

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

THE HISTORY of
ORLANDO FURIOSO

By Robert Greene

Written c. 1590

Earliest Extant Edition: 1594

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THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO FURIOSO

BY ROBERT GREENE

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARSILIUS, Emperor of Africa

ANGELICA, Daughter to Marsilius.

SOLDAN OF EGYPT.

RODOMONT, King of Cuba.

MANDRICARD, King of Mexico.

BRANDIMART, King of the Isles.

SACRIPANT, a Count.

SACRIPANT'S MAN.

ORLANDO, a French Peer.

ORGALIO, Page to Orlando.

MEDOR, Friend to Angelica.

French Peers:

OGIER.

NAMUS.

OLIVER.

TURPIN.

Several other of the Twelve Peers of France, whose names are not given.

Clowns:

TOM.

RAFE.

FIDDLER (Likely the same character as Tom).

MELISSA, An Enchantress.

Clowns, Attendants, &C.

Satyrs.

A. A Notable Surviving Document.

There remains extant from the Elizabethan era but a single example of the script of an individual part for a play. This is the part of Orlando, played by Edward Alleyn, the outstanding actor of the period, in Robert Greene's *Orlando Furioso*. This remarkable survivor is comprised of an incomplete eight-page document, on which are handwritten only Orlando's lines, as well as the cues for those lines, but nothing else. The document provides us with a glimpse of how Elizabethan actors learned their lines, not by studying the whole play, but through a manuscript on which only their own lines appeared.

Of greater importance to us, however, is the fact that the script for Orlando used by Alleyn differs so substantially from the lines Orlando speaks in the quarto of 1594. Whole passages of Orlando's part in Alleyn's version disappear from the printed play, suggesting the 1594 quarto may represent a mutilated version of Greene's work. The script is itself also ridden with errors, due to the copier's frequent inability to make out the wording of the handwritten copy of the play he was working from.

We do not make any attempt to include in this edition a comprehensive list of differences between the two versions of Orlando's part. However, we do incorporate a few lines from Alleyn's version where they help to give meaning to what would otherwise be obscure passages, and in our annotations, we also cite a couple of noteworthy examples of lengthier passages from Alleyn that are completely absent from the quarto.

(Information in this note was adapted from the *Henslowe-Alleyn* website, accessed September 9, 2020: <https://henslowe-alleyn.org.uk/essays/the-part-of-orlando-in-robert-greenes-play/>).

B. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

Orlando Furioso was originally published in a 1594 quarto. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of this earliest volume as much as possible.

Words or syllables which have been added to the original text to clarify the sense or repair the meter are surrounded by hard brackets []; these additions are often adopted from the play's later editions. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

The 1594 quarto does not divide *Orlando Furioso* into Acts and Scenes, or provide settings or asides. Asides are adapted from Dyce and Collins. Scene settings and Scene breaks are the suggestions of the editor.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the quarto's stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Dyce.

C. Optional Textual Changes.

A list of optional emendations to the text can be found at the end of this play.

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SCENE I.

The Palace of Marsilius.

*Enter Marsilius (the Emperor of Africa)
and Angelica his daughter;
the Soldan, Rodomont, Mandricard, Brandimart,
Orlando, County Sacripant and his Man, with others.*

1 **Marsil.** Victorious princes, summoned to appear
2 Within the continent of Africa;
From seven-fold Nilus to Tapróbany,
4 Where fair Apollo darting forth his light
Plays on the seas;
6 From Gadës' islands, where stout Hercules
Emblazed his trophies on two posts of brass,
8 To Tanaïs, whose swift-declining floods
Environ rich Europa to the north;
10 All fetched from out your courts by beauty to this coast,
To seek and sue for fair Angelica;
12 Sith none but one must have this happy prize,
At which you all have levelled long your thoughts,
14 Set each man forth his passions how he can,
And let her censure make the happiest man.
16
18 **Soldan.** The fairest flower that glories Africa,
Whose beauty Phoebus dares not dash with showers,
Over whose climate never hung a cloud,
20 But smiling Titan lights the hórizon, –
Egypt is mine, and there I hold my state,
22 Seated in Cairo and in Babylon.
From thence the matchless beauty of Angelica,
24 Whose hue[']s] as bright as are those silver doves
That wanton Venus mann'th upon her fist,
26 Forced me to cross and cut th' Atlantic seas,

28 To oversearch the fearful oceän,
 Where I arrived t' etérnize with my lance
 The matchless beauty of fair Angelica;
 30 Nor tilt, nor tourney, but my spear and shield
 Resounding on their crests and sturdy helms,
 32 Topped high with plumes, like Mars his burgonet,
 Enchasing on their curats with my blade,
 34 That none so fair as fair Angelica.
 But leaving these such glories as they be,
 36 I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

38 **Rodo.** Cuba my seat, a region so enriched
 With favours sparkling from the smiling heavens,
 40 As those that seeks for traffic to my coast
 Account it like that wealthy Paradise
 42 From whence floweth Gihon and swift Euphrates:
 The earth within her bowels hath enwrapt,
 44 As in the massy storehouse of the world,
 Millions of gold, as bright as was the shower
 46 That wanton Jove sent down to Danaë.
 Marching from thence to manage arms abroad,
 48 I passed the triple-parted regiment
 That froward Saturn gave unto his sons,
 50 Erecting statues of my chivalry,
 Such and so brave as never Hercules
 52 Vowed for the love of lovely Iolë.
 But leaving these such glories as they be,
 54 I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

56 **Mand.** And I, my lord, am Mandricard of Mexico,
 Whose climate[']s] fairer than Iberia's,
 58 Seated beyond the Sea of Tripoly,
 And richer than the plot Hesperidës,
 60 Or that same isle wherein Ulysses' love
 Lulled in her lap the young Telegonë;
 62 That did but Venus tread a dainty step,
 So would she like the land of Mexico,
 64 As, Paphos and brave Cyprus set aside,
 With me sweet lovely Venus would abide.
 66 From thence, mounted upon a Spanish bark,
 Such as transported Jason to the fleece,
 68 Come from the south, I furrowed Neptune's seas,
 Northeast as far as is the frozen Rhene;
 70 Leaving fair Voya, crossed up Danuby,
 As high as Saba, whose enhancing streams
 72 Cut 'twixt the Tartars and the Russiäns:
 There did I act as many brave attempts,

74 | As did Pirithous for his Proserpine.
 But leaving these such glories as they be,
 76 | I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

78 | **Brand.** The bordering islands, seated here in ken,
 Whose shores are sprinkled with rich orient pearl,
 80 | More bright of hue than were the margarets
 That Caesar found in wealthy Albion;
 82 | The sands of Tagus all of burnished gold
 Made Thetis never prouder on the clifts
 84 | That overpeer the bright and golden shore,
 Than do the rubbish of my country seas:
 86 | And what I dare, let say the Portingale,
 And Spaniard tell, who, manned with mighty fleets,
 88 | Came to subdue my islands to their king,
 Filling our seas with stately argosies,
 90 | Calvars and magars, hulks of burden great;
 Which Brandimart rebated from his coast,
 92 | And sent them home ballassed with little wealth.
 But leaving these such glories as they be,
 94 | I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

96 | **Orlan.** Lords of the south, and princes of esteem,
 Viceroys unto the state of Africa,
 98 | I am no king, yet am I princely born,
 Descended from the royal house of France,
 100 | And nephew to the mighty Charlemagne,
 Surnamed Orlando, the County Palatine.
 102 | Swift Fame hath sounded to our western seas
 The matchless beauty of Angelica,
 104 | Fairer than was the nymph of Mercury,
 Who, when bright Phoebus mounteth up his coach,
 106 | And tracts Aurora in her silver steps,
 And sprinkles from the folding of her lap
 108 | White lilies, roses, and sweet violets.
 Yet thus believe me, princes of the south,
 110 | Although my country's love, dearer than pearl
 Or mines of gold, might well have kept me back;
 112 | The sweet conversing with my king and friends,
 Left all for love, might well have kept me back;
 114 | The seas by Neptune hoisèd to the heavens,
 Whose dangerous flaws might well have kept me back;
 116 | The savage Moors and Anthropophagi,
 Whose lands I passed, might well have kept me back;
 118 | The doubt of entertainment in the court
 When I arrived, might well have kept me back;
 120 | But so the fame of fair Angelica

122 Stamped in my thoughts the figure of her love,
 As neither country, king, or seas, or cannibals,
 Could by despairing keep Orlando back.
 124 I list not boast in acts of chivalry,
 (An humour never fitting with my mind,)
 126 But come there forth the proudest champion
 That hath suspicion in the Palatine,
 128 And with my trusty sword Durandell,
 Single, I'll register upon his helm
 130 What I dare do for fair Angelica.
 But leaving these such glories as they be,
 132 I love, my lord;
 Angelica herself shall speak for me.
 134

Marsil. Daughter, thou hear'st what love hath here alleged,
 136 How all these kings, by beauty summoned here,
 Put in their pleas, for hope of diadem,
 138 Of noble deeds, of wealth, and chivalry,
 All hoping to possess Angelica.
 140 Sith father's will may hap to aim amiss,
 (For parents' thoughts in love oft step awry,)
 142 Choose thou the man who best contenteth thee,
 And he shall wear the Afric crown next me.
 144 For trust me, daughter, like of whom thou please,
 Thou satisfied, my thoughts shall be at ease.
 146

Angel. Kings of the south, viceroys of Africa,
 148 Sith father's will hangs on his daughter's choice,
 And I, as erst Princess Andromache
 150 Seated amidst the crew of Priam's sons,
 Have liberty to choose where best I love,
 152 Must freely say, for fancy hath no fraud,
 That far unworthy [i]s Angelica
 154 Of such as deign to grace her with their loves;
 The Soldan with his seat in Babylon,
 156 The Prince of Cuba, and of Mexico.
 Whose wealthy crowns might win a woman's will,
 158 Young Brandimart, master of all the isles
 Where Neptune planted hath his treasury;
 160 The worst of these men of so high import
 As may command a greater dame than I.
 162 But Fortune, or some deep-inspiring fate,
 Venus, or else the bastard brat of Mars,
 164 Whose bow commands the motions of the mind,
 Hath sent proud love to enter such a plea
 166 As nonsuits all your princely evidence,
 And flat commands that, maugre majesty,

168 | I choose Orlando, County Palatine.

170 | **Rodo.** How likes Marsilius of his daughter's choice?

172 | **Marsil.** As fits Marsilius of his daughter's spouse.

174 | **Rodo.** Highly thou wrong'st us, King of Africa,
 176 | To brave thy neighbour princes with disgrace,
 176 | To tie thy honour to thy daughter's thoughts,
 178 | Whose choice is like that Greekish giglot's love,
 178 | That left her lord, Prince Menelaüs,
 180 | And with a swain made scape away to Troy.
 180 | What is Orlando but a stragging mate,
 182 | Banished for some offence by Charlemagne,
 182 | Skipped from his country as Anchises' son,
 184 | And means, as he did to the Carthage Queen,
 184 | To pay her ruth and ruin for her love?

186 | **Orlan.** Injurious Cuba, ill it fits thy gree
 188 | To wrong a stranger with discourtesy.
 188 | Were't not the sacred presence of Angelica
 190 | Prevails with me, (as Venus' smiles with Mars,)
 190 | To set a supersedeas of my wrath,
 192 | Soon should I teach thee what it were to brave.

192 | **Mand.** And, Frenchman, were't not 'gainst the law of arms,
 194 | In place of parley for to draw a sword,
 196 | Untaught companion, I would learn you know
 196 | What duty 'longs to such a prince as he.

198 | **Orlan.** Then as did Hector 'fore Achilles' tent,
 200 | Trotting his courser softly on the plains,
 200 | Proudly dared forth the stoutest youth of Greece;
 202 | So who stands highest in his own conceit,
 202 | And thinks his courage can perform the most,
 204 | Let him but throw his gauntlet on the ground,
 204 | And I will pawn my honour to his gage,
 206 | He shall, ere night, be met and combated.

206 | **Marsil.** Shame you not, princes, at this bad agree,
 208 | To wrong a stranger with discourtesy?
 210 | Believe me, lords, my daughter hath made choice,
 210 | And, maugre him that thinks him most aggrieved,
 212 | She shall enjoy the County Palatine.

212 | **Brand.** But would these princes follow my advice,
 214 | And enter arms as did the Greeks 'gainst Troy,
 214 | Nor he, nor thou shouldst have Angelica.

216 | **Rodo.** Let him be thought a dastard to his death,
 218 | That will not sell the travels he hath past
 220 | Dearer than for a woman's fooleries: –
 220 | What says the mighty Mandricard?

222 | **Mand.** I vow to hie me home to Mexico,
 222 | To troop myself with such a crew of men
 224 | As shall so fill the downs of Africa,
 224 | Like to the plains of watery Thessaly,
 226 | Whenas an eastern gale whistling aloft
 226 | Had overspread the ground with grasshoppers.
 228 | Then see, Marsilius, if the Palatine
 228 | Can keep his love from falling to our lots,
 230 | Or thou canst keep thy country free from spoil.

232 | **Marsil.** Why, think you, lords, with haughty menaces
 232 | To dare me out within my palace-gates?
 234 | Or hope you to make conquest by constraint
 234 | Of that which never could be got by love?
 236 | Pass from my court, make haste out of my land,
 236 | Stay not within the bounds Marsilius holds;
 238 | Lest, little brooking these unfitting braves,
 238 | My choler overslip the law of arms,
 240 | And I inflict revenge on such abuse.

242 | **Rodo.** I'll beard and brave thee in thy proper town,
 242 | And here ensconce myself despite of thee,
 244 | And hold thee play till Mandricard return. –
 244 | What says the mighty Soldan of Egýpt?

246 | **Sold.** That when Prince Menelaus with all his mates
 248 | Had ten years held their siege in Asia,
 248 | Folding their wroths in cinders of fair Troy,
 250 | Yet, for their arms grew by conceit of love,
 250 | Their trophies was but conquest of a girl:
 252 | Then trust me, lords, I'll never manage arms
 252 | For women's loves that are so quickly lost.

254 | **Brand.** Tush, my lords, why stand you upon terms?
 256 | Let 's to our sconce, – and you, my lord, to Mexico.

258 | **Orlan.** Ay, sirs, ensconce ye how you can,
 258 | See what we dare, and thereon set your rest.

260 |
 260 | *[Exeunt all except Sacripant and his Man.]*

262 | **Sacr.** *[Aside]*

264 | Boast not too much, Marsilius, in thyself,
 Nor of contentment in Angelica;
 266 | For Sacripant must have Angelica,
 And with her Sacripant must have the crown:
 268 | By hook or crook I must and will have both. –
 Ah sweet Revenge, incense their angry minds,
 270 | Till, all these princes weltering in their bloods,
 The crown do fall to County Sacripant!
 272 | Sweet are the thoughts that smother from conceit:
 For when I come and set me down to rest,
 274 | My chair presents a throne of majesty;
 And when I set my bonnet on my head,
 276 | Methinks I fit my forehead for a crown;
 And when I take my truncheon in my fist,
 278 | A sceptre then comes tumbling in my thoughts;
 My dreams are princely, all of diadems.
 280 | Honour, – methinks the title is too base:
 Mighty, glorious, and excellent, – ay, these,
 282 | My glorious genius, sound within my mouth;
 These please the ear, and with a sweet applause
 284 | Make me in terms co-equal with the gods.
 Then [win] these, Sacripant, and none but these;
 286 | And these, or else make hazard of thy life. –
 Let it suffice, I will conceal the rest. –
 288 | Sirrah.

290 | *S's Man.* My lord?

292 | *Sacr.* [*Aside*]
 "My lord!" How basely was this slave brought up,
 294 | That knows no titles fit for dignity,
 To grace his master with hyperboles!
 296 | My lord! why, the basest baron of fair Africa
 Deserves as much: yet County Sacripant
 298 | Must he, a swain, salute with name of "lord". –
 Sirrah, what thinks the Emperor of my colours,
 300 | Because in field I wear both blue and red at once?

302 | *S's Man.* They deem, my lord, your honour lives at peace,
 As one that's neuter in these mutinies,
 304 | And covets to rest equal friends to both;
 Neither envious to Prince Mandricard,
 306 | Nor wishing ill unto Marsilius,
 That you may safely pass where'er you please,
 308 | With friendly salutations from them both.

310 | *Sacr.* Ay, so they guess, but level far awry;
 For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts,

312 Mine emblem sorteth to another sense.
 I wear not these as one resolved to peace,
 314 But blue and red as enemy to both;
 Blue, as hating King Marsilius,
 316 And red, as in revenge to Mandricard;
 Foe unto both, friend only to myself,
 318 And to the crown, for that's the golden mark
 Which makes my thoughts dream on a diadem.
 320 See'st not thou all men presage I shall be king?
 Marsilius sends to me for peace; Mandricard
 322 Puts off his cap, ten mile off: two things more,
 And then I cannot miss the crown.

324 *S's Man.* O, what be those, my good lord?

326 *Sacr.* First must I get the love of fair Angelica.
 328 Now am I full of amorous conceits,
 Not that I doubt to have what I desire,
 330 But how I might best with mine honour woo:
 Write, or entreat, – fie, that fitteth not;
 332 Send by ambassadors, – no, that's too base;
 Flatly command, – ay, that's for Sacripant:
 334 Say thou art Sacripant, and art in love,
 And who in Afric[a] dare say the county nay?
 336 O Angelica,
 Fairer than Chloris when in all her pride
 338 Bright Maia's son entrapped her in the net
 Wherewith Vulcan entangled the god of war!

340 *S's Man.* Your honour is so far in contemplation of
 342 Angelica, as you have forgot the second in attaining
 to the crown.

344 *Sacr.* That's to be done by poison,
 346 Prowess, or any means of treachery,
 To put to death the traitorous Orlando. –
 348 But who is this comes here? Stand close.

350 [They retire.]

352 Enter Orgalio.

354 *Org.* I am sent on embassy to the right mighty and
 magnificent, alias, the right proud and pontifical, the
 356 County Sacripant; for Marsilius and Orlando, knowing
 him to be as full of prowess as policy, and fearing,
 358 lest in leaning to the other faction he might greatly
 prejudice them, they seek first to hold the candle

360 | before the devil, and knowing him to be a Thrasonical
 362 | mad-cap, they have sent me a Gnathonical companion,
 364 | to give him lettuce fit for his lips. Now, sir, knowing
 366 | his astronomical humours, as one that gazeth so high
 368 | at the stars as he never looketh on the pavement in the
 370 | streets – but, whist! *lupus est in fabula*.

366 | **Sacr.** [*Coming forward.*] Sirrah, thou that ruminatest
 368 | to thyself a catalogue of privy conspiracies, what art
 370 | thou?

370 | **Org.** God save your majesty!

372 | **Sacr.** [*Aside.*] "My majesty!" – Come hither, my
 374 | well-nutrimented knave: whom takest thou me to be?

374 | **Org.** The mighty Mandricard of Mexico.

376 | **Sacr.** [*Aside*] I hold these salutations as ominous; for
 378 | saluting me by that which I am not, he presageth what I
 380 | shall be; for so did the Lacedaemonians by Agathocles,
 382 | who of a base potter wore the kingly diadem. – But
 384 | why deemest thou me to be the mighty Mandricard of
 386 | Mexico?

384 | **Org.** Marry, sir, –

386 | **Sacr.** Stay there: wert thou never in France?

388 | **Org.** Yes, if it please your majesty.

390 | **Sacr.** So it seems, for there they salute their king by
 392 | the name of "Sir, Monsieur": – but forward.

392 | **Org.** Such sparks of peerless majesty
 394 | From those looks flame, like lightning from the east,
 396 | As either Mandricard, or else some greater prince, –

396 | **Sacr.** [*Aside*]
 398 | Methinks these salutations make my thoughts
 400 | To be heroical. –
 402 | But say, to whom art thou sent?

402 | **Org.** To the County Sacripant.

404 | **Sacr.** Why, I am he.

406 | **Org.** It pleaseth your majesty to jest.

408 | **Sacr.** Whate'er I seem, I tell thee I am he.

410 **Org.** Then may it please your honour, the Emperor
Marsilius, together with his daughter Angelica and
412 Orlando, entreateth your excellency to dine with them.

414 **Sacr.** Is Angelica there?

416 **Org.** There, my good lord.

418 **Sacr.** Sirrah.

420 **S's Man.** My lord?

422 **Sacr.** Villain, Angelica sends for me:
See that thou entertain that happy messenger,
424 And bring him in with thee.

426

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Fort of Rodomont.

*Enter Orlando, the Duke of Aquitain,
and the County Rossilion, with Soldiers.*

1 **Orlan.** Princes of France, the sparkling light of fame,
2 Whose glory's brighter than the burnished gates
From whence Latona's lordly son doth march,
4 When, mounted on his coach tinsel'd with flames,
He triumphs in the beauty of the heavens;
6 This is the place where Rodomont lies hid:
Here lies he, like the thief of Thessaly,
8 Which scuds abroad and searcheth for his prey,
And, being gotten, straight he gallops home,
10 As one that dares not break a spear in field.
But trust me, princes, I have girt his fort,
12 And I will sack it, or on this castle-wall
I'll write my resolution with my blood: —
14 Therefore, drum, sound a parle.

[A parle is sounded,
and a Soldier comes upon the walls.]

18 **Sold.** Who is[t] that troubleth our sleeps?

20 **Orlan.** Why, sluggard, seest thou not Lycaön's son,
22 The hardy plough-swain unto mighty Jove,
Hath traced his silver furrows in the heavens.
24 And, turning home his over-watchèd team,
Gives leave unto Apollo's chariot?
26 I tell thee, sluggard, sleep is far unfit
For such as still have hammering in their heads
28 But only hope of honour and revenge:
These called me forth to rouse thy master up.
30 Tell him from me, false coward as he is,
That Orlando, the County Palatine,
32 Is come this morning, with a band of French,
To play him hunt's-up with a point of war:
34 I'll be his minstrel with my drum and fife;
Bid him come forth, and dance it if he dare,
36 Let Fortune throw her favours where she list.

38 **Sold.** Frenchman, between half-sleeping and awake,
Although the misty veil strained over Cynthia
40 Hinders my sight from noting all thy crew,

42 Yet, for I know thee and thy stragging grooms
Can in conceit build castles in the sky,
But in your actions like the stammering Greek
44 Which breathes his courage bootless in the air,
I wish thee well, Orlando, get thee gone,
46 Say that a sentinel did suffer thee;
For if the round or court-of-guard should hear
48 Thou or thy men were braying at the walls,
Charles' wealth, the wealth of all his western mines,
50 Found in the mountains of Transalpine France,
Might not pay ransom to the king for thee.

52 **Orlan.** Brave sentinel, if nature hath enchased
54 A sympathy of courage to thy tale,
And, like the champion of Andromache,
56 Thou, or thy master, dare come out the gates,
Maugre the watch, the round, or court-of-guard,
58 I will attend t' abide the coward here.
If not, but still the craven sleeps secure,
60 Pitching his guard within a trench of stones,
Tell him his walls shall serve him for no proof,
62 But as the son of Saturn in his wrath
Pashed all the mountains at Typhoeüs' head,
64 And topsy-turvy turned the bottom up,
So shall the castle of proud Rodomont. –
66 And so, brave lords of France, let's to the fight.

68

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Fort of Rodomont.

Alarums:

*Rodomont and Brandimart fly.
Enter Orlando with Rodomont's coat.*

1 **Orlan.** The fox is scaped, but here's his case:
2 I missed him near; 'twas time for him to trudge.

4 *Enter the Duke of Aquitain.*

6 How now, my lord of Aquitain!

8 **Aquit.** My lord,
The court-of-guard is put unto the sword,
10 And all the watch that thought themselves so sure,
So that not one within the castle breathes.

12 **Orlan.** Come, then,
14 Let's post amain to find out Rodomont,
And then in triumph march unto Marsilius.

16

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Near the Castle of Marsilius.

Enter Medor and Angelica.

1 **Angel.** I marvel, Medor, what my father means
2 To enter league with County Sacripant?

4 **Medor.** Madam, the king your father's wise enough;
He knows the county, like to Cassius,
6 Sits sadly dumping, aiming Caesar's death,
Yet crying "Avè" to his majesty.
8 But, madam, mark a while, and you shall see
Your father shake him off from secrecy.

10 **Angel.** So much I guess; for when he willed I should
12 Give entertainment to the doting earl,
His speech was ended with a frowning smile.

14 **Medor.** Madam, see where he comes: I will be gone.

[Exit.]

Enter Sacripant and his Man.

20 **Sacr.** How fares my fair Angelica?

22 **Angel.** Well, that my lord so friendly is in league,
24 As honour wills him, with Marsilius.

26 **Sacr.** Angelica, shall I have a word or two with thee?

28 **Angel.** What pleaseth my lord for to command.

30 **Sacr.** Then know, my love, I cannot paint my grief,
Nor tell a tale of Venus and her son,
32 Reporting such a catalogue of toys:
It fits not Sacripant to be effeminate.
34 Only give leave, my fair Angelica,
To say, the county is in love with thee.

36 **Angel.** Pardon, my lord; my loves are over-past:
38 So firmly is Orlando printed in my thoughts,
As love hath left no place for any else.

40 **Sacr.** Why, over-weening damsel, see'st thou not
42 Thy lawless love unto this stragglng mate

44 Hath filled our Afric regions full of blood?
 And wilt thou still perséver in thy love?
 Tush, leave the Palatine, and go with me.

46 **Angel.** Brave county, know, where sacred love unites,
 48 The knot of Gordian at the shrine of Jove
 Was never half so hard or intricate
 50 As be the bands which lovely Venus ties.
 Sweet is my love; and, for I love, my lord,
 52 Seek not unless, as Alexander did,
 To cut the plough-swain's traces with thy sword,
 54 Or slice the slender fillets of my life:
 Or else, my lord, Orlando must be mine.

56 **Sacr.** Stand I on love? stoop I to Venus' lure,
 58 That never yet did fear the god of war?
 Shall men report that County Sacripant
 60 Held lovers' pains for pining passiöns?
 Shall such a siren offer me more wrong
 62 Than they did to the prince of Ithaca?
 No;
 64 As he his ears, so, county, stop thine eye.
 Go to your needle, lady, and your clouts;
 66 Go to such milksops as are fit for love:
 I will employ my busy brains for war.

68 **Angel.** Let not, my lord, denial breed offence:
 70 Love doth allow her favours but to one,
 Nor can there sit within the sacred shrine
 72 Of Venus more than one installèd heart.
 Orlando is the gentleman I love,
 74 And more than he may not enjoy my love.

76 **Sacr.** Damsel, be gone: fancy hath taken leave;
 Where I took hurt, there have I healed myself,
 78 As those that with Achilles' lance were wounded,
 Fetched help at self-same pointed spear.
 80 Beauty gan brave, and beauty hath repulse;
 And, beauty, get ye gone to your Orlando.

82
 84 [Exit Angelica.]

86 **S's Man.** My lord, hath love amated him whose thoughts
 Have ever been heroical and brave?
 Stand you in dumps, like to the Myrmidon
 88 Trapt in the tresses of Polyxena,
 Who, amid the glory of his chivalry,

90 Sat daunted with a maid of Asia?

92 *Sacr.* Think'st thou my thoughts are lunacies of love?
 No, they are brands firèd in Pluto's forge,
 94 Where sits Tisiphone tempering in flames
 Those torches that do set on fire revenge.
 96 I loved the dame; but braved by her repulse,
 Hate calls me on to quittance all my ills;
 98 Which first must come by offering prejudice
 Unto Orlando her belovèd love.

100

Mandr. O, how may that be brought to pass, my lord?

102

Sacr. Thus:

104 Thou see'st that Medor and Angelica
 Are still so secret in their private walks,
 106 As that they trace the shady launds,
 And thickest-shadowed groves,
 108 Which well may breed suspicion of some love.
 Now, than the French, no nation under Heaven
 110 Is sooner touched with stings of jealousy.

112 *S's Man.* And what of that, my lord?

114 *Sacr.* Hard by, for solace, in a secret grove,
 The county once a-day fails not to walk:
 116 There solemnly he ruminates his love.
 Upon those shrubs that compass-in the spring,
 118 And on those trees that border-in those walks,
 I'll slily have engraven on every bark
 120 The names of Medor and Angelica.
 Hard by, I'll have some roundelays hung up,
 122 Wherein shall be some posies of their loves,
 Fraughted so full of fiery passiöns
 124 As that the county shall perceive by proof
 Medor hath won his fair Angelica.

126

S's Man. Is this all, my lord?

128

Sacr. No;

130 For thou like to a shepherd shalt be clothed,
 With staff and bottle, like some country-swain
 132 That tends his flocks feeding upon these downs.
 There see thou buzz into the county's ears
 134 That thou hast often seen within these woods
 Base Medor sporting with Angelica;
 136 And when he hears a shepherd's simple tale,
 He will not think 'tis feigned.

138 | Then either a madding mood will end his love,
 Or worse betide him through fond jealousy.

140 | *S's Man.* Excellent, my lord: see how I will play the
 142 | shepherd.

144 | *Sacr.* And mark thou how I play the carver:
 Therefore be gone, and make thee ready straight.

146 | *[Exit his Man: Sacripant carves the names and,
 and hangs up the roundelays on the trees,
 148 | and then goes out;
 his Man re-enters like a shepherd.]*

150 | *S's Man.* Thus all alone, and like a shepherd's swain,
 152 | As Paris, when Oënone loved him well,
 Forgat he was the son of Priamus,
 154 | All clad in grey, sat piping on a reed;
 So I transformèd to this country shape,
 156 | Haunting these groves to work my master's will,
 To plague the Palatine with jealousy,
 158 | And to conceit him with some deep extreme. —
 Here comes the man unto his wonted walk.

160 | *Enter Orlando and Orgalio.*

162 | *Orlan.* Orgalio, go see a centernell be placed,
 164 | And bid the soldiers keep a court-of-guard,
 So to hold watch till secret here alone
 166 | I meditate upon the thoughts of love.

168 | *Org.* I will, my lord.

170 | *[Exit Orgalio.]*

172 | *Orlan.* Fair queen of love, thou mistress of delight,
 Thou gladsome lamp that wait'st on Phoebe's train,
 174 | Spreading thy kindness through the jarring orbs,
 That in their union praise thy lasting powers;
 176 | Thou that hast stayed the fiery Phlegon's course,
 And mad'st the coachman of the glorious wain
 178 | To droop, in view of Daphne's excellence;
 Fair pride of morn, sweet beauty of the even,
 180 | Look on Orlando languishing in love.
 Sweet solitary groves, whereas the Nymphs
 182 | With pleasance laugh to see the Satyrs play,
 Witness Orlando's faith unto his love.
 184 | Tread she these launds, kind Flora, boast thy pride.

186 Seek she for shades, spread cedars for her sake.
 Fair Flora, make her couch amidst thy flowers.
 Sweet crystal springs,
 188 Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.
 Ah, thought, my Heaven! ah, Heaven, that knows my thought!
 190 Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

192 **S's Man.** [*Aside*]
 The Heaven of love is but a pleasant hell,
 194 Where none but foolish-wise imprisoned dwell.

196 **Orlan.** Orlando, what contrarious thoughts be these,
 That flock with doubtful motions in thy mind? –
 198 Heaven smiles, and trees do boast their summer pride.
 What! Venus writes her triumphs here beside.

200 **S's Man.** [*Aside*]
 202 Yet when thine eye hath seen, thy heart shall rue
 The tragic chance that shortly shall ensue.

204 **Orlan.** [*Reads*]
 206 "*Angelica:*" – ah, sweet and heavenly name,
 Life to my life, and essence to my joy!
 208 But, soft!
 "*This gordian knot together co-unites*
 210 *Ah, Medor, partner in her peerless love.*"
 Unkind, and will she bend her thoughts to change?
 212 Her name, her writing! Foolish and unkind!
 No name of hers, unless the brooks relent
 214 To hear her name, and Rhodanus vouchsafe
 To raise his moistened locks from out the reeds,
 216 And flow with calm amongst his turning bounds:
 No name of hers, unless Zephyrus blow
 218 Her dignities amongst Ardenia woods,
 Where all the world for wonders do await. –
 220 And yet her name! for why Angelica;
 But, mixed with Medor, not Angelica.
 222 Only by me was loved Angelica,
 Only for me must live Angelica. –
 224 I find her drift: perhaps the modest pledge
 Of my content hath with a secret smile
 226 And sweet disguise restrained her fancy thus,
 Figuring Orlando under Medor's name;
 228 Fine drift, fair nymph! – Orlando hopes no less.

230 [*Orlando spies the roundelays.*]

232 Yet more! are Muses masking in these trees,

234 Framing their ditties in conceited lines,
 234 Making a goddess, in despite of me,
 That have no other but Angelica?

236

S's Man. [*Aside*]

238 Poor hapless man, these thoughts contain thy hell!

240 **Orlan.** [*Reads*]

242 "Angelica is lady of his heart,
 Angelica is substance of his joy,
 244 Angelica is medicine of his smart,
 Angelica hath healèd his annoy."

246

Ah, false Angelica! – What, have we more?

248

[*Reads another roundelay.*]

250

252 "Let groves, let rocks, let woods, let watery springs,
 The cedar, cypress, laurel, and the pine,
 Joy in the notes of love that Medor sings
 254 Of those sweet looks, Angelica, of thine.
 Then, Medor, in Angelica take delight,
 256 Early, at morn, at noon, at even, and night."

258 What, dares Medor court my Venus?

What may Orlando deem? –

260

Aetna, forsake the bounds of Sicily,
 For now in me thy restless flames appear.

262

Refused, contemned, disdained! what worse than these? –
 Orgalio!

264

Re-enter Orgalio.

266

Org. My lord?

268

Orlan. Boy, view these trees carvèd with true-love knots,
 270 The inscription "*Medor and Angelica*;"
 And read these verses hung up of their loves:
 272 Now tell me, boy, what dost thou think?

274

Org. By my troth, my lord, I think Angelica is a
 woman.

276

Orlan. And what of that?

278

280 **Org.** Therefore unconstant, mutable, having their
 loves hanging in their eyelids: that as they are got with
 a look, so they are lost again with a wink. – But here's

282 | a shepherd; it may be he can tell us news.

284 | *[Sacripant's Man approaches Orlando.]*

286 | **Orlan.** What messenger hath Atè sent abroad
 With idle looks to listen my laments? –
 288 | Sirrah, who wrongèd happy nature so,
 To spoil these trees with this Angelica? –
 290 | Yet in her name, Orlando, they are blest.

292 | **S's Man.** I am a shepherd-swain, thou wandering knight,
 That watch my flocks, not one that follow love.

294 | **Orlan.** As "follow love!" dar'st thou dispraise my Heaven,
 296 | Or once disgrace or prejudice her name?
 Is not Angelica the queen of love,
 298 | Decked with the compound wreath of Adon's flowers?
 She is. Then speak, thou peasant, what is he
 300 | That dares attempt to court my queen of love,
 Or I shall send thy soul to Charon's charge.

302 | **S's Man.** Brave knight, since fear of death enforceth still
 304 | In greater minds submission and relent,
 Know that this Medor, whose unhappy name
 306 | Is mixèd with the fair Angelica's,
 Is even that Medor that enjoys her love.
 308 | Yon cave bears witness of their kind content;
 Yon meadows talk the actions of their joy;
 310 | Our shepherds in their songs of solace sing,
 "Angelica doth none but Medor love."

312 | **Orlan.** "Angelica doth none but Medor love!"
 314 | Shall Medor, then, possess Orlando's love? –
 Dainty and gladsome beams of my delight,
 316 | [Why feast your gleams on other lustful thoughts?]
 Delicious brows, why smiles your Heaven for those
 318 | That, wandering, make you prove Orlando's foes?
 Lend me your plaints, you sweet Arcadian nymphs,
 320 | That wont to wail your new-departed loves;
 Thou weeping flood, leave Orpheus' wail for me;
 322 | And, Titan's nieces, gather all in one
 Those fluent springs of your lamenting tears,
 324 | And let them flow along my faintful looks.

326 | **S's Man.** *[Aside]*
 Now is the fire, late smothered in suspect,
 328 | Kindled, and burns within his angry breast:
 Now have I done the will of Sacripant.

330 | **Orlan.** *Foemineum servile genus, crudele, superbum:*
 332 | Discourteous women, nature's fairest ill,
 The woe of man, that first-created curse,
 334 | Base female sex, sprung from black Atè's loins,
 Proud, disdainful, cruël, and unjust,
 336 | Whose words are shaded with enchanting wills,
 Worse than Medusa mateth all our minds;
 338 | And in their hearts sits shameless treachery,
 Turning a truthless vile circumference.
 340 | O, could my fury paint their furies forth!
 For hell's no hell, comparèd to their hearts,
 342 | Too simple devils to conceal their arts;
 Born to be plagues unto the thoughts of men,
 344 | Brought for eternal pestilence to the world.
O femmine ingegno, de tutti mali sede,
 346 | *Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,*
Contrario oggetto proprio de la fede!
 348 | *O infelice, o miser chi ti crede!*
Importune, superbe, dispettose,
 350 | *Prive d'amor, di fede, e di consiglio,*
Temerarie, crudeli, inique, ingrante,
 352 | *Per pestilenzia eterna al mondo nate. —*
 Villain, what art thou that followest me?
 354 | **Org.** Alas, my lord, I am your servant, Orgalio.
 356 | **Orlan.** No, villain, thou art Medor, that rann'st away
 358 | with Angelica.
 360 | **Org.** No, by my troth, my lord, I am Orgalio;
 Ask all these people else.
 362 | **Orlan.** Art thou Orgalio? tell me where Medor is.
 364 | **Org.** [*Pointing to Sacripant's Servant*]
 366 | My lord, look where he sits.
 368 | **Orlan.** What, sits he here, and braves me too?
 370 | **S's Man.** No, truly, sir, I am not he.
 372 | **Orlan.** Yes, villain.
 374 | | | [*Orlando draws the Servant in by the leg.*]
 376 | **Org.** Help, help, my Lord of Aquitain!
 378 | | | *Enter the Duke of Aquitain and Soldiers.*

380 O, my Lord of Aquitain, the Count Orlando is run
 mad, and taking of a shepherd by the heels, rends him
 382 as one would tear a lark! See where he comes, with a
 leg on his neck.

384

Re-enter Orlando with a leg.

386

Orlan. Villain, provide me straight a lion's skin,
 388 Thou see'st I now am mighty Hercules;
 Look where's my massy club upon my neck.
 390 I must to hell,
 To seek for Medor and Angelica,
 392 Or else I die.
 You that are the rest, get you quickly away;
 394 Provide ye horses all of burnished gold,
 Saddles of cork, because I'll have them light;
 396 For Charlemagne the Great is up in arms,
 And Arthur with a crew of Britons comes
 398 To seek for Medor and Angelica.

400

*[So he beateth them all in before him,
 except Orgalio.]*

402

Enter Marsilius.

404

Org. *[To Marsilius]* Ah, my lord, Orlando –

406

Marsil. Orlando! what of Orlando?

408

Org. He, my lord, runs madding through the woods,
 410 Like mad Orestes in his greatest rage.
 Step but aside into the bordering grove,
 412 There shall you see engraven on every tree
 The lawless love of Medor and Angelica.
 414 O, see, my lord, not any shrub but bears
 The cursèd stamp that wrought the county's rage.
 416 If thou be'st mighty King Marsilius,
 For whom the county would adventure life,
 418 Revenge it on the false Angelica.

420

Marsil. Trust me, Orgalio, Theseus in his rage
 Did never more revenge his wronged Hippolytus
 422 Than I will on the false Angelica.
 Go to my court, and drag me Medor forth;
 424 Tear from his breast the daring villain's heart.
 Next take that base and damned adulteress, –
 426 I scorn to title her with daughter's name, –

428 Put her in rags, and, like some shepherdess,
 Exile her from my kingdom presently.
 430 Delay not, good Orgalio, see it done.

[Exit Orgalio.]

Enter a Soldier, with Mandricard disguised.

434 How now, my friend! what fellow hast thou there?

436

Sold. He says, my lord,
 438 That he is servant unto Mandricard.

440 **Marsil.** To Mandricard!
 It fits me not to sway the diadem,
 442 Or rule the wealthy realms of Barbary,
 To stain my thoughts with any cowardice. —
 444 Thy master braved me to my teeth,
 He backed the Prince of Cuba for my foe;
 446 For which not he nor his shall scape my hands.
 No, soldier, think me resolute as he.

448

Mand. It grieves me much that princes disagree,
 450 Sith black repentance followeth afterward:
 But leaving that, pardon me, gracious lord.

452

Marsil. For thou entreat'st, and newly art arrived,
 454 And yet thy sword is not imbrued in blood,
 Upon conditions, I will pardon thee, —
 456 That thou shalt never tell thy master, Mandricard,
 Nor any fellow-soldier of the camp,
 458 That King Marsilius licensed thee depart:
 He shall not think I am so much his friend,
 460 That he or one of his shall scape my hand.

462 **Mand.** I swear, my lord, and vow to keep my word.

464 **Marsil.** Then take my banderol of red;
 Mine, and none but mine, shall honour thee,
 466 And safe conduct thee to Port Carthagene.

468 **Mand.** But say, my lord, if Mandricard were here,
 What favour should he find, or life or death?

470

Marsil. I tell thee, friend, it fits not for a king
 472 To prize his wrath before his courtesy.
 Were Mandricard, the King of Mexico,
 474 In prison here, and craved but liberty,

476 So little hate hangs in Marsilius' breast,
As one entreaty should quite race it out.
But this concerns not thee; therefore, farewell.

478 **Mand.** Thanks, and good fortune fall to such a king
480 As covets to be counted courteous.

482 *[Exit Marsilius.]*

484 Blush, Mandricard;
The honour of thy foe disgraceth thee;
486 Thou wrongest him that wisheth thee but well;
Thou bringest store of men from Mexico
488 To battle him that scorns to injure thee,
Pawning his colours for thy warrantise.
490 Back to thy ships, and hie thee to thy home;
Bouge not a foot to aid Prince Rodomont;
492 But friendly gratulate these favours found,
And meditate on naught but to be friends.

494 *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

The Woods Near Marsilius' Castle.

Enter Orlando attired like a madman.

1 **Orlan.** Woods, trees, leaves; leaves, trees, woods;
2 *tria sequuntur tria.* – Ho, Minerva! *salve*, good
morrow; how do you to-day? Tell me, sweet goddess,
4 will Jove send Mercury to Calypso, to let me go? will
he? why, then, he's a gentleman, every hair o' the head
6 on him. – But, ho, Orgalio! where art thou, boy?

8 *Enter Orgalio.*

10 **Org.** Here, my lord: did you call me?

12 **Org.** No, nor name thee.

14 **Org.** Then God be with you.

16 *[Orgalio proffers to go in.]*

18 **Orlan.** Nay, prithee, good Orgalio, stay: canst thou
not tell me what to say?

20 **Org.** No, by my troth.

22 **Orlan.** O, this it is; Angelica is dead.

24 **Org.** Why, then, she shall be buried.

26 **Orlan.** But my Angelica is dead.

28 **Org.** Why, it may be so.

30 **Orlan.** But she's dead and buried.

32 **Org.** Ay, I think so.

34 **Orlan.** Nothing but "I think so," and "it may be so"!

36 *[Orlando beats him.]*

38 **Org.** What do you mean, my lord?

40 **Orlan.** Why, shall I tell you that my love is dead,
42 And can ye not weep for her?

44 **Org.** Yes, yes, my lord, I will.

46 **Orlan.** Well, do so, then. Orgalio.

48 **Org.** My lord?

50 **Orlan.** Angelica is dead.

52 [*Orgalio cries.*]

54 Ah, poor slave! so, cry no more now.

56 **Org.** Nay, I have quickly done.

58 **Orlan.** Orgalio.

60 **Org.** My lord?

62 **Orlan.** Medor's Angelica is dead.

64 [*Orgalio cries, and Orlando beats him again.*]

66 **Org.** Why do you beat me, my lord?

68 **Orlan.** Why, slave, wilt thou weep for Medor's
Angelica? thou must laugh for her.

70 **Org.** Laugh! yes, I'll laugh all day, an you will.

72 **Orlan.** Orgalio.

74 **Org.** My lord?

76 **Orlan.** Medor's Angelica is dead.

78 **Org.** Ha, ha, ha, ha!

80 **Orlan.** So, 'tis well now.

82 **Org.** Nay, this is easier than the other was.

84 **Orlan.** Now away!
Seek the herb moly; for I must to hell,
To seek for Medor and Angelica.

88 **Org.** I know not the herb moly, i' faith.

90 **Orlan.** Come, I'll lead ye to it by the ears.

92 **Org.** 'Tis here, my lord, 'tis here.

94

Orlan. 'Tis indeed.

96 Now to Charon, bid him dress his boat,
For he had never such a passenger.

98
Org. Shall I tell him your name?

100
Orlan. No, then he will be afraid, and not be at home.

102
[Exit Orgalio.]

104
Enter Tom and Rafe (two clowns).

106
Tom. Sirrah Rafe, and thou'lt go with me, I'll let thee
108 see the bravest madman that ever thou sawest.

110
Rafe. Sirrah Tom, I believe 'twas he that was at our
town o' Sunday: I'll tell thee what he did, sirrah. He
112 came to our house, when all our folks were gone to
church, and there was nobody at home but I, and I was
114 turning of the spit, and he comes in, and bad me fetch
him some drink. Now, I went and fetched him some;
116 and ere I came again, by my troth, he ran away with
the roast meat, spit and all, and so we had nothing but
118 porridge to dinner.

120
Tom. By my troth, that was brave: but, sirrah, he did
so course the boys, last Sunday; and if ye call him
122 madman, he'll run after you, and tickle your ribs so
with his flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth.

124
[They spy Orlando.]

126
Rafe. O, Tom, look where he is! call him madman.

128
Tom. Madman, madman.

130
Rafe. Madman, madman.

132
Orlan. What say'st thou, villian?

134
[Orlando beats them.]

136
So, now you shall be both my soliders.

138
Tom. Your soldiers! we shall have a mad captain, then.

140
Orlan. You must fight against Medor.

142

144 | **Rafe.** Yes, let me alone with him for a bloody nose.

146 | **Orlan.** Come, then, and I will give you weapons straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Same: the Woods Near the Castle of Marsilius.

Enter Angelica, like a poor woman.

1 **Angel.** Thus causeless banished from thy native home,
2 Here sit, Angelica, and rest a while,
For to bewail the fortunes of thy love.

4

Enter Rodomont and Brandimart, with Soldiers.

6

Rodo. This way she went, and far she cannot be.

8

Brand. See where she is, my lord:

10 Speak as if you knew her not.

12 **Rodo.** Fair shepherdess, for so thy sitting seems,
Or nymph, for less thy beauty cannot be,
14 What, feed you sheep upon these downs?

16 **Angel.** Daughter I am unto a bordering swain,
That tend my flocks within these shady groves.

18

Rodo. Fond girl, thou liest; thou art Angelica.

20

Brand. Ay, thou art she that wronged the Palatine.

22

Angel. For I am known, albeit I am disguised,
24 Yet dare I turn the lie into thy throat,
Sith thou report'st I wronged the Palatine.

26

Brand. Nay, then, thou shalt be used according to thy
28 deserts. – Come, bring her to our tents.

30 **Rodo.** But stay, what drum is this?

32

*Enter Orlando with a drum; Orgalio;
and Tom, Rafe, and other Clowns as Soldiers,
with spits and dripping-pans.*

34

36 **Brand.** Now see, Angelica, the fruits of all your love.

38 **Orlan.** Soldiers,

This is the city of great Babylon,
40 Where proud Daríus was rebated from:
Play but the men, and I will lay my head,
42 We'll sack and raze it ere the sun be set.

44 **Tom.** Yea, and scratch it too. –
March fair, fellow frying-pan.

46 **Orlan.** Orgalio, knowest thou the cause of my
48 laughter?

50 **Org.** No, by my troth, nor no wise-man else.

52 **Orlan.** Why, sirrah, to think that if the enemy were
fled ere we come, we'll not leave one of our own
54 soldiers alive, for we two will kill them with our fists.

56 **Rafe.** Foh, come, let's go home again: he'll set
probatum est upon my head-piece anon.

58 **Orlan.** No, no, thou shalt not be hurt, – nor thee. Back,
60 soldiers; look where the enemy is.

62 **Tom.** Captain, they have a woman amongst them.

64 **Orlan.** And what of that?

66 **Tom.** Why, strike you down the men, and then let me
alone to thrust in the woman.

68 **Orlan.** No, I am challengèd the single fight. –
70 [*to Brandimart*] Sirrah, is't you challenge me the combat?

72 **Brand.** Frantic companion, lunatic and wood,
Get thee hence, or else I vow by Heaven,
74 Thy madness shall not privilege thy life.

76 **Orlan.** I tell thee, villain, Medor wronged me so,
Sith thou art come his champion to the field,
78 I'll learn thee know I am the Palatine.

80 *Alarum: they fight; Orlando kills Brandimart;
and all the rest fly, except Angelica and Orgalio.*

82 **Org.** Look, my lord, here's one killed.

84 **Orlan.** Who killed him?

86 **Org.** You, my lord, I think.

88 **Orlan.** I! no, no, I see who killed him.

90 *[Goes to Angelica, and knows her not.]*

92 Come hither, gentle sir, whose prowess hath performed

94 | such an act: think not the courteous Palatine will hinder
 96 | that thine honour hath achieved. – Orgalio, fetch me
 a sword, that presently this squire may be dubbed a
 knight.

98

Angel. [*Aside*]

100 | Thanks, gentle fortune, that sends me such good hap,
 Rather to die by him I love so dear,
 102 | Than live and see my lord thus lunatic.

104 | *Org.* [*Giving a sword*] Here, my lord.

106 | *Orlan.* If thou be'st come of Lancelot's worthy line,
 Welcome thou art.

108 | Kneel down, Sir Knight; – rise up, Sir Knight;
 Here, take this sword, and hie thee to the fight.

110

[*Exit Angelica with the sword.*]

112

Now tell me, Orgalio, what dost thou think? will not
 114 | this knight prove a valiant squire?

116 | *Org.* He cannot choose, being of your making.

118 | *Orlan.* But where's Angelica now?

120 | *Org.* Faith, I cannot tell.

122 | *Orlan.* Villain, find her out,
 Or else the torments that Ixíon feels,
 124 | The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides –
 Villain, wilt thou find her out?

126

Org. Alas, my lord, I know not where she is.

128

Orlan. Run to Charlemagne, spare for no cost;
 130 | Tell him, Orlando sent for Angelica.

132 | *Org.* Faith, I'll fetch you such an Angelica as you
 never saw before.

134

[*Exit Orgalio.*]

136

Orlan. As though that Sagittarius in his pride
 138 | Could take brave Leda from stout Jupiter!
 And yet, forsooth, Medor, base Medor durst
 140 | Attempt to reave Orlando of his love. –
 Sirrah, you that are the messenger of Jove,
 142 | You that can sweep it through the milk-white path

144 That leads unto the senate-house of Mars,
 145 Fetch me my shield tempered of purest steel,
 146 My helm forged by the Cyclops for Anchises' son,
 147 And see if I dare not combat for Angelica.

148 *Re-enter Orgalio, with Tom dressed like Angelica.*

150 **Org.** Come away, and take heed you laugh not.

152 **Tom.** No, I warrant you; but I think I had best go back
 153 and shave my beard.

154 **Org.** Tush, that will not be seen.

156 **Tom.** Well, you will give me the half-crown ye
 158 promised me?

160 **Org.** Doubt not of that, man.

162 **Tom.** Sirrah, didst not see me serve the fellow a fine
 163 trick, when we came over the market-place?

164 **Org.** Why, how was that?

166 **Tom.** Why, he comes to me and said, "Gentlewoman,
 168 wilt please you take a pint or a quart?" "No
 169 gentlewoman," said I, "but your friend and Dority."

170 **Org.** Excellent! – Come, see where my lord is.
 172 – My lord, here is Angelica.

174 **Orlan.** Mass, thou say'st true, 'tis she indeed. –
 175 How fares the fair Angelica?

176 **Tom.** Well, I thank you heartily.

178 **Orlan.** Why, art thou not that same Angelica,
 180 Whose hue as bright as fair Erythea
 181 That darks Canopus with her silver hue?

182 **Tom.** Yes, forsooth.

184 **Orlan.** Are not these the beauteous cheeks
 186 Wherein the lilies and the native rose
 187 Sit equal-suited with a blushing red?

188 **Tom.** He makes a garden-plot in my face.

190 **Orlan.** Are not, my dear, those [the] radiant eyes

192 | Whereout proud Phoebus flasheth out his beams?

194 | **Tom.** Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers bravely.

196 | **Orlan.** You are Angelica?

198 | **Tom.** Yes, marry, am I.

200 | **Orlan.** Where's your sweetheart Medor?

202 | **Tom.** Orgalio, give me eighteen-pence, and let me go.

204 | **Orlan.** Speak, strumpet, speak.

206 | **Tom.** Marry, sir, he is drinking a pint or a quart.

208 | **Orlan.** Why, strumpet, worse than Mars his trothless love,
Falsar than faithless Cressida!

210 | Strumpet, thou shalt not scape.

212 | **Tom.** Come, come, you do not use me like a
gentlewomen: and if I be not for you, I am for another.

214 |

Orlan. Are you? that will I try.

216 |

[Beats him out, and exit, followed by Orgalio.]

SCENE VII.*India.**Enter the Twelve Peers of France,
with drum and trumpets.*

1 **Ogier.** Brave peers of France, sith we have passed the bounds,
 2 Whereby the wrangling billows seeks for straits
 To war with Tellus and her fruitful mines;
 4 Sith we have furrowed through those wandering tides
 Of Tyrrhene seas, and made our galleys dance
 6 Upon the Hyperborean billows' crests,
 That braves with streams the watery occident;
 8 And found the rich and wealthy Indian clime
 Sought-to by greedy minds for hurtful gold;
 10 Now let us seek to venge the lamp of France
 That lately was eclipsèd in Angelica;
 12 Now let us seek Orlando forth, our peer,
 Though from his former wits lately estranged,
 14 Yet famous in our favours as before;
 And, sith by chance we all encountered be,
 16 Let[']s seek revenge on her that wrought his wrong.

18 **Namus.** But being thus arrived in place unknown,
 Who shall direct our course unto the court
 20 Where brave Marsilius keeps his royal state?

Enter Marsilius and Mandricard like Palmers.

24 **Ogier.** Lo, here, two Indian palmers hard at hand,
 Who can perhaps resolve our hidden doubts. –
 26 Palmers, God speed.

28 **Marsil.** Lordings, we greet you well.

30 **Ogier.** Where lies Marsilius' court, friend, canst thou tell?

32 **Marsil.** His court's his camp, the prince is now in arms.

34 **Turp.** In arms!
 What's he that dares annoy so great a king?

36 **Mand.** Such as both love and fury do confound:
 38 Fierce Sacripant, incensed with strange desires,
 Wars on Marsilius, and, Rodomont being dead,
 40 Hath levied all his men, and traitor-like
 Assails his lord and loving sovereign:
 42 And Mandricard, who late hath been in arms

44 To prosecute revenge against Marsilius,
 Is now through favours past become his friend.
 Thus stands the state of matchless India.

46 **Ogier.** Palmer, I like thy brave and brief discourse;
 48 And, couldst thou bring us to the prince's camp,
 We would acknowledge friendship at thy hands.

50 **Marsil.** Ye stranger lords, why seek ye out Marsilius?
 52

Oliver. In hope that he, whose empire is so large,
 54 Will make both mind and monarchy agree.

56 **Marsil.** Whence are you, lords, and what request you here?

58 **Namus.** A question over-haughty for thy weed,
 Fit for the king himself for to propound.

60 **Mand.** O, sir, know that under simple weeds
 62 The gods have masked: then deem not with disdain
 To answer to this palmer's question,
 64 Whose coat includes perhaps as great as yours.

66 **Ogier.** [*Aside to Peers*]
 Haughty their words, their persons full of state;
 Though habit be but mean, their minds excel. –
 68 Well, palmers, know
 That princes are in India arrived,
 70 Yea, even those western princely Peers of France
 That through the world adventures undertake,
 72 To find Orlando late incensed with rage.
 Then, palmers, sith you know our styles and state,
 74 Advise us where your king Marsilius is.

76 **Marsil.** Lordings of France, here is Marsilius,
 That bids you welcome into India,
 78 And will in person bring you to his camp.

80 *[Marsilius removes disguise.]*

82 **Ogier.** Marsilius! and thus disguised!

84 **Marsil.** Even Marsilius and thus disguised.
 But what request these princes at my hand?

86 **Turp.** We sue for law and justice at thy hand:
 88 We seek Angelica thy daughter out,
 That wanton maid, that hath eclipsed the joy
 90 Of royal France, and made Orlando mad.

92 **Marsil.** My daughter, lords! why, she's exiled;
And her grieved father is content to lose
94 The pleasance of his age to countenance law.

96 **Oliver.** Not only exile shall await Angelica,
But death and bitter death shall follow her.
98 Then yield us right, Marsilius, or our swords
Shall make thee fear to wrong the Peers of France.

100 **Marsil.** Words cannot daunt me, princes, be assured;
102 But law and justice shall overrule in this,
And I will bury father's name and love.
104 The hapless maid, banished from out my land,
Wanders about in woods and ways unknown:
106 Her, if ye find, with fury persecute;
I now disdain the name to be her father.
108 Lords of France, what would you more of me?

110 **Ogier.** Marsilius, we commend thy princely mind,
And will report thy justice through the world. –
112 Come, Peers of France, let's seek Angelica,
Left for a spoil to our revenging thoughts.
114

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.*The Same Woods.**Enter Orlando like a poet, and Orgalio.*

1 **Orlan.** Orgalio,
 2 Is not my love like [to] those purple-coloured swans
 That gallop by the coach of Cynthia?

4
 6 **Org.** Yes, marry, is she, my lord.

8 **Orlan.** Is not her face silvered like that milk-white shape
 When Jove came dancing down to Semele?

10 **Org.** It is, my lord.

12 **Orlan.** Then go thy ways, and climb up to the clouds,
 And tell Apollo that Orlando sits
 14 Making of verses for Angelica.
 And if he do deny to send me down
 16 The shirt which Deianira sent to Hercules,
 To make me brave upon my wedding-day,
 18 Tell him I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe,
 (I know he knows that watery lakish hill,)
 20 And pull the harp out of the minstrel's hands,
 And pawn it unto lovely Proserpine,
 22 That she may fetch the fair Angelica.

24 **Org.** But, my lord, Apollo is asleep, and will not hear
 me.

26 **Orlan.** Then tell him, he is a sleepy knave: but, sirrah,
 28 let nobody trouble me, for I must lie down a while, and
 talk with the stars.

30
 32 *[Lies down and sleeps.]*

34 *Enter a Fiddler.*

36 **Org.** What, old acquaintance! well met.

38 **Fiddler.** Ho, you would have me play Angelica again,
 would ye not?

40 **Org.** No, but I can tell thee where thou mayst earn
 two or three shillings this morning, even with the
 42 turning of a hand.

44 **Fiddler.** Two or three shillings! tush, thou wot cozen
 46 me, thou: but and thou canst tell where I may earn a
 groat, I'll give thee sixpence for thy pains.

48 **Org.** Then play a fit of mirth to my lord.

50 **Fiddler.** Why, he is mad still, is he not?

52 **Org.** No, no: come, play.

54 **Fiddler.** At which side doth he use to give his reward?

56 **Org.** Why, of any side.

58 **Fiddler.** Doth he not use to throw the chamberpot
 60 sometimes? 'Twould grieve me he should wet my
 fiddle-strings.

62 **Org.** Tush, I warrant thee.

64 *[Fiddler plays and sings any odd toy,
 and Orlando wakes.]*

66 **Orlan.** Who is this? Shan Cuttelero! Heartily welcome,
 68 Shan Cuttelero.

70 **Fiddler.** No, sir, you should have said "Shan the
 Fidideldero."

72 **Orlan.** What, hast thou brought me my sword?

74 *[Takes away his fiddle.]*

76 **Fiddler.** A sword! no, no, sir, that's my fiddle.

78 **Orlan.** But dost thou think the temper to be good?
 80 And will it hold
 When thus and thus we Medor do assail?

82 *[Strikes and beats him with the fiddle.]*

84 **Fiddler.** Lord, sir, you'll break my living! – You told
 86 me your master was not mad.

88 **Orlan.** Tell me, why hast thou marred my sword?
 The pummel's well, the blade is curtalled short:
 90 Villain, why hast thou made it so?

92 *[Breaks the fiddle about his head.]*

94 **Fiddler.** O Lord, sir, will you answer this?
 96 [Exit Fiddler.]
 98 *Enter Melissa with a glass of wine.*
 100 **Orlan.** Orgalio, who is this?
 102 **Org.** Faith, my lord, some old witch, I think.
 104 **Melis.** O, that my lord would but conceit my tale!
 Then would I speak and hope to find redress.
 106 **Orlan.** Fair Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,
 108 Fear not Achilles' over-madding boy;
 Pyrrhus shall not, &c.
 110 Souns, Orgalio, why sufferest thou this old trot to
 come so nigh me?
 112 **Org.** [To Melissa]
 114 Come, come, stand by, your breath stinks.
 116 **Orlan.** What! be all the Trojans fled?
 Then give me some drink.
 118 **Melis.** Here, Palatine, drink;
 120 And ever be thou better for this draught.
 122 **Orlan.** What['s] here?
 The paltry bottle that Darius quaffed?
 124 *[He drinks, and she charms him with her wand,*
 126 *and he lies down to sleep.]*
 128 Else would I set my mouth to Tigris' streams,
 And drink up overflowing Euphrates.
 130 My eyes are heavy, and I needs must sleep.
 132 *[Melissa strikes with her wand, and the Satyrs enter*
with music, and play round about him;
 134 *which done, they stay: he awakes and speaks.]*
 136 What shews are these,
 That fill mine eyes with view of such regard
 138 As Heaven admires to see my slumbering dreams!
 Skies are fulfilled with lamps of lasting joy,
 140 That boast the pride of haught Latona's son,
 He lighteneth all the candles of the night.
 142 Mnemosyne hath kissed the kingly Jove,
 And entertained a feast within my brains,

144 Making her daughter[s] solace on my brow.
 Methinks, I feel how Cynthia tunes conceits
 146 Of sad repent, and melloweth those desires
 That frenzy scarce had ripened in my head.
 148 Atè, I'll kiss thy restless cheek a while,
 And suffer vile repent to bide control.

150

[Orlando lies down again.]

152

Melis. *O vos Silvani, Satyri, Faunique, deoeque,
 154 Nymphoe Hamadryades, Dryades, Parcoeque potentes!
 O vos qui colitis lacusque locosque profundos,
 156 Infernasque domus et nigra palatia Ditis!
 Tuque Demogorgon, qui noctis fata gubernas,
 158 Qui regis infernum solium, coelumque, solumque!
 Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes;
 160 In caput Orlandi celestes spargite lymphas,
 Spargite, quis misere revocetur rapta per umbras
 162 Orlandi infelix anima.*

164

[Then let music play before him, and so go forth.]

166 **Orlan.** What sights, what shews, what fearful shapes are these?
 More dreadful than appeared to Hecuba
 168 When fall of Troy was figured in her sleep!
 Juno, methought, sent down from Heaven by Jove,
 170 Came swiftly sweeping through the gloomy air;
 And calling Fame, the Satyrs and the Nymphs,
 172 She gave them vials full of heavenly dew.
 With that, mounted on her parti-coloured coach,
 174 Being drawn with peacocks proudly through the air,
 She flew with Iris to the sphere of Jove.
 176 What fearful thoughts arise upon this show! –
 What desert grove is this? How thus disguised?
 178 Where is Orgalio?

180 **Org.** Here, my lord.

182 **Orlan.** Sirrah, how came I thus disguised,
 Like mad Orestes, quaintly thus disguised?

184

Org. Like mad Orestes! nay, my lord, you may boldly
 186 justify the comparison, for Orestes was never so mad
 in his life as you were.

188

Orlan. What, was I mad? what Fury hath enchanted me?

190

Melis. A Fury, sure, worse than Megaera was,

192 | That reft her son from trusty Pyladës.

194 | **Orlan.** [*To Melissa*] Why, what art thou,
Some sibyl, or some goddess? freely speak.

196 |

198 | **Melis.** Time not affords to tell each circumstance:
But thrice hath Cynthia changed her hue,
Since thou, infected with a lunacy,
200 | Hast gadded up and down these lands and groves,
Performing strange and ruthless stratagemes,
202 | All for the love of fair Angelica,
Whom thou with Medor didst suppose played false.
204 | But Sacripant had graven these roundelays,
To sting thee with infecting jealousy:
206 | The swain that told thee of their oft converse,
Was servant unto County Sacripant:
208 | And trust me, Orlando, Angelica,
Though true to thee, is banished from the court,
210 | And Sacripant this day bids battle to Marsilius.
The armies ready are to give assail;
212 | And on a hill that overpeers them both
Stand all the worthy matchless Peers of France,
214 | Who are in quest to seek Orlando out.
Muse not at this, for I have told thee true.
216 | I am she that curèd thy disease.
Here take these weapons, given thee by the Fates,
218 | And hie thee, county, to the battle straight.

220 | **Orlan.** Thanks, sacred goddess, for thy helping hand.
Thither will I hie to be revenged.

222 |

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

A Battlefield.

Alarums.

*Enter Sacripant crowned,
and pursuing Marsilius and Mandricard.*

1 **Sacr.** Viceroy, you are dead;
2 For Sacripant, already crowned a king,
Heaves up his sword to have your diadems.

4
6 **Marsil.** Traitor, not dead, nor any whit dismayed;
For dear we prize the smallest drop of blood.

8 *Enter Orlando, with a scarf before his face.*

10 **Orlan.** [To Marsilius and Mandricard] Stay, princes,
Base not yourselves, to combat such a dog.
12 Mount on your coursers, follow those that fly,
And let your conquering swords be tainted in their bloods:
14 Pass ye, for him he shall be combated.

16 *[Exeunt Marsilius and Mandricard.]*

18 **Sacr.** Why, what art thou that brav'st me thus?

20 **Orlan.** I am, thou see'st, a mercenary soldier,
Homely [attired], yet of such haughty thoughts,
22 As naught can serve to quench th' aspiring thoughts,
That burn as do the fires of Sicily,
24 Unless I win that princely diadem,
That seems so ill upon thy coward's head.

26 **Sacr.** Coward!
28 To arms, Sir Boy! I will not brook these braves,
If Mars himself even from his fiery throne
30 Came armed with all his furnitures of war.

32 *[They fight.
Orlando overcomes Sacripant.]*

34
36 O villain! thou hast slain a prince.

38 **Orlan.** Then mayst thou think that Mars himself came down,
To vail thy plumes and heave thee from thy pomp.
Proud that thou art, I reckon not of thy gree,
40 But I will have the conquest of my sword,
Which is the glory of thy diadem.

42
 44 **Sacr.** These words bewray thou art no base-born Moor,
 But by descent sprung from some royal line:
 Then freely tell me, what's thy name?

46
 48 **Orlan.** Nay, first let me know thine.

Sacr. Then know that thou hast slain Prince Sacripant.

50
 52 **Orlan.** Sacripant!
 Then let me at thy dying day entreat,
 By that some sphere wherein thy soul shall rest,
 54 If Jove deny not passage to thy ghost,
 Thou tell me
 56 Whether thou wrong'dst Angelica or no?

58 **Sacr.** O, that's the sting that pricks my conscience!
 O, that's the hell my thoughts abhor to think!
 60 I tell thee, knight, for thou dost seem no less,
 That I engraved the roundelays on the trees,
 62 And hung the schedules of poor Medor's love,
 Intending so to breed debate
 64 Between Orlando and Angelica:
 O, thus I wronged Orlando and Angelica!
 66 Now tell me, what shall I call thy name?

68 **Orlan.** Then dead is the fatal author of my ill.
 Base villain, vassal, unworthy of a crown,
 70 Know that the man that struck the fatal stroke,
 Is Orlando, the County Palatine,
 72 Whom fortune sent to quittance all my wrongs.
 Thou foiled and slain, it now behoves me straight
 74 To hie me fast to massacre thy men:
 And so, farewell, thou devil in shape of man.

[Exit Orlando.]

78
 80 **Sacr.** Hath Demogorgon, ruler of the Fates,
 Set such a baleful period on my life
 As none might end the days of Sacripant
 82 But mighty Orlando, rival of my love?
 Now holdeth the fatal murderers of men
 84 The sharpened knife ready to cut my threed,
 Ending the scene of all my tragedy:
 86 This day, this hour, this minute ends the days
 Of him that lived worthy old Nestor's age.
 88 Phoebus, put on thy sable-suited wreath,
 Clad all thy spheres in dark and mourning weeds:

90 | Parched be the earth, to drink up every spring:
 Let corn and trees be blasted from above;
 92 | Heaven turn to brass, and earth to wedge of steel,
 The world to cinders. Mars, come thundering down,
 94 | And never sheath thy swift-revenging sword,
 Till, like the deluge in Deucalion's days,
 96 | The highest mountains swim in streams of blood.
 Heaven, earth, men, beasts, and every living thing,
 98 | Consume and end with County Sacripant!

100 | *[Sacripant dies.]*

102 | *Enter Marsilius, Mandricard, and the Twelve Peers,*
with Angelica.

104 | **Marsil.** Fought is the field, and Sacripant is slain,
 106 | With such a massacre of all his men,
 As Mars, descending in his purple robe,
 108 | Vows with Bellona in whole heaps of blood
 To banquet all the demigods of war.

110 | **Mand.** See, where he lies slaughtered without the camp,
 112 | And by a simple swain, a mercenary,
 Who bravely took the combat to himself:
 114 | Might I but know the man that did the deed,
 I would, my lord, etérnize him with fame.

116 | **Ogier.** Leaving the factious county to his death,
 118 | Command, my lord, his body be conveyed
 Unto some place, as likes your highness best.
 120 | See, Marsilius, posting thorough Africa,
 We have found this stragglng girl, Angelica,
 122 | Who, for she wronged her love Orlando,
 Chiefest of the western peers,
 124 | Conversing with so mean a man as Medor was,
 We will have her punished by the laws of France,
 126 | To end her burning lust in flames of fire.

128 | **Marsil.** Beshrew you, lordings, but you do your worst;
 Fire, famine, and as cruël death
 130 | As fell to Nero's mother in his rage.

132 | **Angel.** Father, if I may dare to call thee so,
 And lords of France, come from the western seas,
 134 | In quest to find mighty Orlando out,
 Yet, ere I die, let me have leave to say,
 136 | Angelica held ever in her thoughts
 Most dear the love of County Palatine.

138 | What wretch hath wronged us with suspect of lust,
 I know not, I, nor can accuse the man;
 140 | But, by the heavens, whereto my soul shall fly,
 Angelica did never wrong Orlando.
 142 | I speak not this as one that cares to live,
 For why my thoughts are fully malcontent;
 144 | And I conjure you by your chivalry,
 You quit Orlando's wrong upon Angelica.

146

Enter Orlando, with a scarf before his face.

148

Oliver. Strumpet, fear not, for, by fair Maia's son,
 150 | This day thy soul shall vanish up in fire,
 As Semele, when Juno wiled the trull
 152 | To entertain the glory of her love.

154 | **Orlan.** Frenchman, for so thy quaint array imports,
 Be thou a Peer, or be thou Charlemagne,
 156 | Or hadst thou Hector or Achilles' heart,
 Or never-daunted thoughts of Hercules,
 158 | That did in courage far surpass them all,
 I tell thee, sir, thou liest in thy throat, –
 160 | The greatest brave Transalpine France can brook, –
 In saying that sacred Angelica
 162 | Did offer wrong unto the Palatine.
 I am a common mercenary soldier;
 164 | Yet, for I see my princess is abused
 By new-come stragglers from a foreign coast,
 166 | I dare the proudest of these western lords
 To crack a blade in trial of her right.

168

Mand. Why, foolish-hardy, daring, simple groom,
 170 | Follower of fond-conceited Phaëton,
 Know'st thou to whom thou speak'st?

172

Marsil. Brave soldier, for so much thy courage says,
 174 | These men are princes dipt within the blood
 Of kings most royal, seated in the west,
 176 | Unfit t' accept a challenge at your hand:
 Yet thanks that thou wouldst in thy lord's defence
 178 | Fight for my daughter; but her guilt is known.

180 | **Angel.** Ay, rest thee, soldier, Angelica is false, –
 False, for she hath no trial of her right:
 182 | Soldier, let me die for the miss of all.
 Wert thou as stout as was proud Theseus,
 184 | In vain thy blade should offer my defence;

186 For why these be the champions of the world,
Twelve Peers of France that never yet were foiled.

188 **Orlan.** How, madam, the Twelve Peers of France!
Why, let them be twelve devils of hell,
190 What I have said, [thereto] I'll pawn my sword,
To seal it on the shield of him that dares,
192 Malgrado of his honour, combat me.

194 **Oliver.** Marry, sir, that dare I.

196 **Orlan.** Y'ar a welcome man, sir.

198 **Turp.** Chastise the groom, Oliver, and learn him know
We are not like the boys of Africa.

200 **Orlan.** [*To Turpin*] Hear you, sir?
202 You that so peremptorily bad him fight,
Prepare your weapons, for your turn is next:
204 'Tis not one champion that can discourage me.
Come, are ye ready?

206
208 *[He fights first with one, and then with the other,
and overcomes them both.]*

210 So, stand aside: –
And, madam, if my fortune last it out,
212 I'll guard your person with Twelve Peers of France.

214 **Ogier.** [*Aside*]
O Ogier, how canst thou stand, and see a slave
216 Disgrace the house of France? – Sirrah, prepare you;
For angry Nemesis sits on my sword
218 To be revenged.

220 **Orlan.** Well said, Frenchman! you have made a
goodly oration: but you had best to use your sword
222 better, lest I beswinge you.

224 *[They fight a good while, and then breathe.]*

226 **Ogier.** Howsoe'er disguised in base or Indian shape,
Ogier can well discern thee by thy blows;
228 For either thou art Orlando or the devil.

230 **Orlan.** [*Taking off his scarf*]
Then, to assure you that I am no devil,
232 Here's your friend and companion, Orlando.

234 **Ogier.** And none can be more glad than Ogier is,

236 That he hath found his cousin in his sense.
 238 **Oliver.** Whenas I felt his blows upon my shield,
 My teeth did chatter, and my thoughts conceived,
 Who might this be, if not the Palatine.
 240 **Turp.** So had I said, but that report did tell
 242 My lord was troubled with a lunacy.
 244 **Orlan.** So was I, lordings; but give me leave awhile,
 Humbly as Mars did to his paramour,
 246 [When as his godhead wronged her with suspect,]
 So to submit to fair Angelica. –
 248 Pardon thy lord, fair saint Angelica,
 Whose love, stealing by steps into extremes,
 250 Grew by suspicion to a causeless lunacy.
 252 **Angel.** O no, my lord, but pardon my amiss;
 For had not Orlando loved Angelica,
 254 Ne'er had my lord fall'n into these extremes,
 Which we will parlë private to ourselves.
 256 Ne'er was the queen of Cyprus half so glad
 As is Angelica to see her lord,
 258 Her dear Orlando, settled in his sense.
 260 **Orlan.** Thanks, my sweet love. –
 But why stands the Prince of Africa,
 262 And Mandricard the King of Mexico,
 So deep in dumps, when all rejoice beside?
 264 First know, my lord, I slaughtered Sacripant,
 I am the man that did the slave to death;
 266 Who frankly there did make confessiön,
 That he engraved the roundelays on the trees,
 268 And hung the schedules of poor Medor's love,
 Intending by suspect to breed debate
 270 Deeply 'twixt me and fair Angelica:
 His hope had hap, but we had all the harm;
 272 And now revenge leaping from out the seat
 Of him that may command stern Nemesis,
 274 Hath poured those treasons justly on his head.
 What saith my gracious lord to this?
 276 **Marsil.** I stand amazed, deep over-drenched with joy,
 278 To hear and see this unexpected end:
 So well I rest content. – Ye Peers of France,
 280 Sith it is proved Angelica is clear,
 Her and my crown I freely will bestow
 282 Upon Orlando, the County Palatine.

284 **Orlan.** Thanks, my good lord. – And now, my friends of
France,
Frolic, be merry: we will hasten home,
286 So soon as King Marsilius will consent
To let his daughter wend with us to France.
288 Meanwhile we'll richly rig up all our fleet
More brave than was that gallant Grecian keel
290 That brought away the Colchian fleece of gold.
Our sails of sendal spread into the wind;
292 Our ropes and tacklings all of finest silk,
Fetched from the native looms of labouring worms,
294 The pride of Barbary, and the glorious wealth
That is transported by the western bounds;
296 Our stems cut out of gleaming ivory;
Our planks and sides framed out of cypress-wood,
298 That bears the name of Cyparissus' change,
To burst the billows of the ocean-sea,
300 Where Phoebus dips his amber tresses oft,
And kisses Thetis in the day's decline;
302 That Neptune proud shall call his Tritons forth
To cover all the ocean with a calm:
304 So rich shall be the rubbish of our barks,
Ta'en here for ballast to the ports of France,
306 That Charles himself shall wonder at the sight.
Thus, lordings, when our banquettings be done,
308 And Orlando espousèd to Angelica,
We'll furrow through the moving oceän,
310 And cheerly frolic with great Charlemagne.

312

[*Exeunt.*]*FINIS*

Optional Textual Changes.

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, ElizabethanDrama.org, generally lean towards keeping the language of the plays' earliest editions. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted without comment.

Words and syllables have in some cases been added to the original text; such additions appear within hard brackets [], and may be omitted at a director's discretion. Additions may be made for one of two reasons: (1) where words or syllables have clearly been omitted from the original text by accident, and are needed for a line to make sense; and (2) where words or syllables are added to repair a line's meter.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of changes a director may wish to consider, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

Universal Emendations.

1. Modernize *Rafe* to *Ralph* everywhere.

Scene I.

1. line 29: omit *fair*.
- 2: line 40: emend *seeks* to *seek*.
3. line 57: in place of *Iberia's*, restore the quarto's *Tiberius'*.
4. line 107: emend *And sprinkles* to either *Doth sprinkle* or *Besprinkles*.
5. line 227: emend *Had* to *Hath*.
6. line 251: either emend *trophies* to *trophy*, or emend *was* to *were*.

Scene II.

1. line 12: emend *on* to *upon*.

Scene IV.

1. line 89: emend *amid* to *mid*.
2. line 163: modernize *centernell* to *sentinel*.
3. line 318: emend the entire line to read as follows: *That, wounding you, prove poor Orlando's foes?*
4. line 320: emend *wail* to *sing*.
5. line 336: either emend *enchanting* to *enchanging*, or emend *wills* to *wiles*.
6. line 491: modernize *Bouge* to *Budge*.

Scene VI.

1. line 146: omit *not*.

Scene VIII.

1. line 19: emend *hill* to *isle*.

2. lines 136 and 166: modernize *shews* to *shows*.
3. line 141: emend *He* to *Who*.
4. line 183: emend *quaintly thus disguised* to *quaintly thus attired*.
5. line 200: emend *lands* to *launds*.

Scene IX.

1. line 22: emend *aspiring thoughts* to *aspiring flames*.
2. line 39: emend *Proud that thou art* to *Prove what thou art*.
3. line 44: modernize *sprong* to *sprung*.
4. line 83: emend *holdeth* to *hold*.

In addition to the possible emendations enumerated above, we provide below a list of several interesting passages which appear in Edward Alleyn's script of *Orlando Furioso* (but not in the quarto: see Note A on page 3 above) which a director may wish to add to our script of this play:

A. Scene V:

Replace lines 1-6 with the following:

"Orlando. Woods, trees, leaves, leaves trees woods; tria sequunter tria, ergo optimus vir non est optimus magistratus, a penny for a pot of beer, and six-pence for a peck of beef? wounds! what, am I the worse? O, Minerva! salve, good morrow! how do you today? Sweet goddess, now I see thou lovest thy Ulysses. Lovely Minerva, tell thy Ulysses, will Jove send Mercury to Calypso, to let me go?

[Here he hearkens]

Will he? why, then he is a good fellow; nay more, he is a gentleman, every hair of the head of him. Let him put his arm into my bag thus deep, if he will eat. Goddess, he shall have it: three blue beans...a blue bladder, rattle bladder...rattle. Lanthorn and candle light; child...god, when children a god when.

[Walks up and down]

But soft you, Minerva, what's a clock? Thou lie like ... Ulysses.

[He sings]

I am Orlando, coun[ty pal]atine, ne'er be so brag, though you be Min[erva]. I know who buggered Jupiter's brain, when you were begotten. – Orgalio, Orgalio!

[He whistles for Orgalio]

*Farewell, good Minerva, have me recommended to Vulcan, and tell him
I would fain see him dance a galliard ..."*

B. Scene VIII:

Replace lines 170-2 with the following:

*[line 170] Came swiftly sweeping through the gloomy air;
And calling Iris, sent her straight abroad
To summon Fauns, the Satyrs, and the Nymphs,
The Dryadēs, and all the demigods,
To secret council; [and, their] parlè past,
[172] She gave them vials full of heavenly dew.*

C. Scene IX:

Emend Orlando's speech at line 68 to begin as follows:

***Orlando.** Extinguish, proud Tisiphone, these brands;
Fetch dark Alecto from black Phlegeton,
Or Lethe['s] water to appease these flames,
that wrathful Nemesis hath set on fire.
[line 68] Dead is the fatal author of my ill...*

D. Scene IX.

Replace lines 247-8 with the following:

*' [Line 247] So to submit to fair Angelica,
Upon whose lovely roseate cheeks, meseems,
The crystal of her morn more clearly spreads,
Then doth the dew upon Adonis' flower.
Fair nymph, about whose brow's sits Flora's pride,
Elysian beauty traps about thy looks,
Pardon the lord, who, pressed with jealousy,
Darkened the virtues with a great eclipse.
[248] Pardon thy lord, fair saint Angelica,...*