

ElizabethanDrama.org

presents
a Theatre Script of

A LOOKING GLASS
for LONDON and ENGLAND

By Robert Greene
and Thomas Lodge

Written c. 1590

Earliest Extant Edition: 1594

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Royal Characters of Ninivie (Nineveh):

Rasni, King of Ninivie.

Remilia, sister to Rasni.

King of Cilicia.

King of Crete.

King of Paphlagonia.

Alvida, wife to the King of Paphlagonia.

Other Characters of Ninivie:

Thrasybulus, a young gentleman, reduced to poverty.

Alcon, a poor man.

Samia, wife to Alcon.

Radagon, his son, and minion of Rasni.

Clesiphon, his son.

Usurer.

Judge.

Lawyer.

Smith.

Smith's Wife.

Adam, his apprentice.

1st Ruffian.

2nd Ruffian.

1st Searcher.

2nd Searcher.

A Man in devil's attire.

Other Characters, Supernatural and Otherwise:

Oseas, a Prophet.

Jonas, a Prophet.

An Angel.

An Evil Angel.

Governor of Joppa.

Master of a Ship.

Ladies, Magi, Merchants, Sailors, Lords, Attendants,
etc.

A. Spelling of Proper Names in Our Edition.

It is the policy of our website to generally employ modern spelling in our plays, except in certain situations in which a quarto's original spelling of a word suggests a different pronunciation of that word; for example, where a 16th century edition of a play prints *shew* for *show* (two words with distinct pronunciations), we too will print *shew*. Our goal is to provide the reader with an opportunity to experience to a mild degree the language of the original text without burdening the reader with spelling that is so archaic as to drive him or her away from reading our plays.

In our edition of *A Looking Glass*, some of the spellings of otherwise familiar names will feel odd to the modern reader; we summarize the major examples here:

1. Nineveh (modern) vs. Ninivie (old): the name of the famous Assyrian capital was not typically spelled **Nineveh** in the 16th century; rather, we find in this period that **Ninive** and **Ninivie** were more common. The authors of *A Looking Glass* employed **Ninivie**, whose spelling suggests it was pronounced "NI-ni-vee", and so this is the spelling we employ.

Please note that we will use the spelling **Ninivie** when referring to the city in the play, but **Nineveh** when referring to the historical city.

2. Jonah (modern) vs. Jonas (old): similarly, Jonah's name was mostly spelled with an -s (**Jonas**) rather than an -h (**Jonah**) in the 16th century, and it is **Jonas** that we find in *A Looking Glass*, so we follow suit here as well (the great 16th century exception to this spelling is the **Geneva Bible**, in which **Jonah** is employed).

Please note that we will use the spelling **Jonas** when referring to the character in the play, but **Jonah** when referring to the historical Jonah, or citing from the Book of Jonah in the Bible.

3. Hosea (modern) vs. Oseas (old): the Group 1 Bibles (**Coverdale**, **Matthew** and **Great**) all spell the prophet's name **Oseas**; as we have determined in Note D above, one of these Bibles was the source used by our authors, and it is this spelling which our authors, and consequently we, adopt.

The **Geneva Bible** spells the prophet's name **Hosea**, and the **Bishop's Osea**.

B. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.

A Looking Glass for London and England 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 *A Looking Glass* into Acts and Scenes, or provide settings or asides. Act and scene breaks, settings and asides have been adapted primarily from Dickinson.⁵

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 Dickinson and Dyce.⁴

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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ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Palace of Rasni in Ninivie (Nineveh).

*Enter Rasni, with the Kings of Cilicia, Crete and
Paphlagonia, from the overthrow of Jeroboam,
King of Jerusalem.*

1 **Rasni.** So pace ye on, triumphant warriors;
2 Make Venus' léman, armed in all his pomp,
Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks;
4 For you, the viceroys and the cavaliers,
That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness:
6 Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
8 To give attend on Rasni's excellence.
Am I not he that rules great Ninivie,
10 Rounded with Lycus' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city-large diametri contains,
12 Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall;
Two hundreth gates carved out of burnished brass,
14 As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And, for to deck Heaven's battlements with pride,
16 Six hundreth towers that topless touch the clouds.
This city is the footstool of your king;
18 A hundreth lords do honour at my feet;
My sceptre straineth both the parallels:
20 And now t' enlarge the highness of my power,
I have made Judea's monarch flee the field,
22 And beat proud Jeroboäm from his holds,
Winning from Cadës to Samaria.
24 Great Jewry's God, that foiled stout Benhadad,

26 Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought;
 For be he God in Heaven, yet, viceroys, know,
 Rasni is god on earth, and none but he.

28

K. of Cilicia. If lovely shape, feature by nature's skill
 30 Passing in beauty fair Endymion's,
 That Luna wrapt within her snowy breasts,
 32 Or that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus' bane,
 Transformed unto a purple hyacinth;
 34 If beauty nonpareil in excellence,
 May make a king match with the gods in gree,
 36 Rasni is god on earth, and none but he.

38 **K. of Crete.** If martial looks, wrapt in a cloud of wars,
 More fierce than Mars' lighteneth fro his eyes,
 40 Sparkling revenge and dire disparagement;
 If doughty deeds more haughty than any done,
 42 Sealed with the smile of Fortune and of Fate,
 Matchless to manage lance and curtal-axe;
 44 If such high actions, graced with victories,
 May make a king match with the gods in gree,
 46 Rasni is god on earth, and none but he.

48 **K. of Paph.** If Pallas' wealth –

50 **Rasni.** Viceroys, enough; peace, Paphlagon, no more.
 See where's my sister, fair Remilia,
 52 Fairer than was the virgin Dania
 That waits on Venus with a golden show;
 54 She that hath stol'n the wealth of Rasni's looks,
 And tied his thoughts within her lovely locks,
 56 She that is loved, and love unto your king,
 See where she comes to gratulate my fame.

58

*Enter Radagon, with Remilia (sister to Rasni),
 Alvida (wife to the King of Paphlagonia),
 and Ladies, bringing a globe seated on a ship.*

60

62

Remil. Victorious monarch, second unto Jove,
 64 Mars upon earth, and Neptune on the seas,
 Whose frown stroys all the ocean with a calm,
 66 Whose smile draws Flora to display her pride,
 Whose eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,
 68 Rasni, the regent of great Ninivie;
 For thou hast foiled proud Jeroboäm's force,
 70 And, like the mustering breath of Aeölus,
 That overturns the pines of Lebanon,
 72 Hast scattered Jewry and her upstart grooms,

74 Winning from Cadës to Samaria; –
 Remilia greets thee with a kind salute,
 And, for a present to thy mightiness,
 76 Gives thee a globe folded within a ship,
 As king on earth and lord of all the seas,
 78 With such a welcome unto Ninivie
 As may thy sister's humble love afford.
 80

Rasni. Sister! the title fits not thy degree;
 82 A higher state of honour shall be thine.
 The lovely trull that Mercury entrapped
 84 Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,
 And she that bashed the sun-god with her eyes,
 86 Fair Semele, the choice of Venus' maids,
 Were not so beauteous as Remilia.
 88 Then, sweeting, "sister" shall not serve the turn,
 But Rasni's wife, his léman and his love:
 90 Thou shalt, like Juno, wed thyself to Jove,
 And fold me in the riches of thy fair;
 92 Remilia shall be Rasni's paramour.
 For why, if I be Mars for warlike deeds,
 94 And thou bright Venus for thy clear aspéct,
 Why should not from our loins issue a son
 96 That might be lord of royal sovereignty,
 Of twenty worlds, if twenty worlds might be?
 98 What say'st, Remilia, art thou Rasni's wife?

100 **Remil.** My heart doth swell with favour of thy thoughts;
 The love of Rasni maketh me as proud
 102 As Juno when she wore Heaven's diadem.
 Thy sister born was for thy wife, my love:
 104 Had I the riches nature locketh up
 To deck her darling beauty when she smiles,
 106 Rasni should prank him in the pride of all.

108 **Rasni.** Remilia's love is far more either prized
 Than Jeroboäm's or the world's subdue. –
 110 Lordings, I'll have my wedding sumptuous,
 Made glorious with the treasures of the world:
 112 I'll fetch from Albia shelves of margarites,
 And strip the Indies of their diamonds,
 114 And Tyre shall yield me tribute of her gold,
 To make Remilia's wedding glorious.
 116 I'll send for all the damosel queens that live
 Within the reach of Rasni's government,
 118 To wait as hand-maids on Remilia,
 That her attendant train may pass the troop

- 120 That gloried Venus at her wedding-day.
- 122 **K. of Crete.** Oh my Lord, not sister to thy love!
'Tis incest and too foul a fact for kings;
- 124 Nature allows no limits to such lust.
- 126 **Radag.** Presumptuous viceroy, dar'st thou check thy lord,
Or twit him with the laws that nature loves?
- 128 Is not great Rasni above nature's reach,
God upon earth, and all his will is law?
- 130
- 132 **K. of Crete.** Oh, flatter not, for hateful is his choice,
And sister's love will blemish all his worth.
- 134 **Radag.** Doth not the brightness of his majesty
Shadow his deeds from being counted faults?
- 136
- 138 **Rasni.** Well hast thou answered with him, Radagon;
I like thee for thy learnèd sophistry. –
But thou of Crete, that countercheck'st thy king,
140 Pack hence in exile, [and give] Radagon the crown! –
Be thee viceregent of his royalty,
142 And fail me not in what my thoughts may please,
For from a beggar have I brought thee up,
144 And graced thee with the honour of a crown. –
Ye quondam king, what, feed ye on delays?
- 146
- 148 **K. of Crete.** Better no king than viceroy under him,
That hath no virtue to maintain his crown.
- 150 [Exit King of Crete.]
- 152 **Rasni.** Remilia, what fair dames be those that wait
Attendant on thy matchless royalty?
- 154
- 156 **Remil.** 'Tis Alvida, the fair wife to the King of Paphlagonia.
- 158 **Rasni.** Trust me, she is fair: – th'ast, Paphlagon, a jewel,
To fold thee in so bright a sweeting's arms.
- 160 **Radag.** Like you her, my lord?
- 162 **Rasni.** What if I do, Radagon?
- 164 **Radag.** Why, then she is yours, my lord; for marriage
Makes no exception, where Rasni doth command.
- 166
- 168 **K. of Paph.** Ill dost thou counsel him to fancy wives.
- Radag.** Wife or not wife, whatso he likes is his.

170 |
172 | **Rasni.** Well answered, Radagon; thou art for me:
174 | Feed thou mine humour, and be still a king. –
176 | Lords, go in triumph of my happy loves,
178 | And, for to feast us after all our broils,
180 | Frolic and revel it in Ninivie.
182 | Whatsoever befitteth your conceited thoughts,
184 | Or good or ill, love or not love, my boys,
186 | In love, or what may satisfy your lust,
188 | Act it, my lords, for no man dare say no.
190 | *Divisum imperium cum Jove nunc teneo.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE II.

A Public Place in Ninivie.

*Enter, brought in by an Angel, Oseas, the Prophet,
and set down over the stage in a throne.*

1 **Angel.** Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit
2 Thou'rt brought from Jewry unto Ninivie;
So was Elias wrapt within a storm,
4 And set upon Mount Carmel by the Lord:
For thou hast preached long to the stubborn Jews,
6 Whose flinty hearts have felt no sweet remorse,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
8 Have still persévered in their wickedness.
Lo, I have brought thee unto Ninivie,
10 The rich and royal city of the world,
Pampered in wealth, and overgrown with pride,
12 As Sodom and Gomorrah full of sin.
The Lord looks down, and cannot see one good,
14 Not one that covets to obey His will;
But wicked all, from cradle to the crutch.
16 Note, then, Oseas, all their grievous sins,
And see the wrath of God that pays revenge;
18 And when the ripeness of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
20 I'll carry thee to Jewry back again,
And seat thee in the great Jerusalem;
22 There shalt thou publish in her open streets
That God sends down His hateful wrath for sin
24 On such as never heard His prophets speak:
Much more will He inflict a world of plagues
26 On such as hear the sweetness of His voice,
And yet obey not what His prophets speak.
28 Sit thee, Oseas, pondering in the spirit
The mightiness of these fond people's sins.

30 **Oseas.** The will of the Lord be done!

[Exit Angel.]

34 *Enter Adam and a crew of Ruffians, to go to drink.*

36 **2nd. Ruffian.** Come on, smith, thou shalt be one of
38 the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in
the town is.

40

42 **Adam.** Come on, in faith, my colts; I have left my
 master striking of a heat, and stole away because I
 would keep you company.

44 **Ist Ruf.** Why, what, shall we have this paltry smith
 46 with us?

48 **Adam.** "Paltry smith"! why, you incarnative knave,
 what are you that you speak petty treason against the
 50 smith's trade?

52 **Ist Ruf.** Why, slave, I am a gentleman of Ninivie.

54 **Adam.** A gentleman! good sir, I remember you well,
 and all your progenitors: your father bare office in our
 56 town; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in
 the parish, for they bestowed two squires' livings on
 58 him, the one was on working-days, and then he kept
 the town stage, and on holidays they made him the
 60 sexton's man, for he whipped dogs out of the church.
 Alas, sir, your father, – why, sir, methinks I see the
 62 gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged
 some four and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black,
 64 half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses,
 it was nose *autem glorificam*, so set with rubies that
 66 after his death it should have been nailed up in
 Copper-smiths-hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was
 68 beholding to your good father, for he was the first man
 that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

70 **2nd Ruf.** Well said, smith; that crossed him over the
 72 thumbs.

74 **Ist Ruf.** Villain, were it not that we go to be merry,
 my rapier should presently quit thy opprobrious terms.

76 **Adam.** O Peter, Peter, put up thy sword, I prithee
 78 heartily, into thy scabbard; hold in your rapier; for
 though I have not a long reacher, I have a short hitter.
 80 – Nay then, gentlemen, stay me, for my choler begins
 to rise against him; for mark the words, "a paltry
 82 smith"! O horrible sentence! thou hast in these words,
 I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses,
 84 whole horses, sore horses, coursers, curtals, jades,
 cuts, hackneys and mares: whereupon, my friend, in
 86 their defence, I give thee this curse, – [thou] shalt not be
 worth a horse of thine own this seven year.

88

90 **2nd Ruf.** I prithee, smith, is your occupation so
excellent?

92 **Adam.** "A paltry smith"! Why, I'll stand to it, a smith
is lord of the four elements; for our iron is made of the
94 earth, our bellows blow out air, our floor holds fire, and
our forge water. Nay, sir, we read in the Chronicles
96 that there was a god of our occupation.

98 **2nd Ruf.** Ay, but he was a cuckold.

100 **Adam.** That was the reason, sir, he called your father
cousin. "Paltry smith"! why, in this one word thou hast
102 defaced their worshipful occupation.

104 **2nd Ruf.** As how?

106 **Adam.** Marry, sir, I will stand to it, that a smith in his
kind is a physician, a surgeon and a barber. For let a
108 horse take a cold, or be troubled with the bots, and
we straight give him a potion or a purgation, in such
110 physical manner that he mends straight: if he have
outward diseases, as the spavin, splent, ringbone,
112 windgall or fashion, or, sir, a galled back, we let him
blood and clap a plaster to him with a pestilence, that
114 mends him with a very vengeance: now, if his mane
grow out of order, and he have any rebellious hairs, we
116 straight to our shears and trim him with what cut it
please us, pick his ears, and make him neat. Marry,
118 indeed, sir, we are slovens for one thing; we never use
any musk-balls to wash him with, and the reason is,
120 sir, because he can woo without kissing.

122 **2nd Ruf.** Well, sirrah, leave off these praises of a
smith, and bring us to the best ale in the town.

124 **Adam.** Now, sir, I have a feat above all the smiths in
126 Ninivie; for, sir, I am a philosopher that can dispute
of the nature of ale; for mark you, sir, a pot of ale
128 consists of four parts, – *imprimis* the ale, the toast,
the ginger, and the nutmeg.

130 **2nd Ruf.** Excellent!

132 **Adam.** The ale is a restorative, bread is a binder: mark
134 you, sir, two excellent points in physic; the ginger, oh,
ware of that! the philosophers have written of the
136 nature of ginger, 'tis expulsitive in two degrees; you
shall hear the sentence of Galen,

138

*"It will make a man belch, cough, and fart,
And is a great comfort to the heart," –*

140

142

a proper posy, I promise you; but now to the noble
virtue of the nutmeg; it is, saith one ballad (I think an
English Roman was the author,) an underlayer to the
brains, for when the ale gives a buffet to the head, oh
the nutmeg! that keeps him for [a] while in temper.

144

146

Thus you see the description of the virtue of a pot of
ale; now, sir, to put my physical precepts in practice,
follow me: but afore I step any further –

148

150

2nd Ruf. What's the matter now?

152

Adam. Why, seeing I have provided the ale, who is
the purveyor for the wenches? for, masters, take this
of me, a cup of ale without a wench, why, alas, 'tis
like an egg without salt, or a red-herring without
mustard!

154

156

158

2nd Ruf. Lead us to the ale; we'll have wenches
enough, I warrant thee.

160

162

[*Exeunt.*]

164

Oseas. Iniquity seeks out companions still,
And mortal men are armèd to do ill.

166

London, look on, this matter nips thee near:
Leave off thy riot, pride, and sumptuous cheer;
Spend less at board, and spare not at the door,
But aid the infant, and relieve the poor;

168

170

Else seeking mercy, being merciless,
Thou be adjudged to endless heaviness.

ACT I, SCENE III.

At the Usurer's.

*Enter the Usurer, Thrasybulus (a young gentleman),
and Alcon (a poor man).*

1 **Usurer.** Come on, I am every day troubled with these
2 needy companions: – what news with you? what wind
brings you hither?

4 **Thrasy.** Sir, I hope, how far soever you make it off,
6 you remember, too well for me, that this is the day
wherein I should pay you money that I took up of you
8 alate in a commodity.

10 **Alcon.** And, sir, sir-reverence of your manhood and
gentry, I have brought home such money as you lent
12 me.

14 **Usurer.** You, young gentleman, is my money ready?

16 **Thrasy.** Truly, sir, this time was so short, the
commodity so bad, and the promise of friends so
18 broken, that I could not provide it against the day;
wherefore I am come to entreat you to stand my friend,
20 and to favour me with a longer time, and I will make
you sufficient consideration.

22 **Usurer.** Is the wind in that door? If thou hast my
24 money, so it is: I will not defer a day, an hour, a
minute, but take the forfeit of the bond.

26 **Thrasy.** I pray you, sir, consider that my loss was
28 great by the commodity I took up: you know, sir,
I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten
30 pounds in money, and thirty pounds in lute-strings,
which when I came to sell again, I could get but five
32 pounds for them, so had I, sir, but fifteen pounds for
my forty. In consideration of this ill bargain, I pray
34 you, sir, give me a month longer.

36 **Usurer.** I answered thee afore, not a minute; what
have I to do how thy bargain proved? I have thy hand
38 set to my book that thou receivedst forty pounds of me
in money.

40 **Thrasy.** Ay, sir, it was your device that, to colour the

42 | statute, but your conscience knows what I had.

44 | **Alcon.** [*To Thrasybulus*] Friend, thou speakest
 45 | Hebrew to him when thou talkest to him of conscience;
 46 | for he hath as much conscience about the forfeit of
 47 | an obligation, as my blind mare, God bless her, hath
 48 | over a manger of oats.

50 | **Thrasy.** Then there is no favour, sir?

52 | **Usurer.** Come to-morrow to me, and see how I will
 53 | use thee.

54 | **Thrasy.** No, covetous caterpillar, know that I have
 55 | made extreme shift rather than I would fall into the
 56 | hands of such a ravening panther: and therefore here is
 57 | thy money, and deliver me the recognisance of my
 58 | lands.

60 | *[Thrasybulus offers money.]*

62 | **Usurer.** [*Aside*] What a spite is this! – hath sped of his
 63 | crowns! If he had missed but one half-hour, what
 64 | a goodly farm had I gotten for forty pounds! Well,
 65 | tis my cursed fortune. Oh, have I no shift to make
 66 | him forfeit his recognisance?

68 | **Thrasy.** Come, sir, will you dispatch, and tell your
 69 | money?

72 | *[It strikes four o'clock.]*

74 | **Usurer.** [*Aside*] Stay, what is this a'clock? Four: –
 75 | let me see – "to be paid between the hours of three
 76 | and four in the afternoon": this goes right for me. –
 77 | You, sir, hear you not the clock, and have you not a
 78 | counterpane of your obligation? The hour is past, it
 79 | was to be paid between three and four; and now the
 80 | clock hath strooken four: I will receive none, I'll
 81 | stand to the forfeit of the recognisance.

82 | **Thrasy.** Why, sir, I hope you do but jest; why, 'tis
 83 | but four, and will you for a minute take forfeit of my
 84 | bond? If it were so, sir, I was here before four.

86 | **Usurer.** Why didst thou not tender thy money then? if
 87 | I offer thee injury, take the law of me, complain to the
 88 | judge: I will receive no money.

90 |

92 **Alcon.** Well, sir, I hope you will stand my good
master for my cow. I borrowed thirty shillings on her,
94 and for that I have paid you eighteen-pence a week,
and for her meat you have had her milk, and I tell you,
96 sir, she gives a goodly sup: now, sir, here is your
money.

98 **Usurer.** Hang, beggarly knave! comest to me for a
cow? did I not bind her bought and sold for a penny,
100 and was not thy day to have paid yesterday? Thou
gettest no cow at my hand.

102 **Alcon.** No cow, sir! alas, that word "no cow" goes as
104 cold to my heart as a draught of small drink in a frosty
morning! "No cow," sir! why, alas, alas, Master
106 Usurer, what shall become of me, my wife, and my
poor child?

108 **Usurer.** Thou getst no cow of me, knave! I cannot
110 stand prating with you; I must be gone.

112 **Alcon.** Nay, but hear you, Master Usurer: "no cow!"
Why, sir, here's your thirty shillings: I have paid you
114 eighteen-pence a week, and therefore there is reason I
should have my cow.

116 **Usurer.** What pratest thou? have I not answered thee,
118 thy day is broken?

120 **Alcon.** Why, sir, alas, my cow is a commonwealth
to me! for first, sir, she allows me, my wife, and son,
122 for to banket ourselves withal, butter, cheese, whey,
curds, cream, sod-milk, raw-milk, sour-milk, sweet-
124 milk, and butter-milk: besides, sir, she saved me every
year a penny in almanacs, for she was as good to me as
126 a prognostication; if she had but set up her tail, and
have galloped about the mead, my little boy was able
128 to say, "Oh, father, there will be a storm"; her very tail
was a calendar to me: and now to lose my cow! alas,
130 Master Usurer, take pity upon me!

132 **Usurer.** I have other matters to talk on; farewell,
fellows.

134 **Thrasy.** Why, but, thou covetous churl, wilt thou not
136 receive thy money, and deliver me my recognisance?

138 **Usurer.** I'll deliver thee none; if I have wronged thee,

seek thy mends at the law.

140

[Exit.]

142

Thrasylus. And so I will, insatiable peasant.

144

Alcon. And, sir, rather than I will put up this word "no cow," I will lay my wife's best gown to pawn. I tell you, sir, when the slave uttered this word "no cow," it struck to my heart, for my wife shall never have one so fit for her turn again; for, indeed, sir, she is a woman that hath her twiddling-strings broke.

146

148

150

152

Thrasylus. What meanest thou by that, fellow?

154

Alcon. Marry, sir, sir-reverence of your manhood, she breaks wind behind; and indeed, sir, when she sat milking of her cow and let a fart, my other cows would start at the noise, and kick down the milk and away; but this cow, sir, the gentlest cow! my wife might blow whilst she burst: and having such good conditions, shall the Usurer come upon me with "no cow"? Nay, sir, before I pocket up this word "no cow," my wife's gown goes to the lawyer: why, alas, sir, 'tis as ill a word to me as "no crown" to a king!

156

158

160

162

164

Thrasylus. Well, fellow, go with me, and I'll help thee to a lawyer.

166

168

Alcon. Marry, and I will, sir. No cow! well, the world goes hard.

170

[Exeunt.]

172

Oseas. Where hateful usury
Is counted husbandry;
Where merciless men rob the poor,
And the needy are thrust out of door;
Where gain is held for conscience,
And men's pleasure is all on pence;
Where young gentlemen forfeit their lands,
Through riot, into the usurer's hands;
Where poverty is despised, and pity banished,
And mercy indeed utterly vanished:
Where men esteem more of money than of God,
Let that land look to feel his wrathful rod:
For there is no sin more odious in His sight
Than where usury defrauds the poor of his right.

174

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188 | London, take heed, these sins abound in thee;
The poor complain, the widows wrongèd be;
The gentlemen by subtlety are spoiled;
190 | The ploughmen lose the crop for which they toiled:
Sin reigns in thee, O London, every hour:
192 | Repent, and tempt not thus the heavenly power.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Palace of Rasni.

*Enter Remilia, with Alvida and a train of Ladies,
in all royalty.*

- 1 **Remil.** Fair queens, yet handmaids unto Rasni's love,
2 Tell me, is not my state as glorious
As Juno's pomp, when tired with Heaven's despoil,
4 Clad in her vestments spotted all with stars,
She crossed the silver path unto her Jove?
6 Is not Remilia far more beauteous,
Riched with the pride of nature's excellence,
8 Than Venus in the brightest of her shine?
My hairs, surpass they not Apollo's locks?
10 Are not my tresses curlèd with such art
As Love delights to hide him in their fair?
12 Doth not mine eyne shine like the morning lamp
That tells Aurora when her love will come?
14 Have I not stol'n the beauty of the heavens,
And placed it on the feature of my face?
16 Can any goddess make compare with me,
Or match her with the fair Remilia?
18
19 **Alvida.** The beauties that proud Paris saw fro Troy,
20 Mustering in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not so gorgeous as Remilia.
22
23 **Remil.** I have tricked my trammels up with richest balm,
24 And made my perfumes of the purest myrrh:
The precious drugs that Aegypt's wealth affords,
26 The costly paintings fetched from curious Tyre,
Have mended in my face what nature missed.
28 Am I not the earth's wonder in my looks?
30 **Alvida.** The wonder of the earth, and pride of Heaven.
32 **Remil.** Look, Alvida, a hair stands not amiss;
For women's locks are trammels of conceit,
34 Which do entangle Love for all his wiles.
36 **Alvida.** Madam, unless you coy it trick and trim,
And play the civil wanton ere you yield,
38 Smiting disdain of pleasures with your tongue,

40 Patting your princely Rasni on the cheek
 When he presumes to kiss without consent,
 You mar the market: beauty naught avails:
 42 You must be proud; for pleasures hardly got
 Are sweet if once attained.

44
Remil. Fair Alvida,
 46 Thy counsel makes Remilia passing wise.
 Suppose that thou wert Rasni's mightiness,
 48 And I Remilia, prince of excellence.

50 **Alvida.** "I would be master then of love and thee."

52 **Remil.** "'of love and me!' Proud and disdainful king,
 Dar'st thou presume to touch a deity,
 54 Before she grace thee with a yielding smile?"

56 **Alvida.** "Tut, my Remilia, be not thou so coy;
 Say nay, and take it."

58
Remil. "Careless and unkind!
 60 Talks Rasni to Remilia in such sort
 As if I did enjoy a human form?
 62 Look on thy love, behold mine eyes divine,
 And dar'st thou twit me with a woman's fault?
 64 Ah Rasni, thou art rash to judge of me.
 I tell thee, Flora oft hath wooed my lips,
 66 To lend a rose to beautify her spring;
 The sea-nymphs fetch their lilies from my cheeks:
 68 Then thou unkind!" – and hereon would I weep.

70 **Alvida.** And here would Alvida resign her charge;
 For were I but in thought th' Assyrian king,
 72 I needs must quite thy tears with kisses sweet,
 And crave a pardon with a friendly touch:
 74 You know it, madam, though I teach it not,
 The touch I mean, you smile whenas you think it.

76
Remil. How am I pleased to hear thy pretty prate,
 78 According to the humour of my mind! –
 Ah, nymphs, who fairer than Remilia?
 80 The gentle winds have wooed me with their sighs,
 The frowning air hath cleared when I did smile;
 82 And when I tract upon the tender grass,
 Love, that makes warm the centre of the earth,
 84 Lift up his crest to kiss Remilia's foot;
 Juno still entertains her amorous Jove
 86 With new delights, for fear he look on me;

88 The phoenix' feathers are become my fan,
 For I am beauty's phoenix in this world.
 Shut close these curtains straight, and shadow me,
 90 For fear Apollo spy me in his walks,
 And scorn all eyes, to see Remilia's eyes.
 92 Nymphs, eunuchs, sing, for Mavors draweth nigh:
 Hide me in closure, let him long to look:
 94 For were a goddess fairer than am I,
 I'll scale the heavens to pull her from the place.

96
 [They draw the curtains, and music plays.]

98
Alvida. Believe me, though she say that she is fairest,
 100 I think my penny silver by her leave.

102
*Enter Rasni and Radagon, with Lords in pomp,
 who make a ward about Rasni;
 104 with them the Magi in great pomp.*

106 **Rasni.** Magi, for love of Rasni, by your art,
 By magic frame an arbour out of hand,
 108 For fair Remilia to disport her in.
 Meanwhile, I will bethink me on further pomp.

110
 [Exit Rasni.]

112
 [The Magi with their rods beat the ground,
 114 and from under the same rises a brave arbour;

116
*Rasni returns in another suit,
 while the trumpets sound.]*

118
Rasni. Blest be ye, men of art, that grace me thus,
 120 And blessèd be this day where Hymen hies
 To join in union pride of Heaven and earth!

122
Lightning and thunder, wherewith Remilia is strooken.

124
 What wondrous threatening noise is this I hear?
 126 What flashing lightnings trouble our delights?
 When I draw near Remilia's royal tent,
 128 I waking dream of sorrow and mishap.

130 **Radag.** Dread not, O king, at ordinary chance;
 These are but common exhalatiöns,
 132 Drawn from the earth, in substance hot and dry,
 Or moist and thick, or meteors combust,
 134 Matters and causes incident to time,

Enkindled in the fiery region first.
 136 Tut, be not now a Roman augurer:
 Approach the tent, look on Remilia.
 138
Rasni. Thou hast confirmed my doubts, kind Radagon. –
 140 Now ope, ye folds, where queen of favour sits,
 Carrying a net within her curlèd locks,
 142 Wherein the Graces are entangled oft;
 Ope like th' imperial gates where Phoebus sits,
 144 Whenas he means to woo his Clytia. –
 Nocturnal cares, ye blemishers of bliss,
 146 Cloud not mine eyes whilst I behold her face. –
 Remilia, my delight! – she answereth not.
 148

[He draws the curtains,
 150 and finds her stroken black with thunder.]

 152 How pale! as if bereaved in fatal meads,
 The balmy breath hath left her bosom quite:
 154 My Hesperus by cloudy death is blent. –
 [To Attendants] Villains, away, fetch syrups of the Ind,
 156 Fetch balsomo, the kind preserve of life,
 Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oils, fetch herbs, fetch all,
 158 To fetch her life, or I will faint and die.
 160

[They bring in all these, and offer; naught prevails.]

 162 Herbs, oils of Ind, alas, there naught prevails!
 Shut are the day-bright eyes that made me see;
 164 Locked are the gems of joy in dens of death.
 Yet triumph I on Fate, and he on her:
 166 Malicious mistress of inconstancy,
 Damned be thy name, that hast obscured my joy. –
 168 Kings, viceroyes, princes, rear a royal tomb
 For my Remilia; bear her from my sight,
 170 Whilst I in tears weep for Remilia.
 172

[They bear Remilia's body out.]

 174 **Radag.** What maketh Rasni moody? loss of one?
 As if no more were left so fair as she.
 176 Behold a dainty minion for the nonce, –
 Fair Alvida, the Paphlagonian queen:
 178 Woo her, and leave this weeping for the dead.
 180 **Rasni.** What, woo my subject's wife that honoureth me!
 182 **Radag.** Tut, kings this *meum, tuum* should not know:
 Is she not fair? is not her husband hence?

ACT II, SCENE II.

A Court of Justice in Ninivie.

Enter Alcon and Thrasybulus, with their Lawyer.

1 **Thrasy.** I need not, sir, discourse unto you the duty
2 of lawyers in tendering the right cause of their clients,
3 nor the conscience you are tied unto by higher
4 command: therefore suffice, the Usurer hath done
5 me wrong; you know the case; and, good sir, I have
6 strained myself to give you your fees.

8 **Lawyer.** Sir, if I should any way neglect so manifest a
9 truth, I were to be accused of open perjury, for the case
10 is evident.

12 **Alcon.** And truly, sir, for my case, if you help me
13 not for my matter, why, sir, I and my wife are quite
14 undone; I want my mease of milk when I go to my
15 work, and my boy his bread and butter when he goes
16 to school. Master Lawyer, pity me, for surely, sir,
17 I was fain to lay my wive's best gown to pawn for
18 your fees: when I looked upon it, sir, and saw how
19 handsomely it was daubed with statute-lace, and what
20 a fair mockado cape it had, and then thought how
21 handsomely it became my wife, – truly, sir, my heart
22 is made of butter, it melts at the least persecution, – I
23 fell on weeping; but when I thought on the words the
24 Usurer gave me, "no cow," then, sir, I would have
25 stript her into her smock, but I would make him
26 deliver my cow ere I had done: therefore, good Master
27 Lawyer, stand my friend.

28 **Lawyer.** Trust me, father, I will do for thee as much as
29 for myself.

32 **Alcon.** Are you married, sir?

34 **Lawyer.** Ay, marry, am I, father.

36 **Alcon.** Then good's benison light on you and your
37 good wife, and send her that she be never troubled
38 with my wife's disease.

40 **Lawyer.** Why, what's thy wife's disease?

42 **Alcon.** Truly, sir, she hath two open faults, and one
43 privy fault. Sir, the first is, she is too eloquent for a

44 | poor man, and hath her words of art, for she will call
 46 | me rascal, rogue, runagate, varlet, vagabond, slave,
 knave: why, alas, sir, and these be but holiday-terms,
 48 | but if you heard her working-day words, in faith, sir,
 they be rattlers like thunder, sir; for after the dew
 follows a storm, for then am I sure either to be well
 50 | buffeted, my face scratched, or my head broken: and
 therefore, good Master Lawyer, on my knees I ask it,
 52 | let me not go home again to my wife with this word
 "no cow"; for then she will exercise her two faults
 54 | upon me with all extremity.

56 | **Lawyer.** Fear not, man. But what is thy wive's privy
 fault?

58 | **Alcon.** Truly, sir, that's a thing of nothing; alas, she,
 60 | indeed, sir-reverence of your mastership, doth use to
 break wind in her sleep. – oh, sir, here comes the
 62 | Judge, and the old caitiff the Usurer.

64 | *Enter the Judge, attended, and the Usurer.*

66 | **Usurer.** Sir, here is forty angels for you, and if at any
 time you want a hundreth pound or two, 'tis ready at
 68 | your command, or the feeding of three or four fat
 bullocks: whereas these needy slaves can reward with
 70 | nothing but a cap and a knee; and therefore, I pray you
 sir, favour my case.

72 | **Judge.** Fear not, sir, I'll do what I can for you.

74 | **Usurer.** What, Master Lawyer, what make you here?
 76 | mine adversary for these clients?

78 | **Lawyer.** So it chanceth now, sir.

80 | **Usurer.** I know you know the old proverb, "He is not
 wise that is not wise for himself": I would not be
 82 | disgraced in this action; therefore, here is twenty
 angels; say nothing in the matter, and what you say,
 84 | say to no purpose, for the Judge is my friend.

86 | **Lawyer.** Let me alone, I'll fit your purpose.

88 | **Judge.** Come, where are these fellows that are the
 plaintiffs? what can they say against this honest citizen
 90 | our neighbour, a man of good report amongst all men?

92 | **Alcon.** Truly, Master Judge, he is a man much spoken

94 of; marry, every man's cries are against him, and
 especially we; and therefore I think we have brought
 our Lawyer to touch him with as much law as will
 96 fetch his lands and my cow with a pestilence.

98 **Thrasy.** Sir, I am the other plaintiff, and this is my
 counsellor: I beseech your honour be favourable to me
 100 in equity.

102 **Judge.** Oh, Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this
 gentleman's behalf?
 104

Lawyer. Faith, sir, as yet little good. – [*To*
 106 *Thrasybulus*] Sir, tell you your own case to the
 Judge, for I have so many matters in my head, that
 108 I have almost forgotten it.

110 **Thrasy.** Is the wind in that door? Why then, my lord,
 thus. I took upon this cursed Usurer, for so I may well
 112 term him, a commodity of forty pounds, whereof I
 received ten pound in money, and thirty pound in lute-
 114 strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but
 five pounds: for the assurance of this bad commodity I
 116 bound him my land in recognisance: I came at my day,
 and tendered him his money, and he would not take it:
 118 for the redress of my open wrong I crave but justice.

120 **Judge.** What say you to this, sir?

122 **Usurer.** That first he had no lute-strings of me; for,
 look you, sir, I have his own hand to my book for the
 124 receipt of forty pound.

126 **Thrasy.** That was, sir, but a device of him to colour
 the statute.
 128

Judge. Well, he hath thine own hand, and we can
 130 crave no more in law. – [*To the Usurer*] But now, sir,
 he says his money was tendered at the day and hour.
 132

Usurer. This is manifest contrary, sir, and on that I
 134 will depose; for here is the obligation, "to be paid
 between three and four in the afternoon," and the clock
 136 strook four before he offered it, and the words be
 "between three and four," therefore to be tendered
 138 before four.

140 **Thrasy.** Sir, I was there before four, and he held me
 with brabbling till the clock strook, and then for the

142 | breach of a minute he refused my money, and kept the
 144 | recognisance of my land for so small a trifle. – Good
 146 | Signor Mizaldo, speak what is law; you have your fee,
 148 | you have heard what the case is, and therefore do me
 150 | justice and right: I am a young gentleman, and speak
 152 | for my patrimony.

148 | **Lawyer.** Faith, sir, the case is altered; you told me it
 150 | before in another manner: the law goes quite against
 152 | you, and therefore you must plead to the Judge for
 154 | favour.

154 | **Thrasy.** [*Aside*] O execrable bribery!

156 | **Alcon.** Faith, Sir Judge, I pray you let me be the
 158 | gentleman's counsellor, for I can say thus much in his
 160 | defence, that the Usurer's clock is the swiftest clock in
 162 | all the town: 'tis, sir, like a woman's tongue, it goes
 164 | ever half-an-hour before the time; for when we were
 166 | gone from him, other clocks in the town strook four.

162 | **Judge.** Hold thy prating, fellow: – [*To Thrasybulus*]
 164 | and you, young gentleman, this is my ward: look better
 166 | another time both to your bargains and to the payments;
 168 | for I must give flat sentence against you, that, for
 170 | default of tendering the money between the hours, you
 172 | have forfeited your recognisance, and he to have the
 174 | land.

170 | **Thrasy.** [*Aside*] O inspeakable injustice!

172 | **Alcon.** [*Aside*] O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten
 174 | Judge!

176 | **Judge.** Now you, fellow, what have you to say for
 178 | your matter?

178 | **Alcon.** Master Lawyer, I laid my wive's gown to pawn
 180 | for your fees: I pray you, to this gear.

182 | **Lawyer.** Alas, poor man, thy matter is out of my head,
 184 | and therefore, I pray thee, tell it thyself.

184 | **Alcon.** I hold my cap to a noble, that the Usurer hath
 186 | given him some gold, and he, chawing it in his mouth,
 188 | hath got the toothache that he cannot speak.

188 | **Judge.** Well, sirrah, I must be short, and therefore say

190 on.

192 **Alcon.** Master Judge, I borrowed of this man thirty
 194 shillings, for which I left him in pawn my good cow;
 the bargain was, he should have eighteen-pence a
 196 week, and the cow's milk for usury: now, sir, as soon
 as I had gotten the money, I brought it him, and broke
 198 but a day, and for that he refused his money, and keeps
 my cow, sir.

200 **Judge.** Why, thou hast given sentence against thyself,
 for in breaking thy day thou hast lost thy cow.

202
 204 **Alcon.** Master Lawyer, now for my ten shillings.

206 **Lawyer.** Faith, poor man, thy case is so bad, I shall
 but speak against thee.

208 **Alcon.** 'Twere good, then, I should have my ten
 shillings again.

210 **Lawyer.** 'Tis my fee, fellow, for coming: wouldst thou
 212 have me come for nothing?

214 **Alcon.** Why, then, am I like to go home, not only with
 no cow, but no gown: this gear goes hard.

216 **Judge.** Well, you have heard what favour I can shew
 218 you: I must do justice. – Come, Master Mizaldo, – and
 you, sir, go home with me to dinner.

220 **Alcon.** Why, but, Master Judge, no cow! – and,
 222 Master Lawyer, no gown!
 Then must I clean run out of the town.

224
 226 [Exeunt Judge, Attended, Lawyer, and Usurer.]

228 How cheer you, gentleman? you cry "no lands" too;
 the Judge hath made you a knight for a gentleman,
 hath dubbed you Sir John Lack-land.

230 **Thrasyl.** O miserable time, wherein gold is above
 232 God!

234 **Alcon.** Fear not, man; I have yet a fetch to get thy
 236 lands and my cow again, for I have a son in the court,
 that is either a king or a king's fellow, and to him will
 I go and complain on the Judge and the Usurer both.

238

240 **Thrasylus.** And I will go with thee, and entreat him for
my case.

242 **Alcon.** But how shall I go home to my wife, when I
shall have nothing to say unto her but "no cow"? alas,
244 sir, my wife's faults will fall upon me!

246 **Thrasylus.** Fear not; let's go; I'll quiet her, shalt see.

248 [Exeunt.]

250 **Oseas.** Fly, judges, fly corruption in your court;
The judge of truth hath made your judgment short.

252 Look so to judge, that at the latter day
Ye be not judged with those that wend astray.

254 Who passeth judgment for his private gain,
He well may judge he is adjudged to pain.

ACT II, SCENE III.

A Street near the King's Palace.

Enter Adam and the crew of Ruffians drunk.

1 **Adam.** Farewell, gentle tapster. – Masters, as good ale
2 as ever was tapped; look to your feet, for the ale is
strong. – Well, farewell, gentle tapster.

4
6 **1st Ruf.** [*to 2nd Ruf.*] Why, sirrah slave, by Heaven's
maker, thinkest thou the wench loves thee best because
she laughed on thee? give me but such another word,
8 and I will throw the pot at thy head.

10 **Adam.** Spill no drink, spill no drink, the ale is good:
I'll tell you what, ale is ale, and so I'll commend me to
12 you with hearty commendations. – Farewell, gentle
tapster.

14
16 **2nd Ruf.** Why, wherefore, peasant, scornst thou that
the wench should love me? look but on her, and I'll
thrust my dagger in thy bosom.

18
20 **1st Ruf.** Well, sirrah, well, th'art as th'art, and so I'll
take thee.

22 **2nd Ruf.** Why, what am I?

24 **1st Ruf.** Why, what thou wilt; a slave.

26 **2nd Ruf.** Then take that, villain, and learn how thou
use me another time.

28
30 *[Stabs 1st Ruffian.]*

32 **1st Ruf.** Oh, I am slain!

[Dies.]

34
36 **2nd Ruf.** That's all one to me, I care not. Now will I
in to my wench, and call for a fresh pot.

38 *[Exit: followed by all except Adam.]*

40 **Adam.** Nay, but hear ye, take me with ye, for the ale
is ale. – Cut a fresh toast, tapster, fill me a pot; here is
42 money, I am no beggar, I'll follow thee as long as the
ale lasts. – A pestilence on the blocks for me, for I

44 | might have had a fall: well, if we shall have no ale,
 45 | I'll sit me down: and so farewell, gentle tapster.

46 | *[Here he falls over the dead man.]*

48 | *Enter Rasni, Alvida, the King of Cilicia,*
 50 | *Lords, and Attendants.*

52 | **Rasni.** What slaughtered wretch lies bleeding here his last,
 53 | So near the royal palace of the king?
 54 | Search out if any one be biding nigh,
 55 | That can discourse the manner of his death. –
 56 | Seat thee, fair Alvida, the fair of fairs;
 57 | Let not the object once offend thine eyes.

58 | **Ist Lord.** Here's one sits here asleep, my lord.

60 | **Rasni.** Wake him, and make inquiry of this thing.

62 | **Ist Lord.** Sirrah, you! hearest thou, fellow?

64 | **Adam.** If you will fill a fresh pot, here's a penny, or
 65 | else farewell, gentle tapster.

68 | **Ist Lord.** He is drunk, my lord.

70 | **Rasni.** We'll sport with him, that Alvida may laugh.

72 | **Ist Lord.** Sirrah, thou fellow, thou must come to the
 73 | king.

74 | **Adam.** I will not do a stroke of work to-day, for the
 75 | ale is good ale, and you can ask but a penny for a pot,
 76 | no more by the statute.

78 | **Ist Lord.** Villain, here's the king; thou must come to
 79 | him.

82 | **Adam.** The king come to an ale-house! – Tapster, fill
 83 | me three pots. – Where's the king? is this he? – Give
 84 | me your hand, sir: as good ale as ever was tapped; you
 85 | shall drink while your skin crack.

86 | **Rasni.** But hearest thou, fellow, who killed this man?

88 | **Adam.** I'll tell you, sir, – if you did taste of the ale, –
 89 | all Ninivie hath not such a cup of ale, it flowers in the
 90 | cup, sir; by my troth, I spent eleven pence, beside three
 91 | races of ginger –
 92 |

94 **Rasni.** Answer me, knave, to my question, how came
this man slain?

96

Adam. Slain! why [the] ale is strong ale, 'tis huffcap; I
98 warrant you, 'twill make a man well. – Tapster, ho! for
the king a cup of ale and a fresh toast; here's two races
100 more.

102 **Alvida.** Why, good fellow, the king talks not of drink;
he would have thee tell him how this man came dead.

104

Adam. Dead! nay, I think I am alive yet, and will
106 drink a full pot ere night: [*To Alvida*] but hear ye, if
ye be the wench that filled us drink, why, so, do your
108 office, and give us a fresh pot; or if you be the tapster's
wife, why, so, wash the glass clean.

110

Alvida. He is so drunk, my lord, there is no talking
112 with him.

114 **Adam.** Drunk! nay, then, wench, I am not drunk:
thou'rt shitten quean to call me drunk; I tell thee I am
116 not drunk, I am a smith, I.

118

Enter the Smith.

120 **1st Lord.** Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

122 **Smith.** God save you, master.

124 **Rasni.** Smith, canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

126 **Smith.** May it please your highness, my man here and
a crew of them went to the ale-house, and came out so
128 drunk that one of them killed another; and now, sir, I
am fain to leave my shop, and come to fetch him
130 home.

132 **Rasni.** Some of you carry away the dead body:
drunken men must have their fits; and, sirrah smith,
134 hence with thy man.

136 **Smith.** Sirrah, you, rise, come go with me.

138 **Adam.** If we shall have a pot of ale, let's have it;
here's money; hold, tapster, take my purse.

140

Smith. Come, then, with me, the pot stands full in the
142 house.

144 **Adam.** I am for you, let's go, thou'rt an honest tapster:
we'll drink six pots ere we part.

146

[*Exeunt Smith, Adam;
and Attendants with the dead body.*]

148

150 **Rasni.** Beauteous, more bright than beauty in mine eyes,
Tell me, fair sweeting, want'st thou anything
152 Contained within the threefold circle of the world,
That may make Alvida live full content?

154

Alvida. Nothing, my lord; for all my thoughts are pleased,
156 Whenas mine eye surfeits with Rasni's sight.

158

Enter the King of Paphlagonia malcontent.

160 **Rasni.** Look how thy husband haunts our royal courts,
How still his sight breeds melancholy storms.
162 Oh, Alvida, I am passing passionate,
And vexed with wrath and anger to the death!
164 Mars, when he held fair Venus on his knee,
And saw the limping smith come from his forge,
166 Had not more deeper furrows in his brow
Than Rasni hath to see this Paphlagon.

168

Alvida. Content thee, sweet, I'll salve thy sorrow straight;
170 Rest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,
And if I make not Rasni blithe again,
172 Then say that women's fancies have no shifts.

174 **K. of Paph.** Sham'st thou not, Rasni, though thou be'st a king,
To shroud adultery in thy royal seat?
176 Art thou arch-ruler of great Ninivie,
Who shouldst excel in virtue as in state,
178 And wrong'st thy friend by keeping back his wife?
Have I not battled in thy troops full oft,
180 'Gainst Aegypt, Jewry, and proud Babylon,
Spending my blood to purchase thy renown,
182 And is the guerdon of my chivalry
Ended in this abusing of my wife?
184 Restore her me, or I will from thy courts,
And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.

186

Rasni. Why, take her, Paphlagon, exclaim not, man;
188 For I do prize mine honour more than love. —
Fair Alvida, go with thy husband home.

190

Alvida. How dare I go, shamed with so deep misdeed?

192 | Revenge will broil within my husband's breast,
 And when he hath me in the court at home,
 194 | Then Alvida shall feel revenge for all.

196 | **Rasni.** What say'st thou, King of Paphlagon, to this?
 Thou hear'st the doubt thy wife doth stand upon.
 198 | If she hath done amiss, it is my fault;
 I prithee, pardon and forget [it] all.

200 | **K. of Paph.** If that I meant not, Rasni, to forgive,
 202 | And quite forget the follies that are past,
 I would not vouch her presence in my court;
 204 | But she shall be my queen, my love, my life,
 And Alvida unto her Paphlagon,
 206 | And loved, and more belovèd than before.

208 | **Rasni.** What say'st thou, Alvida, to this?

210 | **Alvida.** That, will he swear it to my lord the king,
 And in a full carouse of Greekish wine
 212 | Drink down the malice of his deep revenge,
 I will go home and love him new again.

214 | **Rasni.** What answers Paphlagon?

216 | **K. of Paph.** That what she hath requested, I will do.

218 | **Alvida.** [To Attendant]
 220 | Go, damosel, [and] fetch me that sweet wine
 That stands within my closet on the shelf;
 222 | Pour it into a standing-bowl of gold,
 But, on thy life, taste not before the king:
 224 | Make haste.

226 | *[Exit Female Attendant.]*

228 | Why is great Rasni melancholy thus?
 If promise be not kept, hate all for me.

230 | *[Wine brought in by Female Attendant.]*

232 | Here is the wine, my lord: first make him swear.

234 | *[The King of Paphlagonia takes the bowl.]*

236 | **K. of Paph.** By Ninivie's great gods, and Ninivie's great king,
 238 | My thoughts shall never be to wrong my wife!
 And thereon here's a full carouse to her.

240 |

[Drinks.]

242
 244 **Alvida.** And thereon, Rasni, here's a kiss for thee;
 Now may'st thou freely fold thine Alvida.

246 **K. of Paph.** Oh, I am dead! obstructions of my breath!
 The poison is of wondrous sharp effect.
 248 Cursèd be all adulterous queans, say I!
 And cursing so, poor Paphlagon doth die.

250

[Dies.]

252

Alvida. Now, have I not salved the sorrows of my lord?
 254 Have I not rid a rival of thy loves?
 What say'st thou, Rasni, to thy paramour?

256

Rasni. That for this deed I'll deck my Alvida
 258 In sendal and in costly sussapine,
 Bordered with pearl and India diamond.
 260 I'll cause great Aeöl perfume all his winds
 With richest myrrh and curious ambergreece.
 262 Come, lovely minion, paragon for fair,
 Come, follow me, sweet goddess of mine eye,
 264 And taste the pleasures Rasni will provide.

266

[Exeunt.]

268 **Oseas.** Where whoredom reigns, there murder follows fast,
 As falling leaves before the winter blast.
 270 A wicked life, trained up in endless crime,
 Hath no regard unto the latter time,
 272 When lechers shall be punished for their lust,
 When princes plagued because they are unjust.
 274 Foresee in time, the warning bell doth toll;
 Subdue the flesh by prayer to save the soul:
 276 London, behold the cause of others' wrack,
 And see the sword of justice at thy back:
 278 Defer not off, to-morrow is too late;
 By night He comes perhaps to judge thy state.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Somewhere in Israel.

Enter Jonas.

1 **Jonas.** From forth the depth of my imprisoned soul
2 Steal you, my sighs, [to] testify my pain;
Convey on wings of mine immortal tone,
4 My zealous prayers unto the starry throne.
Ah, merciful and just, thou dreadful God!
6 Where is thine arm to lay revengeful strokes
Upon the heads of our rebellious race?
8 Lo, Israel, once that flourished like the vine,
Is barren laid; the beautiful increase
10 Is wholly blent, and irreligious zeal
Encampeth there where virtue was enthroned:
12 Alas, the while the widow wants relief,
The fatherless is wronged by naked need,
14 Devotion sleeps in cinders of contempt,
Hypocrisy infects the holy priest!
16 Ay me, for this! woe me, for these misdeeds!
Alone I walk to think upon the world,
18 And sigh to see thy prophets so contemned,
Alas, contemned by cursèd Israel!
20 Yet, Jonas, rest content, 'tis Israel's sin
That causeth this; then muse no more thereon,
22 But pray amends, and mend thy own amiss.

24 [An Angel appears to Jonas.]

26 **Angel.** Amithai's son, I charge thee muse no more:
I AM hath power to pardon and correct;
28 To thee pertains to do the Lord's command.
Go girt thy loins, and haste thee quickly hence;
30 To Ninivie, that mighty city, wend,
And say this message from the Lord of hosts,
32 Preach unto them these tidings from thy God; –
"Behold, thy wickedness hath tempted me,
34 And piercèd through the nine-fold orbs of Heaven:
Repent, or else thy judgment is at hand."

36 [This said, the Angel vanishes.]

38 **Jonas.** Prostrate I lie before the Lord of hosts,

40 With humble ears intending his behest:
 Ah, honoured be Jehovah's great command!
 42 Then Jonas must to Ninivie repair,
 Commanded as the prophet of the Lord.
 44 Great dangers on this journey do await,
 But dangers none where heavens direct the course.
 46 What should I deem? I see, yea, sighing see,
 How Israel sin[s], yet knows the way of truth,
 48 And thereby grows the byword of the world.
 How, then, should God in judgment be so strict
 50 'Gainst those who never heard or knew his power,
 To threaten utter ruin of them all?
 52 Should I report this judgment of my God,
 I should incite them more to follow sin,
 54 And publish to the world my country's blame.
 It may not be, my conscience tells me – no.
 56 Ah, Jonas, wilt thou prove rebellious then?
 Consider, ere thou fall, what error is.
 58 My mind misgives: to Joppa will I flee,
 And for a while to Tharsus shape my course,
 60 Until the Lord unfret his angry brows.

62 *Enter certain Merchants of Tharsus, a Master,
 and some Sailors.*

64 **Master.** Come on, brave merchants; now the wind doth serve,
 66 And sweetly blows a gale at west-south-west,
 Our yards across, our anchor's on the pike,
 68 What, shall we hence, and take this merry gale?

70 **Ist Merch.** Sailors, convey our budgets straight aboard,
 And we will recompense your pains at last:
 72 If once in safety we may Tharsus see,
 Master, we'll feast these merry mates and thee.

74 **Master.** Meanwhile content yourselves with silly cates;
 76 Our beds are boards, our feasts are full of mirth:
 We use no pomp, we are the lords of sea;
 78 When princes sweat in care, we swink of glee.
 Orion's shoulders and the Pointers serve
 80 To be our loadstars in the lingering night;
 The beauties of Arcturus we behold;
 82 And though the sailor is no bookman held,
 He knows more art than ever bookmen read.

84 **Ist Sailor.** By heavens, well said in honour of our trade!
 86 Let's see the proudest scholar stir his course,

88 Or shift his tides, as silly sailors do;
Then will we yield them praise, else never none.

90 *Ist Merch.* Well spoken, fellow, in thine own behalf.
But let us hence: wind tarries none, you wot,
92 And tide and time let slip is hardly got.

94 *Master.* March to the haven, merchants; I follow you.

96 [Exeunt Merchants.]

98 *Jonas.* [*Aside*] Now doth occasion further my desires;
I find companions fit to aid my flight. –
100 Stay, sir, I pray, and hear a word or two.

102 *Master.* Say on, good friend, but briefly, if you please;
My passengers by this time are aboard.

104 *Jonas.* Whither pretend you to embark yourselves?

106 *Master.* To Tharsus, sir, and here in Joppa-haven
108 Our ship is prest and ready to depart.

110 *Jonas.* May I have passage for my money, then?

112 *Master.* What not for money? pay ten silverlings,
You are a welcome guest, if so you please.

114 *Jonas.* [*Giving money*]
116 Hold, take thy hire; I follow thee, my friend.

118 *Master.* Where is your budget? let me bear it, sir.

120 *Jonas.* To one in peace, who sail[s] as I do now,
Put trust in Him who succoureth every want.

122 [Exeunt.]

124 *Oseas.* When prophets, new-inspired, presume to force
126 And tie the power of Heaven to their conceits;
When fear, promotion, pride, or simony,
128 Ambition, subtle craft, their thoughts disguise,
Woe to the flock whereas the shepherd's foul!
130 For, lo, the Lord at unawares shall plague
The careless guide, because his flocks do stray.
132 The axe already to the tree is set:
Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art.

ACT III, SCENE II.

A Public Place in Ninivie.

Enter Alcon, Thrasybulus, Samia, and Clesiphon.

1 **Clesiph.** Mother, some meat, or else I die for want.

2

3 **Samia.** Ah little boy, how glad thy mother would
4 Supply thy wants, but naked need denies!
5 Thy father's slender portion in this world
6 By usury and false deceit is lost:
7 No charity within this city bides;
8 All for themselves, and none to help the poor.

10 **Clesiph.** Father, shall Clesiphon have no relief?

12 **Alcon.** Faith, my boy, I must be flat with thee, we
13 must feed upon proverbs now; as "Necessity hath no
14 law," "A churl's feast is better than none at all;" for
15 other remedies have we none, except thy brother
16 Radagon help us.

18 **Samia.** Is this thy slender care to help our child?
19 Hath nature armed thee to no more remorse?
20 Ah, cruël man, unkind and pitiless! –
21 Come, Clesiphon, my boy, I'll beg for thee.

22

Clesiph. Oh, how my mother's mourning moveth me!

24

25 **Alcon.** Nay, you shall pay me interest for getting the
26 boy, wife, before you carry him hence: alas, woman,
27 what can Alcon do more? I'll pluck the belly out of my
28 heart for thee, sweet Samia; be not so waspish.

30 **Samia.** Ah silly man, I know thy want is great,
31 And foolish I to crave where nothing is.
32 Haste, Alcon, haste, make haste unto our son;
33 Who, since he is in favour of the king,
34 May help this hapless gentleman and us
35 For to regain our goods from tyrant's hands.

36

37 **Thrasy.** Have patience, Samia, wait your weal from Heaven:
38 The gods have raised your son, I hope, for this,
39 To succour innocents in their distress. –
40 Lo, where he comes from the imperial court;
41 Go, let us prostrate us before his feet.

42

44 **Alcon.** Nay, by my troth, I'll never ask my son's
 45 blessing; che trow, cha taught him his lesson to know
 46 his father.

47 *Enter Radagon, attended.*

48 What, son Radagon! y'faith, boy, how dost thee?
 50

51 **Radag.** Villain, disturb me not; I cannot stay.
 52

53 **Alcon.** Tut, son, I'll help you of that disease quickly,
 54 for I can hold thee: ask thy mother, knave, what
 55 cunning I have to ease a woman when a qualm of
 56 kindness comes too near her stomach; let me but clasp
 57 mine arms about her body, and say my prayers in her
 58 bosom, and she shall be healed presently.

59 **Radag.** Traitor unto my princely majesty,
 60 How dar'st thou lay thy hands upon a king?
 62

63 **Samia.** No traitor, Radagon, but true is he:
 64 What, hath promotion blearèd thus thine eye,
 65 To scorn thy father when he visits thee?
 66 Alas, my son, behold with ruthless eyes
 67 Thy parents robbed of all their worldly weal
 68 By subtle means of usury and guile:
 69 The judge's ears are deaf and shut up close;
 70 All mercy sleeps: then be thou in these plunges
 71 A patron to thy mother in her pains:
 72 Behold thy brother almost dead for food:
 73 Oh, succour us, that first did succour thee!
 74

75 **Radag.** What, succour me! false callet, hence, avaunt!
 76 [To Alcon] Old dotard, pack! move not my patience:
 77 I know you not; kings never look so low.
 78

79 **Samia.** You know us not! Oh Radagon, you know
 80 That, knowing us, you know your parents then;
 81 Thou know'st this womb first brought thee forth to light:
 82 I know these paps did foster thee, my son.

83 **Alcon.** And I know he hath had many a piece of bread
 84 and cheese at my hands, as proud as he is; that know I.
 86

87 **Thrasyl.** I wait no hope of succour in this place,
 88 Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

89 **Radag.** Dare you enforce the furrows of revenge
 90

92 Within the brows of royal Radagon?
 Villain, avaunt! hence, beggars, with your brats! –
 Marshal, why whip you not these rogues away,
 94 That thus disturb our royal majesty?

96 **Clesiph.** Mother, I see it is a wondrous thing,
 From base estate for to become a king;
 98 For why, methink, my brother in these fits
 Hath got a kingdom, but hath lost his wits.

100 **Radag.** Yet more contempt before my royalty? –
 102 [*To Attendants*]
 Slaves, fetch out tortures worse than Tityus' plagues,
 104 And tear their tongues from their blasphemous heads.

106 **Thrasyl.** I'll get me gone, though woe-begone with grief:
 No hope remains: – come, Alcon, let us wend.

108 **Radag.** 'Twere best you did, for fear you catch your bane.

110 [*Exit Thrasylulus.*]

112 **Samia.** [*To Radagon*]
 114 Nay, traitor, I will haunt thee to the death:
 Ungracious son, untoward, and perverse,
 116 I'll fill the heavens with echoes of thy pride,
 And ring in every ear thy small regard,
 118 That dost despise thy parents in their wants;
 And breathing forth my soul before thy feet,
 120 My curses still shall haunt thy hateful head,
 And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

122 *Enter Rasni, attended on by his Magi and Kings.*

124 **Rasni.** How now! what mean these outcries in our court,
 126 Where naught should sound but harmonies of Heaven?
 What maketh Radagon so passionate?

128 **Samia.** Justice, O king, justice against my son!

130 **Rasni.** Thy son! what son?

132 **Samia.** This cursèd Radagon.

134 **Radag.** Dread monarch, this is but a lunacy,
 136 Which grief and want hath brought the woman to. –
 [*To Samia*] What, doth this passion hold you every moon?

138

140 **Samia.** Oh, politic in sin and wickedness,
 Too impudent for to delude thy prince! –
 Oh Rasni, this same womb first brought him forth:
 142 This is his father, worn with care and age,
 This is his brother, poor unhappy lad,
 144 And I his mother, though contemned by him.
 With tedious toil we got our little good,
 146 And brought him up to school with mickle charge:
 Lord, how we joyed to see his towardness!
 148 And to ourselves we oft in silence said,
 This youth when we are old may succour us.
 150 But now preferred and lifted up by thee,
 We quite destroyed by cursèd usury,
 152 He scorneth me, his father, and this child.

154 **Clesiph.** He plays the serpent right, described in Aesop's tale,
 That sought the foster's death, that lately gave him life.
 156

158 **Alcon.** Nay, an please your majesty-ship, for proof he
 was my child, search the parish-book: the clark will
 swear it, his godfathers and godmothers can witness it:
 160 it cost me forty pence in ale and cakes on the wives at
 his christening. – Hence, proud king! thou shalt never
 162 more have my blessing!

164 **Rasni.** [*Taking Radagon apart*]
 Say sooth in secret, Radagon,
 166 Is this thy father?

168 **Radag.** Mighty king, he is;
 I blushing tell it to your majesty.
 170

172 **Rasni.** Why dost thou, then, contemn him and his friends?

174 **Radag.** Because he is a base and abject swain,
 My mother and her brat both beggarly,
 Unmeet to be allied unto a king.
 176 Should I, that look on Rasni's countenance,
 And march amidst his royal equipage,
 178 Embase myself to speak to such as they?
 'Twere impious so to impair the love
 180 That mighty Rasni bears to Radagon.
 I would your grace would quit them from your sight,
 182 That dare presume to look on Jove's compare.

184 **Rasni.** I like thy pride, I praise thy policy;
 Such should they be that wait upon my court:
 186 Let me alone to answer, Radagon. –

188 Villains, seditious traitors, as you be,
 That scandalise the honour of a king,
 Depart my court, you stales of impudence,
 190 Unless you would be parted from your limbs!
 Too base for to entitle fatherhood
 192 To Rasni's friend, to Rasni's favourite.

194 **Radag.** Hence, begging scold! hence, caitiff clogged with years!
 On pain of death, revisit not the court.
 196 Was I conceived by such a scurvy trull,
 Or brought to light by such a lump of dirt?
 198 Go, losel, trot it to the cart and spade!
 Thou art unmeet to look upon a king,
 200 Much less to be the father of a king.

202 **Alcon.** You may see, wife, what a goodly piece of
 work you have made: have I taught you arsmetry, as
 204 *additiori multiplicarum*, the rule of three, and all for
 the begetting of a boy, and to be banished for my
 206 labour? O pitiful hearing! – Come, Clesiphon, follow
 me.

208 **Clesiph.** Brother, beware: I oft have heard it told,
 210 That sons who do their fathers scorn, shall beg when they be old.

212 **Radag.** Hence, bastard boy, for fear you taste the whip!

214 *[Exeunt Alcon and Clesiphon.]*

216 **Samia.** Oh all you heavens, and you eternal powers,
 That sway the sword of justice in your hands
 218 (If mother's curses for her son's contempt
 May fill the balance of your fury full,)
 220 Pour down the tempest of your direful plagues
 Upon the head of cursèd Radagon!

222 *[A flame of fire appears from beneath;
 224 and Radagon is swallowed.]*

226 So you are just: now triumph, Samia!

228 *[Exit Samia.]*

230 **Rasni.** What exorcising charm, or hateful hag,
 Hath ravishèd the pride of my delight?
 232 What tortuous planets, or malevolent
 Conspiring power, repining destiny,
 234 Hath made the concave of the earth unclose,
 And shut in ruptures lovely Radagon?

236 | If I be lord commander of the clouds,
 King of the earth, and sovereign of the seas,
 238 | What daring Saturn, from his fiery den,
 Doth dart these furious flames amidst my court? –
 240 | I am not chief, there is more great then I:
 What, greater than th' Assyrian Satrapos?
 242 | It may not be, and yet I fear there is,
 That hath bereft me of my Radagon.
 244 | *Ist Magus.* Monarch, and potentate of all our provinces.
 246 | Muse not so much upon this accident,
 Which is indeed nothing miraculous.
 248 | The hill of Sicily, dread sovereign,
 Sometime on sudden doth evacuate
 250 | Whole flakes of fire, and spews out from below
 The smoky brands that Vulcan's bellows drive:
 252 | Whether by winds enclosed in the earth,
 Or fracture of the earth by river's force,
 254 | Such chances as was this are often seen;
 Whole cities sunk, whole countries drownèd quite.
 256 | Then muse not at the loss of Radagon,
 But frolic with the dalliance of your love.
 258 | Let cloths of purple, set with studs of gold,
 Embellishèd with all the pride of earth,
 260 | Be spread for Alvida to sit upon:
 Then thou, like Mars courting the queen of love,
 262 | Mayst drive away this melancholy fit.
 264 | *Rasni.* The proof is good and philosophical;
 And more, thy counsel plausible and sweet. –
 266 | Come, lords, though Rasni wants his Radagon,
 Earth will repay him many Radagons,
 268 | And Alvida with pleasant looks revive
 The heart that droops for want of Radagon.

[*Exeunt.*]

272 | *Oseas.* When disobedience reigneth in the child,
 274 | And princes' ears by flattery be beguiled;
 When laws do pass by favour, not by truth;
 276 | When falsehood swarmeth both in old and youth;
 When gold is made a god to wrong the poor,
 278 | And charity exiled from rich men's door;
 When men by wit do labour to disprove
 280 | The plagues for sin sent down by God above;
 Where great men's ears are stop[ped] to good advice,
 282 | And apt to hear those tales that feed their vice;

284 | Woe to the land! for from the East shall rise
A Lamb of peace, the scourge of vanities,
The judge of truth, the patron of the just,
286 | Who soon will lay presumption in the dust,
And give the humble poor their hearts' desire,
288 | And doom the worldlings to eternal fire:
Repent, all you that hear, for fear of plagues.
290 | O London, this and more doth swarm in thee!
Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth see:
With trembling pray, and mend what is amiss;
The sword of justice drawn already is.

ACT III, SCENE III.*Within the Smith's House.**Enter Adam and the Smith's Wife.*

1 **Adam.** Why, but hear you, mistress: you know a
 2 woman's eyes are like a pair of pattens, fit to save
 shoe-leather in summer, and to keep away the cold in
 4 winter; so you may like your husband with the one
 eye, because you are married, and me with the other,
 6 because I am your man. Alas, alas! think, mistress,
 what a thing love is: why, it is like to an ostry-faggot,
 8 that, once set on fire, is as hardly quenched as the bird
 crocodile driven out of her nest.

10
 12 **S's Wife.** Why, Adam, cannot a woman wink but she
 must sleep? and can she not love but she must cry it
 out at the cross? Know, Adam, I love thee as myself,
 14 now that we are together in secret.

16 **Adam.** Mistress, these words of yours are like to a
 fox-tail placed in a gentlewoman's fan, which, as it is
 18 light, so it giveth life: Oh, these words are as sweet as
 a lily! whereupon, offering a borachio of kisses to your
 20 unseemly personage, I entertain you upon further
 acquaintance.

22
 24 **S's Wife.** Alas, my husband comes!

Adam. Strike up the drum,
 26 And say no words but mum.

Enter the Smith.

30 **Smith.** Sirrah, you, and you, huswife, well taken
 together! I have long suspected you, and now I am
 32 glad I have found you together.

34 **Adam.** Truly, sir, and I am glad that I may do you any
 way pleasure, either in helping you or my mistress.

36
 38 **Smith.** Boy, hear, and, knave, you shall know it
 straight; I will have you both before the magistrate,
 and there have you surely punished.

40
 42 **Adam.** Why, then, master, you are jealous?

44 **Smith.** Jealous, knave! how can I be but jealous, to
see you ever so familiar together? Thou art not only
content to drink away my goods, but to abuse my wife.

46
48 **Adam.** Two good qualities, drunkenness and lechery:
but, master, are you jealous?

50 **Smith.** Ay, knave, and thou shalt know it ere I pass,
for I will beswinge thee while this rope will hold.

52
54 **S's Wife.** My good husband, abuse him not, for he
never proffered you any wrong.

56 **Smith.** Nay, whore, thy part shall not be behind.

58 **Adam.** Why, suppose, master, I have offended you,
is it lawful for the master to beat the servant for all
60 offences?

62 **Smith.** Ay, marry, is it, knave.

64 **Adam.** Then, master, will I prove by logic, that seeing
all sins are to receive correction, the master is to be
66 corrected of the man. And, sir, I pray you, what greater
sin is than jealousy? 'tis like a mad dog that for anger
68 bites himself: therefore that I may do my duty to you,
good master, and to make a white son of you, I will so
70 beswinge jealousy out of you, as you shall love me the
better while you live.

72
74 **Smith.** What, beat thy master, knave?

76 **Adam.** What, beat thy man, knave? and, ay, master,
and double beat you, because you are a man of credit;
and therefore have at you the fairest for forty pence.

78
80 [Beats the Smith.]

82 **Smith.** Alas, wife, help, help! my man kills me.

84 **S's Wife.** Nay, even as you have baked, so brew:
jealousy must be driven out by extremities.

86 **Adam.** And that will I do, mistress.

88 **Smith.** Hold thy hand, Adam; and not only I forgive
and forget all, but I will give thee a good farm to live
90 on.

92 **Adam.** Begone, peasant, out of the compass of my

94 further wrath, for I am a corrector of vice; and at night
I will bring home my mistress.

96 **Smith.** Even when you please, good Adam.

98 **Adam.** "When I please", – mark the words – 'tis a
lease-parol, to have and to hold. Thou shalt be mine
100 for ever: and so let's go to the ale-house.

102 [Exeunt.]

104 **Oseas.** Where servants against masters do rebel,
The commonweal may be accounted hell;
106 For if the feet the head shall hold in scorn,
The city's state will fall and be forlorn.
108 This error, London, waiteth on thy state:
Servants, amend, and, masters, leave to hate;
110 Let love abound, and virtue reign in all;
So God will hold his hand, that threateneth thrall.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Joppa.

*Enter the Merchants of Tharsus, the Master of the
Ship and some Sailors, wet from the sea;
with them the Governor of Joppa.*

1 **Gov.** What strange encounters met you on the sea,
2 That thus your bark is battered by the floods,
And you return thus sea-wracked as I see?

4 **Ist Merch.** Most mighty Governor, the chance is strange,
6 The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
Which, better than we, our Master can report.

8 **Gov.** Master, discourse us all the accident.

10 **Master.** The fair Trionēs with their glimmering light
12 Smiled at the foot of clear Boötes' wain,
And in the north, distinguishing the hours,
14 The loadstar of our course dispersed his clear;
When to the seas with blitheful western blasts
16 We sailed amain, and let the bowling fly.
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,
18 But, lo, an host of black and sable clouds
Gan to eclipse Lucina's silver face;
20 And, with a hurling noise from forth the south,
A gust of wind did rear the billows up.
22 Then scantled we our sails with speedy hands,
And took our drablers from our bonnets straight,
24 And severèd our bonnets from the courses:
Our topsails up, we truss our spritsails in;
26 But vainly strive they that resist the heavens.
For, lo, the waves incense them more and more,
28 Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth;
Our bark is battered by encountering storms,
30 And well-nigh stemmed by breaking of the floods.
The steersman, pale and careful, holds his helm,
32 Wherein the trust of life and safety lay:
Till all at once (a mortal tale to tell)
34 Our sails were split by Bisa's bitter blast.
Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope.
36 There might you see, with pale and ghastly looks,

38 The dead in thought, and doleful merchants lifts
 Their eyes and hands unto their country's gods.
 The goods we cast in bowels of the sea,
 40 A sacrifice to swage proud Neptune's ire.
 Only alone a man of Israel,
 42 A passenger, did under hatches lie,
 And slept secure, when we for succour prayed:
 44 Him I awoke, and said, "Why slumberest thou?
 Arise, and pray, and call upon thy god;
 46 He will perhaps in pity look on us."
 Then cast we lots to know by whose amiss
 48 Our mischief came, according to the guise;
 And, lo, the lot did unto Jonas fall,
 50 The Israelite of whom I told you last.
 Then question we his country and his name;
 52 Who answered us, "I am an Hebrew born,
 Who fear the Lord of Heaven who made the sea,
 54 And fled from him, for which we all are plagued:
 So, to assuage the fury of my God,
 56 Take me and cast my carcass in the sea;
 Then shall this stormy wind and billow cease."
 58 The heavens they know, the Hebrew's god can tell,
 How loath we were to execute his will:
 60 But when no oars nor labour might suffice,
 We heaved the hapless Jonas overboard.
 62 So ceased the storm, and calmèd all the sea,
 And we by strength of oars recovered shore.
 64
Gov. A wondrous chance of mighty consequence!
 66
Ist Merch. Ah, honoured be the god that wrought the same!
 68 For we have vowed, that saw his wondrous works,
 To cast away profanèd paganism,
 70 And count the Hebrew's god the only god:
 To him this offering of the purest gold,
 72 This myrrh and cassia, freely I do yield.
 74 **Master.** And on his altar's perfume these Turkey cloths,
 This gassampine and gold, I'll sacrifice.
 76
Ist Sailor. To him my heart and thoughts I will addict.
 78 Then suffer us, most mighty Governor,
 Within your temples to do sacrifice.
 80
Gov. You men of Tharsus, follow me.
 82 Who sacrifice unto the God of Heaven
 Are welcome friends to Joppa's Governor.

84

[*Exeunt. A sacrifice.*]

86

Oseas. If warnèd once, the ethnics thus repent,

88

And at the first their error do lament,

What senseless beasts, devourèd in their sin,

90

Are they whom long persuasions cannot win!

Beware, ye western cities, – where the word

92

Is daily preachèd, both at church and board,

Where majesty the gospel doth maintain,

94

Where preachers, for your good, themselves do pain, –

To dally long and still protract the time;

96

The Lord is just, and you but dust and slime:

Presume not far, delay not to amend;

98

Who suffereth long, will punish in the end.

Cast thy account, O London, in this case,

100

Then judge what cause thou hast to call for grace!

ACT IV, SCENE II.*A Beach.**Jonas is cast out of the Whale's belly upon the Stage.*

1 **Jonas.** Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
 2 Behold, thy hands of mercy rears me up!
 Lo, from the hideous bowels of this fish
 4 Thou hast returned me to the wishèd air!
 Lo, here, apparent witness of thy power,
 6 The proud leviathan that scours the seas,
 And from his nostrils showers out stormy floods,
 8 Whose back resists the tempest of the wind,
 Whose presence makes the scaly troops to shake,
 10 With humble stress of his broad-opened chaps,
 Hath lent me harbour in the raging floods!
 12 Thus, though my sin hath drawn me down to death,
 Thy mercy hath restorèd me to life.
 14 Bow ye, my knees; and you, my bashful eyes,
 Weep so for grief as you to water would.
 16 In trouble, Lord, I callèd unto thee;
 Out of the belly of the deepest hell;
 18 I cried, and thou didst hear my voice, O God!
 'Tis thou hadst cast me down into the deep:
 20 The seas and floods did compass me about;
 I thought I had been cast from out thy sight;
 22 The weeds were wrapt about my wretched head;
 I went unto the bottom of the hills:
 24 But thou, O Lord my God, hast brought me up!
 On thee I thought whenas my soul did faint:
 26 My prayers did prease before thy mercy-seat.
 Then will I pay my vows unto the Lord,
 28 For why salvation cometh from his throne.

30 *[The Angel appears.]*

32 **Angel.** Jonas, arise, get thee to Ninivie,
 And preach to them the preachings that I bad;
 34 Haste thee to see the will of Heaven performed.

36 *[The Angel departs.]*

38 **Jonas.** Jehovah, I am prest to do thy will. –
 What coast is this, and where am I arrived?
 40 Behold sweet Lycus streaming in his bounds,
 Bearing the walls of haughty Ninivie,
 42 Whereas three hundred towers do tempt the Heaven.

44 Fair are thy walls, pride of Assyria;
But, lo, thy sins have piercèd through the clouds!
Here will I enter boldly, since I know
46 My God commands, whose power no power resists.

48 [Exit.]

50 **Oseas.** You prophets, learn by Jonas how to live;
Repent your sins, whilst he doth warning give.
52 Who knows his master's will, and doth it not,
Shall suffer many stripes, full well I wot.

ACT IV, SCENE III.

The Garden of Rasni's Palace.

*Enter Alvida in rich attire, and her Ladies,
with the King of Cilicia,*

1 **Alvida.** Ladies, go sit you down amidst this bower,
2 And let the eunuchs play you all asleep:
Put garlands made of roses on your heads,
4 And play the wantons whilst I talk a while.

6 **1st Lady.** Thou beautiful of all the world, we will.

8 *[Ladies enter the bower.]*

10 **Alvida.** King of Cilicia, kind and courteous,
Like to thyself, because a lovely king,
12 Come, lay thee down upon thy mistress' knee,
And I will sing and talk of love to thee.

14 **K. of Cilicia.** Most gracious paragon of excellence,
16 It fits not such an abject prince as I,
To talk with Rasni's paramour and love.

18 **Alvida.** To talk, sweet friend! Who would not talk with thee?
20 Oh, be not coy! art thou not only fair?
Come, twine thine arms about this snow-white neck,
22 A love-nest for the great Assyrian king:
Blushing I tell thee, fair Cilician prince,
24 None but thyself can merit such a grace.

26 **K. of Cilicia.** Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.

28 **Alvida.** No, king, fair king, my meaning is to yoke thee.
Hear me but sing of love, then by my sighs,
30 My tears, my glancing looks, my changèd cheer,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.

32 **K. of Cilicia.** Sing, madam, if you please, but love in jest.

34 **Alvida.** Nay, I will love, and sigh at every rest.

36 *[Sings.]*

38 *Beauty, alas, where wast thou born,
40 Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
Whenas Beauty kissed to woo thee,
42 Thou by Beauty dost undo me:*

Heigh-ho, despise me not!

44

I and thou, in sooth, are one,

46

Fairer thou, I fairer none:

Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,

48

Yield a cruël heart to plant on?

Do me right, and do me reason;

50

Cruëlty is cursèd treason:

Heigh-ho, I love! heigh-ho, I love!

52

Heigh-ho, and yet he eyes me not!

54

K. of Cilicia. Madam, your song is passing passionate.

56

Alvida. And wilt thou not, then, pity my estate?

58

K. of Cilicia. Ask love of them who pity may impart.

60

Alvida. I ask of thee, sweet; thou hast stole my heart.

62

K. of Cilicia. Your love is fixèd on a greater king.

64

Alvida. Tut, women's love it is a fickle thing.

I love my Rasni for my dignity,

66

I love Cilician king for his sweet eye;

I love my Rasni since he rules the world,

68

But more I love this kingly little world.

70

[*Embraces him.*]

72

How sweet he looks! Oh, were I Cynthia's fere,

And thou Endymion, I should hold thee dear:

74

Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,

76

[*Embraces his neck.*]

78

Thus would I kiss my love at every beck;

80

[*Kisses him.*]

82

Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep,

And if thou wak'dst not soon, thus would I weep;

84

And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I love thee.

86

[*Kisses him.*]

88

K. of Cilicia. For all these vows, beshrow me if I prove you:

My faith unto my king shall not be falsed.

90

Alvida. Good Lord, how men are coy when they are craved!

92

K. of Cilicia. Madam, behold our king approacheth nigh.

94
 96 **Alvida.** Thou art Endymion, then, no more: heigh-ho,
 for him I die!

98 [Faints, pointing at the King of Cilicia.]

100 Enter Rasni, with his Kings, Lords, and Magi.

102 **Rasni.** What ails the centre of my happiness,
 Whereon depends the Heaven of my delight?
 104 Thine eyes the motors to command my world,
 Thy hands the axier to maintain my world,
 106 Thy smiles the prime and spring-tide of my world,
 Thy frowns the winter to afflict the world,
 108 Thou queen of me, I king of all the world!

110 [She rises as out of a trance.]

112 **Alvida.** Ah feeble eyes, lift up and look on him!
 Is Rasni here? then droop no more, poor heart. –
 114 Oh, how I fainted when I wanted thee!

116 [Embraces Rasni.]

118 How fain am I, now I may look on thee!
 How glorious is my Rasni, how divine! –
 120 Eunuchs, play hymns to praise his deity:
 He is my Jove, and I his Juno am.

122 **Rasni.** Sun-bright as is the eye of summer's day,
 124 Whenas he suits his pennons all in gold
 To woo his Leda in a swan-like shape;
 126 Seemly as Galatea for thy white;
 Rose-coloured, lily, lovely, wanton, kind,
 128 Be thou the labyrinth to tangle love,
 Whilst I command the crown from Venus' crest,
 130 And pull Orion's girdle from his loins,
 Enchased with carbuncles and diämonds,
 132 To beautify fair Alvida, my love. –
 Play, eunuchs, sing in honour of her name;
 134 Yet look not, slaves, upon her wooing eyne.
 For she is fair Lucina to your king,
 136 But fierce Medusa to your baser eye.

138 **Alvida.** What if I slept, where should my pillow be?

140 **Rasni.** Within my bosom, nymph, not on my knee:
 Sleep, like the smiling purity of Heaven,
 142 When mildest wind is loth to blend the peace;
 Meanwhile thy balm shall from thy breath arise;

144 And while these closures of thy lamps be shut,
 My soul may have his peace from fancy's war. –
 146 This is my Morn, and I her Cephalus: –
 Wake not too soon, sweet nymph, my love is won. –

148 [*To the Eunuchs*]

Caitiffs, why stay your strains? why tempt you me?

150

*Enter the Priests of the Sun,
 with mitres on their heads,
 carrying fire in their hands.*

152

154

Ist Priest. All hail unto th' Assyrian deity!

156

Rasni. Priests, why presume you to disturb my peace?

158

Ist Priest. Rasni, the Destinies disturb thy peace.

160

Behold, amidst the adyts of our gods,

Our mighty gods, the patrons of our war,

162

The ghosts of dead men howling walk about,

Crying "Ve, Ve, woe to this city, woe!"

164

The statutes of our gods are thrown down,

And streams of blood our altars do distain.

166

Alvida. [*Starting up*]

168

Alas, my lord, what tidings do I hear?

Shall I be slain?

170

Rasni. Who tempteth Alvida?

172

Go, break me up the brazen doors of dreams,

And bind me cursèd Morpheus in a chain,

174

And fetter all the fancies of the night,

Because they do disturb my Alvida.

176

*[A hand from out a cloud threatens
 with a burning sword.]*

178

180 **K. of Cilicia.** Behold, dread prince, a burning sword from
 Heaven,

Which by a threatening arm is brandishèd!

182

Rasni. What, am I threatened, then, amidst my throne? –

184

Sages, you Magi, speak; what meaneth this?

186

Ist Magus. These are but clammy exhalations,

Or retrograde conjunctions of the stars,

188

Or oppositions of the greater lights,

Or radiations finding matter fit,

190

That in the starry sphere kindled be;

192 Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honour to my lord the king.

194 **Rasni.** Then frolic, viceroys, kings and potentates;
Drive all vain fancies from your feeble minds. —
196 Priests, go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,
Where Alvida and I, in pearl and gold,
198 Will quaff unto our nobles richest wine,
In spite of fortune, fate, or destiny.

200

[*Exeunt.*]

202

Oseas. Woe to the trains of women's foolish lust,
204 In wedlock-rites that yield but little trust,
That vow to one, yet common be to all!
206 Take warning, wantons; pride will have a fall.
Woe to the land where warnings profit naught!
208 Who say that nature God's decrees hath wrought;
Who build on fate, and leave the corner-stone,
210 The God of gods, sweet Christ, the only one.
If such escapes, O London, reign in thee,
212 Repent, for why each sin shall punished be!
Repent, amend, repent, the hour is nigh!
214 Defer not time! who knows when he shall die?

ACT IV, SCENE IV.

A Public Place in Ninivie.

Enter one clad in Devil's attire.

1 **Devil.** Longer lives a merry man than a sad; and
2 because I mean to make myself pleasant this night, I
have put myself into this attire, to make a clown afraid
4 that passeth this way: for of late there have appeared
many strange apparitions, to the great fear and terror
6 of the citizens. – Oh, here my young master comes.

8 *Enter Adam and the Smith's Wife.*

10 **Adam.** Fear not, mistress, I'll bring you safe home: if
my master frown, then will I stamp and stare; and if all
12 be not well then, why then to-morrow morn put out
mine eyes clean with forty pound.

14 **S's Wife.** Oh, but, Adam, I am afraid to walk so late,
16 because of the spirits that appear in the city.

18 **Adam.** What, are you afraid of spirits? Armed as I am,
with ale and nutmegs, turn me loose to all the devils in
20 hell.

22 **S's Wife.** Alas, Adam, Adam! the devil, the devil!

24 **Adam.** The devil, mistress! fly you for your
safeguard;

26 *[Exit Smith's Wife.]*

28 let me alone; the devil and I will deal well enough, if
30 he have any honesty at all in him: I'll either win him
with a smooth tale, or else with a toast and a cup of
32 ale.

34 **Devil.** *[Singing]*
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, fain would I be,
36 *If that my kingdom fulfilled I might see!*
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh!

38 **Adam.** Surely this is a merry devil, and I believe he is
40 one of Lucifer's minstrels; hath a sweet voice; now
surely, surely, he may sing to a pair of tongs and a
42 bagpipe.

44 **Devil.** Oh, thou art he that I seek for.

46 **Adam.** *Spiritus santus!* – Away from me, Satan! I
have nothing to do with thee.

48 **Devil.** Oh villain, thou art mine!

50 **Adam.** *Nominus patrus!* – I bless me from thee, and I
52 conjure thee to tell me who thou art!

54 **Devil.** I am the spirit of the dead man that was slain in
thy company when we were drunk together at the ale.

56 **Adam.** By my troth, sir, I cry you mercy; your face is
58 so changed that I had quite forgotten you: well, master
devil, we have tossed over many a pot of ale together.

60 **Devil.** And therefore must thou go with me to hell.

62 **Adam.** [*Aside*] I have a policy to shift him, for I know
64 he comes out of a hot place, and I know myself, the
smith and the devil hath a dry tooth in his head:
66 therefore will I leave him asleep and run my way.

68 **Devil.** Come, art thou ready?

70 **Adam.** Faith, sir, my old friend, and now goodman
devil, you know you and I have been tossing many a
72 good cup of ale: your nose is grown very rich: what
say you, will you take a pot of ale now at my hands?
74 Hell is like a smith's forge, full of water, and yet ever
athrust.

76 **Devil.** No ale, villain; spirits cannot drink; come, get
78 upon my back, that I may carry thee.

80 **Adam.** You know I am a smith, sir: let me look
whether you be well shod or no; for if you want a
82 shoe, a remove, or the clinching of a nail, I am at your
command.

84 **Devil.** Thou hast never a shoe fit for me.

86 **Adam.** Why, sir, we shoe horned beasts, as well as
88 you, – [*Aside*] Oh good Lord! let me sit down and
laugh; hath never a cloven foot: a devil, quoth he! I'll
90 use *Spiritus santus* nor *Nominus patrus* no more to
him, I warrant you; I'll do more good upon him with
92 my cudgel: now will I sit me down, and become justice

of peace to the devil.

94

Devil. Come, art thou ready?

96

Adam. I am ready, and with this cudgel I will conjure thee.

98

100

[*Beats him.*]

102

Devil. Oh, hold thy hand! thou killest me, thou killest me!

104

[*Exit.*]

106

Adam. Then may I count myself, I think, a tall man, that am able to kill a devil. Now who dare deal with me in the parish? or what wench in Ninivie will not love me, when they say, "There goes he that beat the devil?"

108

110

112

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV, SCENE V.

A Public Place near the Usurer's.

Enter Thrasybulus, carrying an old cloak.

1 **Thrasy.** Loathed is the life that now enforced I lead;
 2 But since necessity will have it so,
 (Necessity it doth command the gods),
 4 Through every coast and corner now I pry,
 To pilfer what I can to buy me meat.
 6 Here have I got a cloak, not over old,
 Which will afford some little sustenance:
 8 Now will I to the broking Usurer,
 To make exchange of ware for ready coin.

Enter Alcon, Samia, and Clesiphon.

12 **Alcon.** Wife, bid the trumpets sound, a prize, a prize!
 14 mark the posy: I cut this from a new-married wife, by
 the help of a horn-thumb and a knife, – six shillings,
 16 four pence.

18 **Samia.** The better luck ours: but what have we here,
 cast apparel? Come away, man, the Usurer is near: this
 20 is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

22 **Thrasy.** [*Aside*] Here are my partners in my poverty,
 Enforced to seek their fortunes as I do:
 24 Alas, that few men should possess the wealth,
 And many souls be forced to beg or steal! –
 26 Alcon, well met.

28 **Alcon.** Fellow beggar, whither now?

30 **Thrasy.** To the Usurer, to get gold on commodity.

32 **Alcon.** And I to the same place, to get a vent for my
 villainy. See where the old crust comes: let us salute
 34 him.

Enter Usurer.

38 God-speed, sir: may a man abuse your patience upon a
 pawn?

40 **Usurer.** Friend, let me see it.

42 **Alcon.** *Ecce signum!* a fair doublet and hose, new-

44 | bought out of the pilferer's shop, [and] a handsome
 45 | cloak.

46 | *Usurer.* How were they gotten?
 47 |

48 | *Thrasy.* How catch the fishermen fish? Master, take
 49 | them as you think them worth: we leave all to your
 50 | conscience.

51 |

52 | *Usurer.* Honest men, toward men, good men, my
 53 | friends, like to prove good members, use me,
 54 | command me; I will maintain your credits. There's
 55 | money: now spend not your time in idleness; bring me
 56 | commodity; I have crowns for you: there is two
 57 | shillings for thee, and six shillings for thee.

58 |

59 | [Gives money.]

60 |

61 | *Alcon.* A bargain. – Now, Samia, have at it for a new
 62 | smock! – Come, let us to the spring of the best liquor:
 63 | whilst this lasts, trillill!

64 |

65 | *Usurer.* Good fellows, proper fellows, my
 66 | companions, farewell: I have a pot for you.

67 |

68 | *Samia.* [*Aside*] If he could spare it.

69 |

70 | *Enter Jonas.*

71 |

72 | *Jonas.* Repent, ye men of Ninivie, repent!
 73 | The day of horror and of torment comes;
 74 | When greedy hearts shall glutted be with fire,
 75 | Whenas corruptions veiled shall be unmasked,
 76 | When briberies shall be repaid with bane,
 77 | When whoredoms shall be recompensed in hell,
 78 | When riot shall with vigour be rewarded,
 79 | Whenas neglect of truth, contempt of God,
 80 | Disdain of poor men, fatherless, and sick,
 81 | Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
 82 | Repent, ye men of Ninivie, repent!
 83 | The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out;
 84 | There are as yet but forty days remaining,
 85 | And then shall Ninivie be overthrown:
 86 | Repent, ye men of Ninivie, repent!
 87 | There are as yet but forty days remaining,
 88 | And then shall Ninivie be overthrown.

89 |

90 | [Exit Jonas.]

92

Usurer. Confused in thought, oh, whither shall I wend?

94

[Exit the Usurer.]

96

Thrasy. My conscience cries that I have done amiss.

98

[Exit Thrasybulus.]

100

Alcon. Oh God of Heaven, 'gainst thee have I offended!

102

Samia. Ashamed of my misdeeds, where shall I hide me?

104

Clesiph. Father, methinks this word "repent" is good:

106

He that punisheth disobedience

Doth hold a scourge for every privy fault.

108

[Exit Clesiphon with Alcon and Samia.]

110

Oseas. Look, London, look; with inward eyes behold

112

What lessons the events do here unfold.

Sin grown to pride, to misery is thrall:

114

The warning-bell is rung, beware to fall.

Ye worldly men, whom wealth doth lift on high,

116

Beware and fear, for worldly men must die.

The time shall come, where least suspect remains,

118

The sword shall light upon the wisest brains;

The head that deems to overtop the sky,

120

Shall perish in his human policy.

Lo, I have said, when I have said the truth,

122

When will is law, when folly guideth youth,

When shew of zeal is pranked in robes of zeal,

124

When ministers powl the pride of commonweal,

When law is made a labyrinth of strife,

126

When honour yields him friend to wicked life,

When princes hear by others' ears their folly,

128

When usury is most accounted holy,

If these shall hap, as would to God they might not,

130

The plague is near: I speak, although I write not.

132

[Enter the Angel.]

134

Angel. Oseas.

136

Oseas. Lord?

138

Angel. Now hath thine eyes perused these heinous sins,
Hateful unto the mighty Lord of hosts.

140

The time is come, their sins are waxen ripe,

142 And though the Lord forewarns, yet they repent not;
Custom of sin hath hardened all their hearts.
Now comes revenge, armèd with mighty plagues,
144 To punish all that live in Ninivie;
For God is just, as He is merciful,
146 And doubtless plagues all such as scorn repent.
Thou shalt not see the desolatiön
148 That falls unto these cursèd Ninivites,
But shalt return to great Jerusalem,
150 And preach unto the people of thy God
What mighty plagues are incident to sin,
152 Unless repentance mitigate His ire:
Rapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,
154 I'll seat thee in Judea's provinces.
Fear not, Oseas, then to preach the word.

156 **Oseas.** The will of the Lord be done!

158

[*Oseas is taken away by the Angel.*]

ACT V.SCENE I.*The Palace of Rasni.*

*Enter Rasni with his Kings, Magi, Lords,
and Attendants; Alvida and her Ladies;
to a banquet.*

1 **Rasni.** So, viceroys, you have pleased me passing well;
2 These curious cates are gracious in mine eye,
But these borachios of the richest wine
4 Make me to think how blithesome we will be. –
Seat thee, fair Juno, in the royal throne,
6 And I will serve thee to see thy face,
That, feeding on the beauty of thy looks,
8 My stomach and mine eyes may both be filled. –
Come, lordings, seat you, fellow-mates at feast,
10 And frolic, wags; this is a day of glee:
This banquet is for brightsome Alvida.
12 I'll have them skink my standing-bowls with wine,
And no man drink but quaff a whole carouse
14 Unto the health of beauteous Alvida:
For whoso riseth from this feast not drunk,
16 As I am Rasni, Ninivie's great king,
Shall die the death as traitor to myself,
18 For that he scorns the health of Alvida.

20 **K. of Cilicia.** That will I never do, my lord;
Therefore with favour, fortune to your grace,
22 Carouse unto the health of Alvida.

24 **Rasni.** Gramercy, lording, here I take thy pledge: –
And, Crete, to thee a bowl of Greekish wine,
26 Here to the health of Alvida.

28 **K. of Crete.** Let come, my lord. – Jack skinker, fill it full;
A pledge unto the health of heavenly Alvida.

30
32 **Rasni.** Vassals, attendant on our royal feasts,
Drink you, I say, unto my lover's health:
Let none that is in Rasni's royal court
34 Go this night safe and sober to his bed.

36 *Enter Adam.*

38 **Adam.** This way he is, and here will I speak with him.

40 **Ist Lord.** Fellow, whither pressest thou?

42 **Adam.** I press nobody, sir; I am going to speak with a
friend of mine.

44

46 **Ist Lord.** Why, slave, here is none but the king, and
his viceroys.

48 **Adam.** The king! marry, sir, he is the man I would
speak withal.

50

52 **Ist Lord.** Why, callest him a friend of thine?

54 **Adam.** Ay, marry, do I, sir; for if he be not my friend,
I'll make him my friend, ere he and I pass.

56 **Ist Lord.** Away, vassal, begone! thou speak unto the
king!

58

60 **Adam.** Ay, marry, will I, sir; and if he were a king of
velvet, I will talk to him.

62 **Rasni.** What's the matter there? what noise is that?

64 **Adam.** A boon, my liege, a boon, my liege!

66 **Rasni.** What is it that great Rasni will not grant,
This day, unto the meanest of his land,
68 In honour of his beauteous Alvida?
Come hither, swain; what is it that thou cravest?

70

72 **Adam.** Faith, sir, nothing, but to speak a few
sentences to your worship.

74 **Rasni.** Say, what is it?

76 **Adam.** I am sure, sir, you have heard of the spirits that
walk in the city here.

78

80 **Rasni.** Ay, what of that?

82 **Adam.** Truly, sir, I have an oration to tell you of one
of them; and this it is. —

84 **Alvida.** Why goest not forward with thy tale?

86 **Adam.** Faith, mistress, I feel an imperfection in my
voice, a disease that often troubles me; but, alas, easily
88 mended; a cup of ale or a cup of wine will serve the
turn.

90 **Alvida.** Fill him a bowl, and let him want no drink.

92 **Adam.** Oh, what a precious word was that, "And let
94 him want no drink!"

96 [Drink given to Adam.]

98 Well, sir, now I'll tell you forth my tale. Sir, as I was
100 coming amongst the port-rival of Ninivie, there
102 appeared to me a great devil, and as hard-favoured a
104 devil as ever I saw; nay, sir, he was a cuckoldly devil,
106 for he had horns on his head. This devil, mark you
108 now, presseth upon me, and, sir, indeed, I charged him
110 with my pike-staff; but when that would not serve,
112 I came upon him with *Spiritus santus*, – why, it had
114 been able to have put Lucifer out of his wits: when
116 I saw my charm would not serve, I was in such a
118 perplexity, that sixpenny-worth of juniper would not
120 have made the place sweet again.

110 **Alvida.** Why, fellow, wert thou so afraid?

112 **Adam.** Oh, mistress, had you been there and seen,
114 his very sight had made you shift a clean smock! I
116 promise you, though I were a man, and counted a tall
118 fellow, yet my laundress called me slovenly knave the
120 next day.

118 **Rasni.** A pleasant slave. – Forward, sirrah, on with
120 thy tale.

122 **Adam.** Faith, sir, but I remember a word that my
124 mistress your bed-fellow spoke.

124 **Rasni.** What was that, fellow?

126 **Adam.** Oh, sir, a word of comfort, a precious word –
128 "And let him want no drink."

130 **Rasni.** Her word is law; and thou shalt want no drink.

132 [Drink given to Adam.]

134 **Adam.** Then, sir, this devil came upon me, and would
136 not be persuaded, but he would needs carry me to hell.
138 I proffered him a cup of ale, thinking, because he came
out of so hot a place, that he was thirsty; but the devil
was not dry, and therefore the more sorry was I. Well,

140 there was no remedy but I must with him to hell: and
 141 at last I cast mine eye aside; if you knew what I spied,
 142 you would laugh, sir; I looked from top to toe, and he
 143 had no cloven feet. Then I ruffled up my hair, and set
 144 my cap on the one side, and, sir, grew to be a justice of
 145 peace to the devil: at last in a great fume, as I am very
 146 choleric, and sometimes so hot in my fustian fumes
 147 that no man can abide within twenty yards of me, I
 148 start up, and so bombasted the devil, that, sir, he cried
 out and ran away.

150 *Alvida.* This pleasant knave hath made me laugh my fill. –
 Rasni, now Alvida begins her quaff,
 152 And drinks a full carouse unto her king.

154 *Rasni.* A pledge, my love, as hearty as great Jove
 Drunk when his Juno heaved a bowl to him. –
 156 Frolic, my lord[s]; let all the standards walk,
 Ply it, till every man hath ta'en his load. –
 158 How now, sirrah, how cheer? we have no words of you.

160 *Adam.* Truly, sir, I was in a brown study about my
 mistress.

162 *Alvida.* About me! for what?

164 *Adam.* Truly, mistress, to think what a golden
 166 sentence you did speak: all the philosophers in the
 world could not have said more: – "What, come, let
 168 him want no drink." Oh, wise speech!

170 *Alvida.* [*To Attendants*]
 Villains, why skink you not unto this fellow?
 172 He makes me blithe and merry in my thoughts:
 Heard you not that the king hath given command,
 174 That all be drunk this day within his court
 In quaffing to the health of Alvida?

176 [Drink given to Adam.]

178

Enter Jonas.

180

Jonas. Repent, repent, ye men of Ninivie, repent!
 182 The Lord hath spoken, and I do cry it out,
 There are as yet but forty days remaining,
 184 And then shall Ninivie be overthrown:
 Repent, ye men of Ninivie, repent!

186

188 **Rasni.** What fellow is this, that thus disturbs our feasts
With outcries and alarums to repent?

190 **Adam.** Oh sir, 'tis one Goodman Jonas, that is come
192 from Jericho; and surely I think he hath seen some
spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he
194 never leaves crying night nor day. My master heard
him, and he shut up his shop, gave me my indenture,
and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

196
198 **Jonas.** Repent, ye men of Ninivie, repent!

200 **Rasni.** Come hither, fellow: what art, and from
whence comest thou?

202 **Jonas.** Rasni, I am a prophet of the Lord,
Sent hither by the mighty God of hosts,
204 To cry destruction to the Ninivites.
O Ninivie, thou harlot of the world,
206 I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,
To come and see thy filthiness and sin!
208 Thus saith the Lord, the mighty God of hosts:
Your king loves chambering and wantonness;
210 Whoredom and murder do distain his court;
He favoureth covetous and drunken men;
212 Behold, therefore, all like a strumpet foul,
Thou shalt be judged, and punished for thy crime;
214 The foe shall pierce the gates with iron ramps,
The fire shall quite consume thee from above,
216 The houses shall be burnt, the infants slain,
And women shall behold their husbands die.
218 Thine eldest sister is Lamana,
And Sodom on thy right hand seated is.
220 Repent, ye men of Ninivie, repent!
The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out,
222 There are as yet but forty days remaining,
And then shall Ninivie be overthrown.

224
[Jonas offers to depart.]

226
228 **Rasni.** Stay, prophet, stay.

230 **Jonas.** Disturb not him that sent me;
Let me perform the message of the Lord.

232
[Exit.]

234 **Rasni.** My soul is buried in the hell of thoughts. —

Ah, Alvida, I look on thee with shame! –
 236 My lords on sudden fix their eyes on ground,
 As if dismayed to look upon the heavens. –
 238 Hence, Magi, who have flattered me in sin!
 240 [*Exeunt Magi.*]
 242 Horror of mind, disturbance of my soul,
 Make me aghast for Ninivie's mishap.
 244 Lords, see proclaimed, yea, see it straight proclaimed,
 That man and beast, the woman and her child,
 246 For forty days in sack and ashes fast:
 Perhaps the Lord will yield, and pity us. –
 248 Bear hence these wretched blandishments of sin,
 250 [*Taking off his crown and robe.*]
 252 And bring me sackcloth to attire your king:
 Away with pomp! my soul is full of woe. –
 254 In pity look on Ninivie, O God!
 256 [*Exeunt all except Alvida and Ladies.*]
 258 **Alvida.** Assailed with shame, with horror overborne,
 To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin, –
 260 Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray.
 Alas, how dare we look on heavenly light,
 262 That have despised the maker of the same?
 How may we hope for mercy from above,
 264 That still despise[d] the warnings from above?
 Woe's me, my conscience is a heavy foe. –
 266 O patron of the poor oppressed with sin,
 Look, look on me, that now for pity crave!
 268 Assailed with shame, with horror overborne,
 To sorrow sold, all guilty of our sin,
 270 Come, ladies, come, let us prepare to pray.
 272 [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V, SCENE II.*A Street near the Temple.**Enter the Usurer,
with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.*

1 **Usurer.** Groaning in conscience, burdened with my crimes,
 2 The hell of sorrow haunts me up and down.
 Tread where I list, methinks the bleeding ghosts
 4 Of those whom my corruption brought to naught
 Do serve for stumbling-blocks before my steps;
 6 The fatherless and widow wronged by me,
 The poor oppressèd by my usury,
 8 Methinks I see their hands reared up to Heaven,
 To cry for vengeance of my covetousness.
 10 Whereso I walk, all sigh and shun my way;
 Thus am I made a monster of the world:
 12 Hell gapes for me, Heaven will not hold my soul. –
 You mountains, shroud me from the God of truth:
 14 Methinks I see Him sit to judge the earth;
 See how he blots me out of the book of life!
 16 Oh burden, more than Aetna, that I bear!
 Cover me, hills, and shroud me from the Lord;
 18 Swallow me, Lycus, shield me from the Lord.
 In life no peace: each murmuring that I hear,
 20 Methinks the sentence of damnation sounds,
 "Die, reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell."

22
 24 *[The Evil Angel tempts him,
 offering the knife and rope.]*

26 What fiend is this that tempts me to the death?
 What, is my death the harbour of my rest?
 28 Then let me die: – what second charge is this?
 Methinks I hear a voice amidst mine ears,
 30 That bids me stay, and tells me that the Lord
 Is merciful to those that do repent.
 32 May I repent? – oh thou, my doubtful soul,
 Thou mayst repent, the judge is merciful! –
 34 Hence, tools of wrath, stales of temptatiön!
 For I will pray and sigh unto the Lord;
 36 In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray:
 O Lord, in rigour look not on my sins!

38
 40 *[He sits down in sackcloths,
 his hands and eyes reared to Heaven.]*

42 *Enter Alvida with her Ladies, with dispersed locks,*
 43 *and in sackcloth.*

44 **Alvida.** Come, mournful dames, lay off your brodered locks,
 46 And on your shoulders spread dispersèd hairs:
 Let voice of music cease where sorrow dwells:
 48 Clothèd in sackcloths, sigh your sins with me;
 Bemoan your pride, bewail your lawless lusts;
 50 With fasting mortify your pampered loins:
 Oh, think upon the horror of your sins,
 52 Think, think with me, the burthen of your blames!
 Woe to thy pomp, false beauty, fading flower,
 54 Blasted by age, by sickness, and by death!
 Woe to our painted cheeks, our curious oils,
 56 Our rich array, that fostered us in sin!
 Woe to our idle thoughts, that wound our souls!
 58 Oh, would to God all nations might receive
 A good example by our grievous fall!

60 **1st Lady.** You that are planted there where pleasure dwells,
 62 And thinks your pomp as great as Ninivie's,
 May fall for sin as Ninivie doth now.

64 **Alvida.** Mourn, mourn, let moan be all your melody,
 66 And pray with me, and I will pray for all: –
 O Lord of Heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!

68 **Ladies.** O Lord of Heaven, forgive us our misdeeds!

70 **Usurer.** O Lord of light, forgive me my misdeeds!

72 *Enter Rasni, with his Kings and Lords, in sackcloth.*

74 **K. of Cilicia.** Be not so overcome with grief, O king,
 76 Lest you endanger life by sorrowing so.

78 **Rasni.** King of Cilicia, should I cease my grief,
 Whereas my swarming sins afflict my soul?
 80 Vain man, know this, my burthen greater is
 Than every private subject['s] in my land.
 82 My life hath been a loadstar unto them,
 To guide them in the labyrinth of blame:
 84 Thus I have taught them for to do amiss;
 Then must I weep, my friend, for their amiss.
 86 The fall of Ninivie is wrought by me:
 I have maintained this city in her shame;
 88 I have contemned the warnings from above;

90 I have upholden incest, rape, and spoil;
 'Tis I that wrought the sin must weep the sin.
 Oh, had I tears like to the silver streams
 92 That from the Alpine mountains sweetly stream,
 Or had I sighs, the treasures of remorse,
 94 As plentiful as Aeölus hath blasts,
 I then would tempt the heavens with my laments,
 96 And pierce the throne of mercy by my sighs!
 98 **K. of Cilicia.** Heavens are propitious unto faithful prayers.
 100 **Rasni.** But after our repent, we must lament,
 Lest that a worser mischief doth befall.
 102 Oh, pray: perhaps the Lord will pity us. —
 Oh God of truth, both merciful and just,
 104 Behold repentant men, with piteous eyes!
 We wail the life that we have led before:
 106 O, pardon, Lord! O, pity Ninivie!
 108 **All.** O, pardon, Lord! O, pity Ninivie!
 110 **Rasni.** Let not the infants, dallying on the teat,
 For fathers' sins in judgment be oppressed!
 112
K. of Cilicia. Let not the painful mothers big with child,
 114 The innocents, be punished for our sin!
 116 **Rasni.** O, pardon, Lord! O, pity Ninivie!
 118 **All.** O, pardon, Lord! O, pity Ninivie!
 120 **Rasni.** O Lord of Heaven, the virgins weep to thee!
 The covetous man sorry for his sin,
 122 The prince and poor, all pray before thy throne;
 And wilt thou, then, be wroth with Ninivie?
 124
K. of Cilicia. Give truce to prayer, O king, and rest a space.
 126
Rasni. Give truce to prayers, when times require no truce?
 128 No, princes, no. Let all our subjects hie
 Unto our temples, where, on humbled knees,
 130 I will expect some mercy from above.
 132
[They all enter the temple.]

ACT V, SCENE III.*Outside the City of Ninivie.**Enter Jonas.*

1 **Jonas.** This is the day wherein the Lord hath said
 2 That Ninivie shall quite be overthrown;
 This is the day of horror and mishap,
 4 Fatal unto the cursèd Ninivites.
 These stately towers shall in thy watery bounds,
 6 Swift-flowing Lycus, find their burials:
 These palaces, the pride of Assur's kings,
 8 Shall be the bowers of desolation,
 Whereas the solitary bird shall sing,
 10 And tigers train their young ones to their nest.
 O all ye nations bounded by the west,
 12 Ye happy isles where prophets do abound,
 Ye cities famous in the western world,
 14 Make Ninivie a precedent for you!
 Leave lewd desires, leave covetous delights,
 16 Fly usury, let whoredom be exiled,
 Lest you with Ninivie be overthrown. –
 18 Lo, how the sun's inflamèd torch prevails,
 Scorching the parchèd furrows of the earth!
 20 Here will I sit me down, and fix mine eye
 Upon the ruins of yon wretched town;
 22 And, lo, a pleasant shade, a spreading vine,
 To shelter Jonas in this sunny heat! –
 24 What means my God? the day is done and spent;
 Lord, shall my prophecy be brought to naught?
 26 When falls the fire? when will the judge be wroth?
 I pray thee, Lord, remember what I said,
 28 When I was yet within my country-land:
 Jehovah is too merciful, I fear.
 30 O, let me fly, before a prophet fault!
 For thou art merciful, the Lord my God,
 32 Full of compassion, and of sufferance,
 And dost repent in taking punishment. –
 34 Why stays thy hand? O Lord, first take my life,
 Before my prophecy be brought to naught!

36

[A serpent devours the vine.]

38

Ah, He is wroth! behold, the gladsome vine,
 40 That did defend me from the sunny heat,
 Is withered quite, and swallowed by a serpent!

42 Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my brows,
And heat prevails, and I am faint in heart.

44

Enter the Angel.

46

Angel. Art thou so angry, Jonas? tell me why.

48

Jonas. Jehovah, I with burning heat am plunged,
And shadowed only by a silly vine;
Behold, a serpent hath devourèd it:

52

And lo, the sun, incensed by eastern wind,
Afflicts me with canicular aspéct.

54

Would God that I might die! for, well I wot,
'Twere better I were dead than rest alive.

56

Angel. Jonas, art thou so angry for the vine?

58

Jonas. Yea, I am angry to the death, my God.

60

Angel. Thou hast compassion, Jonas, on a vine,
On which thou never labour didst bestow;
Thou never gav'st it life or power to grow,
But suddenly it sprung, and suddenly died:
And should not I have great compassiön
On Ninivie, the city of the world,
Wherein there are a hundred thousand souls,
And twenty thousand infants that ne wot
The right hand from the left, beside much cattle?
Oh Jonas, look into their temples now,
And see the true contrition of their king,
The subjects' tears, the sinners' true remorse!
Then from the Lord proclaim a mercy-day,
For he is pitiful as he is just.

76

Jonas. I go, my God, to finish thy command.

78

[Exit Angel.]

80

Oh, who can tell the wonders of my God,
Or talk his praises with a fervent tongue?
He bringeth down to hell, and lifts to Heaven;
He draws the yoke of bondage from the just,
And looks upon the heathen with piteous eyes:
To him all praise and honour be ascribed.
Oh, who can tell the wonders of my God?
He makes the infant to proclaim his truth,
The ass to speak to save the prophet's life,
The earth and sea to yield increase for man.

86

88

90 | Who can describe the compass of His power,
Or testify in terms his endless might?
92 | My ravished sprite, oh, whither dost thou wend?
Go and proclaim the mercy of my God;
94 | Relieve the careful-hearted Ninivie;
And, as thou wert the messenger of death,
96 | Go bring glad tidings of recovered grace.

98 |

[*Exit.*]

ACT V, SCENE IV.

Within the City of Ninivie.

*Enter Adam, with a bottle of beer in one slop,
and a great piece of beef in another.*

1 **Adam.** Well, Goodman Jonas, I would you had never
2 come from Jewry to this country; you have made me
look like a lean rib of roast beef, or like the picture of
4 Lent painted upon a red-herring's cob. – Alas, masters,
we are commanded by the proclamation to fast and
6 pray! by my troth, I could prettily so-so away with
praying; but for fasting, why, 'tis so contrary to my
8 nature, that I had rather suffer a short hanging than a
long fasting. Mark me, the words be these, "Thou shalt
10 take no manner of food for so many days." I had as lief
he should have said, "Thou shalt hang thyself for so
12 many days." And yet, in faith, I need not find fault
with the proclamation, for I have a buttery and a
14 pantry and a kitchen about me; for proof, *ecce signum!*
this right slop is my pantry, behold a manchet [*Draws*
16 *it out*]; this place is my kitchen, for, lo, a piece of beef
[*Draws it out*], – oh, let me repeat that sweet word
18 again! "for, lo, a piece of beef." This is my buttery, for,
see, see, my friends, to my great joy, a bottle of beer
20 [*Draws it out*]. Thus, alas, I make shift to wear out this
fasting; I drive away the time. But there go searchers
22 about to seek if any man breaks the king's command.
Oh, here they be; in with your victuals, Adam.

24

[*Puts them back into his slops.*]

26

Enter Two Searchers.

28

30 **1st Search.** How duly the men of Ninivie keep the
proclamation! how are they armed to repentance! We
have searched through the whole city, and have not as
32 yet found one that breaks the fast.

34 **2nd. Search.** The sign of the more grace: – but stay,
here sits one, methinks, at his prayers; let us see who it
36 is.

38 **1st Search.** 'Tis Adam, the smith's man. – How now,
Adam?

40

42 **Adam.** Trouble me not; "Thou shalt take no manner of
food, but fast and pray."

44 **1st Search.** How devoutly he sits at his orisons! but
stay, methinks I feel a smell of some meat or bread
46 about him.

48 **2nd Search.** So thinks me too. – You, sirrah, what
victuals have you about you?

50 **Adam.** Victuals! Oh horrible blasphemy! Hinder me
52 not of my prayer, nor drive me not into a choler.
Victails! why, hardst thou not the sentence, "Thou
54 shalt take no food, but fast and pray"?

56 **2nd Search.** Truth, so it should be; but, methinks, I
smell meat about thee.

58 **Adam.** About me, my friends! these words are actions
60 in the case. About me! no, no, hang those gluttons that
cannot fast and pray.

62 **1st Search.** Well, for all your words, we must search
64 you.

66 **Adam.** Search me! take heed what you do; my hose
are my castles, 'tis burglary if you break ope a slop; no
68 officer must lift up an iron hatch; take heed, my slops
are iron.

[They search Adam.]

72 **2nd Search.** Oh villain! – see how he hath gotten
74 victails, bread, beef, and beer, where the king
commanded upon pain of death none should eat for so
76 many days, no, not the sucking infant!

78 **Adam.** Alas, sir, this is nothing but a *modicum non*
necet ut medicus daret; why, sir, a bit to comfort my
80 stomach.

82 **1st Search.** Villain, thou shalt be hanged for it.

84 **Adam.** These are your words, "I shall be hanged for
it"; but first answer me to this question, how many
86 days have we to fast still?

88 **2nd Search.** Five days.

90 **Adam.** Five days! a long time: then I must be hanged?

92 **Ist Search.** Ay, marry, must thou.

94 **Adam.** I am your man, I am for you, sir, for I had
rather be hanged than abide so long a fast. What, five
96 days! Come, I'll untruss. Is your halter, and the
gallows, the ladder, and all such furniture in readiness?

98 **Ist Search.** I warrant thee, shalt want none of these.

100 **Adam.** But hear you, must I be hanged?

102 **Ist Search.** Ay, marry.

104 **Adam.** And for eating of meat. Then, friends, know ye
106 by these presents, I will eat up all my meat, and drink
up all my drink, for it shall never be said, I was hanged
108 with an empty stomach.

110 [Adam eats.]

112 **Ist Search.** Come away, knave; wilt thou stand
feeding now?

114 **Adam.** If you be so hasty, hang yourself an hour,
116 while I come to you, for surely I will eat up my meat.

118 **2nd Search.** Come, let's draw him away perforce.

120 **Adam.** You say there is five days yet to fast; these are
your words?

122 **2nd Search.** Ay, sir.

124 **Adam.** I am for you: come, let's away, and yet let me
126 be put in the Chronicles.

128 [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE V.*The Palace of Rasni.**Enter Jonas, Rasni, Alvida, the King of Cilicia,
and other Kings, royally attended.*

1 **Jonas.** Come, careful king, cast off thy mournful weeds,
 2 Exchange thy cloudy looks to smoothed smiles;
 Thy tears have pierced the piteous throne of grace,
 4 Thy sighs, like incense pleasing to the Lord,
 Have been peace-offerings for thy former pride:
 6 Rejoice, and praise his name that gave thee peace. —
 And you, fair nymphs, ye lovely Ninivites,
 8 Since you have wept and fasted for the Lord,
 He graciously have tempered his revenge:
 10 Beware henceforth to tempt him any more:
 Let not the niceness of your beauteous looks
 12 Engraft in you a high-presuming mind;
 For those that climb he casteth to the ground,
 14 And they that humble be he lifts aloft.

16 **Rasni.** Lowly I bend, with awful bent of eye,
 Before the dread Jehovah, God of host[s],
 18 Despising all profane device of man.
 Those lustful lures, that whilom led awry
 20 My wanton eyes, shall wound my heart no more;
 And she, whose youth in dalliance I abused,
 22 Shall now at last become my wedlock-mate. —
 Fair Alvida, look not so wo-begone;
 24 If for thy sin thy sorrow do exceed,
 Blessèd be thou; come, with a holy band
 26 Let's knit a knot to salve our former shame.

28 **Alvida.** With blushing looks, betokening my remorse,
 I lowly yield, my king, to thy behest,
 30 So as this man of God shall think it good.

32 **Jonas.** Woman, amends may never come too late;
 A will to practice goodness, virtuous:
 34 The God of Heaven, when sinners do repent,
 Doth more rejoice than in ten thousand just.

36 **Rasni.** Then witness, holy prophet, our accord.

38 **Alvida.** Plight in the presence of the Lord thy God.

40 **Jonas.** Blest may you be, like to the flowering sheaves

42 | That play with gentle winds in summer-tide;
 Like olive-branches let your children spread,
 44 | And as the pines in lofty Lebanon,
 Or as the kids that feed on Lopher plains,
 46 | So be the seed and offspring of your loins!

48 | *Enter the Usurer, Thrasybulus, and Alcon.*

50 | **Usurer.** Come forth, my friends, whom wittingly I wronged:
 Before this man of God receive your due;
 52 | Before our king I mean to make my peace. –
 Jonas, behold, in sign of my remorse,
 54 | I here restore into these poor men's hands
 Their goods which I unjustly have detained;
 56 | And may the heavens so pardon my misdeeds
 As I am penitent for my offence!

58 | **Thrasy.** And what through want from others I purloined,
 60 | Behold, O king, I proffer fore thy throne,
 To be restored to such as owe the same.

62 | **Jonas.** A virtuous deed, pleasing to God and man.
 64 | Would God, all cities drownèd in like shame
 Would take example of these Ninivites.

66 | **Rasni.** Such be the fruits of Ninivie's repent;
 68 | And such for ever may our dealings be,
 That He that called us home in height of sin
 70 | May smile to see our hearty penitence. –
 Viceroys, proclaim a fast unto the Lord;
 72 | Let Israel's God be honoured in our land;
 Let all occasion of corruption die,
 74 | For who shall fault therein shall suffer death –
 Bear witness, God, of my unfeignèd zeal. –
 76 | Come, holy man, as thou shalt counsel me,
 My court and city shall reformèd be.

78 | **Jonas.** Wend on in peace, and prosecute this course.

80 | *[Exeunt all except Jonas.]*

82 | You islanders, on whom the milder air
 84 | Doth sweetly breathe the balm of kind increase,
 Whose lands are fattened with the dew of Heaven,
 86 | And made more fruitful than Actaeon plains;
 You whom delicious pleasures dandle soft,
 88 | Whose eyes are blinded with security,
 Unmask yourselves, cast error clean aside.

90 | O London, maiden of the mistress-isle,
Wrapt in the folds and swathing-clouts of shame,
92 | In thee more sins than Ninivie contains!
Contempt of God, despite of reverend age,
94 | Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poor,
Corruption, whoredom, drunkenness, and pride.
96 | Swoln are thy brows with impudence and shame,
O proud adulterous glory of the west!
98 | Thy neighbours burns, yet dost thou fear no fire;
Thy preachers cry, yet dost thou stop thine ears;
100 | The larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.
London, awake, for fear the Lord do frown:
102 | I set a looking-glass before thine eyes.
O, turn, O, turn, with weeping to the Lord,
104 | And think the prayers and virtues of thy queen
Defer the plague which otherwise would fall!
106 | Repent, O London! lest for thine offence,
Thy shepherd fail, whom mighty God preserve,
108 | That she may bide the pillar of His church
Against the storms of Romish Anti-Christ!
110 | The hand of mercy overshadow her head,
And let all faithful subjects say, Amen!

112

[*Exit.*]

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 *Ninivie* to *Nineveh* everywhere.
2. Modernize *Jonas* to *Jonah* everywhere.
3. Modernize *wive's* to *wife's* everywhere.

Act I, Scene i.

1. line 4: emend *and* to *are*.
- 2: lines 13, 16 and 18: modernize *hundreth* to *hundred*.
3. line 39: emend *Mars* to *Mavors*; modernize *fro* to *from*.
4. line 41: emend *haughty* to *haught*.
5. line 53: emend entire line to: "*That Venus waits on with a golden shower;*"
6. line 65: emend *stroys* to either *strows* or *strews*.
7. line 108: emend *either* to *richer*.
8. line 116: emend *damosel* to *damsel*.
9. line 141: emend *thee* to *thou*.
10. line 176: emend *Whatsoever* to *Whate'er*.

Act I, Scene ii.

1. line 19: emend *through* to *thoughts*.
- 2: line 63: emend *four* to *forty*.

Act I, Scene iii.

1. line 74: modernize *a'clock* to *o'clock*.
- 2: line 80: modernize *strooken* to *struck*.
3. line 122: modernize *banket* to *banquet*.

Act II, Scene i.

1. line 1: emend *queens* to *queen*, and *handmaids* to *handmaid*.
- 2: line 12: emend *eyne* to *eye*.
3. line 19: modernize *fro* to *from*.
4. line 109: emend entire line to: "*Meanwhile. on further pomp I will bethink me.*"
5. line 206: emend *prophets* to *prophet*, and *we* to *he*.

Act II, Scene ii.

1. line 67: modernize *hundreth* to *hundred*.
- 2: line 83: emend *and* to *or*.
3. line 111: emend *upon* to *up of*.
4. lines 136, 141 and 161: modernize *strook* to *struck*.
5. line 186: modernize *chawing* to *chewing*.
6. line 217: modernize *shew* to *show*.

Act II, Scene iii.

1. line 160: emend *courts* to *court*.

Act III, Scene i.

1. line 86: modernize *stir* to *steer*.

Act III, Scene ii.

1. line 92: emend *brats* to *brat*.
- 2: line 281: emend *Where* to *When*.

Act IV, Scene i.

1. line 3: modernize *wracked* to *wrecked*.
- 2: line 37: emend *lifts* to *lift*.
3. line 74: emend *perfume* to *fume*.

Act IV, Scene ii.

1. line 2: emend *hands* to *hand*.
- 2: line 7: modernize *nostrils* to *nostrils*.
3. line 10: emend *stress* to *stretch*.

Act IV, Scene iii.

1. line 65: emend *my dignity* to *his dignity*.
- 2: line 107: emend *the world* to *my world*.
3. line 143: emend *thy* to *my*.
4. line 163: emend *Ve, ve* to *Vae, vae*.
5. line 164: modernize *statutes* to *statues*.

Act IV, Scene iv.

1. line 75: modernize *athrust* to *athirst*.

Act IV, Scene v.

1. line 123: modernize *shew* to *show*.

Act V, Scene i.

1. line 6: emend *thee to see* to *thee but to see*.
- 2: lines 26 and 29: move *heavenly* from line 29 to line 26.
3. line 158: emend *how cheer* to *what cheer*.

4. line 182: emend *spoken* to *spoke*.
5. line 187: emend *feasts* to *feast*.
6. line 210: modernize *murther* to *murder*.
7. line 218: emend *Lamana* to either *Gomorrah* or *Samaria*.

Act V, Scene ii.

1. Entering Characters: have the *Evil Angel* enter with Usurer; and perhaps also holding the halter and dagger.
- 2: line 10: restore *all* to the quarto's *I'll*.
3. line 45: modernize *brodered* to *broidered*.
4. lines 52 and 80: modernize *burthen* to *burden*.

Act V, Scene iv.

1. lines 53 and 74: modernize *victails* to *victuals*.
2. line 53: modernize *hardst* to *heard'st*.

Act V, Scene v.

1. line 9: emend *have* to *hath*.
- 2: line 45: emend *Lepher* to *Sepher*.