

*ElizabethanDrama.org*

presents  
a Theatre Script of

# THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY

by John Ford

Written c. 1628

Earliest Extant Edition: 1629

Featuring complete and easy-to-read annotations.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONS

**PALADOR**, Prince of Cyprus.

**ARETUS**, Tutor to the Prince.

**AMETHUS**, Cousin to the Prince.

**THAMASTA**, Sister of Amethus, and Cousin to the Prince.

**KALA**, Waiting-Maid to Thamasta.

**MELEANDER**, an old Lord.

**EROCLEA**, (as Parthenophill), Daughter of Meleander.

**CLEOPHILA**, Daughter of Meleander.

**TROLLIO**, Servant to Meleander.

**SOPHRONOS**, Brother to Meleander.

**MENAPHON**, Son of Sophronos.

**CORAX**, a Physician.

**PELIAS**, a foolish Courtier.

**CUCULUS**, a foolish Courtier.

**GRILLA**, a Page of Cuculus, in woman's dress.

**RHETIAS**, (a reduced Courtier), Servant to Eroclea.

Officers, Attendants, etc.

**Scene:** Famagosta, in Cyprus.

### **Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.**

The earliest extant edition of *The Lover's Melancholy* is a 1629 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 suggestions of later editors. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

The 1629 quarto divides *The Lover's Melancholy* into Acts and Scenes; settings and asides have been adopted from Havelock Ellis' *Mermaid Series* edition of 1888.

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 Ellis.

# THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY

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## PROLOGUE.

1 To tell ye, gentlemen, in what true sense,  
2 The writer, actors, or the audience  
Should mold their judgments for a play, might draw  
4 Truth into rules; but we have no such law.  
Our writer, for himself, would have ye know,  
6 That, in his following scenes, he doth not owe  
To others' fancies, nor hath lain in wait  
8 For any stol'n invention, from whose height  
He might commend his own, more than the right  
10 A scholar claims, may warrant for delight.  
It is art's scorn, that some of late have made  
12 The noble use of poetry a trade.  
For your parts, gentlemen, to quit his pains,  
14 Yet you will please, that as you meet with strains  
Of lighter mixtures, but to cast your eye  
16 Rather upon the main, than on the bye,  
His hopes stand firm, and, we shall find it true,  
18 The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY cured by you.

ACT I.SCENE I.*A Room in the Palace.**Enter Menaphon and Pelias.*

1 **Mena.** Dangers! how mean you dangers? that so courtly  
 2 You gratulate my safe return from dangers?

4 **Pelias.** From travails, noble sir.

6 **Mena.** These are delights;  
 If my experience hath not, truant-like,  
 8 Misspent the time, which I have strove to use  
 For bettering my mind with observation.

10 **Pelias.** As I am modest, I protest, 'tis strange!  
 12 But is it possible?

14 **Mena.** What?

16 **Pelias.** To bestride  
 The frothy foams of Neptune's surging waves,  
 18 When blustering Boreas tosseth up the deep,  
 And thumps a thunder-bounce!

20 **Mena.** Sweet sir, 'tis nothing:  
 22 Straight comes a dolphin, playing near your ship,  
 Heaving his crooked back up, and presents  
 24 A feather-bed to waft 'ee to the shore,  
 As easily as if you slept i' th' court.

26 **Pelias.** Indeed! is't true, I pray?

28 **Mena.** I will not stretch  
 30 Your faith upon the tenters. – Prithee, Pelias,  
 Where didst thou learn this language?

32 **Pelias.** I this language?  
 34 Alas, sir, we that study words and forms  
 Of compliment, must fashion all discourse  
 36 According to the nature of the subject.  
 But I am silent: – now appears a sun,  
 38 Whose shadow I adore.

40 *Enter Amethus, Sophronos, and Attendants.*

42 **Mena.** My honoured father!

44 **Soph.** From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my love,  
The joys that bid thee welcome, do too much  
46 Speak me a child.

48 **Mena.** O, princely sir, your hand.

50 **Ameth.** Perform your duties where you owe them first;  
I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures  
52 Thy presence hath brought home.

54 **Soph.** Here thou still findest  
A friend as noble, Menaphon, as when  
56 Thou left'st at thy departure.

58 **Mena.** Yes, I know it,  
To him I owe more service –  
60

**Ameth.** [To Sophronos] Pray give leave –  
62 He shall attend your entertainments soon,  
Next day, and next day; – for an hour or two  
64 I would engross him only.

66 **Soph.** Noble lord.

68 **Ameth.** Y'are both dismissed.

70 **Pelias.** Your creature and your servant.

72 [Exeunt all but Amethus and Menaphon.]

74 **Ameth.** Give me thy hand. I will not say, “Th'art welcome”;  
That is the common road of common friends.  
76 I'm glad I have thee here – O, I want words  
To let thee know my heart.

78 **Mena.** 'Tis pieced to mine.

80

**Ameth.** Yes, 'tis; as firmly as that holy thing  
82 Called friendship can unite it. – Menaphon,  
My Menaphon! now all the goodly blessings,  
84 That can create a Heaven on earth, dwell with thee!  
Twelve months we have been sundered; but henceforth  
86 We never more will part, till that sad hour,  
In which death leaves the one of us behind,  
88 To see the other's funerals performed.  
Let's now a while be free. – How have thy travails  
90 Disburthened thee abroad of discontents?

92 | **Mena.** Such cure as sick men find in changing beds,  
I found in change of airs; the fancy flattered  
94 | My hopes with ease, as theirs do; but the grief  
Is still the same.

96 | **Ameth.** Such is my case at home:  
98 | Cleophila, thy kinswoman, that maid  
Of sweetness and humility, more pities  
100 | Her father's poor afflictions, than the tide  
Of my complaints.

102 | **Mena.** Thamasta, my great mistress,  
104 | Your princely sister, hath, I hope, ere this,  
Confirmed affection on some worthy choice.

106 | **Ameth.** Not any, Menaphon. Her bosom yet  
108 | Is intermured with ice; though, by the truth  
Of love, no day hath ever passed wherein  
110 | I have not mentioned thy deserts, thy constancy,  
Thy – come! in troth, I dare not tell thee what,  
112 | Lest thou might'st think I fawned upon a sin  
Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery  
114 | Is monstrous in a true friend.

116 | **Mena.** Does the court  
Wear the old looks too?

118 | **Ameth.** If thou mean'st the prince,  
120 | It does. He's the same melancholy man  
He was at 's father's death; sometimes speaks sense,  
122 | But seldom mirth; will smile, but seldom laugh;  
Will lend an ear to business, deal in none;  
124 | Gaze upon revels, antic fopperies.  
But is not moved; will sparingly discourse,  
126 | Hear music; but what most he takes delight in  
Are handsome pictures. One so young, and goodly,  
128 | So sweet in his own nature, any story  
Hath seldom mentioned.

130 | **Mena.** Why should such as I am  
132 | Groan under the light burthens of small sorrows,  
Whenas a prince, so potent, cannot shun  
134 | Motions of passion? – To be man, my lord.  
Is to be but the exercise of cares  
136 | In several shapes; as miseries do grow,  
They alter as men's forms; but *how* none know.

138 |

140 *Ameth.* This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds  
 In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,  
 Than any you have seen abroad.

142  
 144 *Mena.* Than any  
 I have observed abroad! all countries else  
 To a free eye and mind yield something rare;  
 146 And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel  
 Of admirable value.

148  
 150 *Ameth.* Jewël, Menaphon?

152 *Mena.* A jewël, my Amethus, a fair youth;  
 A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,  
 I should repute an excellence more high,  
 154 Than mere creations are: to add delight,  
 I'll tell you how I found him.

156  
 158 *Ameth.* Prithee do.

160 *Mena.* Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales  
 Which poets of an elder time have fained  
 To glorify their Tempë, bred in me  
 162 Desire of visiting that paradise.  
 To Thessaly I came; and living private,  
 164 Without acquaintance of more sweet companions  
 Than the old inmates to my love – my thoughts –  
 166 I day by day frequented silent groves,  
 And solitary walks. One morning early  
 168 This accident encountered me: I heard  
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention,  
 170 That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.

172 *Ameth.* I cannot yet conceive what you infer  
 By art and nature.

174  
 176 *Mena.* I shall soon resolve ye.  
 A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,  
 Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,  
 178 Invited by the melody, I saw  
 This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,  
 180 With strains of strange variety and harmony,  
 Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge  
 182 To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,  
 That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,  
 184 Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.

186 *Ameth.* And so do I; good! – on!

188 **Mena.** A nightingale,  
 Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes  
 190 The challenge, and for every several strain  
 The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her down;  
 192 He could not run division with more art  
 Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
 194 The nightingale, did with her various notes  
 Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,  
 196 Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe  
 That such they were than hope to hear again.

198 **Ameth.** How did the rivals part?

200 **Mena.** You term them rightly;  
 202 For they were rivals, and their mistress, *harmony*. –  
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
 204 Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
 Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,  
 206 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
 Had busied many hours to perfit practice:  
 208 To end the controversy, in a rapture  
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
 210 So many voluntaries and so quick,  
 That there was curiosity and cunning,  
 212 Concord in discord, lines of differing method  
 Meeting in one full centre of delight.

214 **Ameth.** Now for the bird.

216 **Mena.** The bird, ordained to be  
 218 Music's first martyr, strove to imitate  
 These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat  
 220 Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his lute,  
 And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,  
 222 To see the conqueror upon her hearse  
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears;  
 224 That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide  
 Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me  
 226 A fellow-mourner with him.

228 **Ameth.** I believe thee.

230 **Mena.** He looks upon the trophies of his art,  
 Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried,  
 232 "Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge  
 This cruelty upon the author of it;  
 234 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,

236 Shall never more betray a harmless peace  
 To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,  
 238 As he was pashing it against a tree,  
 I suddenly stepped in.

240 *Ameth.* Thou hast discoursed  
 A truth of mirth and pity.

242 *Mena.* I reprieved  
 244 Th' intended execution with entreaties,  
 And interruption. – But, my princely friend,  
 246 It was not strange the music of his hand  
 Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty,  
 248 Youth, carriage, and discretion must, from men  
 Endued with reason, ravish admiration:  
 250 From me, they did.

252 *Ameth.* But is this miracle  
 Not to be seen?

254 *Mena.* I won him by degrees  
 256 To choose me his companion. Whence he is,  
 Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,  
 258 So gently he would woo not to make known;  
 Only (for reasons to himself reserved)  
 260 He told me, that some remnant of his life  
 Was to be spent in travel: for his fortunes,  
 262 They were nor mean nor riotous; his friends  
 Not published to the world, though not obscure:  
 264 His country Athens, and his name Parthenophill.

266 *Ameth.* Came he with you to Cyprus?

268 *Mena.* Willingly.  
 The fame of our young melancholy prince,  
 270 Meleander's rare distractions, the obedience  
 Of young Cleophila, Thamasta's glory,  
 272 Your matchless friendship, and my desperate love  
 Prevailed with him; and I have lodged him privately  
 274 In Famagosta.

276 *Ameth.* Now th' art doubly welcome:  
 I will not lose the sight of such a rarity  
 278 For one part of my hopes. When do you intend  
 To visit my great-spirited sister?

280 *Mena.* May I  
 282 Without offence?

284 | **Ameth.**                   Without offence! – Parthenophill  
Shall find a worthy entertainment too.

286 | Thou art not still a coward?

288 | **Mena.**                               She's too excellent,  
And I too low in merit.

290 | **Ameth.**                               I'll prepare  
292 | A noble welcome; and, friend, ere we part,  
Unload to thee an overchargèd heart.

294 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE II.*Another Room in the Palace.**Enter Rhetias, carelessly attired.*

1 **Rhet.** I will not court the madness of the times;  
 2 Not fawn upon the riots that embalm  
 Our wanton gentry, to preserve the dust  
 4 Of their affected vanities in coffins  
 Of memorable shame. When commonwealths  
 6 Totter and reel from that nobility  
 And ancient virtue which renowns the great,  
 8 Who steer the helm of government, while mushrooms  
 Grow up, and make new laws to license folly;  
 10 Why should not I, a May-game, scorn the weight  
 Of my sunk fortunes? snarl at the vices  
 12 Which rot the land, and, without fear or wit,  
 Be mine own antic? 'tis a sport to live  
 14 When life is irksome, if we will not hug  
 Prosperity in others, and contemn  
 16 Affliction in ourselves. This rule is certain:  
 "He that pursues his safety from the school  
 18 Of state, must learn to be madman or fool."  
 Ambition, wealth, ease I renounce – the devil  
 20 That damns ye here on earth. – Or I will be  
 Mine own mirth, or mine own tormentor. – So!

*Enter Pelias.*

24 Here comes intelligence; a buzz o' the court.  
 26 **Pelias.** Rhetias, I sought thee out to tell thee news,  
 28 New, excellent new news. Cuculus, sirrah,  
 That gull, that young-old gull, is coming this way.  
 30 **Rhet.** And thou art his forerunner?

32 **Pelias.** Prithee, hear me.  
 34 Instead of a fine-guarded page, we have got him  
 A boy, tricked up in neat and handsome fashion;  
 36 Persuaded him that 'tis indeed a wench,  
 And he has entertained him; he does follow him,  
 38 Carries his sword and buckler, waits on his trencher,  
 Fills him his wine, tobacco; whets his knife,  
 40 Lackeys his letters, does what service else  
 He would employ his man in. Being asked

42 | Why he is so irregular in courtship,  
 His answer is, that since great ladies use  
 44 | Gentlemen-ushers to go bare before them,  
 He knows no reason, but he may reduce  
 46 | The courtiers to have women wait on them;  
 And he begins the fashion: he is laughed at  
 48 | Most complimentally. – Thou'lt burst to see him.

50 | **Rhet.** Agelastus, so surnamed for his gravity, was  
 a very wise fellow, kept his countenance all day of  
 52 | his life as demurely as a judge that pronounceth  
 sentence of death on a poor rogue for stealing as  
 54 | much bacon as would serve at a meat with a calve's  
 head. Yet he smiled once, and never but once; – thou  
 56 | art no scholar ?

58 | **Pelias.** I have read pamphlets dedicated to me. –  
 Dost call him Agelastus? Why did he laugh ?

60 | **Rhet.** To see an ass eat thistles; – puppy, go study  
 62 | to be a singular coxcomb. Cuculus is an ordinary ape;  
 but thou art an ape of an ape.

64 | **Pelias.** Thou hast a patent to abuse thy friends.

66 | *Enter Cuculus, followed by Grilla, who is carrying  
 68 | a sword and buckler; both fantastically dressed.*

70 | Look, look, he comes! observe him seriously.

72 | **Cucul.** Reach me my sword and buckler.

74 | **Gril.** They are here, forsooth.

76 | **Cucul.** How now, minx, how now! where is your  
 duty, your distance? Let me have service methodically  
 78 | tendered; you are now one of us. Your cursey.

80 | *[Grilla curtsies.]*

82 | Good, – remember that you are to practise courtship.  
 Was thy father a piper, say'st thou?

84 | **Gril.** A sounder of some such wind instrument,  
 86 | forsooth.

88 | **Cucul.** Was he so? – hold up thy head. – Be thou  
 musical to me, and I will marry thee to a dancer; one  
 90 | that shall ride on his footcloth, and maintain thee in  
 thy muff and hood.

92

**Gril.** That will be fine indeed.

94

**Cucul.** Thou art yet but simple.

96

**Gril.** Do you think so?

98

**Cucul.** I have a brain; I have a headpiece: o' my conscience, if I take pains with thee, I should raise thy understanding, girl, to the height of a nurse, or a court-midwife at least. I will make thee big in time, wench.

104

**Gril.** E'en do your pleasure with me, sir.

106

**Pelias.** [*Coming forward*] Noble, accomplished Cuculus!

108

**Rhet.** Give me thy fist, innocent.

110

**Cucul.** Would 't were in thy belly! there 'tis.

112

**Pelias.** That's well; he's an honest blade, though he be blunt.

114

**Cucul.** Who cares? We can be as blunt as he, for's life.

116

**Rhet.** Cuculus, there is, within a mile or two, a sow-pig hath sucked a brach, and now hunts the deer, the hare, nay, most unnaturally, the wild boar, as well as any hound in Cyprus.

120

**Cucul.** Monstrous sow-pig! is't true?

122

**Pelias.** I'll be at charge of a banket on thee for a sight of her.

124

**Rhet.** Everything takes after the dam that gave it suck. Where hadst thou thy milk?

126

**Cucul.** I? Why, my nurse's husband was a most excellent maker of shittlecocks.

128

**Pelias.** My nurse was a woman-surgeon.

130

**Rhet.** [*To Grilla*] And who gave thee pap, mouse?

132

**Gril.** I never sucked, that I remember.

134

136

138

140

142 **Rhet.** La now! a shittlecock maker; all thy brains are  
 144 stuck with cork and feather; Cuculus, this learned  
 146 courtier takes after the nurse too; a she-surgeon, which  
 148 is, in effect, a mere matcher of colours. Go, learn to  
 paint and daub compliments, 'tis the next step to run  
 into a new suit. My lady-Periwinkle here, never sucked:  
 suck thy master, and bring forth moon-calves, fop,  
 do! This is good philosophy, sirs; make use on't.

150 **Gril.** Bless us, what a strange creature this is!

152 **Cucul.** A gull, an arrant gull by proclamation.

154 [Corax passes over the stage.]

156 **Pelias.** Corax, the prince's chief physician! What  
 158 business speeds his haste? – Are all things well, sir?

160 **Corax.** Yes, yes, yes.

162 **Rhet.** Phew! you may wheel about, man; we know  
 164 y'are proud of your slovenry and practice; 'tis your  
 virtue. The prince's melancholy fit, I presume, holds  
 still?

166 **Corax.** So do thy knavery and desperate beggary.

168 **Cucul.** Aha! here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

170 **Rhet.** You must not go yet.

172 **Corax.** I'll stay in spite of thy teeth. There lies my  
 174 gravity [*Casts off his gown.*] – Do what thou dar'st;  
 I stand thee.

176 **Rhet.** Mountebanks, empirics, quack-salvers,  
 178 mineralists, wizards, alchemists, cast apothecaries,  
 180 old wives and barbers, are all suppositors to the right  
 worshipful doctor, as I take it. Some of ye are the  
 head of your art, and the horns too – but they come  
 by nature. Thou livest single for no other end, but  
 182 that thou fearest to be a cuckold.

184 **Corax.** Have at thee! Thou affect'st railing only for  
 186 thy health; thy miseries are so thick and so lasting, that  
 188 thou hast not one poor denier to bestow on opening  
 a vein: wherefore, to avoid a pleurisy, thou'lt be sure  
 to prate thyself once a month into a whipping, and  
 bleed in the breech instead of the arm.

190

192 **Rhet.** Have at thee again!

194 **Corax.** Come!

196 **Cucul.** There, there, there! O brave doctor !

198 **Pelias.** Let them alone.

200 **Rhet.** Thou art in thy religion an atheist, in thy  
 202 condition a cur, in thy diet an epicure, in thy lust a  
 204 goat, in thy sleep a hog; thou tak'st upon thee the habit  
 206 of a grave physician, but art indeed an impostorous  
 empiric. Physicians are the body's cobblers, rather the  
 208 botchers, of men's bodies; as the one patches our  
 210 tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.  
 212 – Come on!

214 **Cucul.** To 't, to 't! hold him to 't! hold him to 't! to't,  
 216 to't, to't!

218 **Corax.** The best worth in thee is the corruption of  
 220 thy mind, for that only entitles thee to the dignity of a  
 222 louse – a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of  
 224 ill humours. Thou bite'st anywhere, and any man who  
 226 defends not himself with the clean linen of secure  
 228 honesty, – him thou darest not come near. Thou art  
 230 fortune's idiot, virtue's bankrupt, time's dunghill,  
 232 manhood's scandal, and thine own scourge. Thou  
 234 wouldst hang thyself, so wretchedly miserable thou art,  
 236 but that no man will trust thee with as much money as  
 238 will buy a halter; and all thy stock to be sold is not  
 worth half as much as may procure it.

240 **Rhet.** Ha, ha, ha! this is flattery, gross flattery.

242 **Corax.** I have employment for thee, and for ye all. –  
 244 Tut! these are but good-morrows between us.

246 **Rhet.** Are thy bottles full?

248 **Corax.** Of rich wine; let's all suck together.

250 **Rhet.** Like so many swine in a trough.

252 **Corax.** I'll shape ye all for a device before the prince;  
 254 we'll try how that can move him.

256 **Rhet.** He shall fret or laugh.

240 | **Cucul.** Must I make one?

242 | **Corax.** Yes, and your feminine page too.

244 | **Gril.** Thanks, most egregiously.

246 | **Pelias.** I will not slack my part.

248 | **Cucul.** Wench, take my buckler.

250 | **Corax.** Come all unto my chamber; the project is  
cast; the time only we must attend.

252

**Rhet.** The melody must agree well and yield sport,  
254 | When such as these are, knaves and fools, consort.

256

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I, SCENE III.*An Apartment in the House of Thamasta.**Enter Amethus, Thamasta, and Kala.*1 **Ameth.** Does this shew well?

2

3 **Tham.** What would you have me do?

4

5 **Ameth.** Not like a lady of the trim, new-crept  
 6 Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour,  
 7 Into the glittering pomp of ease and wantonness,  
 8 Embroideries, and all these antic fashions,  
 9 That shape a woman monstrous; to transform  
 10 Your education, and a noble birth,  
 11 Into contempt and laughter. Sister! sister!  
 12 She who derives her blood from princes, ought  
 13 To glorify her greatness by humility.

14

15 **Tham.** Then you conclude me proud?

16

17 **Ameth.** Young Menaphon,  
 18 My worthy friend, has loved you long and truly:  
 19 To witness his obedience to your scorn,  
 20 Twelve months, wronged gentleman, he undertook  
 21 A voluntary exile. Wherefore, sister,  
 22 In this time of his absence, have you not  
 23 Disposed of your affections on some monarch?  
 24 Or sent ambassadors to some neighb'ring king  
 25 With fawning protestations of your graces,  
 26 Your rare perfections, admirable beauty?  
 27 This had been a new piece of modesty,  
 28 Would have deserved a chronicle!

29 **Tham.** You are bitter;

30 And, brother, by your leave, not kindly wise.

31 My freedom is my birth's; I am not bound

32 To fancy your approvements, but my own.

33 Indeed, you are an humble youth! I hear of

34 Your visits, and your loving commendation

35 To your heart's saint, Cleophila, a virgin

36 Of a rare excellence. What though she want

37 A portion to maintain a portly greatness!

38 Yet 'tis your gracious sweetness to descend

39 So low; the meekness of your pity leads ye!

40 She is your dear friend's sister, a good soul,

42 | An innocent!

44 | **Ameth.**       Thamasta!

46 | **Tham.**                       I have given  
 Your Menaphon a welcome home, as fits me;  
 48 | For his sake entertained Parthenophill,  
 The handsome stranger, more familiarly  
 50 | Than, I may fear, becomes me; yet, for his part,  
 I not repent my courtesies: but you –

52 | **Ameth.** No more, no more! be affable to both;  
 54 | Time may reclaim your cruelty.

56 | **Tham.**                       I pity  
 The youth; and, trust me, brother, love his sadness:  
 58 | He talks the prettiest stories; he delivers  
 His tales so gracefully, that I could sit  
 60 | And listen, nay, forget my meals and sleep,  
 To hear his neat discourses. Menaphon  
 62 | Was well advised in choosing such a friend  
 For pleading his true love.

64 | **Ameth.**                       Now I commend thee;  
 66 | Thou't change at last, I hope.

68 |   *Enter Menaphon and Parthenophill.*

70 | **Tham.**                       *[Aside]* I fear I shall.

72 | **Ameth.** Have you surveyed the garden?

74 | **Mena.**                                       'Tis a curious,  
 A pleasantly contrived delight.

76 | **Tham.**                       Your eye, sir,  
 78 | Hath in your travails often met contents  
 Of more variety?

80 | **Parth.**                       Not any, lady.

82 | **Mena.** *[To Thamasta]*  
 84 | It were impossible, since your fair presence  
 Makes every place, where it vouchsafes to shine,  
 86 | More lovely than all other helps of art  
 Can equal.

88 | **Tham.**       What you mean by "helps of art,"  
 90 | You know yourself best; be they as they are;

92 You need none, I am sure, to set me forth.

94 **Mena.** 'Twould argue want of manners, more than skill,  
94 Not to praise praise itself.

96 **Tham.** For your reward,  
98 Henceforth I'll call you servant.

100 **Ameth.** Excellent sister!

102 **Mena.** 'Tis my first step to honour. May I fall  
102 Lower than shame, when I neglect all service  
104 That may confirm this favour!

106 **Tham.** [*To Parthenophill*] Are you well, sir?

108 **Parth.** Great princess, I am well. To see a league  
108 Between an humble love, such as my friend's is,  
110 And a commanding virtue, such as yours is,  
110 Are sure restoratives.

112 **Tham.** You speak ingeniously. –  
114 Brother, be pleased to shew the gallery  
114 To this young stranger. Use the time a while,  
116 And we will all together to the court:  
116 I will present you, sir, unto the prince.

118 **Parth.** Y' are all composed of fairness and true bounty.

120 **Ameth.** Come, come: we'll wait thee, sister. – This beginning  
122 Doth relish happy process.

124 **Mena.** You have blessed me.

126 [*Exeunt all but Thamasta and Kala.*]

128 **Tham.** Kala! O, Kala!

130 **Kala.** Lady.

132 **Tham.** We are private;  
132 Thou art my closet.

134 **Kala.** Lock your secrets close then;  
136 I am not to be forced.

138 **Tham.** Never till now  
138 Could I be sensible of being traitor  
To honour and to shame.

140

**Kala.** You are in love.

142

**Tham.** I am grown base – Parthenophill –

144

**Kala.** He's handsome,  
146 Richly endowed; he hath a lovely face,  
A winning tongue.

148

**Tham.** If ever I must fall,  
150 In him my greatness sinks: Love is a tyrant,  
Resisted. Whisper in his ear how gladly  
152 I would steal time to talk with him one hour;  
But do it honourably: prithee, Kala,  
154 Do not betray me.

156

**Kala.** Madam, I will make it  
Mine own case; he shall think I am in love with him.

158

**Tham.** I hope thou art not, Kala.

160

**Kala.** 'Tis for your sake  
162 I'll tell him so; but, 'faith, I am not, lady.

164

**Tham.** Pray, use me kindly; let me not too soon  
Be lost in my new follies; 'tis a fate  
166 That overrules our wisdoms; while'st we strive  
To live most free, we 're caught in our own toils.  
168 Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove  
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.

170

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.SCENE I.*An Apartment in the Palace.**Enter Sophronos and Aretus.*

1 **Soph.** Our commonwealth is sick: 'tis more than time  
 2 That we should wake the head thereof, who sleeps  
 In the dull lethargy of lost security.  
 4 The commons murmur, and the nobles grieve;  
 The court is now turned antic, and grows wild,  
 6 Whiles all the neighb'ring nations stand at gaze,  
 And watch fit opportunity to wreak  
 8 Their just-conceivèd fury on such injuries  
 As the late prince, our living master's father,  
 10 Committed against laws of truth or honour.  
 Intelligence comes flying in on all sides:  
 12 While'st the unsteady multitude presume  
 How that you, Aretus, and I engross,  
 14 Out of particular ambition,  
 Th' affairs of government; which I, for my part,  
 16 Groan under, and am weary of.

18 **Aretus.** Sophronos,  
 I am as zealous too of shaking off  
 20 My gay state-fetters, that I have bethought  
 Of speedy remedy; and to that end,  
 22 As I have told ye, have concluded with  
 Corax, the prince's chief physiçiän.

24 **Soph.** You should have done this sooner, Aretus;  
 26 You were his tutor, and could best discern  
 His dispositions, to inform them rightly.

28 **Aretus.** Passions of violent nature by degrees  
 30 Are easili'st reclaimed. There's something hid  
 Of his distemper, which we'll now find out.

*Enter Corax, Rhetias, Pelias, Cuculus, and Grilla.*

34 You come on just appointment. Welcome, gentlemen! –  
 36 Have you won Rhetias, Corax?

38 **Corax.** Most sincerely.

40 **Cucul.** Save ye, nobilities! Do your lordships take

42 notice of my page? 'tis a fashion of the newest edition,  
 43 spick and span-new, without example. – Do your  
 44 honour, housewife!

44 **Gril.** There's a cursey for you, and a cursey for you.

46 **Soph.** 'Tis excellent: we must all follow fashion,  
 48 And entertain she-waiters.

50 **Aretus.** 'Twill be courtly.

52 **Cucul.** I think so; I hope the chronicles will rear me  
 54 one day for a headpiece –

54 **Rhet.** Of woodcock, without brains in 't! Barbers shall  
 56 wear thee on their citterns, and hucksters set thee out  
 58 in gingerbread.

58 **Cucul.** Devil take thee! I say nothing to thee now;  
 60 canst let me be quiet?

62 **Gril.** [To Rhetias] Y' are too perstreperous, saucebox.

64 **Cucul.** Good girl! if we begin to puff once –

66 **Pelias.** Prithee, hold thy tongue; the lords are in the  
 68 presence.

68 **Rhet.** Mum, butterfly!

70 **Pelias.** O, the prince! stand and keep silence.

72 **Cucul.** O the prince! – wench, thou shalt see the  
 74 prince now.

76 [Soft music.]

78 *Enter Palador, with a book in his hand.*

80 **Soph., Aretus.** Sir, gracious sir!

82 **Palad.** Why all this company?

84 **Corax.** A book! is this the early exercise  
 85 I did prescribe? instead of following health,  
 86 Which all men covet, you pursue your disease.  
 87 Where's your great horse, your hounds, your set at tennis,  
 88 Your balloon ball, the practice of your dancing,  
 89 Your casting of the sledge, or learning how  
 90 To toss a pike? all changed into a sonnet! –

92 Pray, sir, grant me free liberty to leave  
 Of sleep and surfeit: in the university  
 94 I have employments, which to my profession  
 Add profit and report; here I am lost,  
 96 And, in your wilful dulness, held a man  
 Of neither art nor honesty. You may  
 98 Command my head: – pray, take it, do! 'twere better  
 For me to lose it, than to lose my wits,  
 100 And live in Bedlam; you will force me to't;  
 I am almost mad already.

102 **Palad.** I believe it.

104 **Soph.** Letters are come from Crete, which do require  
 106 A speedy restitution of such ships  
 As by your father were long since detained;  
 108 If not, defiance threatened.

110 **Aretus.** These near parts  
 Of Syria that adjoin, muster their friends;  
 112 And by intelligence we learn for certain,  
 The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest  
 114 Of tribute intermitted.

116 **Soph.** Through your land  
 Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine  
 118 More than they dare speak publicly.

120 **Corax.** And yet  
 They talk but oddly of you.

122 **Cucul.** Hang 'em, mongrels!

124 **Palad.** Of me? my subjects talk of me!

126 **Corax.** Yes, scurvily,  
 128 And think worse, prince.

130 **Palad.** I'll borrow patiënce  
 A little time to listen to these wrongs;  
 132 And from the few of you which are here present,  
 Conceive the general voice.

134 **Corax.** [*Aside*] So! now he is nettled.

136 **Palad.** By all your loves I charge ye, without fear  
 138 Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts,

140 And how I am interpreted: speak boldly.

142 **Soph.** For my part, sir, I will be plain and brief.  
 144 I think you are of nature mild and easy,  
 146 Not willingly provoked, but withal headstrong  
 148 In any passion that misleads your judgment:  
 150 I think you too indulgent to such motions  
 152 As spring out of your own affectiöns;  
 154 Too old to be reformed, and yet too young  
 156 To take fit counsel from yourself, of what  
 158 Is most amiss.

160 **Palad.** So! – Tutor, your conceit?

162 **Aretus.** I think you dote (with pardon let me speak it)  
 164 Too much upon your pleasures; and these pleasures  
 166 Are so wrapped up in self-love, that you covet  
 168 No other change of fortune: would be still  
 170 What your birth makes you; but are loath to toil  
 172 In such affairs of state as break your sleeps.

174 **Corax.** I think you would be by the world reputed  
 176 A man in every point complete; but are  
 178 In manners and effect indeed a child,  
 180 A boy, a very boy.

182 **Pelias.** May it please your grace,  
 184 I think you do contain within yourself  
 186 The great elixir, soul, and quintessence  
 188 Of all divine perfections; are the glory  
 190 Of mankind, and the only strict example  
 192 For earthly monarchies to square out their lives by:  
 194 Time's miracle! Fame's pride! in knowledge, wit,  
 196 Sweetness, discourse, arms, arts, –

198 **Palad.** You are a courtier.

200 **Cucul.** But not of the ancient fashion, an it like your  
 202 highness: 'tis I, I that am the credit of the court, noble  
 204 prince; and if thou wouldst, by proclamation or  
 206 patent, create me overseer of all the tailors in thy  
 208 dominions, then, then the golden days should appear  
 210 again! bread should be cheaper; fools should have  
 212 more wit; knaves more honesty, and beggars more  
 214 money.

216 **Gril.** I think now –

188 **Cucul.** Peace, you squall!

190 **Palad.** [*To Rhetias*] You have not spoken yet.

192 **Cucul.** Hang him! he'll nothing but rail.

194 **Gril.** Most abominable; – out upon him!

196 **Corax.** Away, Cuculus; follow the lords.

198 **Cucul.** Close, page, close.

200 *They all fall back and steal out;  
only Rhetias and Palador remain.*

202 **Palad.** You are somewhat long a-thinking.

204 **Rhet.** I do not think at all.

206 **Palad.** Am I not worthy of your thought?

208 **Rhet.** My pity, you are; – but not my reprehension.

210 **Palad.** Pity?

212 **Rhet.** Yes, for I pity such to whom I owe service,  
who exchange their happiness for a misery.

214 **Palad.** Is it a misery to be a prince?

216 **Rhet.** Princes who forget their sovereignty, and  
218 yield to affected passion, are weary of command. –  
You had a father, sir.

220 **Palad.** Your sovereign, whiles he lived: – but what of him?

222 **Rhet.** Nothing. I only dared to name him, – that is all.

224 **Palad.** I charge thee, by the duty that thou ow'st  
226 us, be plain in what thou meanst to speak: there's  
something that we must know: be free; our ears are  
228 open.

230 **Rhet.** O, sir, I had rather hold a wolf by the ears than  
stroke a lion; the greatest danger is the last.

232 **Palad.** This is mere trifling. – Ha! are all stolen hence?

234 We are alone – thou hast an honest look. –  
Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oiled  
236 With flattery: be open. Though 'tis true,

238 That in my younger days I oft have heard  
 Agenor's name, my father, more traduced,  
 240 Than I could then observe: yet I protest,  
 I never had a friend, a certain friend,  
 That would inform me throughly of such errors,  
 242 As oftentimes are incident to princes.

244 **Rhet.** All this may be. I have seen a man so curious  
 in feeling of the edge of a keen knife, that he has cut  
 246 his fingers. My flesh is not of proof against the metal  
 I am to handle; the one is tenderer than the other.

248 **Palad.** I see then I must court thee. Take the word  
 250 Of a just prince; for anything thou speakest  
 I have more than a pardon, thanks and love.

252 **Rhet.** I will remember you of an old tale, that  
 254 something concerns you. Meleander, the great but  
 unfortunate statesman, was by your father treated  
 256 with for a match between you and his eldest  
 daughter, the lady Eroclea; you were both near of an  
 258 age, – I presume you remember a contract, – and  
 cannot forget her.

260 **Palad.** She was a lovely beauty – prithee forward!

262 **Rhet.** To court was Eroclea brought; was courted by  
 264 your father, not for prince Palador, as it followed,  
 but to be made a prey to some less noble design. –  
 266 With your favour, I have forgot the rest.

268 **Palad.** Good, call it back again into thy memory;  
 Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.

270 **Rhet.** You charm me. In brief, a rape by some bad  
 272 agents was attempted; by the lord Meleander, her  
 father, rescued; she conveyed away; Meleander  
 274 accused of treason, his land seized, he himself  
 distracted and confined to the castle, where he yet  
 276 lives. What had ensued was doubtful; but your father  
 shortly after died.

278 **Palad.** But what became of fair Eroclea?

280 **Rhet.** She never since was heard of.

282 **Palad.** No hope lives then  
 284 Of ever, ever seeing her again.

286 **Rhet.** Sir, I fear[ed] I should anger you. There was, as  
 288 I said, an old tale: – I have now a new one, which may  
 perhaps season the first with a more delightful relish.

290 **Palad.** I am prepared to hear; say what you please.

292 **Rhet.** My lord Meleander falling (on whose favour  
 my fortunes relied), I furnished myself for travail,  
 294 and bent my course to Athens; where a pretty  
 accident, after a while, came to my knowledge.

296 **Palad.** My ear is open to thee.

298 **Rhet.** A young lady, contracted to a noble  
 300 gentleman, as the lady we last mentioned and your  
 highness were, being hindered by their jarring  
 302 parents, stole from her home, and was conveyed like  
 a shipboy in a merchant, from the country where she  
 304 lived, into Corinth first, and afterward to Athens;  
 where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth,  
 306 almost two years, courted by all for acquaintance,  
 but friend to none by familiarity.

308 **Palad.** In habit of a man?

310 **Rhet.** A handsome young man – till within these  
 312 three months or less (her sweetheart's father dying  
 some year before, or more), she had notice of it, and  
 314 with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced  
 it at Athens, enjoyed her happiness she was long an  
 316 exile for. For now, noble sir, if you did love the lady  
 Eroclea, why may not such safety and Fate direct her,  
 318 as directed the other? 'tis not impossible.

320 **Palad.** If I did love her, Rhetias! Yes, I did.  
 Give me thy hand: as thou didst serve Meleander,  
 322 And art still true to these, henceforth serve me.

324 **Rhet.** My duty and my obedience are my surety; but  
 I have been too bold.

326 **Palad.** Forget the sadder story of my father,  
 328 And only, Rhetias, learn to read me well;  
 For I must ever thank thee: th'ast unlocked  
 330 A tongue was vowed to silence; for requital –  
 Open my bosom, Rhetias.

332 **Rhet.** What's your meaning?

334 | **Palad.** To tie thee to an oath of secrecy –  
 336 | Unloose the buttons, man! thou dost it faintly: –  
 | What find'st thou there!

338 | **Rhet.** A picture in a tablet.

340 | **Palad.** Look well upon 't.

342 | **Rhet.** I do – yes – let me observe it –  
 344 | 'Tis hers, the lady's.

346 | **Palad.** Whose?

348 | **Rhet.** Eroclea's;

350 | **Palad.** Hers that was once Eroclea. For her sake  
 | Have I advanced Sophronos to the helm  
 352 | Of government; for her sake will restore  
 | Meleander's honours to him; will, for her sake,  
 354 | Beg friendship from thee, Rhetias. O! be faithful,  
 | And let no politic lord work from thy bosom  
 356 | My griefs: I know thou wert put on to sift me:  
 | But be not too secure.

358 | **Rhet.** I am your creature.

360 | **Palad.** Continue still thy discontented fashion;  
 362 | Humour the lords, as they would humour me;  
 | I'll not live in thy debt. – We are discovered.

364 | *Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Thamasta,  
 366 | Kala, and Parthenophill.*

368 | **Ameth.** Honour and health still wait upon the prince! –  
 | Sir, I am bold with favour to present  
 370 | Unto your highness Menaphon, my friend,  
 | Returned from travail.

372 | **Mena.** Humbly on my knees  
 374 | I kiss your gracious hand.

376 | **Palad.** It is our duty  
 | To love the virtuous.

378 | **Mena.** If my prayers or service  
 380 | Hold any value, they are vowed yours ever.

382 | **Rhet.** I have a fist for thee too, stripling; th'art

384 started up prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned any  
 wit abroad? Canst tell news and swear lies with a  
 grace like a true traveller? – What new ouzle's this?

386 **Tham.** Your highness shall do right to your own judgment,  
 388 In taking more than common notice of  
 This stranger, an Athenian, named Parthenophill;  
 390 One, whom, if mine opinion do not sooth me  
 Too grossly, for the fashion of his mind  
 392 Deserves a dear respect.

394 **Palad.** Your commendations,  
 Sweet cousin, speak him nobly.

396 **Parth.** All the powers  
 398 That sentinel just thrones, double their guards  
 About your sacred excellence!

400 **Palad.** What fortune  
 402 Led him to Cyprus?

404 **Mena.** My persuasions won him.

406 **Ameth.** And if your highness please to hear the entrance  
 Into their first acquaintance, you will say –

408 **Tham.** It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest accident,  
 410 That e'er delighted your attention:  
 I can discourse it, sir.

412 **Palad.** Some other time.  
 414 How is 'a called?

416 **Tham.** Parthenophill.

418 **Palad.** Parthenophill?  
 We shall sort time to take more notice of him.

[Exit Palador.]

422 **Mena.** His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

424 **Ameth.** I told you so.

426 **Tham.** You must not wonder at it.

428 **Parth.** I do not, lady.

430 **Ameth.** Shall we to the castle?

432

**Mena.** We will attend you both.

434

436

**Rhet.** All three – I'll go too. – [*To Amethus*] Hark in  
thine ear, gallant; I'll keep the old madman in chat,  
while'st thou gabblest to the girl: my thumb's upon my  
lips; not a word.

438

440

**Ameth.** I need not fear thee, Rhetias. – Sister, soon  
Expect us; this day we will range the city.

442

**Tham.** Well, soon I shall expect ye. – [*Aside*] Kala!

444

**Kala.** Trust me.

446

**Rhet.** Troop on! – Love, love, what a wonder thou art!

448

[*Exeunt all but Parthenophill and Kala.*]

450

**Kala.** May I not be offensive, sir?

452

**Parth.** Your pleasure?

454

Yet, pray, be brief.

456

**Kala.** Then, briefly; good, resolve me;  
Have you a mistress or a wife?

458

**Parth.** I have neither.

460

**Kala.** Nor did you ever love in earnest any  
Fair lady, whom you wished to make your own?

462

**Parth.** Not any, truly.

464

**Kala.** What your friends or means are  
I will not be inquisitive to know,  
Nor do I care to hope for. But admit  
A dowry were thrown down before your choice,  
Of beauty, noble birth, and sincere affection,  
How gladly would you entertain it? Young man,  
I do not tempt you idly.

472

474

**Parth.** I shall thank you,  
When my unsettled thoughts can make me sensible  
Of what 'tis to be happy; for the present,  
I am your debtor; and, fair gentlewoman,  
Pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance,  
For my weak brains conceive not what concerns me.

478

Another time –

480

482 [Parthenophill offers to go.]

484 Enter Thamasta.

486 **Tham.** [To Parthenophill] Do I break off your parley,  
That you are parting? Sure my woman loves you;  
488 Can she speak well, Parthenophill?

490 **Parth.** Yes, madam,  
Discreetly chaste she can; she hath much won  
492 On my belief, and in few words, but pithy,  
Much moved my thankfulness. You are her lady,  
494 Your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment;  
Therefore, I may be bold to make confession  
496 Of truth: if ever I desire to thrive  
In woman's favour, Kala is the first  
498 Whom my ambition shall bend to.

500 **Tham.** Indeed!  
But say a nobler love should interpose.

502 **Parth.** Where real worth and constancy first settle  
504 A hearty truth, there greatness cannot shake it;  
Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an infant  
506 In that construction, which must give clear light  
To Kala's merit; riper hours hereafter  
508 Must learn me how to grow rich in deserts.  
Madam, my duty waits on you.

510 [Exit Parthenophill.]

512 **Tham.** Come hither! –  
514 "If ever henceforth I desire to thrive  
In woman's favour, Kala is the first  
516 Whom my ambition shall bend to." – 'Twas so!

518 **Kala.** These very words he spake.

520 **Tham.** These very words  
Curse thee, unfaithful creature, to thy grave.  
522 Thou wooedst him for thyself?

524 **Kala.** You said I should.

526 **Tham.** My name was never mentioned?

528 **Kala.** Madam, no:  
We were not come to that.

530

532 **Tham.** Not come to that!  
Art thou a rival fit to cross my fate?  
Now poverty and a dishonest fame,  
534 The waiting-woman's wages, be thy payment.  
False, faithless, wanton beast! I'll spoil your carriage;  
536 There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen,  
That shall be cast upon ye, Kala;  
538 I'll keep thee in my service all thy lifetime,  
Without hope of a husband or a suitor.  
540

542 **Kala.** I have not verily deserved this cruelty.

544 **Tham.** Parthenophill shall know, if he respect [not]  
My birth, the danger of a fond neglect.  
546 [Exit Thamasta.]

548 **Kala.** Are you so quick? Well, I may chance to cross  
Your peevishness. Now, though I never meant  
550 The young man for myself, yet, if he love me,  
I'll have him, or I'll run away with him;  
552 And let her do her worst then! What! we're all  
But flesh and blood; the same thing that will do  
554 My lady good will please her woman too.  
556 [Exit Kala.]

ACT II, SCENE II.*An Apartment at the Castle.**Enter Cleophila and Trollio.*

1 **Cleo.** Tread softly, Trollio, my father sleeps still.

2

4 **Trol.** Ay, forsooth; but he sleeps like a hare, with  
his eyes open, and that's no good sign.

6 **Cleo.** Sure thou art weary of this sullen living;  
But I am not; for I take more content  
8 In my obedience here, than all delights  
The time presents elsewhere.

10

**Melean.** Oh!

12

**Cleo.** Dost hear that groan?

14

16 **Trol.** Hear it? I shudder; it was a strong blast, young  
mistress, able to root up heart, liver, lungs, and all.

18 **Cleo.** My much-wronged father! let me view his face.

20

[*Cleophila draws the arras,  
Meleander discovered in a chair, sleeping.*]

22

24 **Trol.** Lady mistress, shall I fetch a barber to steal  
away his rough beard whiles he sleeps in's naps?  
He never looks in a glass – and 'tis high time, on  
26 conscience, for him to be trimmed; he has not been  
under the shaver's hand almost these four years.

28

**Cleo.** Peace, fool!

30

32 **Trol.** I could clip the old ruffian, there's hair enough to  
stuff all the great codpieces in Switzerland: 'a begins to  
stir, 'a stirs. Bless us, how his eyes roll! – A good  
34 year keep your lordship in your right wits, I beseech ye!

36 **Melean.** Cleophila!

38 **Cleo.** Sir, I am here; how d'ee, sir?

40 **Trol.** Sir, is your stomach up yet? get some warm  
porridge in your belly, 'tis a very good settle-brain.

42

**Melean.** The raven croaked, and hollow shrieks of owls

44 | Sung dirges at her funeral; I laughed  
 The whiles, for 'twas no boot to weep. The girl  
 46 | Was fresh and full of youth; but, O! the cunning  
 Of tyrants that look big! their very frowns  
 48 | Doom poor souls guilty ere their cause be heard. –  
 Good! what art thou? and thou?

50 |  
**Cleo.** I am Cleophila,  
 52 | Your woful daughter.

54 | **Trol.** I am Trollia,  
 Your honest implement.

56 | **Melean.** I know ye both. 'Las, why d'ee use me thus?  
 58 | Thy sister, my Eroclea, was so gentle,  
 That turtles in their down do feed more gall  
 60 | Than her spleen mixed with: – yet, when winds and storm  
 Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotless snow,  
 62 | The purest whiteness is no such defence  
 Against the sullyng foulness of that fury.  
 64 | So ravèd Agenor, that great man, mischief  
 Against the girl – 'twas a politic trick!  
 66 | We were too old in honour. – I am lean,  
 And fall'n away extremely; most assuredly  
 68 | I have not dined these three days.

70 | **Cleo.** Will you now, sir?

72 | **Trol.** I beseech you heartily, sir. I feel a horrible puking  
 myself.

74 | **Melean.** Am I stark mad?

76 | **Trol.** [*Aside*] No, no, you are but a little staring –  
 78 | there's difference between staring and stark mad.  
 You are but whimsied yet; crotcheted, conundrumed,  
 80 | or so.

82 | **Melean.** Here's all my care; and I do often sigh  
 For thee, Cleophila; we are secluded  
 84 | From all good people. But take heed: Amethus  
 Was son to Doryla, Agenor's sister;  
 86 | There's some ill blood about him, if the surgeon  
 Have not been very skilful to let all out.

88 | **Cleo.** I am, – alas! too grieved to think of love;  
 90 | That must concern me least.

92 | **Melean.** [To Cleophila] Sirrah, be wise! be wise!

94 | *Enter Rhetias, Amethus, Menaphon,  
and Parthenophill,*

96 |

98 | **Trol.** Who, I? I will be monstrous and wise  
immediately. – Welcome, gentlemen; the more the  
merrier. I'll lay the cloth, and set the stools in a  
100 | readiness, for I see here is some hope of dinner now.

102 | *[Exit Trollio.]*

104 | **Ameth.** My lord Meleander, Menaphon, your kinsman,  
Newly returned from travail, comes to tender  
106 | His duty t'ee; –  
[To Cleophila] to you his love, fair mistress.

108 | **Mena.** I would I could as easily remove  
Sadness from your remembrance, sir, as study  
110 | To do you faithful service. – My dear cousin,  
All best of comforts bless your sweet obedience!

112 |

114 | **Cleo.** One chief of 'em, [my] worthy cousin, lives  
In you, and your well-doing.

116 | **Mena.** This young stranger  
Will well deserve your knowledge.

118 |

120 | **Ameth.** For my friend's sake,  
Lady, pray give him welcome.

122 | **Cleo.** He has met it,  
If sorrows can look kindly.

124 |

126 | **Parth.** You much honour me.

128 | **Rhet.** [Aside] How 'a eyes the company! sure my  
passion will betray my weakness. – O my master,  
my noble master, do not forget me; I am still the  
130 | humblest, and the most faithful in heart of those that  
serve you.

132 |

134 | **Melean.** Ha, ha, ha!

136 | **Rhet.** [Aside] There's wormwood in that laughter; 'tis  
the usher to a violent extremity.

138 | **Melean.** I am a weak old man. All these are come  
To jeer my ripe calamities.

140 | **Mena.** Good uncle!

142 | **Melean.** But I'll outstare 'ee all: fools, desperate fools!

144 | You are cheated, grossly cheated; range, range on,  
And roll about the world to gather moss,

146 | The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,  
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud roofs

148 | Shall with their pinnacles even reach the stars!  
Ye work and work like moles, blind in the paths

150 | That are bored through the crannies of the earth.  
To charge your hungry souls with such full surfeits,

152 | As, being gorged once, make 'ee lean with plenty;  
And when ye have skimmed the vomit of your riots,

154 | You are fat in no felicity but folly:  
Then your last sleeps seize on you; then the troops

156 | Of worms crawl round, and feast, good cheer, rich fare,  
Dainty, delicious! – Here's Cleophila;

158 | All the poor stock of my remaining thrift: –  
You, you, the prince's cousin, how d'ee like her?

160 | Amethus, how d'ee like her?

162 | **Ameth.** My intents  
Are just and honourable.

164 | **Mena.** Sir, believe him.

166 | **Melean.** Take her! –  
[To Cleophila] We two must part; go to him, do.

168 | **Parth.** This sight is full of horror.

170 | **Rhet.** There is sense yet  
In this distraction.

174 | **Melean.** In this jewel I have given away  
All what I can call mine. When I am dead,

176 | Save charge; let me be buried in a nook;  
No guns, no pompous whining: these are fooleries.

178 | If, whiles we live, we stalk about the streets  
Justled by carmen, foot-posts, and fine apes

180 | In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on;  
It is not comely to be hal[è]d to the earth,

182 | Like high-fed jades upon a tilting-day,  
In antic trappings. Scorn to useless tears!

184 | Eroclea was not confined so: she perished,  
And no eye dropped save mine – and I am childish;

186 | I talk like one that dotes; – laugh at me, Rhetias,

188 Or rail at me. – They will not give me meat,  
 They have starv[è]d me: but I'll henceforth be mine own cook. –  
 Good-morrow! 'tis too early for my cares  
 190 To revel; I will break my heart a little,  
 And tell ye more hereafter. Pray be merry.

192

[Exit Meleander.]

194

**Rhet.** I'll follow him. – My lord Amethus, use your  
 196 time respectively; few words to purpose soon'st  
 prevail: study no long orations; be plain and short.  
 198 – I'll follow him.

200

[Exit Rhetias.]

202 **Ameth.** Cleophila, although these blacker clouds  
 Of sadness thicken and make dark the sky  
 204 Of thy fair eyes, yet give me leave to follow  
 The stream of my affections; they are pure,  
 206 Without all mixture of un noble thoughts:  
 Can you be ever mine?

208

**Cleo.** I am so low  
 210 In mine own fortunes, and my father's woes,  
 That I want words to tell ye, you deserve  
 212 A worthier choice.

214 **Ameth.** But give me leave to hope.

216 **Mena.** My friend is serious.

218 **Cleo.** Sir, this for answer: if I ever thrive  
 In an[y] earthly happiness, the next  
 220 To my good father's wished recovery,  
 Must be my thankfulness to your great merit,  
 222 Which I dare promise: – for the present time,  
 You cannot urge more from me.

224

**Melean.** [Within] Ho, Cleophila!

226

**Cleo.** This gentleman is moved.

228

**Ameth.** Your eyes, Parthenophill,  
 230 Are guilty of some passion.

232 **Mena.** Friend, what ails thee?

234 **Parth.** All is not well within me, sir.

236 **Melean.** [Within] Cleophila!

238 *Ameth.* Sweet maid, forget me not; we now must part.

240 *Cleo.* Still you shall have my prayer.

242 *Ameth.* Still you my truth.

244 [Exeunt.]

ACT III.SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Cuculus and Grilla, Cuculus in a black velvet cap and a white feather, with a paper in his hand.*

1 **Cucul.** Do not I look freshly, and like a youth of the  
2 trim?

4 **Gril.** As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-  
gartered.

6 **Cucul.** Here are my mistresses, mustered in white  
8 and black. [*Reads*] "Kala, the waiting-woman." I  
will first begin at the foot: stand thou for Kala.

10 **Gril.** I stand for Kala. Do your best and your worst.  
12

**Cucul.** I must look big, and care little or nothing for  
14 her, because she is a creature that stands at livery.  
Thus I talk wisely and to no purpose: "Wench, as it  
16 is not fit that thou shouldst be either fair or honest,  
so, considering thy service, thou art as thou art, and  
18 so are thy betters, let them be what they can be. Thus,  
in despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I  
20 cannot endure thy baseness, 'tis more out of thy  
courtesy than my deserving; and so I expect thy  
22 answer."

24 **Gril.** I must confess –

26 **Cucul.** Well said.

28 **Gril.** You are –

30 **Cucul.** That's true too.

32 **Gril.** To speak you right, a very scurvy fellow.

34 **Cucul.** Away, away! – dost think so?

36 **Gril.** A very foul-mouthed and misshapen coxcomb.

38 **Cucul.** I'll never believe it, by this hand.

40 **Gril.** A maggot, most unworthy to creep in

42 To the least wrinkle of a gentlewoman's –  
 What d'ee call – good conceit, or so, or what  
 You will else. – Were you not refined by courtship  
 44 And education, which in my blear eyes  
 Makes you appear as sweet as any nosegay,  
 46 Or savoury cod of musk new-fallen from the cat.

48 **Cukul.** This shall serve well enough for the waiting-  
 woman. My next mistress is Cleophila, the old  
 50 madman's daughter. I must come to her in whining tune;  
 sigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my arms, and blubber out  
 52 my speech as thus: – "Even as a kennel of hounds,  
 sweet lady, cannot catch a hare when they are full-  
 54 paunched on the carrion of a dead horse; so, even  
 so, the gorge of my affections being full-crammed  
 56 with the garboils of your condolences doth tickle  
 me with the prick, as it were, about me, and fellow-  
 58 feeling of howling outright."

60 **Gril.** This will do't, if we will hear.

62 **Cukul.** Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such another  
 tender-hearted fool.

64 **Gril.** Even as the snuff of a candle that is burnt  
 66 in the socket goes out, and leaves a strong perfume  
 behind it; or as a piece of toasted cheese next the  
 68 heart in a morning is a restorative for a sweet  
 breath; so, even so, the odoriferous savour of your  
 70 love doth perfume my heart – heigh-ho! – with the  
 pure scent of an intolerable content, and not to be  
 72 endured.

74 **Cukul.** By this hand, 'tis excellent! Have at thee,  
 last of all, for the Princess Thamasta, she that is my  
 76 mistress indeed. She is abominably proud, a lady  
 of a damnable high, turbulent, and generous spirit:  
 78 but I have a loud-mouthed cannon of mine own to  
 batter her, and a penned speech of purpose: observe  
 80 it.

82 **Gril.** Thus I walk by, hear, and mind you not.

84 **Cukul.** [*Reading*]  
 "Though haughty as the devil or his dam  
 86 Thou dost appear, great mistress, yet I am  
 Like to an ugly firework, and can mount  
 88 Above the region of thy sweet ac – count.

90 Wert thou the moon herself, yet having seen thee,  
Behold the man ordained to move within thee."

92 [To Grilla as Grilla] Look to yourself, housewife!  
answer me in strong lines, y 'are best.

94 **Gril.** Keep off, poor fool, my beams will strike thee blind.  
96 Else, if thou touch me, touch me but behind.  
In palaces, such as pass in before  
98 Must be great princes; for at the back-door  
Tatterdemalions wait, who know not how  
100 To get admittance; such a one – art thou.

102 **Cucul.** 'Sfoot, this is downright roaring.

104 **Gril.** I know how to present a big lady in her own  
cue. – But, pray, in earnest, are you in love with all  
106 these?

108 **Cucul.** Pish! I have not a rag of love about me; 'tis  
only a foolish humour I am possessed with, to be  
110 surnamed the Conqueror. I will court anything; be in  
love with nothing, nor no – thing.

112 **Gril.** A rare man you are, I protest.

114 **Cucul.** Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I ever held  
116 myself so.

118 *Enter Pelias and Corax.*

120 **Pelias.** In amorous contemplation, on my life;  
Courting his page, by Helicon!

122 **Cucul.** 'Tis false.

124 **Gril.** A gross untruth: I'll justify it, sir,  
126 At any time, place, weapon.

128 **Cucul.** Marry, shall she.

130 **Corax.** No quarrels, goody Whisk! lay by your  
trumperies, and fall to your practice: instructions are  
132 ready for you all. Pelias is your leader, follow him;  
get credit now or never. Vanish, doodles, vanish!

134 **Cucul.** For the device?

136 **Corax.** The same; get 'ee gone, and make no bawling.

138

[*Exeunt all but Corax.*]

140 To waste my time thus, drone-like, in the court,  
 142 And lose so many hours, as my studies  
 Have hoarded up, is to be like a man  
 144 That creeps both on his hands and knees to climb  
 A mountain's top; where, when he is ascended,  
 146 One careless slip down-tumbles him again  
 Into the bottom, whence 'a first began.  
 148 I need no prince's favour; princes need  
 My art: then, Corax, be no more a gull,  
 150 The best of 'em cannot fool thee; nay, they shall not.

152 *Enter Sophronos and Aretus.*

154 **Soph.** We find him timely now; let's learn the cause.

156 **Aretus.** 'Tis fit we should. – Sir, we approve you learned,  
 And, since your skill can best discern the humours  
 158 That are predominant in bodies subject  
 To alteration, tell us, pray, what devil  
 160 This Melancholy is, which can transform  
 Men into monsters?

162 **Corax.** Y' are yourself a scholar,  
 164 And quick of apprehension: Melancholy  
 Is not, as you conceive, indisposition  
 166 Of body, but the mind's disease. So Ecstasy,  
 Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Frensy, Rapture  
 168 Of mere imagination, differ partly  
 From Melancholy; which is briefly this,  
 170 A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged  
 With fear and sorrow; first begot i' th' brain,  
 172 The seat of reason, and from thence derived  
 As suddenly into the heart, the seat  
 174 Of our affection.

176 **Aretus.** There are sundry kinds  
 Of this disturbance?

178 **Corax.** Infinite: it were  
 180 More easy to conjecture every hour  
 We have to live, than reckon up the kinds  
 182 Or causes of this anguish of the mind.

184 **Soph.** Thus you conclude, that as the cause is doubtful,  
 The cure must be impossible; and then  
 186 Our prince, poor gentleman, is lost forever,

188 As well unto himself, as to his subjects.  
188  
190 **Corax.** My lord, you are too quick; thus much I dare  
190 Promise and do; ere many minutes pass,  
192 I will discover whence his sadness is,  
192 Or undergo the censure of my ignorance.  
194  
194 **Aretus.** You are a noble scholar.  
196  
196 **Soph.** For reward  
196 You shall make your own demand.  
198  
198 **Corax.** May I be sure?  
200  
200 **Aretus.** We both will pledge our truth.  
202  
202 **Corax.** 'Tis soon performed,  
204 That I may be discharged from my attendance  
204 At court, and never more be sent for after:  
206 Or – if I be, may rats gnaw all my books,  
206 If I get home once, and come here again!  
208 Though my neck stretch a halter for 't, I care not.  
210  
210 **Soph.** Come, come, you shall not fear it.  
212  
212 **Corax.** I'll acquaint ye  
212 With what is to be done; and you shall fashion it.  
214

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE II.*A Room in Thamasta's House.**Enter Kala and Parthenophill.*

- 1 **Kala.** My lady does expect 'ee, thinks all time  
 2 Too slow till you come to her: wherefore, young man,  
 If you intend to love me, and me only,  
 4 Before we part, without more circumstance,  
 Let us betroth ourselves.
- 6 **Parth.** I dare not wrong 'ee; –  
 8 You are too violent.
- 10 **Kala.** Wrong me no more  
 Than I wrong you; be mine, and I am yours;  
 12 I cannot stand on points.
- 14 **Parth.** Then, to resolve  
 All further hopes, you never can be mine,  
 16 Must not, and, pardon though I say, you shall not.
- 18 **Kala.** [*Aside*] The thing is sure a gelding. – Shall not? Well,  
 Y' are best to prate unto my lady now,  
 20 What proffer I have made.
- 22 **Parth.** Never, I vow.
- 24 **Kala.** Do, do! 'tis but a kind heart of mine own,  
 And ill luck can undo me. – Be refused!  
 26 O scurvy! – Pray walk on, I'll overtake 'ee. –
- 28 *[Exit Parthenophill.]*
- 30 What a green-sickness-livered boy is this!  
 My maidenhead will shortly grow so stale  
 32 That 'twill be mouldy: but I'll mar her market.
- 34 *Enter Menaphon.*
- 36 **Mena.** Parthenophill passed this way; prithee, Kala,  
 Direct me to him.
- 38 **Kala.** Yes, I can direct 'ee;  
 40 But you, sir, must forbear.
- 42 **Mena.** Forbear?
- 44 **Kala.** I said so.

46 Your bounty has engaged my truth: receive  
 A secret, that will, as you are a man,  
 Startle your reason; 'tis but mere respect  
 48 Of what I owe to thankfulness. Dear sir,  
 The stranger, whom your courtesy received  
 50 For friend, is made your rival.

52 **Mena.** Rival, Kala!  
 Take heed; thou art too credulous.

54  
 56 **Kala.** My lady  
 Dotes on him: I will place you in a room,  
 Where, though you cannot hear, yet you shall see  
 58 Such passages as will confirm the truth  
 Of my intelligence.

60  
 62 **Mena.** 'Twill make me mad.

**Kala.** Yes, yes.  
 64 It makes me mad too, that a gentleman  
 So excellently sweet, so liberal,  
 66 So kind, so proper, should be so betrayed  
 By a young smooth-chinned straggler; but, for love's sake.  
 68 Bear all with manly courage. – Not a word;  
 I am undone then.

70  
 72 **Mena.** That were too much pity:  
 Honest, most honest Kala! 'tis thy care,  
 Thy serviceable care.

74  
 76 **Kata.** You have even spoken  
 All can be said or thought.

78 **Mena.** I will reward thee:  
 But as for him, ungentle boy, I'll whip  
 80 His falsehood with a vengeance.

82 **Kala.** O speak little:  
 Walk up these stairs, and take this key: it opens  
 84 A chamber door, where, at that window yonder,  
 You may see all their courtship.

86  
 88 **Mena.** I am silent.

**Kala.** As little noise as may be, I beseech ye;  
 90 There is a back-stair to convey ye forth  
 Unseen or unsuspected.  
 92

[Exit Menaphon.]

94  
 96 He that cheats  
 A waiting-woman of a free good turn  
 She longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.  
 98 Sheep-spirited boy! although he had not married me,  
 He might have proffered kindness in a corner,  
 100 And ne'er have been the worse for 't. – They are come:  
 On goes my set of faces most demurely.

*Enter Thamasta and Parthenophill.*

104 **Tham.** Forbear the room.

106 **Kala.** Yes, madam.

108 **Tham.** Whosoever  
 110 Requires access to me, deny him entrance  
 Till I call thee; and wait without.

112 **Kala.** I shall. –  
 114 [*Aside*] Sweet Venus, turn his courage into a snow-ball;  
 I heartily beseech it!

[Exit Kala.]

118 **Tham.** I expose  
 120 The honour of my birth, my fame, my youth,  
 To hazard of much hard construction,  
 122 In seeking an adventure of a parley  
 So private with a stranger: if your thoughts  
 124 Censure me not with mercy, you may soon  
 Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,  
 126 Which should preserve a virtuous name unstained.

128 **Parth.** Lady – to shorten long excuses – time  
 And safe experience have so thoroughly armed  
 130 My apprehension with a real taste  
 Of your most noble nature, that to question  
 132 The least part of your bounties, or that freedom  
 Which Heaven hath with a plenty made you rich in,  
 134 Would argue me uncivil; which is more,  
 Base-bred; and, which is most of all, unthankful.

136 **Tham.** The constant loadstone and the steel are found  
 138 In several mines; yet is there such a league  
 Between these minerals, as if one vein,  
 140 Of earth had nourished both. The gentle myrtle

142 Is not ingraft upon an olive's stock;  
 Yet nature hath between them locked a secret  
 Of sympathy, that, being planted near,  
 144 They will, both in their branches and their roots,  
 Embrace each other. Twines of ivy round  
 146 The well-grown oak; the vine doth court the elm;  
 Yet these are different plants. Parthenophill,  
 148 Consider this aright: then these slight creatures  
 Will fortify the reasons I should frame  
 150 For that ungrounded (as thou think'st) affection,  
 Which is submitted to a stranger's pity.  
 152 True love may blush, when shame repents too late;  
 But in all actions, nature yields to fate.

154  
**Parth.** Great lady, 'twere a dulness must exceed  
 156 The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,  
 Not to be sensible of your intents;  
 158 I clearly understand them. Yet so much  
 The difference between that height and lowness,  
 160 Which doth distinguish our unequal fortunes,  
 Dissuades me from ambition; that I am  
 162 Humbler in my desires, than love's own power  
 Can any way raise up.

164  
**Tham.** I am a princess,  
 166 And know no law of slavery; – to sue,  
 Yet be denied!

168  
**Parth.** I am so much a subject  
 170 To every law of noble honesty,  
 That to transgress the vows of perfect friendship,  
 172 I hold a sacrilege as foul, and cursed,  
 As if some holy temple had been robbed,  
 174 And I the thief.

176  
**Tham.** Thou art unwise, young man.  
 To enrage a lioness.

178  
**Parth.** It were unjust  
 180 To falsify a faith; and ever after,  
 Disrobed of that fair ornament, live naked,  
 182 A scorn to time and truth.

184  
**Tham.** Remember well  
 Who I am, and what thou art.

186  
**Parth.** That remembrance  
 188 Prompts me to worthy duty, O great lady:

190 If some few days have tempted your free heart  
 To cast away affection on a stranger;  
 If that affection have so overswayed  
 192 Your judgment, that it, in a manner, hath  
 Declined your sovereignty of birth and spirit;  
 194 How can you turn your eyes off from that glass,  
 Wherein you may new trim and settle right  
 196 A memorable name?

198 **Tham.** The youth is idle.

200 **Parth.** Days, months, and years are past, since Menaphon  
 Hath loved and served you truly; Menaphon,  
 202 A man of no large distance in his blood  
 From yours; in qualities desertful, graced  
 204 With youth, experience, every happy gift  
 That can by nature, or by education  
 206 Improve a gentleman; for him, great lady,  
 Let me prevail, that you will yet at last  
 208 Unlock the bounty, which your love and care  
 Have wisely treasured up, t' enrich his life.

210 **Tham.** Thou hast a moving eloquence, Parthenophill! –  
 212 Parthenophill, in vain we strive to cross  
 The destiny that guides us: my great heart  
 214 Is stooped so much beneath that wonted pride  
 That first disguised it, that I now prefer  
 216 A miserable life with thee, before  
 All other earthly comforts.

218 **Parth.** Menaphon,  
 220 By me, repeats the self-same words to you:  
 You are too cruël, if you can distrust  
 222 His truth, or my report.

224 **Tham.** Go where thou wilt,  
 I'll be an exile with thee; I will learn  
 226 To bear all change of fortunes.

228 **Parth.** For my friend,  
 I plead with grounds of reason.

230 **Tham.** For thy love,  
 232 Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts  
 Of other hopes, of other entertainments, –

234 **Parth.** Stay, as you honour virtue.

236

238 **Tham.** When the proffers  
 Of other greatness, –  
 240 **Parth.** Lady!  
 242 **Tham.** When entreats  
 Of friends, –  
 244 **Parth.** I'll ease your grief.  
 246 **Tham.** Respect of kindred, –  
 248 **Parth.** Pray, give me hearing.  
 250 **Tham.** Loss of fame, –  
 252 **Parth.** I crave  
 254 But some few minutes.  
 256 **Tham.** Shall infringe my vows,  
 Let Heaven, –  
 258 **Parth.** My love speak[s] t'ee: hear, then go on.  
 260 **Tham.** Thy love? why, 'tis a charm to stop a vow  
 262 In its most violent course.  
 264 **Parth.** Cupid has broke  
 His arrows here; and, like a child unarmed,  
 266 Comes to make sport between us with no weapon,  
 But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.  
 268 **Tham.** This is mere trifling.  
 270 **Parth.** Lady, take a secret:  
 272 I am as you are; – in a lower rank,  
 Else of the self-same sex, a maid, a virgin.  
 274 And now, to use your own words, "if your thoughts  
 Censure me not with mercy, you may soon  
 276 Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,  
 Which should preserve a virtuous name unstained."  
 278 **Tham.** Are you not mankind then?  
 280 **Parth.** When you shall read  
 282 The story of my sorrows, with the change  
 Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed  
 284 From my unforged relation, I believe  
 You will not think the shedding of one tear

286 | A prodigality that misbecomes  
Your pity and my fortune.

288 | **Tham.** Pray conceal  
290 | The errors of my passions.

292 | **Parth.** Would I had  
Much more of honour (as for life, I value 't not)  
294 | To venture on your secrecy!

296 | **Tham.** It will be  
A hard task for my reason, to relinquish  
298 | The affection, which was once devoted thine;  
I shall awhile repute thee still the youth  
300 | I loved so dearly.

302 | **Parth.** You shall find me ever  
Your ready faithful servant.

304 | **Tham.** O, the powers  
306 | Who do direct our hearts, laugh at our follies! –  
We must not part yet.

308 | **Parth.** Let not my unworthiness  
310 | Alter your good opinion.

312 | **Tham.** I shall henceforth  
Be jealous of thy company with any;  
314 | My fears are strong and many.

316 | *Re-enter Kala.*

318 | **Kala.** Did your ladyship  
Call me?

320 | **Tham.** For what?

322 | **Kala.** Your servant Menaphon  
324 | Desires admittance.

326 | *Enter Menaphon.*

328 | **Mena.** With your leave, great mistress,  
I come. – So private! is this well, Parthenophill?

330 | **Parth.** Sir, noble sir!

332 | **Mena.** You are unkind and treacherous;  
334 | This 'tis to trust a straggler!

336 **Tham.** Prithee, servant –

338 **Mena.** I dare not question you, you are my mistress,  
My prince's nearest kinswoman; but he –

340 **Tham.** Come, you are angry.

342 **Mena.** Henceforth, I will bury  
344 Unmanly passion in perpetual silence:  
I'll court mine own distraction, dote on folly,  
346 Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,  
Rather than be so slaved again to woman,  
348 Which, in her best of constancy, is steaddist  
In change and scorn.

350 **Tham.** How dare you talk to me thus?

352 **Mena.** Dare? Were you not own sister to my friend,  
354 Sister to my Amethus, I would hurl ye  
As far off from mine eyes as from my heart;  
356 For I would never more look on ye. Take  
Your jewel t'ee! – and, youth, keep under wing.  
358 Or – boy! – boy!

360 **Tham.** If commands be of no force,  
Let me entreat thee, Menaphon.

362 **Mena.** 'Tis naught. –  
364 Fie, fie, Parthenophill! have I deserved  
To be thus used?

366 **Parth.** I do protest –

368 **Mena.** You shall not;  
370 Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

372 *Enter Amethus.*

374 **Ameth.** Away, away to court! The prince is pleased  
To see a mask to-night; we must attend him:  
376 'Tis near upon the time. – How thrives your suit?

378 **Mena.** The judge, your sister, will decide it shortly.

380 **Tham.** Parthenophill, I will not trust you from me.

382 *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III, SCENE III.*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter Palador, Sophronos, Aretus,  
and Corax (with a paper-plot).  
Servants with torches.*

1 **Corax.** Lights and attendance! – I will shew your highness  
2 A trifle of mine own brain. If you can  
Imagine you were now in the university,  
4 You'll take it well enough; a scholar's fancy,  
A quab; 'tis nothing else, a very quab.

6 **Palad.** We will observe it

8 **Soph.** Yes, and grace it too, sir,  
10 For Corax else is humorous and testy.

12 **Aretus.** By any means; men singular in art  
Have always some odd whimsy more than usual.

14 **Palad.** The name of this conceit?

16 **Corax.** Sir, it is called  
18 "The Masque of Melancholy."

20 **Aretus.** We must look for  
Nothing but sadness here, then.

22 **Corax.** Madness rather,  
24 In several changes. Melancholy is  
The root as well of every apish frensy,  
26 Laughter and mirth, as dulness. Pray, my lord,  
Hold, and observe the plot; –

[Gives Palador the paper.]

30 'Tis there expressed  
32 In kind, what shall be now expressed in action. –

*Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Thamasta,  
and Parthenophill.*

36 No interruption; – take your places quickly;  
38 Nay, nay, leave ceremony. – Sound to the entrance!

40 [Flourish.]

42 | *Enter Rhetias, his face whited, black shag hair,  
44 | long nails; with a piece of raw meat.*

46 | **Rhet.** Bow, bow! wow, wow! The moon 's eclipsed;  
48 | I'll to the church-yard and sup. Since I turned wolf, I  
50 | bark, and howl, and dig up graves; I will never have  
52 | the sun shine again: 'tis midnight, deep, dark midnight,  
54 | – get a prey, and fall to – I have catched thee now, –  
56 | Arre!

58 | **Corax.** This kind is called Lycanthropia, sir;  
60 | When men conceive themselves wolves.

62 | **Palad.** [*Looking at the paper*] Here I find it.

64 | *Enter Pelias, wearing a crown of feathers, anticly rich.*

66 | **Pelias.** I will hang 'em all, and burn my wife. Was  
68 | I not an emperor? my hand was kissed, and ladies  
70 | lay down before me. In triumph did I ride with my  
72 | nobles about me, till the mad dog bit me; I fell, and  
74 | I fell, and I fell. It shall be treason by statute for any  
76 | man to name "water", or wash his hands, throughout  
78 | all my dominions. Break all the looking-glasses;  
80 | I will not see my horns: my wife cuckolds me; she  
82 | is a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore!

84 | **Palad.** Hydrophobia term you this?

86 | **Corax.** And men possessed so shun all sight of water;  
88 | Sometimes, if mixed with jealousy, it renders them  
90 | Incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

92 | *Enter a Philosopher in black rags, wearing a copper  
94 | chain, an old gown half off, and a book.*

96 | **Philos.** Philosophers dwell in the moon. Speculation  
98 | and theory girdle the world about, like a wall.  
100 | Ignorance, like an atheist, must be damned in the pit.  
102 | I am very, very poor, and poverty is the physic for  
104 | the soul; my opinions are pure and perfect. Envy is a  
106 | monster, and I defy the beast.

108 | **Corax.** Delirium this is called, which is mere dotage,  
110 | Sprung from ambition first, and singularity,  
112 | Self-love, and blind opinion of true merit.

114 | **Palad.** I not dislike the course.

90

*Enter Grilla, in a rich gown, great fardingale,  
great ruff, a muff, fan, and coxcomb on her head.*

92

94

**Gril.** Yes forsooth, and no forsooth; is not this fine!  
I pray your blessing, gaffer. Here, here, here – did  
he give me a shough, and cut off 's tail! Buss, buss,  
nuncle, and there's a pum for daddy.

98

**Corax.** You find this noted there, phrenitis.

100

**Palad.** True.

102

**Corax.** Pride is the ground on 't; it reigns most in women.

104

*Enter Cuculus like a Bedlam singing.*

106

**Cucul.** *They that will learn to drink a health in hell,  
Must learn on earth to take tobacco well,  
To take tobacco well, to take tobacco well;  
For in hell they drink nor wine, nor ale, nor beer,  
But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do here.*

108

110

112

**Rhet.** I'll soope thee up.

114

**Pelias.** Thou'st straight to execution.

116

**Gril.** Fool, fool, fool! catch me and thou canst.

118

**Philos.** Expel him the house; 'tis a dunce.

120

**Cucul.** [*Sings*] *Hark, did ye not hear a rumbling!  
The goblins are now a tumbling!  
I'll tear 'em, I'll sear 'em,  
I'll roar 'em, I'll gore 'em!  
Now, now, now! my brains are a jumbling. –  
Bounce! the gun's off.*

122

124

126

128

**Palad.** You name this here, hypochondriacal?

130

**Corax.** Which is a windy flatuous humour, stuffing  
The head, and thence derived to the animal parts.  
To be too over-curious, loss of goods  
Or friends, excess of fear, or sorrows cause it.

132

134

*Enter a Sea-nymph, big-bellied,  
singing and dancing.*

136

138

**Nymph.** Good your honours,

140 Pray your worships,  
Dear your beauties, –

142 **Cucul.** Hang thee.  
To lash your sides,  
144 To tame your hides,  
To scourge your prides,  
146 And bang thee.

148 **Nymph.** Were pretty and dainty, and I will begin:  
See, how they do jeer me, deride me, and grin:  
150 Come sport me, come court me, your topsail advance,  
And let us conclude our delights in a dance.

152 **All.** A dance, a dance, a dance!

154 **Corax.** This is the Wanton Melancholy; women  
156 With child possessed with this strange fury often  
Have danced three days together without ceasing.

158 **Palad.** 'Tis very strange: but Heaven is full of miracles.

160  
162 *The dance;  
which ended, they all run out in couples.*

164 We are thy debtor, Corax, for the gift  
Of this invention; but the plot deceives us:  
166 What means this empty space?

168 *[Pointing to the paper.]*

170 **Corax.** One kind of Melancholy  
Is only left untouched; 'twas not in art  
172 To personate the shadow of that fancy;  
'Tis named Love-melancholy. As, for instance,  
174 Admit this stranger here, –  
*[To Parthenophill]* young man, stand forth –  
176 Entangled by the beauty of this lady,  
The great Thamasta, cherished in his heart  
178 The weight of hopes and fears; it were impossible  
To limn his passions in such lively colours,  
180 As his own proper sufferance could express.

182 **Parth.** You are not modest, sir.

184 **Tham.** *[To Corax]* Am I your mirth?

186 **Corax.** Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens  
Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel,

188 | It runs a headlong course to desperate madness.  
O, were your highness but touched home, and throughly,  
190 | With this – what shall I call it? – devil –

192 | **Palad.** Hold!  
Let no man henceforth name the word again. –  
194 | Wait you my pleasure, youth. – 'tis late; to rest! –

196 | [Exit Palador.]

198 | **Corax.** My lords –

200 | **Soph.** Enough; thou art a perfect arts-man.

202 | **Corax.** Panthers may hide their heads, not change the skin;  
And love, pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

204 | [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.SCENE I.

*A Room in Thamasta's House.*

*Enter Amethus and Menaphon.*

1 *Ameth.* Dote on a stranger?

2

*Mena.* Court him; plead, and sue to him.

4

*Ameth.* Affectionately?

6

*Mena.* Servilely; and, pardon me,  
8 If I say, basely.

10 *Ameth.* Women, in their passions,  
Like false fires, flash to fright our trembling senses,  
12 Yet, in themselves, contain nor light nor heat. –  
My sister do this! she, whose pride did scorn  
14 All thoughts that were not busied on a crown,  
To fall so far beneath her fortunes now! –  
16 You are my friend.

18 *Mena.* What I confirm is truth.

20 *Ameth.* Truth, Menaphon?

22 *Mena.* If I conceived you were  
Jealous of my sincerity and plainness,  
24 Then, sir –

26 *Ameth.* What then, sir?

28 *Mena.* I would then resolve  
You were as changeable in vows of friendship,  
30 As is Thamasta in her choice of love:  
That sin is double, running in a blood,  
32 Which justifies another being worse.

34 *Ameth.* My Menaphon, excuse me; I grow wild,  
And would not, willingly, believe the truth  
36 Of my dishonour: she shall know how much  
I am a debtor to thy noble goodness,  
38 By checking the contempt her poor desires  
Have sunk her fame in. Prithee tell me, friend,  
40 How did the youth receive her?

42 **Mena.** With a coldness  
 As modest and as hopeless, as the trust  
 44 I did repose in him could wish, or merit.

46 *Enter Thamasta and Kala.*

48 **Ameth.** I will esteem him dearly.

50 **Mena.** Sir, your sister.

52 **Tham.** [To Menaphon]  
 Servant, I have employment for ye.

54 **Ameth.** Hark ye!  
 The mask of your ambition is fallen off;  
 56 Your pride hath stooped to such an abject lowness,  
 That you have now discovered to report  
 58 Your nakedness in virtue, honours, shame, —

60 **Tham.** You are turned satire.

62 **Ameth.** All the flatteries  
 Of greatness have exposed ye to contempt.

64 **Tham.** This is mere railing.

66 **Arneth.** You have sold your birth  
 68 For lust.

70 **Tham.** Lust?

72 **Ameth.** Yes; and, at a dear expense,  
 Purchased the only glories of a wanton.

74 **Tham.** A wanton!

76 **Ameth.** Let repentance stop your mouth:  
 78 Learn to redeem your fault.

80 **Kala.** [Aside to Menaphon] I hope your tongue  
 Has not betrayed my honesty.

82 **Mena.** Fear nothing.

84 **Tham.** If, Menaphon, I hitherto have strove  
 86 To keep a wary guard about my fame;  
 If I have used a woman's skill to sift  
 88 The constancy of your protested love;  
 You cannot, in the justice of your judgment,  
 90 Impute that to a coyness or neglect,

92 Which my discretion and your service aimed  
For noble purposes.

94 **Mena.** Great mistress, no:  
I rather quarrel with mine own ambition,  
96 That durst to soar so high, as to feed hope  
Of any least desert, that might entitle  
98 My duty to a pension from your favours.

100 **Ameth.** And therefore, lady (pray observe him well),  
He henceforth covets plain equality;  
102 Endeavouring to rank his fortunes low,  
With some fit partner, whom, without presumption,  
104 Without offence or danger, he may cherish,  
Yes, and command too, as a wife; a wife;  
106 A wife, my most great lady!

108 **Kala.** [*Aside*] All will out!

110 **Tham.** Now I perceive the league of amity,  
Which you have long between ye vowed and kept,  
112 Is sacred and inviolable; secrets  
Of every nature are in common t'ee.  
114 I have trespassèd, and I have been faulty;  
Let not too rude a censure doom me guilty,  
116 Or judge my error wilful without pardon.

118 **Mena.** Gracious and virtuous mistress!

120 **Ameth.** 'Tis a trick;  
There is no trust in female cunning, friend.  
122 Let her first purge her follies past, and clear  
The wrongs done to her honour, by some sure  
124 Apparent testimony of her constancy,  
Or we will not believe these childish plots:  
126 As you respect my friendship, lend no ear  
To a reply. – Think on 't!

128 **Mena.** [*To Thamasta*] Pray, love your fame.

[*Exeunt Menaphon and Amethus.*]

132 **Tham.** Gone! I am sure awaked. Kala, I find  
134 You have not been so trusty as the duty  
You owed required.

136 **Kala.** Not I? I do protest  
138 I have been, madam.

140 | **Tham.** Be – no matter what!  
I'm paid in mine own coin; something I must,  
142 | And speedily. – So! – seek out Cuculus,  
Bid him attend me instantly.

144 |  
**Kala.** That antic!  
146 | The trim old youth shall wait ye.

148 | **Tham.** Wounds may be mortal, which are wounds indeed;  
"But no wound 's deadly, till our honours bleed."  
150 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE II.*A Room in the Castle.**Enter Rhetias and Corax.*

1 **Rhet.** Th'art an excellent fellow. Diabolo! O these lousy  
 2 close-stool empricks, that will undertake all cures, yet  
 4 know not the causes of any disease! Dog-leeches! – By  
 the four elements, I honour thee; could find in my heart  
 to turn knave, and be thy flatterer.

6  
**Corax.** Sirrah, 'tis pity th'ast not been a scholar;  
 8 Th'art honest, blunt, and rude enough, o' conscience!  
 But for thy lord now, – I have put him to 't.

10  
**Rhet.** He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot; is he  
 12 not monstrously overgone in frenzy?

14 **Corax.** Rhetias, 'tis not a madness, but his sorrow's  
 Close-gripping grief, and anguish of the soul  
 16 That torture him; he carries hell on earth  
 Within his bosom: 'twas a prince's tyranny  
 18 Caused his distraction; and a prince's sweetness  
 Must qualify that tempest of his mind.

20  
**Rhet.** Corax, to praise thy art, were to assure  
 22 The misbelieving world, that the sun shines  
 When 'tis in th' full meridian of his beauty:  
 24 No cloud of black detraction can eclipse  
 The light of thy rare knowledge. Henceforth casting  
 26 All poor disguises off, that play in rudeness,  
 Call me your servant; only, for the present,  
 28 I wish a happy blessing to your labours. –  
 Heaven crown your undertakings! and, believe me,  
 30 Ere many hours can pass, at our next meeting,  
 The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancelled.

[Exit Rhetias.]

34  
**Corax.** Farewell! – A shrewd-brained whoreson; there [i]s pith  
 36 In his untoward plainness. –

*Enter Trollio, with a murrion on.*

40  
 Now, the news?

42 **Trol.** Worshipful master doctor, I have a great deal

44 of I cannot tell what to say t'ee. My lord thunders,  
 every word that comes out of his mouth roars like a  
 46 cannon; the house shook once; – my young lady  
 dares not be seen.

48 **Corax.** We will roar with him, Trollio, if he roar.

50 **Trol.** He has got a great pole-axe in his hand, and  
 fences it up and down the house, as if he were to make  
 52 room for the pageants. I have provided me a murrion  
 for fear of a clap on the coxcomb.

54 **Corax.** No matter for the murrion; here's my cap:

56  
 58 *[Corax produces a frightful mask  
 and head-piece.]*

60 Thus I will pull it down, and thus outstare him.

62 **Trol.** *[Aside]* The physician is got as mad as my lord.  
 – O brave! A man of worship.

64 **Corax.** Let him come, Trollio. I will firk his trangido,  
 66 and bounce, and bounce in mettle, honest Trollio.

68 **Trol.** *[Aside]* He vapours like a tinker, and struts  
 like a juggler.

70 **Melean.** *[Within]* So ho, so ho!

72 **Trol.** There, there, there! look to your right worshipful,  
 74 look to yourself.

76 *Enter Meleander with a pole-axe.*

78 **Melean.** Show me the dog whose triple-throated noise  
 Hath roused a lion from his uncoth den,  
 80 To tear the cur in pieces.

82 *[Corax puts on his mask.]*

84 **Corax.** *[Turning to Meleander]* Stay thy paws,  
 Courageous beast; else, lo! the Gorgon's skull,  
 86 That shall transform thee to that restless stone,  
 Which Sisyphus rolls up against the hill;  
 88 Whence, tumbling down again, it, with his weight,  
 Shall crush thy bones, and puff thee into air.

90 **Melean.** Hold, hold thy conquering breath: 'tis stronger far  
 92 Than gunpowder and garlic – if the Fates

94 Have spun my thread, and my spent clew of life  
 Be now untwisted, let us part like friends: –  
 Lay up my weapon, Trollio, and be gone.  
 96  
**Trol.** Yes, sir, with all my heart.  
 98  
 [Exit Trollio with the pole-axe.]  
 100  
**Melean.** This friend and I will walk, and gabble wisely.  
 102  
**Corax.** I allow the motion; on!  
 104  
 [Corax takes off his mask.]  
 106  
**Melean.** So politicians thrive,  
 108 That with their crabbèd faces, and sly tricks.  
 Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,  
 110 Crisped hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in  
 Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state;  
 112 Then the whole body follows.  
 114 **Corax.** Then they fill  
 Lordships; steal women's hearts; with them and their's  
 116 The world runs round; yet these are square men still.  
 118 **Melean.** There are none poor, but such as engross offices.  
 120 **Corax.** None wise, but unthrifts, bankrupts, beggars, rascals.  
 122 **Melean.** The hangman is a rare physician.  
 124 **Corax.** [Aside] That's not so good; – it shall be granted.  
 126 **Melean.** All  
 The buzz of drugs, and minerals, and simples,  
 128 Blood-lettings, vomits, purges, or what else  
 Is conjured up by men of art, to gull  
 130 Liege-people, and rear golden piles, are trash  
 To a well-strong wrought halter; there the gout,  
 132 The stone, yes, and the melancholy devil,  
 Are cured in less time than a pair of minutes:  
 134 Build me a gallows in this very plot,  
 And I'll dispatch your business.  
 136  
**Corax.** Fix the knot  
 138 Right under the left ear.  
 140 **Melean.** Sirrah, make ready.  
 142 **Corax.** Yet do not be too sudden; grant me leave

144 To give a farewell to a creature long  
 Absented from me: 'tis a daughter, sir,  
 146 Snatched from me in her youth, a handsome girl;  
 She comes to ask a blessing.

148 **Melean.** Pray, where is she?  
 I cannot see her yet.

150 **Corax.** She makes more haste  
 152 In her quick prayers than her trembling steps,  
 Which many griefs have weakened.

154 **Melean.** Cruel man!  
 156 How canst thou rip a heart that's cleft already  
 With injuries of time? – Whilst I am frantic,  
 158 Whilst throngs of rude divisions huddle on,  
 And do disrank my brains from peace and sleep,  
 160 So long – I am insensible of cares.  
 As balls of wildfire may be safely touched,  
 162 Not violently sundered and thrown up;  
 So my distempered thoughts rest in their rage,  
 164 Not hurried in the air of repetition,  
 Or memory of my misfortunes past:  
 166 Then are my griefs strook home, when they are reclaimed  
 To their own pity of themselves. – Proceed;  
 168 What of your daughter now?

170 **Corax.** I cannot tell ye,  
 'Tis now out of my head again; my brains  
 172 Are crazy; I have scarce slept one sound sleep  
 These twelve months.

174 **Melean.** 'Las, poor man! canst thou imagine  
 176 To prosper in the task thou tak'st in hand  
 By practising a cure upon my weakness,  
 178 And yet be no physician for thyself?  
 Go, go, turn over all thy books once more,  
 180 And learn to thrive in modesty; for impudence  
 Does least become a scholar. Thou art a fool,  
 182 A kind of learned fool.

184 **Corax.** I do confess it.

186 **Melean.** If thou canst wake with me, forget to eat,  
 Renounce the thought of greatness, tread on fate,  
 188 Sigh out a lamentable tale of things  
 Done long ago, and ill done; and, when sighs  
 190 Are wearied, piece up what remains behind

192 With weeping eyes, and hearts that bleed to death;  
 Thou shalt be a companion fit for me,  
 And we will sit together, like true friends,  
 194 And never be divided. With what greediness  
 Do I hug my afflictions! there's no mirth  
 196 Which is not truly seasoned with some madness:  
 As, for example, –

198

[*Meleander exits hastily.*]

200

**Corax.** What new crotchet next?  
 202 There is so much sense in this wild distraction,  
 That I am almost out of my wits too,  
 204 To see and hear him: some few hours more  
 Spent here would turn me apish, if not frantic.

206

*Re-enter Meleander with Cleophila.*

208

**Melean.** In all the volumes thou hast turned, thou man  
 210 Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,  
 Worthy thy contemplation, like to this?  
 212 The model of the heavens, the earth, the waters,  
 The harmony and sweet consent of times,  
 214 Are not of such an excellence, in form  
 Of their creation, as the infinite wonder  
 216 That dwells within the compass of this face:  
 And yet I tell thee, scholar, under this  
 218 Well-ordered sign is lodged such an obedience  
 As will hereafter, in another age,  
 220 Strike all comparison into a silence.  
 She had a sister too; – but as for her,  
 222 If I were given to talk, I could describe  
 A pretty piece of goodness – let that pass –  
 224 We must be wise sometimes. What would you with her?

226 **Corax.** I with her? nothing, by your leave, sir.  
 It is not my profession.

228

**Melean.** You are saucy,  
 230 And, as I take it, scurvy in your sauciness  
 To use no more respect.

[*To Cleophila*] Good soul, be patient;  
 232 We are a pair of things the world doth laugh at.  
 Yet be content, Cleophila; those clouds,  
 234 Which bar the sun from shining on our miseries,  
 Will never be chased off till I am dead;  
 236 And then some charitable soul will take thee

238 Into protection; I am hasting on:  
The time cannot be long.

240 **Cleo.** I do beseech ye,  
Sir, as you love your health, as you respect  
242 My safety, let not passion overrule you.

244 **Melean.** It shall not; I am friends with all the world.  
Get me some wine; to witness that I will be  
246 An absolute good fellow, I will drink with thee.

248 **Corax.** [*Aside to Cleophila*]  
Have you prepared his cup?

250 **Cleo.** It is in readiness.

252 *Enter Cuculus and Grilla.*

254 **Cucul.** By your leave, gallants, I come to speak with  
a young lady, as they say, the old Trojan's daughter of  
256 the house.

258 **Melean.** Your business with my lady-daughter, toss-pot?

260 **Gril.** Toss-pot? O, base! toss-pot?

262 **Cucul.** Peace! dost not see in what case he is! – [*To*  
*Meleander*] I would do my own commendations to  
264 her; that's all.

266 **Melean.** Do. –  
[*To Corax*] Come, my Genius, we will quaff in wine,  
Till we grow wise.

268 **Corax.** True nectar is divine.

270 [*Exeunt Meleander and Corax.*]

272 **Cucul.** So! I am glad he is gone. – Page, walk aside.  
274 – Sweet beauty, I am sent ambassador from the  
mistress of my thoughts, to you, the mistress of my  
276 desires.

278 **Cleo.** So, sir! I pray be brief.

280 **Cucul.** That you may know I am not, as they say, an  
animal, which is, as they say, a kind of cokes, which  
282 is, as the learnèd term, an ass, a puppy, a widgeon,  
a dolt, a nobby, a –

284 **Cleo.** As you please.

286

**Cucul.** Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please  
indeed: forsooth, I love to be courtly and in fashion.

288

290

**Cleo.** Well, to your embassy. What, or from whom?

292

**Cucul.** Marry, *what* is more than I know; for to know  
*what's what* is to know *what's what*, and for *what's*  
294 *what*; but these are foolish figures, and to little purpose.

296

**Cleo.** From whom then, are you sent?

298

**Cucul.** There you come to me again. – O, to be in  
the favour of great ladies, is as much to say, as to be  
300 great in ladies' favours.

302

**Cleo.** Good time o' day t'ee! I can stay no longer.

304

**Cucul.** By this light, but you must; for now I come  
to 't. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty,  
306 precious, loving, kind, sweet, intolerably fair lady  
Thamasta commends to your little hands this letter  
of importance. By your leave, let me first kiss, and  
308 then deliver it, in fashion, to your own proper beauty.

310

[*Cuculus delivers a letter.*]

312

**Cleo.** To me, from her? 'tis strange! I dare peruse it.

314

[*Cleophila reads the letter.*]

316

**Cucul.** Good. – O, that I had not resolved to live a  
single life! Here 's temptation, able to conjure up a  
318 spirit with a witness. – So, so! she has read it.

320

**Cleo.** Is 't possible? – Heaven, thou art great and bountiful. –  
322 Sir, I much thank your pains; and to the princess,  
Let my love, duty, service be remembered.

324

**Cucul.** They shall, mad-dame.

326

**Cleo.** When we of hopes or helps are quite bereaven,  
328 Our humble prayers have entrance into Heaven.

330

**Cucul.** That's my opinion clearly and without doubt.

332

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV, SCENE III.*A Room in the Palace.**Enter Aretus and Sophronos.*1 **Aretus.** The prince is thoroughly moved.

2

3 **Soph.** I never saw him  
4 So much distempered.5 **Aretus.** What should this young man be?  
6 Or whither can he be conveyed?

7

8 **Soph.** 'Tis to me  
9 A mystery; I understand it not.10 **Aretus.** Nor I.

11

*Enter Palador, Amethus, and Pelias.*12 **Palad.** Ye have consented all to work upon  
13 The softness of my nature; but take heed:  
14 Though I can sleep in silence, and look on  
15 The mockery ye make of my dull patience,  
16 Yet 'ee shall know, the best of ye, that in me  
17 There is a masculine, a stirring spirit,  
18 Which [once] provoked, shall, like a bearded comet,  
19 Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.

20

21 **Pelias.** Good sir.

22

23 **Palad.** Good sir! 'tis not your active wit or language,  
24 Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare  
25 To check-mate and control my just commands.

26

*Enter Menaphon.*

27

28 [To Menaphon] Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found yet?

29

30 **Mena.** Not to be heard of.

31

32 **Palad.** Fly then to the desert,  
33 Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,  
34 This airy apparition; – come no more  
35 In sight! Get ye all from me; he that stays  
36 Is not my friend.

37

44 **Ameth.** 'Tis strange.

46 **Aretus, Soph.** We must obey.

[Exeunt all but Palador.]

48 **Palad.** Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,  
 50 My credulous sense; the very soul of reason  
 52 Is troubled in me: – the physiçiän  
 Presented a strange masque, the view of it  
 54 Puzzled my understanding; but the boy –

*Enter Rhetias.*

56 Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs:  
 58 Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him;  
 For he is like to something I remember  
 60 A great while since, a long, long time ago.

62 **Rhet.** I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every  
 corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him.  
 64 There is some trick, I am confident.

66 **Palad.** There is; there is some practice, sleight, or plot.

68 **Rhet.** I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd  
 private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face  
 70 as can by possibility be discerned.

72 **Palad.** How, Rhetias?

74 **Rhet.** If it be not Parthenophill in long coats, 'tis a  
 spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none from her:  
 76 you shall see her.

78 **Palad.** The young man in disguise, upon my life,  
 To steal out of the land.

80 **Rhet.** I'll send him t'ee.

82 **Palad.** Do, do, my Rhetias. –

[Exit Rhetias.]

*Enter, behind, Eroclea (Parthenophill)  
 in woman's attire, and listens.*

88

90 As there is by nature,  
 In every thing created, contrariety,

92 | So likewise is there unity and league  
 Between them in their kind; but man, the abstract  
 94 | Of all perfection, which the workmanship  
 Of Heaven hath modelled, in himself contains  
 96 | Passions of several qualities. – The music  
 Of man's fair composition best accords  
 98 | When 'tis in consort, not in single strains:  
 My heart has been untuned these many months,  
 100 | Wanting her presence, in whose equal love  
 True harmony consisted. Living here,  
 102 | We are Heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

104 | **Eroc.** Minutes are numbered by the fall of sands,  
 As by an hourglass; the span of time  
 106 | Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it:  
 An age of pleasures, revelled out, comes home  
 108 | At last, and ends in sorrow; but the life,  
 Weary of riot, numbers every sand,  
 110 | Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down,  
 So to conclude calamity in rest.

112 | **Palad.** What echo yields a voice to my complaints?  
 114 | Can I be nowhere private?

116 | **Eroc.** [*Comes forward and kneels*] Let the substance  
 As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,  
 118 | As the vain sound can pass your ear,  
 If no impression of a troth vowed yours,  
 120 | Retain a constant memory.

122 | **Palad.** Stand up!  
 'Tis not the figure stamped upon thy cheeks,  
 124 | The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,  
 Can draw from me a secret, that hath been  
 126 | The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

128 | **Eroc.** I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,  
 So wintered with the tempests of affliction,  
 130 | That the bright sun of your life-quickening presence  
 Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again  
 132 | That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once  
 Apparelled in fresh looks.

134 | **Palad.** Cunning impostor!  
 136 | Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade.  
 If any neighbouring greatness hath seduced  
 138 | A free-born resolution, to attempt  
 Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting

140 My weary days off, wherefore, – cruël mercy! –  
 Hast thou assumed a shape, that would make treason  
 142 A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed  
 As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

144 **Eroc.** The incense of my love-desires are flamed  
 146 Upon an altar of more constant proof.  
 Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world,  
 148 Command me to forget my name, my birth,  
 My father's sadness, and my death alive,  
 150 If all remembrance of my faith hath found  
 A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

152 **Palad.** My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon unweave  
 154 The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;  
 Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,  
 156 And so I may be gentle; as thou art,  
 There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,  
 158 In thy demeanours; turn, turn from me, prithee!  
 For my belief is armed else. Yet, fair subtlety,  
 160 Before we part (for part we must), be true;  
 Tell me thy country.

162 **Eroc.** Cyprus.

164 **Palad.** Ha! thy father?

166 **Eroc.** Meleander.

168 **Palad.** Hast a name?

170 **Eroc.** A name of misery;  
 172 The unfortunate Eroclea.

174 **Palad.** There is danger  
 In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness!  
 176 Hath honesty and virtue left the time?  
 Are we become so impious, that to tread  
 178 The path of impudence is law and justice?  
 Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,  
 180 Give me thy name.

182 **Eroc.** While'st I was lost to memory,  
 Parthenophill did shroud my shame in change  
 184 Of sundry rare misfortunes; but, since now  
 I am, before I die, returned to claim  
 186 A convoy to my grave, I must not blush  
 To let Prince Palador, if I offend,

188 Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea:  
I am that woful maid.

190

**Palad.** Join not too fast  
192 Thy penance with the story of my sufferings: –  
So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth;  
194 So martyrdom and holiness are twins,  
As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue: –  
196 But, let me by degrees collect my senses;  
I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air  
198 Hast thou perfumed, since tyranny first ravished  
The contract of our hearts?

200

**Eroc.** Dear sir, in Athens  
202 Have I been buried.

204 **Palad.** Buried? Right; as I  
In Cyprus. – Come, to trial; if thou beest  
206 Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.

208 **Eroc.** As I Prince Palador in mine; this gift

210

[*She shows him a tablet.*]

212 His bounty blessed me with, the only physic  
My solitary cares have hourly took,  
214 To keep me from despair.

216 **Palad.** We are but fools  
To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle  
218 With that eternal mercy which protects us. –  
Come home, home to my heart, thou banished peace!  
220 My ecstasy of joys would speak in passion,  
But that I would not lose that part of man,  
222 Which is reserved to entertain content. –  
Eroclea, I am thine; O, let me seize thee  
224 As my inheritance. Hymen shall now  
Set all his torches burning, to give light  
226 Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

228 **Eroc.** You are still gracious, sir. How I have lived,  
By what means been conveyed, by what preserved,  
230 By what returned, Rhetias, my trusty servant,  
Directed by the wisdom of my uncle,  
232 The good Sophronos, can inform at large.

234 **Palad.** Enough. Instead of music, every night,  
To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close  
236 Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

238 **Eroc.** O, but my father!

240 **Palad.** Fear not: to behold  
Eroclea safe will make him young again;  
242 It shall be our first task. – Blush, sensual follies,  
Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely pure!  
244 "There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts;  
"Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts."

246

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.SCENE I.*A Room in the Castle.**Enter Corax and Cleophila.*

1 **Corax.** 'Tis well; 'tis well; the hour is at hand,  
 2 Which must conclude the business, that no art  
 Could all this while make ripe for wished content.  
 4 O lady! in the turmoils of our lives,  
 Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,  
 6 Tossed up and down with several storms and tempests,  
 Change and variety of wracks and fortunes;  
 8 Till, labouring to the havens of our homes,  
 We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.

10 **Cleo.** A happy end Heaven bless us with!

12 **Corax.** 'Tis well said.  
 14 The old man sleeps still soundly.

16 **Cleo.** May soft dreams  
 Play in his fancy, that when he awakes,  
 18 With comfort, he may, by degrees, digest  
 The present blessings in a moderate joy!

20 **Corax.** I drenched his cup to purpose; he ne'er stirred  
 22 At barber or at tailor. 'A will laugh  
 At his own metamorphosis, and wonder, –  
 24 We must be watchful. Does the couch stand ready?

26 *Enter Trollio.*

28 **Cleo.** All as you commanded.  
 [To Trollio] What's your haste for?

30 **Trol.** A brace of big women, ushered by the young old  
 ape with his she-clog at his bum, are entered the castle.  
 32 Shall they come on?

34 **Corax.** By any means; the time is precious now; –  
 Lady, be quick and careful. – Follow, Trollio!

36 [Exit Corax.]

38 **Trol.** I owe all sir-reverence to your right

40 | worshipfulness.

42 |

[Exit Trollio.]

44 | **Cleo.** So many fears, so many joys, encounter  
 My double expectations, that I waver  
 46 | Between the resolution of my hopes  
 And my obedience: 'tis not, – O my fate! –  
 48 | The apprehension of a timely blessing  
 In pleasures shakes my weakness; but the danger  
 50 | Of a mistaken duty, that confines  
 The limits of my reason. – Let me live,  
 52 | Virtue, to thee as chaste, as Truth to time!

54 |

*Enter Thamasta, speaking to someone without.*

56 | **Tham.** Attend me till I call. – My sweet Cleophila!

58 | **Cleo.** Great princess –

60 | **Tham.** I bring peace, to sue a pardon  
 For my neglect of all those noble virtues  
 62 | Thy mind and duty are apparelled with:  
 I have deserved ill from thee, and must say,  
 64 | Thou art too gentle, if thou canst forget it.

66 | **Cleo.** Alas! you have not wronged me; for, indeed,  
 Acquaintance with my sorrows, and my fortune,  
 68 | Were grown to such familiarity,  
 That 'twas an impudence, more than presumption,  
 70 | To wish so great a lady as you are,  
 Should lose affection on my uncle's son:  
 72 | But that your brother, equal in your blood,  
 Should stoop to such a lowness, as to love  
 74 | A cast-away, a poor despisèd maid,  
 Only for me to hope was almost sin; –  
 76 | Yet, 'troth, I never tempted him.

78 | **Tham.** Chide not  
 The grossness of my trespass, lovely sweetness,  
 80 | In such an humble language; I have smarted  
 Already in the wounds my pride hath made  
 82 | Upon thy sufferings: henceforth, 'tis in you  
 To work my happiness.

84 |

**Cleo.** Call any service  
 86 | Of mine a debt; for such it is. The letter  
 You lately sent me, in the blest contents  
 88 | It made me privy to, hath largely quitted

90 Every suspicion of your grace, or goodness.

91 **Tham.** Let me embrace thee with a sister's love,  
 92 A sister's love, Cleophila! for should  
 My brother henceforth study to forget  
 94 The vows that he hath made thee, I would ever  
 Solicit thy deserts.

96 **Ameth, Mena.** [*Within*] We must have entrance.

98 **Tham.** Must! Who are they say *must*? – you are unmannerly.

100 *Enter Amethus and Menaphon.*

102 Brother is 't you? and you too, sir?

104 **Ameth.** [*To Cleophila*] Your ladyship  
 106 Has had a time of scolding to your humour;  
 Does the storm hold still?

108 **Cleo.** Never fell a shower  
 110 More seasonably gentle on the barren  
 Parched thirsty earth, than showers of courtesy  
 112 Have from this princess been distilled on me,  
 To make my growth in quiet of my mind  
 114 Secure and lasting.

116 **Tham.** You may both believe,  
 That I was not uncivil.

118 **Ameth.** Pish! I know  
 120 Her spirit and her envy.

122 **Cleo.** Now, in troth, sir,  
 (Pray credit me, I do not use to swear).  
 124 The virtuous princess hath, in words and carriage,  
 Been kind, so over-kind, that I do blush,  
 126 I am not rich enough in thanks sufficient  
 For her unequalled bounty. – My good cousin,  
 128 I have a suit to you.

130 **Mena.** It shall be granted.

132 **Cleo.** That no time, no persuasion, no respects  
 Of jealousies, past, present, or hereafter  
 134 By possibility to be conceived,  
 Draw you from that sincerity and pureness  
 136 Of love, which you have oftentimes protested

138 To this great worthy lady: she deserves  
 A duty more than what the ties of marriage  
 Can claim or warrant; be forever hers,  
 140 As she is yours, and Heaven increase your comforts!  
 142 **Ameth.** Cleophila hath played the churchman's part;  
 I'll not forbid the banes.  
 144  
 146 **Mena.** Are you consented?  
 148  
 150 **Tham.** I have one task in charge first, which concerns me. –  
 Brother, be not more cruël than this lady;  
 She hath forgiven my follies, so may you.  
 152 Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,  
 Without additions of estate or birth,  
 Are dower for a prince, indeed. You loved her;  
 For sure you swore you did: else, if you did not,  
 154 Here fix your heart; and thus resolve, if now  
 You miss this Heaven on earth, you cannot find  
 156 In any other choice aught but a hell.  
 158 **Ameth.** The ladies are turned lawyers, and plead handsomely  
 Their clients' cases: I am an easy judge,  
 160 And so shalt thou be, Menaphon. I give thee  
 My sister for a wife; a good one, friend.  
 162  
 164 **Mena.** Lady, will you confirm the gift?  
 166  
 168 **Tham.** The errors  
 Of my mistaken judgment being lost  
 To your remembrance, I shall ever strive  
 170 In my obedience to deserve your pity.  
 172  
 174 **Mena.** My love, my care, my all.  
 176  
 178 **Ameth.** What rests for me?  
 I am still a bachelor: –  
 [To Cleophila] sweet maid, resolve me.  
 180 May I yet call you mine?  
 182  
 184 **Cleo.** My lord Amethus,  
 Blame not my plainness; I am young and simple,  
 186 And have not any power to dispose  
 Mine own will, without warrant from my father;  
 188 That purchased, I am yours.  
 190  
 192 **Ameth.** It shall suffice me.  
 194  
 196 *Enter Cuculus, Pelias, and Trollio,*

*plucking in Grilla; Cuculus' nose is bleeding.*

186

**Cucul.** Revenge! I must have revenge; I will have  
188 revenge, bitter and abominable revenge; I will have  
190 revenge. This unfashionable mungrel, this linsey-  
woolsey of mortality – by this hand, mistress, this  
192 she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-clawed me, without  
any reverence to my person, or good garments. – Why  
d'ee not speak, gentlemen?

194

**Pelias.** Some certain blows have passed, and 't like your highness.

196

**Trol.** Some few knocks of friendship; some love-  
198 toys, some cuffs in kindness, or so.

200

**Gril.** I'll turn him away, he shall be my master no  
longer.

202

**Mena.** Is this your she-page, Cuculus? 'tis a boy, sure.

204

**Cucul.** A boy, an arrant boy in long coats.

206

**Trol.** He has mumbled his nose, that 'tis as big as a  
208 great codpiece.

210

**Cucul.** Oh, thou cock-vermine of iniquity!

212

**Tham.** Pelias, take hence the wag, and school him for 't. –  
[*To Cuculus*] For your part, servant, I'll entreat the prince  
214 To grant you some fit place about his wardrobe.

216

**Cucul.** Ever after a bloody nose do I dream of good  
luck. I horribly thank your ladyship.

218

While'st I'm in office, the old garb shall again  
Grow in request, and tailors shall be men. –

220

Come, Trollio, help to wash my face, prithee.

222

**Trol.** Yes, and to scour it too.

224

[*Exeunt Cuculus, Trollio, Pelias and Grilla.*]

226

*Enter Rhetias and Corax.*

228

**Rhet.** The prince and princess are at hand; give over  
Your amorous dialogues. – Most honoured lady,  
230 Henceforth forbear your sadness; are you ready  
To practise your instructions?

232

**Cleo.** I have studied  
234 My part with care, and will perform it, Rhetias,

236 With all the skill I can.

238 **Corax.** I'll pass my word for her.

240 *A flourish.*

242 *Enter Palador, Sophronos, Aretus and Eroclea.*

244 **Palad.** Thus princes should be circled with a guard  
 246 Of truly noble friends, and watchful subjects. –  
 248 O, Rhetias, thou art just; the youth thou told'st me,  
 250 That lived at Athens, is returned at last  
 252 To her own fortunes, and contracted love.

254 **Rhet.** My knowledge made me sure of my report, sir.

256 **Palad.** Eroclea, clear thy fears; when the sun shines,  
 258 Clouds must not dare to muster in the sky,  
 260 Nor shall they here. –

262 *[Cleophila and Amethus kneel.]*

264 Why do they kneel? Stand up;  
 266 The day and place is privileged.

268 **Soph.** Your presence.  
 270 Great sir, makes every room a sanctuary.

272 **Palad.** Wherefore does this young virgin use such circumstance  
 274 In duty to us? – Rise!

276 **Eroc.** 'Tis I must raise her. –  
 278 Forgive me, sister, I have been too private,  
 280 In hiding from your knowledge any secret,  
 282 That should have been in common 'twixt our souls;  
 But I was ruled by counsel.

284 **Cleo.** That I shew  
 286 Myself a girl, sister, and bewray  
 288 Joy in too soft a passion 'fore all these,  
 I hope you cannot blame me.

290 *[Cleophila weeps,  
 and falls into the arms of Eroclea.]*

292 **Palad.** We must part  
 294 The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets,  
 296 With th' island of our arms. –

284 | [Palador embraces Eroclea.]

286 | Cleophila,

288 | The custom of thy piety hath built,

290 | Even to thy younger years, a monument  
Of memorable fame; some great reward  
Must wait on thy desert.

292 | **Soph.** The prince speaks t'ee, niece.

294 | **Corax.** Chat low, I pray; let [u]s about our business.  
The good old man awakes.—  
[To Palador] My lord, withdraw; —

296 | Rhetias, let's settle here the couch.

298 | **Palad.** Away then!

300 | [Exeunt.]

ACT V, SCENE II.*The Same.**Soft music.**Re-enter Corax and Rhetias, with Meleander asleep  
on a couch, his hair and beard trimmed,  
habit and gown changed. –**Enter a boy that sings  
while they are placing the couch.*

1 SONG.

2

4 *Fly hence, shadows, that do keep*  
*Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!*  
*Though the eyes be overtaken,*  
 6 *Yet the heart doth ever waken*  
*Thoughts, chained up in busy snares*  
 8 *Of continual woes and cares:*  
*Love and griefs are so expressed,*  
 10 *As they rather sigh than rest.*  
*Fly hence, shadows, that do keep*  
 12 *Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep.*

14

**Melean.** [*Awakes*]

Where am I? ha! What sounds are these? 'tis day, sure.

16

Oh, I have slept belike; 'tis but the foolery  
 Of some beguiling dream. So, so! I will not  
 18 Trouble the play of my delighted fancy,  
 But dream my dream out.

20

**Corax.** *Morrow to your lordship!*

22

You took a jolly nap, and slept it soundly.

24

**Melean.** *Away, beast! let me alone.*

26

*[The music ceases.]*

28

**Corax.** *O, by your leave, sir,*

I must be bold to raise you; else your physic  
 30 Will turn to further sickness.

32

*[He assists Meleander to sit up.]*

34

**Melean.** *Physic, bear-leech?*

36

**Corax.** *Yes, physic; you are mad.*

38 **Melean.** Trollio! Cleophila!

40 **Rhet.** Sir, I am here.

42 **Melean.** I know thee, Rhetias; prithee rid the room  
Of this tormenting noise. He tells me, sirrah,  
44 I have took physic, Rhetias; physic, physic!

46 **Rhet.** Sir, true, you have; and this most learned scholar  
Applied t'ee. O, you were in dangerous plight,  
48 Before he took ye hand.

50 **Melean.** These things are drunk,  
Directly drunk. – Where did you get your liquor?

52 **Corax.** I never saw a body in the wane  
54 Of age, so overspread with several sorts  
Of such diseases, as the strength of youth  
56 Would groan under and sink.

58 **Rhet.** The more your glory  
In the miraculous cure.

60 **Corax.** Bring me the cordial  
62 Prepared for him to take after his sleep,  
'Twill do him good at heart.

64 **Rhet.** I hope it will, sir.

66 [Exit Rhetias.]

68 **Melean.** What dost [thou] think I am, that thou shouldst fiddle  
70 So much upon my patience? Fool, the weight  
Of my disease sits on my heart so heavy,  
72 That all the hands of art cannot remove  
One grain to ease my grief. If thou couldst poison  
74 My memory, or wrap my senses up  
Into a dulness, hard and cold as flints;  
76 If thou couldst make me walk, speak, eat, and laugh,  
Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,  
78 Why then, perhaps, at marts, thou mightst make benefit  
Of such an antic motion, and get credit  
80 From credulous gazers, but not profit me.  
Study to gull the wise; I am too simple  
82 To be wrought on.

84 **Corax.** I'll burn my books, old man,  
But I will do thee good, and quickly too.

86

*Enter Aretus, with a patent.*

88  
 90 **Aretus.** Most honoured lord Meleander! our great master,  
 Prince Palador of Cyprus, hath by me  
 Sent you this patent, in which is contained  
 92 Not only confirmation of the honours  
 You formerly enjoyed, but the addition  
 94 Of the marshalship of Cyprus; and ere long  
 He means to visit you. Excuse my haste;  
 96 I must attend the prince.

[*Exit Aretus.*]

100 **Corax.** There's one pill works.

102 **Melean.** Dost know that spirit? 'tis a grave familiar,  
 And talked I know not what.

104 **Corax.** He's like, methinks,  
 106 The prince his tutor, Aretus.

108 **Melean.** Yes, yes;  
 It may be I have seen such a formality;  
 110 No matter where, or when.

*Enter Amethus, with a staff.*

114 **Ameth.** The prince hath sent ye,  
 My lord, this staff of office, and withal  
 116 Salutes you grand commander of the ports  
 Throughout his principalities. He shortly  
 118 Will visit you himself; I must attend him.

[*Exit Amethus.*]

122 **Corax.** D'ee feel your physic stirring yet?

124 **Melean.** A devil  
 Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,  
 126 But not corrupt the reason in the throne  
 Of a pure soul.

*Enter Sophronos, with a tablet.*

130  
 Another? I will stand thee;  
 132 Be what thou canst, I care not.

134 **Soph.** From the prince,  
 Dear brother, I present you this rich relic,  
 136 A jewël he hath long worn in his bosom:

Henceforth, he bade me say, he does beseech you  
 138 To call him son, for he will call you father;  
 It is an honour, brother, that a subject  
 140 Cannot but entertain with thankful prayers.  
 Be moderate in your joys; he will in person  
 142 Confirm my errand, but commands my service.  
 144 [Exit Sophronos.]  
 146 **Corax.** What hope now of your cure?  
 148 **Melean.** Stay, stay! – What earthquakes  
 Roule in my flesh! Here's prince, and prince, and prince;  
 150 Prince upon prince! The dotage of my sorrows  
 Revels in magic of ambitious scorn:  
 152 Be they enchantments deadly as the grave,  
 I'll look upon 'em. – Patent, staff, and relic!  
 154 To the last first. –  
 156 [Taking up the miniature]  
 158 Round me, ye guarding ministers,  
 And ever keep me waking, till the cliffs  
 160 That overhang my sight fall off, and leave  
 These hollow spaces to be crammed with dust!  
 162  
 164 **Corax.** 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial. – Prithee,  
 Sit down; I'll instantly be here again.  
 166 [Exit Corax.]  
 168 **Melean.** Good, give me leave; I will sit down: indeed,  
 Here's company enough for me to prate to. –  
 170  
 172 [Looks at the picture.]  
 Eroclea! – 'tis the same; the cunning arts-man  
 174 Faltered not in a line. Could he have fashioned  
 A little hollow space here, and blown breath  
 176 To have made it move and whisper, 't had been excellent:  
 But faith, 'tis well, 'tis very well as 'tis;  
 178 Passing, most passing well.  
 180 *Enter Cleophila leading Eroclea,  
and followed by Rhetias.*  
 182  
 184 **Cleo.** The sovereign greatness,  
 Who, by commission from the powers of Heaven,  
 Sways both this land and us, our gracious prince,

186 | By me presents you, sir, with this large bounty,  
 A gift more precious to him than his birthright.  
 188 | Here let your cares take end; now set at liberty  
 Your long-imprisoned heart, and welcome home  
 190 | The solace of your soul, too long kept from you.

192 | **Eroc.** [*Kneeling*] Dear sir, you know me?

194 | **Melean.** Yes, thou art my daughter;  
 My eldest blessing. Know thee! why, Eroclea,  
 196 | I never did forget thee in thy absence;  
 Poor soul, how dost?

198 | **Eroc.** The best of my well-being  
 200 | Consists in yours.

202 | **Melean.** Stand up; the gods, who hitherto  
 Have kept us both alive, preserve thee ever! –  
 204 | Cleophila, I thank thee and the prince;  
 I thank thee, too, Eroclea, that thou wouldst,  
 206 | In pity of my age, take so much pains  
 To live, till I might once more look upon thee,  
 208 | Before I broke my heart: O, 'twas a piece  
 Of piety and duty unexampled!

210 | **Rhet.** [*Aside*]  
 212 | The good man relisheth his comforts strangely;  
 The sight doth turn me child.

214 | **Eroc.** I have not words  
 216 | That can express my joys.

218 | **Cleo.** Nor I.

220 | **Melean.** Nor I;  
 Yet let us gaze on one another freely,  
 222 | And surfeit with our eyes; let me be plain:  
 If I should speak as much as I should speak,  
 224 | I should talk of a thousand things at once,  
 And all of thee; of thee, my child, of thee!  
 226 | My tears, like ruffling winds locked up in caves,  
 Do bustle for a vent; – on t' other side,  
 228 | To fly out into mirth were not so comely.  
 Come hither, let me kiss thee! –  
 [*To Eroclea*] with a pride,  
 230 | Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now thy presence  
 Hath stored me with, I kneel before their altars,  
 232 | Whose sovereignty kept guard about thy safety:

234 Ask, ask thy sister, prithee, she'll tell thee  
How I have been much mad.

236 **Cleo.** Much discontented,  
Shunning all means that might procure him comfort.

238  
240 **Eroc.** Heaven has at last been gracious.

240 **Melean.** So say I;  
242 But wherefore drop thy words in such a sloth,  
As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth  
244 With thy misfortunes? Understand me throughly;  
I would not have thee to report at large,  
246 From point to point, a journal of thy absence,  
'Twill take up too much time; I would securely  
248 Engross the little remnant of my life,  
That thou mightst every day be telling somewhat,  
250 Which might convey me to my rest with comfort.  
Let me bethink me; how we parted first,  
252 Puzzles my faint remembrance – but soft –  
Cleophila, thou told'st me that the prince  
254 Sent me this present.

256 **Cleo.** From his own fair hands  
I did receive my sister.

258  
260 **Melean.** To requite him,  
We will not dig his father's grave anew,  
Although the mention of him much concerns  
262 The business we inquire of: – as I said.  
We parted in a hurry at the court;  
264 I to this castle, after made my jail;  
But whither thou, dear heart?

266  
268 **Rhet.** Now they fall to 't;  
I looked for this.

270 **Eroc.** I, by my uncle's care,  
Sophronos, my good uncle, suddenly  
272 Was like a sailor's boy conveyed a-shipboard,  
That very night.

274  
276 **Melean.** A policy quick and strange.

278 **Eroc.** The ship was bound for Corinth, whither first,  
Attended only with your servant Rhetias,  
And all fit necessities, we arrived;  
280 From thence, in habit of a youth, we journeyed

282 To Athens, where, till our return of late,  
 Have we lived safe.

284 **Melean.** Oh, what a thing is man,  
 To bandy factions of distempered passions  
 286 Against the sacred Providence above him!  
 Here, in the legend of thy two years' exile,  
 288 Rare pity and delight are sweetly mixed –  
 And still thou wert a boy!

290 **Eroc.** So I obeyed  
 292 My uncle's wise command.

294 **Melean.** 'Twas safely carried;  
 I humbly thank thy Fate.

296 **Eroc.** If earthly treasures  
 298 Are poured in plenty down from Heaven on mortals,  
 They reign among those oracles that flow  
 300 In schools of sacred knowledge; such is Athens;  
 Yet Athens was to me but a fair prison:  
 302 The thoughts of you, my sister, country, fortunes,  
 And something of the prince, barred all contents,  
 304 Which else might ravish sense: for had not Rhetias  
 Been always comfortable to me, certainly  
 306 Things had gone worse.

308 **Melean.** Speak low, Eroclea,  
 That "something of the prince" bears danger in it:  
 310 Yet thou hast travailed, wench, for such endowments,  
 As might create a prince a wife fit for him,  
 312 Had he the world to guide; but touch not there,  
 How can'st thou home?

314 **Rhet.** Sir, with your noble favour,  
 316 Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

318 **Melean.** Honest, right honest Rhetias!

320 **Rhet.** Your grave brother  
 Perceived with what a hopeless love his son,  
 322 Lord Menaphon, too eagerly pursued  
 Thamasta, cousin to our present prince;  
 324 And, to remove the violence of affection,  
 Sent him to Athens, where, for twelve months' space,  
 326 Your daughter, my young lady, and her cousin,  
 Enjoyed each other's griefs: till by his father,  
 328 The lord Sophronos, we were all called home.

330 **Melean.** Enough, enough! the world shall henceforth witness  
 My thankfulness to Heaven, and those people  
 332 Who have been pitiful to me and mine.  
 Lend me a looking-glass. – How now! how came I  
 334 So courtly, in fresh raiments?

336 **Rhet.** Here's the glass, sir.

338 **Melean.** I'm in the trim too. – O Cleophila,  
 This was the goodness of thy care and cunning –  
 340  
 [Loud music.]  
 342 Whence comes this noise?

344 **Rhet.** The prince, my lord, in person.  
 346  
 [They kneel.]  
 348  
*Enter Palador, Sophronos, Aretus, Ametmis,  
 350 Menaphon, Corax, Thamasta, and Kala.*

352 **Palad.** You shall not kneel to us; rise all, I charge ye. –  
 Father, you wrong your age; henceforth my arms  
 354  
 [Embracing Meleander.]  
 356 And heart shall be your guard: we have o'erheard  
 358 All passages of your united loves.  
 Be young again, Meleander, live to number  
 360 A happy generation, and die old  
 In comforts, as in years! The offices  
 362 And honours, which I late on thee conferred,  
 Are not fantastic bounties, but thy merit;  
 364 Enjoy them liberally.

366 **Melean.** My tears must thank you.  
 For my tongue cannot.

368 **Corax.** I have kept my promise,  
 370 And given you a sure cordial.

372 **Melean.** Oh, a rare one.

374 **Palad.** Good man, we both have shared enough of sadness,  
 Though thine has tasted deeper of th' extreme:  
 376 Let us forget it henceforth. –  
 [To Meleander] Where's the picture  
 I sent ye? Keep it; 'tis a counterfeit;

378 | And, in exchange of that, I seize on this,  
 380 | *[Takes Eroclea by the hand.]*

382 | The real substance: with this other hand  
 I give away, before her father's face,  
 384 | His younger joy, Cleophila, to thee,  
 Cousin Amethus; take her, and be to her  
 386 | More than a father, a deserving husband. –  
 Thus, robbed of both thy children in a minute,  
 388 | Thy cares are taken off.

390 | **Melean.** My brains are dulled;  
 I am entranced, and know not what you mean.  
 392 | Great, gracious sir, alas! why do you mock me?  
 I am a weak old man, so poor and feeble,  
 394 | That my untoward joints can scarcely creep  
 Unto the grave, where I must seek my rest.  
 396 |

**Palad.** Eroclea was, you know, contracted mine;  
 398 | Cleophila my cousin's, by consent  
 Of both their hearts; we both now claim our own:  
 400 | It only rests in you to give a blessing,  
 For confirmation.  
 402 |

**Rhet.** Sir, 'tis truth and justice.  
 404 |

**Melean.** The gods, that lent ye to me, bless your vows!  
 406 | Oh, children, children, pay your prayers to Heaven,  
 For they have shewed much mercy. – But, Sophronos,  
 408 | Thou art my brother – I can say no more –  
 A good, good brother!  
 410 |

**Palad.** Leave the rest to time;  
 412 | Cousin Thamasta, I must give you too; –  
 She's thy wife, Menaphon. – Rhetias, for thee,  
 414 | And Corax, I have more than common thanks. –  
 On to the temple! there all solemn rites  
 416 | Performed, a general feast shall be proclaimed.  
 The Lover's Melancholy hath found cure;  
 418 | Sorrows are changed to bride-songs. So they thrive,  
 Whom Fate, in spite of storms, hath kept alive.  
 420 |

*[Exeunt.]*

## EPILOGUE

1 To be too confident is as unjust  
2 In any work, as is too much distrust;  
Who from the laws of study have not swerved  
4 Know, begged applauses never were deserved.  
We must submit to censure: so doth he,  
6 Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free  
For his part, if he have not pleased you, then  
8 In this kind, he'll not trouble you again.

FINIS.