



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE
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PERFORMANCE SCRIPT
The Bloody Banquet
2015

Directors: Casey Kaleba and Charlene V. Smith
Dramaturg: Claire Kimball

Artistic Director: Charlene V. Smith
Resident Dramaturg: Claire Kimball

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The Bloody Banquet

Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit.¹

Nos haec novimus esse nihil.²

Dramatis Personae

The KING of Lydia
TYMETHES, his son
LAPYRUS, his nephew
The King of Lycia
Zantippus, his son
Eurymone, his daughter
ARMATRITES, King of Cilicia
ZENARCHUS, his son
AMPHRIDOTE, his daughter
His YOUNG QUEEN
Her MAID
[A LADY]
MAZERES, his favourite
[ROXANA], the Young Queen's keeper
FIDELIO }
AMORPHO } two faithful servants to the Lydian King
SEXTORIO }
LODOVICUS } two unfaithful servants of his
The OLD QUEEN of Lydia
Her two little children
CHORUS
The CLOWN
Two SHEPHERDS
Four SERVANTS [the first called VALESTA]
Soldiers [in the Induction]
[Two] SOLDIERS [in the forest]

Acts and Scenes

I.i. The presence chamber of the King of Lydia
I.ii. A forest
I.iii. Another part of the forest
I.iv. Outside the Young Queen's rooms
II.i. Outside a sheepcote
II.ii. A room in the castle
II.iii. Outside the sheepcote

¹ 'Then Hector appeared, bringing his gods to do battle with him' [on his behalf] (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* XIII, 82)

² 'We know these things to be nothing' (Martial, *Epigrams*, XIII, 2). An authorial expression of modesty.

- III.i. The lodge
- III.ii. A room in the lodge
- III.iii. A banqueting room in the lodge
- IV.i. A room in the castle
- IV.ii. Another room in the castle
- IV.iii. A drawing-room in the lodge
- V.i. A room in the castle
- V.ii. The same

Inductio

Flourish. Enter at one door the old King of Lydia, Tymethes his son, Lapyrus his nephew, and soldiers. At the other the old King of Lycia, Zantippus his son, Eurymone his daughter, and soldiers. The two kings parley and change hostages for peace. Lapyrus is given to the Lycian, and Zantippus to the Lydian. The Lycian seems to offer his daughter Eurymone to Lapyrus to fall from his uncle and join with him; he accepts her, drawing his sword against his country and uncle. The Lydian sends his son Tymethes for aid; he enters again with Armatrites, King of Cilicia, Zenarchus his son, and Mazeres, a young prince, the Cilician king's follower. All they draw against the Lycian's party, whereat they all [with] Lapyrus fly, the two other kings pursuing them. Then enter the Old Queen of Lydia flying from her nephew Lapyrus, with two babes in her arms, he pursuing her with his drawn sword.

Enter Chorus.

CHORUS	After the waste of many thousand wounds
	Given and received alike in seven set battles,
	Lydia's old king, upon conditions signed
	For peace and truce, entered consigned league
	With his fierce enemy, the Lycian king,
	Gave him in hostage as his pledge of faith
	His nephew, Lord Lapyrus, and received
	Noble Zantippus from the Lycian.
	To make the contract full and honourable,
	This Lord Lapyrus entertained and welcomed,

But chiefly by the fair Eurymone,
The king's sole daughter, who unto Lapyrus
Offers her as his bride, so he would turn
A traitor to his country and his king;
Lapyrus, to obtain the beauteous maid,
Turns traitor to his king and joins his force
Unto his fair love's father, Lycia's king.
Th' old King of Lydia, being so beset
By his own nephew's unexpected treacheries,
Sent forth his son Tymethes to crave aid
From Armatrites, King of great Cilicia,
Which he obtained in a disastrous hour,
As the event will witness. In this trouble
The frightened queen with her two infants fled
Into a forest, fearing the sad ruin
Hourly expected, until Armatrites
With a fresh army forced Lapyrus fly
And saved the king, doomed for worse treachery.
What follows shows itself; 'tis our full due
If we with labour give content to you.

Exit.

I.i. [The presence chamber of the King of Lydia]³

Enter the two kings of Lydia and Cilicia, Zenarchus son to the Cilician, Tymethes son to the Lydian, Mazeres, Fidelio, Amorpho, Sextorio, Lodovicus; when they come unto the throne, the tyrant of Cilicia puts by the old King and ascends alone. All snatch out their swords. Mazeres crowns him. The old King and Tymethes stand amazed. Flourish.

ARMATRITES Speranza!⁴

MAZERES Long live Armatrites, King of Lydia!

SEXTORIO/LODOVICUS Long live Armatrites, King of Lydia.

KING How?

ARMATRITES Art thou amazed, old king, and all thy people
Mutually labouring in a fit of wonder?
Start from those pale dreams; we will prove all true:
Who wins the day the brightness is his due.

KING King of Cilicia.

ARMATRITES Ay, and Lydia now.
Bate us not our titles; we and ours
Have sweat and clearly earned them in our flesh.

KING It savours not of nobleness nor virtue,
Religion, loyalty, heaven or nature's laws
So most perfidiously to enter, tyrant,
Where was expected honesty and honour,
Assistance from a friend, not a dissembler,

³ written by Dekker

⁴ "to hope"

A royal neighbour and no politic foe.

What worse than this could th' enemy perform?

And when shines friendship best but in a storm?

ARMATRITES

Why, doting Lydia, is it of no virtue

To bring our army hither and put in venture

Our person and their lives upon our foes?

Wasting our courage, weakening our best forces,

Impoverishing the heart of our munition,

And having won the honour of the battle,

To throw our glory on unworthy spirits,

And so unload victory's honey thighs

To let drones feed?

KING

Will nothing satisfy but all?

ARMATRITES

Without all, nothing.

The kingdom and not under⁵ suits our blood:

Flies are not eagles' preys nor thanks our food.

And for Cilicia, our other sphere,

Our son Zenarchus, let thy beams move there.

ZENARCHUS

[*Kneeling*] Rather, my lord, let me move pity here,

Unto the reverend, fate-afflicted king,

For whom, with his disconsolate son, my friend

⁵ nothing less

And plighted brother, I here kneel as suitor.

Oh, my most noble father, still retain

The seal of honour and religion:

A kingdom rightly possessed by course⁶

Contains more joy than is usurped by force.

ARMATRITES

[*Aside*] The boy hath almost changed us.

MAZERES

[*Aside*] He cools.--My lord, remember you are possessed.

ARMATRITES

What, with the devil?

[MAZERES]

The devil! The dukedom, the kingdom, Lydia:

All pant under your sceptre; the sway's yours.

Be not bought out with words; a kingdom's dear:

Kiss fortune; keep your mind and keep your state.

Y'are laughed at if you prove compassionate.

ARMATRITES

Thanks to Mazerres; he hath refreshed our spirits.

Zenarchus, 'tis thy death if thou proceed:

Thy words we threat; rise silent or else bleed.

[*Zenarchus rises.*]

KING

Who can expect but blood where tyrants govern?

ARMATRITES

We are not yet so cruel to thy fortune

As was Lapyrus, thy own nephew, treacherous,

That stole upon thy life, beseiged thee basely,

⁶ lineal succession

And had betrayed thee to thine enemy's anger
Had we not beat his strength to his own throat
And made him shrink before us. All can tell
In him 'twas monstrous; 'tis in us but well,
A trick of war, advantage, policy, nay, rather recompense.
There's more deceit in peace: 'tis common there
T' unfold young heirs; the old may well stand bare.
You have your life; be thankful, and 'tis more
Than your perfidious nephew would consent to
Had he surprised you first. Your fate is cast;
The sooner you be gone 'twill prove the safer.

KING

On thee, Lapyrus, and thy treacheries fall
The heavy burden of an old man's curse.

FIDELIO

Your queen with her two infants fled the city
Affrighted at this treason and new wars.

KING

News of more sadnesses than the kingdom's loss;
She fled upon her hour, for had she stayed
Sh' had either died, been banished, or betrayed.
I have some servants here?

AMORPHO

All these, my lord.

KING

All these? Not all; you did forget
I am not worth the flattering. I am done,

Old and at set: honour the rising sun.

If any for love serve me, which is he?

Now let him shame the world and follow me.

FIDELIO That's I, my lord.

AMORPHO And I.

KING What, two of you?

Let it be enrolled

Two follow a king when he is poor and old.

[King] exit cum suis [Fidelio and Amorpho].

SEXTORIO Farewell, king.

I'll play the flounder⁷, keep me to my tide.

LODOVICUS And so will I; this is the flowing side.

MAZERES Those men are yours, my lord.

ARMATRITES We'll grace them chiefly.

[To Sext. and Lodo.] Wait for employment, place and eminence;

The like to each that to our bounty flies,

For he that falls to us shall surely rise.

[to Mazerés aside] His son Tymethes little frights our thoughts:

He's young and given to pleasure, not to plots.

⁷ swim with the tide, not against it; i.e., support the winner.

MAZERES Your grace defines him right; he may remain.
The prince your son binds him in a love-chain;
There's little fear of him.

ARMATRITES Their loves are dear.
Base boy! He leaves his father to live here.

MAZERES His presence sets a gloss on your attempts⁸;
They have their lustre from him.

ARMATRITES He's their countenance;
'Twas well observed and followed: he shall stay.
Mazeres, thou armest us that won the day.

[Exeunt] all but Zenarchus and Tymethes.

ZENARCHUS *[Aside]* None but Mazeres, that court fly, could on
The virtues of the king blow such corruption;
Man falls to vice in minutes, runs and leaps,
But unto goodness he takes wary steps.
How soon a tyrant!--Why, Tymethes, friend, brother?

TYMETHES Peace, prithee, peace: you undo me if you wake me;
I hope I'm in a dream.

ZENARCHUS Would 'twere so happy.

TYMETHES No? Why then, wake, beggar; but the comfort is
I have brave-seeming kinsmen. Why, Zenarchus,

⁸ gives the takeover an air of legitimacy

'Tis not the loss of kingdom, father's banishment,
Uncertainty of mother afflicts me
With half the violence that those crossed affections
Betwixt your princely sister and ourself,
Who upon fortune, or her father's frown,
Either now will not, or else dare not love me.

ZENARCHUS

Chance alters not affection; see in me
That hold thee dear still spite of tyranny.
Fate does but dim the gloss of a right man;
He still retains his worth, do what fate can.
Change faith for dross? I will not call her sister
That shall hate virtue for affliction.

Enter Amphridote.

And here she comes to clear those doubts herself.

AMPHRIDOTE

Strange alteration! Will the king my father
Go to his grave a ruffian and a traitor?
In his gray hairs turn tyrant to his friends,
Wasting his penitential times in plots,
Acting more sins than he hath tears to weep for them?

TYMETHES

Alas, lady, fortune hath changed my state; can you love a beggar?

AMPHRIDOTE

Why, fortune hath the least command o'er love;
She cannot drive Tymethes from himself,

And 'tis Tymethes, not his painted glories,
My soul in her accomplished wish desires.

ZENARCHUS What say you now, sir?

TYMETHES Nothing but admire

That heaven can frame a creature like a woman
And she be constant, seeing most are common.

ZENARCHUS Put by your wonder, sir, she proves the same:

I spake her virtues for her ere she came;

And when my father dies, I here do vow

This kingdom now detained wrongfully

Shall then return unforcedly to you,

In part thy dowry, but in all thy due.

TYMETHES Unmatched, honest young man!

Enter Mazeres observing.

ZENARCHUS Come, let your lips meet, though your fortunes wander.

MAZERES [*Aside*] Ha! Taste lips so bounteously with a beggar?

ZENARCHUS Thus in firm state let your affections rest;

Time, that makes wretched, makes the same men blessed.

Exeunt [all but Mazeres].

MAZERES What's here? Either the princes out of charity's rashness

Are pleas'd to lay aside their glories and refresh

The gasping fortunes of a desperate wretch,

Or if for larger bounties []. I was mad
T' advise the king for his remaining here
That had been banished, and with him my fear:
I love the princess, and the king allows it;
If he should prove a rival to my love,
I have argued fair for his abiding here.
My plots shall work his ruin; if one fail,
I'll raise a second, for I must prevail.
I that used policy to cause him stay
Can show like art to rid my fears away.

Exit.

I.ii. [A forest]⁹

Enter the Old Queen with two babes, as being hard pursued.

[OLD] QUEEN Oh, whither shall I fly with these poor babes?

Twice set upon by thieves within this forest,
Who robbed me of my clothes and left me these,
Which better suit with my calamity!

What fate pursues the good old king my husband,
I cannot learn which is my worst affliction.

Oh, treacherous Lapyrus! Impious nephew!

⁹ written by Dekker

All horrors of a guilty breast keep with thee!
Either, poor babes, you must pine here for food,
Or have the wars drink your immaculate blood.

Cry within, "Follow, follow!"

Oh, fly, lest life and honour be betrayed!

Exit.

I.iii. [Another part of the forest]¹⁰

Enter Lapyrus disguised.

LAPYRUS Villain and fugitive, where wilt thou hide

Th' abhorred burthen of thy wretched flesh?

In what disguise canst thou be safe and free,

Having betrayed thy country? Base Lapyrus!

Earth, stretch thy throat, take down this bitter pill,

Loathing the hateful taste of his own will!

Enter the [Old] Queen and two Soldiers pursuing her.

[OLD] QUEEN Oh, help! Good heaven, save a poor wretch from slaughter!

[FIRST SOLIDER] Stop her mouth first; soldiers must have their sport.

'Tis dearly earn'd: they venture their blood for't.

¹⁰ written by Dekker

That traitorous villain nephew to the king,
Sought the confusion of his state and him,
And with a secret army girt his land
When peace was plighted by his enemy's hand,
Little expecting such unnatural treason
From forth a kinsman's bosom; all admir'd
But I his miserable queen.

LAPYRUS *aside*

Oh, sink into perdition!--Let me hear no further.

[OLD] QUEEN

I'll tell you all, for your so late attempt
Confirms you honest, and my thoughts so keep you:
I, frighted at new wars and his false breath,
Chose rather with these babes this lingering death.

LAPYRUS

[*Aside*] Oh, in her words I endure a thousand deaths!

[OLD] QUEEN

The truth of this sad story hath been yours;
Now, courteous sir, may I request your name,
That in my prayers I may place the fame.

LAPYRUS

[*Aside*] I'll put my death into her woeful hands.

[OLD] QUEEN

I hear you not, sir; I desire [your] name.

LAPYRUS

To add some small content to your distress,
Know that Lapyrus, whom your miseries
May rightly curse, and be revenged justly,
Lurks in this forest equally distressed.

[OLD] QUEEN In this forest lurks that abhorred villain?

LAPYRUS These eyes did see him, and, faith, lady, say
If you should meet that worst of villains here,
That traitor, monster, what would you attempt?

[OLD] QUEEN His speedy death; I should forget all mercy,
Had I but means fully to express my vengeance.

LAPYRUS You would not, queen.

[OLD] QUEEN No? By these infants' tears
That weep for hunger, I would throughly do't.

LAPYRUS See, yonder he comes.

[OLD] QUEEN Oh, where?

LAPYRUS Here, take my sword.
Are you yet constant? Shame your sex and be so.
Will you do't?

[OLD] QUEEN I see him not.

LAPYRUS Strike him through his guilt and treachery
And let him see the horrors of his perjured soul.
Are you ready?

[OLD] QUEEN Pray, let me see him first.

[Lapyrus] pulls off his false beard and kneels.

LAPYRUS You see him now: now do't.

[OLD] QUEEN

Lapyrus!

Oh, fortunate revenge! Now all thy villainies

Shall be at once requited: thy country's ruin,

The king thy uncle's sorrows, my own miseries,

Shall at this minute all one vengeance meet.

[*Aside*] Alas, he doth submit, prays, and relents.

Who could wish more? None made from woman can;

Small glory 'twere to kill a kneeling man,

When he in penitent sighs his soul commends:

Thou send'st him to the gods, thyself to th' fiends.

But hearken to thy piteous infants' cries,

And th'are for vengeance. Peace, then: now he dies.

Ingrateful woman, he delivered thee

From ravishment: canst thou his murtheress be?

What's riches to thy honour? That rare treasure

Which worlds redeem not, yet 'tis lost at pleasure.

Kill him that preserv'd that? And in thy rescue

His noble rage so manfully behav'd.--

Rise, rise; he that repents is ever saved.

LAPYRUS

Will misery yet a longer life afford,

To see a queen so poor, not worth her word?

[OLD] QUEEN

I am better than my word; my word was death.

LAPYRUS Man's ne'er past grief till he be past his breath.

[OLD] QUEEN I pardon all, Lapyrus.

LAPYRUS Do not do't.

[OLD] QUEEN And only to one penance I enjoin thee
For all thy faults past: while we here remain
Within this forest, this thy task shall be,
To procure succour to my babes and me.

LAPYRUS And if I fail, may the earth swallow me.

[OLD] QUEEN Th'art now grown good; here could I ever dwell,
Were the old king my husband safe and well.

Exeunt.

I.iv. [Outside the Young Queen's rooms]¹²

Enter Tymethes and Zenarchus.

ZENARCHUS Come, come, drive away these fits; faith, I'll have thee merry.

TYMETHES As your son and heir at his father's funeral.

ZENARCHUS Thou seest my sister constantly affects thee.

TYMETHES There were no mirth nor music else for me.

ZENARCHUS Sir, in this castle the old king my father,
O'erworn with jealousy, keeps his beauteous wife;
I think thou never saw'st her.

¹² written by Middleton

TYMETHES No, not I.

ZENARCHUS Why, then thy judgments fresh, I'll visit her
On purpose for the censure.

TYMETHES I speak my affection.

ZENARCHUS Nay, on my knowledge, she's worth jealousy,
Though jealously be far unworthy a king.

Enter Roxana.

ROXANA My loved lord?

ZENARCHUS How cheers the queen?

They whisper.

TYMETHES [*Aside*] Have I not seen this lady before now?
She has an excellent presence for a pander;
I know not her office.

ZENARCHUS Use those words to her.

ROXANA They shall be used, my lord, and anything
That comes to using, let it come to me.

Exit.

TYMETHES What's she, Zenarchus?

ZENARCHUS Who, Roxana? A lady in great trust,
Elected by my father's jealousy.
But she and all the rest attend upon her,
I think would turn her pander for reward,

For 'tis not watch nor ward keeps woman chaste

If honour's watch in her mind be not placed.

TYMETHES

Right oracle. What gain hath jealousy?

Fruitful suspicion, sighs, ridiculous groans:

Hunger and lust will break through flesh and stones.

ZENARCHUS

What mad lords are your jealous people then,

That lock their wives from all men but their men?

Make them their keepers to prevent some greater,

So oft it happens to the poor's relief

Keepers eat venison when their lords eat beef.

Enter Young Queen with a book in her hand.

See, see, she comes.

TYMETHES

[Aside] Honour of beauty! There man's wishes rise:

Grace and perfection lighten from her eyes;

Amazement is shot through me.

ZENARCHUS

'Tis Tymethes, lady,

Son to the banish'd king.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Is this he?

ZENARCHUS

It is, sweet lady.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

[Aside] I never knew the force of a desire

Until this minute struck within my blood;

I fear one look was destined to undo me.

ZENARCHUS Why, Tymethes? Friend?

TYMETHES Ha?

ZENARCHUS A courtier,
 And forget your first weapon? Go and salute
 Our lady mother.

[YOUNG] QUEEN [*Aside*] He makes towards us.—
 Y'are Prince Tymethes, so I understand.

TYMETHES The same unfortunate, most gracious lady,
 Supremest of your sex in all perfections.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Sir, y'are forgetful: this is no place for courtship,
 Nor we a subject for't; return to your friend.

TYMETHES [*Aside*] All hopes kill'd in their blossom.

[YOUNG] QUEEN [*Aside*] Too cruelly, in faith, I put him by.--

Enter Roxana with wine.

 Wine for our son Zenarchus? 'Twas done kindly.
 You son, and our best visitant.

ZENARCHUS Duty binds me.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Begin to me, Zenarchus, I'll have't so.

TYMETHES [*Aside*] Why, then there's hope she'll take occasion
 To drink to me; she hath no means t' avoid it.

[YOUNG] QUEEN [*Aside*] I'll prevent all loose thoughts, drink to myself.
 My mind walks yonder, but suspect walks here.

Drinks and gives Roxana the cup.

TYMETHES [Aside] The devil's on that side and engrosses all:
Smiles, favours, common courtesies, none can fall
But he has a snatch at them. Not drink to me?

[YOUNG] QUEEN Make you yon stranger drink.

Roxana offers it him.

TYMETHES Pox of't, not I.

[YOUNG] QUEEN [Aside] I speak strange words against my fantasy.

ZENARCHUS Prithee, Tymethes, drink.

TYMETHES I am not dry.

ZENARCHUS I think so too: dry and so young, 'twere strange.
Come, prithee drink to the queen, my mother.

TYMETHES You shall rule me: unto that beauteous majesty.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Thanks, noble sir. [Aside] I must be wary;
My mind's dangerous.--I'll pledge you anon, sir.

Gives Roxana the cup [and Roxana exits with wine].

TYMETHES [Aside] Heart! How contempt ill fortune does pursue!
Not drink nor pledge; what was she born to do?
I'll stay no longer, lest I get that flame
Which nothing but cold death can quench or tame.--
Zenarchus, come.

Exit.

ZENARCHUS I go; music of mind to the queen.

[YOUNG] QUEEN To you no less.

ZENARCHUS And all that you can wish or I express.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Thanks to our son.

Exit [Zenarchus].

Th' other took leave in silence, but left me
To speak enough both for myself and thee.
Tymethes? That's his name. Poor heart, take heed:
Look well into th' event ere thou proceed.
Love, yet be wise! Impossible: none can.
If e'er the wise man claim one foolish hour
'Tis when he loves: he's then in folly's power.
I need not fear the servants that o'erwatch me:
Their faiths lie in my coffers, in effect,
More true to me than to my lord's suspect.
The fears and dangers that most threaten me
Live in the party that I must enjoy,
And that's Tymethes. Men are apt to boast;
He may in full cups blaze and vaunt himself
Unto some meaner mistress, make my shame
The politic engine to beat down her name,

And from thence force a way to the king's ears.

Strange fate: where my love keeps, there keep my fears.

Enter tyrant [Armatrites].

[ARMATRITES]

[*Aside*] Alone? Why, where's her guard? Suffer her alone?

Her thoughts may work; their powers are not her own.

Women have of themselves no entire sway;

Like dial needles they wave every way,

And must be thoroughly taught to be kept right

And point to none but to their lord's delight.

Enter Roxana and guard.

Time to convey and plot? Leave her alone!

Why, villains! [*To Young Queen*] Kiss me, my perfection;

This night we'll banquet in these blissful arms.

[*She kisses him.*]

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Your nights are music and your words are charms.

[ARMATRITES]

Kiss me again, fair Thetis!

Walks off with her, and the guard follows.

ROXANA

My lady is scarce perfect in her thoughts,

Howe'er she framed a smile upon the tyrant.

I have some skill in faces, and yet they never were more deceitful;

a man can scarce know a bawd from a midwife by the face, an

hypocritical Puritan from a devout Christian if you go by the face.

Well, all's not straight in my lady. She hath certain crooked cogitations, if a man had the liberty to search 'em. If aught point at my advice or performance, she may fortunately disclose it. She knows my mettle and what it yields to an ounce; she cannot be deceiv'd in't. Here's service and secrecy, and no lady can wish more, beside a monkey. She is assur'd of our faculties; there's none of us that stand her smock sentinels but would venter a joint to do her any pleasurable service, and I think that's as much as any woman desires.

Enter [Young] Queen sad.

Mass, here she comes. 'Tis some strange physic I know by the working.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

[Aside] It cannot be kept down with any argument:

'Tis of aspiring force; sparks fly not downward.

No more this received fancy of Tymethes;

I threaten it with my lord's jealousy.

Yet still it rises against all objections.

I see my dangers, in what fears I dwell;

There's but a plank on which I run to hell.

Yet were't thrice narrower I should venture on;

None dares do more for sin than woman can.

Misery of love! Roxana? I am observed.--

What news, Roxana?

ROXANA None that's good, madam.

[YOUNG] QUEEN No? Which is the bad?

ROXANA The worst of all is, madam, you are sad.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Indeed, I am not merry.

ROXANA Would I knew the means would make you so,
I would turn myself into any shape or office
To be the author of it, sweet lady.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Troth, I have that hope of thee; I think thou wouldst.

ROXANA Think it? 'Sfoot, you might swear safely in that action
And never hurt your oath: I ne'er failed yet.

[YOUNG] QUEEN 'Twere sin to injure thee; I know thou didst not.

ROXANA Nay, I know I did not.

[YOUNG] QUEEN But, my trusty servant,
This plot requires art, secrecy and wit,
Yet out of all can hardly work one safety.

ROXANA Not one? That's strange. I would 'twere put to me;
I'll make it arrive safe, whate'er it be.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Thou couldst not, my Roxana. Why, admit I love;
Now I come to thee.

ROXANA Admit you love? Why, all's safe [enough] yet.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Ay, but a stranger.

ROXANA Nay, now we are all spoil'd, lady; I may look for my brains in my boots. Now you have put home to me indeed, madam. A stranger? There's a hundred deaths in the very name, besides vantage.

[YOUNG] QUEEN I said I should affright thee.

ROXANA Faith, no fool can fright me, madam, commonly called a stranger.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Hast thou the will? Or dar'st thou do me good?

ROXANA Do thee good, sweet lady? As far as I am able, ne'er doubt it. Let me but cast about for [safety], and I'll do anything, madam.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Ay, ay, our safeties, which are mere impossibles;
Love forgets all things but its proper objects.

ROXANA What is he, and his name?

[YOUNG] QUEEN Tymethes, in a most unlucky minute,
Led hither by our son-in-law, Zenarchus.

ROXANA Hum; is that the most fortunate, spider-catching, smock-wrapped gentleman?

[YOUNG] QUEEN Yet if he know me.

ROXANA What then?

[YOUNG] QUEEN I am undone.

ROXANA And is it possible a man should lie with a woman and yet not know her? And yet 'tis possible too; thank my invention, follow that game still.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

He must not know me. Then I love no further,
Although for not enjoying him I die:
My lord's pale jealousy does so o'erlook me
That if Tymethes know what he enjoys,
It may make way unto my lord's mistrust;
Then since in my desire such horrors move,
I'll die no other than the death of love.

She swoons and Roxana holds her in his arms.

ROXANA

Lady, madam, do you hear? Have you leisure to swoon now, when
I have taken such pains i' th' business, to take order for your safety,
set all things right? Why, madam!

[YOUNG] QUEEN

What says my lady?

ROXANA

Why, she says she'll bring you together, put you together, and
leave you together.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

And all this safely?

ROXANA

And all this safely? Ay, by this hand will I, or else would I might
never do anything to purpose, if he have but the first part of a
young gentleman in him. 'Tis granted, madam; I have crotchets in
my brain that you shall see him and enjoy him, and he not know
where he is nor who he is.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

How? Shall he not know me?

ROXANA

Why, 'tis the least part of my meaning he should, lady. Do you think you could possibly be safe and he know you? Why, some of your young gallants are of the vainglorious and preposterous humour, that if they lay with their own sisters you should hear them prate of't; this is too usual, there's no wonder in't. What I have said I will swear to perform: you shall enjoy him ere night and he not know you next morning.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Thou art not only necessary but pleasing.

[*Giving him money*] There, catch our bounty; manage all but right: As now with gold, with honours we'll requite.

Exit.

ROXANA

I am your creature, lady. Pretty gold,
And by this light methinks most easily earned.
There's no faculty, say I, like a pander,
And that makes so many nowadays
Die in the trade. I have your gold, lady,
And eke your service. I am one step higher;
This office makes a gentleman a squire.

Exit.

II.i. [Outside a sheepcote]¹³

¹³ Middleton, probably with Dekker

Enter Clown and two Shepherds.

FIRST SHEPHERD Come, fellow clown¹⁴, are the pits digged?

CLOWN Ay, and as deep as an usurer's conscience, I warrant thee.

SECOND SHEPHERD Mass, and that's deep enough; 'twill devour a widow and three orphans at a breakfast. Soft, is this it?

FIRST SHEPHERD Ay, ay, this is it.

CLOWN Nay, for the deepness I'll be sworn; but come, my masters, and lay these boughs cross over. So, so, artificially, and may all those whoreson muttonmongers, the wolves, hole here, which eat our sheep.

SECOND SHEPHERD I wonder what wolves those are which eat our sheep,
Whether they be he-wolves or she-wolves?

CLOWN They should be he-wolves by their loving mutton,
But by their greediness they should be she-wolves,
For the belly of a she-wolf is never satisfied till it be dammed up.

FIRST SHEPHERD Why, are the she-wolves worse than the hes?

CLOWN Why, is not the dam worse than the devil, pray?

FIRST SHEPHERD You have answered me there indeed.

CLOWN Why, man, if all the earth were a parchment, the sea ink, every stick a pen, and every knave a scrivener, they were not all able to write down the knaveries of she-wolves.

¹⁴ Taylor's edit give the word as "Corydon" not clown, a conventional name for a shepherd in pastoral literature

SECOND SHEPHERD A murrain on them, hes or shes: they suck the blood of none but our lambs.

FIRST SHEPHERD Sirrah, I wonder how many sorts of wolves there be.

CLOWN Marry, just as many sorts as there be knaves in the cards.

SECOND SHEPHERD Why, that's four.

CLOWN First there are your Georgetown wolves, and those be foul eaters and clean drinkers.

SECOND SHEPHERD And why clean drinkers?

CLOWN Why, because when they be drunk, they commonly cast up all, and so make cleaning [work] of't.

SECOND SHEPHERD So, sir, those are clean drinkers indeed.

CLOWN The next are your McLean wolves: nothing chokes them but plenty; they sing like sirens when corn goes out by shipfuls, and dance after no tune but after an angel a bushel.

SECOND SHEPHERD Are there no city wolves?

CLOWN A rope on them, yes, huge routs; you shall have K Street full of them: they'll feed upon any whore, carrion, thief, or anything. The last is your Congressional wolf, a horrible ravener too: he has a belly as big as a ship, and devours as much silk at a gulp as would serve forty dozen tailors against a Christmas day or a running at tilt.

FIRST SHEPHERD

Well, well, now our trap is set, what shall we do with the wolves
we catch?

CLOWN

Why, those that are great ones and more than our matches we'll let
go, and the lesser wolves we'll hang. Shall it be so?

BOTH

Ay, ay; each man to his stand.

Exeunt. Enter Lapyrus, solus.

LAPYRUS

Foul monster-monger, who must live by that
Which is thy own destruction! Why should men
Be nature's bondslaves? Every creature else
Comes freely to the table of the earth,
That, which for man alone doth all things bear,
Scarce gives him his true diet anywhere.
What spiteful winds breath here, that not a tree
Spreads forth a friendly arm? Distressed queen
And most accursed babes, the earth that bears you
Like a proud mother scorns to give you food. Ha!
Thanks, fates; I now defy thee, starveling hunger!
Blessed tree, four lives grow in thy fruit; run, taste it then:
Wise men serve first themselves than other men.

He falls into the pit.

Oh me, accursed and most miserable!

Help, help! Some angel lay a list'ning ear

To draw my cry up! None to lend help? Oh,
Then pine and die!

Enter Clown.

CLOWN A wolf caught, a wolf caught!

LAPYRUS Oh, help! I am no wolf, good friend.

CLOWN No? What art thou then?

LAPYRUS A miserable wretch.

CLOWN An usurer?

LAPYRUS No, no.

CLOWN A broker then?

LAPYRUS Mock not a man in woe, in a green wound:
Pour balsam and not physic.

CLOWN 'Snails, he talks like a surgeon! If you be one, why do you not help
yourself, sir?

LAPYRUS I am no surgeon, friend; my name's Lapyrus.

CLOWN How! A wolf caught, ho! Lap, what, Lap, ho!

LAPYRUS Lapyrus is my name; dost thou not know me?

CLOWN Yes, for a wolfish rascal that would have worried his own country.

LAPYRUS Torture me not, I prithee; I am that wretch.
A villain I was once, but I am now--

[He kisses her.]

MAZERES

[Aside] Death! Minute favours? Every step a kiss?

I think they count how the day goes by kissing;

'Tis past four since I met them.

TYMETHES

I have hit him in the gall instead of th' blood;

He sheds distractions, which are worse than wounds.

ZENARCHUS

But sirrah!

MAZERES

Stays he to prove my rival? Cursed be th' hour

Wherein I advised the king for his stay here.

I have set slaves t' entrap him, yet none prosper;

I'll lay no more my faith upon their works:

Th'are weak and loose, and like a rotten wall,

Leaning on them may hazard my own fall.

I'll use a swifter course, cut off long journeys

And tedious ways that run my hopes past breath:

I'll take the plain road and hunt his death.

Exit.

TYMETHES

So, so, he departs with a knit brow. No matter;

When his frown begets earthquakes, haply then

'Twill shake me too: I shall stand firm till then.

Enter Roxana disguised [as a beggar].

TYMETHES Why, what art thou now?

ROXANA Kept goodly beasts, had three wives, two men uprising, three
 maids down-lying; oh, good your kind honours!

TYMETHES ’Sfoot, I am a beggar myself.

ROXANA Perhaps your lordship gets by it.
 Good your sweet honour!

TYMETHES This fellow would be whipped.

ROXANA Your lordship has forgot since you were a beggar.

TYMETHES [*Taking him aside*] I’ll give thee somewhat for that jest, in troth!

ROXANA But now you are in private, shut your purse and open your ear, sir.

TYMETHES How!

ZENARCHUS [*To Amphridote*] He’s dealing his devotion; hinder him not.

ROXANA I am not literally a beggar, as puritanical as I appear.
 The naked truth is you are happily desired--

TYMETHES Ha?

ROXANA Of the most sweet, delicate, divine,
 Pleasing, ravishing creature--

TYMETHES Peace, peace, prithee peace.

ROXANA You must not know her name nor see her face.

TYMETHES How?

ROXANA She rather chooseth death in her neglect
 Than so to hazard life or lose respect.

TYMETHES How shall I come at her?

ROXANA Let your will

 Subscribe to the sure means already wrought;

 She shall be safely pleased, you safely brought.

TYMETHES Ha! And is this sheer faith, without any trick in't?

ROXANA Let me perish in this office else, and I need wish

 No more damnation than to die a pander.

TYMETHES Thou speakest well. When meet we?

ROXANA Five is the fixed hour, upon tomorrow's evening.

TYMETHES So. The place?

ROXANA Near to the further lodge.

TYMETHES Go to then. It holds honest all the way?

ROXANA Else does there live no honesty but in lawyers.

TYMETHES Enough. Five? And the furthest lodge? I'll meet thee.

ROXANA Enjoy the sweetest treasure in a woman. *Exit.*

TYMETHES [*Aside*] Always excepting she the tyrant's gem.

ZENARCHUS What, have you done with the beggar?

TYMETHES None that lives can say he has done with the beggar.

ZENARCHUS Hold conference so long with such a fellow?

TYMETHES How? Are your wits perfect? If one should refuse to talk with

 every beggar, he might refuse brave company sometimes: gallants,

 i' faith.

Lapyrus falls down.

We do forgive thy treachery; revive:

'Tis pity and not hate makes goodness thrive.

LAPYRUS

Oh, that astonishment had left me dead!

Shame, sitting on my brow, weighs down my head:

Even thus the guilt of my abhorred sin

Flashed in my face when I beheld the queen.

KING

Our queen! Oh, where, Lapyrus? Tell the rest!

LAPYRUS

Within this forest with her babes distressed.

KING

Which way? Lead, dear Lapyrus.

LAPYRUS

Follow me then.

KING

Not only shall we quit thy soul's offence,

But give thy happy labour recompense.

Exeunt.

Dumb Show¹⁷

Enter the Old Queen weeping, with both her infants, the one dead. She lays down the other on a bank and goes to bury the dead, expressing much grief. Enter the former Shepherds, walking by carelessly; at last they espy the child and strive for it, at last the Clown gets it and dandles it, expressing all signs of joy to them. Enter again the Queen; she looks for her babe and, finding it gone, wrings her hands. The Shepherds see her, then whisper together, then beckon to her. She joyfully runs to them, they return her child, she points to her breasts as meaning she should [nurse] it, they all give her money, the Clown kisses the babe and her, and so exeunt several ways. Then enter Lapyrus, the old King, Amorpho, and Fidelio; they miss the Queen and so expressing great sorrow. Exeunt.

¹⁷ Taylor notes "Probably written by the adapter to replace several scenes of the Lapyrus plot: one at the end of Act Two with the Old Queen, the Clown and shepherds, and another after 3.1 in which the Old King and Lapyrus fail to find the Old Queen."

In the meantime, so I may be caught bravely,
Yet 'tis scarce the hour. I'll put it to the trial.

MAZERES [*Aside*] Roxana in my judgment had been fittest,

And farthest from suspect of such a deed

Because she keeps in the castle.

ROXANA My loved lord.

MAZERES Roxana!

ROXANA The same, my lord.

MAZERES I was to seek thee twice.

Tell me, Roxana, have I any power in thee?

Do I move there, or any part of me

Flow in thy blood?

ROXANA As far as life, my lord.

MAZERES As far as love, man; I ask no further.

ROXANA Touch me then, my lord, and try my mettle.

MAZERES [*Giving her gold*] First, there's gold for thee,

After which follow favour, eminence,

And all those gifts which fortune calls her own.

ROXANA Well, my lord.

MAZERES There's one Tymethes, son to the banished king,

Lives about court, Zenarchus gives him grace,

That fellow's my disease; I thrive not with him:

He's like a prison chain shook in my ears;
I take no sleep for him, his favours mad me.
My honours and my dignities are dreams
When I behold him; that right arm can ease me:
I will not boast my bounties, but forever
Live rich and happy. Thou art wise; farewell. *Exit.*

ROXANA

Hum, what news is here now? "Thou art wise; farewell." By my troth, I think it is a part of wisdom to take gold when it is offered: many wise men will do't; that I learnt of my learned counsel. This is worth thinking on now. To kill Tymethes, so strangely beloved by a lady, and so monstrously detested by a lord? Here's gold to bring Tymethes, and here's gold to kill Tymethes. Ay, let me see: which weighs heaviest? By my faith, I think the killing gold will carry 't. I shall like many a bad lawyer run my conscience upon the greatest fee: who gives most is like to fare best. I like my safety so much the worse in this business in that Lord Mazeris is his professed enemy. He's the king's bosom; he blows his thoughts into him, and I had rather be torn with whirlwinds than fall into any of their furies. Troth, as far as I can see, the wisest course is to play the knave, lay open this venery, betray him. But see, my lord again.

Enter Mazeris.

It may be some trick to have my bones bastinadoed
Well, and so sent back again. What say you to a blanketing?
Faith, so 'twere done by a lady and her chambermaids
I care not, for if they toss me in the blankets,
I'll toss them in the sheets, and that's one for th' other.
A man may be led into a thousand villainies,
But the beggar swore enough,
And here's blood apt enough to believe her.

MAZERES I both admire the deed and my revenge.

ROXANA My lord, I'll make your way.

MAZERES Thou mak'st thy friend.

Exit. [Roxana approaches Tymethes.]

TYMETHES Art come? We meet e'en jump upon a minute.

ROXANA Ay, but you'll play the better jumper of the two;

I shall not jump so near as you by a handful.

TYMETHES How! At a running leap?

ROXANA That is more hard;

At a running leap you may give me a handful.

TYMETHES So, so, what's to be done?

ROXANA Nothing but put this hood over your head.

TYMETHES How? I never went blindfold before.

And I have found you willing t' all employments

We put into your charge.

SECOND SERVANT In our faiths, madam.

THIRD SERVANT For we are bound in duty to your bounty.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Will you to what I shall prescribe swear secrecy?

FIRST SERVANT Try us, sweet lady, and you shall prove our faiths.

[YOUNG] QUEEN To all things that you hear or see

I swear you all to secrecy:

I pour my life into your breasts;

There my doom or safety rests.

If you prove untrue to all,

Now I rather choose to fall

With loss of my desire than light

Into the tyrant's wrathful spite.

But in vain I doubt your trust;

I never found your hearts but just.

On this book your vows arrive,

And as in truth in favour thrive.

[They lay their hands on the book.]

OMNES We wish no higher, so we swear.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Like jewels all your vows I'll wear.

Here, take this paper; there those secrets dwell.

Go read your charge, which I should blush to tell.
[*Aside*] All's sure, I nothing doubt of safety now,
To which each servant hath combined his vow.
Roxana, that begins it trustily,
I cannot choose but praise her; she's so needful:
There's nothing can be done about a lady
But she is for it. Honest Roxana!
Even from our head to feet she's so officious.
The time draws on; I feel the minutes here:
No clock so true as love that strikes in fear.

Exeunt.

III.iii. [A banqueting room in the lodge]²⁰

*Soft music, a table with lights set out, arras spread. Enter Roxana leading Tymethes [hooded].
Mazeres meets them.*

TYMETHES	How far lack I yet of my blind pilgrimage?
MAZERES	[<i>Aside to Roxana</i>] Whist! Roxana!
ROXANA	You are at your-- [<i>Aside to Mazeres</i>] In, my lord, Away; I'll help you to a disguise.
MAZERES	[<i>Aside to Roxana</i>] Enough.

Exit.

²⁰ Middleton

TYMETHES Methinks I walk in a vault all underground.

ROXANA And now your long lost eyes again are found.

Good morrow, sir.

Pulls off the hood.

TYMETHES By the mass, the day breaks!

ROXANA Rest here, my lord, and you shall find content;

Catch your desires, stay here, they shall be sent.

TYMETHES [*Aside*] Though it be night, 'tis morning to that night which
brought me hither.

Ha! The ground spread with arras? What place is this?

Rich hangings? Fair room gloriously furnished?

Lights and their lustre? Riches and their splendour?

'Tis no mean creature, these dumb token witness;

Troth, I begin t' affect my hostess better:

I love her in her absence, though unknown,

For courtly form that's here observed and shown.

Loud music. Enter [the four Servants masked,] two with a banquet, other two with lights; they set 'em down and depart, making observance. Roxana takes one of them [Valesta] aside.

ROXANA Valesta? Yes, the same; 'tis my lady's pleasure

You give to me your coat, and vizarded attend without

Till she employ you.

[Exit Valesta.]

So now this [disguise]
Serves for my Lord Mazerès, for he watches
[For] fit occasion. Lecher, now beware:
Securely sit and fearlessly quaff and eat;
You'll find sour sauce still after your sweetmeat. *Exit.*

TYMETHES

The servants all in vizards? By this light,
I do admire the carriage of her love,
For I account that woman above wise
Can sin and hide the shame from a man's eyes.
They never do their easy sex more [wrong]
Than when they venture fame upon man's tongue.
Yet I could swear concealment in love's plot,
But happy woman that believes me not.
Whate'er is spoke or to be spoke seems fit;
All still concludes her happiness and wit.

Loud music. Enter Roxana, Mazerès [masked and wearing Valesta's coat], and the [three other] Servants with dishes of sweetmeats; Roxana places them. Each having delivered his dish makes low obeisance to Tymethes. [Exeunt Servants.]

ROXANA

This banquet from her own hand received grace:
Herself prepared it for you, as appears
By the choice sweets it yields, able to move
A man past sense to the delights of love.

I bid you welcome as her most prized guest,
First to this banquet, next to pleasure's feast.

TYMETHES Whoe'er she be, we thank her, and commend
Her care and love to entertain a friend.

ROXANA That speaks her sex's rareness, for to woman
The darkest path love treads is clear and common;
She wishes your content may be as great
As if her presence fill'd that other seat.

TYMETHES Convey my thanks to her, and fill some wine.

MAZERES [*Offering wine*] My lord?

ROXANA [*Aside*] My Lord Mazerès caught the office:
I can't but laugh to see how well he plays
The devil in a vizard, damns where he crouches.
Little thinks the prince
Under that face lurks his life's enemy,
Yet he but keeps the fashion: great men kill
As flatterers stab, who laugh when they mean ill.

MAZERES [*Aside*] Now could I poison him fitly, aptly, rarely!

Enter a Lady with wine.

My vengeance speaks me happy: there it goes.

TYMETHES Some wine?

MAZERES It comes, my lord.

TYMETHES [*Aside*] I have not known one happier for his pleasure
Than in that state we are; 'tis a strange trick
And [*sweetly*] carried. By this light, a delicate creature,
And should have a good face if all hit right,
For they that have good bodies and bad faces
Were all mismatched and made up in blind places.

ROXANA The wind and tide serve, sir; you have lighted upon a sea of pleasure. Here's your sail, sir, and your top streamer, a fair wrought shirt and a nightcap.

TYMETHES I shall make a sweet voyage of this.

ROXANA Ay, if you knew all, sir.

TYMETHES Is not all known yet? What's to be told?

ROXANA Five hundred crowns in the shirt sleeve in gold.

TYMETHES How!

ROXANA 'Tis my good lady's pleasure:
No clouds eclipse her bounty; she shines clear.
Some like that pleasure best that costs most dear;
Yet I think your lordship is not of that mind now:
You like that best that brings a banquet with it,
And five hundred crowns.

TYMETHES Ay, by this light, do I,
And I think thou art of my mind.

ROXANA

We jump somewhat near, sir.

TYMETHES

But what does she mean to reward me aforehand?

I may prove an eunuch now for ought she knows.

ROXANA

Oh, sir, I ne'er knew any of your hair

But he was absolute at the game.

TYMETHES

Faith,

We are much of a colour. But here's a note; what says it?

He reads.

“Our love and bounty shall increase

So long as you regard our peace;

Unless your life you would forgo,

Who we are seek not to know.

Enjoy me freely: for your sake

This dangerous shift I undertake.

Be therefore wise, keep safe your breath;

You cannot see me under death.”

I'd be loath to venture so far for the sight

Of any creature under heaven.

ROXANA

Nay, sir,

I think you may see a thousand faces better cheap.

TYMETHES

Well, I will shift me instantly, and be content

With my groping fortune.

Exit.

ROXANA Oh, sir, you'll grope to purpose.

Exit.

MAZERES I'll after thee, and see the measure of my vengeance upheaped.
His ruin is my charge; I have seen that
This night would make one blush through this vizard:
Like lightning in a tempest her lust shows,
Or drinking drunk in thunder, horrible,
For on this act a thousand dangers wait.
The king will seize him in his burning fury
And seal his vengeance on his reeking breast,
Though I make pander's use of ear and eye,
No office vile to damn mine enemy.
This course is but the first, 'twill not rest there:
The next shall change him into fire and air.

Exit.

IV.i. [A room in the castle]²¹

Enter Tymethes and Zenarchus.

TYMETHES Nay, did e'er subtlety match it?

²¹ Middleton

ZENARCHUS ’Slight, led to a lady hoodwinked,
Placed in state, and banqueted in vizards!

TYMETHES All, by this light! But all this nothing was
To the delicious pleasures of her bed.

ZENARCHUS Who should this be?

TYMETHES Nay, enquire not, brother;
I’d give one eye to see her with the other.
Seest thou this jewel? In the midst of night
I slipped it from her veil, unfelt of her;
’T may be so kind unto me as to bring
Her beauty to my knowledge.

ZENARCHUS Canst not guess at her, nor at the place?

TYMETHES At neither for my heart; why, I’ll tell thee, man,
’Twas handled with such art, such admir’d cunning,
What with my blindness and their general darkness,
That when mine eyes receiv’d their liberty,
I was ne’er the nearer.
To them in full form I appear’d unshrouded,
But all their lights to me were mask’d and clouded.

Enter tyrant [Armatrites] and Mazerus, observing.

ZENARCHUS ’Fore heaven, I do admire the cunning of’t!

TYMETHES Nay, you cannot outvie my admiration:

I had a feeling of 't beyond your passion.

Enter Amphridote.

ZENARCHUS Well, blow this over; see, our sister comes.

[ARMATRITES] Art sure, Mazerès, that he courts our daughter?

MAZERES I'm sure of more, my lord: she favours him.

[ARMATRITES] That beggar?

MAZERES Worse, my lord, that villain traitor,

And yet worse, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] How?

MAZERES Pardon, my lord; a riper time

Shall bring him forth.

Tymethes kisses her.

Behold him there, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] Dares she so far forget respect to us

And dim her own lustre to give him grace?

MAZERES Favours are grown to custom 'twixt them both:

Letters, close banquets, whisperings, private meetings.

[ARMATRITES] I'll make them dangerous meetings.

AMPHRIDOTE In faith, my lord, I'll have this jewel.

TYMETHES 'Tis not my gift, lady.

[ARMATRITES] What's that, Mazerès?

“Unless your life you would forgo,

[Who] we are seek not to know.”

Pish, all idle.

As if she’d suffer death to threaten me

Whom she so bounteously and firmly loves!

No trick? Excellent, ’twill fit; make use of that.

Enter Mazerès and Roxana.

MAZERES

[*Aside to Roxana*] Enough; th’art honest. I affect thee much.

Go, train him to his ruin.

ROXANA

[*Aside to Mazerès*] Let me alone, my lord; doubt not I’ll train him:

Perhaps, sir, I have the art.

Exit [Mazerès].

TYMETHES

Oh, I know thy mind.

ROXANA

The further lodge?

TYMETHES

Enough; I’ll meet thee presently.

ROXANA

[*Aside*] Why, so. I like one that will make an end of himself at few words. A man that hath a quick perseverance in ill, a leaping spirit, he’ll run through horror’s jaws to catch a sin, but to o’ertake a virtue, he softly paces, like a man that’s sent some tedious, dark, unprofitable journey. Corrupt is nature: she loves nothing more than what she most should hate. There’s nothing springs apace in man but gray hairs, cares, and sins.

Exit.

TYMETHES I'll see her, come what can; but what can prove?

She cannot seek my death that seeks my love. *Exit.*

IV.ii. [Another room in the castle]²²

Enter Amphridote and Mazer.

AMPHRIDOTE My lord, what is the matter?

MAZERES I know not what;

The king sent.

AMPHRIDOTE Well, we obey.

Enter tyrant [Armatrites].

MAZERES Here comes his highness.

[ARMATRITES] How now, what's she?

AMPHRIDOTE I, my lord? Your highness

Knew me once, your most obedient daughter.

[ARMATRITES] They lie that tell me so; this is not she.

AMPHRIDOTE No, my lord?

[ARMATRITES] No, for as thou art I know thee not,

And I shall strive still to forget thee more.

Thou neither bear'st in memory my respects

Nor thy own worths; how can we think of thee

But as of a dejected, worthless creature,

²² Middleton

So far beneath our grace and thy own lustre,
That we disdain to know thee?
Was there no choice 'mong our selected nobles
To make thy favourite besides Tymethes,
Son to our enemy, a wretch, a beggar,
Dead to all fortunes, honours, or their hopes,
Besides his breath worth nothing? Abject wretch,
To place thy affection so vigourously
On him can ne'er requite it! Deny 't not;
We know the favours thou hast given him:
Pledges of love, close letters, private meetings,
And whisperings are customary 'twixt you.
Come, which be his gifts? Whereabout lie his pledges?

AMPHRIDOTE

Your grace hath been injuriously informed;
I ne'er received pledge.

[ARMATRITES]

Impudent creature,
When in our sight and hearing,
Shamefully undervaluing thy best honours
And setting by all modesty of blood,
Thou beggedst a jewel of him.

AMPHRIDOTE

Oh, pardon me, my lord, I had forgot. Here 'tis;
That is the same, and all that e'er was his.

[ARMATRITES] Ha! This! How came this hither?

AMPHRIDOTE I gave it you, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] Who gave it thee?

AMPHRIDOTE Tymethes.

[ARMATRITES] He! Who gave it him?

AMPHRIDOTE I know
Not that, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] Then here it sticks, Mazeres!

MAZERES My lord!

[ARMATRITES] 'Tis my queen's, my queen's, Mazeres!
How to him came this?

MAZERES I can resolve your highness.

[ARMATRITES] Can Mazeres?

MAZERES He is some ape; the husk falls from him now,
And you shall know his inside: he's a villain,
A traitor to the pleasures of your bed.

[ARMATRITES] Oh, I shall burst with torment!

MAZERES He's received this night
Into her bosom.

[ARMATRITES] I feel a whirlwind in me
Ready to tear the frame of my mortality!

MAZERES I traced him to the deed.

[ARMATRITES] And saw it done?

MAZERES I abused my eyes in the true survey of't,
Tainted my hearing with lascivious sounds;
My loyalty did prompt me to be sure
Of what I found so wicked and impure.

[ARMATRITES] 'Tis spring-tide in my gall; all my blood's bitter,
Puh, lungs too!

MAZERES This night.

[ARMATRITES] [Lodovicus]!

Enter [Lodovicus].

LODOVICUS My lord.

[ARMATRITES] How cam'st thou up? Let's hear.

LODOVICUS My lord, my first beginning was a broker.

[ARMATRITES] A knave from the beginning; there's no hope
Of him. [Sextorio]?

Enter [Sextorio].

[SEXTORIO] Here, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] We know thee just; how cam'st thou up? Let's hear.

[SEXTORIO] From no desert that I can challenge
But your highness' favour.

[ARMATRITES]

Thou art honest in that answer.

Go, report we are forty leagues off:

Ride forth; spread it about the castle cunningly.

[SEXTORIO]

I'll do it faithfully, my lord.

[ARMATRITES]

Do't cunningly,

Go; if thou shouldst do't faithfully, thou liest.

[Exit Sextorio.]

I'm lost by violence through all my senses;

I'm blind with rage, Mazerès. Guide me forth:

I tread in air, and see no foot nor path;

I have lost myself, yet cannot lose my wrath.

Exeunt all but Amphridote.

AMPHRIDOTE

What have I heard? It dares not be but true.

Tymethes taken in adulterate trains,

And with the queen my mother? Now I hate him,

As beauty abhors years or usurers charity;

He does appear unto my eye a leper,

Full of sin's black infection, foul adultery.

Enter Mazerès.

Cursed be the hour in which I first did grace him,

And let Mazerès starve in my disdain

That hath so long observed me with true love,
Whose loyalty in this approves the same.

MAZERES

Madam.

AMPHRIDOTE

My love?

My lord, I should say, but would say my love.

MAZERES

I do beseech your grace for what I have done.

Lay no oppressing censure upon me;

I could not but in honesty reveal it,

Not envying in that he was my rival,

Nor in the force of any ancient grudge,

But as the deed in its own nature craved.

So 'mong the rest it was revealed to me,

Appearing so detested that yourself,

Gracious and kind, had you but seen the manner

Would have thrown by all pity and remorse

And took my office or one more in force.

AMPHRIDOTE

Rise, dear Mazerès, in our favours, rise;

So far am I from censure to reprove thee

That in my hate to him I choose and love thee.

MAZERES

If constant service may be called desert,

I shall deserve.

AMPHRIDOTE

Man hath no better part.

MAZERES *aside*

Why, this was happily observed and followed;

The king will to the castle late tonight

And tread through all the vaults. I must attend.

AMPHRIDOTE

I wish that at first sight th' hadst forced his end.

Exit.

MAZERES

'Tis better thus; so my revenge imports.

Now thrive my plots; the end shall make me great:

She mine, the crown sits here; I am then complete.

Exit.

IV.iii. [A drawing-room in the lodge]²³

Enter [Young] Queen and her maid with a light.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

So, leave us here awhile; bear back the light:

I would not be discovered if he come.

You know his entertainment, so be gone.

[Exit maid.]

I am not cheerful, troth, what point soe'er

My powers arrive at: I desire a league

With desolate [darkness] and disconsolate fancies;

There is no music in my soul tonight.

What should I fear when all my servants' faiths

²³ Middleton

Sleep in my bounty, and no bribes nor threats
Can wake them from my safety? For the king,
He's forty leagues rode forth; I heard it lately.
Yet heaviness, like a tyrant, proud in night,
Usurps my power, rules where it hath no right.

She sleeps. [Enter Roxana with Tymethes hoodwinked.]

TYMETHES Methinks this a longer voyage than the first.

ROXANA Pleasure once tasted makes the next seem worse.

TYMETHES Is that the trick?

ROXANA Oh, sir, experience proves it:

You came at first to enjoy what you ne'er knew;

Now all is but the same, whate'er you do.

TYMETHES [*Aside*] I'll prove that false; the sight of her is new.

ROXANA [*Taking off Tymethes's hood*] I have forgot a business to my Lord
Mazeres;

My safety to the king relies upon't.

You are in the house, my lord; this is the withdrawing-room.

TYMETHES I see nothing.

ROXANA No matter, sir, as long as you have

Feeling enough.

TYMETHES Is the hood off?

ROXANA

'Tis here in my hand, sir.

I must crave pardon, leave you here awhile,

But as you love my safety and your own,

Remove not from this room till my return.

TYMETHES

Well, here's my hand I will not.

ROXANA

'Tis enough, sir. *Exit.*

TYMETHES

Hist! Art gone? Then boldly I step forth,

Cunning discoverer of an unknown beauty

As subtle as her plot. Thou art masked too.

Show me a little comfort in this condensive darkness;

Play the flatterer, laugh in my face.

Opens a dark lanthorn.

Why, here's enough to perfect all my wishes;

With this I taste of that forbidden fruit

Which, as she says, death follows: death, 'twill sting.

Soft, what room's this? Let's see, 'tis not the former

I was entertained in; no, it somewhat differs:

Rich hangings still, court deckings, ay, and all--

He spies the [Young] Queen.

Oh, all that can be in man's wish comprised

Is in thy love immortal, in thy graces!

I am not the same flesh; my touch is alter'd.

She awakes.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Hast thou betrayed me? What hast thou attempted?

TYMETHES

Nothing that can be prejudicial

To the sweet peace of those illustrious graces.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Oh, my most certain ruin!

TYMETHES

Admired lady, hear me, hear my vow.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Oh, miserable youth, none saves thee now!

TYMETHES

By that which man holds dearest, dreadful queen,

And all that can be in a vow constrained,

I'll prove as true, secret, and vigilant

As ever man observed with serious virtue

The dreadful call of his departing soul.

Your own soul to your secrets shall not prove more true

Than mine to it, to them, to all, to you.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Oh, misery of affection built on breath!

Were I as far past my belief in heaven

As in man's oaths, I were the foulest devil.

TYMETHES

May I eat and ne'er be nourished, live and know nothing,

Love without enjoying, if ever--

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Come, this is more than needs.

TYMETHES

There's comfort then.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

You that profess such truth, shall I enjoin you
To one poor penance then to try your faith?

TYMETHES

Be't what it will, command it.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Spend but this hour, wherein you have offended,
In true repentance of your sin and all
Your hasty youth stands guilty of, and being clear,
You shall enjoy that which you hold most dear.

TYMETHES

And if this penance I perform not truly,
May I henceforth ne'er be received to favour.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Why, then I'll leave you to your tasks awhile.
[*Aside*] Most wretched, doubtful, strange, distracted woman,
E'en drawn in pieces betwixt love and fear,
I weep in thought of both. Bold, venturous youth!
Twice I writ death, yet would he seek to know me;
He'll make no conscience where his oaths bestow me.

Exit.

TYMETHES

I'm glad all's so well past, and she appeased;
I swear I did expect a harder penance
When she began to enjoin me. Why, this is wholesome
For soul and body, though I seldom use it:
Her wisdom is as pleasing as her beauty;
I never knew affection hastier borne,

With more true art and less suspicion.
It so amazed me to know her my mistress,
I had no power to close the light again,
Unhappy that I was--

Enter the [Young] Queen with two pistols.

Peace, here she comes;
Down to thy penance.--Think of thy whole youth,
From the first minute that the womb conceived me
To this full-heaped hour; I do repent me,
With heart as penitent as a man dissolving,
Of all my sins, born with me and born of me,
Dishonest thoughts and sights, the paths of youth:
So thrive in mercy as I end in truth.

She shoots him dead.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Fly to thy wish; I pray it may be given:
Man in a twinkling is in earth and heaven.
I dealt not like a coward with thy soul,
Nor took it unprepared;
I gave him time to put his armour on,
And sent him forth like a celestial champion.
I lov'd thee with more care and truer moan.
Rash, unadvised youth, whom my soul weeps for,

How oft I told thee this attempt was death;
Yet wouldst thou venture on, fond man, and knew.
But what destruction will not youth pursue?
Here long mightst thou have lived, been loved, enjoyed,
Had not thy will thy happiness destroyed.
Thoughtst thou by oaths to have thy deeds well borne?
Thou shouldst have come when man was ne'er forsworn:
They are dangerous now; witness this breach of thine.
Who's false to his own faith will ne'er keep mine.
We must be safe, young man; the deed's unknown:
There are more loves, honours, no, more than one.
Yet spite of death, I'll kiss thee. [*Kisses him.*] Oh, strange ill,
That for our fears we should our comforts kill!
Whom shall I trust with this poor bleeding body?
Yonder's a secret vault runs through the castle;
There for a while convey him. Hapless boy,
That never knew how dear 'twas to enjoy!

Enter tyrant [Armatrites] with a torch.

[*Aside*] Oh, I'm confounded everlastingly,
Damned to a thousand tortures in the sight!
What shall I frame?--My lord!

She runs to him.

[ARMATRITES] What's she?

[YOUNG] QUEEN Oh, my sweet, dearest lord!

[ARMATRITES] Thy name?

[YOUNG] QUEEN Thy poor, affrighted and endangered queen.

[ARMATRITES] Oh, I know thee now!

[YOUNG] QUEEN Did not your majesty hear the piteous shrieks
Of an enforced lady?

[ARMATRITES] Yes, whose were they?

[YOUNG] QUEEN Mine, my most worthy lord: behold this villain,
Sealed with his just desert. Light here, my king:
This violent youth, whom till this night I saw not,
Being, as it seems, acquainted with the footsteps
Of that dark passage, broke through the vault upon me,
And with a secret lanthorn searched me out,
And seized me at my orisons alone,
And bringing me by violence to this room,
Far from my guard or any hope of rescue,
Intending here the ruin of my honour;
But in the strife, as the good gods ordained it,
Reaching for succour, I lighted on a pistol,
Which I presum'd was not without his charge.

Then I redeemed mine honour from his lust,
So he that sought my fall lies in the dust.

[ARMATRITES] Oh, let me embrace thee for a brave, unmatched,
Precious, unvalued, admirable whore!

[YOUNG] QUEEN Ha! What says my lord?

[ARMATRITES] Come hither; yet draw nearer. How came this man
To's end? I would hear that; I would learn cunning.
Tell me that I may wonder and so [lose] thee.

There is no art like this; let me partake

A subtly no devil can imitate.

Speak, why is all so contrary to time?

He down and you up? Ha, why thus?

[YOUNG] QUEEN I am sorry for my lord, I understand him not.

[ARMATRITES] The deed is not so monstrous in itself
As is the art which ponders home the deed;
The cunning doth amaze me past the sin,
That he should fall before my rage begin.

[YOUNG] QUEEN My lord.

[ARMATRITES] Come hither yet, one of those left hands give me:
Thou hast no right at all.
Let me [but] put a ring upon a finger.

[YOUNG] QUEEN That's a wrong finger for a ring, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] And what was he on whom you bounteously
Bestow'd this jewel?

[YOUNG] QUEEN *aside* I do not like that word.

[ARMATRITES] Look well upon't: dost know it? Ay, and start.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Oh, heaven, how came this hither?
Your highness gave me this; this is mine own.

[ARMATRITES] 'Tis the same ring, but yet not the same stone.
Mystical strumpet, dost thou yet presume
Upon thy subtle strength? Shak'st thou not yet?
Or is it only art makes women constant,
Whom nature makes so loose?
I look'd for gracious lightning from thy cheeks,
I see none yet, for a relenting eye,
I see no such sight: lust keeps in all.
My witness? Where's my witness? Rise in the same form.

Enter from below Mazer's habited like Roxana.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Oh, I'm betrayed!

[ARMATRITES] Is not yon woman an adulteress?

MAZERES Yes, my good lord.

[ARMATRITES] Was not this fellow caught for her desire?
Brought in a mist? Banqueted and received
To all her amplest pleasures?

MAZERES

True, my lord;

I brought him, saw him feasted and received.

[ARMATRITES]

Down, down, we have too much!

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Oh, 'tis Roxana!

MAZERES

[*Aside*] So, by this sleight I have deceived them both;

I'm took for she I strive to make her loathe.

Exit.

[ARMATRITES]

Needs here more witnesses? I'll call up more.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Oh, no, here lies a witness 'gainst myself,

Sooner believed than all their hired faiths.

Doom me unto my death, only except

The lingering execution of your look;

Let me not live tormented in that brow:

I do confess.

[ARMATRITES]

Oh, I felt no quick till now!

All witnesses to this were but dead flesh;

I was insensible of all but this.

Would I had given my kingdom so condition'd

That thou hadst ne'er confessed it!

Now I stand by the deed, see all in action:

The close conveyance, cunning passages,

The artful fetch, the [*whispering*], close disguising,

The hour, the banquet, and the bawdy tapers;
All stick in mine eye together. Yet thou shalt live.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Torment me not with life; it asks but death.

[ARMATRITES] Oh, hadst thou not confess'd? Hadst thou no sleight?

Where was thy cunning there?

I see it now in thy confession.

Thou shalt not die as long as this is meat:

Thou killedst a buck, which thou thyself shalt eat.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Dear sir?

[ARMATRITES] Here's deer struck dead with thy own hand:

'Tis venison for thy own tooth; thou know'st the relish.

A dearer place hath been thy taster. Ho!

[Sextorio]! [Lodovicus]!

They enter.

AMBO Here, sir.

[ARMATRITES] Drag hence that body, see it quartered straight;

No living wrath can I extend upon't,

Else torments, horrors, gibbets, racks and wheels

Had with a thousand deaths presented him

Ere he had tasted one.

[Exit Sextorio and Lodovicus with the body.]

Yet thou shalt live.

Here, take this taper lighted, kneel and weep;

I'll try which is spent first, that or thine eye.

[The Young Queen kneels.]

I'll provide food for thee; thou shalt not die.

If there be hell for sins that men commit,

Marry a strumpet and she keeps the pit.

Exit.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

I feared this misery long before it came;

My ominous dreams and fearful dreadfulness

Promised this issue long before 'twas born.

Enter Mazerès.

MAZERES

[Aside] Yonder she kneels, little suspecting me

The neat discoverer of her ventry.

I were full safe had I Roxana's life,

Which in this stream I fish for.--How now, lady?

So near the earth suits not a living queen.

[YOUNG] QUEEN

Under the earth were safer and far happier.

MAZERES

What is't that can drive you to such discomforts

To prize your glories at so mean a rate?

[YOUNG] QUEEN

The treachery of my servants, good my lord.

[YOUNG] QUEEN This is some poor revenge; thanks, good my lord.
 Into that cave with her from whence she rose
 Not long since and betrayed me to the king.

MAZERES Oh, villain, in and overtake thy soul.

[Drops Roxana's body through the trapdoor.]

[YOUNG] QUEEN Here's a perplexed breast; let that warm steel
 Perform but the like service upon me
 And live the rarest friend to a queen's wish.

MAZERES Oh, pardon me, that were too full of evil;
 I threat not angels, though I smite the devil.
 Doubt not your peace: the king will be appeased;
 There I'll bestow my service.

[YOUNG] QUEEN We are pleased.

MAZERES *[Aside]* As much as comes to nothing; I'll not sue
 To urge the king from that he urged him to.

Exit.

[YOUNG] QUEEN Betray'd where I repos'd most trust? Oh, heaven,
 There is no misery, fit match for mine!

Enter tyrant [Armatrites, Sextorio, Lodovicus], bringing in Tymethes' limbs.

[ARMATRITES] So, bring 'em forward yet; there, there bestow them,
 Before her eyes lay the divided limbs
 Of her desired paramour. So, y'are welcome,

Lady; you see your cheer, fine flesh, course fare:
Sweet was your lust; what can be bitter there?
By heaven, no other food thy taste shall have
Till in thy bowels those corpses find a grave,
Which, to be sure of, come, I'll lock thee safe
From the world's pity. Hang those quarters up;
The bottom drinks the worst in pleasure's cup.

Exeunt omnes.

V.i. [A room in the castle]²⁴

Enter Zenarchus solus.

ZENARCHUS Oh, my Tymethes! Truest joy on earth!

 Hath thy fate proved so flinty, so perverse

 To the sweet spring both of thy youth and hopes?

 This was Mazer's spite, that cursed rival,

 And if I fail not, his own plot shall shower

 Upon his bosom like a falling tower.

Enter tyrant [Armatrites].

My worthy lord.

[ARMATRITES] Oh, you should have seen us sooner.

ZENARCHUS Why, my lord?

²⁴ Middleton

[ARMATRITES] The quarters of your friend passed by in triumph,
A sight that I presume had pleased you well.

ZENARCHUS I call a villain to my father's pleasure
No friend of mine; the sight had pleased me better
Had I, not like Mazerès, run my hate
Into the sin before it grew to act
And killed it ere 't had knotted. 'Twas rare service,
If your vexed majesty conceive it right,
In politic Mazerès, serving more
In this discovery his own vicious malice
Than any true peace that should make you perfect,
Suffering the hateful treason to be done
He might have stopped in his confusion.

[ARMATRITES] Most certain.

ZENARCHUS Good your majesty, bethink you
In manly temper and considerate blood,
Went he the way of loyalty or your quiet
After he saw the courtesies exceed
T' abuse your peace and trust them with the deed?

[ARMATRITES] Oh, no, none but a traitor would have done it.

ZENARCHUS For, my lord, weigh 't indifferently.

[ARMATRITES] I do, I do.

ZENARCHUS What makes it heinous, [burthensome], and monstrous,
Fills you with such distractions, breeds such furies
In your incensed breast, but the deed doing?

[ARMATRITES] Oh!

ZENARCHUS Th' intent had been sufficient for his death,
And that full satisfaction, but the act--

[ARMATRITES] Insufferable!
[Sextorio!] Where's [Sextorio]?

Enter [Sextorio].

[SEXTORIO] My lord.

[ARMATRITES] Seek out Mazeres suddenly.

[Exit Sextorio.]

Peace, Zenarchus;
Let me alone to trap him.

[Zenarchus withdraws.]

ZENARCHUS [*Aside*] It may prove.
Behold, my friend, how I express my love.

[ARMATRITES] [*Aside*] Oh, villain, had he pierced him at first sight,
Where I have one grief, I had missed ten thousand by't!

Enter Mazeres and [Sextorio].

MAZERES [*Aside*] I dreamt of some new honours for my late service,
And I wondered how he could keep off so long from my desert.

[ARMATRITES] Mazerer?

MAZERES My loved lord.

[ARMATRITES] I am forgetful;
I am in thy debt some dignities, Mazerer.
What shift shall we make for thee? Thy late service
Is warm still in our memory and dear favour:
Prithee discover to's the manner how
Thou tookest them subtlety.

MAZERES I was received
Into a waiter's room, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] Thou wast!

MAZERES And in a vizard helped to serve the banquet.

[ARMATRITES] Ha, ha!

MAZERES Saw him conveyed into a chamber privately.

[ARMATRITES] And still thou let'st him run?

MAZERES I let him play, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] Ha, ha, ha!

MAZERES I watched still near till her arms clasped him.

[ARMATRITES] And there thou let'st him rest?

MAZERES There he was caught, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] So art thou here;
 Drag him to execution: he shall die
 With tortures 'bove the thought of tyranny.

[Exeunt Armatrites, Sextorio with Mazerres.]

ZENARCHUS No words are able to express my gladness;
 'Tis such a high-born rapture that the soul
 Partakes it only.

Enter Amphridote and [Lodovicus].

AMPHRIDOTE My Lord Mazerres led
 Unto his death?

LODOVICUS It proves too true, dear princess.

[Exit Lodovicus.]

AMPHRIDOTE *[Aside]* Cursed be the mouth that doomed him, and forever
 Blasted the hand that parts him from his life!
 Was there none fit to practice tyranny on
 But whom our heart elected? Misery of love!
 I must not live to think on't!

ZENARCHUS *[Aside]* Here's my sister;
 I could not bring that news will please her better.--
 My news brings that command over your passions:
 You must be merry.

AMPHRIDOTE Have you warrant for't, brother?

ZENARCHUS Yes, strong enough, i'faith. Hear me: Mazerus
By this time is at his everlasting home,
Where'er his body lies. I struck the stroke;
I wrought a bitter pill that quickly chok'd him.

AMPHRIDOTE [*Aside*] Oh, me, my soul will out!--Some wine there, ho!

ZENARCHUS Wine for our sister, for the news is worth it!

Enter Lodovicus with wine.

AMPHRIDOTE [*Aside*] It will prove dear to both.--So, give it me; now leave us.

Exit [Lodovicus].

ZENARCHUS Revenge ne'er brought forth a more happy issue
Than I think mine to be.

She poisons the wine.

AMPHRIDOTE [*Aside*] I'm setting forth, Mazerus.--Here, Zenarchus.

ZENARCHUS Thou art not like this hour, jovial.

AMPHRIDOTE I shall be after this.

ZENARCHUS That does't if any;
Wine doth both help defects and causeth many.
Here's to the deed, faith, of our last revenge.

[They drink.]

AMPHRIDOTE Dying men prophesy; faith, 'tis our last end.
Now I must tell you, brother, that I hate you
In that you have betrayed my loved Mazerus.

ZENARCHUS What's this?

AMPHRIDOTE His deed was loyal, his discovery just;
He brought to light a monster and his lust.

ZENARCHUS Nay, if you grow
So strumpet-like in your behaviour to me,
I'll quickly cool that insolence.

AMPHRIDOTE Peace, peace:
There is a champion fights for me unseen;
I need not fear thy threats.

ZENARCHUS Indeed, no harlot
But has her champion, besides bawd and varlet--
Oh!

AMPHRIDOTE Why, law you now, such gear will ne'er thrive with you.

ZENARCHUS I'm sick of thy society, poison to mine eyes!

AMPHRIDOTE 'Tis lower in thy breast the poison lies.

ZENARCHUS How?

AMPHRIDOTE 'Tis for Mazerus.

ZENARCHUS Oh, you virtuous powers,
What a right strumpet! Poison under love?

AMPHRIDOTE That man can ne'er be safe that divides love.

She dies.

ZENARCHUS

Nor she be honest can so soon impart.

Oh, 'ware that woman that can shift her heart!

Dies.

V.ii. [The same]²⁵

Thunder and lightning. A blazing star appears. Enter tyrant [Armatrites].

[ARMATRITES]

Ha? Thunder? And thou, marrow-melting blast,

Quick-winged lighting? And thou, blazing star,

I like not thy prodigious, bearded fire;

Thy beams are fatal. Ha? Behold the influence

Of all their malice in my children's ruins!

Their states malignant powers have envy'd,

And for some hath struck with their envies, died.

'Tis ominous! Within there!

Enter [Sextorio] and [Lodovicus].

LODOVICUS

Here, my lord.

[ARMATRITES]

Convey those bodies awhile from my sight.

[SEXTORIO]

Both dead, my lord.

[ARMATRITES]

Yes, and we safe; our death we need less fear.

[Sextorio and Lodovicus carry off the bodies of Zenarchus and Amphridote.]

²⁵ Dekker

Usurpers' issue oft proves dangerous:

We depose others, and they poison us;

I have found it on records. 'Tis better thus.

Enter the old King, Lapyrus, Amorpho, all disguised like pilgrims. [They stand aside.]

LAPYRUS My lord, this castle is but slightly guarded.

KING 'Tis as I hoped and wished. Now bless us, heaven,

What horrid and inhuman spectacle

Is yonder that presents itself to sight?

AMORPHO It seems three quarters of a man hung up.

KING What tyranny hath been exercis'd of late?

I dare not venture on.

AMORPHO Fear not, my lord; our habits give us safety.

LAPYRUS Behold, the tyrant maketh toward us.

[ARMATRITES] Holy and reverent pilgrims, welcome.

KING Bold strangers, by the tempest beaten in.

[ARMATRITES] Most welcome still;

We are but stewards for such guests as you.

What we possess is yours, to your wants due;

We are only rich for your necessities.

KING A generous, free, [and] charitable mind

Keeps in thy bosom to poor pilgrims kind.

[ARMATRITES] 'Tis time of day to dine, my friends. [Sextorio]?

Enter [Sextorio].

[SEXTORIO] My lord?

[ARMATRITES] Our food.

[SEXTORIO] 'Tis ready for your highness.

[Loud] music. A banquet brought in, and by it a small table for [Young] Queen. [Exit Sextorio.]

[ARMATRITES] Sit, pray sit, religious men right welcome
To our cates. Grave sir, I have observed
You waste the virtue of your serious eye
Too much on such a worthless object as that is.
A traitor when he lived called that his flesh;
Let hang. Here's to you; we are the oldest here.

[Drinks.]

Round let it go; feed, if you like your cheer.

Enter [Sextorio].

[SEXTORIO] My lord.

[ARMATRITES] How now?

[SEXTORIO] Ready, my lord.

[ARMATRITES] Sit merry.

Exit [with Sextorio].

KING Where'er I look, these limbs are in mine eyes.

LAPYRUS Some wretch on whom he wrought his tyranny.

AMORPHO Peace, he comes.

Soft music. Enter the tyrant [Armatrites] with the [Young] Queen, her hair loose; she makes a curtsey to the table. [Sextorio] brings in the flesh with a skull all bloody; they all wonder. [Exit Sextorio.]

[ARMATRITES] I perceive strangers more desire to see
 An object than the fare before them set;
 But since your eyes are serious suitors grown,
 I will discourse: what's seen shall now be known.

KING Your bounty every way conquers poor strangers.

[ARMATRITES] Yon creature whom your eyes so often visit
 Held mighty sway over our powers and thoughts;
 Indeed, we were all hers--
 Besides her graces there were all perfections,
 Unless she speaks, no music--till her wishes
 Brought forth a monster, a detested issue
 Poisoning the thoughts I held of her.
 She did from her own ardour undergo
 Adulterous baseness with my professed foe;
 Her lust strangely betrayed, I ready to surprise them,
 Set on fire by the abuse, I found his life
 Cunningly shifted by her own dear hand
 And far enough conveyed from my revenge:
 Unnaturally the first abused my heart,
 And then prevented my revenge by art.

Yet there I left not: though his trunk were cold,
My wrath was flaming, and I exercised
New vengeance on his carcass, and gave charge
The body should be quartered and hung up; 'twas done.
This as a penance I enjoined her to,
To taste no other sustenance, no, nor dares
Till her love's body be consumed in hers.

KING The sin was great, so is the penance grievous.

[ARMATRITES] Our vow is signed.

KING And was he Lydian born?

[ARMATRITES] He was no less son to mine enemy,
A banished king; Tymethes was his name.

KING [*Aside*] Oh me, my son Tymethes!

LAPYRUS [*Aside to King*] Passion may spoil us.--Sir, we oft have heard
Of that old king his father, and that justly
This kingdom was by right due to his sway.

[ARMATRITES] It was, I think it was, till we, called in,
By policy and force deceived his confidence,
Showed him a trick of war and turned him out.

KING [*Aside*] Sin's boast is worse than sin!
Alas, poor lady;

It makes me weep to see what food she eats.

I know your mercy will remit this penance.

[ARMATRITES]

Never, our vow's irrevocable, never!

The lecher must be swallowed rib by rib;

His flesh is sweet, it melts, it goes down merrily.

They discover themselves.

Ha? What are these?

LAPYRUS

Speranza!

[ARMATRITES]

Ha?

KING

Villain, this minute [looses] thee, thou tyrant.

[ARMATRITES]

Pilgrims wear arms? The old king? And Lapyrus?

Betrayed? Confounded? Oh, I must die forsworn!

Break, vow! Bleed, whore! There is my jealousy flown!

He kills his Queen.

Oh, happy man, 'tis more revenge to me

Than all your aims; I have killed my jealousy.

I have nothing now to care for more than hell;

'T had been if you had struck me ere she fell.

I had left her to your lust, the thought is bitterness,

But she first fall'n. Ha, ha, ha!

KING

Die, cruel, murderous tyrant!

They all discharge at him.

[ARMATRITES]

So laugh away this breath;

My lust was ne'er more pleasing than my death.

Dies.

LAPYRUS

As full possessed as ever, and as rich

In subjects' hearts and voices, we present thee

The complete sway of this usurped kingdom.

KING

I am so borne betwixt the violent streams

Of joy and passion, I forget my state;

To all our thanks and favours, and what more

We are in debt to all your free consent

We will discharge in happy government.

Enter the Old Queen disguised.

[OLD] QUEEN

The peacefull'st reign that ever prince enjoyed.

KING

Already a petition? Suitors begin betimes.

We are scarce warm in our good fortune yet. What are you?

[OLD] QUEEN

Unworthiest of all the joys this hour brings forth.

She discovers.

KING

Our dearest queen?

[OLD] QUEEN

Your poor, distressed queen.

KING

Oh, let me light upon that constant breast

And kiss thee till my soul melt on thy lips.

Our joys were perfect stood Tymethes there.

We are old; this kingdom wants a hopeful heir.

[OLD] QUEEN

Your joys are perfect though he stand not there,

And your wish blest: [behold], a hopeful heir.

Stand not amaz'd; 'tis Manophes.

KING

How just the gods are, who in their due time

Return what they took from us.

[OLD] QUEEN

Happy hour!

Heaven hath not taken all our happiness,

For though your elder met ill fate, good heaven

Hath thus preserved your younger for your heir.

KING

Prepare those limbs for honourable burial,

And noble nephew, all your ill is lost

In your late newborn goodness, which we'll reward.

No storm of fate so fierce but time destroys,

And beats back misery with a peal of joys.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS