Will it not do his office to you or you; and as well to my groom as to myself? Brother, monopolies are cried down. Is it not madness for me to believe,

when I have conquered that fort of chastity the great Countess, that if another man of my making and mettle shall assault her, her eyes and ears should lose their function, her other parts their use, as if Nature had made her all in vain, unless I only had stumbled into her quarters?

Cyn. Brother, I fear me in your travels, you have drunk too much of that Italian air, that hath infected the whole mass of your ingenuous nature, dried up in you all sap of generous disposition, poisoned the very essence of your soul, and so polluted your senses that whatsoever enters there takes from them contagion and is to your fancy represented as foul and tainted, which in itself, perhaps, is spotless.

Thar. No, sister, it hath refined my senses, and made me see with clear eyes, and to judge of objects as they truly are, not as they seem, and through their mask to

= corpse. = before.
= servant.²
= wait. = make new marriage vows; Hymen was the god of marriage.
= ie. head of the remarried woman's household.
= mirror.

164f: Tharsalio engages in a creative metaphor: just as a husband cannot stop his wife from becoming attracted to another man, so Tharsalio cannot prevent his mirror from being serviceable to another person, even as it reflects only his own face at the moment.

= its (its was rarely used by Elizabethans). = function.

167-8: monopolies...down = "monopolies are condemned (cried down)". Tharsalio of course has the monopoly of a woman by any one man in mind, but his reference is a topical one.

The Tudor monarchs had granted many monopolies as rewards for service or to favourite individuals; highly unpopular, monopolies were finally brought under control when James I, who ascended the throne in 1603, began to revoke those monopolies whose privileges were abused the most.³

= common military metaphor for a woman's resistance. = character.
= probably suggestive.

168-174: Is it not...quarters = "would it not be crazy for me to think that if the countess, after marrying me, met another man of my looks and qualities, she would not be attracted to him, as if Nature had wasted creation on her, but for the good luck that brought me into her life?"

= the English believed that travel to Italy corrupted one's morals.³

180: polluted = corrupted.

180-183: whatsoever...spotless = "whatever your senses notice you imagine to be foul and tainted, even if it is completely pure and good (spotless)."

fancy = imagination.

186-7: and to judge...seem = Smeeck has noted that Tharsalio is responding to Cynthia's reference to Italian air by alluding to, and varying, a point made by Machiavelli in The Prince, that a ruler must be a "great feignor and dissembler", so that "everybody sees what you appear to be", but "few feel what you are."³¹
discern the true face of things. It tells me how short-lived widows' tears are, that their weeping is in truth but laughing under a mask, that they mourn in their gowns and laugh in their sleeves; all which I believe as a Delphian oracle, and am resolved to burn in that faith. And in that resolution do I march to the great lady.

Lys. You lose time, brother, in discourse; by this had you bore up with the lady, and clapped her aboard, for I know your confidence will not dwell long in the service.

Thar. No, I will perform it in the conqueror's style. Your way is not to win Penelope by suit, but by surprise. The castle's carried by a sudden assault, that would perhaps sit out a twelvemonth's siege. It would be a good breeding to my young nephew here, if he could procure a stand at the palace to see with what alacrity I'll accost her countess-ship, in what garb I will woo her, with what facility I will win her.

Lys. It shall go hard but we'll hear your entertainment for your confidence sake.

Thar. And having won her, nephew, this sweet face. Which all the city says is so like me, Like me shall be preferred, for I will wed thee To my great widow's daughter and sole heir, The lovely spark, the bright Laodicè.

Lys. A good pleasant dream!

Thar. In this eye I see That fire that shall in me inflame the mother, And that in this shall set on fire the daughter.

189-190: their weeping...a mask = a variation of a proverb composed by the 1st century B.C. writer Syrian Publius Syrus, famous for his collection of maxims and sayings: "the weeping of an heir is laughter under a mask"; here applied to widows; a common and cynical Elizabethan sentiment.

= ie. with their faces hidden from observation.
= ie. as if it had been spoken by the oracle at Delphi, the frequently consulted and most famous seer of the ancient world.

192-3: am resolved...faith = "I will die rather than abandon that belief." Tharsalio's tightly-held opinion in this matter is compared to religious faith, for which, if it were considered heresy, he would gladly be burned at the stake. The burning of Catholic agitators was common through the 16th century in England, the last such execution for heresy not occurring until 1612.

196: in discourse = "in chatting away with us."
196-7: by this had you = "by this time you could have".
197-9: with bore up, Lysander begins an extended nautical metaphor: to bear up means to bring a vessel into the wind; clap aboard = to bring one's ship alongside another, usually for fighting purposes.

= service means both (1) military service, continuing the maritime metaphor; and (2) a lover's courtship.

202: Penelope = the wife of Ulysses. Penelope famously resisted the wooing of 108 suitors as she waited for the return of her husband from the Trojan War.

= suit = ie. old-fashioned courting.
= would otherwise. = resist.
= training, ie. lesson.
= vantage point from which to watch Tharsalio at work.
= old form of accost, with its modern meaning, but also continuing Lysander's nautical metaphor, using the meaning "keep to the side of", together with the pun of countess-ship.

= ease.

210: the sense seems to be, "it won't be easy but we will listen to how you expect to manage this."

= ie. Hylus, Lysander's son. = ie. Hylus' face.
= ie. mine.
= advanced (in status).

221-2: In this eye...fire = Tharsalio further comments on his resemblance to his nephew; this eye = Hylus' eye.
It goes, sir, in a blood; believe me, brother,
These destinies go ever in a blood.

Lys. These diseases do, brother, take heed of them;
fare you well; take heed you be not baffled.

[Exeunt Lysander, Cynthia, Hylus, Ero; manet Tharsalio.]

Thar. Now, thou that art the third blind deity
That governs earth in all her happiness,
The life of all endowments. Confidence,
Direct and prosper my intention.
Command thy servant deities, Love and Fortune,
To second my attempts for this great lady,
Whose page I lately was; that she, whose board
I might not sit at, I may board abed,
And under bring, who bore so high her head.

[Exit.]

ACT I, SCENE II.
A Room in the House of Eudora.

Enter Lysander, Lycus.

Lycus. 'Tis miraculous that you tell me, sir; he come to
woo our lady mistress for his wife?

Lys. 'Tis a frenzy he is possessed with, and will not be
cured but by some violent remedy. And you shall favour
me so much to make me a spectator of the scene. But is
she, say you, already accessible for suitors? I thought
she would have stood so stiffly on her widow vow, that she
would not endure the sight of a suitor.

Lycus. Faith, sir, Penelope could not bar her gates
against her wooers; but she will still be mistress of
herself. It is, you know, a certain itch in female blood:
they love to be sued to; but she'll hearken to no suitors.

Lys. But by your leave, Lycus, Penelope is not so wise
as her husband Ulysses, for he, fearing the jaws of the
Siren, stopped his ears with wax against her voice.

= to go in a blood (here and in the next line) means to
"be a family trait" or "run in a family". 1

= weaknesses or mental illnesses. 2 = "beware of" or "keep
watch for".

= exposed to ridicule, disgraced; 1 Lysander is warning
his brother to be careful.

= Tharsalio remains on-stage alone.

= ie. Confidence, along with Love and Fortune: they are
blind in the sense that they act arbitrarily or randomly. 1

= support, back up.
= table (for eating); 1 these last few lines of Tharsalio's brief
soliloquy contain a pair of humorously dirty and punny
contrasts.

240-1: the scene ends, as scenes often do, with a rhyming
couplet.

= second reference to the wife of Ulysses; see the note
above in Scene i.202.

12-13: she will...herself = she will do as she pleases.

= wooed, pursued. = listen to, attend or regard. 1

17-18: Ulysses...her voice = the Sirens were mythical sea
creatures who lured sailors to their deaths with their
enchanting singing. In the Odyssey, Ulysses had his sailors
stop their ears with wax, so they would not hear the Sirens'
song, but had himself lashed to a mast without stopping his
ears, so that he could hear their music without throwing
away his life.

Lysander's point is that Eudora is smarter than Penelope
because she (Eudora) avoids temptation by refusing to
entertain the wooing of her suitors.
They that fear the adder's sting, will not come near her hissing. Is any suitor with her now?

Lycus. A Spartan lord, dating himself our great Viceroy's kinsman, and two or three other of his country lords as spots in his train. He comes armed with his Altitude's letters in grace of his person, with promise to make her a duchess if she embrace the match. This is no mean attraction to her high thoughts; but yet she disdains him.

Lys. And how then shall my brother presume of acceptance? Yet I hold it much more under her contentment to marry such a nasty braggart, than under her honour to wed my brother – a gentleman, (though I say't) more honourably descended than that lord, who, perhaps, for all his ancestry, would be much troubled to name you the place where his father was born.

Lycus. Nay, I hold no comparison betwixt your brother and him. And the venerean disease, to which they say he has been long wedded, shall, I hope, first rot him, ere she endure the savour of his sulphurous breath.

Well, her ladyship is at hand; y' are best take you to your stand.

Lys. Thanks, good friend Lycus!

[Exit.]

Enter Argus, barehead, with whom another usher.

Lycus, joins, going over the stage. Hiarbas and Psorabeus next, Rebus single before

Eudora, Laodice;

Sthenia bearing her train, Ianthe following.

Reb. I admire, madam, you cannot love whom the Viceroy loves.

Hiar. And one whose veins swell so with his blood, madam, as they do in his lordship.

22-23: A Spartan…kinsman = Eudora is being courted by one Rebus, a Spartan lord, who, as we shall see, uses his kinship with the Viceroy (which usually refers to a deputy king, but here is identified as no more than an unspecified position superior to the Governor of Cyprus) as a selling point. dating = identifying.

24: country lords = fellow Spartan nobles, perhaps nobles who reside in rural areas. spots in his train = "stains on his retinue." = his Altitude was a common mock title, applied here to the Viceroy. It may be a humorous variation on "his Highness"!

26-27: embrace the match = ie. marry him. = base, worthless.

30-31: And how…acceptance = ie. if Eudora is hesitant to meet with one who has that much to offer, how does Tharsalio expect to compete against that?

31-32: under her contentment = ie. she would be less than satisfied.

39-40: the venerean…wedded = humorous description of Eudora's Spartan wooer allegedly suffering from syphilis. = ie. breath having a stench like that of sulphur, a side-effect of syphilis.

= Lycus has found Lysander a vantage point from which to view the ensuing scene in Eudora's house.

Entering Character: Argus is an attendant (usher) of the widow Eudora's. He enters the stage not wearing his uniform cap (barehead).

51: Rebus is Eudora's Spartan suitor; Hiarbas and Psorabeus are his companions.

52: Eudora is the widowed countess we have been hearing so much about. Laodice her daughter.

53: Sthenia and Ianthe are female servants of Eudora.

55-56: "I marvel (admire) that you don't love me, since the Viceroy loves me."

58-59: Hiarbas points out (no doubt for the umpteenth time) how closely Rebus is related to the Viceroy. The use of
Psor. A near and dear kinsman his lordship is to his Altitude the Viceroy; in care of whose good speed here I know his Altitude hath not slept a sound sleep since his departure.

Eud. I thank Venus I have, ever since he came.

Reb. You sleep away your honour, madam, if you neglect me.

Hiar. Neglect your lordship? That were a negligence no less than disloyalty.

Eud. I much doubt that, sir; it were rather a presumption to take him, being of the blood viceroyal.

Reb. Not at all, being offered, madam.

Eud. But offered ware is not so sweet, you know. They are the graces of the Viceroy that woo me, not your lordship’s, and I conceive it should be neither honour nor pleasure to you to be taken in for another man’s favours.

Reb. Taken in, madam? You speak as I had no house to hide my head in.

Eud. I have heard so indeed, my lord, unless it be another man’s.

Reb. You have heard untruth then; these lords can well witness I can want no houses.

Hiar. Nor palaces, neither, my lord!

Psor. Nor courts neither!

Eud. Nor temples, I think, neither; I believe we shall have a god of him.

Enter Tharsalio.

Arg. See the bold fellow! Whither will you, sir?

Thar. Away! – All honour to you, madam!

Eud. How now, base companion?

Thar. Base, madam? He’s not base that fights as high as your lips.
Eud. And does that beseem my servant?

Thar. Your court-servant, madam.

Eud. One that waited on my board?

Thar. That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed, madam.

Eud. How dar'st thou come to me with such a thought?

Thar. Come to you, madam? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudest spirit that haunts these your loved shadows, and would any way make terrible the access of my love to you.

Eud. Love me? Love my dog!

Thar. In your saucy opinion, sir, and sirrah too! Get gone, and let this malapert humour return thee no more, for, afore Heaven, I'll have thee tossed in blankets.

Thar. In blankets, madam? You must add your sheets, and you must be the tosser.

Reb. Nay, then, sir, y' are as gross as you are saucy.

Thar. And all one, sir, for I am neither.

Reb. [drawing] Thou art both.

Thar. Thou liest; keep up your smiter, Lord Rebus.

Hiar. Usest thou thus his Altitude's cousin?

Reb. The place, thou know'st, protects thee.

Thar. Tie up your valour then till another place turn me

---

112: "and is that fitting behavior for one who was once my servant?" Eudora reminds Tharsalio (not for the last time) of his modest past, as he had served as a page in her household when her husband the governor had been alive.

= punning, with a secondary meaning of a wooing (courting) professed lover (servant).

= ie. served her dinner table.

= punning on wait, and not the last time Tharsalio will be rather risqué with the countess.

= ie. for a sexual encounter.

= make difficult, ie. obstruct.

128: a common proverbial phrase: "if you love me, you must love everything about me."

= "toss him in the gutter (kennel)"; kennel also already had its modern meaning of "doghouse", so Eudora's line is a pun.

= ie. "unlike these other guys here who", referring to Rebus and friends.

= ie. the status of gentleman.

= common address form used towards servants, again reminding Tharsalio of his past.

= impudent.

= common humiliation practiced on those who deserve punishment for misbehavior.

= coarse.

= ie. his sword.

155: thou = Tharsalio and Rebus address each other with the insulting thou to express their contempt for each other.

keep up = keep confined.

smiter = humorous term for Rebus' sword.

157: "this is how you treat (use) the Viceroy's kinsman?"

159: Rebus, actually a coward, will repeatedly refuse to fight with Tharsalio, out of, so he says, respect for Eudora, whose home they are in.
loose to you. You are the lord, I take it, that wooed my
great mistress here with letters from his Altitude; which
while she was reading, your lordship (to entertain time)
straddled and scaled your fingers, as you would show
what an itching desire you had to get betwixt her sheets.

Hiar. 'Slight, why does your lordship endure him?
Reb. The place, the place, my lord!
Thar. Be you his attorney, sir.
Hiar. What would you do, sir?
Thar. Make thee leap out at window at which thou
cam'st in. Whoreson bagpipe lords!

Eud. What rudeness is this?

Thar. What tameness is it in you, madam, to stick at
the discarding of such a suitor? A lean lord, dubbed with
the lard of others! A diseased lord, too, that opening
certain magic characters in an unlawful book, up start as
many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in's skin.

Send him, mistress, to the widow your tenant, the
virtuous pandress Arsace. I perceive he has crowns
in's purse, that make him proud of a string; let her pluck

165: straddled and scaled = to straddle is to spread apart,
but the word is usually applied to the legs; given the rest of
the sentence, there is certainly some suggestive sense
intended; to scale means "to peel flakes from".¹

= by God's light, a strong oath; a statute of 1606 banned
the explicit blaspheming use of God's name on stage.

= Tharsalio asks Hiarbas to speak for Rebus (ie. fight in his
stead).

176-7: to come in the window was a euphemism for being a
bastard.²
= ie. long-winded talker.¹ Smek wonders if there is a swipe
here at the recently-enthroned English King James I and
the many countrymen of his from Scotland who seemed
to have undesirably descended on England in his wake.

= scruple or hesitate.¹

182-3: A lean lord...others = the otherwise insignificant
Rebus gains his substance from his connection to the
Viceroy.

183: diseased lord = Tharsalio alludes to Rebus' alleged
suffering from syphilis.

183-4: that opening...up start = "that by opening up
and using a book of witchcraft, raise (up start), etc."
characters = words.
unlawful = in the early 16th century, witchcraft was
still illegal.

185: aches was pronounced "aitches" at the time, punning
easily with ouches; ouches refers to sores on the skin,¹
which, along with the aching of Rebus' bones, allude to the
symptoms of his venereal disease.

= Tharsalio is only partially ironic, and not at all cruel:
Arsace actually was once a prosperous woman, but who has
since fallen on hard times, and now pays rent in one of the
countess' properties, where she seems to be running a
brothel.

= the meaning of the phrase is not entirely clear, but appears
several times in English writing of the day; the OED cites
the phrase from a 1650 work, and suggests, since the phrase
is applied to a horse, that string is a shortened form of
stringhalt, a condition which causes the hind legs of a horse
to contract in a spasm; since proud can mean "sexually
excited", the combination could be highly suggestive.

The punning is dense in these lines: string can also refer
to the cord of a musical instrument, so there is a play on
words with pluck; pluck in turn is something you do to a
the goose therefore, and her maids dress him.

189: goose = fool, referring to Rebus.
maids = euphemism for Arsace's prostitutes.
dress him = ie. prepare or cook Rebus, who is a goose;
but dress also meant to raise or erect,\(^1\) thus adding to the suggestiveness.

= ie. "you tolerate".

190

Psor. Still, my lord, suffer him?

192

Reb. The place, sir, believe it, the place!

194

Thar. O, good Lord Rebus, the place is never like to be yours that you need respect it so much.

196

Eud. Thou wrong'st the noble gentleman.

198

Thar. Noble gentleman? A tumour, an imposthume, he is, madam: a very hautboy, a bag-pipe, in whom there is nothing but wind, and that none of the sweetest neither.

202

Eud. Quit the house of him by th' head and shoulders!

206

Thar. Thanks to your honour, madam, and my lord cousin, the Viceroy, shall thank you.

208

Reb. So shall he indeed, sir.

210

Lycus, Arg. Will you begone, sir?

212

Thar. Away, poor fellows!

214

Eud. What is he made of, or what devil sees Your childish and effeminate spirits in him, That thus ye shun him? Free us of thy sight. Begone, or I protest thy life shall go!

220

Thar. Yet shall my ghost stay still, and haunt those beauties And glories that have rendered it immortal. But since I see your blood runs, for the time,

222

High in that contradiction that fore-runs Truest agreements (like the elements.

224

Fighting before they generate) and that time Must be attended most in things most worth, I leave your honour freely, and commend That life you threaten, when you please, to be Adventured in your service, so your honour Require it likewise.

226

228

230

232

207-8: Tharsalio seems to be mimicking Rebus.

= a festering swelling, used figuratively here, as in "swollen with pride".\(^1\)
= an early oboe-like instrument, referring again to Rebus' windiness.
= also meaning flatulence, which smells none too sweet (wind has been used in this way since as far back as 1000 A.D.).\(^1\)
= to her servants: "toss him out of the house".

223-5: But since...agreements = Tharsalio, with typical chauvinism, accepts that Eudora must say "no" first before she eventually says "yes."

225-6: like the...generate = the ancient philosophers recognized four elements - earth, fire, air and water - out of which everything in the universe was created (generated).

226-7: that time...worth = time must be allowed, ie. patience is required, to attain things of great value.

228-231: commend...likewise = "I will dedicate (commend) my life (which you now threaten) to your service, when you are ready to accept it."
**Eud.** Do not come again.

**Thar.** I'll come again, believe it, and again.

[Exit.]

**Eud.** If he shall dare to come again, I charge you
Shut doors upon him.

**Arg.** You must shut them, madam,
To all men else then, if it please your honour;
For if that any enter, he'll be one.

**Eud.** I hope, wise sir, a guard will keep him out.

**Arg.** Afore Heaven, not a guard, an't please your

**Eud.** Thou liest, base ass; one man enforce a guard?
I'll turn ye all away, by our isle's goddess,
If he but set a foot within my gates.

**Psor.** Your honour shall do well to have him poisoned.

**Hiar.** Or begged of your cousin the Viceroy.

[Exeunt.]

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**ACT I, SCENE III.**

*Before the House of Eudora.*

**Lysander, from his stand.**

**Lys.** This braving wooer hath the success expected;
the favour I obtained made me witness to the sport,
and let his confidence be sure, I'll give it him home.

The news by this is blown through the four quarters
of the city. Alas, good confidence! But the happiness is,
he has a forehead of proof; the stain shall never stick
there, whatsoever his reproach be.

**Enter Tharsalio.**

[Aside] What, in discourse?

**Thar.** Hell and the Furies take this vile encounter!
Who would imagine this **Saturnian peacock**

Could be so barbarous to use a spirit
Of my erection with such low respect?

'Fore Heaven, it cuts my gall; but I'll dissemble it.

**Lys.** What, my noble lord?

**Thar.** Well, sir, that may be yet, and means to be.

**Lys.** What means your lordship, then, to hang that head
that hath been so erected; it knocks, sir, at your bosom
to come in and hide itself.

**Thar.** Not a jot!

**Lys.** I hope by this time it needs fear no horns.

**Thar.** Well, sir, but yet that blessing runs not always in
a blood.

**Lys.** What, blanketed? O the gods! Spurned out by
grooms, like a base bisogno! Thrust out by th' head and
shoulders!

**Thar.** You do well, sir, to take your pleasure of me. –
[Aside] I may turn tables with you ere long.

**Lys.** What, has thy wit's fine engine taken cold? Art
stuffed in th' head? Canst answer nothing?

**Thar.** Truth is, I like my entertainment the better that
'twas no better.

**Lys.** Now the gods forbid that this opinion should run
in a blood!

**Thar.** Have not you heard this principle, “All things by
strife engender”?

**Lys.** Dogs and cats do.

**Thar.** And men and women too.
Lys. Well, brother, in earnest, you have now set your confidence to school, from whence I hope it has brought home such a lesson as will instruct his master never after to begin such attempts as end in laughter.

Thar. Well, sir, you lesson my confidence still; I pray heavens your confidence have not more shallow ground (for that I know) than mine you reprehend so.

Lys. My confidence? In what?

Thar. May be you trust too much.

Lys. Wherein?

Thar. In human frailty.

Lys. Why, brother, know you aught that may impeach my confidence, as this success may yours? Hath your observation discovered any such frailty in my wife (for that is your aim I know) then let me know it.

Thar. Good, good! Nay, my saying was but general. I glanced at no particular.

Lys. That's scarce a brother's speech. If there be aught wherein your brother's good might any way be questioned, can you conceal it from his bosom?

Thar. So, so! Nay, my saying was but general. I glanced at no particular.

Lys. Then must I press you further. You spake (as to yourself, but yet I overheard) as if you knew some disposition of weakness where I most had fixed my trust. I challenge you to let me know what 'twas.

Thar. Brother, are you wise?

Lys. Why?

Thar. Be ignorant. Did you never hear of Actæon?
Lys. What then?

Thar. Curiosity was his death. He could not be content to adore Diana in her temple, but he must needs dog her to her retired pleasures, and see her in her nakedness.

Do you enjoy the sole privilege of your wife's bed? Have you no pretty Paris for your page? No young Adonis to front you there?

Lys. I think none; I know not.

Thar. Know not still, brother. Ignorance and credulity are your sole means to obtain that blessing. You see your greatest clerks, your wisest politicians are not that way fortunate; your learned lawyers would lose a dozen poor men's causes to gain a lease on't, but for a term. Your physician is jealous of his. Your sages in general, by seeing too much, oversee that happiness. Only your blockheadly tradesman, your honest-meaning citizen, your nott-headed country gentleman, your unapprehending stinkard, is blessed with the sole prerogative of his wife's chamber, for which he is yet beholding, not to his stars, but to his ignorance. For, if he be wise, brother, I must tell you the case alters. How do you relish these things, brother?

Lys. Passing ill!

Thar. So do sick men solid meats. Hark you, brother, are you not jealous?

Lys. No; do you know cause to make me?

Thar. Hold you there! Did your wife never spice your broth with a dram of sublimate? Hath she not yielded

107-8: Tharsalio speculates as to whether Cynthia has any attractive young men around her to stimulate her interest. Paris and Adonis = two exceptionally good-looking youths from Greek mythology. Paris of course took Helen away from Menelaus, precipitating the Trojan War; Adonis was so beautiful that Venus fell in love with him.

for your page = "as your servant" (so as to be a potential side-interest for Cynthia).

front = face.

112f: continued typical Elizabethan cynicism: husbands are better off ignorant of what their wives are up to; those who are too smart for their own good, i.e. by being aware of their wives' extracurricular activities, are unhappy. Tharsalio goes on to list a number of classes of men (grouped by profession) who fit this latter category.

= scholars.

115-6: your learned...term: a lawyer would gladly lose twelve cases to get a lease on ignorance, even for just a specified period of tenancy (term); but term also referred to the quarters of the calendar in which the law courts were in session.

= ie. "suspicious of his wife."

= the sense is, "cheat (oversee) themselves of that happiness."

= short-haired (as opposed to the long hair worn by courtiers).3

= bed Kent.

= beholden, in debt to. = ie. low-born men are happy in their marriages because they are ignorant of their wives' side activities, and not because the stars (whose position at one's birth was believed to determine one's destiny) told them that their marriages really were secure.

= ie. he learns the truth.

127: "exceedingly poorly!"

= foods. = listen.

= suspicious, apprehensive.2

135: dram of sublimate = small amount of poison (specifically mercuric chloride).1

135-6: yielded...honour = common metaphor for a woman giving up her body to a man.
up the fort of her honour to a staring soldado, and (taking courage from her guilt) played open bankrout of all shame, and run the country with him? Then bless your stars, bow your knees to Juno. Look where she appears.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus and Ero.

Cyn. We have sought you long, sir; there's a messenger within hath brought you letters from the Court, and desires your speech.

Lys. [Aside] I can discover nothing in her looks. − Go, I'll not be long.

Cyn. Sir, it is of weight, the bearer says; and, besides, much hastens his departure. − Honourable brother, cry mercy! What, in a conqueror's style? But come and overcome?

Thar. A fresh course!

Cyn. Alas, you see of how slight metal widows' vows are made!

Thar. [Aside] And that shall you prove too ere long.

Cyn. Yet, for the honour of our sex, boast not abroad this your easy conquest; another might perhaps have stayed longer below stairs, it but was your confidence that surprised her love.

Hyl. My uncle hath instructed me how to accost an honourable lady; to win her, not by suit, but by surprise.

Thar. The whelp and all!

Hyl. Good uncle, let not your near honours change your manners; be not forgetful of your promise to me, touching your lady's daughter, Laodice. My fancy runs so upon't that I dream every night of her.

Thar. A good chicken! Go thy ways, thou hast done well; eat bread with thy meat.

Cyn. Come, sir, will you in?

Lys. I'll follow you.

Cyn. I'll not stir a foot without you. I cannot satisfy the messenger's impatience.

=Cyn. We remember, had brought news to Lysander that a messenger calling him to court has arrived at their home.

=Cyn. We remember, had brought news to Lysander that a messenger calling him to court has arrived at their home.

136-8: played...shame = behaved in an unconcealedly shamelessly (ie. morally bankrupt) manner.

148: "she doesn't look guilty."

152-3: cry mercy = "I beg your pardon." Cynthia suddenly notices Tharsalio is present.

153-4: Cynthia mocks Tharsalio's failure to conquer Eudora.

156: ie. of insults, a dinner metaphor.

163f: Cynthia continues to tease Tharsalio.

173-176: Hylus doesn't seem to be paying close attention to the conversation, as he assumes all is going well with Tharsalio's project; near honours = approaching marriage.

185-6: Cynthia, we remember, had brought news to Lysander that a messenger calling him to court has arrived at their home.
He takes Tharsalio aside.]

Lys. Will you not resolve me, brother?

Thar. Of what?

Lysander stamps and goes out vexed,
with Cynthia, Hylus, Ero.

So, there’s veney for veney, I have given him i’ th’ speeding place for all his confidence. Well, out of this perhaps there may be moulded matter of more mirth than my baffling. It shall go hard but I’ll make my constant sister act as famous a scene as Virgil did his mistress, who caused all the fire in Rome to fail, so that none could light a torch but at her nose. Now forth! At this house dwells a virtuous dame — sometimes of worthy fame, now like a decayed merchant turned broker — and retails refuse commodities for unthrifty gallants. Her wit I must employ upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall make all split. — Ho, Madam Arsace! — Pray Heaven the oyster-wives have not brought the news of my wooing hither amongst their stale pilchards.

Enter Arsace, Thomasin.

Ars. What, my lord of the palace?

Thar. Look you!

Ars. Why, this was done like a beaten soldier.

Thar. Hark, I must speak with you. I have a share for you in this rich adventure. You must be the ass charged with crowns to make way to the fort, and I the conqueror to follow, and seize it. Seest thou this 194: Lysander is irritated by Tharsalio’s mock ignorance.

= "satisfy my curiosity on this matter".

= thrust for thrust (from fencing). 3 = "given it to him".

= a vulnerable spot on the body capable of receiving a fatal wound. 3

199: note the spectacular alliteration in this line.

= being insulted. 1 = "not be easy to do".

201: constant = faithful, loyal.

sister = sister-in-law, Cynthia.

201-3: Tharsalio refers to Virgil the Sorcerer’s revenge for his earlier humiliation (described in the note at I.i.98-100): first, Virgil caused all the home fires of Rome to be extinguished; then, in order for the city’s fires to be rekindled, his humiliator had to appear in the Forum in her undergarments, at which time she was surrounded by flames; only from this fire could the citizens relight their tapers and torches. 19

= Tharsalio arrives at the house of Arsace the pandress, who runs a brothel in the home she rents from Eudora.

= formerly.

205-6: decayed…broker = ruined businessman who had to turn to pawn broking or peddling to make a living.

= go to pieces (as a ship breaking up), ie. upset the status quo.

= fish-peddlers, ie. goosiers. 3

= to here. = sardines. 1

220-3: the ass charged = the beast of burden loaded.

223: charged…fort = ie. responsible for bribing the guard to open a fort to its besiegers, a metaphor for convincing
jewel?

_Ars._ Is't come to that? − Why, Thomasin!

_Thom._ Madam!

_Ars._ Did not one of the Countess's serving-men tell us that this gentleman was sped?

_Thom._ That he did; and how her honour graced and entertained him in very familiar manner.

_Ars._ And brought him downstairs herself.

_Thom._ Ay, forsooth, and commanded her men to bear him out of doors.

_Thar._ 'Slight, pelted with rotten eggs?

_Ars._ Nay, more; that he had already possessed her sheets.

_Thom._ No, indeed, mistress, 'twas her blankets.

_Thar._ Out, you young hedge-sparrow; learn to tread afore you be fledge!

[He kicks her out.]

Well, have you done now, lady?

_Ars._ O, my sweet kilbuck!

_Thar._ You now, in your shallow pate, think this a disgrace to me; such a disgrace as is a battered helmet on a soldier's head; it doubles his resolution. Say, shall I use thee?

_Ars._ Use me?

_Thar._ O holy reformation, how art thou fallen down from the upper bodies of the church to the skirts of the city! Honesty is stripped out of his true substance into verbal nicety. Common sinners startle at common terms, and they that by whole mountains swallow down the deeds of darkness, a poor mote of a familiar word makes them turn up the white o' th' eye. Thou art the lady's tenant.

_Ars._ For term, sir.

_Thar._ A good induction: be successful for me, make Eudora to receive Tharsalio; crowns were coins worth 5 shillings.¹

= was successful (ironic).

= by God's light. = another metaphor for Tharsalio's being assaulted with teasing.

= ie. alluding once again to being tossed in a blanket.

249-250: _learn...fledge_: "learn to walk before you fly."

Tharsalio addresses Thomasin.

_be fledge_ = describes a young bird when it is first ready for flight.¹

= fierce fellow.¹

= uncomprehending. = humorous term for head.

= "make use of thee."

= _use_ could mean "have sex with", so Arsace is unsure what Tharsalio means exactly.

265f: Tharsalio takes Arsace's response to be expressing horror that Tharsalio would suggest she have sex with him; Tharsalio rants, expounding on the hypocrisy of reformed sinners who now act in a manner that is the extreme opposite of their former behavior. Arsace's supposed retiring from her life as a pandress is a theme in a later scene.

= chastity. = its.

= delicacy of feeling.¹ = vulgar.¹

269-271: _they that...eye_ = those who used to commit the worst sins now act as if they have been mortally offended by the most minor vulgarity to which they are exposed.

= a fixed period of time, specified on a lease.¹

= introduction, ie. "this is a good place to start."
me lord of the palace, and thou shalt hold thy tenement
to thee and thine heirs for ever, in free smockage, as of
the manner of panderage, provided always –

278

280

Ars. Nay, if you take me unprovided!

282

Thar. Provided, I say, that thou mak'st thy repair to her
presently with a plot I will instruct thee in; and for thy
surer access to her greatness thou shalt present her, as
from thyself, with this jewel.

286

Ars. So her old grudge stand not betwixt her and me.

288

Thar. Fear not that.

290

Ars. So her old grudge stand not betwixt her and me.

292

Thar. Presents are present cures for female grudges,

294

END OF ACT I.

277-8: hold thy...ever = Tharsalio will grant a perpetual
leasehold of her residence to Arsace and her descend-
ants. = a word of Chapman's creation, punning on socage, a
legal term describing the granting of tenancy on land in
return for certain specified services;¹ smock refers to
ladies' underwear, alluding to Arsace's service as a
brothel madam, and is associated generally with loose
behavior.

281: Arsace misunderstands Tharsalio's phrase provided
always: "not if you take me without warning", ie.
unprepared, perhaps with some bawdy sense. Tharsalio
ignores her comment.

288: Eudora, as we shall see, wants nothing to do with this
brothel-keeper, other than presumably to collect rent.

291-2: women and judges are both open to bribery.
ACT II.

SCENE I

A Room in the House of Lysander.

Enter Lysander and Tharsalio.

Lys. So now we are ourselves. Brother, that ill-relished speech you let slip from your tongue hath taken so deep hold of my thoughts, that they will never give me rest till I be resolved what 'twas you said, you know, touching my wife.

Thar. Tush, I am weary of this subject! I said not so.

Lys. By truth itself, you did! I overheard you. Come, it shall nothing move me, whatsoever it be; pray thee unfold briefly what you know.

Thar. Why, briefly, brother, I know my sister to be the wonder of the earth and the envy of the heavens, virtuous, loyal, and what not. Briefly, I know she hath vowed that till death and after death she'll hold inviolate her bonds to you, and that her black shall take no other hue, all which I firmly believe. In brief, brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know, brother, I have other irons on th' anvil.

[Exiturus.]

Lys. You shall not leave me so unsatisfied; tell me what 'tis you know.

Thar. Why, brother, if you be sure of your wife's loyalty for term of life, why should you be curious to search the almanacs for after-times, whether some wandering Æneas should enjoy your reversion, or whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered branch, till Atropos cut her throat? Beware of = both poorly flavoured and unappreciated.¹

= satisfied, informed.

= expression of contempt.² = ie. nothing about Cynthia.

= "not upset or anger me".

= ie. Cynthia.

= though what not sounds like modern slang, the OED actually records its use as far back as 1540.¹

17-18: her black...other hue = proverbial:³ she will never change out of her widow's clothes.

= ie. projects in motion: a variation on the more familiar "irons in the fire", a phrase which dates back at least to 1549.¹

= begins to exit.

= legal expression for "one's whole life".

= (what will happen in the future.

30: wandering Æneas = a prince of Troy, immortalized by Virgil in his epic Latin poem the Aeneid. Having been forced to flee Troy after its capture by the Greeks, Æneas tried to sail to Italy, but contrary winds and adverse gods (especially Juno) kept him travelling for seven years.

enjoy your reversion = reversion is another legal term, referring to the automatic transference of property or an office at the end of a defined period or occurrence of an event, such as the death of the current possessor; the reversion here specifically refers to Lysander's wife.

The line refers to the torrid love affair between Æneas and Dido, the Queen of Carthage, after Æneas was driven by a storm onto the shores of North Africa.

31-32: whether...branch = ie. whether Cynthia will remain unmarried if she becomes a widow; turtle = turtledove.

= one of the three Fates, Atropos being responsible for cutting one's thread of life when it is time for one to
curiosity, for who can resolve you? You'll say, perhaps, her vow.

Lys. Perhaps I shall.

Thar. Tush, herself knows not what she shall do, when she is transformed into a widow! You are now a sober and staid gentleman. But if Diana for your curiosity should translate you into a monkey, do you know what gambols you should play? Your only way to be resolved is to die and make trial of her.

Lys. A dear experiment; then I must rise again to be resolved.

Thar. You shall not need. I can send you speedier advertisement of her constancy by the next ripier that rides that way with mackerel. And so I leave you.

[Exit Tharsalio.]

Lys. All the Furies in hell attend thee! Has given me A bone to tire on, with a pestilence. 'Slight, know!

What can he know? What can his eye observe More than mine own, or the most piercing sight That ever viewed her? By this light I think Her privat'st thought may dare the eye of Heaven.

And challenge th' envious world to witness it. I know him for a wild, corrupted youth,

Whom profane ruffians, squires to bawds and strumpets, Drunkards spewed out of taverns into th' sinks Of tap-houses and stews, revolts from manhood, Debaunched perdus, have by their companies Turned devil like themselves, and stuffed his soul With damned opinions and unhallowed thoughts Of womanhood, of all humanity, Nay, deity itself.

Enter Lycus.

Welcome, friend Lycus.

Lycus. Have you met with your capricious brother?
Lys. He parted hence but now.

Lycus. And has he yet resolved you of that point you brake with me about?

Lys. Yes, he bids me die for further trial of her constancy.

Lycus. That were a strange physic for a jealous patient; to cure his thirst with a draught of poison. Faith, sir, discharge your thoughts on't; think 'twas but a buzz devised by him to set your brains a-work, and divert your eye from his disgrace. The world hath written your wife in highest lines of honoured fame; her virtues so admired in this isle as the report thereof sounds in foreign ears; and strangers oft arriving here, as some rare sight, desire to view her presence, thereby to compare the picture with the original. Nor think he can turn so far rebel to his blood, Or to the truth itself, to misconceive Her spotless love and loyalty; perhaps Oft having heard you hold her faith so sacred,

As, you being dead, no man might stir a spark Of virtuous love in way of second bonds, As if you at your death should carry with you Both branch and root of all affection, 'T may be, in that point he's an infidel, And thinks your confidence may overween.

Lys. So think not I.

Lycus. Nor I, if ever any made it good. I am resolved, of all she'll prove no changeling.

Lys. Well, I must yet be further satisfied. And vent this humour by some strain of wit; Somewhat I'll do, but what I know not yet.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE II.
A Room in the House of Eudora.

Entering Characters: Sthenia and Ianthe are two of Eudora's female attendants.
The scene begins with Arsace having arrived at Eudora's house, where she is waiting to be brought in to meet with the countess.

Sthen. Passion of virginity, Ianthe, how shall we quit ourselves of this pandress that is so importunate to speak with us? Is she known to be a pandress?

Ian. Ay, as well as we are known to be waiting-women.

Sthen. A shrew take your comparison!

Ian. Let's call out Argus, that bold ass, that never weighs what he does or says, but walks and talks like one in a sleep, to relate her attendance to my lady, and present her.

Sthen. Who, an't please your honour? None so fit to set on any dangerous exploit. − Ho, Argus!

Enter Argus, bare.

Arg. What's the matter, wenches?

Sthen. You must tell my lady here's a gentlewoman called Arsace, her honour's tenant, attends her to impart important business to her.

Arg. I will presently.

[Exit Argus.]

Ian. Well, she has a welcome present to bear out her unwelcome presence; and I never knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest. − Arsace!

Enter Arsace.

Ars. Ay, mistress!

Sthen. Give me your present; I'll do all I can to make way both for it and yourself.

Ars. You shall bind me to your service, lady.

Sthen. Stand unseen!

Enter Lycus, Eudora, Laodice; Rebus, Hiarbas, Psorabeus, coming after; Argus coming to Eudora.

Arg. Here's a gentlewoman (an't please your honour) one of your tenants, desires access to you.

Eud. What tenant? What's her name?

Arg. Arsace, she says, madam.
Eud. Arsace? What, the bawd?

Arg. The bawd, madam? That's without my privity.

[She strikes him.]

Eud. Out, ass! Know'st not thou the pandress Arsace?

Sthen. She presents your honour with this jewel.

Eud. This jewel? How came she by such a jewel? She has had great customers.

Arg. She had need, madam; she sits at a great rent.

Eud. Alas, for your great rent! I'll keep her jewel, and keep you her out, ye were best: speak to me for a pandress?

Arg. [Aside] What shall we do?

Sthen. [Aside] Go to, let us alone! − Arsace!

Ars. Ay, lady!

Sthen. You must pardon us, we cannot obtain your access.

Ars. Mistress Sthenia, tell her honour, if I get not access to her, and that instantly, she's undone.

Sthen. This is something of importance − Madam, she swears your honour is undone, if she speak not with you instantly.

Eud. Undone?

Ars. Pray her, for her honour's sake, to give me instant access to her.

Sthen. She makes her business your honour, madam; and entreats, for the good of that, her instant speech with you.

Eud. How comes my honour in question? Bring her to me.

[Arsace advances.]

Ars. Our Cyprian goddess save your good honour!

Eud. Stand you off, I pray. How dare you, mistress, importune access to me thus, considering the last warning I gave for your absence?
Ars. Because, madam, I have been moved by your honour's last most chaste admonition to leave the offensive life I led before.

Eud. Ay? Have you left it then?

Ars. Ay, I assure your honour, unless it be for the pleasure of two or three poor ladies, that have prodigal knights to their husbands.

Eud. Out on thee, impudent!

Ars. Alas, madam, we would all be glad to live in our callings.

Eud. Is this the reformed life thou talk'st on?

Ars. I beseech your good honour mistake me not, I boast of nothing but my charity, that's the worst.

Eud. You get these jewels with charity, no doubt. But what's the point in which my honour stands endangered, I pray?

Ars. In care of that, madam, I have presumed to offend your chaste eyes with my presence. Hearing it reported for truth and generally that your honour will take to husband a young gentleman of this city called Tharsalio –

Eud. I take him to husband?

Ars. If your honour does, you are utterly undone, for he's the most incontinent and insatiate man of women that ever Venus blessed with ability to please them.

Eud. Let him be the devil! I abhor his thought, and could I be informed particularly of any of these slanderers of mine honour, he should as dearly dare it as anything wherein his life were endangered.

Ars. Madam, the report of it is so strongly confident, that I fear the strong destiny of marriage is at work in it. But if it be, madam, let your honour's known virtues resist and defy it for him, for not a hundred will serve his one turn. I protest to your honour, when (Venus pardon me) I winked at my unmaidenly exercise, I have known nine in a night made mad with his love.

Eud. What tell'st thou me of his love? I tell thee I abhor him, and destiny must have another mould for my

110-2: Arsace exaggerates a bit; in fact, all of Arsace's part of the conversation with Eudora is filled with hilarious (if unintentional) double-talk, and awkward attempts at high language.

Ars. = wasteful or extravagant.
Eud. = for; Arsace is splitting hairs here: she is still only involved in the prostitution business to help some unlucky wives make some extra money, but otherwise she has retired!

Ars. = "damn you".1

Eud. = ie. for those wives she "allows" to work for her.

Ars. = it is because I am concerned for your honour".

Eud. = ruined.

Ars. = unable to control himself (in matters of sex).

Eud. = ie. "even thinking about him".

Ars. = certain.

153-7: following Tharsalio's instructions, Arsace, with crude but effective reverse psychology, warns Eudora to avoid him because of his insatiable sexual appetite!

154-5: not a hundred...turn = not even one hundred women can satisfy Tharsalio.

Ars. = swear.

Eud. = "closed my eyes to", ie. "turned a blind eye to".

160-3: destiny must...of him = not completely clear, but I think than Nature should be read as "rather than for Nature", so that the sense of the whole is something like, "destiny
must have another path for me, such as to see both my character and honour turn against me and transform me, or witchcraft transform me, into a form other than one who would give even a single further thought to Tharsalio."

mould = form, fashion, or model.

thoughts than Nature or mine honour, and a witchcraft above both, to transform me to another shape as soon as to another conceit of him.

Ars. Then is your good honour just as I pray for you; and, good madam, even for your virtue's sake, and comfort of all your dignities and possessions, fix your whole womanhood against him. He will so enchant you, as never man did woman: nay, a goddess (say his light huswifes) is not worthy of his sweetness.

Eud. Go to, begone!

Ars. Dear madam, your honour's most perfect admonitions have brought me to such a hate of these imperfections, that I could not but attend you with my duty, and urge his unreasonable manhood to the fill.

Eud. Manhood, quoth you?

Ars. Nay, beastlihood, I might say, indeed, madam, but for saving your honour. Nine in a night, said I?

Eud. Go to, no more!

Ars. No more, madam? That's enough, one would think.

Eud. Well, begone, I bid thee!

Ars. Alas, madam, your honour is the chief of our city, and to whom shall I complain of these incastities (being your ladyship's reformed tenant) but to you that are chastest?

Eud. I pray thee go thy ways, and let me see this reformation you pretend continued.

Ars. I humbly thank your good honour that was first cause of it.

Eud. Here's a complaint as strange as my suitor.

Ars. I beseech your good honour think upon him, make him an example.

Eud. Yet again?

Ars. All my duty to your Excellence!
Eud. These sorts of licentious persons, when they are once reclaimed, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world to **dispraise** faults and use them, so we may use them the safer. What might a wise widow resolve upon this point, now? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings. Beshrew her, would she had spared her news!

Reb. See if she take not a contrary way to free herself of us.

Hiar. You must complain to his Altitude.

Psor. All this for trial is; you must endure that will have wives, nought else with them is sure.

ACT II, SCENE III.

Before the House of Eudora.

Enter Tharsalio, Arsace.

Thar. Hast thou been **admitted**, then?

Ars. Admitted? Ay, into her heart, I'll **able** it; never was man so praised with a dispraise; nor so spoken for in being railed on. I'll give you my word, I have set her heart upon as **tickle** a pin as the needle of a **dial**, that will never let it rest till it be in the right position.

Thar. Why dost thou imagine this?

Ars. Because I saw **Cupid shoot in my words**, and open his wounds in her looks. Her blood went and came of errands betwixt her face and her heart, and these changes I can tell you are **shrewd** tell-tales.

Thar. Thou speak'st like a **doctress in thy faculty**; but, howsoever, **for all this foil** I'll **retrieve the game** once again; he's a shallow **gamester** that for one displeasing

213-4: the general idea is that reformed sinners rail the strongest against sin.

= **criticize, censure**.

218: **end** = goal.

218-9: **Beshrew...news!** = "Curse her. I wish she had not told me all this." Eudora, despite herself, is falling into Tharsalio's trap.

228-9: "she is just testing your resolve; those of you who want wives will have to put up with a lot: that is the only certain thing about women."
cast gives up so fair a game for lost.

Ars. Well, 'twas a villainous invention of thine, and had a swift operation; it took like sulphur. And yet this virtuous Countess hath to my ear spun out many a tedious lecture of pure sister's thread against concupiscence; but ever with such an affected zeal as my mind gave me she had a kind of secret titillation to grace my poor house sometimes, but that she feared a spice of the sciatica, which, as you know, ever runs in the blood.

Thar. And, as you know, soaks into the bones. But to say truth, these angry heats that break out at the lips of these strait-laced ladies, are but as symptoms of a lustful fever that boils within them. For wherefore rage wives at their husbands so when they fly out? For zeal against the sin?

Ars. No, but because they did not purge that sin.

Thar. Th' art a notable siren, and I swear to thee, if I prosper, not only to give thee thy manor-house gratis, but to marry thee to some one knight or other, and bury thy trade in thy ladyship. Go, begone!

[Exit Arsace.]

Enter Lycus.

Thar. What news, Lycus? Where's the lady?

Lycus. Retired into her orchard.

Thar. A pregnant badge of love, she's melancholy.—

Lycus. 'Tis with the sight of her Spartan wooer. But howsoever 'tis with her, you have practised strangely upon your brother.

Thar. Why so?

Lycus. You had almost lifted his wit off the hinges. That spark jealousy, falling into his dry, melancholy brain, had well near set the whole house on fire.

Thar. No matter, let it work; I did but pay him in's own coin. 'Sfoot, he plied me with such a volley of unseasoned scoffs, as would have made Patience itself
turn ruffian, attiring itself in wounds and blood. But is his humour better qualified, then?

**Lycus.** Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous than the sickness: you know how strange his dotage ever was on his wife, taking special glory to have her love and loyalty to him so renowned abroad; to whom she often-times hath vowed constancy after life, till her own death had brought, forsooth, her widow-

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troth to bed. This he joyed in strangely, and was therein of infallible belief, till your surmise began to shake it; which hath loosed it so, as now there's nought can settle it but a trial, which he's resolved upon.

**Thar.** As how, man, as how?

**Lycus.** He is resolved to follow your advice, to die and make trial of her stableness; and you must lend your hand to it.

**Thar.** What, to cut's throat?

**Lycus.** To forge a rumour of his death, to uphold it by circumstance, maintain a public face of mourning, and all things appertaining.

**Thar.** Ay, but the means, man? What time? What probability?

**Lycus.** Nay, I think he has not licked his whelp into full shape yet, but you shall shortly hear on 't.

**Thar.** And when shall this strange conception see light?

**Lycus.** Forthwith; there's nothing stays him but some odd business of import, which he must wind up; lest, perhaps, his absence by occasion of his intended trial be prolonged above his aims.

**Thar.** Thanks for this news, i'faith! This may perhaps prove happy to my nephew. Truth is, I love my sister well and must acknowledge her more than ordinary virtues. But she hath so possessed my brother's heart with vows and disavowings, sealed with oaths, of second nuptials, as, in that confidence, he hath invested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our family; and left my nephew and the rest to hang upon her pure devotion; so as he dead, and she matching (as I am}
resolved she will) with some young prodigal, what must ensue, but her post-issue beggared, and our house, already sinking, buried quick in ruin. But this trial may remove it; and since 'tis come to this, mark but the issue, Lycus; for all these solemn vows, if I do not make her prove in the handling as weak as a wafer, say I lost my time in travel. This resolution, then, has set his wits in joint again; he's quiet?

Lycus. Yes, and talks of you again in the fairest manner; listens after your speed –

Thar. Nay, he's passing kind; but I am glad of this trial, for all that.

Lycus. Which he thinks to be a flight beyond your wing.

Thar. But he will change that thought ere long. My bird you saw even now sings me good news, and makes hopeful signs to me.

Lycus. Somewhat can I say too. Since your messenger's departure her ladyship hath been something altered – more pensive than before – and took occasion to question of you, what your addictions were, of what taste your humour was, of what cut you wore your wit? And all this in a kind of disdainful scorn.

Thar. Good calendars, Lycus! Well, I'll pawn this jewel with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brother's judgment. Come, let's in; he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Lycus. And my means.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE IV.

Enter Argus, Clinias, Sthenia, Ianthe.

Arg. I must confess I was ignorant what 'twas to court a lady till now.

Sthen. And I pray you, what is it now?

= convinced. = extravagantly wasteful man. = children by her second marriage.

118-9: But this...remove it = ie. "but this experiment may cause the dislocation of his confidence in Cynthia, and as a consequence cause him to reconsider leaving her the family fortune."

= "observe the outcome (issue)".

121-2: lost my...travel = ie. "wasted my time travelling to Italy"; the Italians were proverbial for being immoral and corrupt, so Tharsalio is suggesting he has learned how to break a woman's resistance there.

= ie. in contrast to "out of joint". = "he has calmed down?"

= "inquires about your (hoped-for) success".

= exceedingly.

131: Lycus is actually finishing his line of 125-6, which changes the effect a bit: Lysander still thinks winning Eudora is impossible for Tharsalio.

= ie. Arsace; Tharsalio picks up on Lycus' bird metaphor of lines 131-2.

137-8: your messenger's = Arsace's. = ie. Eudora.

144: calendars = omens, signs. 144-6: I'll pawn...judgment: Tharsalio expresses confidence that he will indeed succeed with Eudora, and thus change Lysander's opinion of him.

148: "there's nothing like success to make people think better of you".

= "as well as any practical assistance I can provide." Note the split rhyming couplet of 148-151 which finishes the scene.

Entering Characters: Eudora's servants meet.

1-2: Argus begins the scene by mocking Rebus' attempts to woo Eudora by impressing her with his connections to the Viceroy.
Arg. To court her, I perceive, is to woo her with letters from Court; for so this Spartan lord's Court discipline teacheth.

Sthen. His lordship hath procured a new packet from his Altitude.

Clin. If he bring no better ware than letters in's packet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speed.

Ian. If his lordship did but know how gracious his aspect is to my lady in this solitary humour.

Clin. Well, these retired walks of hers are not usual, and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may be the cause, Sthenia?

Sthen. Nay, 'twould trouble Argus with his hundred eyes to descry the cause.

Ian. Venus keep her upright, that she fall not from the state of her honour; my fear is that some of these serpentine suitors will tempt her from her constant vow of widowhood. If they do, good night to our good days!

Sthen. 'Twere a sin to suspect her: I have been witness to so many of her fearful protestations to our late lord against that course; to her infinite oaths imprinted on his lips, and sealed in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if ever it should receive a second impression; to her open and often destatations of that incestuous life (as she termed it) of widows' marriages, as being but a kind of lawful adultery, like usury permitted by the law, not approved; that to wed a second, was no better than to cuckold the first; that women should entertain wedlock as one body, as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it: so as if the conscience of her vows should not restrain her, yet the world's shame to break such a constant resolution, should repress any such motion in her.

Arg. Well, for vows, they are gone to Heaven with her husband, they bind not upon earth; and as for women's resolutions, I must tell you, the planets, and (as Ptolemy says) the winds have a great stroke in them. Trust not my learning if her late strangeness and exorbitant

23-24: Argus = not our servant Argus, but rather the hundred-eyed giant of myth; Argus was charged with guarding Io, one of Jupiter's mortal lovers, who had been turned into a cow by Juno, Jupiter's jealous wife. 9 descry = discover, perceive.

24: = with serpentine, a reference to the Garden of Eden.

36-37: incestuous life = perhaps adulterous should be preferred; for those who frowned on a widow's remarriage, such terms were meant to express censure, but there was no legal prohibition on widows remarrying in 16th-17th century England.

38: = with the sense of "but not".

43-46: so as if...in her = even if a widow's conscience doesn't prevent her from remarrying, the public disgrace it would bring should still stifle any such inclination.

50: Ptolemy was the famous and ancient Hellenic astronomer, whose earth-centric view of the universe held sway in Elizabethan literature; the alignment of the planets affected one's fortunes and future.

solitude be not hatching some new monster.

_Ian._ Well applied, Argus; make you husbands

_monsters?

_Arg._ I spoke of no husbands: but you wenches have

_the pregnant wits_ to turn monsters into husbands, as

_you turn husbands into monsters.

_Sthen._ Well, Ianthe, 'twere high time we made in to

_part our lady and her Spartan wooer.

_Ian._ We shall appear to her like the _two fortunate stars_

_in a tempest to save the shipwrack of her patience.

_Sthen._ Ay, and to him too, I believe; for by this time he

_hath spent the last dram of his news.

_Arg._ That is, of his wit.

_Sthen._ Just, good _wittols_!

_Ian._ If not, and that my lady be not too deep in her new

dumps, we shall hear from _his lordship_ what such a lord

_said of his wife the first night he embraced her; to what
gentleman such a count was beholding for his fine

_children; what young lady such an old count should

_marry; what _revels_, what _presentments_, are towards;

_and who penned the _pegmas_, and so forth: and yet, for
all this, I know her _harsh_ suitor hath tired her to the

_uttermost scruple_ of her forbearance, and will do more,
unless we two, like a pair of shears, cut asunder the
_thread of his discourse.

_Sthen._ Well then, let's in; but, my masters, wait you

_on your charge at your perils, see that you guard her

_approach from any more intruders.

_Ian._ Excepting young Tharsalio.

_Sthen._ True, excepting him indeed, for a guard of men

_is not able to keep him out, an't please your honour.

_Arg._ Oh, wenches, that's the _property_ of true valour,
to promise like a pigmy and perform like a giant. If he

_come, I'll be sworn I'll do my lady's commandment upon

_him._

62-63: Rebus has been haunting Eudora in her garden.

65-66: the _two fortunate stars_ refer to two of the brightest
stars in the sky, Castor and Pollux, mythological twins who
were turned into constellations by Zeus; they are associated
with the phenomena of St. Elmo's fire, a naturally occurring
corona of light which can appear on the mast of a ship
during a storm, indicating to superstitious sailors the
presence of the gods.

68-69: Sthenia humorously suggests that Rebus, who no
doubt has run out of things to say to Eudora, will also
appreciate a rescue.

_77-79: to what..._children_ = a very funny description of a
_count whose wife has blessed his marriage by giving
him children by another man.

_77-78:_ the _pegmas_ = inscriptions on the framework on a
stage.

_78:_ the _pegmas_ has a number of senses, all of which could apply:
course, unpleasant to listen to or see, and causing
_physical revulsion_.

_87-88: wait you..._perils = "make sure to do your duties, or
_beware the consequences"_.

_97-99: If he..._upon _him_ = Argus talks bravely about dealing
Ian. What, beat him out?

Sthen. If he should, Tharsalio would not take it ill at his hands, for he does but his lady's commandment.

Arg. Well, by Hercules, he comes not here!

Sthen. By Venus, but he does: or else she hath heard my lady's prayers, and sent some gracious spirit in his likeness to fright away that Spartan wooer that haunts her.

Thar. There stand her sentinels.

Arg. 'Slight, the ghost appears again!

Thar. Save ye, my quondam fellows in arms! Save ye, my women!

Sthen. Your women, sir?

Thar. 'Twill be so. What, no courtesies? No preparation of grace? Observe me. I advise you for your own sakes.

Ian. For your own sake, I advise you to pack hence, lest your impudent valour cost you dearer than you think.

Clin. What senseless boldness is this, Tharsalio?

Arg. Well said, Clinias, talk to him.

Clin. I wonder that notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatenings of worse, you would yet presume to trouble this place again.

Thar. Come, y' are a widgeon; off with your hat, sir, acknowledge! Forecast is better than labour. Are you squint-eyed? Can you not see afore you? A little foresight, I can tell you, might stead you much, as the stars shine now.

Clin. 'Tis well, sir, 'tis not for nothing your brother is ashamed on you. But, sir, you must know, we are charged to bar your entrance.

with Tharsalio, but his courage is a sham; Argus regularly and humorously reveals himself to actually be quite the submissive coward!

= illy, badly.
= ie. Argus.
= ie. Venus.
= ie. ghost.
= God's light, an oath.

119: Save ye = common greeting, short for "God save you". quondam = one-time: Tharsalio acknowledges his former status as a page in Eudora's household.

= ie. "you will be my servants soon." = bowing or courtsies,¹ as would be expected from one's own servants.
= "treat me with a proper show of respect".¹
= depart from here.

133: Argus gladly lets Clinias deal with Tharsalio!

= most recent welcome.

= a type of wild duck, meaning a fool. = Tharsalio is addressing Clinias, who has refused to show the appropriate sign of respect by removing his hat. = prudence.¹
= ie. "who it is that stands before you?"
= help, be advantageous to.¹

143: Tharsalio expects the stars are aligning in his favor; his point is that the servants would be wise to treat him with the appropriate respect, as he expects to be their master soon enough.

= of.
Thar. But, whiffler, know you, that whoso shall dare to execute that charge, I'll be his executioner.

Arg. By Jove, Clinias, methinks the gentleman speaks very honourably.

Thar. Well, I see this house needs reformation; here's a fellow stands behind now of a forwarder insight than ye all. — What place hast thou?

Arg. What place you please, sir.

Thar. Law you, sir! Here's a fellow to make a gentleman usher, sir! I discharge you of the place, and do here invest thee into his room. Make much of thy hair, thy wit will suit it rarely. And for the full possession of thine office, come, usher me to thy lady; and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me.

Arg. No bribes, sir, an't please your worship!

Thar. Go to, thou dost well, but pocket it for all that; it's no impair to thee, the greatest do 't.

Arg. Sir, 'tis your love only that I respect, but since out of your love you please to bestow it upon me, it were want of courtship in me to refuse it; I'll acquaint my lady with your coming.

Thar. How say by this? Have not I made a fit choice, that hath so soon attained the deepest mystery of his profession? Good sooth, wenches, a few courtesies had not been cast away upon your new lord.

Sthen. We'll believe that, when our lady has a new son of your getting.

Enter Argus, Eudora, Rebus, Hiarbas, Psorabeus.

Eud. What's the matter? Who's that you say is come?

Arg. The bold gentleman, an't please your honour.

Eud. Why, thou fleering ass, thou —
Arg. An't please your honour.

Eud. Did not I forbid his approach by all the charge and duty of thy service?

Thar. Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly understood his command according to the style of the Court of Venus, that is, by contraries: when you forbid, you bid.

Eud. By Heaven, I'll discharge my house of ye all!

Thar. You shall not need, madam, for I have already cashiered your officious usher here, and chose this for his successor.

Eud. O incredible boldness!

Thar. Madam, I come not to command your love with enforced letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my pedigree, as he who draws the thread of his descent from Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandsire cried cony skins in Sparta.

Reb. Whom mean you, sir?

Thar. Sir, I name none but him who first shall name himself.

Reb. The place, sir, I tell you still, and this goddess's fair presence, or else my reply should take a far other form upon 't.

Thar. If it should, sir, I would make your lordship an answer.

Arg. Anser's Latin for a goose, an't please your honour.

Eud. Well noted, gander; and what of that?

Arg. Nothing, an't please your honour, but that he said he would make his lordship an answer.

Eud. Thus every fool mocks my poor suitor. Tell me, thou most frontless of all men, didst thou (when thou

= is the only intelligent one.

202-4: according...bid = according to the rules of Venus, the goddess of love, by which a woman means the opposite of what she says.

206: "By God, I'll fire all of you!"

209: your usher is Clinias, who is officious because he had been over-zealous in the performance of his duties; this refers to Argus.

= ie. letters of recommendation, such as those the Viceroy wrote on behalf of Rebus.

= in Greek mythology, Leda, the daughter of a king, was impregnated by Zeus, who at the time was disguised as a swan, resulting in the birth of the twins Castor and Pollux (see the note above at lines 65-66); a distaff was an instrument for spinning wool; thus, in lines 216-8, Tharsalio is mocking Rebus' tenuous or false claims to a grand lineage, comparing them to a very thin thread drawn from a distaff.

= was a seller of rabbit furs for hats; to cry a commodity means to announce its sale, like a hawker.

= Rebus once again suggests that it is only out respect for Eudora and her home that he will not immediately challenge Tharsalio to a duel; this barely disguises his cowardice.

232: anser is indeed Latin for goose, which itself was a common term for a fool. A servant would be proud if he actually could show off any knowledge of Latin.

= "what is your point?"

237-8: "only that when Tharsalio said he intends to make Rebus an answer, he really meant he will make him a goose, ie. a fool."

241: frontless = shameless.

241-2: when thou...best = ie. "when you had plenty of opportunity to make a note of my morals", referring to when Tharsalio served her household as a page.
hadst means to note me best) ever observe so base a
temper in me as to give any glance at stooping to my
vassal?

Thar. Your drudge, madam, to do your drudgery.

Eud. Or am I now so scant of worthy suitors that may
advance mine honour, advance my estate, strengthen my
alliance (if I list to wed) that I must stoop to make my
foot my head?

Thar. No, but your side, to keep you warm a-bed. But,
madam, vouchsafe me your patience to that point's
serious answer. Though I confess, to get higher place in
your graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable,
my person more gracious, my mind more adorned with
noble and heroical virtues, yet, madam (that you think
not your blood disparaged by mixture with mine) deign
to know this: howsoever, I once, only for your love,
disguised myself in the service of your late lord and
mine, yet my descent is as honourable as the proudest
of your Spartan attempters, who, by unknown quills
or conduits underground, draws his pedigree from
Lycurgus his great toe to the Viceroy's little finger, and
from thence to his own elbow, where it will never leave
itching.

Reb. 'Tis well, sir; presume still of the place.

Thar. 'Sfoot, madam, am I the first great personage
that hath stooped to disguises for love? What think you
of our countryman Hercules, that for love put on
Omphale's apron and sate spinning amongst her
wenches, while his mistress wore his lion's skin, and
lamb-skinned him if he did not his business?

= bowing down, ie. submitting herself.
= slave or servant, meaning Tharsalio when he was her page.
= servant who worked on low and menial tasks.¹

= wish.
250-1: stoop...head = proverbial concept, suggesting
making the lowest the highest, ie. an improper reversal
of some kind; here meaning Eudora would be marrying
well below her rank, and making her servant (Tharsalio)
his master.

254-5: vouchsafe...answer = "please grant me permission to
answer, in all seriousness, your point."
255-6: to get...honourable = "I would wish I was wealthier
and of higher rank, to be more worthy of your favour."
258-9: that you...mine = "so that you don't think it would
be a dishonour to your blood-line to have it mix with
mine".

= small tubes or channels for moving liquids, with perhaps
also a punning glance at Rebus as a goose.

= legendary lawgiver of Sparta (Rebus' home state).
266-7: if his elbow itches, then he would scratch it: the OED
suggests that rubbing or scratching one's elbow means
that one is pleased with oneself (def. of elbow, n., 4
Phrases d), but another old reference (which I found but
then could not find again) suggests there was an old
superstition that one who scratches his elbow while
speaking is lying.

= God's foot; in 271-6, Tharsalio defends his pretending to
be worthy of no higher a position than Eudora's page, when
in reality he is of noble stock, by claiming he acted this way
just so he could be near her.

273f: Hercules, attacked with a severe illness, was told by
the Delphic oracle that his health would be restored if he
sold himself as a slave and worked for three years for wages;
Hercules subsequently was purchased by Omphale, the
queen of Lydia; it was written by later Roman authors that
he frequently did women's work while dressed in women's
clothes, while Omphale wore the lion-skin normally
associated with Hercules.⁹

Tharsalio's allusion is not really to the point, as love had
no role in the myth, although Hercules later did marry
Omphale.
sate = old variation of sat.

= beat.¹
Eud. Most fitly thou resemblest thyself to that violent outlaw that claimed all other men's possessions as his own by his mere valour. For what less hast thou done? Come into my house, beat away these honourable persons—

Thar. That I will, madam. — Hence, ye Sparta-velvets! [Beating them.]

Psor. Hold, she did not mean so.

Thar. Away, I say, or leave your lives, I protest, here. = die. = promise.

Hiar. Well, sir, his Altitude shall know you.

Reb. I'll do your errand, sir. [Exeunt.]

Thar. Do, good cousin Altitude, and beg the reversion of the next lady, for Dido has betrothed her love to me. By this fair hand, madam, a fair riddance of this Calydonian boar.

Eud. O most prodigious audaciousness!

Thar. True, madam! O fie upon 'em, they are intolerable! And I cannot but admire your singular virtue of patience, not common in your sex, and must therefore carry with it some rare endowment of other masculine and heroical virtues. To hear a rude Spartan court so ingenious a lady, with dull news from Athens or the Viceroy's Court; how many dogs were spoiled at the last bull-baiting, what ladies dubbed their husbands knights, and so forth!


= the sense is "by force alone".

284: Tharsalio has taken Eudora's last sentence as an imperative! hence means "begone", and velvets alludes to the fine clothes and softness of Rebus and his companions, and is meant as an insult.

298-9: beg...lady = ie. "ask the Viceroy to help you find another wife who can be handed off to you"; reversion is a legal term, referring to the automatic taking possession of a property at the end of a defined period or occurrence of an event, such as the death of the current possessor.

= Tharsalio compares himself to Aeneas (see the note at Act II.i.30), whom Dido, the Queen of Carthage, fell in love with.

= the Calydonian Boar was the famous monster-boar sent by the goddess Artemis (the Roman Diana) to wreak havoc in Aetolia (in Greece); the boar was hunted to death by a collection of Greek heroes; Tharsalio is punning boar with boor, calling Rebus a rustic or a clown. The two words would have sounded essentially the same in the 17th century.

Smeak notes that as the ancient name for Scotland was Caledonia, Chapman once again associates the undesirable Rebus with Scotland, as he did earlier in referring to him and his companions as whoreson bagpipe lords.

= monstrous.

= "shame on them"; Tharsalio again deliberately misinterprets Eudora's intended meaning, pretending her last comment was aimed at the Spartans!

312: bull-baiting = popular Elizabethan entertainment, along with bear-baiting, consisting of tethering a large wild animal to a post and setting dogs to attack it.

dubbed = dub has a suggestive sense as well, perhaps also punning knights and "nights". There may be an additional reference here to the custom of a lady granting a man the title of "knight" for the evening if he has knelt down and pledged a drink to her health.¹¹
disdain I showed thee in my last entertainment, chasing thee from my presence, and charging thy duty not to attempt the like intrusion for thy life; and dar'st thou yet approach me in this unmannery manner? No question this desperate boldness cannot choose but go accompanied with other infinite rudenesses.

Thar. Good madam, give not the child an unfit name, term it not boldness which the sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible rock of a woman's constancy.

Eud. If shame cannot restrain thee, tell me yet if any brainless fool would have tempted the danger attending thy approach.

Thar. No, madam, that proves I am no fool. Then had I been here a fool and a base, low-spirited Spartan, if for a lady's frown, or a lord's threats, or for a guard of grooms, I should have shrunk in the wetting, and suffered such a delicious flower to perish in the stalk, or to be savagely plucked by a profane finger. No,

madam, first let me be made a subject for disgrace; let your remorseless guard seize on my despised body, bind me hand and foot, and hurl me into your ladyship's bed.

Eud. O gods! I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

Thar. Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration: know me better, and you'll admire me less.

Eud. What would'st thou have me know? What seeks thy coming? Why dost thou haunt me thus?

Thar. Only, madam, that the Etna of my sighs and Nilus of my tears, poured forth in your presence, might witness to your honour the hot and moist affection of my heart, and work me some measure of favour from your sweet tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good ladyship shall esteem more conducible to your divine contentment.

Eud. Pen and ink-horn, I thank thee! This you learned when you were a serving-man.

Thar. Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that style, as, were it my happiness (as I know it will be) to mount into my lord's succession, yet vow I never to assume other
title, or state, than your servant's: not approaching your board, but bidden; not pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known, if you will command me any service.

Eud. Thy vows are as vain as a ruffian's oaths, as common as the air, and as cheap as the dust. How many of the light huswives, thy muses, hath thy love promised this service besides, I pray thee?

Thar. Compare shadows to bodies, madam, pictures to the life; and such are they to you, in my valuation.

Eud. I see words will never free me of thy boldness, and will therefore now use blows; and those of the mortallest enforcement. Let it suffice, sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enjoy your safety; keep back; no one foot follow me further; for I protest to thee, the next threshold past, lets pass a prepared ambush to thy latest breath.

[Exit Eudora.]

Thar. [He draws] This for your ambush! Dare my love with death?

[Exit.]

Clin. 'Slight! Follow, an't please your honour!

Arg. Not I, by this light!

Clin. I hope, gentlewomen, you will.

Sthen. Not we, sir, we are no parters of frays.

Clin. Faith, nor I'll be any breaker of customs.

[Exeunt.]

END OF ACT II.
ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before the House of Lysander.

Enter Lysander and Lycus, booted.

Lycus. Would any heart of adamant, for satisfaction of an ungrounded humour, rack a poor lady's innocency as you intend to do? It was a strange curiosity in that Emperor that ripped his mother's womb to see the place he lay in.

Lys. Come, do not load me with volumes of persuasion; I am resolved, if she be gold she may abide the test; let's away. I wonder where this wild brother is.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero.

Cyn. Sir!

Lys. I pray thee, wife, show but thyself a woman, and be silent; question no more the reason of my journey, which our great Viceroy's charge, urged in this letter, doth enforce me to.

Cyn. Let me but see that letter. There is something In this presaging blood of mine, tells me This sudden journey can portend no good; Resolve me, sweet; have not I given you cause Of discontent by some misprision, Or want of fit observance? Let me know, That I may wreak myself upon myself.

Lys. Come, wife, our love is now grown old and staid, And must not wanton it in tricks of court.

Nor interchanged delights of melting lovers, Hanging on sleeves, sighing, loath to depart; These toys are past with us; our true love's substance Hath worn out all the show; let it suffice,

I hold thee dear; and think some cause of weight, With no excuse to be dispensed withal, Compels me from thy most desired embraces. I stay but for my brother; came he not in last night?
Hyl. For certain no, sir, which gave us cause of wonder what accident kept him abroad.

Cyn. Pray Heaven it prove not some wild resolution, bred in him by his second repulse from the Countess.

Lys. Trust me, I something fear it, this insatiate spirit of aspiring being so dangerous and fatal; desire, mounted on the wings of it, descends not but headlong.

Enter Tharsalio cloaked.

Hyl. Sir, sir, here's my uncle.

Lys. What, wrapp'd in careless cloak, face hid in hat unbanded! These are the ditches, brother, in which outraging colts plunge both themselves and their riders.

Thar. Well, we must get out as well as we may; if not, there's the making of a grave saved.

Cyn. That's desperately spoken, brother; had it not been happier the colt had been better broken, and his rider not fallen in?

Thar. True, sister, but we must ride colts before we can break them, you know.

Lys. This is your blind goddess Confidence.

Thar. Alas, brother, our house is decayed, and my honest ambition to restore it I hope be pardonable. My comfort is: the poet that pens the story will write o'er my head Magnis tamen excidit ausis!

Which, in our native idiom, lets you know His mind was high, though Fortune was his foe.

Lys. A good resolve, brother, to out-jest disgrace. Come, I had been on my journey but for some private speech with you; let's in.

39-40: Hylus' comment reminds us that the last we saw of Tharsalio, he was following Eudora into her private chambers with his sword drawn! = away from home, out and about.

42-43: "I hope he hasn’t done something crazy, as a result of being rejected a second time by Eudora."

= ie. wanting to marry someone of so much higher standing than he has.

46-47: desire...headlong = desire, carried on the wings of an insatiable spirit, comes crashing down head-first.

= careless suggests Tharsalio's lack of concern for his own appearance.

54: unbanded = without a hatband, which was fashionable in Chapman's time.

54-55: These are...riders = with this riding metaphor, Lysander warns Tharsalio that his reckless behavior will lead to disaster. in which = into which. = wild.

58: ie. "if we are killed falling into the ditch, we save others the trouble of digging us a grave."

= ie. "wouldn't the result have".

= read as "if the". = ie. broken in, trained.

= while continuing the horse metaphor, Tharsalio may also be amusing himself with this suggestive comment about Eudora.

= "the fortunes of our family have declined".

= "he died in a great undertaking"; this quote comes from Ovid's Metamorphoses, in which he tells the story of Apollo's son Phaeton, who was killed by Jupiter as he tried to drive his father's chariot (ie. the sun) across the sky, losing control of the horses in the process.

= allusion to a frequently referred-to ballad entitled "Fortune My Foe."

77: "that's a good decision to save face by making a joke out of your failure." = "would already have been".
**Thar.** Good brother, stay a little, help out this ragged colt out of the ditch.

[Uncloaks and reveals a splendid suit.]

**Lys.** How now?

**Thar.** Now I confess my **oversight**, this have I purchased by my confidence.

**Lys.** I like you, brother, 'tis the true garb, you know, What **wants** in real worth supply in show.

**Thar.** In show? Alas, 'twas even the thing itself; I op'd my counting house, and took away These simple fragments of my treasury. “Husband,” my Countess cried, “take more, more yet”; Yet I, in haste to pay in part my debt, And prove myself a husband of her store, Kissed and came off, and this time took no more.

**Cyn.** But good brother –

**Thar.** Then were our honored spousal rites performed, We made all short, and sweet, and **close**, and sure.

**Lys.** He's rapt.

**Thar.** Then did my ushers and chief servants **stoop**. Then **made my women** curtsies and envied Their lady's fortune: I was **magnified**.

**Lys.** Let him alone, this spirit will soon vanish.

**Thar.** Brother and sister, as I love you, and am true servant to Venus, all the premises are serious and true, and the conclusion is: the great Countess is mine, the palace is at your service, to which I invite you all to solemnize my honoured nuptials.

**Lys.** Can this be credited?

**Thar.** Good brother, do not you envy my fortunate achievement?

**Lys.** Nay, I ever said the attempt was commendable –

**Thar.** Good!

**Lys.** If the **issue** were successful.

**Thar.** A good state conclusion; happy **events** make good the worst attempts. Here are your widow-vows, sister; thus are ye all in your **pure naturals**: certain

= omission, 1 ie. not yet having revealed his true situation.

92: "if the reality is rotten, at least you can look good"; Lysander assumes his brother is up to one of his gags.

**Thar.** Brother and sister, as I love you, and am true servant to Venus, all the premises are serious and true, and the conclusion is: the great Countess is mine, the palace is at your service, to which I invite you all to solemnize my honoured nuptials.

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**Thar.** Good!

**Lys.** If the issue were successful.

**Thar.** A good state conclusion; happy events make good the worst attempts. Here are your widow-vows, sister; thus are ye all in your pure naturals; certain

= outcome.

132-3: happy...events = successful results (events) justify even the lowest means.

133f: Here are...: Tharsalio boasts how his success with Eudora has proven how worthless a wife's vow is to never remarry, should her husband predecease her.

= ie. "all you women". = true character.
moral disguises of coyness, which the ignorant call modesty, ye borrow of art to cover your busk points;

which a blunt and resolute encounter, taken under a fortunate aspect, easily disarms you of; and then, alas, what are you? Poor naked sinners, God wot! Weak paper walls thrust down with a finger. This is the way on't, boil their appetites to a full height of lust; and then take them down in the nick.

Cyn. Is there probability in this, that a lady so great, so virtuous, standing on so high terms of honour, should so soon stoop?

Thar. You would not wonder, sister, if you knew the lure she stooped at. Greatness? Think you that can curb affection? No, it whets it more; they have the full stream of blood to bear them, the sweet gale of their sublimed spirits to drive them, the calm of ease to prepare them, the sunshine of fortune to allure them, greatness to waft them safe through all rocks of infamy. When youth, wit, and person come aboard once, tell me, sister, can you choose no but hoise sail, and put forward to the main?

Lys. But let me wonder at this frailty yet; Would she in so short time wear out his memory, So soon wipe from her eyes, nay, from her heart, Whom I myself, and this whole isle besides, Still remember with grief, the impression of his loss Taking worthily such root in us;

How think you, wife?

Cyn. I am ashamed on't, and abhor to think So great and vowed a pattern of our sex Should take into her thoughts, nay, to her bed (O stain to womanhood!) a second love.

Lycus. In so short time!

Cyn. In any time!

Lys. No, wife?

136 moral disguises of coyness, which the ignorant call modesty, ye borrow of art to cover your busk points;

= use in artifice. = bosoms; busk refers to whalebone used to stiffen corsets, while points are the tagged laces that hold the two parts of the corset (or attach any two articles of clothing) together.14 = ie. "an aggressive bit of courtship by a determined suitor".

138 fortunate aspect, easily disarms you of; and then, alas, what are you? Poor naked sinners, God wot! Weak = typical astrological allusion: an alignment of the planets which will affect one's fortunes in a positive way.

139-140: Weak...finger = despite all modesty and moral posturing, women give in as easily as do paper walls.

140 paper walls thrust down with a finger. This is the way on't, boil their appetites to a full height of lust; and then take them down in the nick.

142 = at the right moment.1

143-144: Is there probability in this, that a lady so great, so virtuous, standing on so high terms of honour, should so soon stoop?

= to do it. = ie. sexual appetites.

149-150: Think you...affection = "do you think you can suppress a woman's desires?"

154-6: When youth...main = "when a woman sees youth, intelligence (wit) and good looks (person) in one individual - me - can she help but fall in love?"

156 and person come aboard once, tell me, sister, can you choose no but hoise sail, and put forward to the main?

158 Lys. But let me wonder at this frailty yet; Would she in so short time wear out his memory, So soon wipe from her eyes, nay, from her heart, Whom I myself, and this whole isle besides, Still remember with grief, the impression of his loss Taking worthily such root in us;

How think you, wife?

166 Cyn. I am ashamed on't, and abhor to think So great and vowed a pattern of our sex Should take into her thoughts, nay, to her bed (O stain to womanhood!) a second love.

170 Lycus. In so short time!

172 Cyn. In any time!

174 Lys. No, wife?

175 Lysander turns a skeptical eye towards Cynthia.
47

**Cyn.** By Juno, no; sooner a loathsome toad!

**Thar.** High words, believe me, and I think she'll keep them. – Next turn is yours, nephew; you shall now marry my noblest lady-daughter; the first marriage in Paphos next my nuptials shall be yours. These are strange occurrences, brother, but pretty and pithy: if you see me in my chair of honour, and my Countess in mine arms, you will then believe, I hope, I am lord of the palace; then shall you try my great lady's entertainment, see your hands freed of me, and mine taking you to advancement.

**Lys.** Well, all this rids not my business. Wife, you shall be there to partake the unexpected honour of our house. Lycus and I will make it our recreation by the way to think of your revels and nuptial sports. – Brother, my stay hath been for you. – Wife, pray thee be gone, and soon prepare for the solemnity; a month returns me.

**Cyn.** Heavens guide your journey!

**Lys.** Farewell!

**Thar.** Farewell, nephew; prosper in virility; but – do you hear? – keep your hand from your voice; I have a part for you in our hymeneal show.

**Hyl.** You speak too late for my voice; but I'll discharge the part.

[Exit Cynthia, Hylus and Ero.]

**Lys.** Occurrents call ye them? Foul shame confound them all! That impregnable fort of chastity and loyalty, that amazement of the world – O ye deities, could nothing restrain her? I took her spirit to be too haughty for such a depression.

**Thar.** But who commonly more short-heeled than they that are high i' th' instep?

**Lys.** Methinks yet shame should have controlled so sudden an appetite.

**Thar.** Tush, shame doth extinguish lust as oil doth fire! The blood once het, shame doth inflame the more, What they before by art assembled most, They act more freely; shame once found is lost;

177: Juno = the queen of the gods, and the goddess of marriage.

sooner = ie. "I'd rather be".

= daughter of high rank, ie. Eudora's daughter, Laodice.

= after.

= occurrences. = arousing sympathy or passion.\(^1\)

= test or experience.

= ie. Tharsalio can finally move out of his brother's house.

= greater status.

= ie. at Tharsalio's wedding celebration.

= "during our journey".\(^2\)

= delay.

= "I'll be back in a month."

Hymen was the god of marriage; at the wedding festival, some of the guests will put on a show in the nature of a brief masque (a performance in which the characters are gods and the such, usually with music and dancing).

205: You speak…voice = perhaps alluding to his voice already having changed; the part may have been written specifically for a young actor in the midst of puberty.

210ff: now that Cynthia has exited, Lysander can express his distress: if Eudora could not keep her vow to never remarry, can Cynthia be expected to do any better?

= high-minded.

= reduction in status\(^1\) (contrasted with haughty).

= ie. who is. = wanton.\(^3\)

= proud.\(^3\)

= lustful desire.

222: that is, not at all!

= ie. passion, lust. = heated up.\(^1\)

224: they = women.

art = artifice.

224-5: Tharsalio, cynical as ever, comments yet again on the hypocrisy of women. Note the rhyming couplet expressing this pithy sentiment; most and lost would have sounded more alike at the time then they do today.
And to say truth, brother, what shame is due to't? Or what congruence doth it carry, that a young lady, gallant, vigorous, full of spirit and complexion, her appetite new-whetted with nuptial delights, to be confined to the speculation of a death's-head; or, for the loss of a husband, the world affording flesh enough, make the noontide of her years the sunset of her pleasures?

Lycus. And yet there have been such women.

Thar. Of the first stamp, perhaps, when the metal was purer than in these degenerate days. Of later years much of that coin hath been counterfeit, and besides, so cracked and worn with use, that they are grown light, and indeed fit for nothing but to be turned over in play.

Lys. Not all, brother!

Thar. My matchless sister only excepted; for she, you know, is made of another metal than that she borrowed of her mother. But do you, brother, sadly intend the pursuit of this trial?

Lys. Irrevocably.

Thar. It's a high project; if it be once raised, the earth is too weak to bear so weighty an accident; it cannot be conjured down again without an earthquake: therefore believe she will be constant.

Lys. No, I will not.

Thar. Then believe she will not be constant.

Lys. Neither! I will believe nothing but what trial enforces. Will you hold your promise for the governing of this project with skill and secrecy?
Thar. If it must needs be so. But heark you, brother; have you no other capricions in your head to entrap my sister in her frailty, but to prove the firmness of her widow-vows after your supposed death?

Lys. None in the world.

Thar. Then here's my hand; I'll be as close as my lady's shoe to her foot, that pinches and pleases her, and will bear on with the plot till the vessel split again.

Lys. Forge any death, so you can force belief. Say I was poisoned, drowned.

Thar. Hanged!

Lys. Anything.

So you assist it with likely circumstance; I need not instruct you; that must be your employment, Lycus.

Lycus. Well, sir!

Thar. But, brother, you must set in, too, to countenance truth out; a hearse there must be too. It's strange to think how much the eye prevails in such impressions; I have marked a widow, that just before was seen pleasant enough, follow an empty hearse and weep devoutly.

Lycus. All those things leave to me.

Lys. But, brother, for the bestowing of this hearse in the monument of our family, and the marshalling of a funeral –

Thar. Leave that to my care, and if I do not do the mourner as lively as your heir, and weep as lustily as your widow, say there's no virtue in onions; that being done, I'll come to visit the distressed widow, apply old ends of comfort to her grief, but the burden of my song shall be to tell her words are but dead comforts; and therefore counsel her to take a living comfort, that might ferret out the thought of her dead husband; and will come prepared with choice of suitors, either my Spartan lord for grace at the Viceroy's Court, or some great lawyer that may solder up her cracked estate, and so forth. But what would you say, brother, if you should find her married at your arrival?

= "listen to me".
= whims, notions; but also referring to the constellation of the goat, Capricorn, with its horns growing on the head of the cuckolded husband.¹ = weakness or vulnerability to temptation.¹ = test.

= secretive, but also meaning "tight" in the following shoe simile.

274: Tharsalio switches to a maritime metaphor with bear on and vessel split.

276: "make up any explanation of how I died, so long as it is believable;" he is addressing Lycus, who will accompany him on his trip, then return with the announcement of his death.

279: ie. like a criminal.

= ie. a believable story.

287: set in = take part. 287-8: to countenance truth out = make the story more believable. = coffin.

290-1: was seen pleasant enough = was observed to be quite happy.

= tomb.

= ie. play the part of.

= ie. as a tool to help him shed tears!

304-311: but the ...forth = Tharsalio warns Lysander he will try to tempt Cynthia to take another man once Lysander is "dead and buried".

= humorous for "another man". = force out, ie. take the place of.
Lys. By this hand, split her weasand!

Thar. Well, forget not your wager, a stately chariot

with four brave horses of the Thracian breed, with all
appurtenances. I'll prepare the like for you, if you prove
victor. But, well remembered, where will you lurk the
whiles?

Lys. Mewed up close, some short day's journey hence;
Lycus shall know the place. Write still how all things
pass. Brother, adieu; all joy attend you!

Thar. Will you not stay our nuptial now so near?

Lys. I should be like a man that hears a tale
And heeds it not, one absent from himself.
My wife shall attend the countess, and my son.

Thar. Whom you shall hear at your return call me

Father. Adieu; Jove be your speed.

My nuptials done, your funerals succeed.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE II.
A Room in the House of Eudora.

Enter Argus barehead.

Arg. A hall, a hall! Who's without there?

Enter two or three with cushions.

Come on, y'are proper grooms, are ye not? 'Slight, I

think y'are all bridegrooms, ye take your pleasures so. A
company of dormice! Their honours are upon coming,
and the room not ready. Rushes and seats instantly!

Enter Tharsalio.

Thar. Now, alas, fellow Argus, how thou art cumbered
with an office!

Arg. Perfume, sirrah, the room's dampish.

Thar. Nay, you may leave that office to the ladies,
they'll perfume it sufficiently.

Arg. [perceiving Tharsalio] Cry mercy, sir! Here's

= throat or windpipe.¹

316f: Tharsalio and Lysander have wagered on the outcome
of the experiment; Tharsalio is betting that Cynthia will
fail to keep her widow-vows.

= Smeak notes that horses from Thrace were highly prized.
= accompanying equipment, accessories.

= hidden away, confined (close = in secret).
= continuously, the sense being "frequently".
= ie. "for our".

332-3: call me father: he expects Hylus to marry Eudora's
daughter, Laodice, making him, Tharsalio, his father-in-
law.
= "I wish you success", a variation on the still-used "God-
speed".
= come next.

= ie. his servant's cap held in his hand, as a sign of respect.
= an exclamation to "make room" in a crowded hall, ahead
of the masque.³

= servants. = God's light, an oath; Argus, in his new office
of gentleman usher, is now responsible for many of the
household's activities, and as such has taken charge of
making preparations for the wedding celebration.

= dormice were believed to be sleepy animals.¹⁰
= rushes (the marsh plant) were frequently strewn on the
floors of Elizabethan homes, especially when guests
were expected.

15: Argus continues to bark orders; stale Elizabethan rooms
might be perfumed to sweeten the air; sirrah = common
term of address to a servant, or in this case a lesser servant.

= a phrase of apology.
a whole chorus of Sylvans at hand, cornetting and

tripping o’th’ toe, as the ground they trod on were too

hot for their feet. The device is rare; and there’s your

young nephew too, he hangs in the clouds deified with

Hymen’s shape.

Thar. Is he perfect in’s part? Has not his tongue learned

of the Sylvans to trip o’ th’ toe?

Arg. Sir, believe it, he does it preciously for accent and

action, as if he felt the part he played; he ravishes all the

young wenches in the palace; pray Venus my young

lady Laodice have not some little prick of Cupid in her,
she’s so diligent at’ rehearsals.

Thar. No force, so my next vows be heard, that

if Cupid have pricked her, Hymen may cure her.

Arg. You mean your nephew, sir, that presents

Hymen.

Thar. Why, so! I can speak nothing but thou art within

me; fie of this wit of thine, ’twill be thy destruction! But

howsoever you please to understand. Hymen send the

boy no worse fortune; and where’s my lady’s honour?

Arg. At hand, sir, with your unparagoned sister; please

you take your chair of honour, sir?

Thar. Most serviceable Argus, the gods reward thy

service; for I will not.

Enter Eudora leading Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenia,
Ianthe, Ero, with others following.

Eud. Come, sister, now we must exchange that name

For stranger titles, let’s dispose ourselves

To entertain these Sylvan revellers

That come to grace our lovèd nuptials.

I fear me we must all turn nymphs to-night.

= mythological dwellers of the woods. = playing their
horns; Argus is describing the characters that will
appear in the show.

= skipping around or dancing. = as if.

= "the idea for the masque is excellent."

24-25: Hylus will play Hymen, the god of marriage; earlier
editors have suggested that Hylus is, from this scene’s
opening, suspended above the stage, and Argus is
pointing him out. See lines 121-2 below.

= from. = ie. how to dance or move nimbly, ie. act his part
well.

= captivates.¹

= girls.

= ie. stung with Cupid’s arrow, with clearly suggestive pun.

= "at his", ie. Eudora’s daughter is always watching Hylus.

36-37: No force = "it does not matter".¹

so = so long as.

if Cupid had pricked her = "if Cupid has caused Laodice
to fall in love Hylus".

Hymen may cure her = this last clause is loaded with
meanings: Hymen, as the god of marriage, may give
satisfaction for Laodice’s desire for Hylus; but Hymen
also refers to Hylus, who is playing the god, as Argus notes in his
follow-up comment; and cure suggests a medical metaphor
with prick, which refers to the wound or sting caused by
Cupid’s arrow.

= "who is playing the part of".

42-43: thou art within me = "you understand me perfectly";

Tharsalio of course is gently mocking Argus’ attempts
at humorous equivocation. The phrase within me is a
fencing term, meaning "inside my guard."³

= shame or a curse on.²

= ie. Eudora.

= unmatchable.

= humorous: "but don’t expect a tip from me."

56-57: we must...titles = "let us exchange the more formal
(stranger) titles by which we till now have addressed
each other for that of sister".³

= Eudora no doubt refers to the goddess-maidens of the
woods, who are to appear in the show, but she may
also intend a more suggestive secondary meaning.
To **side** those sprightly wood-gods in their dances;
Can you do't nimbly, sister? 'Slight, what ails you,
Are you not well?

**Cyn.** Yes, madam.

**Eud.** But your looks,
Methinks, are cloudy; **suiting ill the sunshine**
Of this clear honour to your husband’s house.

Is there **aught** here that sorts not with your liking?

**Thar.** Blame her not, mistress, if her looks show **care**.
Excuse the **merchant's** sadness that hath made

A **doubtful venture of** his whole estate,
His livelihood, his hopes, in one poor **bottom**.

To all encounters of the sea and storms.

**Had you** a husband that you loved as well.
Would you not take his absent **plight** as **ill**?
**Cavil at every fancy**? Not an object

That could present itself, but it would **forge**
Some vain objection that **did doubt** his safety;
True love is ever full of **jealousy**.

**Eud.** Jealous? Of what? Of every little journey?
Mere **fancy**, then, is **wanton**; and doth cast
At those slight dangers there too doting glances;
Misgiving minds ever provoke **mischances**.
Shines not the sun in **his** way bright as here?
Is not the air as good? What **hazard doubt** you?

**Arg.** His horse may stumble, if it please your honour;
The rain may wet, the wind may blow on him;
Many **shrewd hazards** watch poor travellers.

**Eud.** True, and the shrewdest thou hast **reckoned us**. −

Good sister, these cares fit young married wives.

**Cyn.** Wives should be still young in their husbands' loves.

since it is her wedding day, and **nymph** did already possess in Chapman's time the additional sense of a woman with an insatiable sexual appetite.¹

= walk by the side of, ie. dance along with.

69: ie. Eudora's becoming connected by marriage to Lysander's family.

= anxiety.

73-79: an extended shipping metaphor: a **merchant** would risk a large amount of money in sending out a ship full of his wares to trade in foreign ports; if the ship returned successfully, he could make an enormous fortune; but if the ship sank or met some other like misfortune, he could be ruined. Here, Cynthia is the **merchant**, Lysander her ship which has sailed.

= uncertain risk or gamble of the loss of.¹

= ship; Tharsalio in lines 74-75 has adapted the proverb, "venture not all in one bottom".⁴

= "if you had".

= risky undertaking.¹

79: **Cavil at every fancy** = find a fault with every thought or mental image;¹ Cynthia cannot help but project misfortune on Lysander's enterprise.

79-81: **Not an object...safety** = Cynthia, in her anxious state of mind, will read an evil omen into everything she sees that reminds her of Lysander's journey.

= raise doubt about.²

= apprehension.²

= imagination. = capricious, uncontrollable or self-serving.¹

87: apprehensive minds always invite misfortune.

= ie. Lysander's

= "dangers worry".

91f: Argus tries to be helpful.

= dangerous or malicious.²

95: "Yes, you have just related to us (reckoned us)¹ the worst that could happen to him", ie. nothing really bad at all.

96: the sense is, "you have been married too long too have such baseless worries."

98-100: Cynthia defends her feelings: the character of true love should not change with time.
Time bears no scythe should bear down them before him; 
Our lives he may cut short, but not our loves.

**Thar.** Sister, be wise, and ship not in one **bark**
All your ability; if he miscarry,
Your well-tried wisdom should look out for new.

**Cyn.** I wish them happy winds that run that course;
From me ‘tis far; one temple sealed our troth;
One tomb, one hour shall end and shroud us both.

**Thar.** Well, y'are a **phoenix**; there, be that your cheer:
Love with your husband be your wisdom here.

**Eud.** Take your place, worthiest **servant**.

[**Music.**]

**Thar.** Serve me, Heaven,
As I my heavenly mistress! – **Sit**, rare sister.

[**Music:** Hymen descends, and six Sylvans 
enter beneath, with torches.]

**Arg.** A hall, a hall! Let no more citizens in there!

**Laod.** O not my **cousin**, see, but Hymen’s self.

**Sthen.** He does become it most **enflamingly**.

**Hym.** Hail, honoured bridegroom, and his princely bride,
With the most famed for virtue, Cynthia;
And this young lady, bright **Laodice**,
One rich hope of this noblest family –

**Sthen.** Heark how he courts. He is enamoured too.

**Laod.** Oh, grant it, Venus, and be ever honoured!

**Hym.** In grace and love of you, I, Hymen, searched
The groves and thickets that embrace this palace
With this clear-flamed and good-aboding torch
For summons of these fresh and flowery Sylvans
To this fair presence, with their winding **hays**.
Active and antic dances, to delight
Your frolic eyes, and help to celebrate
These noblest nuptials; which great Destiny
Ordained **past custom** and all **vulgar object**, 

= **Time** personified.
= boat; Tharsalio resumes his shipping metaphor.
= wonder.
111: a not entirely clear line: Parrott believes Tharsalio is addressing Eudora in this line, saying something like, to quote him, "'let your wisdom show itself in your affection for your husband"; but could he be continuing to address Cynthia, whom he just called a **phoenix**?

= listen. = entertainment demands.
= lover, devotee.

Hymen was usually portrayed as carrying a bridal torch.

= "my excellent sister-in-law", ie. Cynthia.

= Hylus, playing the god of marriage, is lowered onto the stage by a mechanical device.

= "make room!"

126: "it's not Hylus, but Hymen himself;" **cousin** was used loosely to describe any of one's kin, so now that Tharsalio is wedded to Eudora, Laodice and Hylus are related by marriage.

= **Laodice**, we remember, is a four-syllable word: la-O-di-che.

= Sthenia comments that Hylus sounds as if he is wooing Laodice - who hopes he is doing so!

= country dances.
= comic or bizarre.

147: **past custom** = above convention, ie. perhaps referring to Tharsalio marrying above his own station to the wealthy and noble Eudora, or maybe to the unusual nature of his
To be the readvancement of a house
Noble and princely, and restore this palace
To that name that six hundred summers since
Was in possession of this bridegroom's ancestors,
The ancient and most virtue-famed Lysandri. —
Sylvans, the courtships you make to your Dryads.
Use to this great bride and these other dames,
And heighten with your sports my nuptial flames.

Laod. O, would himself descend, and me command!

Sthen. Dance, and his heart catch in another's hand.

[Sylvans take out the Bride and the rest;
they dance; after which, and all set in
their places, Hymen speaks.]

Hym. Now, what e'er power my torch's influence
Hath in the blessings of your nuptial joys,
Great bride and bridegroom, you shall amply part
Betwixt your free loves, and forego it never.

Omnes. Thanks to great Hymen and fair Sylvans ever.

[Exeunt.]

END OF ACT III.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.
A Room in the House of Eudora.

Enter Tharsalio, and Lycus with his arm in a scarf, a night-cap on his head.

Lycus. I hope, sir, by this time –

Thar. Put on, man, by ourselves!

Lycus. The edge of your confidence is well taken off; would you not be content to withdraw your wager?

Thar. Faith, fellow Lycus, if my wager were weakly built, this unexpected accident might stagger it. For the truth is, this strain is extraordinary, to follow her husband's body into the tomb, and there, for his company, to bury herself quick; it's new and stirring; but, for all this, I'll not despair of my wager.

Lycus. Why, sir, can you think such a passion dissembled?

Thar. All's one for that; what I think I think. In the meantime, forget not to write to my brother how the plot hath succeeded, that the news of his death hath taken, a funeral solemnity performed, his supposed corpse bestowed in the monument of our family, thou and I horrible mourners. But above all, that his virtuous widow, for his love, and (for her love) Ero, her handmaid, are descended with his corpse into the vault; there wipe their eyes time out of mind, drink nothing but their own tears, and by this time are almost dead with famine. There's a point will sting it (for you say 'tis true); where left you him?

Lycus. At Dipolis, sir, some twenty miles hence.

Thar. He keeps close?

Lycus. Ay, sir, by all means; skulks unknown under the name of a strange knight.

Act IV: about a week has passed since the wedding festival. Acts IV-V: with Tharsalio's mission to marry Eudora complete, the play takes a somewhat more serious turn for the remaining acts.

1: as a show of respect for his new master, Lycus removes his cap.

3: Tharsalio tells his friend Lycus there is no need to observe such formalities when they are alone: put on = "put your cap back on"; notice, however, that Lycus always makes sure to address Tharsalio with the formal "you", while Lysander frequently slips into the more informal "thee" when addressing his friend.

5-6: as Tharsalio is no longer so confident he will win his bet with Lysander (for reasons which will shortly become apparent), should he not call off the bet? = truthfully.

= occurrence, in the sense of "development".

= alive.

15-16: "do you think she is faking this show of sorrow?" = it doesn't really matter.

= ie. is generally believed.

= corpse.

= tomb.

= extreme. = ie. intolerably, with perhaps an additional sense of "excessive".

= corpse.

= ie. endlessly; the phrase, and its predecessor out of mind, (without the word time) first appeared in English in the late 14th century.

= perhaps the town of Polis in Cyprus.

= hidden.

= skulk is a great word; it was borrowed from Scandinavian, as many words containing k were, and was in use in England as early as the 13th century.
Thar. That may carry him without descrying, for there's a number of strange knights abroad. You left him well?

Lycus. Well, sir, but for this jealous humour that haunts him.

Thar. Well, this news will absolutely purge that humour. Write all; forget not to describe her passion at thy discovery of his slaughter. Did she perform it well for her husband's wager?

Lycus. Perform it, call you it? You may jest; men hunt hares to death for their sports, but the poor beasts die in earnest: you wager of her passions for your pleasure, but she takes little pleasure in those earnest passions. I never saw such an ecstasy of sorrow, since I knew the name of sorrow. Her hands flew up to her head like Furies, hid all her beauties in her dishevelled hair, and wept as she would turn fountain. I would you and her husband had been behind the arras but to have heard her. I assure you, sir, I was so transported with the spectacle, that, in despite of my discretion, I was forced to turn woman and bear a part with her. Humanity broke loose from my heart and streamed through mine eyes.

Thar. In prose, thou wept'st. So have I seen many a moist auditor do at a play, when the story was but a mere fiction. And didst act the Nuntius well? Would I had heard it! Could'st thou dress thy looks in a mournful habit?

Lycus, we remember, who had travelled with Lysander, was responsible for returning and informing Cynthia of her husband's death.

= being discovered.
39: strange knights = foreign knights. James I, the Scottish king who ascended England's throne in 1603, was notorious for having sold large numbers of knighthoods to raise money for the crown; thus England was filled with numerous new knights, whose undeserved status was a common target for dramatists of the era. The fact that many of them were Scottish (strange = foreign) only added to their ludicrousness.

abroad = around, out and about.

= suspicious mood.

45-46: purge that humour = "remove that mood"; but humours also referred to the four fundamental fluids (blood, phlegm, and yellow and black bile), that were contained in the human body; if any of the humours was present in excess, thus causing illness, such excess had to be removed, or purged, to bring the body back into equilibrium. Hence purge was a polite way of indicating vomiting or emptying of the bowels.

47: discovery = revelation, ie. relation.

47-48: Did she...wager = Tharsalio is both suspicious and hopeful that Cynthia is faking her extreme show of mourning in order to reinforce her fame and reputation for loyalty to her husband.

50f: Lycus is always a little more serious than Tharsalio.

= on.

= the avenging spirits of ancient mythology.
= wish.
= hanging tapestries, a common place for hiding.
= moved.
= common Elizabethan expression for crying.

67: mere = complete.

didst = "did you".

Nuntius = narrator or messenger.

Would = "I wish".

68-69: Could'st...habit = a clothing metaphor: "were you able to appear to be mourning when you met with Cynthia?"

habit = outfit.

Lycus, we remember, who had travelled with Lysander, was responsible for returning and informing Cynthia of her husband's death.
Lycus. Not without preparation, sir, no more than my speech; 'twas a plain acting of an interlude to me to pronounce the part.

Thar. As how, for Heaven's sake?

Lycus. "Phoebus addressed his chariot towards the west To change his wearied coursers", and so forth.

Thar. Nay, on, and thou lov'st me.

Lycus. "Lysander and myself beguiled the way With interchanged discourse; but our chief theme Was of your dearest self, his honoured wife, Your love, your virtue, wondrous constancy."

Thar. Then was her cue to whimper; on!

Lycus. "When suddenly appeared, as far as sight, A troop of horse, armed, as we might discern, With javelins, spears, and such accoutrements. He doubted nought (as innocence ever Is free from doubting ill.)"

Thar. There dropt a tear.

Lycus. "My mind misgave me. They might be mountaineers. At their approach They used no other language but their weapons, To tell us what they were; Lysander drew, And bore himself Achilles-like in fight; And as a mower sweeps off th' heads of bents.

So did Lysander's sword shave off the points Of their assaulting lances. His horse at last, sore hurt, fell under him; I, seeing I could not rescue, used my spurs To fly away."

Thar. What, from thy friend?

Lycus. Ay, in a good quarrel, why not?

Thar. Good; I am answered.

Lycus. "A lance pursued me, brought me back again; And with these wounds left me t' accompany Dying Lysander. Then they rifled us, And left us. They gone, my breath not yet gone, 'gan to strive And revive sense; I with my feeble joints

= a light comic show;\(^1\) part of the extended stage metaphor employed by both men in lines 67-73. = speak.

= Tharsalio, who was not at the funeral, asks Lycus to repeat the story he told of how Lysander met his death.

77-78: Pheobus was an alternative name for Apollo, who, as the sun-god, drove the sun (his chariot) across the sky every day.

= "don't stop", ie. "tell me everything". = if.

82ff: Lycus describes the "business trip" he took with Lysander.

83-84: but our...wife = "we primarily talked about you".

= cue continues the earlier stage metaphor.

= additional pieces of equipment, trappings.\(^1\)

= Lysander suspected nothing.

97-98: note the intense alliteration of the first two short but full sentences of this speech.

= Achilles was of course the greatest Greek warrior of the Trojan War.

102: mower = one who cuts grass with a scythe. th' heads of bents = the seeding heads of a type of small leafy plant.\(^1,18\)

= sharp ends.

= read as "rescue Lysander".

109: Tharsalio plays devil's advocate: "am I supposed to believe you abandoned your friend in this time of need?"

= ie. one of the bandits. = robbed.

= ie. "I began".
Crawled to Lysander, stirred him, and withal
He gasped, cried "Cynthia!" and breathed no more.”

Thar. O then she howled outright.

Lycus. “Passengers came, and in a chariot brought us
Straight to a neighbour-town; where I forswth
Coffined my friend in lead, and so conveyed him
To this sad place.”

Thar. ’Twas well; and could not show but strangely.

Lycus. Well, sir, this tale pronounced with terror, suited
with action, clothed with such likely circumstance, my
wounds in show, her husband’s hearse in sight – think
what effect it wrought; and if you doubt, let the sad
consequence of her retreat to his tomb be your woeful
instructor.

Thar. For all this, I’ll not despair of my wager;
These griefs that sound so loud, prove always light,
True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight.

This strain of mourning wi’ th’ sepulchre, like an
overdoing actor, affects grossly, and is indeed so far
forced from the life, that it bewrays itself to be
altogether artificial. To set open a shop of mourning!

’Tis palpable. Truth, the substance, hunts not after the
shadow of popular fame. Her officious ostentation of
sorrow condemns her sincerity. When did ever woman
mourn so unmeasurably, but she did dissemble?

Lycus. O gods, a passion thus borne, thus apparelled
with tears, sighs, swoonings, and all the badges of true
sorrow, to be dissembled! By Venus, I am sorry I ever
set foot in’t. Could she, if she dissembled, thus dally
with hunger, be deaf to the barking of her appetite, not
having these four days relieved nature with one dram
of sustenance?

Thar. For this does she look to be deified, to have
hymns made of her, nay to her; the tomb where she is
to be no more reputed the ancient monument of our
family, the Lysandri, but the new-erected altar of
Cynthia, to which all the Paphian widows shall after
their husbands' funerals offer their wet muckindies for
monuments of the danger they have passed, as seamen
do their wet garments at Neptune’s temple after a
shipwrack.

= notwithstanding (his injuries).

= passersby.

= either the body would have been wrapped in a lead sheet
before being placed in a wooden coffin, or the coffin
itself would be enclosed in a sheet of lead.

133-4: suited with action = accompanied by the appropriate
gestures, ie. not just saying the words, but performing
correctly as well; Lycus also puns suited with clothed
in line 134.

= details; the sense of Lycus’ speech is that his tale was
made more believable by the totality of his story, the
way he told it, and the evidence.

= coffin.

141-2: note the rhyming couplet containing a moral lesson:
the sorrow of those people who make a public spectacle
of their mourning is not true or deep; those who suffer
the deepest grief experience it privately.

= is obviously (grossly) dissembled.

145: forced from the life = the sense is "overdone", ie. not
the way a genuine mourner would behave.

bewrays = betrays.

= Cynthia has set up shop in the tomb, which she has not
left since the funeral.

= undone pretense or exaggerated show.

= unrestrainedly, or to such an extent as cannot be
measured.

= swooning.

= took part in this charade.

160f: Tharsalio is severely cynical about Cynthia's motives.

= handkerchiefs.

= god of the sea.
Lycus. Well, I'll apprehend you, at your pleasure; I, for my part, will say that if her faith be as constant as her love is hearty and unaffected, her virtues may justly challenge a deity to enshrine them.

Thar. Ay, there's another point, too. But one of those virtues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. If the brain of the wise were in the heads of the learned, then might parish clerks be common-councilmen, and poets aldermen's deputies. My sister may turn Niobe for love; but till Niobe be turned to a marble, I'll not despair but she may prove a woman. Let the trial run on; if she do not outrun it, I'll say poets are no prophets, prognosticators are but mountebanks, and none tell true but wood-mongers.

Lycus. A sweet gentleman you are! I marvel what man, what woman, what name, what action, doth his tongue glide over, but it leaves a slime upon't? Well, I'll presently to Dipolis, where Lysander stays, and will not say but she may prove frail:

But this I'll say, if she should chance to break,

Her tears are true, though women's truths are weak.

ACT IV, SCENE II.
The Graveyard.

Enter Lysander, like a Soldier disguised at all parts; a half-pike, gorget, etc. He discovers the tomb, looks in, and wonders, etc.

Lys. O miracle of Nature, women's glory, = understand or consider\(^1\) (Tharsalio's viewpoint).

= demand as a right.

175-9: Tharsalio's point is that no person can possess such a complete package of virtues as Cynthia appears to own.

= in Greek mythology, Niobe, proud of her 12 children, bragged that she was superior to the gods, who vindictively slew all of the children; in mourning, Niobe went to Mt. Sypilus, where she was turned into stone, in which form she continued to mourn forever.\(^9\)

Tharsalio's point in 180-1 is that despite Cynthia's appearing to mourn as much as did Niobe, he expects that her true female nature (ie. weakness for flesh) will eventually reveal itself, at least until she actually turns into stone, as did Niobe, to prove otherwise.

= ie. to be fickle in love.

182-4: if she...wood-mongers = the sense here seems to be that if Cynthia cannot keep up this act, ie. indeed takes a new man before the experiment concludes, than all those who famously praise women will be proven to be frauds. = quacks or charlatans. = speak truthfully. = sellers of wood.

= go immediately.

192: Lycus concedes that even he can't say for sure that Cynthia will remain true to Lysander's memory. frail = vulnerable to temptation, morally weak.

193-4: "even if Cynthia falls, her mourning at this moment is genuine."

193-4: Note the rhyming couplet to end the scene; the ea in break and weak would have been pronounced about halfway between the ai in bait and e in bet. truths = vows or fidelity.

The Graveyard: the remainder of the play takes place in the graveyard in which "Lysander" is buried. In the rear of the stage there would likely be a mock-up of a crypt or tomb with a door or curtain in front of it; the action alternates between "inside" and "outside" the tomb.

= small spear.\(^1\) = throat-protecting armor.\(^2\)

= ie. his family's tomb.

1-4: O miracle...condemned = without irony, Lysander
Men's shame, and envy of the deities!
Yet must these matchless creatures be suspected,
praises women, and rues that they must forever be suspected, like criminals, of not being worthy of men's trust.
Accused, condemned! Now by th' immortal gods,
They rather merit altars, sacrifice,
5-6: the sense is, "women actually deserve to be treated as goddesses, rather than be pursued as mortal lovers."
Than love and courtship.
Yet see, the queen of these lies here interred,
Tearing her hair, and drownèd in her tears,
Make of them, wherein men may see and wonder At women's virtues. Shall she famish, then?
Will men, without dissuasions, suffer thus
So bright an ornament to earth, tombed quick
In earth's dark bosom? – Ho! Who's in the tomb there?
Ero. [within] Who calls? Whence are you?
Lys. I am a soldier of the watch and must enter.
Ero. Amongst the dead?
Lys. Do the dead speak? Ope, or I'll force it open.
Ero. [opening the door of the tomb] What violence is this? What seek you here,
Where nought but Death and her attendants dwell?
Lys. What wretched souls are you, that thus by night Lurk here amongst the dead?
Ero. Good soldier, do not stir her. She's weak, and quickly seized with swooning and passions,
And with much trouble shall we both recall
Her fainting spirits.
Five days thus hath she wasted, and not once Seasoned her palate with the taste of meat;
Her powers of life are spent; and what remains Of her famished spirit serves not to breathe but sigh. She hath exiled her eyes from sleep or sight,
And given them wholly up to ceaseless tears Over that ruthful hearse of her dear spouse,
Slain by bandittos, nobly-born Lysander.
Lys. And hopes she with these heavy notes and cries To call him from the dead? In these five days Hath she but made him stir a finger or fetch One gasp of that forsaken life she mourns? –
Come, honoured mistress, I admire your virtues, But must reprove this vain excess of moan;
Rouse yourself, lady, and look up from death. – Well said, 'tis well; stay by my hand and rise.
This face hath been maintained with better huswifery.
better when you were engaged in more appropriate housewife-like activities, i.e. house-keeping (huswifery)."

57-63: Lysander tells the ladies he has been assigned to protect the tombs of the cemetery, and at the same time make sure no crucified bodies are taken down, as by, for example, their loved ones.

= the crucified bodies of convicted criminals were not permitted proper burial; in ancient Greek belief, this would prevent their souls from passing on to the next world.

66: "be as honest as you seem to be; and go about your business".

= likely meaning "self-indulgence".

74-75: Lysander mocks Cynthia by comparing her to a satyr (a mythical half-man half-goat) that was frightened by a horn he himself blew. The anecdote appeared in the opening lines of a sonnet by the 16th century poet Philip Sydney.¹

76-77: "in order to temper (abate) your odd mood (humour), I am giving you advice to minister (tend) to what you call (term) an affliction, which would act on you as medicine, (physic), but you regard it as if it were poison." Lysander has begun a medical metaphor, which Ero will continue in her aside.

= ie. his advice.
= unpalatable.¹

= used to describe one whose fortune has fallen or collapsed.

= ie. her eyes.
= ie. the purpose for which they were intended.

= injurious, ruinous.¹ = useless.

90: the inn = with lodging in line 91, a metaphor for the tomb.

all Deucalion's race = ie. all human beings; when Zeus sent a flood to destroy the race of degenerate men which had come to occupy the earth, Deucalion built a boat, saving the lives of himself and his wife; after the flood subsided, the couple prayed to Zeus for the restoration of mankind; on the advice of the gods, the pair threw stones behind their backs, and from these stones arose the modern race of mankind.⁹
No privilege can free us from this prison;  
No tears, no prayers, can redeem from hence  
A captived soul: make use of what you see;  
Let this affrighting spectacle of death  
Teach you to nourish life.

**Ero.** Good mistress hear him; this is a rare soldier.

**Lys.** Say that with abstinence you should unloose  
The knot of life; suppose that in this tomb  
For your dear spouse you should entomb yourself  
A living corpse; say that before your hour,  
Without due summons from the Fates, you send  
Your hasty soul to hell; can your dear spouse  
Take notice of your faith and constancy?  
Shall your dear spouse revive to give you thanks?

**Cyn.** Idle discoursers!

**Lys.** No, your moans are idle.  
Go to, I say, be counselled! Raise yourself;  
Enjoy the fruits of life, there's viands for you.  
Now, live for a better husband. No? Will you none?

**Ero.** For love of courtesy, good mistress, eat,  
Do not reject so kind and sweet an offer;  
Who knows but this may be some Mercury  
Disguised, and sent from Juno to relieve us?  
Did ever any lend unwilling ears  
To those that came with messages of life?

**Cyn.** I pray thee leave thy rhetoric.

**Ero.** By my soul, to speak plain truth, I could rather  
Wish t' employ my teeth than my tongue, so your  
Example would be my warrant.

**Cyn.** Thou hast my warrant.

**Lys.** Well then, eat, my wench;  
Let obstinacy starve, fall to!

**Ero.** Persuade  
My mistress first.

**Lys.** 'Slight, tell me, lady.  
Are you resolved to die? If that be so,  
Choose not, for shame, a base and beggar's death;  
Die not for hunger, like a Spartan lady;  
Fall valiantly upon a sword, or drink  
A noble death, expel your grief with poison.  
There 'tis, seize it.

[offering his sword]

Tush, you dare not die! –

Come, wench,
Thou hast not lost a husband; thou shalt eat; 
Th' art now within the place where I command.

_Ero._ I protest, sir!

_Lys._ Well said; eat, and protest; or I'll protest, 
And do thou eat; thou eat'st against thy will, 
That's it thou would'st say?

_Ero._ It is.

_Lys._ And under such a protestation 
Thou lost thy maidenhead. −

For your own sake, good lady, forget this husband;  
Come, you are now become a happy widow, 
A blessedness that many would be glad of. 
That and your husband's inventory together, 
Will raise you up husbands enow. What think you of me?

_Cyn._ Trifler, pursue this wanton theme no further; 
Lest (which I would be loath) your speech provoke 
Uncivil language from me; I must tell you, 
One joint of him I lost was much more worth 
Than the racked value of thy entire body.

_Ero._ O know what joint she means!

_Well, I have done; 
And well done, frailty: proface! How lik'st thou it?

_Very toothsome ingredients surely, sir; 
Want but some liquor to incorporate them.

_Lys._ There 'tis, carouse!

_Ero._ I humbly thank you, sir.

_Lys._ Hold, pledge me now!

_Ero._ 'Tis the poison, sir, 
That preserves life, I take it.

_[Bibit Ancilla.]

_Lys._ Do so, take it!

_Ero._ Sighing has made me something short-winded. 
I'll pledge y' at twice.

_Lys._ 'Tis well done; do me right!

_Ero._ I pray, sir, have you been a pothecary?

_Lys._ Marry have I, wench! A woman's pothecary.

_Ero._ Have you good ingredients?
I like your bottle well. − Good mistress, taste it.

Try but the operation, 'twill fetch up
The roses in your cheeks again.

Doctor Verolles' bottles are not like it;

There's no guaiacum here, I can assure you.

Lys. This will do well anon.

Ero. Now fie upon't!

Oh, I have lost my tongue in this same limbo:

The spring on't's spoiled, methinks; it goes not off
With the old twang.

Lys. Well said, wench, oil it well; 'twill make it slide well.

Ero. Aristotle says, sir, in his Posterions –

Lys. This wench is learnèd – and what says he?

Ero. That when a man dies, the last thing that moves
is his heart; in a woman her tongue.

Lys. Right; and adds further, that you women are
A kind of spinners; if their legs be plucked off.
Yet they'll still wag them; so will you your tongues.

[Aside] With what an easy change does this same weakness
Of women slip from one extreme t' another?
All these attractions take no hold of her;
No, not to take refection; 't must not be thus. −
Well said, wench; tickle that Helicon!
But shall we quit the field with this disgrace
Given to our oratory? Both not gain
So much ground of her as to make her eat?

Ero. Faith, the truth is, sir, you are no fit organ
For this business;
'Tis quite out of your element.
Let us alone, she'll eat, I have no fear:
A woman's tongue best fits a woman's ear.
Jove never did employ Mercury,
But Iris, for his messenger to Juno.

Lys. Come, let me kiss thee, wench: wilt undertake
To make thy mistress eat?

Ero. It shall go hard, sir.

= presumably referring to a miracle health cure, such as
would be sold by a quack in a medicine show; the brand
name is a joke, as verolles means "pox" in French, hence "Dr. Pox".
= a drug prepared from the resin of the guaiacum tree. Ero's
point is that there are no superfluous ingredients in the
soldier's "medicine" - only alcohol.
= presently.
= Ero is getting inebriated. = after-death home for
meritorious but unbaptized souls, here simply used
to mean a place of confinement.
= "on it is".
= Lysander picks up on Ero's metaphor of a faulty spring
in her tongue.
= Ero mispronounces Aristotle's Analytica Posterora.

= "like spiders."

233: Cynthia is not taking his food or liquor.
= nourishment.
= Mount Helicon, located in Boeotia in central Greece, was
the traditional home of the nine Muses, the goddesses
who acted as the protectors of the arts. The rivers that
flowed down from the mountain were thought to have
the attribute of inspiration.
Smeeke suggests Lysander is joking that the booze is
inspiring Ero's attempts at scholarly discourse.
= means.

245-6: if Jove wanted something from Juno, he sent the
messenger goddess Iris - who Ero emphasizes is female -
to her, and not his regular herald, the god Mercury.
= "you will".
But I will make her turn flesh and blood,  
And learn to live as other mortals do.

*Lys.* Well said; the morning *hastes*; next night expect me.

*Ero.* With more provision, good sir.

*Lys.* Very good!

[Exiturus.]

*Ero.* And bring more wine.

[She shuts up the tomb.]

*Lys.* What else? Shalt have enough. –  
O Cynthia, heir of her bright purity

Whose name thou dost inherit, thou disdain'st  
(Severed from all concretiön) to feed

Upon the base food of gross elements.  
Thou all art soul, all immortality,

Thou fast for *nectar and ambrosia*;  
Which till thou find'st, and eat'st above the stars,  
To all food here thou bidd'st celestial wars.

[Exit.]

---

**ACT IV, SCENE III.**

*The Graveyard.*

*Cynthia, Ero, the tomb opening.*

1  
*Ero.* So; let's air our dampish spirits, almost stifled in  
this gross muddy element.

4  
*Cyn.* How sweet a breath the calmness of the night  
Inspires the air withal!

6  
*Ero.* Well said, now y' are yourself; did not I tell you  
how sweet an operation the soldier's bottle had? And if  
there be such virtue in the bottle, what is there in the  
soldier? Know and acknowledge his worth when he  
comes, in any case, mistress,

12  
*Cyn.* So, maid!

14  
*Ero.* God's my patience! Did you look, *forsooth* that

= is fast approaching.

= Lysander exits the tomb, but not the stage.

= Of course! I'll bring you plenty."

268-9: *O Cynthia...inherit* = *Cynthia* was an alternate  
name for the goddess Diana, who as a virgin had the  
purity Lysander celebrates; as *Cynthia* Diana was also  
identified as the goddess of the moon, hence Lysander's  
description of her as *bright*.

= the sense seems to be, "you who exist apart from the  
material or concrete”.

272: unwilling to eat the food of mortals, Cynthia is like a  
goddess.

273-5: *nectar and ambrosia* are the drink and food of the  
gods; the sense of the lines is thus: "you are starving  
yourself to die, and until that time, when you will eat  
with the other gods (*above the stars*), you have declared  
heavenly war against all earthly food."

**End of Scene ii:** so far, Cynthia has passed Lysander's test  
of faithfulness; if only he would let well enough alone!

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**Scene iii:** Parrott suggests about a day has passed since  
the end of the last scene.

2: ie. earth, one of the four recognized elements of which all  
matter was made (the others being air, fire and water).

7-8: Ero's comments reveal that Cynthia has finally  
consented to drink some of the soldier's wine.

13: Cynthia is embarrassed by Ero's plain speaking.

= in truth.
Juno should have sent you meat from her own trencher in reward of your widow's tears? You might sit and sigh first till your heart-strings broke, I'll able'.

Cyn. I fear me thy lips have gone so oft to the bottle, that thy tongue-strings are come broken home.

Ero. Faith, the truth is my tongue hath been so long tied up, that 'tis covered with rust, and I rub it against my palate, as we do suspected coins, to try whether it be current or no. But now, mistress, for an upshot of this bottle; let's have one carouse to the good speed of my old master, and the good speed of my new.

Cyn. So, damsel!

Ero. You must pledge it, here's to it. Do me right, I pray!

Cyn. You say I must.

[She drinks.]

Ero. Must! What else?

Cyn. How excellent ill this humour suits our habit.

Ero. Go to, mistress, do not think but you and I shall have good sport with this jest, when we are in private at home. I would to Venus we had some honest shift or other to get off withal, for I'll no more on't; I'll not turn salt-petre in this vault for never a man's company living, much less for a woman's. Sure I am the wonder's over, and 'twas only for that, that I endured this; and so, o' my conscience, did you. Never deny it.

Cyn. Nay, pray thee take it to thee. Heark, I hear some footing near us.

Enter Lysander.
Ero.  God's me, 'tis the soldier, mistress! By Venus, if you fall to your late black Sanctus again, I'll discover you.

Lys.  [Aside] What's here? The maid hath certainly prevailed with her; methinks those clouds that last night covered her looks are now dispersed. I'll try this further. — Save you, lady!

Ero.  Honourable soldier, y' are welcome! Please you step in, sir?

Lys.  With all my heart, sweetheart; — by your patience, lady. Why, this bears some shape of life yet! — Damsel, th'ast performed a service of high reckoning, which cannot perish unrewarded.

Ero.  Faith sir, you are in the way to do it once, if you have the heart to hold on.

Cyn.  Your bottle has poisoned this wench, sir.

Lys.  A wholesome poison it is, lady, if I may be judge; of which sort here is one better bottle more.

Wine is ordained to raise such hearts as sink;
Whom woful stars distemper, let him drink.

I am most glad I have been some mean to this part of your recovery, and will drink to the rest of it.

Ero.  Go to, mistress, pray simper no more; pledge the man of war here!

Cyn.  Come, y' are too rude.

Ero.  Good!

Lys.  Good sooth, lady, y' are honoured in her service. I would have you live, and she would have you live freely, without which life is but death. To live freely is to feast our appetites freely, without which humans are stones; to the satisfaction whereof I drink, lady.

Cyn.  I'll pledge you, sir.

[She drinks.]

Ero.  Said like a mistress, and the mistress of yourself! Pledge him in love too; I see he loves you. — She's
silent, she consents, sir.

\( \text{Lys.} \) O happy stars! And now pardon, lady,

\[ \text{[Kisses her.]} \]

Methinks these are all of a piece.

\( \text{Ero.} \) Nay, if you kiss all of a piece, we shall ne'er have done. Well, 'twas well offered, and as well taken.

\( \text{Cyn.} \) If the world should see this!

\( \text{Lys.} \) The world! Should one so rare as yourself respect the vulgar world?

\( \text{Cyn.} \) The praise I have had, I would continue.

\( \text{Lys.} \) What, of the vulgar? Who hates not the vulgar, deserves not love of the virtuous. And to affect praise of that we despise, how ridiculous it is!

\( \text{Ero.} \) Comfortable doctrine, mistress; edify, edify! Methinks even thus it was when Dido and Æneas met in the cave; and heark, methinks I hear some of the hunters.

\[ \text{[She shuts the tomb.]} \]

END OF ACT IV.
ACT V.

SCENE I.
The Graveyard.

Enter Tharsalio, Lycus.

Lycus. 'Tis such an obstinacy in you, sir,
As never was conceited, to run on
With an opinion against all the world
And what your eyes may witness; to adventure

The famishment for grief of such a woman
As all men's merits, met in any one,
Could not deserve.

Thar. I must confess it, Lycus;
We'll therefore now prevent it if we may,
And that our curious trial hath not dwelt
Too long on this unnecessary haunt,
Grief and all want of food not having wrought
Too mortally on her divine disposition.

Lycus. I fear they have, and she is past our cure.

Thar. I must confess with fear and shame as much.

Lycus. And that she will not trust in anything
What you persuade her to.

Thar. Then thou shalt haste
And call my brother from his secret shroud,
Where he appointed thee to come and tell him
How all things have succeeded.

Lycus. This is well;
If, as I say, the ill be not so grown,
That all help is denied her. But I fear
The matchless dame is famished.

[Tharsalio looks into the tomb.]

Thar. 'Slight, who's here?
A soldier with my sister! Wipe, wipe, see,
Kissing, by Jove! She, as I lay, 'tis she!

Lycus. What, is she well, sir?

Thar. O no, she is famished;
She's past our comfort, she lies drawing on.

Lycus. The gods forbid!
Thar. Look thou, she's drawing on.
How say'st thou?

Lycus. Drawing on? Illustrious witchcrafts!

Thar. Lies she not drawing on?

Lycus. She draws on fairly.
Your sister, sir? This she, can this be she?

Thar. She, she, she, and none but she!

[He dances and sings.]

She only queen of love and chastity.
O chastity! This women be!

Lycus. 'Slight, 'tis prodigious!

Thar. Horse, horse, horse!

Lycus. The soldier, sir, that watches
The bodies crucified in this hallowed place,
Of which to lose one it is death to him;
And yet the lustful knave is at his venery,
While one might steal one.

Thar. What a slave was I,
That held not out my mind's strength constantly
That she would prove thus! O, incredible!

Lycus. A poor eightpenny soldier! She that lately
Was at such height of interjection,
Stoop now to such a base conjunction!
By Heaven, I wonder, now I see't in act,
My brain could ever dream of such a thought.
And yet 'tis true. Rare, peerless, is't not, Lycus?

Lycus. I know not what it is, nor what to say.

Thar. O had I held out (villain that I was)
My blessèd confidence but one minute longer,
I should have been eternized. God's my fortune.
What an unspeakable sweet sight it is!
O eyes, I'll sacrifice to your dear sense,
And consecrate a fane to Confidence.

Lycus. But this you must at no hand tell your brother;
Tw'll make him mad; for he that was before
So scourged but only with bare jealousy,
What would he be if he should come to know it?

Thar. He would be less mad; for your only way
To clear his jealousy is to let him know it.
When knowledge comes, suspicion vanishes.

The sunbeams breaking forth swallow the mists. —

But as for you, sir gallant, howsoever

Your banquet seems sweet in your liquorous palate,

It shall be sure to turn gall in your maw. —

Thy hand a little, Lycus, here without!

Lycus. To what?

Thar. No booty serve you, sir soldado,

But my poor sister? Come, lend me thy shoulder,

I'll climb the cross; it will be such a cooler

To my venerean gentleman's hot liver,

When he shall find one of his crucified

Bodies stol'n down, and he to be forthwith

Made fast in place thereof, for the sign

Of the lost sentinel. Come, glorify

Firm confidence in great inconstancy.

And this believe (for all proved knowledge swears)

He that believes in error, never errs.

[Exeunt.]

[The tomb opens, disclosing Lysander, Cynthia, Ero.]

Lys. 'Tis late; I must away.

Cyn. Not yet, sweet love!

Lys. Tempt not my stay, 'tis dangerous. The law is strict, and not to be dispensed with. If any sentinel be too late in's watch, or that by his neglect one of the crucified bodies should be stolen from the cross, his life buys it.

Cyn. A little stay will not endanger them.

The day's proclaimer has not yet given warning.

The cock yet has not beat his third alarm.

Lys. What, shall we ever dwell here amongst th' Antipodes? Shall I not enjoy the honour of my fortune in public, sit in Lysander's chair, reign in his wealth?

Cyn. Thou shalt, thou shalt; though my love to thee Hath proved thus sudden, and for haste leapt over The complement of wooing.

Yet only for the world's opinion –

103: not knowing whether an undesirable condition has arisen is much more frustrating than finally learning that it has appeared; Chapman demonstrates a good understanding of human nature's sometimes paradoxical nature.

105f: Tharsalio now directs his remarks towards the soldier. = dessert, but also referring to an orgy of wine drinking, with liquorous. = bitter. = throat or stomach. Smeeke notes that Tharsalio is referring in 106-7 to the proverb, "what is sweet in the mouth is oft sour in the belly."

"is there no other plunder available to satisfy you, sir soldier".

= sister-in-law.

= lascivious. = the seat of many emotions, including lust.

116f: to get revenge on the soldier, Tharsalio will take down one of the crucified bodies the soldier is supposed to be guarding; if caught, the soldier could expect to be punished with death.

117-8: and he...thereof = the soldier can expect to be hung on the crucifix in place of the body they are stealing.

= unfaithfulness.

121-2: a rhyming couplet ends this part of the scene; errs probably sounded more like swears.

122: you can't go wrong if you expect the worst.

126-7: the three step out of the tomb.
Lys. Mark that again!

Cyn. I must maintain a form in parting hence.

Lys. Out upon't! Opinion, the blind goddess of fools, foe to the virtuous, and only friend to undeserving persons – contempt it. Thou know'st thou hast done virtually, thou hast strangely sorrowed for thy husband, followed him to death, further thou could'st not; thou hast buried thyself quick – [Aside] O that 'twere true! – spent more tears over his carcase than would serve a whole city of saddest widows in a plague-time, besides sighings and swounings not to be credited.

Cyn. True; but those compliments might have their time, for fashion sake.

Lys. Right, opinion, and fashion! 'Sfoot, what call you time? Th' ast wept these four whole days.

Ero. Nay, by'r lady, almost five!

Lys. Look you there; near upon five whole days!

Cyn. Well, go and see; return, we'll go home.

[Exeunt Cynthia and Ero into the tomb.]

Lys. Hell be thy home! Huge monsters damn ye, and your whole creation, O ye gods! In the height of her mourning, in a tomb, within sight of so many deaths, her husband's believed body in her eye, he dead a few days before! This mirror of nuptial chastity, this votress of widow-constancy, to change her faith, exchange kisses, embraces, with a stranger, and, but my shame withstood, to give the utmost earnest of her love to an eightpenny sentinel; in effect, to prostitute herself on her husband's coffin! Lust, impiety, hell, womanhood itself, add, if you can, one step to this!

Enter Captain, with two or three Soldiers.

Cap. One of the crucified bodies taken down –


[Slinks away.]

Cap. And the sentinel not to be heard of?

Ist Sold. No, sir.
Cap. Make out! Haste, search about for him! Does none of you know him, nor his name?

2nd Sold. He's but a stranger here, of some four days' standing; and we never set eye on him but at setting the watch.

Cap. For whom serves he? You look well to your watch, masters!

1st Sold. For Seigneur Stratio; and whence he is, 'tis ignorant to us; we are not correspondent for any but our own places.

Cap. Y' are eloquent. Abroad, I say, let me have him!

[Exeunt Soldiers.]

This negligence will, by the Governor, be wholly cast on me; he hereby will suggest to the Viceroy that the city-guards are very carelessly attended.

He loves me not, I know, because of late I knew him but of mean condition;

But now, by Fortune's injudicious hand Guided by bribing courtiers, he is raised

to this high seat of honour.

Nor blushes he to see himself advanced

Over the heads of ten times higher worths,

But takes it all, forsooth, to his merits,

And looks (as all upstarts do) for most huge observance.

Well, my mind must stoop to his high place,

And learn within itself to sever him from that,

And to adore th' authority, the goddess,

However borne by an unworthy beast;

And let the beast's dull apprehension take

The honour done to Isis, done to himself.

I must sit fast, and be sure to give no hold To these fault-hunting enemies.

[Exit.]
ACT V. SCENE II.
The Graveyard.

Tomb opens, and Lysander within lies along,
Cynthia and Ero.

Lys. Pray thee disturb me not; put out the lights.
Ero. Faith I'll take a nap again.
Cyn. Thou shalt not rest before I be resolved
What happy wind hath driven thee back to harbour?
Was it my love?
Lys. No.
Cyn. Yet say so, sweet, that with the thought thereof
I may enjoy all that I wish in earth.
Lys. I am sought for. A crucified body is stolen while
I loitered here; and I must die for't.
Cyn. Die? All the gods forbid! O this affright
Torments me ten parts more than the sad loss
Of my dear husband.

Cyn. Yet hear a woman's wit;
Take counsel of necessity and it.
I have a body here which once I loved
And honoured above all – but that time's past –
Lys. [Aside] It is; revenge it, Heaven!
Cyn. That shall supply at so extreme a need
The vacant gibbet.
Lys. Cancro! What, thy husband's body?
Cyn. What hurt is't, being dead, it save the living?
Lys. O heart, hold in, check thy rebellious motion!
Cyn. Vex not thyself, dear love, nor use delay;
Tempt not this danger, set thy hands to work.
Lys. I cannot do't; my heart will not permit
My hands to execute a second murther.
The truth is I am he that slew thy husband.
Cyn. The gods forbid!
Lys. It was this hand that bathed my reeking sword
In his life blood, while he cried out for mercy;
But I, remorseless, paunched him, cut his throat, He with his last breath crying, “Cynthia!”

Cyn. O thou hast told me news that cleaves my heart. Would I had never seen thee, or heard sooner This bloody story; yet see, note my truth, Yet I must love thee.

Lys. Out upon thee, monster! Go, tell the Governor; let me be brought To die for that most famous villainy, Not for this miching, base transgression Of truant negligence.

Cyn. I cannot do't. Love must salve any murther; I'll be judge Of thee, dear love, and these shall be thy pains, Instead of iron, to suffer these soft chains.

[Embracing him.]

Lys. O, I am infinitely obliged.

Cyn. Arise, I say, thou saver of my life, Do not with vain-affrighting conscience Betray a life, that is not thine, but mine; Rise and preserve it.

Lys. Ha, thy husband's body! Hang't up, you say, instead of that that's stolen. Yet I his murtherer, is that your meaning?

Cyn. It is, my love.

Lys. Thy love amazes me. The point is yet how we shall get it thither. Ha! Tie a halter about's neck, and drag him to the gallows; Shall I, my love?

Cyn. So you may do indeed. Or if your own strength will not serve, we'll aid Our hands to yours, and bear him to the place. For Heaven's love, come, the night goes off apace.

Lys. [Aside] All the infernal plagues dwell in thy soul! – I'll fetch a crow of iron to break the coffin.

Cyn. Do, love; be speedy.

Lys. [Aside] As I wish thy damnation.

[Shuts the tomb.] [Lysander comes forward.]

O I could tear myself into atoms; off with this antic, the shirt that Hercules wore for his wife was not more baneful.
taken, sent him a charmed garment to wear in the hopes it would keep him loyal to her; the garment, which unbeknownst to Deianeira was poisoned, caused Hercules such suffering that he could not bear it, and only his death could bring him relief.

baneful = destructive, harmful.

108

[Throwing off his armour.]

Is't possible there should be such a latitude in the sphere of this sex, to entertain such an extension of mischief and not turn Devil? What is a woman? What are the worst when the best are so past naming? As men like this, let them try their wives again. Put women to the test, discover them? Paint them, paint them ten parts more than they do themselves, rather than look on them as they are; their wits are but painted that dislike their painting.

Thou foolish thirster after idle secrets
And ills abroad, look home, and store, and choke thee;

There sticks an Acheloüs' horn of ill.
Copie enough,

As much as Alizon of streams receives,
Or lofty Ida shows of shady leaves.

Enter Tharsalio.

Who's that?

Thar. I wonder Lycus fails me. Nor can I hear what's become of him. He would not, certain, ride to Dipolis to call my brother back without my knowledge.


Thar. Who goes there?
Lys. A friend!

Thar. Dear friend, let's know you.

[Recognising Lysander.]

A friend least looked for, but most welcome, and with many a long look expected here. What, sir, unbooted! Have you been long arrived?

Lys. Not long, some two hours before night.

Thar. Well, brother, y' have the most rare, admirable, unmatchable wife, that ever suffered for the sin of a husband. I cannot blame your confidence indeed now; 'tis built on such infallible ground. Lycus I think be gone to call you to the rescue of her life. Why she − O incomprehensible!

Lys. I have heard all related since my arrival. We'll meet to-morrow. [going]

Thar. What haste, brother! But was it related with what intolerable pains I and my mistress, her other friends, matrons and magistrates, laboured her diversion from that course?

Lys. Yes, yes!

Thar. What streams of tears she poured out, what tresses of her hair she tore, and offered on your supposed hearse!

Lys. I have heard all.

Thar. But above all, how since that time her eyes never harboured wink of slumber these six days; no, nor tasted the least dram of any sustenance.

Lys. How is that assured?

Thar. Not a scruple!

Lys. Are you sure there came no soldier to her, nor brought her victuals?

Thar. Soldier? What soldier?

Lys. Why, some soldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies. Well, brother, I am in haste; to-morrow shall supply this night's defect of conference. Adieu!

[Exit Lysander.]

Thar. A soldier? Of the watch? Bring her victuals? Go to − A friend least looked for, but most welcome, and with many a long look expected here. What, sir, unbooted! Have you been long arrived?

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[Exit Lysander.]

Thar. A soldier? Of the watch? Bring her victuals? Go to = "go on!"

= in addition to his armour, Lysander appears to have removed his soldier's boots.

= ie. nightfall.

153f: Tharsalio, still overjoyed at having won the bet, greatly amuses himself as he pelts Lysander with irony.

157-8: O incomprehensible = perhaps it is at this moment that Tharsalio connects Lysander to the soldier he saw in the cave; by line 195 below, Tharsalio certainly has put two and two together.

160-1: Lysander assumes that Tharsalio knows nothing of "the soldier" - or at least acts that way.

= to divert her (from her excessive mourning).

= ie. slept.

180: "is that known to be certain?"

= doubt.

191: supply…conference = "make up for our not finishing the conversation this evening"

195-6: Go to = "go on!"
to, brother, *I have you in the wind*: he's unharnessed of all his travelling accoutrements; I came directly from's house, no word of him there; he knows the whole relation; he's passionate. All collections speak he was the soldier. What should be the riddle of this that he is stolen hither into a soldier's disguise? He should have stayed at Dipolis to receive news from us. Whether he suspected our relation, or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantic, capricious devil, Jealousy, hath tossed him hither on his horns, I cannot conjecture. But the case is clear, he's the soldier. – Sister, look to your *fame*, your chastity's uncovered.

Are they here still? Here, believe it, both, most wofully weeping over the bottle.

*[He knocks.]*

*Ero.* Who's there?

*Thar.* Tharsalio; open!

*Ero.* Alas, sir, 'tis no boot to vex your sister and yourself; she is desperate, and will not hear persuasion; she's very weak.

*Thar.* Here's a true-bred chamber-maid! Alas, I am sorry for't; I have brought her meat and *Candian* wine to strengthen her.

*Ero.* O the very naming on't will drive her into a swoun; good sir, forbear.

*Thar.* Yet open, sweet, that I may bless mine eyes With sight of her fair shrine; And of thy sweetest self (her famous pandress); Open, I say! – Sister, *you hear me well*. Paint not your tomb without; we know too well What *rotten carcasses* are lodged within:

Open I say.

---

196: *I have you in the wind* = *I have found you out*; *to have in the wind* is a hunting term, meaning "to be on the scent of".

196-7: *He's unharnessed*...accoutrements = "he (the soldier) has removed his uniform." Tharsalio is letting the audience know he knows the soldier and his brother are the same; he goes on to list the evidence for his revelation.

3: = story. = in a highly emotional state. = evidence.

3 = report (of Cynthia's mourning). = wait for.

3 = ie. on its horns. Personified *Jealousy* (ie. *Suspicion*) is identified as a bull; and need we point out yet another reference to the horns of the cuckolded husband?

207-9: Tharsalio apostrophizes to the absent Cynthia.

*fame* = reputation.

*uncovered* = revealed, ie. shown to the world to be a sham.

= ie. over their drinks.

= useless; Ero tries to convince Tharsalio that she and Cynthia are still in mourning.

= genuine (ie. loyal) lady's maid; perhaps Tharsalio here is referring to the loyal Ero's willingness to cover-up for her mistress.

= wine from the island of Crete.

323-3: while not exactly clear, the general sense is, "do not try to deceive me by pretending you are still in mourning, as I know what corrupt individuals are within."

Tharsalio seems to be punning on *paint* with both its modern meaning and its older meaning of "deceive".

*By rotten carcasses*, Tharsalio of course means Cynthia and Ero, and not just Lysander's corpse.
[Ero opens, and he sees her head laid on the coffin, etc.]

Sister, I have brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummery.

Ero. Alas, she's faint, and speech is painful to her!

Thar. Well said, frubber! Was there no soldier here lately?

Ero. A soldier? When?

Thar. This night, last night, tother night; and I know not how many nights and days.

Cyn. Who's there?

Ero. Your brother, mistress, that asks if there were not a soldier here.

Cyn. Here was no soldier.

Ero. Yes, mistress; I think here was such a one, though you took no heed of him.

Thar. Go to, sister! Did not you join kisses, embraces, and plignt indeed the utmost pledge of nuptial love with him? Den'y, den'y; but first hear me a short story. The soldier was your disguised husband; dispute it not. That you see yonder is but a shadow; an empty chest, containing nothing but air. Stand not to gaze at it, 'tis true. This was a project of his own contriving, to put your loyalty and constant vows to the test; y' are warned, be armed.

[Exit.]

Ero. O fie o' these perils!

Cyn. O Ero, we are undone!

Ero. Nay, you'd ne'er be warned; I ever wished you to withstand the push of that soldier's pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widow's vows made to Lysander.

Cyn. Thou didst, thou didst!

Ero. Now you may see th' event. Well, our safety lies in our speed; he'll do us mischief if we prevent not his coming. Let's to your mother's, and there call out your mightiest friends to guard you from his fury. Let them begin the quarrel with him for practising this villany on your sex to entrap your frailties.

Cyn. Nay, I resolve to sit out one brunt more.
To try to what aim he'll enforce his project;

Were he some other man, unknown to me,
His violence might awe me;
But knowing him as I do, I fear him not.
Do thou but second me, thy strength and mine
Shall master his best force,
If he should prove outrageous.
Despair, they say, makes cowards turn courageous.
Shut up the tomb.

[Shuts the tomb.]

ACT V, SCENE III.
The Graveyard.

Enter one of the Soldiers sent out before to seek the Sentinel.

1st Sold. All pains are lost in hunting out this soldier;
his fear (adding wings to his heels) out-goes us as far as the fresh hare the tired hounds. Who goes there?

Enter 2nd Soldier, another way.

2nd Sold. A friend!

1st Sold. O your success and mine, touching this sentinel, tells, I suppose, one tale; he's far enough, I undertake, by this time.

2nd Sold. I blame him not; the law's severe (though just) and cannot be dispensed.

1st Sold. Why should the laws of Paphos, with more rigour than other city laws, pursue offenders, that, not appeased with their lives' forfeit, exact a justice of them after death? And if a soldier in his watch, forsooth, lose one of the dead bodies, he must die for't! It seems the state needed no soldiers when that was made a law.

2nd Sold. So we may chide the fire for burning us, or say the bee's not good because she stings. 'Tis not the body the law respects, but the soldier's neglect, when the watch (the guard and safety of the city) is left abandoned to all hazards. But let him go; and tell me if your news sort with mine for Lycus, apprehended, they say, about Lysander's murther.

1st Sold. 'Tis true; he's at the Captain's lodge under...
guard, and 'tis my charge, in the morning, to unclose
the leaden coffin and discover the body. The Captain
will assay an old conclusion, often approved, that
at the murtherer's sight the blood renews again, and
boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice
to cry out guilty against the murtherer.

2ⁿᵈ Sold. O world, if this be true; his dearest friend,
his bed-companion, whom of all his friends he cull'd
out for his bosom!

1ˢᵗ Sold. Tush, man, in this topsy-turvy world friendship
and bosom-kindness are but made covers for mischief,
means to compass ill. Near-allied trust is but a bridge for
treason. The presumptions cry loud against him; his
answers sound disjointed, cross-legged, tripping up one
another. He names a town whither he brought Lysander
murthered by mountaineers; that's false; some of the
dwellers have been here, and all disclaim it. Besides, the
wounds he bears in show are such as shrews closely
give their husbands, that never bleed, and found to be
counterfeit.

2ⁿᵈ Sold. O that jade falsehood is never sound of all,
But halts of one leg still.
Truth's pace is all upright, sound everywhere,
And, like a die, sets ever on a square.
And how is Lycus his bearing in this condition?

1ˢᵗ Sold. Faith (as the manner of such desperate
offenders is till it come to the point), careless and
confident, laughing at all that seem to pity him. But
leave it to th' event. Night, fellow-soldier! You'll not
meet me in the morning at the tomb, and lend me your
hand to the unrigging of Lysander's hearse?

2ⁿᵈ Sold. I care not if I do, to view Heaven's power in
this unbottomed cellar.

Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies.
The gods on murtherers fix revengeful eyes.

[Exeunt.]

Lysander solus with a crow of iron and a halter,
which he lays down,
and puts on his disguise again.

Lys. Come, my borrowed disguise, let me once more
Be reconciled to thee, my trustiest friend;
Thou that in truest shape hast let me see
That which my truer self hath hid from me,
Help me to take revenge on a disguise
Ten times more false and counterfeit than thou.
Thou, false in show, hast been most true to me;
The seeming true hath proved more false than thee.
Assist me to behold this act of lust;
Note, with a scene of strange impiety,
Her husband's murthered corse! O more than horror!
I'll not believe 't untried; if she but lift
A hand to act it, by the fates, her brains fly out!
Since she has madded me, let her beware my horns.
For though by goring her no hope be shown
To cure myself, yet I'll not bleed alone.

[He knocks.]

Ero. Who knocks?

Lys. The soldier; open!

[She opens, and he enters.]

See, sweet, here are the engines that must do't.
Which, with much fear of my discovery,
I have at last procured.
Shall we about this work? I fear the morn
Will overtake's; my stay hath been prolonged
With hunting obscure nooks for these employments!
The night prepares a way. Come, art resolved?

Cyn. Ay, you shall find me constant.

Lys. Ay, so I have, most prodigiously constant;
Here's a rare halter to hug him with.

Ero. Better you and I join our hands and bear him
thither, you take his head.

Cyn. Ay, for that was always heavier than's whole
body besides.

Lys. [Aside] You can tell best that loaded it.

Ero. I'll be at the feet, I am able to bear against you, I
warrant you!

Lys. Hast thou prepared weak nature to digest
A sight so much distasteful; hast seared thy heart,
It bleed not at the bloody spectacle?
Hast armed thy fearful eyes against th' affront
Of such a direful object?
Thy murthered husband ghastly staring on thee.

79-89: Lysander engages in a lengthy apostrophe to his disguise.

= ie. Cynthia's lack of a true devotion to him.
= ie. Cynthia's false show of loyalty to him.
= that which appeared to be true.
88-89: alluding to the plan to remove his own body from the coffin and hang it from the cross.
= another allusion to the horns of the cuckolded husband.
93-94: Lysander's soliloquy ends with a rhyming couplet.

120ff: Cynthia, knowing of course the soldier is Lysander, gratuitously insults her "dead" husband.

= probably in the sense of "who was a burden to it".
= ie. "your naturally weak constitution, as a woman".
= "have you".
= ie. "so it".
= fearing.
His wounds gaping to affright thee, his body soiled with gore!
Fore Heaven my heart shrugs at it.

*Cyn.* So does not mine;
*Love's* resolute, and *stands* not to consult
With petty terror; but in full career
Runs blindfold through an army of misdoubts
And interposing fears; perhaps I'll weep
Or so, make a forced face and laugh again.

*Lys.* O most valiant love!
I was thinking with myself as I came,

How if this brake to light; his body known;
(As many notes might make it) would it not fix
upon thy fame an unremovèd brand
Of shame and hate; they that in former times
Adored thy virtue, would they not abhor
Thy loathest memory?

*Cyn.* All this I know, but yet my love to thee
Swallows all this, or whatsoever doubts
Can come against it.
Shame's but a feather balanced with thy love.

*Lys.* Neither fear nor shame? You are steel to th' proof.

[Aside] But I shall iron you. − Come then, let's to work.
Alas, poor corpse, how many martyrdoms
Must thou endure, mangled by me a villain,
And now exposed to foul shame of the gibbet!
Fore piety, there is somewhat in me strives
Against the deed, my very arm relents
To strike a stroke so inhuman,

To wound a hallowed hearse? Suppose 'twere mine,
Would not my ghost start up and fly upon thee?

*Cyn.* No, I'd maul it down again with this.

[She snatches up the crow.]

*Lys.* How now?

[He catches at her throat.]

*Cyn.* Nay, then, I'll assay my strength: a soldier, and
afraid of a dead man! A soft-roed milk-sop! Come, I'll
do't myself.

*Lys.* And I look on? Give me the iron.

*Cyn.* No, I'll not lose the glory on't. *This hand, etc.*
Lys. Pray thee, sweet, let it not be said the savage act was thine; deliver me the engine.

Cyn. Content yourself, 'tis in a fitter hand.

Lys. Wilt thou first? Art not thou the most –

Cyn. Ill-destined wife of a transformèd monster, Who to assure himself of what he knew, Hath lost the shape of man.

Lys. Ha! Cross-capers?

Cyn. Poor soldier's case! Do not we know you, sir? But I have given thee what thou cam'st to seek. Go, satyr, run affrighted with the noise Of that harsh-sounding horn thouyself hast blown. Farewell; I leave thee there my husband's corpse, Make much of that.

[Exit cum Ero.]

Lys. What have I done?

Oh, let me lie and grieve and speak no more.

[If tomb closes.]

Enter Captain, Lycus with a guard of three or four soldiers.

Cap. Bring him away! – You must have patience, sir; if you can say aught to quit you of those presumptions that lie heavy on you, you shall be heard. If not, 'tis not your braves, nor your affecting looks, can carry it. We we acquit our duties.

Lycus. Y' are Captain o' th' watch, sir?

Cap. You take me right.

Lycus. So were you best do me; see your presumptions be strong; or be assured that shall prove a dear presumption to brand me with the murther of my friend. But you have been suborned by some close villain to defame me.

Cap. Twill not be so put off, friend Lycus; I could wish your soul as free from taint of this foul act as mine from any such unworthy practice.

Lycus. Conduct me to the Governor himself to confront before him your shallow accusations.

Cap. First, sir, I'll bear you to Lysander's tomb to confront the murthered body, and see what evidence the wounds will yield against you.
Lycus. You're wise, Captain. But if the body should chance not to speak — if the wounds should be tongue-tied, Captain — Where's then your evidence, Captain? Will you not be laughed at for an officious captain?

Cap. Y’ are gallant, sir.

Lycus. Your Captainship commands my service no further.

Cap. Well, sir, perhaps I may, if this conclusion take not; we'll try what operation lies in torture to pull confession from you.

Lycus. Say you so, Captain? But heark you, Captain, might it not concur with the quality of your office, ere this matter grow to the height of a more threatening danger, to wink a little at a by-slip or so?

Cap. How's that?

Lycus. To send a man abroad under guard of one of your silliest shack-rags, that he may beat the knave, and run's way? I mean this on good terms, Captain; I'll be thankful.

Cap. I'll think on't hereafter. Meantime I have other employment for you.

Lycus. Your place is worthily replenished, Captain. My duty, sir! Heark, Captain, there's a mutiny in your army; I'll go raise the Governor.

[Exiturus.]

Cap. No haste, sir; he'll soon be here without your summons.

[Soldiers thrust up Lysander from the tomb.]

1st Sold. Bring forth the Knight o' th' Tomb; have we met with you, sir?

Lys. Pray thee, soldier, use thine office with better temper.

2nd Sold. Come, convey him to the Lord Governor.

Lys. First afore the Captain, sir. — [Aside] Have the heavens nought else to do but to stand still, and turn all their malignant aspects upon one man?

= overzealous.¹

= nobly brave¹ (ironic).

251-2: if this conclusion take not = "if the result of this test fails to prove your guilt."

= "agree with your rank", or "be acceptable to the nature of your position".

= "close your eyes to", ie. look the other way. = minor fault or error.¹

= meaning himself; in these lines Lycus is good-naturedly wondering whether the Captain might send him to be beaten somewhere out of the way by an incompetent soldier, during which time he might be able to run away.

= most ignorant or rascally person¹, ie. one of the Captain's less-efficient soldiers.

= "run his way", ie. run away.

274- Lycus starts to exit.

284-5: ie. "please (pray thee), there is no need to be so rough!"

289-291: Lysander, in this aside, alludes to the astrological belief that the position of the heavenly bodies (ie. their aspect) affects a person's destiny, for better or worse - and in his case, he feels, decidedly worse.
2nd Sold. Captain, here's the sentinel we sought for; he's some new-pressed soldier, for none of us know him.

Cap. Where found you him?

1st Sold. My truant was miched, sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

Cap. Well said, guard him safe. But for the corpse?

1st Sold. For the corpse, sir? Bare misprision: there's no body, nothing. A mere blandation, a deceptio visus. Unless this soldier for hunger have eat up Lysander's body.

Lycus. Why, I could have told you this before, Captain; the body was borne away piecemeal by devout ladies of Venus' order, for the man died one of Venus' martyrs. And yet I heard since 'twas seen whole o' th' other side the downs upon a colestaff betwixt two huntsmen, to feed their dogs withal. Which was a miracle, Captain!

Cap. Mischief in this act hath a deep bottom, and requires more time to sound it. But you, sir, it seems, are a soldier of the newest stamp. Know you what 'tis to forsake your stand? There's one of the bodies in your charge stolen away; how answer you that? See, here comes the Governor.

Enter a Guard, bare after the Governor; Tharsalio, Argus, Clinias before Eudora, Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenia, Ianthe, Ero, etc.

Guard. Stand aside there!

Cap. [Aside] Room for a strange Governor! The perfect draught of a most brainless, imperious upstart. − O desert, where wert thou when this wooden dagger was gilded over with the title of Governor?

Guard. Peace, masters, hear my lord!

Thar. All wisdom be silent; now speaks authority.

Gov. I am come in person to discharge justice.

Thar. Of his office.
The cause you shall know hereafter; and it is this. A villain, whose very sight I abhor – Where is he? Let me see him.

**Cap.** Is't Lycus you mean, my lord?

**Gov.** Go to, sirrah; y' are too malapert; I have heard of your sentinel's escape, look to't.

**Cap.** My lord, this is the sentinel you speak of.

**Gov.** How now, sir? What time o' day is't?

**Arg.** I cannot show you precisely, an't please your honour.

**Gov.** What? Shall we have replications, rejoinders?

**Thar.** [Aside] Such a creature a fool is, when he bestrides the back of authority.

**Gov.** Sirrah, stand you forth! It is supposed thou hast committed a most inconvenient murther upon the body of Lysander.

**Lycus.** My good lord, I have not.

**Gov.** Peace, varlet, dost chop with me? I say it is imagined thou hast murthered Lysander. How it will be proved, I know not. Thou shalt therefore presently be had to execution; as justice, in such cases, requireth. – Soldiers, take him away. Bring forth the sentinel.

**Lycus.** Your lordship will first let my defence be heard.

**Gov.** Sirrah, I'll no fending nor proving! For my part, I am satisfied it is so; that's enough for thee. I had ever a sympathy in my mind against him. Let him be had away.

**Thar.** [Aside] A most excellent apprehension! He's able, ye see, to judge of a cause at first sight, and hear but two parties. Here's a second Solon.

**Eud.** Hear him, my lord; presumptions oftentimes (Though likely grounded) reach not to the truth, And truth is oft abused by likelihood.

342ff: the Governor is perhaps Chapman's funniest creation; the utter contradictory nonsense he spews forth is truly awe-inspiring.

348: *sirrah* = a form of address expressing both contempt and assumption of authority.¹ *malapert* = impudent;² the Governor, having heard of the escape of Lysander, appears to be irritated at the Captain.

= if it; the Governor may have addressed Argus directly; or perhaps Argus, standing near the Governor, simply inserted himself into the conversation.

= echoes.¹ = witty responses.¹

= mounts or rides on.¹

= bandy words,³ as in "to chop logic".

= ie. "I'll have no", ie. "I'll not listen to". = defending.

= conception or view (of the law).¹

383: *but two parties* = Parrott notes how unclear this is; does Tharsalio mean the Governor hears only the accuser and himself, but not the defendant? *Solon* was an ancient Athenian legislator and law-giver, famed for his wisdom; he was invested with the power to solve a paralyzing political stalemate, during which time he significantly reformed the laws of the state, and later gave Athens a new Constitution.³

= evidence.

386: "(Though appearing to have a firm basis)¹ is misleading".

387: the sense is that the real facts are often obscured by
Let him be heard, my lord.

**Gov.** Madam, content yourself. I will do justice; I will not hear him. Your late lord was my honourable predecessor, but your ladyship must pardon me; in matters of justice I am blind.

**Thar.** [Aside] That's true.

**Gov.** I know no persons. If a Court favourite write to me in a case of justice, I will pocket his letter, and proceed. If a suitor in a case of justice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe, and proceed. Therefore, madam, set your heart at rest; I am seated in the throne of justice, and I will do justice; I will not hear him.

**Eud.** Not hear him, my lord?

**Gov.** No, my lady: and moreover, put you in mind in whose presence you stand, if you parrot to me long — go to!

**Thar.** [Aside] Nay, the Vice must snap his authority at all he meets; how shall't else be known what part he plays?

**Gov.** Your husband was a noble gentleman, but, alas, he came short, he was no statesman! He has left a foul city behind him.

**Thar.** [Aside] Ay, and I can tell you 'twill trouble his lordship and all his honourable assistants of scavengers to sweep it clean.

**Gov.** It's full of vices, and great ones, too.

**Thar.** [Aside] And thou none of the meanest.

**Gov.** But I'll turn all topsy-turvy, and set up a new discipline amongst you. I'll cut off all perished members.

**Thar.** [Aside] That's the surgeon's office.

**Gov.** Cast out these rotten, stinking carcasses, for infecting the whole city.

**Arg.** Rotten they may be, but their wenches use to pepper them, and their surgeons to parboil them; and that preserves them from stinking, an't please your the appearance of a false truth.

likelihood = probability.¹

= acknowledge.¹

= "keep", an imperative.

= "be gone!"

= the Governor is compared to Vice, a stock comic character of the old morality plays, who played the tempter and bully; Tharsalio describes him as one who throws his authority around.

412-3: how shall't...plays? = "how else would anyone recognize him as the possessor of a position of rank?"

425: "and you aren't the least of them."

= state of order.¹ = rotten limbs.

= job.

= infect with venereal disease.¹ = a reference to the sweating tub, a treatment for VD which was frequently alluded to in Elizabethan drama.

= in this pun, Argus plays on the meaning of to pepper
honour.

Gov. Peace, sirrah, peace! And yet 'tis well said, too. A good pregnant fellow, i'faith! But to proceed. I will spew drunkenness out o' th' city –

Thar. [Aside] Into th' country.

Gov. Shifters shall cheat and starve, and no man shall do good but where there is no need. Braggarts shall live at the head, and the tumult that haunt taverns. Asses shall bear good qualities, and wise men shall use them. I will whip lechery out o' th' city; there shall be no more cuckold. That heretofore were errant cornutos, shall now be honest shopkeepers, and justice shall take place. I will hunt jealousy out of my dominion.

Thar. [Aside] Do ye hear, brother?

Gov. It shall be the only note of love to the husband to love the wife; and none shall be more kindly welcome to him than he that cuckold him.

Thar. [Aside] Believe it, a wholesome reformation!

Gov. I'll have no more beggars. Fools shall have wealth, and the learned shall live by their wits. I'll have no more bankrouts. They that owe money shall pay it at their best leisure, and the rest shall make a virtue of imprisonment, and their wives shall help to pay their debts. I'll have all young widows spaded for marrying again. For the old and withered, they shall be confiscate to unthrifty gallants and decayed knights; if they be poor they shall be burnt to make soap-ashes, or given to Surgeons' Hall to be stamped to salve for the French measles. To conclude, I will cart pride out o' th' town.

with "to give flavour to", which would then keep the carcases from rotting.

= sirrah was also used as a form of address to servants, of which Argus is one.

= ready, resourceful.

= tricksters or cheater.

447-8: Braggarts...taverns = it is difficult to find meaning in the Governor's nonsense here, but perhaps there may simply be a printer's error, and where we have head, and should be head of: the common meaning of tumult was disorder, commotion or riots, which gives a little more sense to the line. Recent Chapman editor Allan Holaday suggests the less frequent meaning of mobs for tumults. Alternatively, Parrott hesitantly suggests at the head to mean "on the best."

= cuckolds.

= suspicion.

= ie. the man that slept with the husband's wife.

= bankrats.

465-6: at their best leisure = "when they can". = debtors' prisons were a very real part of Elizabethan life.

= "spayed to prevent them from".

469: old and withered = referring to elderly widows, as opposed to the young widows of the previous sentence. confiscate = a legal term, describing land appropriated for public use, but here meaning "conferred" or "granted", ie. married to.

= destitute.

471: burnt to make soap-ashes = Parrott sees a possible reference to the belief that Chinese women were incinerated to make gunpowder once they were too old to have more children.

Surgeon's Hall = more properly Barber-Surgeons' Hall, home of one of London's oldest livery companies, the Barbers' Guild (of which the Surgeons were members, until they broke away in the 18th century).

= healing ointment. = venereal disease.

= traditional means of transporting criminals and prostitutes.
Arg. An't please your honour, pride, an't be ne'er so beggarly, will look for a coach.

Gov. Well said, o' mine honour! A good significant fellow, i'faith! What is he? He talks much; does he follow your ladyship?

Arg. No, an't please your honour, I go before her.

Gov. A good undertaking presence; a well-promising fore-head! Your gentleman usher, madam?

Eud. Yours, if you please, my lord!

Gov. Born i' th' city?

Arg. Ay, an't please your honour, but begot i' th' Court.

Gov. Tressel-legged?

Arg. Ay, an't please your honour.

Gov. The better; it bears a breadth, makes room o' both sides. Might I not see his pace?

Arg. Yes, an't please your honour.

[Argus stalks.]

Gov. 'Tis well, 'tis very well! Give me thy hand. Madam, I will accept this property at your hand, and will wear it threadbare for your sake. − Fall in there, sirrah! − And for the matter of Lycus, madam, I must tell you you are shallow. There's a State point in't.

Heark you! The Viceroy has given him, and we must uphold correspondence. He must walk. Say one man goes wrongfully out o' th' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into th' world.

Eud. Your lordship will give me but a word in private.

[Whispers to the Governor.]

Thar. Come, brother, we know you well. What means this habit? Why stayed you not at Diopolis, as you resolved, to take advertisement for us of your wife's bearing?

Lys. O brother, this jealous frenzy has borne me headlong to ruin.

475-6: Argus once again shows off his learning with a reference to the proverbial idea that pride rides in a coach: no matter how poor a person is, if he is proud, he will always seek to be treated as if he were well off.

= who.

= Argus takes follow, by which the Governor meant "serve", in its more literal sense, and points out that he actually precedes the Countess when she is on the move, as would be proper for a gentleman usher.

= countenance.

493: OED cites this quote without explaining it. A tressel being a horizontal cross-beam on a ship's mast; Smeak suggests it means "standing with legs wide apart".

= carries an air of importance.

= the appropriate manner of walking an usher was expected to have learned to use as he preceded his master or mistress.

502: ie. Argus walks about in a stiff-legged and haughty manner - his pace.

= lacking depth or superficial in thought. = the sense of this phrase seems to be something like "point of justice" or "point of legal equity".

= identified him as deserving punishment.

= harmony, agreement.

= ie. as bastards.

= outfit, referring to Lysander's disguise.

= ie. "originally had decided". = "(wait to) receive information from us".
Thar. Go to, be comforted! Uncase yourself and discharge your friend.

Gov. Is that Lysander, say you? And is all his story true? By'r lady, madam, this jealousy will cost him dear. He undertook the person of a soldier; and, as a soldier, must have justice. Madam, his Altitude in this case cannot dispense. — Lycus, this soldier hath acquitted you.

Thar. And that acquital I'll for him requite; the body lost is by this time restored to his place.

Sold. It is, my lord.

Thar. These are State points, in which your lordship's time has not yet trained your lordship; please your lordship to grace a nuptial we have now in hand. Twixt this young lady and this gentleman.

[Hylus and Laodice stand together.]

Your lordship there shall hear the ample story; And how the ass wrapped in a lion's skin Fearfully roared; but his large ears appeared And made him laughed at, that before was feared.

Gov. I'll go with you. For my part, I am at a non-plus.

[Eudora whispers with Cynthia.]

Thar. Come, brother, thank the Countess; she hath sweat To make your peace. — Sister, give me your hand. So; — brother, let your lips compound the strife. And think you have the only constant wife.

[Exeunt.]

FINIS

= literally "get undressed", meaning to remove his disguise.
= "deliver Lycus from the hands of the law."
= ie. to impersonate.
= Lysander mimics the Governor's use of this phrase in line 508.

549-551: another of Aesop's fables: an ass disguised himself in a lion's skin and went around scaring others, amusing himself greatly, until his braying in exultation gave him away. Lysander is the ass.

= perplexed.

= settle your differences¹ with Cynthia (with a kiss).

559-560: the play ends with a rhyming couplet.

Postscript: one may notice in hindsight that none of the characters has behaved admirably in this play. Furthermore, as Parrott notes, the conflict between Lysander and Cynthia was never really resolved, as if Chapman had decided that since they were both guilty of ignominious behavior, their errors simply cancelled each other out. It is likely that Chapman was simply not particularly interested in tying up loose ends, so as to make the ending either clever or satisfying.
Chapman's Invented Words

Like all of the writers of the era, George Chapman made up words when he felt like it, usually by adding prefixes and suffixes to known words, combining words, or using a word in a way not yet used before. The following is a list of words from The Widow's Tears that are indicated by the OED as being either the first or only use of a given word, or as noted, the first use with a given meaning:

the phrase tear to atoms, and its equivalents
  beastlihood
  blandation (meaning illusion)
  blockheadly
  the phrase over a/the bottle
  buzz
  by-slip
  Capricion
  cornet (as a verb)
  correspondent (meaning answerable)
  date (meaning to identify oneself as)
  fault-hunting
  frubber
  inflamingly
  killbuck
  nott-headed
  ouche (meaning a sore or carbuncle on the skin)
  panderage
  the phrase all of a piece
  post-issue
  shack-rag (variation of shake-rag)
  smockage
  spade (meaning to spay)
  the phrase turn the tables
  take (meaning to catch fire, without using the word "fire")
  unparagoned
  the phrase veny for veny
FOOTNOTES

The footnotes in the annotations correspond as follows:
1. Oxford English Dictionary (OED) online.