



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE  
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REHEARSAL SCRIPT  
*The Bloody Banquet*  
2015

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## **The Bloody Banquet**

*Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit.<sup>1</sup>*

*Nos haec novimus esse nihil.<sup>2</sup>*

### *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

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

<sup>2</sup> '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 Mazerus, 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]<sup>3</sup>

*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!<sup>4</sup>

OMNES                              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,  
  
A royal neighbour and no politic foe.

---

<sup>3</sup> written by Dekker

<sup>4</sup> "to hope"

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 under<sup>5</sup> 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

And plighted brother, I here kneel as suitor.

---

<sup>5</sup> nothing less

Oh, my most noble father, still retain

The seal of honour and religion:

A kingdom rightly possessed by course<sup>6</sup>

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,

And had betrayed thee to thine enemy's anger

---

<sup>6</sup> lineal succession

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 burthen 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 flounder<sup>7</sup>, 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.

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.

---

<sup>7</sup> swim with the tide, not against it; i.e., support the winner.

ARMATRITES                    Their loves are dear.

   Base boy! He leaves his father to live here.

MAZERES                        His presence sets a gloss on your attempts<sup>8</sup>;

   They have their lustre from him.

ARMATRITES                    He's their countenance;

   'Twas well observed and followed: he shall stay.

   Mazeres, thou arnest 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,

   'Tis not the loss of kingdom, father's banishment,

   Uncertainty of mother afflicts me

   With half the violence that those crossed affections

---

<sup>8</sup> gives the takeover an air of legitimacy

Betwixt your princely sister and ourself,  
Who upon fortune, or her father's frown,  
Erecting the whole fabric of her love,  
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 glass 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  
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 Mazerres observing.*

ZENARCHUS

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

MAZERRES

*[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 Mazerres].*

MAZERRES

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]<sup>9</sup>**

*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!  
  
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.

---

<sup>9</sup> written by Dekker

*Cry within, "Follow, follow!"*

Oh, fly, lest life and honour be betrayed!

*Exit.*

**I.iii. [Another part of the forest]<sup>10</sup>**

*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 SOLDIER]                      Stop her mouth first; soldiers must have their sport.  
'Tis dearly earn'd: they venture their blood for't.

LAPYRUS                      [*Aside*] A mother so enforc'd by pitiless slaves?  
Let me redeem my honour in her rescue,  
And in this deed my former baseness die.

[SECOND SOLDIER]                      Come, come!

[OLD] QUEEN                      If ever woman bore you--

---

<sup>10</sup> written by Dekker



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



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 **fellow** before now?  
   She has an excellent preference 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 he, 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,  
And like a whirlwind blows ope castle doors,  
Italian padlocks, [ ].

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 throughly 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 cogita-  
tions, 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 with 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 the **man**?

ROXANA

Why, **he** says like a **gentleman**, every inch of him, and will per-  
form the office of a **gentleman**: bring you together, put you to-  
gether, and leave you together; what **gentleman** can do more?

[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.*

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## II.i. [Outside a sheepcote]<sup>13</sup>

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<sup>13</sup> Middleton, probably with Dekker

*Enter Clown and two Shepherds.*

FIRST SHEPHERD           Come, fellow clown<sup>14</sup>, 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.

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<sup>14</sup> 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.

CLOWN                    Oh, always the weakest goes to the wall, as for example: knock  
down a sheep and he tumbles forwards; knock down a woman and  
she tumbles backwards.

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 court 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 country wolves: nothing chokes them but plenty;  
they sing like sirens when corn goes out by shipfuls, and dance af-  
ter no tune but after an angel a bushel.

FIRST SHEPHERD        The halter take such corn-cutters!

SECOND SHEPHERD      Are there no city wolves?

CLOWN                    A rope on them, yes, huge routs; you shall have Long Lane full of  
them: they'll feed upon any whore-carrion, these, or anything.

FIRST SHEPHERD        Have they such maws?





*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.



**II.ii. [A room in the castle]<sup>15</sup>**

*Enter Zenarchus, Tymethes, Amphridote, and Mazerres [following them].*

TYMETHES                    We are observed.

ZENARCHUS                By whom?

TYMETHES                    Mazerres follows us.

AMPHRIDOTE                Oh, he's my protested servant, your sole rival.

TYMETHES                    The devil he is.

AMPHRIDOTE                You'll make a hot suitor of him anon?

TYMETHES                    He may be hot in th' end; his good parts sue for't.

ZENARCHUS                He eyes us still.

TYMETHES                    He does. You shall depart, lady;

I'll take my leave on purpose in his presence.

He's jealous, and a kiss runs through his heart;

I'll make a thrust at him on your lip.

*[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!

---

<sup>15</sup> Dekker

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].*

ROXANA

*[Aside]* Mass, here 'a walks. I am far enough from myself;  
I challenge all disguises except drinking  
To hide me better: I give way to that,  
For that indeed will thrust a white gentleman  
Into a suit of mud. But whist, I begin to be noted.

ZENARCHUS

Ay, he changed upon't.

TYMETHES

I marked him.

*[Roxana approaches them.]*



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                     That ever made man's wishes perfect.

TYMETHES                    Nay, say not so; I saw one creature lately

                                  Exceeds all human form for true perfection:

                                  This may be beauteous.

ROXANA                     This for white and red, sir.

                                  Her honour and my oath sue for that pardon;

                                  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?







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 Show<sup>17</sup>*

*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.*

*Enter Chorus.*

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<sup>17</sup> 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."

CHORUS

The miserable queen expecting still  
The infants' succour from Lapyrus' hand,  
Who wants himself, it chanced through extreme want  
The youngest died, and this so near his end,  
That had not shepherds happily passed by  
And on the babe cast a compassionate eye,  
And snatched the child out of the arms of death  
Where the sad mother left it, the same hour  
Had been his grave that gives his life new power.  
Thus the distressed queen, to them unknown,  
Was as a nurse received unto her own,  
Whose sight Lapyrus missing, having led  
The king her husband to this hapless place,  
They all depart in extreme height of grief  
To get unto their own sad want release.

*Exit.*

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**III.i. [The lodge]<sup>18</sup>**

*Enter Roxana with her disguise in her hand.*

---

<sup>18</sup> Middleton. What is now 3.2 may originally have belonged here, thus contrasting the Young Queen and the Old Queen.

ROXANA

This is the farther lodge, the place of meeting, the hour scarce come yet. Well. I was not born to this; there's not a hair to choose betwixt me and a pander in this case, shift it off as well as I can. I do envy this fellow's happiness now, and could cut his [throat] at pleasure. I could e'en gnaw feathers now to think of his downy felicity: I, that could never aspire above a dairy wench, the very cream of my fortunes. That he should bath in nectar, and I most unfortunate in buttermilk! This is good dealing now, is't?

*Enter Mazerès, musing.*

MAZERES

[*Aside*] I'll have some other, for he must not live.

ROXANA

[*Aside*] Who's this? My Lord Mazerès, discontent!

H' has been to seek me twice, and privately;

I wonder at the business. I'm no statesman;

If I be, 'tis more than I know: I protest therefore

I dare not call it in question. What should he make with me?

I'll discover myself to him; if th' other come

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.



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 Mazerès 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 vènerie, betray him. But see, my lord again.

*Enter Mazerès.*

MAZERES

Hast thou thought of me? May I do good upon thee?

I'll out of recreation make thee worthy,

Play honours to thy hand.

ROXANA

My lord?

MAZERES

Art thou resolved and I will be thy lord?

ROXANA

It will appear I am so.

Be proud of your revenge before I name it.

Never was man so fortunate in his hate;  
I'll give you a whole age but to think how.

MAZERES                   Thou mak'st me thirst.

ROXANA                   Tymethes meets me here.

MAZERES                   Here? Excellent. On Roxana; he meets thee here.

ROXANA                   I meant at first to betray all to you, sir;  
Understand that, my lord.

MAZERES                   I' faith, I do.

ROXANA                   Then thus, my lord--

*Enter Tymethes.*

He comes.

MAZERES                   Withdraw behind the lodge; relate it briefly.

*[Roxana and Mazerés withdraw.]*

TYMETHES                A delicate, sweet creature? 'Slight, who should it be?  
I must not know her name nor see her face?  
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 **fellow** 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.

ROXANA You never went otherwise, sir, for all folly is blind.  
Besides, sir, when we see the sin we act,  
We think each trivial crime a bloody fact.

TYMETHES Well follow'd of a serving-**man**.

ROXANA Serving-**men** always follow their masters, sir.

TYMETHES No, not in their mistresses.

ROXANA There I leave you, sir.



TYMETHES                    I desire to be left when I come there, sir.  
But faith, sincerely, is there no trick in this?  
Prithee, deal honestly with me.

ROXANA                    Honestly, if protestation be not honest,  
I know not what to call it.

TYMETHES                    Why, if she affect me so truly, she  
Might trust me with her knowledge; I could be secret  
To her chief actions. Why, I love women too well.

ROXANA                    She'll trust you the worse for that, sir.

TYMETHES                    Why, because I love women?

ROXANA                    Oh, sir, 'tis most common,  
He that loves women is ne'er true to woman.  
Experience daily proves he loveth none  
With a true heart that affects more than one.

TYMETHES                    Your wit runs nimbly, **sir**; pray, use your pleasure.

ROXANA                    Why, then goodnight, sir.  
*He puts on the hood.*

TYMETHES                    Mass, the candle's out.

ROXANA                    Oh, sir, the better sports taste best in th' night,  
And what we do in the dark we hate i' th' light.

TYMETHES                    A good doer mayst thou prove for thy experience.  
Come, give my thy hand; thou mayst prove an honest wench,  
But however I'll trust thee.

ROXANA                    Oh, sir, first try me.  
But we protract good hours; come, follow me, sir.  
Why, this is right your sportive gallants prize:  
Before they'll lose their sport, they'll lose their eyes.

*Exeunt.*

**III.ii. [A room in the lodge]<sup>19</sup>**

*Enter [Young] Queen and four Servants, [the first called Valesta,] she with a book in her hand.*

[YOUNG] QUEEN            Oh, my fear-fighting blood! Are you all here?

FIRST SERVANT            All at your pleasure, madam.

[YOUNG] QUEEN            That's my wish, and my opinion  
Hath ever been persuaded of your truths,  
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?

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

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<sup>19</sup> Perhaps written by an adapter, or moved here from its original position before 3.1... The scene's authorship is uncertain.

[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



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? Faire 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 Mazeris, 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, Mazeres [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.

LADY

My lady begun to you, sir, and doth commend

This to your heart, and with it her affection.

TYMETHES

I'll pledge her thankfully.

*Spills the wine.*

There, remove that.





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 of 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.

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 unheaped.

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]<sup>21</sup>**

*Enter Tymethes and Zenarchus.*

TYMETHES                      Nay, did e'er subtly match it?

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.

---

<sup>21</sup> Middleton

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, Mazerus, 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, Mazeret?

MAZERES Marry, my lord, she courtly begs a jewel of him  
Which he keeps back as courtly, with fair words.

AMPHRIDOTE I have sworn, my lord.

TYMETHES                   Why, upon that condition  
You'll keep it safe and close from all strange eyes,  
Not wronging me, 'tis yours.

AMPHRIDOTE                I swear.

TYMETHES                   It shall suffice.

*[They kiss. Exit Zenarchus and Amphridote.]*

MAZERES                   'Tis hers, my lord, at which they part in kisses.

[ARMATRITES]             I'll make those meetings bitter; both shall rue.  
We have found Mazeres to this minute true.

*Exit [cum] Mazeres.*

TYMETHES                   No trick to see this lady? Heart of ill fortune!  
The jewel that was begged from me too was  
The hope I had to gain her, wished for knowledge.  
Well, here's a heart within will not be quiet.  
The eye is the sweet feeder of the soul  
When the taste wants: that keeps the memory whole.  
'Tis bad to be in darkness, all know well,  
Than not to see what doth it want of hell.  
What says the note?  
"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 Mazeres and Roxana.*

MAZERES [Aside to Roxana] Enough; th'art honest. I affect thee much.

Go, train him to his ruin.

ROXANA [Aside to Mazeres] Let me alone, my lord; doubt not I'll train him:

Perhaps, sir, I have the art.

*Exit [Mazeres].*

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]<sup>22</sup>**

*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,

So far beneath our grace and thy own lustre,

That we disdain to know thee?

Was there no choice 'mong our selected nobles

---

<sup>22</sup> Middleton



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 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, Mazerer. 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 Mazerer.*

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

And let Mazerer starve in my disdain

That hath so long observed me with true love,

Whose loyalty in this approves the same.

MAZERER

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]<sup>23</sup>**

*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

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.

---

<sup>23</sup> Middleton

*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,  
Since thou must die to taste more deaths than one;  
Too much by this pity and love confesses  
Had any warning fasten'd on thy senses.  
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 [love] 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. [I will do nought,]  
Nothing [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 Mazerès 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 him 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 meet:

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 Mazerus.*

MAZERUS

*[Aside]* Yonder she kneels, little suspecting me

The neat discoverer of her venery.

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.

MAZERUS

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.

MAZERUS

Dare they prove treacherous? Most ignoble vassals,

To the sweet peace of so divine a mistress?

[YOUNG] QUEEN

I'm sure one **villain**, whom I dearly loved,

Of whom my trust had made election chief,

Perfidiously betrayed me to the fury  
Of my tempestuous, unappeased lord.

MAZERES                    Let me but know **him**, that I may bestow  
My service to your grace upon **his** heart  
And thence deserve a mistress like yourself.

*Enter Roxana from below.*

[YOUNG] QUEEN            Oh, me, too soon behold her!

MAZERES                    Madam, stand by; let her not see the light.

ROXANA                    [*Aside*] Now I expect reward.

MAZERES                    She dies were she my kinsman for that guilt,  
Though 'twere as far to's heart as 'tis to th' hilt.

*Runs at Roxana.*

ROXANA                    Ha? What was that? There's a reward with a vengeance.

MAZERES                    Fall, villain, for betraying of thy lady;  
Such things must never creep about the earth  
To poison the right use of service. A traitor!

*[Kills Roxana.]*

[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]<sup>24</sup>**

*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?  
  
[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 Mazer's, run my hate

---

<sup>24</sup> Middleton

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 Mazerers, 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]               Mazeres?

MAZERES                     My loved lord.

[ARMATRITES]               I am forgetful;  
I am in thy debt some dignities, Mazeres.

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 subtly.

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 Mazeres.]*



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 Mazerès 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: Mazerès  
                                      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 Mazeret.

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]<sup>25</sup>**

*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.]*

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, Fidelio, Amorpho, all disguised like pilgrims. [They stand aside.]*

LAPYRUS                        My lord, this castle is but slightly guarded.

---

<sup>25</sup> Dekker

KING 'Tis as I hoped and wished. Now bless us, heaven,  
What horrid and inhuman spectacle  
Is yonder that presents itself to sight?

FIDELIO 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.

FIDELIO                        Hard was his fate to light into his mercy.

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.

*The old King sends forth [Fidelio].*

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!

*Enter Fidelio.*

FIDELIO

All's sure; the guards are seized on.

LAPYRUS

Good.

FIDELIO

The passage strongly guarded.

[ARMATRITES]

Holy sir, what's he?





'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, murtherous 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, a boy with her.*

[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.*



## NOTES

The Bloody Banquet was first printed in a quarto of 1639, but because of a lack of topical allusions or contemporary external references, the date of composition is highly questionable. The identity of the "T. D." on the title page of the quarto has traditionally been linked to four candidates: 1) Thomas Drue (fl. 1616-53), primarily because his initials match, although recent studies have discounted him. 2) Robert Davenport (fl. 1623): there are some linguistic parallels between The Bloody Banquet and some, but not all, of his plays, an inconsistency David Lake believes is due to scribal particularities. 3) Thomas Dekker: a play-list of 1656 attributed The Bloody Banquet to Thomas Barker (fl. 1620), a name not connected with playwriting but one often confused with Dekker's, which might be the case here. Furthermore, the second title-page motto also appears prefixed to his *Satiromastix*. 4) Middleton, a connection first raised by E. H. C. Oliphant in 1925. There are "highly suggestive" linguistic parallels, especially with *The Revenger's Tragedy*, but many inconsistencies as well. (See my notes for the Middleton/Tourneur authorship of RT.)

Lake's textual analyses have led him to conclude that two scenarios are the most likely, the play in both instances ultimately passing through the hands of the scribe responsible for the Davenport parallels. First, The Bloody Banquet was extensively revised, but originally written by Middleton with help from Dekker about 1600-02. (This is at the beginning of Middleton's "apprenticeship," a time of frequent collaboration with Dekker.) The text then passed through the hands of the scribe responsible for the Davenport parallels. Second, the play was written by someone as yet unknown, but heavily influenced by *The Revenger's Tragedy*. For further investigation, I recommend David Lake's *The Canon of Thomas Middleton's Plays* and MacD. P. Jackson's *Studies in Attribution: Middleton and Shakespeare*. For my own part, I hear Middleton in many of Roxano's observations, his unblinking acceptance of the patency of human motives: "Here's gold to bring Tymethes, and here's gold to kill Tymethes. Ay, let me see, which weighs heaviest?" Roxano, by the way, is the only character who does not appear in the play's source, William Warner's romance *Pan his Syrinx* (1584).

I have used the Malone Society reprint, edited by Samuel Schoenbaum (1962), as the copy-text.

Illustration: a detail from a German woodcut of 1572, "The Horrible Murder Committed in Halle."

Hector adest secumque deos in proelia ducit: "Hector appears and he himself leads the gods in battles."

Nos haec novimus esse nihil: "We have known these to be nothing."

Dramatis Personae

The King of Lycia...his daughter: These characters appear only in the *Inductio* and have no lines. This is just one of the play's features that have led critics, such as J. G. McManaway to conjecture that it comes from a bad quarto (i.e., significant textual corruption); Schoenbaum believes rather it was abridged, and, comparing it to its source, finds that many features of *Pan* (e.g. the story of the King in the forest) are not present in *The Bloody Banquet*.

[ROXANA]: Roxona (Q)

FIDELIO: "faithful one"

AMORPHO: "shapeless"

SEXTORIO, LODOVICUS: In Acts IV and V, their names become Sertorio and Lodovico in (Q).

*Inductio*

[with]: vith (Q)

This Lord Lapyrus entertain'd and welcom'd: As Schoenbaum suggests, text seems to be missing after this line.

I.i.

Speranza: hope, expectation (Ital.)

OMNES: The s.d. do not mention extra lords and/or soldiers, but clearly there are more here than listed when Armatrites reveals his coup d'état.

politic: crafty, cunning, scheming; cf. *The Changeling* V.ii, *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's* V.i, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* II.ii, *The Phoenix* I.vi, *The Revenger's Tragedy* V.i, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* iii.

venture: risk

unload victory's...drones feed: cf. *The Family of Love* V.iii: "Come home crura thymo plena [legs full of honey], and lodge among hornets, is't not so?"

are: are are (Q)

[MAZERES]: Max. (Q)

The devil! The dukedom, the kingdom, Lydia: As David Lake points out, there is no dukedom in question, that word having been inserted for the sake of alliteration with "devil," and there is a similar alliterative construction in *The Revenger's Tragedy* II.i.

monstrous: unnatural because of his blood relationship, as opposed to Armatrites's deceit, which is just good old military opportunism.

I have: I have (Q)

All these, my lord.: The s.p. is possibly a misprint and the line Amorpho's.

cum suis: with them (Lat.)

glass: eye

painted: famed, but with the sense superfluous or artificial; cf., e.g., *The Family of Love* II.ii, *Anything for a Quiet Life* I.i.

And: if (a common substitution)

princes: i.e., Zenarchus and Amphridote

[ ]: Even though this line scans iambic pentameter, some text seems to have dropped out.

I.ii.

I.iii.

[country]: Counttey (Q)

Earth, stretch...own will: This imagery is used again at the end of the scene by Lapyrus, and foreshadows his falling into the shepherds' pit.

stock: supply (of blessings)

falls: veils, with the pun on "falls" from grace; cf. *Your Five Gallants* I.i, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* II-I.ii.

[your]: you (Q)

treacher: treacherous one

Small glory...to th' fiends: Cf. Hamlet's second thoughts, *Hamlet* III.iii.

honour: honours (Q)

I.iv.

As your son and heir at his father's funeral: A favorite joke of Middleton's ("son and heir" is a frequent linguistic combination); cf. *The Puritan* I.i, *The Revenger's Tragedy* IV.ii.

affects: loves, has affection for, is disposed towards; cf. *The Phoenix* I.iv & I.vi, *A Trick to Catch the Old One* passim, *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's* I.i, *The Puritan* II.i.

censure: judgment; cf. *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* V.iv, *The Family of Love* Preface, *Anything for a Quiet Life* Epilogue, *Your Five Gallants* II.i, *A Trick to Catch the Old One* III.i, *The Changeling* II.i.

has an excellent preference for: looks exactly like

pander: Panders (Q)

Italian padlocks: Cf. *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* IV.ii.

lock: lockes (Q)

Begin to me: i.e., toast me, pledge my health

suspect: suspicion; the stress is on the second syllable. Cf. *The Phoenix* II.ii, *The Changeling* III.ii, *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's* I.i.

I speak strange words against my fantasy: Schoenbaum cites this line as evidence of missing text, but this utterance, albeit abrupt, is explicable. The Young Queen has been trying to convince herself in her asides that she has not fallen in love with Tymethes; in this line she admits to herself she is in denial.

make my shame...her name: i.e., a cunning device by which to seduce a non-aristocratic woman

[Armatrites]: From here on, the s.d. and s.p. list Armatrites as Tyrant.

Suffer her alone?: i.e., allow her to be alone

dial: compass

Tethys: in Greek mythology, the wife of Oceanus, daughter of Uranus and Gaea

mettle: spirit, courage, with the pun on "metal" (coins); cf. *The Witch* IV.iii.

no lady can with more, beside a monkey: i.e., a lady can't expect someone to keep her secrets better than I can, except for a trained monkey

smock sentinels: smock = woman's undergarment, hence, guardians of her chastity  
 venter: venture, risk  
 joint: limb, as in a joint of meat (appropriate for this play)  
 'Sfoot: by God's foot; cf. *The Phoenix* I.ii, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* ix, *Blurt, Master Constable* I.i.  
 [enough]: enough (Q)  
 [safety]: safety (Q)  
 mere impossibles: i.e., I am so love-struck, it is impossible for me to assure my own safety. Cf. *The Revenger's Tragedy* I.iii for a linguistic parallel.  
 spider-catching: "Spider-catcher" is a vague term of abuse.  
 [that]: than (Q)  
 crotchets: fanciful devices  
 Die in the trade: succumb to diseases contracted in brothels, with the pun die = achieve orgasm  
 eke: moreover  
 II.i.  
 mutton: pun on "strumpets;" cf. *Your Five Gallants* III.iii; *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* I.i, II.i, IV.i; *Blurt, Master Constable* I.ii, *No Wit, No Help Like a Woman's* I.i.  
 belly: pun on "vagina;" for other sexual connotations of "belly," cf. *The Changeling* IV.iii, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* II.i.  
 is not the dam worse than the devil: The insult "devil's dam" appears frequently  
 murrain: plague, pestilence  
 cast: vomit; cf. *Your Five Gallants* II.iv, *The Witch* I.ii, III.ii, *The Changeling* II.ii, *The Phoenix* III.ii, *The Old Law* III.i, *The Family of Love* V.iii, *The Puritan* III.i.  
 [work]: weeke (Q)  
 sirens: nymphs who, by their sweet singing, lured sailors to destruction upon the rocks  
 angel: a gold coin worth ten shillings, with the figure of St. Michael defeating the dragon; for Middleton's frequent punning, cf. *A Trick to Catch the Old One* II.i, *The Phoenix* I.vi, *Blurt, Master Constable* II.i, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* ii, *The Old Law* IV.ii, *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's* I.ii, *The Puritan* III.iv.  
 halter: noose  
 corn-cutters: one who harvests grain, although usually defined as a chiropodist, one who cuts the corns of the foot  
 routs: packs, herds. Brokers, usurers, scribes, lawyers, all those involved with the legal machinery of debt were often described as wolves: cf. *A Trick to Catch the Old One* I.iii, *The Family of Love* III.i.  
 Long Lane: at this time, recently built tenements to the northwest (above Newgate) that housed brokers and, later in the 17th century, second-hand clothes; cf. *The Puritan* I.ii.  
 gudgeon: any small, easily-caught fish, therefore a fool; cf. the character Gudgeon in *The Family of Love*, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* IV.ii.  
 damask: a rich silk fabric woven with elaborate designs and figures, with the pun on damask (damson) prune, and probably with a further pun on rosy-cheeked harlot (for damask/rosy-cheeked, cf. *Love's Labours Lost* V.ii, *Twelfth Night* II.iv; for "stewed" prune/harlot, cf. *Measure for Measure* II.i, *2 Henry IV* II.iv, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* I.i.  
 rule my young prodigal first in wax: i.e., by the bond of debt he signs, certified with a stamp in wax; cf. *A Yorkshire Tragedy* i, *The Changeling* IV.iii.  
 against a Christmas day or a running at tilt: i.e., when they have a lot of business  
 monster-monger: a trafficker in monstrosities?  
 green: fresh  
 balsam: balm, something that soothes or heals, as opposed to physic, or strong (i.e., painful) medicine; cf. *The Phoenix* V.i, *A Trick to Catch the Old One* I.iii.  
 'Snails: by God's nails  
 Lap: run (obs. form of leap), used for the pun on Lapyrus's name  
 II.ii.  
 protested: professed

He may be hot in th' end: damned to hell, or more probably, suffering the burning sensation of venereal disease; for similar punning, cf. Firestone in *The Witch*, No Wit, No Help like a Woman's III.i, IV.ii, *The Puritan* I.ii

I am far enough from myself: I am disguised well enough; cf. *The Revenger's Tragedy* I.iii for a linguistic parallel.

[Roxano approaches them.]: Tymethes, Zenarchus, and Amphridote ignore Roxano and continue to talk about Mazerus (until "Why, what art thou?"), but Roxano, disguised as a beggar, pretends to think they're talking about him.

comfortable: comforting. "Comfort" is a favorite word of Middleton's; cf. *The Changeling* I.ii, *The Witch* I.i, *The Phoenix* I.v, *The Puritan* I.iv.

star-cross'd: see the blazing star gloss below

have my hat off: as a sign of respect

he would have my hair off too: i.e., because of the pox he wishes on him

shut your: shuty our (Q)

devotion: alms, with an unconscious pun on his amatory devotion to the Young Queen

puritanical: simply clad

white and red: The meaning is something like "the plain truth," and the phrase may derive from the red ink sometimes used in printing at that time, thus the equivalent of our modern "in black and white."

Always excepting and the tyrant's gem: The word "and" here is meaningless, used only to round out the meter.

II.iv.

We do forgive treachery: The King's haste in forgiving Lapyrus is in obvious contrast to the Old Queen's lengthy deliberation in I.iii, and Schoenbaum believes this evidence of abridgment. On the other hand, if the author wanted at this point to keep our attention focused on the Tymethes plot, and included this scene merely to show the development of the King-Lapyrus subplot, he might have foregone psychological realism (not at a premium in this play anyway) and deliberately avoided what he believed would be a repetition of I.iii. And yet why not telescope this plot point into the dumb show that follows?

Dumb Show

[nurse]: nu se (Q)

III.i.

not a hair to choose betwixt: no difference between

[throat]: rhroate (Q)

make: do

Touch: test (as in touchstone)

my learned counsel: the devil; cf. *The Phoenix* V.i.

to betray: tobetray (Q)

Then thus: Thenthus (Q)

bastinadoed: beaten or caned, especially on the soles of the feet; cf. *Anything for a Quiet Life* I.i, *The Puritan* III.iv.

blanketing: the punishment of tossing in a blanket, to which Tymethes adds the sexual innuendo

blood: 1) passion, 2) ironically, his actual blood that is ultimately shed

jump upon a minute: i.e., they arrived within a minute of each other, with the sexual innuendo

follow'd: 1) reasoned, 2) attended

leave: 1) leave off resembling, 2) depart

do: with the sexual innuendo; cf. *Your Five Gallants* I.i, *A Trick to Catch the Old One* III.iv, *The Phoenix* I.ii, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* V.i.

III.ii.

needful: attentive to one's needs

III.iii.

creature: creatures (Q)

[disguise]: di guise (Q)

[For]: But (Q)

[wrong]: wong (Q)

friend: lover  
 flatterers stab: possibly an allusion to Julius Caesar III.i, performed at the Globe in 1599  
 breach: with the sexual innuendo; cf. All's Well that Ends Well I.i.  
 [sweetly]: swee ely (Q)  
 are seek: arese,eke (Q)  
 reeking: steaming (with the warmth of his own blood)  
 IV.i.  
 [cum]: come (Q)  
 [Who]: Whom (Q)  
 IV.ii.  
 the husk falls from him now: cf. The Revenger's Tragedy I.i, "to open and unhusk me."  
 dejected: lowly, humbled; cf. The Revenger's Tragedy II.i.  
 spring-tide: a tide occurring on the days shortly after the new and full moon, in which the high-water level reaches its maximum (OED)  
 desert: merit  
 imports: signifies, betokens  
 IV.iii.  
 [darkness]: darkedesse (Q)  
 Pleasure: Pleasures (Q)  
 withdrawing-room: drawing-room  
 condensive: dense  
 lanthorn: lantern  
 than needs: than is necessary  
 full-heaped: cf. The Revenger's Tragedy II.iii: "'Twill be glorious/To kill 'em doubled, when they're heap'd [having sexual intercourse]."  
 I dealt not...celestial champion: again, cf. Hamlet III.iii.  
 truer moan: i.e., I did not break my vows of love  
 taste more deaths than one: have sexual relations with than one lover  
 now: no w (Q)  
 frame: devise  
 [love]: lose (Q); Armatrites is being sarcastic.  
 ponders home: makes one deeply think about  
 [I will do nought,]: my addition; clearly some text has dropped out  
 [but]: bnt (Q)  
 Mystical: secretive; cf. A Chaste Maid in Cheapside III.i, Your Five Gallants V.i.  
 [whispering]: whisperlng (Q)  
 AMBO: both  
 Oh, villain, in and overtake thy soul: i.e., his body should overtake his soul descending into hell  
 those corpses: that corpse (obs.)  
 V.i.  
 flinty: obdurate, hard-hearted; cf. All's Well that Ends Well IV.iv.  
 Had I, not like Mazerus...knotted: i.e., stopped the act of adultery before it happened. Although this play does not invest heavily in psychological subtleties, this line might be played as Zenarchus reacting to Armatrites's statement, and then realizing this is the way to turn him against Mazerus. Again, I disagree with Schoenbaum that a line may be missing here.  
 [burthensome]: burthen ome (Q)  
 threats: thereats (Q)  
 gear: business, with a pun on genitals; cf. A Chaste Maid in Cheapside II.i.  
 V.ii.  
 blazing star: a comet or meteor, an ill omen. According to medieval astrology, the stars that controlled men's fate were fixed and incorruptible--in II.ii, the "beggar" Roxano says he is "star-cross'd," or destined for poverty; on the other hand, meteors, which are sublunary, were corruptible and subject to change, and



heralded or were provoked by evil events on earth. Cf. The Changeling V.iii, Julius Caesar I.iii & II.i. A "blazing star" also appears in the s.d. of The Revenger's Tragedy V.iii.

marrow-melting blast: It was believed that lightning melted the marrow in the bones while leaving the rest of the body free from disfigurement; cf. The Changeling V.ii.

prodigious: ill-omened; the comet in The Revenger's Tragedy is also "prodigious."

bearded: having a train or tail; hair imagery is also used for the comet in The Revenger's Tragedy.

What horrid and...sight?: Because Tymethes's body is carried on later, they must be seeing it somewhere offstage.

[and]: aad (Q)

[Loud]: Lond (Q)

cates: provisions, victuals

object: objects (Q)

[Fidelio]: Amorpho (Q); it is Fidelio who enters with news of the victory.

strangely: extremely, astonishingly

Speranza!: Lapyrus unknowingly echoes Armatrites's first line.

[loses]: loses (Q), which may be used in a number of metaphoric ways, e.g., "this minute loosens thee from thy power," but the spellings of the two words were often interchanged, and so I prefer "this minutes loses (forsakes) thee." For lose/loose, cf. No Wit, No Help like a Woman's I.ii, Anything for a Quiet Life II.i, The Puritan I.ii, I.iv, III.v.

discharge: i.e., fire pistols

[behold]: b hold (Q)