THE HISTORY OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO

BY ROBERT GREENE

Written c. 1590
Earliest Extant Edition: 1594

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.
    RA FE.
    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 Marsilium (the Emperor of Africa)
and Angelica his daughter;
the Soldan, Rodomont, Mandricard, Brandimart,
Orlando, County Sacripant and his Man, with others.

Marsil. Victorious princes, summoned to appear
Within the continent of Africa;
From seven-fold Nilus to Tapróbany,
Where fair Apollo darting forth his light
Plays on the seas;
From Gadës' islands, where stout Hercules
Emblazed his trophies on two posts of brass,
To Tanaïs, whose swift-declining floods
Environ rich Europa to the north;
All fetched from out your courts by beauty to this coast,
To seek and sue for fair Angelica;
Sith none but one must have this happy prize,
At which you all have levelled long your thoughts,
Set each man forth his passions how he can,
And let her censure make the happiest man.

Soldan. The fairest flower that glories Africa,
Whose beauty Phoebus dares not dash with showers,
Over whose climate never hung a cloud,
But smiling Titan lights the hórizon, −
Egypt is mine, and there I hold my state,
Seated in Cairo and in Babylon.
From thence the matchless beauty of Angelica,
Whose hue['s] as bright as are those silver doves
That wanton Venus mann' th upon her fist,
Forced me to cross and cut th' Atlantic seas,
To oversearch the fearful ocean,
Where I arrived t' etérnize with my lance
The matchless beauty of fair Angelica;
Nor tilt, nor tourney, but my spear and shield
Resounding on their crests and sturdy helms,
Topped high with plumes, like Mars his burgonet,
Enchasing on their curats with my blade,
That none so fair as fair Angelica.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

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

Man. And I, my lord, am Mandricard of Mexico,
Whose climate[ʼs] fairer than Iberiaʼs,
Seated beyond the Sea of Tripoly,
And richer than the plot Hesperidēs,
Or that same isle wherein Ulyssesʼ love
Lulled in her lap the young Telegonē;
That did but Venus tread a dainty step,
So would she like the land of Mexico,
As, Paphos and brave Cyprus set aside,
With me sweet lovely Venus would abide.
From thence, mounted upon a Spanish bark,
Such as transported Jason to the fleece,
Come from the south, I furrowed Neptuneʼs seas,
Northeast as far as is the frozen Rhene;
Leaving fair Voya, crossed up Danuby,
As high as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russiāns:
There did I act as many brave attempts,
As did Pirithous for his Proserpine.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord; let that suffice for me.

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

_Orlan_. Lords of the south, and princes of esteem,
Viceroy's unto the state of Africa,
I am no king, yet am I princely born,
Descended from the royal house of France,
Surnamed Orlando, the County Palatine.
Swift Fame hath sounded to our western seas
The matchless beauty of Angelica,
Fairer than was the nymph of Mercury,
Who, when bright Phoebus mounteth up his coach,
And tracts Aurora in her silver steps,
And sprinkles from the folding of her lap
White lilies, roses, and sweet violets.
Yet thus believe me, princes of the south,
Although my country’s love, dearer than pearl
Or mines of gold, might well have kept me back;
The sweet conversing with my king and friends,
Left all for love, might well have kept me back;
The seas by Neptune hoisèd to the heavens,
Whose dangerous flaws might well have kept me back;
The savage Moors and Anthropophagi,
Whose lands I passed, might well have kept me back;
The doubt of entertainment in the court
When I arrived, might well have kept me back;
But so the fame of fair Angelica
Stamped in my thoughts the figure of her love,
As neither country, king, or seas, or cannibals,
Could by despairing keep Orlando back.
I list not boast in acts of chivalry,
(An humour never fitting with my mind,)
But come there forth the proudest champion
That hath suspicion in the Palatine,
And with my trusty sword Durandell,
Single, I'll register upon his helm
What I dare do for fair Angelica.
But leaving these such glories as they be,
I love, my lord;
Angelica herself shall speak for me.

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

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

_Rodo._ How likes Marsilius of his daughter's choice?

_Marsil._ As fits Marsilius of his daughter's spouse.

_Rodo._ Highly thou wrong'st us, King of Africa, To brave thy neighbour princes with disgrace, To tie thy honour to thy daughter's thoughts, Whose choice is like that Greekish giglot's love, That left her lord, Prince Menelaüs, And with a swain made scape away to Troy.

What is Orlando but a straggling mate, Banished for some offence by Charlemagne, Skipped from his country as Anchises' son, And means, as he did to the Carthage Queen, To pay her ruth and ruin for her love?

_Orlan._ Injurious Cuba, ill it fits thy gree To wrong a stranger with discourtesy.

Were't not the sacred presence of Angelica Prevails with me, (as Venus' smiles with Mars,) To set a supersedeas of my wrath, Soon should I teach thee what it were to brave.

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

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

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

_Brand._ But would these princes follow my advice, And enter arms as did the Greeks 'gainst Troy, Nor he, nor thou shouldst have Angelica.
Rodo. Let him be thought a dastard to his death, That will not sell the travels he hath past Dearer than for a woman's fooleries: − What says the mighty Mandricard?

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

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

Rodo. I'll beard and brave thee in thy proper town, And here ensconce myself despite of thee, And hold thee play till Mandricard return. − What says the mighty Soldan of Egypt?

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

Brand. Tush, my lords, why stand you upon terms? Let 's to our sconce, − and you, my lord, to Mexico.

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

[Exeunt all except Sacripant and his Man.]

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

S's Man. My lord?

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

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

Sacr. Ay, so they guess, but level far awry;
For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts,
Mine emblem sorteth to another sense.
I wear not these as one resolved to peace,
But blue and red as enemy to both;
Blue, as hating King Marsilius,
And red, as in revenge to Mandricard;
Foe unto both, friend only to myself,
And to the crown, for that's the golden mark
Which makes my thoughts dream on a diadem.
See'st not thou all men presage I shall be king?
Marsilius sends to me for peace; Mandricard
Puts off his cap, ten mile off: two things more,
And then I cannot miss the crown.

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

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

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

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

[They retire.]

Enter Orgalio.

Org. I am sent on embassage to the right mighty and
magnificent, alias, the right proud and pontifical, the
County Sacripant; for Marsilius and Orlando, knowing
him to be as full of prowess as policy, and fearing,
lest in leaning to the other faction he might greatly
prejudice them, they seek first to hold the candle
before the devil, and knowing him to be a Thrasonical mad-cap, they have sent me a Gnathonical companion, to give him lettuce fit for his lips. Now, sir, knowing his astronomical humours, as one that gazeth so high at the stars as he never looketh on the pavement in the streets – but, whist! *lupus est in fabula.*

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

*Org.* God save your majesty!

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

*Org.* The mighty Mandricard of Mexico.

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

*Org.* Marry, sir, –

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

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

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

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

*Sacr.* [Aside] Methinks these salutations make my thoughts To be heroical. –

*Org.* To the County Sacripant.

*Sacr.* Why, I am he.

*Org.* It pleaseth your majesty to jest.

*Sacr.* Whate'er I seem, I tell thee I am he.
Org. Then may it please your honour, the Emperor Marsilius, together with his daughter Angelica and Orlando, entreateth your excellency to dine with them.

Sacr. Is Angelica there?

Org. There, my good lord.

Sacr. Sirrah.

S's Man. My lord?

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

[Exeunt.]
SCENE II.

Before the Fort of Rodomont.

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

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

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

Sold. Who is't that troubleth our sleeps?

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

Sold. Frenchman, between half-sleeping and awake, Although the misty veil strained over Cynthia Hinders my sight from noting all thy crew,
Yet, for I know thee and thy straggling grooms
Can in conceit build castles in the sky,
But in your actions like the stammering Greek
Which breathes his courage bootless in the air,
I wish thee well, Orlando, get thee gone,
Say that a sentinel did suffer thee;
For if the round or court-of-guard should hear
Thou or thy men were braying at the walls,
Charles' wealth, the wealth of all his western mines,
Found in the mountains of Transalpine France,
Might not pay ransom to the king for thee.

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

[Exeunt.]
SCENE III.

Before the Fort of Rodomont.

Alarums:

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

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

Enter the Duke of Aquitain.

How now, my lord of Aquitain!

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

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

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.

Near the Castle of Marsilius.

Enter Medor and Angelica.

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

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

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

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

[Exit.]

Enter Sacripant and his Man.

Sacr. How fares my fair Angelica?

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

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

Angel. What pleaseth my lord for to command.

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

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

Sacr. Why, over-weening damsel, see'st thou not
Thy lawless love unto this straggling mate
Hath filled our Afric regions full of blood?
And wilt thou still persevére in thy love?
Tush, leave the Palatine, and go with me.

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

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

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

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

[Exit Angelica.]

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
Trapt in the tresses of Polyxena,
Who, amid the glory of his chivalry,
Sat daunted with a maid of Asia?

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

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

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

_S's Man._ And what of that, my lord?

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

_S's Man._ Is this all, my lord?

_Sacr._ No;  
For thou like to a shepherd shalt be clothed,  
With staff and bottle, like some country-swain  
That tends his flocks feeding upon these downs.  
There see thou buzz into the county's ears  
That thou hast often seen within these woods  
Base Medor sporting with Angelica;  
And when he hears a shepherd's simple tale,  
He will not think 'tis feigned.
Then either a madding mood will end his love,  
Or worse betide him through fond jealousy.

_S's Man._ Excellent, my lord: see how I will play the shepherd.

_Sacr._ And mark thou how I play the carver:  
Therefore be gone, and make thee ready straight.

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

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

Enter Orlando and Orgalio.

_Orlan._ Orgalio, go see a centernell be placed,  
And bid the soldiers keep a court-of-guard,  
So to hold watch till secret here alone  
I meditate upon the thoughts of love.

_Org._ I will, my lord.

[Exit Orgalio.]

_Orlan._ Fair queen of love, thou mistress of delight,  
Thou gladsome lamp that wait'st on Phoebe's train,  
Spreading thy kindness through the jarring orbs,  
That in their union praise thy lasting powers;  
Thou that hast stayed the fiery Phlegon's course,  
And mad'st the coachman of the glorious wain  
To droop, in view of Daphne's excellence;  
Fair pride of morn, sweet beauty of the even,  
Look on Orlando languishing in love.  
Sweet solitary groves, whereas the Nymphs  
With pleasance laugh to see the Satyrs play,  
Witness Orlando's faith unto his love.  
Tread she these launds, kind Flora, boast thy pride.
Seek she for shades, spread cedars for her sake.
Fair Flora, make her couch amidst thy flowers.
Sweet crystal springs,
Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.
Ah, thought, my Heaven! ah, Heaven, that knows my thought!
Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

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

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

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

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

Yet more! are Muses masking in these trees,
Framing their ditties in conceited lines,
Making a goddess, in despite of me,
That have no other but Angelica?

_S's Man._ [Aside]
Poor hapless man, these thoughts contain thy hell!

**Orlan.** [Reads]

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

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

[Reads another roundelay.]

"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
Of those sweet looks, Angelica, of thine.
Then, Medor, in Angelica take delight,
Early, at morn, at noon, at even, and night."

What, dares Medor court my Venus?
What may Orlando deem? −
Aetna, forsake the bounds of Sicily,
For now in me thy restless flames appear.
Refused, contemned, disdained! what worse than these? −
Orgalio!

_Re-enter Orgalio._

**Org.** My lord?

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

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

**Orlan.** And what of that?

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

[Sacripant's Man approaches Orlando.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scene IV

330  
Orlan.  *Foemineum servile genus, crudele, superbum*:  
Discourteous women, nature's fairest ill,  
The woe of man, that first-created curse,  
Base female sex, sprung from black Atè's loins,  
Proud, disdainful, cruël, and unjust,  
Whose words are shaded with enchanting wills,  
Worse than Medusa mateth all our minds;  
And in their hearts sits shameless treachery,  
Turning a truthless vile circumference.  
O, could my fury paint their furies forth!  
For hell's no hell, comparèd to their hearts,  
Too simple devils to conceal their arts;  
Born to be plagues unto the thoughts of men,  
Brought for eternal pestilence to the world.  
*O femminile ingegno, de tutti mali sede,*  
*Come ti volgi e muti facilmente,*  
*Contrario oggetto proprio de la fede!*  
*O infelice, o miser chi ti crede!*  
Importune, superbe, dispettose,  
*Prive d'amor, di fede, e di consiglio,*  
*Temerarie, crudeli, inique, ingrate,*  
*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  
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*]  
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.
O, my Lord of Aquitain, the Count Orlando is run
mad, and taking of a shepherd by the heels, rends him
as one would tear a lark! See where he comes, with a
leg on his neck.

Re-enter Orlando with a leg.

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

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

Enter Marsilius.

Org. [To Marsilius] Ah, my lord, Orlando —

Marsil. Orlando! what of Orlando?

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

Marsil. Trust me, Orgalio, Theseus in his rage
Did never more revenge his wronged Hippólýtus
Than I will on the false Angelica.
Go to my court, and drag me Medor forth;
Tear from his breast the daring villain's heart.
Next take that base and damned adulteress, —
I scorn to title her with daughter's name, —
Put her in rags, and, like some shepherdess,
Exile her from my kingdom presently.
Delay not, good Orgalio, see it done.

[Exit Orgalio.]

Enter a Soldier, with Mandricard disguised.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scene IV

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

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

[Exit Marsilius.]

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

[Exit.]
SCENE V.

The Woods Near Marsilius’ Castle.

Enter Orlando attired like a madman.

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

Enter Orgalio.

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

Org. No, nor name thee.

Org. Then God be with you.

[Orgalio proffers to go in.]

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

Org. No, by my troth.

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

Org. Why, then, she shall be buried.

Orlan. But my Angelica is dead.

Org. Why, it may be so.

Orlan. But she's dead and buried.

Org. Ay, I think so.

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

[Orlando beats him.]

Org. What do you mean, my lord?

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

Scene V


[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?


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

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


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


[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.
Orlando Furioso  

Scene V

Orlan. ’Tis indeed.  
Now to Charon, bid him dress his boat,  
For he had never such a passenger.

Org. Shall I tell him your name?

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

[Exit Orgalio.]

Enter Tom and Rafe (two clowns).

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

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

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

[They spy Orlando.]

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

Tom. Madman, madman.

Rafe. Madman, madman.

Orlan. What say’st thou, villian?

[Orlando beats them.]

So, now you shall be both my soliders.

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

Orlan. You must fight against Medor.
Rafe. Yes, let me alone with him for a bloody nose.

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.

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

Enter Rodomont and Brandimart, with Soldiers.

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

Brand. See where she is, my lord:
Speak as if you knew her not.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rodo. But stay, what drum is this?

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

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

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

Scene VI

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

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

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

50 Orlan. Why, sirrah, to think that if the enemy were
fled ere we come, we'll not leave one of our own
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,
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. —
[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,
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,
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?


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

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

Org. [Giving a sword] Here, my lord.

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

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

[Exit Angelica with the sword.]

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

Org. He cannot choose, being of your making.

Orlan. But where's Angelica now?

Org. Faith, I cannot tell.

Orlan. Villain, find her out, Or else the torments that Ixíon feels, The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides − Villain, wilt thou find her out?

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

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

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

[Exit Orgalio.]

Orlan. As though that Sagittarius in his pride Could take brave Leda from stout Jupiter! And yet, forsooth, Medor, base Medor durst Attempt to reave Orlando of his love. − Sirrah, you that are the messenger of Jove, You that can sweep it through the milk-white path
That leads unto the senate-house of Mars,
Fetch me my shield tempered of purest steel,
My helm forged by the Cyclops for Anchises' son,
And see if I dare not combat for Angelica.

Re-enter Orgalio, with Tom dressed like Angelica.

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

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

Org. Tush, that will not be seen.

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

Org. Doubt not of that, man.

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

Org. Why, how was that?

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

Org. Excellent! − Come, see where my lord is.

− My lord, here is Angelica.

Orlan. Mass, thou say'st true, 'tis she indeed. −
How fares the fair Angelica?

Tom. Well, I thank you heartily.

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

Tom. Yes, forsooth.

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

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

Orlan. Are not, my dear, those [the] radiant eyes
Whereout proud Phoebus flasheth out his beams?

Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers bravely.

You are Angelica?

Yes, marry, am I.

Where’s your sweetheart Medor?

Orgalio, give me eighteen-pence, and let me go.

Speak, strumpet, speak.

Marry, sir, he is drinking a pint or a quart.

Why, strumpet, worse than Mars his trothless love,
Falser than faithless Cressida!

Strumpet, thou shalt not scape.

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

Are you? that will I try.

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

India.

Enter the Twelve Peers of France, with drum and trumpets.

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

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

Enter Marsilius and Mandricard like Palmers.

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

Marsil. Lordings, we greet you well.

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

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

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

Mand. Such as both love and fury do confound:
Fierce Sacripant, incensed with strange desires,
Wars on Marsilius, and, Rodomont being dead,
Hath levied all his men, and traitor-like
Assails his lord and loving sovereign:
And Mandricard, who late hath been in arms
To prosecute revenge against Marsilius, 
Is now through favours past become his friend. 
Thus stands the state of matchless India. 

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ogier. [Aside to Peers] 
Haughty their words, their persons full of state; 
Though habit be but mean, their minds excel. — 

Well, palmers, know 
That princes are in India arrived, 
Yea, even those western princely Peers of France 
That through the world adventures undertake, 
To find Orlando late incensed with rage. 
Then, palmers, sith you know our styles and state, 
Advise us where your king Marsilius is. 

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

[Marsilius removes disguise.] 

Ogier. Marsilius! and thus disguised! 

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

Turp. We sue for law and justice at thy hand: 
We seek Angelica thy daughter out, 
That wanton maid, that hath eclipsed the joy 
Of royal France, and made Orlando mad.
Marsil. My daughter, lords! why, she's exíled;
And her grieved father is content to lose
The pleasance of his age to countenance law.

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]
SCENE VIII.

The Same Woods.

Enter Orlando like a poet, and Orgalio.

Orlan. Orgalio,

Is not my love like [to] those purple-coloured swans

That gallop by the coach of Cynthia?

Org. Yes, marry, is she, my lord.

Orlan. Is not her face silvered like that milk-white shape

When Jove came dancing down to Semele?

Org. It is, my lord.

Orlan. Then go thy ways, and climb up to the clouds,

And tell Apollo that Orlando sits

Making of verses for Angelica.

And if he do deny to send me down

The shirt which Deiänira sent to Hercules,

To make me brave upon my wedding-day,

Tell him I'll pass the Alps, and up to Meroe,

(I know he knows that watery lakish hill,)

And pull the harp out of the minstrel's hands,

And pawn it unto lovely Proserpine,

That she may fetch the fair Angelica.

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

Orlan. Then tell him, he is a sleepy knave: but, sirrah,

let nobody trouble me, for I must lie down a while, and

talk with the stars.

[Lies down and sleeps.]

Enter a Fiddler.

Org. What, old acquaintance! well met.

Fiddler. Ho, you would have me play Angelica again,

would ye not?

Org. No, but I can tell thee where thou mayst earn

two or three shillings this morning, even with the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

---

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

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

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

---

[Takes away his fiddle.]

---

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

**Orlan.** But dost thou think the temper to be good?

---

[Strikes and beats him with the fiddle.]

---

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

**Orlan.** Tell me, why hast thou marred my sword?

---

[Breaks the fiddle about his head.]
Fiddler. O Lord, sir, will you answer this?

[Exit Fiddler.]

Enter Melissa with a glass of wine.

Orlan. Orgalio, who is this?

Org. Faith, my lord, some old witch, I think.

Melis. O, that my lord would but conceit my tale!
Then would I speak and hope to find redress.

Orlan. Fair Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,
Fear not Achilles' over-madding boy;
Pyrrhus shall not, &c.

Souns, Orgalio, why sufferest thou this old trot to come so nigh me?

Org. [To Melissa]

Come, come, stand by, your breath stinks.

Orlan. What! be all the Trojans fled?
Then give me some drink.

Melis. Here, Palatine, drink;
And ever be thou better for this draught.

Orlan. What[']s here?
The paltry bottle that Daríus quaffed?

[He drinks, and she charms him with her wand,
and he lies down to sleep.]

Else would I set my mouth to Tigris' streams,
And drink up overflowing Euphrates.

My eyes are heavy, and I needs must sleep.

[Melissa strikes with her wand, and the Satyrs enter with music, and play round about him;
which done, they stay: he awakes and speaks.]

What shews are these,
That fill mine eyes with view of such regard
As Heaven admires to see my slumbering dreams!
Skies are fulfilled with lamps of lasting joy,
That boast the pride of haught Latona's son,
He lighteneth all the candles of the night.
Mnemosyne hath kissed the kingly Jove,
And entertained a feast within my brains,
Making her daughter[s] solace on my brow.
Methinks, I feel how Cynthia tunes conceits
Of sad repent, and melloweth those desires
That frenzy scarce had ripened in my head.
Atè, I'll kiss thy restless cheek a while,
And suffer vile repent to bide control.

[Orlando lies down again.]

**Melis.** O vos Silvani, Satyri, Faunique, deoeque,
_Nymphoe Hamadryades, Dryades, Parcoeqe potentes!_
O vos qui colitis lacusque locosque profundos,
_Infernæ domus et nigra palatia Ditis!_
_Tuque Demogorgon, qui noctis fata gubernas,_
_Qui regis infernum solium, coelumque, solumque!_
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes;
_In caput Orlandi celestes spargite lymphas,_
_Orlandi infelix anima._

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

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

**Org.** Here, my lord.

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

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

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

**Melis.** A Fury, sure, worse than Megaera was,
That reft her son from trusty Pyladës.


Melis. Time not affords to tell each circumstance:

But thrice hath Cynthia changed her hue, Since thou, infected with a lunacy, Hast gadded up and down these lands and groves, Performing strange and ruthless stratagem,

All for the love of fair Angelica, Whom thou with Medor didst suppose played false.

But Sacripant had graven these roundelayes, To sting thee with infecting jealousy:
The swain that told thee of their oft converse, Was servant unto County Sacripant:

And trust me, Orlando, Angelica, Though true to thee, is banished from the court,

And Sacripant this day bids battle to Marsilius. The armies ready are to give assail;

And on a hill that overpeers them both Stand all the worthy matchless Peers of France,

Who are in quest to seek Orlando out. Muse not at this, for I have told thee true.

I am she that curèd thy disease. Here take these weapons, given thee by the Fates,

And hie thee, county, to the battle straight.

Orlan. Thanks, sacred goddess, for thy helping hand. Thither will I hie to be revenged.
SCENE IX.

A Battlefield.

Alarums.

Enter Sacripant crowned, and pursuing Marsilius and Mandricard.

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

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

Enter Orlando, with a scarf before his face.

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

[Exeunt Marsilius and Mandricard.]

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

Sacr. Coward!

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 reck not of thy gree,
But I will have the conquest of my sword,
Which is the glory of thy diadem.
Sacr. These words bewray thou art no base-born Moor,
But by descent sprong from some royal line:
Then freely tell me, what's thy name?

Orlan. Nay, first let me know thine.

Sacr. Then know that thou hast slain Prince Sacripant.

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

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

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

[Exit Orlando.]

Sacr. Hath Demogorgon, ruler of the Fates,
Set such a baleful period on my life
As none might end the days of Sacripant
But mighty Orlando, rival of my love?
Now holdeth the fatal murderers of men
The sharpened knife ready to cut my threed,
Ending the scene of all my tragedy:
This day, this hour, this minute ends the days
Of him that lived worthy old Nestor's age.
Phoebus, put on thy sable-suited wreath,
Clad all thy spheres in dark and mourning weeds:
Parched be the earth, to drink up every spring:
Let corn and trees be blasted from above;
Heaven turn to brass, and earth to wedge of steel,
The world to cinders. Mars, come thundering down,
And never sheath thy swift-revenging sword,
Till, like the deluge in Deucalion's days,
The highest mountains swim in streams of blood.
Heaven, earth, men, beasts, and every living thing,
Consume and end with County Sacripant!

[Sacripant dies.]

Enter Marsilius, Mandricard, and the Twelve Peers,
with Angelica.

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

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

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

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

Angel. Father, if I may dare to call thee so,
And lords of France, come from the western seas,
In quest to find mighty Orlando out,
Yet, ere I die, let me have leave to say,
Angelica held ever in her thoughts
Most dear the love of County Palatine.
What wretch hath wronged us with suspect of lust,
I know not, I, nor can accuse the man;
But, by the heavens, whereto my soul shall fly,
Angelica did never wrong Orlando.
I speak not this as one that cares to live,
For why my thoughts are fully malcontent;
And I conjure you by your chivalry,
You quit Orlando's wrong upon Angelica.

Enter Orlando, with a scarf before his face.

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

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

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

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

Angel. Ay, rest thee, soldier, Angelica is false, −
False, for she hath no trial of her right:
Soldier, let me die for the miss of all.
Wert thou as stout as was proud Theseus,
In vain thy blade should offer my defence;
For why these be the champions of the world,
Twelve Peers of France that never yet were foiled.

186  **Orlan.** How, madam, the Twelve Peers of France!
188  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:
'Tis not one champion that can discourage me.
Come, are ye ready?

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

208  So, stand aside: –
210  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,
228  Ogier can well discern thee by thy blows;
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,
That he hath found his cousin in his sense.

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.

Turp. So had I said, but that report did tell
My lord was troubled with a lunacy.

Orlan. So was I, lordings; but give me leave awhile,
Humbly as Mars did to his paramour,
[When as his godhead wronged her with suspect,]
So to submit to fair Angelica. −
Pardon thy lord, fair saint Angelica,
Whose love, stealing by steps into extremes,
Grew by suspicion to a causeless lunacy.

Angel. O no, my lord, but pardon my amiss;
For had not Orlando loved Angelica,
Ne'er had my lord fall'n into these extremes,
Which we will parlë private to ourselves.
Ne'er was the queen of Cyprus half so glad
As is Angelica to see her lord,
Her dear Orlando, settled in his sense.

Orlan. Thanks, my sweet love. −
But why stands the Prince of Africa,
And Mandricard the King of Mexico,
So deep in dumps, when all rejoice beside?
First know, my lord, I slaughtered Sacripant,
I am the man that did the slave to death;
Who frankly there did make confessiön,
That he engraved the roundelays on the trees,
And hung the schedules of poor Medor's love,
Intending by suspect to breed debate
Deeply 'twixt me and fair Angelica:
His hope had hap, but we had all the harm;
And now revenge leaping from out the seat
Of him that may command stern Nemesis,
Hath poured those treasons justly on his head.
What saith my gracious lord to this?

Marsil. I stand amazed, deep over-drenched with joy,
To hear and see this unexpected end:
So well I rest content. − Ye Peers of France,
Sith it is proved Angelica is clear,
Her and my crown I freely will bestow
Upon Orlando, the County Palatine.
Orlando Furioso

Scene IX

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 ballass to the ports of France,
306 That Charles himself shall wonder at the sight.
Thus, lوردings, when our banquettings be done,
308 And Orlando espousèd to Angelica,
We'll furrow through the moving ocean,
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?*

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 Dryadës, 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,...