

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

CAMPASPE

By John Lyly

Written c. 1580-1

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CAMPASPE

By John Lyly

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

ALEXANDER, King of Macedon.

PAGE to Alexander.

MELIPPUS, Chamberlain to Alexander.

HEPHESTION, his General.

Alexander's Warriors:

CLYTUS, an officer.

PARMENIO, an officer.

MILECTUS, a soldier.

PHRYGIUS, a soldier.

Philosophers:

PLATO.

GRANICHUS, Servant to Plato.

ARISTOTLE.

DIOGENES.

MANES, Servant to Diogenes.

CHRYSIPPUS.

CRATES.

CLEANTHES.

ANAXARCHUS.

APELLES, a Painter.

PSYLLUS, Servant to Apelles.

CRYSUS, a beggar

SOLINUS, a citizen of Athens.

SYLVIUS, a citizen of Athens.

PERIM, Son to Sylvius.

MILO, Son to Sylvius.

TRICO, Son to Sylvius.

LAIS, a Courtesan.

CAMPASPE, a Theban Captive.

TIMOCLEA, a Theban Captive.

Citizens of Athens, other captive women, etc.

Scene: Athens.

Time: 335 B.C.

Notes and Suggestions for Productions.

A. Diogenes' Tub

Our star philosopher Diogenes spends his days sitting in a barrel (called a *tub*) which usually lays on its side, and it is from this tub that Diogenes makes his appearances in the play (with the exception of Act II.i). However, the quartos offer no instructions as to when or how the tub should be placed on the stage: the question is relevant, because Diogenes does not appear at the beginning of his scenes; rather, other characters approach his tub at some point in the middle of his scenes.

We do not offer to solve this riddle. Where Diogenes appears on stage, we will simply indicate in a stage-direction that the characters "approach Diogenes' tub." A director may choose to leave the barrel on-stage throughout the performance, in which case Diogenes may, as Bond suggests, climb into and out of the tub, unseen by the audience, through a trap-door; or he may carry the barrel in with him as necessary; or the barrel, containing Diogenes, may be slid on-stage immediately before his appearances.

B. Apelles' Studio.

It is apparent from the script that many scenes of *Campaspe* take place in the studio of our play's resident painter Apelles. The quartos do not, of course, address how or where such a studio should be presented on the stage. We have adopted the suggestion of the early editors, that in those scenes which take place in the home of Apelles, his studio will be situated at the rear of the stage, behind curtains, while the front of the stage will represent a second, generic room in the artist's home.

C. Lyly's Prologues and Epilogues.

The Prologues and Epilogues of John Lyly's plays are personal statements of the author, generally pleading for understanding and sympathy from the audience for any faults the play may contain. They are densely filled with vague mythological and natural allusions that act as metaphors for Lyly's apologies, and are exceptionally difficult to follow. And, because they are unrelated to the plots of the plays in any way, may easily be omitted from a production.

D. Textual Suggestions.

The text of the Scripts prepared by ElizabethanDrama.org generally lean towards keeping the language of the original quartos. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted. In certain cases, some editors propose changes to wording that other editors reject.

Listed below are some changes that a director may wish to incorporate, if the director feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc.

1. change *shew* to *show* everywhere.
2. III.ii.93: omit *fly* between the brackets.
3. III.iii.32: change *shewer* to *shower*.
4. V.iv.22: change *wooden* to *woven*.
5. V.iv.140: change *about* to *above*.
6. Epilogue at Court, line 32: change *creature* to *creator*.

E. Scene Settings and Stage Directions

The quartos of *Campaspe* offer no scene settings and only minimal stage directions. We have adopted the scene settings and stage directions suggested by earlier editors.

THE PROLOGUE AT THE BLACKKE FRYERS.

1 THEY that fear the stinging of wasps make fans of
2 peacocks' tails, whose spots are like eyes. And Lepidus,
4 which could not sleep for the chattering of birds, set up
6 a beast, whose head was like a dragon: and we which
stand in awe of report, are compelled to set before our
owl Pallas shield, thinking by her virtue to cover the
other's deformity.

8 It was a sign of famine to Egypt, when Nilus flowed
less than twelve cubits, or more than eighteen: and it
10 may threaten despair unto us, if we be less curious
than you look for, or more cumbersome.

12 But as Theseus being promised to be brought to
an eagle's nest, and travailing all the day, found but
14 a wren in a hedge, yet said, "this is a bird": so we hope,
if the shower of our swelling mountain seem to bring
16 forth some elephant, perform but a mouse, you will
gently say, "this is a beast".

18 Basil softly touched, yieldeth a sweet scent, but
chafed in the hand, a rank savour: we fear even so that
20 our labours slyly glanced on will breed some content,
but examined to the proof, small commendation.

22 The haste in performing shall be our excuse. There
went two nights to the begetting of Hercules. Feathers
24 appear not on the phoenix under seven months, and the
mulberry is twelve in budding: but our travails are like
26 the hare's, who at one time bringeth forth, nourisheth,
and engendreth again; or like the brood of trochilus,
28 whose eggs in the same moment that they are laid,
become birds. But howsoever we finish our work, we
30 crave pardon, if we offend in matter, and patience if
we transgress in manners.

32 We have mixed mirth with counsel, and discipline
with delight, thinking it not amiss in the same garden
34 to sow pot-herbs, that we set flowers.

36 But we hope, as harts that cast their horns, snakes
their skins, eagles their bills, become more fresh for any
other labour: so our charge being shaken off, we shall
38 be fit for greater matters.

40 But lest like the Myndans, we make our gates
greater than our town, and that our play runs out at the
preface, we here conclude: wishing that although there
42 be in your precise judgments an universal mislike, yet
we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a general
44 silence.

THE PROLOGUE AT THE COURT.

1 WE are ashamed that our bird, which fluttered by
2 twilight seeming a swan, should be proved a bat set
3 against the sun. But as Jupiter placed Silenus' ass
4 among the stars, and Alcebiades covered his pictures
5 being owls and apes, with a curtain embroidered with
6 lions and eagles, so are we enforced upon a rough
7 discourse to draw on a smooth excuse; resembling
8 lapidaries, who think to hide the crack in a stone by
9 setting it deep in gold.

10 The gods supped once with poor Baucis, the Persian
11 kings sometimes shaved sticks: our hope is your
12 Highness will at this time lend an ear to an idle pastime.

13 Appion raising Homer from hell, demanded only
14 who was his father, and we calling Alexander from his
15 grave, seek only who was his love.

16 Whatsoever we present, we wish it may be thought
17 the dancing of Agrippa his shadows, who in the moment
18 they were seen, were of any shape one would conceive:
19 or lynxes, who having a quick sight to discern, have a
20 short memory to forget. With us it is like to fare, as
21 with these torches, which giving light to others,
22 consume themselves: and we shewing delight to others,
shame ourselves.

ACT I.SCENE I.

Outside the Walls of Athens.

Enter Clytus and Parmenio.

1 **Clyt.** Parmenio, I cannot tell whether I should more
2 commend in Alexander's victories, courage, or
3 courtesy, in the one being a resolution without fear, in
4 the other a liberality above custom: Thebes is razed, the
5 people not racked, towers thrown down, bodies not
6 thrust aside, a conquest without conflict, and a cruel
7 war in a mild peace.

8
9 **Parm.** Clytus, it becommeth the son of Philip to be
10 none other than Alexander is: therefore seeing in the
11 father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the
12 son an excellency? For as the moon can borrow nothing
13 else of the sun but light, so of a sire, in whom nothing
14 but virtue was, what could the child receive but
15 singular? It is for turkies to stain each other, not for
16 diamonds; in the one to be made a difference in
17 goodness, in the other no comparison.

18
19 **Clyt.** You mistake me Parmenio, if whilst I commend
20 Alexander, you imagine I call Philip into question;
21 unless happily you conjecture (which none of
22 judgment will conceive) that because I like the fruit,
23 therefore I heave at the tree; or coveting to kiss the
24 child, I therefore go about to poison the teat.

25
26 **Parm.** Ay, but Clytus, I perceive you are borne in the
27 east, and never laugh but at the sun rising; which
28 argueth though a duty where you ought, yet no great
29 devotion where you might.

30
31 **Clyt.** We will make no controversy of that which there
32 ought to be no question; only this shall be the opinion
33 of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of
34 Alexander but Philip, nor any meet to be the son of
35 Philip but Alexander.

36
37 **Parm.** Soft, Clytus, behold the spoils and prisoners!
38 a pleasant sight to us, because profit is joined with
honour; not much painful to them, because their

40 | captivity is eased by mercy.

42 | *Enter Timoclea, Campaspe, with other captives,
and spoils, guarded.*

44 | **Timo.** Fortune, thou didst never yet deceive virtue,
46 | because virtue never yet did trust fortune. Sword and
48 | fire will never get spoil, where wisdom and fortitude
50 | bears sway. O Thebes, thy walls were raised by the
52 | sweetness of the harp, but razed by the shrillness of
54 | the trumpet. Alexander had never come so near the
56 | walls, had Epaminondas walked about the walls: and yet
58 | might the Thebans have been merry in their streets, if he
had been to watch their towers. But destiny is seldom
foreseen, never prevented. We are here now captives,
whose necks are yoked by force, but whose hearts
cannot yield by death. – Come Campaspe and the rest,
let us not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him, on
whom we feared not to cast our darts.

60 | **Parm.** Madame, you need not doubt, it is Alexander
that is the conqueror.

62 | **Timo.** Alexander hath overcome, not conquered.

64 | **Parm.** To bring all under his subjection is to conquer.

66 | **Timo.** He cannot subdue that which is divine.

68 | **Parm.** Thebes was not.

70 | **Timo.** Virtue is.

72 | **Clyt.** Alexander, as he tendreth virtue, so he will you;
74 | he drinketh not blood, but thirsteth after honour; he
is greedy of victory, but never satisfied with mercy.
76 | In fight terrible, as becometh a captain; in conquest
mild, as beseemeth a king. In all things then which
78 | nothing can be greater, he is Alexander.

80 | **Camp.** Then if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I
hope it shall be no miserable thing to be a virgin. For
82 | if he save our honours, it is more than to restore our
goods. And rather do I wish he preserve our fame than
84 | our lives; which if he do, we will confess there can be
no greater thing than to be Alexander.

86 | *Enter Alexander, Hephestion, and Attendants.*

88 |

90 **Alex.** Clytus, are these prisoners? of whence these spoils?

92 **Clyt.** Like your Majesty, they are prisoners, and of Thebes.

94 **Alex.** Of what calling or reputation?

96 **Clyt.** I know not, but they seem to be ladies of honour.

98 **Alex.** I will know: – madam, of whence you are I know; but who, I cannot tell.

102 **Timo.** Alexander, I am the sister of Theagines, who fought a battle with thy father before the city of Chyronie, where he died, I say which none can gainsay, valiantly.

106 **Alex.** Lady, there seem in your words sparks of your brother's deeds, but worser fortune in your life than his death: but fear not, for you shall live without violence, enemies, or necessity: – but what are you fair lady, another sister to Theagines?

112 **Camp.** No sister to Theagines, but an humble handmaid to Alexander, born of a mean parentage, but to extreme fortune.

116 **Alex.** Well ladies, for so your virtues shew you, whatsoever your births be, you shall be honourably entreated. Athens shall be your Thebes, and you shall not be as objects of war, but as subjects to Alexander. – Parmenio, conduct these honourable ladies into the city: charge the soldiers not so much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be supplied, so far forth as shall be necessary for such persons and my prisoners.

126 [Exeunt Parmenio et captivi.]

128 Hephestion, it resteth now that we have as great care to govern in peace, as conquer in war: that whilest arms cease, arts may flourish, and joining letters with lances, we endeavour to be as good philosophers as soldiers, knowing it no less praise to be wise, than commendable to be valiant.

134 **Heph.** Your Majesty therein sheweth that you have as great desire to rule as to subdue: and needs must that

138 | commonwealth be fortunate, whose captain is a
140 | philosopher, and whose philosopher is a captain.

[Exeunt.]

ACT I, SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Manes, Granichus, Psyllus.

1 **Manes.** I serve instead of a master, a mouse, whose
2 house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose
board is a bed.

4 **Psy.** Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers
6 commend. A crumb for thy supper, an hand for thy cup,
and thy clothes for thy sheets. For *natura paucis*
8 *contenta.*

10 **Gran.** Manes, it is pity so proper a man should be cast
away upon a philosopher: but that Diogenes that dog
12 should have Manes that dogbolt, it grieveth nature and
spiteth art: the one having found thee so dissolute, –
14 absolute I would say, – in body, the other so single, –
singular – in mind.

16 **Manes.** Are you merry? it is a sign by the trip of your
18 tongue, and the toys of your head, that you have done
that today, which I have not done these three days.

20 **Psy.** What is that?

22 **Manes.** Dined.

24 **Gran.** I think Diogenes keeps but cold cheer.

26 **Manes.** I would it were so, but he keepeth neither hot
28 nor cold.

30 **Gran.** What then, lukewarm? That made Manes run
from his master the last day.

32 **Psy.** Manes had reason: for his name foretold as much.

34 **Manes.** My name? how so, sir boy?

36 **Psy.** You know that it is called *Mons, à movendo*,
38 because it stands still.

40 **Manes.** Good.

42 **Psy.** And thou art named *Manes, à manendo*, because
thou runnest away.

44 **Manes.** Passing reasons! I did not run away, but retire.

46 **Psy.** To a prison, because thou wouldst have leisure to
48 contemplate.

50 **Manes.** I will prove that my body was immortal:
because it was in prison.

52 **Gran.** As how?

54 **Manes.** Did your masters never teach you that the soul
56 is immortal?

58 **Gran.** Yes.

60 **Manes.** And the body is the prison of the soul.

62 **Gran.** True.

64 **Manes.** Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I
put it to prison.

66 **Gran.** Oh bad!

68 **Psy.** Excellent ill!

70 **Manes.** You may see how dull a fasting wit is:
72 therefore, Psyllus, let us go to supper with Granichus:
Plato is the best fellow of all philosophers. Give me
74 him that reads in the morning in the school, and at the
noon in kitchen.

76 **Psy.** And me.

78 **Gran.** Ah sirs, my master is a king in his parlour for
80 the body, and a god in his study for the soul. Among
all his men he commendeth one that is an excellent
82 musician, then stand I by, and clap another on the
shoulder, and say, "this is a passing good cook."

84 **Manes.** It is well done Granichus; for give me pleasure
86 that goes in at the mouth, not the ear; I had rather fill
my guts than my brains.

88 **Psy.** I serve Apelles, who feedeth me as Diogenes doth
90 Manes; for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the
other commendeth counterfeiting: when I would eat
92 meat, he paints a spit, and when I thirst, saith he, "is
not this a fair pot?" and points to a table which contains

94 | the banquet of the gods, where are many dishes to feed
the eye, but not to fill the gut.

96 | **Gran.** What doest thou then?
98 |

Psy. This doeth he then, bring in many examples that
100 | some have lived by savours, and proveth that much
easier it is to fat by colours: and tells of birds that have
102 | been fatted by painted grapes in winter: and how many
have so fed their eyes with their mistress' picture, that
104 | they never desired to take food, being gluttred with the
delight in their favours. Then doth he shew me
106 | counterfeits, such as have surfeited with their filthy and
loathsome vomits, and with the riotous bacchanals of
108 | the god Bacchus, and his disorderly crew, which are
painted all to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare
110 | hardly, though I go richly, which maketh me when I
should begin to shadow a lady's face, to draw a lamb's
112 | head, and sometimes to set to the body of a maid a
shoulder of mutton: for *semper animus meus est in*
114 | *patinis.*

116 | **Manes.** Thou art a god to me: for could I see but a
cook's shop painted, I would make mine eyes fat as
118 | butter. For I have nought but sentences to fill my maw,
as *plures occidit crapula quàm gladius: musa*
120 | *ieiunantibus amica*: "repletion killeth delicately": and
an old saw of abstinence [by] Socrates: "the belly is
122 | the head's grave". Thus with sayings, not with meat,
he maketh a gallimaufry.

124 | **Gran.** But how doest thou then live?

126 | **Manes.** With fine jests, sweet air, and the dog's alms.

128 | **Gran.** Well, for this time I will stanch thy gut, and
130 | among pots and platters thou shalt see what it is to
serve Plato.

132 | **Psy.** For joy of it Granichus let's sing.

134 | **Manes.** My voice is as clear in the evening as in the
136 | morning.

138 | **Gran.** Another commodity of emptiness.

140 | *Song.*

142 | **Gran.** *O for a bowl of fat canary,*

144 *Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,*
Some nectar else, from Juno's dairy,
O these draughts would make us merry.

146
148 *Psy. O for a wench, (I deal in faces,*
And in other daintier things,)
Tickled am I with her embraces,
150 *Fine dancing in such fairy rings.*

152 *Manes. O for a plump fat leg of mutton,*
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and cony,
154 *None is happy but a glutton,*
None an ass, but who wants money.

156
158 *Chor. Wines (indeed,) and girls are good,*
But brave victuals feast the blood,
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
160 *Jove would leap down to surfeit here.*

162

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE III.

Interior of the Palace, with transfer to the Market-place at line 178.

Enter Melippus.

1 **Melip.** I had never such ado to warn scholars to come
 2 before a king. First, I came to Chrysippus, a tall lean old
 3 mad man, willing him presently to appear before
 4 Alexander; he stood staring on my face, neither moving
 5 his eyes nor his body; I urging him to give some
 6 answer, he took up a book, sat down and said nothing:
 7 Melissa his maid told me it was his manner, and that
 8 oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth:
 9 for that he would rather starve than cease study. Well,
 10 thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, and
 11 great clerks such simple courtiers, I will neither be
 12 partaker of their commons nor their commendations.
 13 From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle, and to
 14 diverse other, none refusing to come, saving an old
 15 obscure fellow, who sitting in a tub turned towards the
 16 sun, read Greek to a young boy; him when I willed to
 17 appear before Alexander, he answered, if Alexander
 18 would fain see me, let him come to me; if learn of me,
 19 let him come to me; whatsoever it be, let him come to
 20 me: why, said I, he is a king; he answered, why I am a
 21 philosopher; why, but he is Alexander; ay, but I am
 22 Diogenes. I was half angry to see one so crooked in his
 23 shape, to be so crabbed in his sayings. So going my
 24 way, I said, thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to
 25 Alexander: nay, smiling answered he, Alexander may
 26 repent it, if he come not to Diogenes: virtue must be
 27 sought, not offered: and so turning himself to his cell,
 28 he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. But
 29 I must be gone, the philosophers are coming.

[Exit.]

*Enter Plato, Aristotle, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus,
 Crates, and Chrysippus.*

36 **Plato.** It is a difficult controversy, Aristotle, and rather
 37 to be wondered at than believed, how natural causes
 38 should work supernatural effects.

40 **Aris.** I do not so much stand upon the apparition is

42 seen in the moon, neither the *demonium* of Socrates, as
 43 that I cannot by natural reason give any reason of the
 44 ebbing and flowing of the sea, which makes me in the
 45 depth of my studies to cry out, *O ens entium, miserere*
 46 *mei*.

47 **Plato.** Cleanthes and you attribute so much to nature
 48 by searching for things which are not to be found, that
 49 whilst you study a cause of your own, you omit the
 50 occasion itself. There is no man so savage in whom
 51 resteth not this divine particle, that there is an
 52 omnipotent, eternal, and divine mover, which may be
 53 called God.

54 **Clean.** I am of this mind, that that first mover, which
 55 you term God, is the instrument of all the movings
 56 which we attribute to nature. The earth which is mass,
 57 swimmeth on the sea, seasons divided in themselves,
 58 fruits growing in themselves, the majesty of the sky, the
 59 whole firmament of the world, and whatsoever else
 60 appeareth miraculous, what man almost of mean
 61 capacity but can prove it natural?

62 **Anax.** These causes shall be debated at our
 63 philosophers' feast, in which controversy I will take
 64 part with Aristotle, that there is *Natura naturans*, and
 65 yet not God.

66 **Crates.** And I with Plato, that there is *Deus optimus*
 67 *maximus*, and not nature.

68 **Aris.** Here commeth Alexander.

74 *Enter Alexander, attended by*
 75 *Hephestion, Parmenio and Clytus.*

76 **Alex.** I see, Hephestion, that these philosophers are
 77 here attending for us.

78 **Heph.** They were not philosophers, if they knew not
 79 their duties.

80 **Alex.** But I much marvel Diogenes should be so
 81 dogged.

82 **Heph.** I do not think but his excuse will be better than
 83 Melippus' message.

84 **Alex.** I will go see him Hephestion, because I long to

90 | see him that would command Alexander to come, to
92 | whom all the world is like to come. – Aristotle and the
94 | rest, sithence my coming from Thebes to Athens, from
96 | a place of conquest to a palace of quiet, I have resolved
98 | with myself in my court to have as many philosophers,
100 | as I had in my camp soldiers. My court shall be a school
102 | wherein I will have used as great doctrine in peace, as
104 | I did in war discipline.

98 | *Aris.* We are all here ready to be commanded, and glad
100 | we are that we are commanded: for that nothing better
102 | becometh kings than literature, which maketh them
104 | come as near to the gods in wisdom, as they do in
106 | dignity.

104 | *Alex.* It is so Aristotle, but yet there is among you,
106 | yea and of your bringing up, that sought to destroy
108 | Alexander: Calistenes, Aristotle, whose treasons against
110 | his prince shall not be borne out with the reasons of his
112 | philosophy.

110 | *Aris.* If ever mischief entered into the heart of
112 | Calistenes, let Calistenes suffer for it; but that Aristotle
114 | ever imagined any such thing of Calistenes, Aristotle
116 | doth deny.

116 | *Alex.* Well Aristotle, kindred may blind thee, and
118 | affection me; but in kings' causes I will not stand to
120 | scholars' arguments. This meeting shall be for a
122 | commandment, that you all frequent my court, instruct
124 | the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons: let
126 | your lives be answerable to your learnings, lest my
128 | proceedings be contrary to my promises.

124 | *Heph.* You said you would ask every one of them a
126 | question, which yester-night none of us could answer.

126 | *Alex.* I will. Plato, of all beasts, which is the subtlest?

128 | *Plato.* That which man hitherto never knew.

130 | *Alex.* Aristotle, how should a man be thought a god?

132 | *Aris.* In doing a thing impossible for a man.

134 | *Alex.* Chrysippus, which was first, the day or the night?

136 | *Chrys.* The day, by a day.

138 |

140 **Alex.** Indeed! strange questions must have strange
answers. – Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death
142 the stronger?

144 **Clea.** Life, that suffereth so many troubles.

146 **Alex.** Crates, how long should a man live?

148 **Crat.** Till he think it better to die than to live.

150 **Alex.** Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth
bring forth most creatures?

152 **Anax.** The earth, for the sea is but a part of the earth.

154 **Alex.** Hephestion, me thinks they have answered all
well, and in such questions I mean often to try them.

156 **Heph.** It is better to have in your court a wise man,
158 than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I
leave war, to study wisdom, were I Alexander.

160 **Alex.** So would I, were I Hephestion. But come, let
162 us go and give release, as I promised to our Theban
thralls.

164 [Exeunt Alexander, Hephestion, Parmenio and Clytus.]

166 **Plato.** Thou art fortunate Aristotle, that Alexander is
168 thy scholar.

170 **Aris.** And all you happy that he is your sovereign.

172 **Chrys.** I could like the man well, if he could be
contented to be but a man.

174 **Aris.** He seeketh to draw near to the gods in
176 knowledge, not to be a god.

178 [The philosophers approach Diogenes' tub.]

180 **Plato.** Let us question a little with Diogenes, why he
went not with us to Alexander. – Diogenes, thou didst
182 forget thy duty, that thou wentst not with us to the king.

184 **Diog.** [From his tub] And you your profession, that
you went to the king.

186 **Plato.** Thou takest as great pride to be peevish, as
188 others do glory to be virtuous.

190 **Diog.** And thou as great honour being a philosopher to
192 be thought court-like, as others shame that be courtiers,
to be accounted philosophers.

194 **Aris.** These austere manners set aside, it is well known
that thou didst counterfeit money.

196 **Diog.** And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not
198 counterfeit money.

200 **Aris.** Thou hast reason to contemn the court, being
both in body and mind too crooked for a courtier.

202 **Diog.** As good be crooked, and endeavor to make
204 myself straight from the court, as be straight, and learn
to be crooked at the court.

206 **Crat.** Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against
208 Alexander.

210 **Diog.** And thou to be jump with Alexander.

212 **Anax.** Let us go: for in contemning him, we shall
better please him, than in wondering at him.

214 **Aris.** Plato, what dost thou think of Diogenes?

216 **Plato.** To be Socrates, furious. Let us go.

218

[*Exeunt philosophers.*]

ACT II.SCENE I.

A Street.

*Enter on one side Diogenes, with a lantern;
on the other Psyllus, Manes, Granichus.*

1 **Psy.** Behold, Manes, where thy master is; seeking
2 either for bones for his dinner, or pins for his sleeves.
I will go salute him.

4
6 **Manes.** Do so; but mum, not a word that you saw
Manes.

8 **Gran.** Then stay thou behind, and I will go with
10 Psyllus.

[*Manes stands apart.*]

12 **Psy.** All hail Diogenes to your proper person.

14 **Diog.** All hate to thy peevish conditions.

16 **Gran.** O dog!

18 **Psy.** What doest thou seek for here?

20 **Diog.** For a man and a beast.

22 **Gran.** That is easy without thy light to be found, be
24 not all these men?

26 **Diog.** Called men.

28 **Gran.** What beast is it thou lookest for?

30 **Diog.** The beast my man, Manes.

32 **Psy.** He is a beast indeed that will serve thee.

34 **Diog.** So is he that begat thee.

36 **Gran.** What wouldest thou do, if thou shouldest find
Manes?

38 **Diog.** Give him leave to do as he hath done before.
40

Gran. What's that?

42

Diog. To run away.

44

Psy. Why, hast thou no need of Manes?

46

Diog. It were a shame for Diogenes to have need of Manes, and for Manes to have no need of Diogenes.

48

50

Gran. But put the case he were gone, wouldst thou entertain any of us two?

52

Diog. Upon condition.

54

Psy. What?

56

Diog. That you should tell me wherefore any of you both were good.

58

60

Gran. Why, I am a scholar, and well seen in philosophy.

62

Psy. And I a prentice, and well seen in painting.

64

Diog. Well then Granichus, be thou a painter to amend thine ill face; and thou Psyllus a philosopher to correct thine evil manners. – But who is that, Manes?

66

68

[Manes slowly comes forward.]

70

Manes. I care not who I were, so I were not Manes.

72

Gran. You are taken tardy.

74

Psy. Let us slip aside Granichus, to see the salutation between Manes and his master.

76

78

[Psyllus and Granichus draw back.]

80

Diog. Manes, thou knowest the last day I threw away my dish, to drink in my hand, because it was superfluous; now I am determined to put away my man, and serve myself: *Quia non egeo tui vel te.*

82

84

Manes. Master, you know a while ago I ran away, so do I mean to do again, *quia scio tibi non esse argentum.*

86

88

Diog. I know I have no money, neither will I have ever a man: for I was resolved long sithence to put away both my slaves, money and Manes.

90

92

Manes. So was I determined to shake off both my
94 dogs, hunger and Diogenes.

96

Psy. O sweet consent between a crowd and a Jew's
98 harp.

98

Gran. Come, let us reconcile them.

100

Psy. It shall not need: for this is their use, now do they
102 dine one upon another.

102

104

[Exit Diogenes.]

106

[Psyllus and Granichus come forward.]

108

Gran. How now Manes, art thou gone from thy
110 master?

110

Manes. No, I did but now bind myself to him.

112

Psy. Why, you were at mortal jars.

114

Manes. In faith no, we brake a bitter jest one upon
116 another.

116

118

Gran. Why thou art as dogged as he.

120

Psy. My father knew them both little whelps.

122

Manes. Well, I will hie me after my master.

124

Gran. Why, is it supper time with Diogenes?

126

Manes. Ay, with him at all time when he hath meat.

128

Psy. Why then, every man to his home, and let us steal
130 out again anon.

130

Gran. Where shall we meet?

132

Psy. Why, at *Alæ vendibili suspense hedera non est*
134 *opus*.

134

136

Manes. O Psyllus, *habeo te loco parentis*, thou
138 blesest me.

138

[Exeunt.]

ACT II, SCENE II.

*Interior of the Palace,
with transfer to the Market-place at line 173.*

Enter Alexander, Hephestion, and Page.

1 **Alex.** Stand aside sir boy, till you be called. –

2

[Page stands aside.]

4

Hephestion, how do you like the sweet face of
6 Campaspe?

8

Heph. I cannot but commend the stout courage of
Timoclea.

10

Alex. Without doubt Campaspe had some great man to
12 her father.

14

Heph. You know Timoclea had Theagines to her
brother.

16

Alex. Timoclea still in thy mouth! art thou not in love?

18

Heph. Not I.

20

Alex. Not with Timoclea you mean; wherein you
22 resemble the lapwing, who cryeth most where her nest
is not. And so you lead me from espying your love
24 with Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.

26

Heph. Could I as well subdue kingdoms, as I can my
thoughts; or were I as far from ambition, as I am from
28 love; all the world would account me as valiant in arms,
as I know myself moderate in affection.

30

Alex. Is love a vice?

32

Heph. It is no virtue.

34

Alex. Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I
36 make between Alexander and Hephestion. And sith
thou hast been always partaker of my triumphs, thou
38 shalt be partaker of my torments. I love, Hephestion, I
love! I love Campaspe, a thing far unfit for a
40 Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangest
thou down thy head Hephestion? blushing to hear that
42 which I am not ashamed to tell.

44 **Heph.** Might my words crave pardon, and my counsel
46 credit, I would both discharge the duty of a subject, for
so I am, and the office of a friend, for so I will.

48 **Alex.** Speak Hephestion; for whatsoever is spoken,
Hephestion speaketh to Alexander.

50 **Heph.** I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be
52 more shameful to be heard, or the cause sorrowful to be
believed? What! is the son of Philip, king of Macedon,
54 become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of
Thebes? Is that mind, whose greatness the world could
56 not contain, drawn within the compass of an idle
alluring eye? Will you handle the spindle with Hercules,
58 when you should shake the spear with Achilles? Is the
warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft
60 noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds,
whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose
62 breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to
delicate tunes and amorous glances? O Alexander, that
64 soft and yielding mind should not be in him, whose
hard and unconquered heart hath made so many yield.
66 But you love, – ah grief! but whom? Campaspe? ah,
shame! a maid forsooth unknown, unnooble, and who
68 can tell whether immodest? whose eyes are framed by
art to enamour, and whose heart was made by nature to
70 enchant. Ay, but she is beautiful; yea, but not therefore
chaste: ay, but she is comely in all parts of the body: yea,
72 but she may be crooked in some part of the mind: ay,
but she is wise, yea, but she is a woman! Beauty is like
74 the blackberry, which seemeth red when it is not ripe,
resembling precious stones that are polished with honey,
76 which the smoother they look, the sooner they break.
It is thought wonderful among the seamen, that mugill,
78 of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the bret,
of all the slowest: And shall it not seem monstrous to
80 wise men, that the heart of the greatest conquerour of
the world, should be found in the hands of the weakest
82 creature of nature? of a woman? of a captive? Hermyns
have fair skins, but foul livers; sepulchers fresh colours,
84 but rotten bones; women fair faces, but false hearts.
Remember, Alexander, thou hast a camp to govern, not
86 a chamber; fall not from the armour of Mars to the arms
of Venus; from the fiery assaults of war, to the
88 maidenly skirmishes of love; from displaying the eagle
in thine ensign, to set down the sparrow. I sigh,

90 Alexander, that where fortune could not conquer, folly
should overcome. But behold all the perfection that
92 may be in Campaspe; a hair curling by nature, not art;
sweet alluring eyes; a fair face made in despite of
94 Venus, and a stately port in disdain of Juno; a wit apt
to conceive, and quick to answer; a skin as soft as silk,
96 and as smooth as jet; a long white hand, a fine little
foot; to conclude, all parts answerable to the best part –
98 what of this? Though she have heavenly gifts, virtue
and beauty, is she not of earthly metal, flesh and
100 blood? You, Alexander, that would be a god, shew
yourself in this worse than a man, so soon to be both
102 overseen and overtaken in a woman, whose false tears
know their true times, whose smooth words wound
104 deeper than sharp swords. There is no surfeit so
dangerous as that of honey, nor any poison so deadly as
106 that of love; in the one physic cannot prevail, nor in the
other counsel.

108 **Alex.** My case were light, Hephestion, and not worthy
110 to be called love, if reason were a remedy, or sentences
could salve, that sense cannot conceive. Little do you
112 know, and therefore slightly do you regard, the dead
embers in a private person, or live coals in a great
114 prince, whose passions and thoughts do as far exceed
others in extremity, as their callings do in majesty. An
116 eclipse in the sun is more than the falling of a star; none
can conceive the torments of a king, unless he be a
118 king, whose desires are not inferior to their dignities.
And then judge, Hephestion, if the agonies of love be
120 dangerous in a subject, whether they be not more than
deadly unto Alexander, whose deep and not to be
122 conceived sighs, cleave the heart in shivers; whose
wounded thoughts can neither be expressed nor
124 endured. Cease then, Hephestion, with arguments to
seek to refel that, which with their deity the gods cannot
126 resist; and let this suffice to answer thee, that it is a king
that loveth, and Alexander, whose affections are not to
128 be measured by reason, being immortal, nor I fear me
to be borne, being intolerable.

130 **Heph.** I must needs yield, when neither reason nor
132 counsel can be heard.

134 **Alex.** Yield, Hephestion, for Alexander doth love, and
therefore must obtain.

136

138 **Heph.** Suppose she loves not you; affection commeth
not by appointment or birth; and then as good hated as
enforced.

140 **Alex.** I am a king, and will command.

142 **Heph.** You may, to yield to lust by force; but to
144 consent to love by fear, you cannot.

146 **Alex.** Why, what is that which Alexander may not
conquer as he list?

148 **Heph.** Why, that which you say the gods cannot resist,
150 love.

152 **Alex.** I am a conquerour, she a captive; I as fortunate,
as she fair: my greatness may answer her wants, and the
154 gifts of my mind, the modesty of hers: is it not likely
then that she should love? Is it not reasonable?

156 **Heph.** You say that in love there is no reason, and
158 therefore there can be no likelihood.

160 **Alex.** No more, Hephestion: in this case I will use mine
own counsel, and in all other thine advice; thou mayst
162 be a good soldier, but never good lover. Call my page.

164 [Page advances.]

166 Sirrah, go presently to Apelles, and will him to come to
me without either delay or excuse.

168 **Page.** I go.

170 [Exit Page.]

172 [Alexander and Hephestion approach Diogenes' tub.]

174 **Alex.** In the mean season to recreate my spirits, being
176 so near, we will go see Diogenes. And see where his
tub is. – Diogenes!

178 **Diog.** Who calleth?

180 **Alex.** Alexander: how happened it that you would not
182 come out of your tub to my palace?

184 **Diog.** Because it was as far from my tub to your
palace, as from your palace to my tub.

186

188 *Alex.* Why then doest thou owe no reverence to kings?
190 *Diog.* No.
192 *Alex.* Why so?
194 *Diog.* Because they be no gods.
196 *Alex.* They be gods of the earth.
198 *Diog.* Yea, gods of earth.
200 *Alex.* Plato is not of thy mind.
202 *Diog.* I am glad of it.
204 *Alex.* Why?
206 *Diog.* Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind,
208 but Diogenes.
210 *Alex.* If Alexander have any thing that may pleasure
212 Diogenes, let me know, and take it.
214 *Diog.* Then take not from me that you cannot give me,
216 the light of the world.
218 *Alex.* What doest thou want?
220 *Diog.* Nothing that you have.
222 *Alex.* I have the world at command.
224 *Diog.* And I in contempt.
226 *Alex.* Thou shalt live no longer than I will.
228 *Diog.* But I shall die whether you will or no.
230 *Alex.* How should one learn to be content?
232 *Diog.* Unlearn to covet.
234 *Alex.* Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish
236 to be Diogenes.
238 *Heph.* He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how:
sharp, with a kind of sweetness; full of wit, yet too too
wayward.
Alex. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will
both see thee, and confer with thee.

240 **Diog.** Do.

242 *Re-enter Page with Apelles.*

244 **Alex.** But here commeth Apelles: –how now Apelles,
is Venus’ face yet finished?

246 **Apel.** Not yet: beauty is not so soon shadowed, whose
248 perfection commeth not within the compass either of
cunning or of colour.

250 **Alex.** Well, let it rest unperfect, and come you with
252 me, where I will shew you that finished by nature, that
you have been trifling about by art.

254

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.SCENE I.

A Room in Apelles' House.

Enter Apelles, Campaspe and Psyllus.

1 **Apel.** Lady, I doubt whether there be any colour so
2 fresh, that may shadow a countenance so fair.

4 **Camp.** Sir, I had thought you had been commanded
to paint with your hand, not to gloze with your tongue;
6 but as I have heard, it is the hardest thing in painting
to set down a hard favour, which maketh you to despair
8 of my face; and then shall you have as great thanks to
spare your labour, as to discredit your art.

10 **Apel.** Mistress, you neither differ from yourself nor
12 your sex: for knowing your own perfection, you seem
to dispraise that which men most commend, drawing
14 them by that mean into an admiration, where feeding
themselves they fall into an ecstasy; your modesty
16 being the cause of the one, and of the other, your
affections.

18 **Camp.** I am too young to understand your speech,
20 though old enough to withstand your device: you have
been so long used to colours, you can do nothing but
22 colour.

24 **Apel.** Indeed the colours I see, I fear will alter the
colour I have: but come madam, will you draw near, for
26 Alexander will be here anon. – Psyllus, stay you here at
the window, if any enquire for me, answer, *Non lubet*
28 *esse domi.*

30 [Apelles and Campaspe exeunt into studio.
Psyllus remains on stage.]

ACT III, SCENE II.

*The same, a Room in Apelles' House,
with transfer to the Market-place at line 85.*

Psyllus on-stage.

1 **Psy.** It is always my master's fashion, when any fair
2 gentlewoman is to be drawn within, to make me to stay
3 without. But if he should paint Jupiter like a bull, like a
4 swan, like an eagle, then must Psyllus with one hand
5 grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But
6 let him alone, the better he shadows her face, the more
7 will he burn his own heart. And now if a man could
8 meet with Manes, who, I dare say, looks as lean as if
9 Diogenes dropped out of his nose—
10

Enter Manes.

12 **Manes.** And here comes Manes, who hath as much
13 meat in his maw, as thou hast honesty in thy head.

16 **Psy.** Then I hope thou art very hungry.

18 **Manes.** They that know thee, know that.

20 **Psy.** But dost thou not remember that we have certain
21 licour to confer withal.

22 **Manes.** Ay, but I have business; I must go cry a thing.

24 **Psy.** Why, what hast thou lost?

26 **Manes.** That which I never had, my dinner.

28 **Psy.** Foul lubber, wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

30 **Manes.** I mean, I must cry; not as one would say cry,
31 but cry, that is make a noise.

34 **Psy.** Why fool, that is all one; for if thou cry, thou
35 must needs make a noise.

36 **Manes.** Boy, thou art deceived. Cry hath diverse
37 significations, and may be alluded to many things;
38 knave but one, and can be applied but to thee.

40 **Psy.** Profound Manes!
42

44 *Manes.* We Cynics are mad fellows, didst thou not
find I did quip thee?

46 *Psy.* No verily! why, what's a quip?

48 *Manes.* We great girders call it a short saying of a
sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.

50 *Psy.* How canst thou thus divine, divide, define,
52 dispute, and all on the sudden?

54 *Manes.* Wit will have his swing; I am bewitched,
inspired, inflamed, infected.

56 *Psy.* Well, then will not I tempt thy gibing spirit.

58 *Manes.* Do not Psyllus, for thy dull head will be but a
60 grindstone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with
overthwarts, *perjisti, actum est de te*. I have drawn
62 blood at one's brains with a bitter bob.

64 *Psy.* Let me cross myself: for I die, if I cross thee.

66 *Manes.* Let me do my business, I myself am afraid,
lest my wit should wax warm, and then must it needs
68 consume some hard head with fine and pretty jests. I
am sometimes in such a vein, that for want of some
70 dull pate to work on, I begin to gird myself.

72 *Psy.* The gods shield me from such a fine fellow,
whose words melt wits like wax.

74 *Manes.* Well then, let us to the matter. In faith, my
76 master meaneth tomorrow to fly.

78 *Psy.* It is a jest.

80 *Manes.* Is it a jest to fly? shouldest thou fly so, soon
thou shouldest repent it in earnest.

82 *Psy.* Well, I will be the cryer.

84 *Manes.* O ys! O ys! O ys! All manner of men, women,
86 or children, that will come tomorrow into the market
place, between the hours of nine and ten, shall see
88 Diogenes the Cynic fly.

90 *Psyllus.* O ys! O ys! O ys! All manner of men, women,
or children, that will come tomorrow into the market
92 place, between the hours of nine and ten, shall see

94 Diogenes the Cynic – fly. – I do not think he will fly.

96 *Manes.* Tush, say fly.

98 *Psy.* Fly.

100 *Manes.* Now let us go: for I will not see him again till
midnight, I have a back way into his tub.

102 *Psy.* Which way callest thou the back way, when every
way is open?

104 *Manes.* I mean to come in at his back.

106 *Psy.* Well, let us go away, that we may return speedily.

108

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.

A Room in Apelles' House.

*The curtains of the studio are withdrawn,
discovering Apelles and Campaspe
within the studio.
Apelles and Campaspe come forward.*

1 **Apel.** I shall never draw your eyes well, because they
2 blind mine.

4 **Camp.** Why then, paint me without eyes, for I am blind.

6 **Apel.** Were you ever shadowed before of any?

8 **Camp.** No. And would you could so now shadow me,
that I might not be perceived of any.

10 **Apel.** It were pity, but that so absolute a face should
12 furnish Venus' temple amongst these pictures.

14 **Camp.** What are these pictures?

16 **Apel.** This is Leda, whom Jove deceived in likeness
of a swan.

18 **Camp.** A fair woman, but a foul deceit.
20

Apel. This is Alcmena, unto whom Jupiter came in
22 shape of Amphytrion her husband, and begat Hercules.

24 **Camp.** A famous son, but an infamous fact.

26 **Apel.** He might do it, because he was a god.

28 **Camp.** Nay, therefore it was evil done, because he
was a god.

30 **Apel.** This is Danae, into whose prison Jupiter drizzled
32 a golden shewer, and obtained his desire.

34 **Camp.** What gold can make one yield to desire?

36 **Apel.** This is Europa, whom Jupiter ravished; this
Antiopa.

38 **Camp.** Were all the gods like this Jupiter?
40

Apel. There were many gods in this like Jupiter.
42

44 **Camp.** I think in those days love was well ratified
among men on earth, when lust was so full authorized
by the gods in Heaven.

46 **Apel.** Nay, you may imagine there were women passing
48 amiable, when there were Gods exceeding amorous.

50 **Camp.** Were women never so fair, men would be false.

52 **Apel.** Were women never so false, men would be fond.

54 **Camp.** What counterfeit is this, Apelles?

56 **Apel.** This is Venus, the goddess of love.

58 **Camp.** What, be there also loving goddesses?

60 **Apel.** This is she that hath power to command the very
affections of the heart.

62 **Camp.** How is she hired: by prayer, by sacrifice, or
64 bribes?

66 **Apel.** By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes.

68 **Camp.** What prayer?

70 **Apel.** Vows irrevocable.

72 **Camp.** What sacrifice?

74 **Apel.** Hearts ever sighing, never dissembling.

76 **Camp.** What bribes?

78 **Apel.** Roses and kisses: but were you never in love?

80 **Camp.** No, nor love in me.

82 **Apel.** Then have you injured many!

84 **Camp.** How so?

86 **Apel.** Because you have been loved of many.

88 **Camp.** Flattered perchance of some.

90 **Apel.** It is not possible that a face so fair, and a wit so
sharp, both without comparison, should not be apt to
92 love.

94 **Camp.** If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I
pray dip your pencil in colours; and fall to that you

96 | must do, not that you would do.

98 | *[Apelles and Campaspe retire to the studio,
and the curtains close.]*

ACT III, SCENE IV.

*The Palace,
with a transfer to the Market-place at line 70,
then a transfer to Apelles' House at line 103.*

Enter Clytus and Parmenio.

1 **Clyt.** Parmenio, I cannot tell how it commeth to pass,
2 that in Alexander nowadays there groweth an unpatient
3 kind of life: in the morning he is melancholy, at noon
4 solemn; at all times either more sour or severe than he
5 was accustomed.

6 **Parm.** In kings' causes I rather love to doubt than
7 conjecture, and think it better to be ignorant than
8 inquisitive: they have long ears and stretched arms,
9 in whose heads suspicion is a proof, and to be accused
10 is to be condemned.

11 **Clyt.** Yet between us there can be no danger to find
12 out the cause: for that there is no malice to withstand
13 it. It may be an unquenchable thirst of conquering
14 maketh him unquiet: it is not unlikely his long ease
15 hath altered his humour: that he should be in love,
16 it is not impossible.

17 **Parm.** In love, Clytus? no, no, it is as far from his
18 thought, as treason in ours: he, whose ever waking eye,
19 whose never tired heart, whose body patient of labour,
20 whose mind unsatiated of victory hath always been
21 noted, cannot so soon be melted into the weak conceits
22 of love. Aristotle told him there were many worlds, and
23 that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all,
24 galleth Alexander. But here he commeth.

Enter Alexander and Hephestion.

25 **Alex.** Parmenio and Clytus, I would have you both
26 ready to go into Persia about an embassy no less
27 profitable to me, than to yourselves honourable.

28 **Clyt.** We are ready at all commands; wishing nothing
29 else, but continually to be commanded.

30 **Alex.** Well, then withdraw yourselves, till I have
31 further considered of this matter.

[Exeunt Clytus and Parmenio.]

42
44 Now we will see how Apelles goeth forward: I doubt
me that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance
46 his cunning.

48 **Heph.** You love, and therefore think anything.

Alex. But not so far in love with Campaspe as with
50 Bucephalus, if occasion serve either of conflict or of
conquest.

52 **Heph.** Occasion cannot want, if will do not. Behold
54 all Persia swelling in the pride of their own power; the
Scythians careless what courage or fortune can do; the
56 Egyptians dreaming in the soothsayings of their augurs,
and gaping over the smoke of their beasts' entrails. All
58 these, Alexander, are to be subdued, if that world be not
slipped out of your head, which you have sworn to
60 conquer with that hand.

62 **Alex.** I confess the labour's fit for Alexander, and yet
recreation necessary among so many assaults, bloody
64 wounds, intolerable troubles: give me leave a little, if
not to sit, yet to breath. And doubt not but Alexander
66 can, when he will, throw affections as far from him as
he can cowardice. But behold Diogenes talking with
68 one at his tub.

70 *[Enter Crysus to Diogenes in his tub.]*

72 **Crys.** One penny, Diogenes, I am a Cynic.

74 **Diog.** He made thee a begger, that first gave thee
anything.

76 **Crys.** Why, if thou wilt give nothing, nobody will give
78 thee.

80 **Diog.** I want nothing, till the springs dry, and the earth
perish.

82 **Crys.** I gather for the gods.

84 **Diog.** And I care not for those gods which want money.

86 **Crys.** Thou art a right Cynic that will give nothing.

88 **Diog.** Thou art not, that will beg anything.

90 **Crys.** Alexander, King Alexander, give a poor Cynic a

92 | groat.

94 | **Alex.** It is not for a king to give a groat.

96 | **Crys.** Then give me a talent.

98 | **Alex.** It is not for a begger to ask a talent. Away! –
Apelles?

100

[*Exit Crysus.*]

102

[*The curtains open, discovering the studio
with Apelles and Campaspe.
Alexander and Hephestion enter the studio.*]

104

106

Apel. Here.

108

Alex. Now, gentlewoman, doth not your beauty put
the painter to his trump?

110

112 | **Camp.** Yes my lord, seeing so disordered a
countenance, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed
counterfeit.

114

116 | **Alex.** Would he could colour the life with the feature. –
And me thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report
118 | saith you are, you may paint flowers as well with sweet
smells as fresh colours, observing in your mixture such
120 | things as should draw near to their savours.

122 | **Apel.** Your majesty must know, it is no less hard to
paint savours, than virtues; colours can neither speak
124 | nor think.

126 | **Alex.** Where do you first begin, when you draw any
picture?

128

Apel. The proposition of the face in just compass, as I
130 | can.

132 | **Alex.** I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the
rest.

134

Apel. If you will paint, as you are a king, your majesty
136 | may begin where you please; but as you would be a
painter, you must begin with the face.

138

Alex. Aurelius would in one hour colour four faces.

140

Apel. I marvel in half an hour he did not four.

142

144 *Alex.* Why, is it so easy?
146 *Apel.* No, but he doth it so homely.
148 *Alex.* When will you finish Campaspe?
150 *Apel.* Never finish: for always in absolute beauty there
152 *Alex.* Why should not I by labour be as cunning as
154 *Apel.* God shield you should have cause to be so
156 *Alex.* Me thinketh four colours are sufficient to shadow
160 *Apel.* Then had men fewer fancies, and women not so
162 many favours. For now, if the hair of her eye-brows be
164 black, yet must the hair of her head be yellow: the attire
166 of her head must be different from the habit of her
168 body, else must the picture seem like the blazon of
170 ancient armoury, not like the sweet delight of new
172 found amiableness. For as in garden knots diversity of
174 odours make a more sweet savour, or as in music divers
176 strings cause a more delicate consent, so in painting, the
178 more colours, the better counterfeit, observing black for
180 a ground, and the rest for grace.
182 *Alex.* Lend me thy pencil Apelles, I will paint, and thou
184 shalt judge.
186 *Apel.* Here.
188 *Alex.* The coal breaks.
190 *Apel.* You lean too hard.
192 *Alex.* Now it blacks not.
Apel. You lean too soft.
Alex. This is awry.
Apel. Your eye goeth not with your hand.
Alex. Now it is worse.
Apel. Your hand goeth not with your mind.

194 **Alex.** Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and
196 regards, that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind must all
draw together, I had rather be setting of a battle than
blotting of a board. But how have I done here?

198 **Apel.** Like a king.

200 **Alex.** I think so: but nothing more unlike a painter.
202 Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish, dismiss
her, and bring presently her counterfeit after me.

204 **Apel.** I will.

206
208 *[Alexander and Hephestion come out from the studio.]*

210 **Alex.** Now Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton as
I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly, liberty will
increase her beauty, and my love shall advance her
212 honour.

214 **Heph.** I will not contrary your majesty, for time must
wear out that love hath wrought, and reason wean what
216 appetite nursed.

218 *[Campaspe comes from the studio and exits.]*

220 **Alex.** How stately she passeth by, yet how soberly! a
sweet consent in her countenance with a chaste disdain,
222 desire mingled with coyness, and I cannot tell how to
term it, a curst yielding modesty!

224 **Heph.** Let her pass.

226 **Alex.** So she shall for the fairest on the earth.

228
230 *[Exeunt Alexander and Hephestion out one side
of the stage, Apelles out the other.]*

ACT III, SCENE V.

A Room in Apelles' House.

*Enter Psyllus and Manes.
Apelles is in his studio in the rear.*

1 **Psy.** I shall be hanged for tarrying so long.

2
3 **Manes.** I pray God my master be not flown before I
4 come.

6 **Psy.** Away Manes! my master doth come.

8 *[Exit Manes.
Apelles comes forward from the studio.]*

10 **Apel.** Where have you been all this while?

12 **Psy.** Nowhere but here.

14 **Apel.** Who was here since my coming?

16 **Psy.** Nobody.

18 **Apel.** Ungracious wag, I perceive you have been a-
20 loitering; was Alexander nobody?

22 **Psy.** He was a king, I meant no mean body.

24 **Apel.** I will cudgel your body for it, and then will I say
26 it was nobody, because it was no honest body. Away
in!

28 *[Exit Psyllus.]*

30 Unfortunate Apelles, and therefore unfortunate because
32 Apelles! Hast thou by drawing her beauty brought to
pass that thou canst scarce draw thine own breath? And
34 by so much the more hast thou increased thy care, by
how much the more thou hast shewed thy cunning:
was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warm thee,
36 but with Satyrus thou must kiss the fire and burn thee?
O Campaspe, Campaspe, art must yield to nature,
38 reason to appetite, wisdom to affection. Could
Pygmalion entreat by prayer to have his ivory turned
40 into flesh? and cannot Apelles obtain by plaints to have
the picture of his love changed to life? Is painting so
42 far inferior to carving? or dost thou Venus more delight

44 to be hewed with chisels, than shadowed with colours?
46 what Pigmalion, or what Pyrgoteles, or what Lysippus
48 is he, that ever made thy face so fair, or spread thy
50 fame so far as I? unless Venus, in this thou enviest
mine art, that in colouring my sweet Campaspe, I have
left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable. But
alas! she is the paramour to a prince. Alexander the
monarch of the earth hath both her body and affection.
For what is it that kings cannot obtain by prayers,
threats and promises? Will not she think it better to sit
under a cloth of estate like a queen, than in a poor shop
like a huswife? and esteem it sweeter to be the
concubine of the lord of the world, than spouse to a
painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles, thou mayest swim
against the stream with the crab, and feed against the
wind with the deer, and peck against the steel with the
cockatrice: stars are to be looked at, not reached at:
princes to be yielded unto, not contended with:
Campaspe to be honoured, not obtained, to be painted,
not possessed of thee. O fair face! O unhappy hand! and
why didst thou draw it so fair a face? O beautiful
countenance, the express image of Venus, but somewhat
fresher: the only pattern of that eternity, which Jupiter
dreaming of asleep, could not conceive again waking.
Blush Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee. Now must
I paint things impossible for mine art, but agreeable
with my affections: deep and hollow sighs, sad and
melancholy thoughts, wounds and slaughters of
conceits, a life posting to death, a death galloping from
life, a wavering constancy, an unsettled resolution, and
what not, Apelles? And what but Apelles? But as
they that are shaken with a fever are to be warmed
with clothes, not groans, and as he that melteth in a
consumption is to be recured by colices, not conceits:
so the feeding canker of my care, the never dying worm
of my heart, is to be killed by counsel, not cries, by
applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons. And
sith in cases desperate there must be used medicines that
are extreme, I will hazard that little life that is left, to
restore the greater part that is lost, and this shall be my
first practise: for wit must work, where authority is not.
As soon as Alexander hath viewed this portraiture, I will
by devise give it a blemish, that by that means she may
come again to my shop; and then as good it were to
utter my love, and die with denial, as conceal it, and
live in despair.

90 | *Song by Apelles.*
92 | Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;
94 | He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
96 | Loses them too; then, down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
98 | Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
100 | And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
102 | At last, he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
104 | O love! has she done this to thee?
What shall (Alas!) become of me?
106 |

Exit.

ACT IV.SCENE I.

The Market-place, with Diogenes' tub.

Enter Solinus, Psyllus, and Granichus.

1 **Sol.** This is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes
2 hath appointed to fly.

4 **Psy.** I will not lose the flight of so fair a foul as
Diogenes is, though my master cudgel my no-body, as
6 he threatened.

8 **Gran.** What Psyllus, will the beast wag his wings
today?

10 **Psy.** We shall hear: for here commeth Manes: – Manes,
12 will it be?

14 *Enter Manes.*

16 **Manes.** Be! he were best be as cunning as a bee, or
else shortly he will not be at all.

18 **Gran.** How is he furnished to fly, hath he feathers?
20

22 **Manes.** Thou art an ass! capons, geese, and owls have
feathers. He hath found Dedalus' old waxen wings, and
hath been piecing them this month, he is so broad in
24 the shoulders. O you shall see him cut the air even
like a tortoise.

26 **Sol.** Me thinks so wise a man should not be so mad,
28 his body must needs be too heavy.

30 **Manes.** Why, he hath eaten nothing this sevensnight but
cork and feathers.

32 **Psy.** [*Aside*] Touch him, Manes.

34 **Manes.** He is so light, that he can scarce keep him from
36 flying at midnight.

38 *Populus intrat.*

40 **Manes.** See, they begin to flock, and behold my master
bustles himself to fly.

42

[*Diogenes comes out of his tub.*]

44
46 **Diog.** You wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose
48 bodies make the earth to groan, and whose breaths
50 infect the air with stench. Come ye to see Diogenes
52 fly? Diogenes commeth to see you sink: ye call me
54 dog: so I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your skins.
56 Ye term me a hater of men: no, I am a hater of your
58 manners. Your lives dissolute, not fearing death, will
60 prove your deaths desperate, not hoping for life: what
62 do you else in Athens but sleep in the day, and surfeit in
64 the night: back-gods in the morning with pride, in the
66 evening belly-gods with gluttony! You flatter kings,
68 and call them gods, speak truth of yourselves, and
70 confess you are devils! From the bee you have taken
72 not the honey, but the wax, to make your religion,
74 framing it to the time, not to the truth. Your filthy lust
76 you colour under a courtly colour of love, injuries
78 abroad under the title of policies at home, and secret
80 malice creepeth under the name of public justice. You
82 have caused Alexander to dry up springs and plant
84 vines, to sow rocket and weed endiff, to shear sheep,
86 and shrine foxes. All conscience is seeled at Athens.
88 Swearing commeth of a hot mettle: lying of a quick wit:
90 flattery of a flowing tongue: undecent talk of a merry
disposition. All things are lawful at Athens. Either you
think there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men.
You build as though you should live forever, and
surfeit as though you should die tomorrow. None
teacheth true philosophy but Aristotle, because he was
the king's schoolmaster! O times! O men! O corruption
in manners! Remember that green grass must turn to
dry hay. When you sleep, you are not sure to wake; and
when you rise, not certain to lie down. Look you never
so high, your heads must lie level with your feet. Thus
have I flown over your disordered lives, and if you will
not amend your manners, I will study to fly further
from you, that I may be nearer to honesty.

82 **Sol.** Thou ravest, Diogenes, for thy life is different
84 from thy words. Did not I see thee come out of a
brothel house? was it not a shame?

86 **Diog.** It was no shame to go out, but a shame to go in.

88 **Gran.** It were a good deed, Manes, to beat thy master.

90 **Manes.** You were as good eat my master.

92 **One of the people.** Hast thou made us all fools, and
wilt thou not fly?

94 **Diog.** I tell thee, unless thou be honest, I will fly.

96 **People.** Dog! dog! take a bone!

98 **Diog.** Thy father need fear no dogs, but dogs thy father.

100 **People.** We will tell Alexander, that thou reprovest him
102 behind his back.

104 **Diog.** And I will tell him, that you flatter him before his
face.

106 **People.** We will cause all the boys in the street to hiss
108 at thee.

110 **Diog.** Indeed I think the Athenians have their children
ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

112
[The Athenians exit.]

114 **Manes.** Why master, mean you not to fly?

116 **Diog.** No, Manes, not without wings.

118 **Manes.** Everybody will account you a liar.

120 **Diog.** No, I warrant you; for I will always say the
122 Athenians are mischievous.

124 **Psy.** I care not, it was sport enough for me to see these
old huddles hit home.

126 **Gran.** Nor I.

128 **Psy.** Come, let us go! and hereafter when I mean to rail
130 upon any body openly, it shall be given out, I will fly.

132
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE II.*A Room in Apelles' House.**Enter Campaspe.*

1 **Campaspe.** [Alone] Campaspe, it is hard to judge
 2 whether thy choice be more unwise, or thy chance
 3 unfortunate. Dost thou prefer – but stay, utter not that
 4 in words, which maketh thine ears to glow with
 5 thoughts. Tush! better thy tongue wag, than thy heart
 6 break! Hath a painter crept further into thy mind than a
 7 prince? Apelles, than Alexander? Fond wench! the
 8 baseness of thy mind bewrays the meanness of thy birth.
 9 But alas! affection is a fire, which kindleth as well in
 10 the bramble as in the oak; and catcheth hold where it
 11 first lighteth, not where it may best burn. Larks that
 12 mount aloft in the air, build their nests below in the
 13 earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may
 14 place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become
 15 thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for
 16 thy hand than a scepter. Ants live safely, till they have
 17 gotten wings, and juniper is not blown up till it hath
 18 gotten an high top. The mean estate is without care as
 19 long as it continueth without pride. But here commeth
 20 Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection.

22 *Enter Apelles.*

24 **Apel.** Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your
 25 picture, will put you to some pains to sit again to be
 26 painted.

28 **Camp.** It is small pains for me to sit still, but infinite
 29 for you to draw still.

30 **Apel.** No madam! to paint Venus was a pleasure, but to
 31 shadow the sweet face of Campaspe it is a heaven!

34 **Camp.** If your tongue were made of the same flesh that
 35 your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts
 36 are: but such a common thing it is amongst you to
 37 commend, that oftentimes for fashion sake you call
 38 them beautiful, whom you know black.

40 **Apel.** What might men do to be believed?

42 **Camp.** Whet their tongue on their hearts.

44 *Apel.* So they do, and speak as they think.
46 *Camp.* I would they did!
48 *Apel.* I would they did not!
50 *Camp.* Why, would you have them dissemble?
52 *Apel.* Not in love, but their love. But will you give me
leave to ask you a question without offence?
54 *Camp.* So that you will answer me another without
56 excuse.
58 *Apel.* Whom do you love best in the world?
60 *Camp.* He that made me last in the world.
62 *Apel.* That was a god.
64 *Camp.* I had thought it had been a man: But whom do
you honour most, Apelles?
66 *Apel.* The thing that is likest you, Campaspe.
68 *Camp.* My picture?
70 *Apel.* I dare not venture upon your person. But come,
72 let us go in: for Alexander will think it long till we
return.
74

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE III.*A Room in the Palace.**Enter Clytus and Parmenio.*

1 **Clyt.** We hear nothing of our embassy, a colour
 2 belike to blear our eyes, or tickle our ears, or inflame
 our hearts. But what doth Alexander in the mean
 4 season, but use for tantara, sol, fa, la, for his hard
 couch, down beds, for his handful of water, his standing
 6 cup of wine?

8 **Parm.** Clytus, I mislike this new delicacy and pleasing
 peace: for what else do we see now than a kind of
 10 softness in every man's mind; bees to make their hives
 in soldiers' helmets; our steeds furnished with
 12 footcloths of gold, instead of saddles of steel: more
 time to be required to scour the rust of our weapons,
 14 than there was wont to be in subduing the countries of
 our enemies. Sithence Alexander fell from his hard
 16 armour to his soft robes, behold the face of his court:
 youths that were wont to carry devises of victory in
 18 their shields, engrave now posies of love in their rings:
 they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge
 20 the enemy with a lance, now in easy coaches ride up
 and down to court ladies; instead of sword and target to
 22 hazard their lives, use pen and paper to paint their
 loves. Yea, such a fear and faintness is grown in court,
 24 that they wish rather to hear the blowing of a horn to
 hunt, than the sound of a trumpet to fight. – O Philip,
 26 wert thou alive to see this alteration, thy men turned to
 women, thy soldiers to lovers, gloves worn in velvet
 28 caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets, thou
 wouldest either die among them for sorrow, or
 30 confound them for anger.

32 **Clyt.** Cease, Parmenio, lest in speaking what
 becommeth thee not, thou feel what liketh thee not:
 34 truth is never without a scratched face, whose tongue
 although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied up.

36 **Parm.** It grieveth me not a little for Hephestion, who
 38 thirsteth for honour, not ease; but such is his fortune and
 nearness in friendship to Alexander, that he must lay a
 40 pillow under his head, when he would put a target in his
 hand. But let us draw in, to see how well it becomes

42 | them to tread the measures in a dance, that were wont
44 | to set the order for a march.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE IV.*Apelles' Studio.**The curtains are drawn,
discovering Apelles and Campaspe within.*1 *Apel.* I have now, Campaspe, almost made an end.2 *Camp.* You told me, Apelles, you would never end.4 *Apel.* Never end my love: for it shall be eternal.6 *Camp.* That is, neither to have beginning nor ending.8 *Apel.* You are disposed to mistake, I hope you do not
10 mistrust.12 *Camp.* What will you say if Alexander perceive your
14 love?16 *Apel.* I will say it is no treason to love.18 *Camp.* But how if he will not suffer thee to see my
20 person?22 *Apel.* Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.24 *Camp.* That will not feed thy heart.26 *Apel.* Yet shall it fill mine eye: besides the sweet
28 thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause
me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine arms, of
the which by strong imagination I will make a
substance.30 *Camp.* Well, I must be gone: but this assure yourself,
32 that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours, than in
Alexander's court, following higher fortunes.34 *[Exit Apelles.]*36 *Campaspe.* *[Alone]* Foolish wench, what hast thou
38 done? that, alas! which cannot be undone, and therefore
I fear me undone. But content is such a life, I care not
40 for abundance. – O Apelles, thy love commeth from
the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth. The love
of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle
42 sometimes gently among the leaves, and straight ways
turn the trees up by the roots; or fire which warmeth

44 | afar off, and burneth near hand; or the sea, which
46 | maketh men hoise their sails in a flattering calm, and to
48 | cut their masts in a rough storm. They place affection
50 | by times, by policy, by appointment; if they frown, who
52 | dares call them unconstant? if bewray secrets, who will
54 | term them untrue? if fall to other loves, who trembles
not, if he call them unfaithful? In kings there can be no
love, but to queens: for as near must they meet in
majesty, as they do in affection. It is requisite to stand
aloof from kings' love, Jove, and lightning.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV, SCENE V.

The same, Apelles' Studio.

Enter Apelles from the studio.

1 **Apel.** Now Apelles, gather thy wits together:
2 Campaspe is no less wise then fair, thyself must be no
3 less cunning then faithful. It is no small matter to be
4 rival with Alexander.

6 *Enter Page.*

8 **Page.** Apelles, you must come away quickly with the
9 picture; the king thinketh that now you have painted it,
10 you play with it.

12 **Apel.** If I would play with pictures, I have enough at
13 home.

14 **Page.** None perhaps you like so well.

16 **Apel.** It may be I have painted none so well.

18 **Page.** I have known many fairer faces.

20 **Apel.** And I many better boys.
22

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.SCENE I.

The Market-place, with Diogenes' tub.

*Enter Sylvius, Perim, Milo, Trico,
and Manes to Diogenes,*

1 **Syl.** I have brought my sons, Diogenes, to be taught of
2 thee.

4 **Diog.** What can thy sons do?

6 **Syl.** You shall see their qualities: – Dance, sirrah!

8 *[Then Perim danceth.]*

10 How like you this: doth he well?

12 **Diog.** The better, the worser.

14 **Syl.** The music very good.

16 **Diog.** The musicians very bad, who only study to have
18 their strings in tune, never framing their manners to
order.

20 **Syl.** Now shall you see the other. Tumble, sirrah!

22 *[Milo tumbleth.]*

24 How like you this? why do you laugh?

26 **Diog.** To see a wag that was born to break his neck by
28 destiny, to practise it by art.

Milo. This dog will bite me, I will not be with him.

30 **Diog.** Fear not, boy, dogs eat no thistles.

32 **Perim.** I marvel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

34 **Diog.** When I am hungry, a mastiff; and when my belly
36 is full, a spaniel.

38 **Syl.** Dost thou believe that there are any gods, that thou
40 art so dogged?

42 **Diog.** I must needs believe there are gods: for I think
thee an enemy to them.

44 **Syl.** Why so?

46 **Diog.** Because thou hast taught one of thy sons to rule
his legs, and not to follow learning; the other to bend
48 his body every way, and his mind no way.

50 **Perim.** Thou doest nothing but snarl, and bark like a
dog.

52 **Diog.** It is the next way to drive away a thief.

54 **Syl.** Now shall you hear the third, who sings like a
56 nightingale.

58 **Diog.** I care not: for I have a nightingale to sing herself.

60 **Syl.** Sing, sirrah!

[*Trico singeth.*]

64 *Song.*

66 *What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale.*

68 *Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.*

70 *Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;*

72 *How at Heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.*

74 *Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;*

76 *Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring;*

78 *Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring.*

80 **Syl.** Lo, Diogenes! I am sure thou canst not do so
much.

82 **Diog.** But there is never a thrush but can.

84 **Syl.** What hast thou taught Manes thy man?

86 **Diog.** To be as unlike as may be thy sons.

88 **Manes.** He hath taught me to fast, lie hard, and run
90 away.

92 **Syl.** How sayest thou Perim, wilt thou be with him?

94 **Perim.** Ay, so he will teach me first to run away.

96 **Diog.** Thou needest not be taught, thy legs are so
nimble.

98 **Syl.** How sayest thou Milo, wilt thou be with him?
100

102 **Diog.** Nay, hold your peace, he shall not.

104 **Syl.** Why?

106 **Diog.** There is not room enough for him and me to
tumble both in one tub.

108 **Syl.** Well, Diogenes, I perceive my sons brook not thy
manners.

110 **Diog.** I thought no less, when they knew my virtues.
112

114 **Syl.** Farewell Diogenes, thou neededst not have
scraped roots, if thou wouldest have followed
Alexander.

116 **Diog.** Nor thou have followed Alexander, if thou hadst
118 scraped roots.

120

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE II.

A Room in Apelles' House.

Enter Apelles.

1 **Apel.** [*Alone*] I fear me, Apelles, that thine eyes have
2 blabbed that, which thy tongue durst not. What little
3 regard hadst thou! whilst Alexander viewed the
4 counterfeit of Campaspe, thou stoodest gazing on her
5 countenance. If he espy or but suspect, thou must needs
6 twice perish, with his hate, and thine own love. Thy
7 pale looks when he blushed, thy sad countenance
8 when he smiled, thy sighs when he questioned, may
9 breed in him a jealousy, perchance a frenzy. O love! I
10 never before knew what thou wert, and now hast thou
11 made me that I know not what myself am? only this I
12 know, that I must endure intolerable passions, for
13 unknown pleasures. Dispute not the cause, wretch, but
14 yield to it: for better it is to melt with desire, than
15 wrestle with love. Cast thyself on thy careful bed, be
16 content to live unknown, and die unfound. – O
17 Campaspe, I have painted thee in my heart: painted?
18 nay, contrary to mine art, imprinted; and that in such
19 deep characters, that nothing can rase it out, unless it
20 rub my heart out.

22

[Exit.]

ACT V, SCENE III.

The Market-place, with Diogenes' tub.

Enter Milectus, Phrygius, Lais.

1 **Mil.** It shall go hard, but this peace shall bring us some
2 pleasure.

4 **Phry.** Down with arms, and up with legs, this is a world
for the nonce.

6 **Lais.** Sweet youths, if you knew what it were to save
8 your sweet blood, you would not so foolishly go about
to spend it. What delight can there be in gashing, to
10 make foul scars in fair faces, and crooked maims in
straight legs? as though men being born goodly by
12 nature, would of purpose become deformed by folly;
and all forsooth for a new found term, called valiant,
14 a word which breedeth more quarrels than the sense
can commendation.

16 **Mil.** It is true, Lais, a featherbed hath no fellow,
18 good drink makes good blood, and shall pelting words
spill it?

20 **Phry.** I mean to enjoy the world, and to draw out my
22 life at the wiredrawer's, not to curtall it off at the
cutler's.

24 **Lais.** You may talk of war, speak big, conquer worlds
26 with great words: but stay at home, where instead of
alarums you shall have dances, for hot battles with
28 fierce men, gentle skirmishes with fair women. These
pewter coats can never sit so well as satin doublets.
30 Believe me, you cannot conceive the pleasure of peace,
unless you despise the rudeness of war.

32 **Mil.** It is so. But see Diogenes prying over his tub: –
34 Diogenes, what sayest thou to such a morsel?

36 **Diog.** I say, I would spit it out of my mouth, because it
should not poison my stomach.

38 **Phry.** Thou speakest as thou art, it is no meat for dogs.

40 **Diog.** I am a dog, and philosophy rates me from
42 carrion.

44 **Lais.** Uncivil wretch, whose manners are answerable
46 to thy calling, the time was thou wouldest have had my
company, had it not been, as thou saidst, too dear.

48 **Diog.** I remember there was a thing that I repented me
of, and now thou hast told it; indeed it was too dear of
50 nothing, and thou dear to nobody.

52 **Lais.** Down, villain! or I will have thy head broken.

54 **Mil.** Will you couch?

56 **Phry.** Avant, cur! – Come, sweet Lais, let us go to
some place, and possess peace. But first let us sing,
58 there is more pleasure in tuning of a voice, than in a
volley of shot.

60

[*Song.*]

62

Mil. Now let us make haste, lest Alexander find us
64 here.

66

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE IV.

The same, the Market-place, with Diogenes' tub.

Enter Alexander, Hephestion, and Page.

1 **Alex.** Me thinketh, Hephestion, you are more
2 melancholy than you were accustomed; but I perceive it
is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace,
4 nor my pleasure; be of good cheer, though I wink, I
sleep not.

6 **Heph.** Melancholy I am not, nor well content: for I
8 know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones
with this long ease, that I fear I shall not scour it out
10 with infinite labours.

12 **Alex.** Yes, yes, if all the travails of conquering the
world will set either thy body or mine in tune, we will
14 undertake them. But what think you of Apelles? Did ye
ever see any so perplexed? He neither answered directly
16 to any question, nor looked steadfastly upon anything.
I hold my life the painter is in love.

18 **Heph.** It may be: for commonly we see it incident in
20 artificers to be enamoured of their own works, as
Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pygmalion of his
22 ivory image, Arachne of his wooden swan; especially
painters, who playing with their own conceits, now
24 coveting to draw a glancing eye, then a-rolling, now
a-winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they
26 be caught with it; and then poor souls they kiss the
colours with their lips, with which before they were
28 loth to taint their fingers.

30 **Alex.** I will find it out. – Page, go speedily for Apelles,
will him to come hither, and when you see us earnestly
32 in talk, suddenly cry out, “Apelles’ shop is on fire!”

34 **Page.** It shall be done.

36 **Alex.** Forget not your lesson.

38 *[Exit Page.]*

40 **Heph.** I marvel what your device shall be.

42 **Alex.** The event shall prove.

44 **Heph.** I pity the poor painter, if he be in love.

46 **Alex.** Pity him not, I pray thee; that severe gravity set
aside, what do you think of love?

48 **Heph.** As the Macedonians do of their herb beet,
50 which looking yellow in the ground, and black in the
hand, think it better seen than touched.

52 **Alex.** But what do you imagine it to be?

54 **Heph.** A word by superstition thought a god, by use
56 turned to an humour, by self-will made a flattering
madness.

58 **Alex.** You are too hard-hearted to think so of love. Let
60 us go to Diogenes. – Diogenes, thou may'st think it
somewhat that Alexander commeth to thee again so
62 soon.

64 **Diog.** If you come to learn, you could not come soon
enough; if to laugh, you be come too soon.

66 **Heph.** It would better become thee to be more
68 courteous, and frame thyself to please.

70 **Diog.** And you better to be less, if you durst displease.

72 **Alex.** What dost thou think of the time we have here?

74 **Diog.** That we have little, and lose much.

76 **Alex.** If one be sick, what wouldst thou have him do?

78 **Diog.** Be sure that he make not his physician his heir.

80 **Alex.** If thou mightest have thy will, how much ground
would content thee?

82 **Diog.** As much as you in the end must be contented
84 withal.

86 **Alex.** What, a world?

88 **Diog.** No, the length of my body.

90 **Alex.** Hephestion, shall I be a little pleasant with him?

92 **Heph.** You may: but he will be very perverse with you.

94 **Alex.** It skilleth not, I cannot be angry with him. –
Diogenes, I pray thee, what dost thou think of love?

96

Diog. A little worser than I can of hate.

98

Alex. And why?

100

Diog. Because it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occasion of hate.

104

Alex. Why, be not women the best creatures in the world ?

106

Diog. Next men and bees.

108

Alex. What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

110

Diog. One thing.

112

Alex. What?

114

Diog. That she is a woman.

116

Alex. In mine opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women; but now commeth Apelles, who I am sure is as far from thy thoughts, as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, because I will be a philosopher.

124

Diog. And when you have done so, I pray you remove your court further from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.

126

128

Enter Apelles.

130

Alex. But here commeth Apelles. – Apelles, what piece of work have you now in hand?

132

Apel. None in hand, if it like your majesty: but I am devising a platform in my head.

134

Alex. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

136

Apel. No, but something about Venus.

138

Enter Page, running.

140

Page. Apelles, Apelles, look about you, your shop is on fire!

142

144

146

148 **Apel.** Aye me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I
am undone!

150 **Alex.** Stay Apelles, no haste; it is your heart is on fire,
not your shop; and if Campaspe hang there, I would she
152 were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaspe?
Belike you love her well, that you care not though all
154 be lost, so she be safe.

156 **Apel.** Not love her: but your majesty knows that
painters in their last works are said to excel themselves,
158 and in this I have so much pleased myself, that the
shadow as much delighteth me being an artificer, as
160 the substance doth others that are amorous.

162 **Alex.** You lay your colours grossly; though I could not
paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse. Be not
164 ashamed Apelles, it is a gentleman's sport to be in love.
– [To Attendants.] Call hither Campaspe. – Methinks I
166 might have been made privy to your affection; though
my counsel had not been necessary, yet my countenance
168 might have been thought requisite. But Apelles,
forsooth, loveth under hand, yea and under Alexander's
170 nose, and – but I say no more.

172 **Apel.** Apelles loveth not so: but he liveth to do as
Alexander will.

174

Enter Campaspe.

176

Alex. Campaspe, here is news. Apelles is in love with
178 you.

180 **Camp.** It pleaseth your majesty to say so.

182 **Alex.** [Aside to Hephestion] Hephestion, I will try
her too. – Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in
184 Apelles, and the virtue I see in you, I am determined
you shall enjoy one another. How say you Campaspe,
186 would you say “Ay”?

188 **Camp.** Your handmaid must obey, if you command.

190 **Alex.** [Aside to Hephestion] Think you not
Hephestion, that she would fain be commanded?

192

Heph. I am no thought-catcher, but I guess unhappily.

194

Alex. [To Campaspe] I will not enforce marriage,
196 where I cannot compel love.

198 **Camp.** But your majesty may move a question, where
you be willing to have a match.

200

202 **Alex.** Believe me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed,
they would have me both priest and witness. – Apelles,
take Campaspe; – why move ye not? – Campaspe, take
204 Apelles; – will it not be? – If you be ashamed one of
the other, by my consent you shall never come together.
206 But dissemble not, Campaspe, do you love Apelles?

208 **Camp.** Pardon my lord, I love Apelles!

210 **Alex.** Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so
openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary. Do you
212 love Campaspe?

214 **Apel.** Only Campaspe!

216 **Alex.** Two loving worms, Hephestion! I perceive
Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though
218 he conquer their countries. Love falleth like a dew as
well upon the low grass, as upon the high cedar. Sparks
220 have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen. Well,
enjoy one another, I give her thee frankly, Apelles.
222 Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love,
and leadeth affection in fetters; using fancy as a fool to
224 make him sport, or a minstrel to make him merry. It is
not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle
226 thought in the heart; no, no, it is children's game, a life
for seamsters and scholars; the one pricking in clouts
228 have nothing else to think on, the other picking fancies
out of books, have little else to marvel at. Go, Apelles,
230 take with you your Campaspe, Alexander is cloyed with
looking on that which thou wond'rest at.

232

Apel. Thanks to your majesty on bended knee, you have
234 honoured Apelles.

236 **Camp.** Thanks with bowed heart, you have blessed
Campaspe.

238

[Exit Apelles and Campaspe.]

240

242 **Alex.** Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio and the other
lords to be in a readiness, let the trumpet sound, strike
up the drum, and I will presently into Persia. – How
244 now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as
he list?

246
248 **Heph.** The conquering of Thebes was not so
honourable as the subduing of these thoughts.

250 **Alex.** It were a shame Alexander should desire to
command the world, if he could not command himself.
252 But come, let us go, I will try whether I can better bear
my hand with my heart, than I could with mine eye.
254 And good Hephestion, when all the world is won, and
every country is thine and mine, either find me out
256 another to subdue, or on my word I will fall in love.

[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS

THE EPILOGUE AT THE BLACKKE FRYERS.

1 WHERE the rainbow toucheth the tree, no
2 caterpillars will hang on the leaves: where the glow-
3 worm creepeth in the night, no adder will go in the day.
4 We hope in the ears where our travails be lodged, no
5 carping shall harbour in those tongues. Our exercises
6 must be as your judgment is, resembling water, which
7 is always of the same colour into what it runneth.
8 In the Trojan horse lay couched soldiers, with
9 children; and in heaps of many words we fear diverse
10 unfit, among some allowable. But as Demosthenes with
11 often breathing up the hill amended his stammering; so
12 we hope with sundry labours against the hair, to correct
13 our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossoms, the fault
14 is in the wind, and not in the root; and if our pastimes
15 be misliked, that have been allowed, you must impute
16 it to the malice of others, and not our endeavour. And
 so we rest in good case, if you rest well content.

THE EPILOGUE AT THE COURT.

1 WE cannot tell whether we are fallen among
2 Diomedes' birds or his horses; the one received some
3 men with sweet notes, the other bit all men with sharp
4 teeth. But as Homer's gods conveyed them into clouds,
5 whom they would have kept from curses, and as Venus,
6 lest Adonis should be pricked with the stings of adders,
7 covered his face with the wings of swans; so we hope,
8 being shielded with your Highness' countenance, we
9 shall, though we hear the neighing, yet not feel the
10 kicking of those jades, and receive, though no praise
11 (which we cannot deserve) yet a pardon, which in all
12 humility we desire.

13 As yet we cannot tell what we should term our
14 labours, iron or bullion; only it belongeth to your
15 Majesty to make them fit either for the forge, or the
16 mint; current by the stamp, or counterfeit by the anvil.
17 For as nothing is to be called white, unless it had been
18 named white by the first creature, so can there be
19 nothing thought good in the opinion of others, unless
20 it be christened good by the judgment of yourself. For
21 ourselves again, we are like these torches of wax, of
22 which being in your Highness' hands, you may make
23 doves or vultures, roses or nettles, laurel for a garland,
24 or elder for a disgrace.