



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE
ARCHIVE**

REHEARSAL SCRIPT
The Maid's Tragedy
2016

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The Maid's Tragedy
by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

directed by
Angela Kay Pirko

February 2016

The Maid's Tragedy

by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher

Persons Represented in the Play.

KING	
LYSIPPUS	<i>brother to the King</i>
AMINTOR	<i>a Noble Gentleman</i>
EVADNE	<i>Wife to Amintor; Lover to King</i>
MELANTIUS	<i>Evadne's brother</i>
DIPHILIUS	<i>Evadne's brother</i>
ASPATIA	<i>troth-plight wife to Amnitor</i>
CALIANAX	<i>Aspatia's Father</i>
STRATO	<i>gentleman</i>
DIAGORAS	<i>servant</i>
ANTIPHILA	<i>waiting gentlewoman to Aspatia</i>
DULA	<i>a lady</i>
MESSENGER	

DULA also plays MELANTIUS'S MISTRESS and SECOND GENTLEMAN.

THE KING also plays MELANTIUS'S SECOND.

ANTIPHILA also plays DIAGORAS and FIRST GENTLEMAN

*I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,
in secret, between the shadow and the soul.*

AWESOME GOD / BETTER DIG TWO / GOD AND KING
The Maid's Tragedy – Brave Spirits Theatre

A drum beat to start.

AMINTOR

All creatures of our God and King
Lift up your voice to Him and sing
Oh, praise Him, Oh, praise Him
Let all things their Creator bless
And worship Him in humbleness
Oh, praise Him, Oh, praise Him, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah

MELANTIUS (*spoken*)

All glory to our God and King,
Every crown thrown down in offering
Every knee shall bow and voice proclaim
You are God, You are King.

LORDS

Our God is an Awesome God,
He reigns from Heaven above. (x4)

Hmmm...

ASPATIA

I'll tell you on the day we'll wed,
I'm gonna love you til I'm dead.
Make you wait til our wedding night,
That's the first and the last time I'll wear
white.

Our God is an Awesome God,
He reigns from Heaven above. (x2)

So if the ties that bind ever do come loose,
Tie them in a knot like a hangman's noose –
'Cause I'll go to heaven or I'll go to hell,
Before I'll see you with someone else.

LADIES

Put me in the ground,
Put me six feet down...

Ooooh....

Ooooh...

ASPATIA

And let the stones say!

LORDS

Our God is an Awesome God,
He reigns from Heaven above. (x4)

Tell the gravedigger that he better dig two!

LADIES

Here lies the girl whose only crutch,
Was loving one man just a little too much.
If you go before I do –

I'm gonna tell the gravedigger that he better
dig two.

Heavy stone right next to mine,
We'll be together 'til the end of time.
Don't you go before I do,
I'm gonna tell the gravedigger that he better
dig two.
I'm gonna tell the gravedigger that he better
dig two.

Tell the gravedigger that he better dig two!

ACT ONE

1.1 Enter Strato, Lysippus, Diphilus.

DIPHILUS The rest are making ready Sir.

STRATO So let them, there's time enough.

DIPHILUS You are the brother to the King, my Lord, we'll take
your word.

LYSIPPUS Strato, thou hast some skill in Poetry,
What thinkst thou of a dance? will it be well?

STRATO As well as dance can be.

[Enter Melantius, accompanied by MELANTIUS'S MISTRESS and MELANTIUS'S SECOND.]

See, good my Lord, who is return'd!

LYSIPPUS Noble Melantius!
The Land by me welcomes thy virtues home to
Rhodes, thou that with blood abroad buyest us our
peace; the breath of King is like the breath of Gods;
My brother wisht thee here, and thou art here; he
will be too kind, and weary thee with often
welcomes; but the time doth give thee a welcome
above this or all the worlds.

MELANTIUS My Lord, my thanks; but these scratcht limbs of
mine have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
more than my tongue ere could: my mind's the same

it ever was to you; where I find worth, I love the
keeper, till he let it go,
And then I follow it.

DIPHILUS

Hail worthy brother!

He that rejoices not at your return
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

MELANTIUS

I thank thee Diphilus: but thou art faulty;
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria: thou cam'st not Diphilus:
'Twas ill.

DIPHILUS

My noble brother, my excuse
Is my King's strict command, which you my Lord
Can witness with me.

LYSIPPUS

'Tis true Melantius,
He might not come till the solemnity
Of this great match were past.

DIPHILUS

Have you heard of it?

MELANTIUS

Yes, I have given cause to those that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome;
I have no other business here at Rhodes.

LYSIPPUS

We have a dance to night,
And you must tread a Soldiers measure.

MELANTIUS But is Amintor Wed?

DIPHILUS This day.

MELANTIUS Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend,
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.

1.2 [Enter Aspatia, passing by.]

MELANTIUS Hail Maid and Wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot
That thou hast tied to day, last till the hand
Of age undo't; may'st thou bring a race
Unto Amintor that may fill the world
Successively with Soldiers.

ASPATIA My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud
When they were good.

1.3 [Exit Aspatia.]

MELANTIUS How's this?

LYSIPPUS You are mistaken, for she is not married.

MELANTIUS You said Amintor was.

DIPHILUS 'Tis true; but—

MELANTIUS Pardon me, I did receive

Letters at Patria, from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.

LYSIPPUS

And so it stood,
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

MELANTIUS

Who hath he taken then?

LYSIPPUS

A Lady Sir,
That bears the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye; the fair Evadne
Your virtuous Sister.

MELANTIUS

Peace of heart betwixt them:
But this is strange.

LYSIPPUS

The King my brother did it
To honor you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

MELANTIUS

'Tis Royal, like himself;
But I am sad, my speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia; there is rage
Hid in her fathers breast; Calianax
Bent long against me, and he should not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter: holds he still

His greatness with the King?

LYSIPPUS

Yes; but this Lady

Walks discontented, with her watry eyes

Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods

Are her delight; and when she sees a bank

Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell

Her servants what a pretty place it were

To bury lovers in, and make her maids

Pluck'em, and strow her over like a Corse.

She carries with her an infectious grief.

MELANTIUS

She has a brother under my command

Like her, a face as womanish as hers,

But with a spirit that hath much out-grown

The number of his years.

1.4 [Enter Amintor. Strato departs]

STRATO

My Lord the Bridegroom!

MELANTIUS

I might run fiercely, not more hastily

Upon my foe: I love thee well Amintor,

My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;

Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech

Cuts off my love.

AMINTOR

Thou art Melantius;

All love is spoke in that, a sacrifice

To thank the gods, Melantius is return'd.

MELANTIUS

I am but poor in words, but credit me young man,
Thy Mother could no more but weep, for joy to see thee
After long absence.

AMINTOR

Pardon thou holy God
Of Marriage bed, and frown not, I am forc't
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my Wedding day.

MELANTIUS

I fear thou art grown too sick; for I hear
A Lady mourns for thee, men say to death,
Forsaken of thee, on what terms I know not.

AMINTOR

She had my promise, but the King forbid it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy Sister
Accompanied with graces above her,
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.

MELANTIUS

Be prosperous.

1.5 [Enter Strato.]

STRATO

My Lord, the musicians rage for you.

LYSIPPUS

We are gone, Strato. Diphilus.

AMINTOR

We'll all attend you, we shall trouble you
With our solemnities.

MELANTIUS

Not so Amintor.

But if you laugh at my rude carriage

In peace, I'll do as much for you in War

When you come thither: yet I have a Mistress

To bring to your delights; rough though I am,

I have a Mistress, and she has a heart,

She says, but trust me, it is stone, no better,

There is no place that I can challenge in't.

But you stand still, and here my way lies.

[Exit Lysippus, Melantius, Melantius's Second, Melantius's Mistress, Amintor, Strato, and Diphilus.]

[1.6 Enter Calianax with Diagoras.]

CALIANAX

Diagoras, look to the doors better for shame, you let
in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me;
why very well said, by Jove the King will have the
show i'th' Court.

DIAGORAS

Why do you swear so my Lord? You know he'll have
it here.

CALIANAX

By this light if he be wise he will not.

DIAGORAS

And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

CALIANAX

One may wear his heart out with swearing, and get
thanks on no side, I'll be gone, look to't who will.

DIAGORAS

My Lord, I will never keep them out. Pray stay, your
looks will terrify them.

CALIANAX My looks terrify them, you Coxcomby Ass you!
I'll be judg'd by all the company whether thou hast
not a worse face than I—

DIAGORAS I mean, because they know you and your Office.

CALIANAX Office! I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat
quite through my Office, I might have made room at
my Daughters Wedding, they had near kill'd her
among them. And now I must do service for him
that hath forsaken her; serve that will.

[Exit Calianax.]

DIAGORAS He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken:
hark, hark, there, there, so, so, What now?

1.7 [Within. knock within. Melantius.]

MELANTIUS Open the door.

DIAGORAS Who's there?

MELANTIUS Melantius.

DIAGORAS I hope your Lordship brings no troop with you, for
if you do, I must return them.

[Enter Melantius and Melantius's Mistress]

MELANTIUS None but this Lady, Miss.

DIAGORAS The Ladies are all plac'd above, save those that come

MELANTIUS Why?

CALIANAX The place is kept for women of more worth.

MELANTIUS More worth than she? it mis-becomes your Age
And place to be thus womanish; forbear;
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The Palsey shook your tongue to.

CALIANAX Why 'tis well
If I stand here to place mens wenches.

MELANTIUS I shall forget this place, thy Age, my safety, and
through all, cut that poor sickly week thou hast to
live, away from thee.

CALIANAX Nay, I know you can fight for your Whore.

MELANTIUS Bate the King, and be he flesh and blood,
He lies that says it, thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.

DIAGORAS Good my Lord!

MELANTIUS Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honor;
It is the curse of Soldiers, that in peace
They shall be brain'd by such ignoble men,
--This Rhodes I see is nought
But a place priviledg'd to do men wrong.

CALIANAX Ay, you may say your pleasure.

1.9 [*Enter Amintor.*]

AMINTOR What vile injury
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words, as he is quick of hand?

MELANTIUS That heap of age which I should reverence
If it were temperate: but testy years
Are most contemptible.

AMINTOR Good Sir forbear.

CALIANAX There is just such another as your self.

AMINTOR He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose
Since this our match: the King is coming in,
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging, he did hear
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

CALIANAX Make room there.

1.10 *Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, Strato, Lysippus, and Diphilus.*

KING Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still; but this is not a place
To brabble in; Calianax, join hands.

CALIANAX He shall not have my hand.

Were it [my] case, I should think time run slow.

If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy,

That may defend my Kingdom from my foes.

AMINTOR All happiness to you.

KING Good night Melantius.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II, Scene 1.

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and Antiphila.

DULA Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?

The Wars are nak'd that you must make to night.

EVADNE You are very merry Dula.

DULA I should be far merrier Madam, if it were with me

As it is with you.

EVADNE Why how now wench?

DULA Come Ladies will you help?

EVADNE I am soon undone.

DULA And as soon done:

Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

EVADNE Art thou drunk Dula?

DULA Why here's none but we.

EVADNE Thou think'st belike, there is no modesty
When we are alone.

DULA I by my troth you hit my thoughts aright.

EVADNE Sure this wench is mad.

DULA No faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.

EVADNE 'Tis high time to leave it.

DULA Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me;
A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you lively in your Husbands bed.

EVADNE Nay faith, then take it.

DULA Take it Madam, where?
We all I hope will take it that are here.

EVADNE Nay then I'll give you o're.

DULA So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart to ache.

EVADNE Aspatia, take her part.

DULA I will refuse it.
She will pluck down a side, she does not use it.

EVADNE I thank thee Dula, would thou could'st instill
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia:

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell,
Methinks a mean betwixt you would do well.

DULA

She is in love, hang me if I were so,
But I could run my Country, I love too
To do those things that people in love do.

ASPATIA

It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek,
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the Altar the Religious Priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now, this should have been
My night, and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you: pardon Evadne, would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthless,
But till he did so, in these ears of mine,
(These credulous ears) he pour'd the sweetest words
That Art or Love could frame; if he were false,
Pardon it heaven, and if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too,
For I have left none that I had from you.

ANTIPHILA

Nay, leave this sad talk Madam.

ASPATIA

Would I could, then should I leave the cause.

Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking; love your Lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him, so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me:

EVADNE Alas, I pity thee.

[Exit Evadne.]

DULA Madam, goodnight.

ANTIPHILA Come, we'll let in the Bridegroom.

DULA Where's my Lord?

ANTIPHILA Here take this light.

2.2 *[Enter Amintor.]*

DULA You'll find her in the dark.

ANTIPHILA Your Lady's scarce a bed yet, you must help her.

DULA Come, will you go?

ANTIPHILA Goodnight my Lord.

AMINTOR Much happiness unto you all.

[Exeunt Ladies. ASPATIA lingers.]

ASPATIA Go and be happy in your Ladies love;
May all the wrongs that you have done to me,

Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.

2.3 *[Exit Aspatia.]*

AMINTOR

I did that Lady wrong; methinks I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;
Mine eyes run; this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my will in keeping--why do I
Perplex my self thus? something whispers me,
Go not to bed; my guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience (too sensible)
Would make me think; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King that forc't me: timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? away my idle fears.

[Enter Evadne.]

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things: Oh my Evadne, spare
That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapors of the night will not fall here.
To bed my Love; Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?

Life, Honor, joys Eternal, all Delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as Air
To a true Lover when his Lady frowns,
And bids him do this: wilt thou kill this man?
Swear my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.

AMINTOR

I will not swear sweet Love,
Till I do know the cause.

EVADNE

I would thou wouldst;
Why, it is thou that wrongest me, I hate thee,
Thou shouldst have kill'd thy self.

AMINTOR

If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.

EVADNE

Know it then, and do't.

AMINTOR

Oh no, what look soe're thou shalt put on,
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide: leave and to bed;
If you have sworn to any of the Virgins
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your Maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.

AMINTOR

Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of Marriage? Hymen keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy Ceremonies) from all ears.
Let it not rise up for thy shame and mine
To after ages; we will scorn thy Laws.
She can but jest; Oh! pardon me my Love;
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth; satisfy my fear:
It is a pain beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt; confirm it with an Oath,
If this be true.

EVADNE

Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and Conjurers can put together,
And I will take it; I have sworn before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?

AMINTOR

I know too much, would I had doubted still;
Was ever such a marriage night as this!
There is no mean, no moderate course to run,
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? why is this night so calm?
Why does not Heaven speak in Thunder to us,

And drown her voice?

EVADNE

This rage will do no good.

AMINTOR

Evadne, hear me, thou hast ta'ne an Oath,
But such a rash one, that to keep it, were
Worse than to swear it; call it back to thee;
Such vows as those never ascend the Heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away:
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth.
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of Love, thy heart cannot be hard.
Come lead me from the bottom of despair,
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O're-come my spirits.

EVADNE

When I call back this
Oath, the pains of hell environ me.

AMINTOR

I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked Oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life.

EVADNE

I fear thee not, do what thou dar'st to me;
Every ill-sounding word, or threatning look
Thou show'st to me, will be reveng'd at full.

AMINTOR

It will not sure Evadne.

EVADNE Do not you hazard that.

AMINTOR Ha'ye your Champions?

EVADNE Alas Amintor, thinkst thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maidens strictness? look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow; no, in this heart
There dwells as much desire, and as much will
To put that wisht act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to woman, and they have been shown
Both; but it was the folly of thy youth,
To think this beauty shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.

AMINTOR No, let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the Northern wind.

EVADNE You dare not strike him.

AMINTOR Do not wrong me so;
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.

EVADNE Why 'tis the King.

AMINTOR The King!

EVADNE What will you do now?

AMINTOR 'Tis not the King.

EVADNE What, did he make this match for dull Amintor?

AMINTOR Oh! thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful: in that sacred name,
The King, there lies a terror: what frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? let the Gods
Speak to him when they please; till then let us
Suffer and wait.

EVADNE Why should you fill your self so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no Virgin.

AMINTOR What Devil put it in thy fancy then
To marry me?

EVADNE Alas, I must have one
To Father Children, and to bear the name
Of Husband to me, that my sin may be
More honorable.

AMINTOR What a strange thing am I!

EVADNE A miserable one; one that my self
Am sorry for.

AMINTOR

Why show it then in this,
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me, and all true Lovers that shall live
In after ages crost in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingring Wretch.

EVADNE

I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead,
Else by this night I would: I pity thee.

AMINTOR

These strange and sudden injuries have faln
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are: methinks I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring World
I can but hide it--Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more; but thou hast shown
An impudence so high, that to the World
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thy self.

EVADNE

To cover shame I took thee, never fear
That I would blaze my self.

AMINTOR

Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me, then mine honor
Will thrust me into action, that my flesh
Could bear with patience; and it is some ease

To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I toucht thee; else had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
He has dishonor'd thee; give me thy hand,
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close,
'Tis all I wish; upon thy Chamber-floor
I'll rest to night, that morning visitors
May think we did as married people use.
And prithe smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
With what we did.

EVADNE Fear not, I will do this.

AMINTOR Come let us practice, and as wantonly
As ever loving Bride and Bridegroom met,
Lets laugh and enter here.

EVADNE I am content.

AMINTOR Down all the swellings of my troubled heart.
When we walk thus entwin'd, let all eyes see
If ever Lovers better did agree.

[Exit.]

2.4 Enter Aspatia, Antiphila and Dula.

ASPATIA Away, you are not sad, force it no further;

Good Gods, how well you look! such a full color
Young bashful Brides put on: sure you are new married.

ANTIPHILA

Yes Madam, to your grief.

ASPATIA

Alas! poor Wench.

Go learn to love first, learn to lose your selves,
Learn to be flattered, and believe, and bless
The double tongue that did it; Make a Faith
Out of the miracles of Ancient Lovers.
Did you ne're love yet Wench?

DULA

Never.

ASPATIA

Nor you Antiphila?

ANTIPHILA

Nor I.

ASPATIA

Then my good Girls, be more than Women, wise.
At least be more than I was; and be sure you credit
any thing the light gives light to, before a man; if you
needs must love (forc'd by ill fate) take to your
maiden bosoms two dead cold aspicks, and of them
make Lovers, they cannot flatter nor forswear; one
kiss makes a long peace for all; but man, Oh that
beast man!
Just such another was the Nymph Oenone,
When Paris brought home Helen: now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully

The Carthage Queen, when from a cold Sea Rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear, Antiphila;
What would this Wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying God
Turn'd her to Marble: 'tis enough my Wench;
Show me the piece of Needle-work you wrought.

ANTIPHILA

Of Ariadne, Madam?

ASPATIA

Yes that piece.

This should be Theseus, h'as a cozening face,

You meant him for a man.

ANTIPHILA

He was so Madam.

ASPATIA

Why then 'tis well enough, never look back,

You have a full wind, and a false heart Theseus;

Does not the story say, his Keel was split,

Or his Masts spent, or some kind rock or other

Met with his Vessel?

ANTIPHILA

Not as I remember.

ASPATIA

It should ha' been so; could the Gods know this,

And not of all their number raise a storm?

Just such another caught me; you shall not go so Antiphila,

In this place work a quick-sand,

And over it a shallow smiling Water.

And his ship ploughing it, and then a fear.

Do that fear to the life Wench.

ANTIPHILA

'Twill wrong the story.

ASPATIA

'Twill make the story wrong'd by wanton Poets

Live long and be believ'd; but where's the Lady?

ANTIPHILA

There Madam.

ASPATIA

Fie, you have mist it here Antiphila,

These colors are not dull and pale enough,

To show a soul so full of misery

As this sad Ladies was; do it by me,

Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,

And you shall find all true but the wild Island;

I stand upon the Sea breach now, and think

Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,

Wild as that desert, and let all about me

Tell that I am forsaken; look, look Wench,

A miserable life of this poor Picture.

DULA

Dear Madam!

ASPATIA

I have done, sit down, and let us

Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there;

Make a dull silence till you feel a sudden sadness

Give us new souls.

2.5 [*Enter Calianax.*]

CALIANAX The King may do this, and he may not do it;
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd: well, how now hussies?
What at your ease? is this a time to sit still?
Up you young lazy Whores, up or I'll swinge you.

DULA Nay, good my Lord.

CALIANAX You'll lie down shortly, get you in and work;
What are you grown so resty? you want ears,

ANTIPHILA My Lord we do no more than we are charg'd:
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus in grief;
She is forsaken.

CALIANAX There's a Rogue too,
A young dissembling slave; well, get you in,
I'll have a bout with that boy; 'tis high time
Now to be valiant; I confess my youth
Was never prone that way: what, made an Ass?
A Court stale? well I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these Whelps; I will; and there's
Another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier,
I'll maul that Rascal, h'as out-brav'd me twice;
But now I thank the Gods I am valiant;
Go, get you in, I'll take a course with all.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

sister is but now up.

DIPHILUS You look as you had lost your eyes to night; I think
you ha' not slept.

AMINTOR I faith I have not.

DIPHILUS You have done better then.

AMINTOR 'Tis true; but she
As if she had drunk Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound.

DIPHILUS What's that?

AMINTOR Your Sister frets this morning, and does turn her
eyes upon me, as people on their headsman; she
does chafe, and kiss, and chafe again, and clap my
cheeks; she's in another world.

DIPHILUS Then I had lost; I was about to lay, you had not got
her Maiden-head to night.

AMINTOR Ha! he does not mock me; y'ad lost indeed;
I do not use to bungle.

STRATO You do deserve her.

3.2 [*Enter Melantius.*]

MELANTIUS Good day Amintor, for to me the name

Of Brother is too distant; we are friends,
And that is nearer.

AMINTOR

Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee; is it possible?

MELANTIUS

What sudden gaze is this?

AMINTOR

'Tis wonderous strange.

MELANTIUS

Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well?
There's nothing here that is not thine.

AMINTOR

I wonder much Melantius,
To see those noble looks that make me think
How virtuous thou art; and on the sudden
'Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have worth and honor,
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But—

MELANTIUS

Stay, stay my Friend,
I fear this sound will not become our loves;
No more, embrace me.

AMINTOR

Oh mistake me not;
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good: but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds.. O how near am I

To utter my sick thoughts!

MELANTIUS

But why, my Friend, should I be so by Nature?

AMINTOR

I have wed thy Sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family, and it is strange
That you should feel no want.

MELANTIUS

Believe me, this complement's too cunning for me.

DIPHILUS

What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?

STRATO

O call the Bride, my Lord Amintor, that we may see
her blush, and turn her eyes down; it is the prettiest
sport.

AMINTOR

Evadne!

EVADNE

[Within.] My Lord!

AMINTOR

Come forth my Love,
Your Brothers do attend to wish you joy.

EVADNE

I am not ready yet.

AMINTOR

Enough, enough.

EVADNE

They'll mock me.

AMINTOR

Faith thou shalt come in.

3.3 *[Enter Evadne.]*

MELANTIUS Good morrow Sister; he that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy.

DIPHILUS O Sister, what have you done!

EVADNE I done! why, what have I done?

STRATO My Lord Amintor swears you are no Maid now.

EVADNE Push!

STRATO I faith he does.

EVADNE I knew I should be mockt.

DIPHILUS With a truth.

EVADNE If 'twere to do again, in faith I would not marry.

AMINTOR Not I by Heaven.

DIPHILUS Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two rooms off.

EVADNE Fie how you talk!

DIPHILUS Let's see you walk. By my troth y'are spoil'd.

MELANTIUS Amintor!

AMINTOR Ha!

MELANTIUS Thou art sad.

AMINTOR Who I? I thank you for that, shall Diphilus, thou and
I sing a catch?

MELANTIUS How!

AMINTOR Prithee let's.

MELANTIUS Nay, that's too much the other way.

AMINTOR I am so lightned with my happiness: how dost thou
love? kiss me.

EVADNE I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

AMINTOR Nothing but what becomes us: Gentlemen,
What, do you envy me? I walk methinks
On water, and ne're sink, I am so light.

MELANTIUS 'Tis well you are so.

AMINTOR Well? how can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no music there? let's dance.

MELANTIUS Why? this is strange, Amintor!

AMINTOR I do not know my self;
Yet I could wish my joy were less.

DIPHILUS I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

EVADNE Amintor, hark.

AMINTOR What says my Love? I must obey.

EVADNE You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.

STRATO My Lord the King is here.

In this same business, ha?

AMINTOR

I cannot tell, I ne're try'd other Sir, but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.

KING

Well, you'l trust me then Amintor,
To choose a Wife for you again?

AMINTOR

No never Sir.

KING

Why? like you this so ill?

AMINTOR

So well I like her.
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly, and to hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
For which the thanks is yours; but if the powers
That rule us, please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this World holds not a Wife
Worthy to take her room.

KING

I do not like this; all forbear the room
But you Amintor and your Lady.
I have some speech with you, that may concern
Your after living well.

3.5 [Exit Melantius, Lysippus, Strato, Diphilus]

AMINTOR

He will not tell me that he lies with her: if he do,

KING Day and night have heard it.

EVADNE I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your Throne; I love with my ambition,
Not with mine eyes; but if I ever yet
Toucht any other, Leprosie light here
Upon my face, which for your Royalty
I would not stain.

KING Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me to punish thee.

EVADNE Why, it is in me then not to love you, which will
more afflict your body, than your punishment can
mine.

KING But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.

EVADNE I ha'not.

KING Impudence! he says himself so.

EVADNE He lies.

KING He does not.

EVADNE By this light he does, strangely and basely, and
I'll prove it so; I did not shun him for a night,
But told him I would never close with him.

I fear not Swords; for as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it; but there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions, as you are my King,
I fall before you, and present my Sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs; but why? I know not what
I have to say; why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? there were thousand fools
Easy to work on, and of state enough
Within the land.

EVADNE

I would not have a fool, it were no credit for me.

AMINTOR

But there were wise ones too, you might have ta'ne another.

KING

No; for I believe thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

AMINTOR

All the happiness
Bestow'd upon me, turns into disgrace;
Gods take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it; good my Lord the King,
Be private in it.

KING

Thou may'st live Amintor,
Free as thy King, if thou wilt wink at this,

And be a means that we may meet in secret.

AMINTOR

A Bawd! hold my breast, a bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are Religious, on another word
Sounded like that, and through a Sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and after life upon my soul.

KING

Well I am resolute you lay not with her,
And so leave you.

3.6 *[Exit King.]*

EVADNE

You must be prating,
And see what follows.

AMINTOR

Prithee vex me not.
Leave me, I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.

EVADNE

I am gone;
I love my life well.

[Exit Evadne.]

AMINTOR

I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth; I should be glad
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.

[Exit.]

3.7 Enter Melantius.

MELANTIUS I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

[Enter Calianax.]

CALIANAX O Melantius,
My Daughter will die.

MELANTIUS Trust me, I am sorry;
Would thou hadst ta'ne her room.

CALIANAX Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave.

MELANTIUS Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine Offices.

CALIANAX I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave.

MELANTIUS Leave, some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

CALIANAX I'll spoil your mirth,
I mean to fight with thee; There lie my Cloak,
This was my Fathers Sword, and he durst fight;
Are you prepar'd?

MELANTIUS Why? wilt thou doat thyself out of thy life?

Hence get thee to bed, have careful looking to, and eat warm things, and trouble not me: my head is full of thoughts more weighty than thy life or death can be.

CALIANAX

You have a name in War, when you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight; you'll give ground I fear: Come draw.

MELANTIUS

I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke; there's no one blow
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far then; the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.

CALIANAX

I must let him alone,
However I may set a face, and talk,
I am not valiant: when I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testie trick I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

MELANTIUS

I will not promise to preserve your life if you do stay.

CALIANAX

I would give half my Land that I durst fight with
that proud man a little: if I had men to hold, I would
beat him, till he ask me mercy.

MELANTIUS

Sir, will you be gone?

CALIANAX

I dare not stay, but I will go home, and beat my

servants all over for this.

[Exit Calianax.]

MELANTIUS This old fellow haunts me,
But the distracted carriage of mine Amintor
Takes deeply on me, I will find the cause;
I fear his Conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

3.8 Enter Amintor.

AMINTOR Mens eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery; I bear my grief
Hid from the World; how art thou wretched then?
For ought I know, all Husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his Wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes
As I am; would I knew it, for the rareness
Afflicts me now.

MELANTIUS Amintor, We have not enjoy'd our friendship of late,
for we were wont to charge our souls in talk.

AMINTOR Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a
Lady the last day.

MELANTIUS How wast?

AMINTOR Why such an odd one.

MELANTIUS I have long'd to speak with you, not of an idle jest that's

forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

AMINTOR

What is that my friend?

MELANTIUS

Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o're with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

AMINTOR

A sadness here! what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this Isle? the King
Rains greatness on me: have I not received
A Lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable color, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? no, I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were.

MELANTIUS

You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And your self too; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me; I have seen you stand
As you were blasted; midst of all your mirth,
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly: World! what do I here? a friend
Is nothing, Heaven! I'll search an unknown Land,

And there plant friendship, all is withered here;

AMINTOR

But there is nothing.

MELANTIUS

Worse and worse; farewell;

From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

AMINTOR

Melantius, stay, you shall know what that is.

MELANTIUS

See how you play'd with friendship; be advis'd

How you give cause unto your self to say,

You ha'lost a friend.

AMINTOR

Forgive what I have done;

For I am so ore-gone with injuries

Unheard of, that I lose consideration

Of what I ought to do--O--O.

MELANTIUS

Do not weep; what is't? May I once but know the man

Hath turn'd my friend thus?

AMINTOR

I had spoke at first, but that—

MELANTIUS

But what?

AMINTOR

I held it most unfit

For you to know; faith do not know it yet.

MELANTIUS

Thou seest my love, that will keep company

With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me;

What is it?

After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of Whore upon my Sister unreveng'd?
I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword.

AMINTOR

Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges; thou shouldst do me ease
Here, and Eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.

MELANTIUS

This is base
And fearful! they that use to utter lies,
Provide not blows, but words to qualify
The men they wrong'd; thou hast a guilty cause.

AMINTOR

Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
And I shall then be happy.

MELANTIUS

Take then more
To raise thine anger. 'Tis mere Cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead
However; but if thou art so much prest
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.

AMINTOR

Then I draw; I knew before
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it; I shall be at ease
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out-live you.

MELANTIUS

Stay a while.
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides; I was a fool.
Thou searching humane nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away; would I had died ere known
This sad dishonor; pardon me my friend;
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart,
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine; behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my Sister is a Whore.

AMINTOR

How should I bear it then, she being so?
I fear my friend that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul action my self
Through these disgraces.

MELANTIUS

Better half the Land
Were buried quick together; no, Amintor,

Thou shalt have ease: O this Adulterous King
That drew her to't! where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?

AMINTOR

What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?

MELANTIUS

Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away;
But from his Iron Den I'll waken death,
And hurl him on this King; my honesty
Shall steel my sword, and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.

AMINTOR

I have quite undone my fame.

MELANTIUS

Dry up thy wat'ry eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee; still this swelling breast;
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I find my heart at peace.

AMINTOR

It must not be so; stay, mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but love and tears
Leave me a while, for I have hazarded

All this world calls happy; thou hast wrought
A secret from me under name of Friend,
Which Art could ne're have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom; invent a way to give it back.

MELANTIUS

Why, would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

AMINTOR

Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity: take to thy Weapon.

MELANTIUS

Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.

AMINTOR

I will not hear: but draw, or I—

MELANTIUS

Amintor.

AMINTOR

Draw then, for I am full as resolute
As fame and honor can enforce me be;
I cannot linger, draw.

MELANTIUS

I do--but is not
My share of credit equal with thine
If I do stir?

AMINTOR

No; for it will be call'd
Honor in thee to spill thy Sisters blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge: but on me that have walkt

With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful Cuckold--O that word! be quick.

MELANTIUS Then join with me.

AMINTOR I dare not do a sin, or else I would: be speedy.

MELANTIUS Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin.
His grief distracts him; call thy thoughts again,
And to thy self pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work; I will not fight.

AMINTOR You must.

MELANTIUS I will be kill'd first, though my passions
Offered the like to you; 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it; think a while,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides your self.

AMINTOR Oh my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy Sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do; yet have a care
Of me in what thou doest.

MELANTIUS Why thinks my friend
I will forget his honor, or to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,

And fear to touch the Throne of Majesty?

AMINTOR

A curse will follow that, but rather live
And suffer with me.

MELANTIUS

I will do what worth shall bid me, and no more.

AMINTOR

Faith I am sick, and desperately I hope,
Yet leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.

MELANTIUS

Come take again your mirth about you.

AMINTOR

I shall never do't.

MELANTIUS

I warrant you, look up, we'll walk together,
Put thine arm here, all shall be well again.

AMINTOR

Thy Love—O wretched I—thy Love, Melantius;
Why, I have nothing else.

MELANTIUS

Be merry then.

3.9 [*Amintor exits. Melantius remains.*]

MELANTIUS

This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself, but I have cherisht him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeit again; Sword hold thine edge,
My heart will never fail me: Diphilus,
Thou com'st as sent.

[*Enter Diphilus.*]

Anon I'll tell you wonders; we are wrong'd.

DIPHILUS

But I will tell you now, we'll right our selves.

MELANTIUS

Stay not, prepare the armor in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too;
Haste Diphilus, the time requires it, haste.

3.10 [*Exit Diphilus.*]

I hope my cause is just, I know my blood
Tells me it is, and I will credit it:
To take revenge, and lose my self withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which misery
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax, but I must have it, see

[*Enter Calianax.*]

Where he comes shaking by me: good my Lord,
Forget your spleen to me, I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.

CALIANAX

'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

MELANTIUS

Y'are touchy without all cause.

CALIANAX

Do, mock me.

MELANTIUS By mine honor I speak truth.

CALIANAX Honor? where is't?

MELANTIUS See what starts you make into your hatred to my
love and freedom to you. – I come with resolution to
obtain a suit of you.

CALIANAX A suit of me! 'tis very like it should be granted, Sir.

MELANTIUS Nay, go not hence;
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the Fort,
And I would wish you by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it into my hands.

CALIANAX I am in hope that thou art mad, to talk to me thus.

MELANTIUS But there is a reason to move you to it. I would
kill the King that wrong'd you and your daughter.

CALIANAX Out Traitor!

MELANTIUS Nay but stay; I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.

CALIANAX And should I help thee? now thy treacherous mind
betrays it self.

MELANTIUS Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke; refuse not offered love,

When it comes clad in secrets.

CALIANAX

If I say I will not, he will kill me, I do see't writ
In his looks; and should I say I will, he'l run and tell
the King: I do not shun your friendship dear
Melantius, but this cause is weighty, give me but an
hour to think.

MELANTIUS

Take it—I know this goes unto the King,
But I am arm'd.

[Exit Melantius.]

CALIANAX

Me thinks I feel my self
But twenty now again; this fighting fool
Wants Policy; I shall revenge my Girl,
And make her red again; I pray, my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them,
I shall want breath before I find the King.

[Exit Calianax. Aspatia wanders by, singing.]

[INTERMISSION]

ACT FOUR

4. 1 Enter Melantius, Evadne, Antiphila, and Dula.

MELANTIUS

God save you.

EVADNE

Save you sweet Brother.

MELANTIUS

In my blunt eye methinks you look Evadne—

EVADNE Gentle Brother!

MELANTIUS 'Tis yet in thy remembrance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.

EVADNE How is this?

MELANTIUS 'Tis base,
And I could blush at these years, through all
My honor'd scars, to come to such a parley.

EVADNE I understand you not.

MELANTIUS You dare not, Fool;
They that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

EVADNE My faults, Sir! I would have you know I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

MELANTIUS Thy body is too little for the story,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had Twins within her.

EVADNE This is saucy;
Look you intrude no more, there lies your way.

MELANTIUS Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.

EVADNE What truth is that you look for?

MELANTIUS Thy long-lost honor: would the Gods had set me

Mongst sensual beasts, and make a Goat thy Brother,
A Goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

EVADNE

If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
I'll ha' you whipt; get you to your command,
And there preach to your Sentinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are; I shall laugh at you.

MELANTIUS

Y'are grown a glorious Whore; where be your Fighters?
What mortal Fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive? by my just Sword, h'ad safer
Bestride a Billow when the angry North
Plows up the Sea, or made Heavens fire his food;
Work me no higher; will you discover yet?

EVADNE

The Fellow's mad, sleep and speak sense.

MELANTIUS

Force my swollen heart no further; I would save
thee; your great maintainers are not here, they dare
not, would they were all, and armed, I would speak
loud; here's one should thunder to 'em: will you tell
me? thou hast no hope to scape;; thou hast death
about thee: h'as undone thine honor, poison'd thy
virtue, and of a lovely rose, left thee a canker.

EVADNE

Let me consider.

MELANTIUS

Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honor thou hast murdered, whose grave open'd,

EVADNE

Good Sir!

MELANTIUS

Canst thou live and know

What noble minds shall make thee see thy self

Found out with every finger, made the shame

Of all successions, and in this great ruin

Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?

Thou shalt not live thus; kneel and swear to help me

When I shall call thee to it, or by all

Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live

To breath a full hour longer, not a thought:

Come 'tis a righteous oath; give me thy hand,

And both to heaven held up, swear by that wealth

This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,

To let his foul soul out.

EVADNE

Here I swear it,

And all you spirits of abused Ladies

Help me in this performance.

MELANTIUS

Enough; this must be known to none

But you and I Evadne; not to your Lord,

Ask me not why. Farewell.

4.3 [*Exit Melantius.*]

EVADNE

Would I could say so to my black disgrace.

Oh where have I been all this time! how friended,

That I should lose my self thus desperately,

And none for pity show me how I wandred?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: sure I am monstrous,
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me, choak not up

[Enter Amintor.]

The way to my repentance. O my Lord.

AMINTOR

How now?

EVADNE

My much abused Lord!

[Kneels.]

AMINTOR

This cannot be.

EVADNE

I do not kneel to live, I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater; look upon me
Though I appear with all my faults.

AMINTOR

Stand up.
This is no new way to beget more sorrow;
Heaven knows I have too many; do not mock me.

EVADNE

My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance: I would buy your pardon
Though at the highest set, even with my life:
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice

For what I have committed.

AMINTOR

Sure I dazzle. Can I believe

There's any seed of Virtue in that woman

Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin

Known, and so known as thine is, O Evadne!

Would there were any safety in thy sex,

That I might put a thousand sorrows off,

And credit thy repentance: but I must not;

Thou hast brought me to the dull calamity,

To that strange misbelief of all the world,

And all things that are in it, that I fear

I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,

Only remembering that I grieve.

EVADNE

My Lord,

Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,

A soul as white as heaven: let not my sins

Perish your noble youth: I do not fall here

To shadow by dissembling with my tears,

I do appear the same, the same Evadne,

Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster.

But these are names of honor, to what I am;

I do present my self the foulest creature,

Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,

Till you, my dear Lord, shoot your light into me,

The beams of your forgiveness: I am soul-sick,

And [wither] with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

AMINTOR

Rise Evadne,
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it: I forgive thee;
Make thy self worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed Evadne this be serious.

EVADNE

I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless;: But my Lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest,
(As many must not see me) shall though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at some thing that is near it;
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or like another Niobe I'll weep till I am water.

AMINTOR

I am now dissolved:
My frozen soul melts: may each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy: Rise, I am at peace:
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil King tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star: give me thy hand;
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honor gives me leave, be thy Amintor.

I should ha' kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance, for which thus I kiss thee,
The last kiss we must take; and would to heaven
The holy Priest that gave our hands together,
Had given us equal Virtues: go Evadne,
The gods thus part our bodies, have a care
My honor falls no farther, I am well then.

EVADNE

All the dear joys here, and above hereafter
Crown thy fair soul: thus I take leave my Lord,
And never shall you see the foul Evadne
Till sh'ave tried all honored means that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

[Exeunt.]

4.4 Banquet. Enter King, Calianax. Hoboyes play within.

KING

I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemy.

CALIANAX

I am sure he said it to me, and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

KING

But did he break without all circumstance
To you his foe, that he would have the Fort
To kill me, and then escape?

CALIANAX

If he deny it, I'll make him blush.

KING

It sounds incredibly.

CALIANAX Ay, so does every thing I say of late.

KING Not so Calianax.

CALIANAX Yes, I should sit
Mute, whilst a Rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.

KING Well, I will try him, and if this be true
I'll pawn my life I'll find it; if't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,
Not in the Court.

CALIANAX Why if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false; for I'll be sworn I heard it:
Old men are good for nothing; you would ha' trusted me
Once, but the time is altered.

KING And will still where I may do with justice to the world;
You have no witness.

CALIANAX Yes, my self.

KING No more I mean there were that heard it.

CALIANAX How no more? would you have more? why am
Not I enough to hang a thousand Rogues?

KING But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

CALIANAX I may, 'tis like I will do so; there are a hundred will

A merry Tale about him, to raise a laughter
Amongst our wine? why Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably
When I desire 'em not.

STRATO 'Tis my ill luck Sir, so to spend them then.

KING Reach me a bowl of wine: Melantius, thou art sad.

AMINTOR I should be Sir the merriest here,
But I ha' ne're a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.

KING Give me the Wine.
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere for any man we trust
To poison one of us in such a bowl.

MELANTIUS I think it were not hard Sir, for a Knave.

CALIANAX Such as you are.

KING I' faith 'twere easy, it becomes us well
To get plain dealing men about our selves,
Such as you all are here: Amintor, to thee
And to thy fair Evadne.

MELANTIUS Have you thought of this Calianax?

CALIANAX Yes marry have I.

MELANTIUS And what's your resolution?

CALIANAX Ye shall have it soundly?

KING Reach to Amintor, Strato.

AMINTOR Here my love,
This Wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks, and till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.

KING Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our State;
He could not escape that did it.

MELANTIUS Were he known, impossible.

KING It would be known, Melantius.

MELANTIUS It ought to be, if he got then away
He must wear all our lives upon his sword,
He need not fly the Island, he must leave no one alive.

KING No, I should think no man
Could kill me and scape clear, but that old man.

CALIANAX But I! heaven bless me: I, should I my Liege?

KING I do not think thou wouldst, but yet thou might'st,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape,

By keeping of the Fort; he has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.

MELANTIUS

From cobwebs Sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other Art
In keeping of it now, 'twas ne're besieg'd since he commanded.

CALIANAX

I shall be sure of your good word,
But I have kept it safe from such as you.

MELANTIUS

Keep your ill temper in,
I speak no malice; had my brother kept it I should
ha' said as much.

KING

You are not merry, brother; drink wine,
Sit you all still! Calianax,
I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out words
That would have fetcht warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd,
He knows no such thing.

CALIANAX

Impudence may scape,
When feeble virtue is accus'd.

KING

He must, if he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,
You see he does not.

CALIANAX

Let him hang himself,
What care I what he does; this he did say.

KING

Melantius, you cannot easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiss; but I forgive
Freely before this man; heaven do so too:
I will not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

CALIANAX

Why this is very fine.

MELANTIUS

I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
But let me know it; happily 'tis nought
But misconstruction, and where I am clear
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.

KING

Nay if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.

MELANTIUS

I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.

KING

Not to instruct your knowledge, but to show you
My ears are everywhere, you meant to kill me,
And get the Fort to scape.

MELANTIUS

Pardon me Sir;

My bluntness will be pardoned: You preserve

A race of idle people here about you,

Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth

Of those that do things worthy;

Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)

To kill him that spake this.

CALIANAX

Ay, that will be the end of all,

Then I am fairly paid for all my care and service.

MELANTIUS

That old man

Who calls me enemy, and of whom I

(Though I will never match my hate so low)

Have no good thought, would yet I think excuse me,

And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.

CALIANAX

Who I, thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak

to me of it thy self?

MELANTIUS

O then it came from him.

CALIANAX

From me! who should it come from but from me?

MELANTIUS

Nay, I believe your malice is enough,

But I ha' lost my anger. Sir, I hope you are well satisfied.

KING

Lysippus, cheer Amintor and his Lady; there's no sound

Comes from you; I will come and do't my self.

AMINTOR You have done already Sir for me, I thank you.

KING Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight so e're you mak't.

MELANTIUS 'Tis strange you should.

CALIANAX 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's word,
That never lied in his life.

MELANTIUS I talk not to thee;
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,
Frantick with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your Majesty and me? 'twas wrong
To hearken to him; when I was a boy,
I thrust my self into my Countries cause,
And did a deed that pluckt five years from time,
And stil'd me man then: And for you my King,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of my arm.
This sword of mine hath plow'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;
And your self have liv'd at home in ease:
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetcht you conquest, and my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will is great
To do you service: let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

KING

Melantius,

I held it great injustice to believe

Thine Enemy, and did not; if I did,

I do not, let that satisfy: what struck

With sadness all? More Wine!

CALIANAX

A few fine words have overthrown my truth:

Ah th'art a Villain.

MELANTIUS

Why thou wert better let me have the Fort,

Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;

There shall no credit lie upon thy words;

Think better and deliver it.

CALIANAX

My Liege,

He's at me now again to do it; speak,

Deny it if thou canst; examine him

Whilst he's hot, for he'l cool again,

He will forswear it.

KING

This is lunacy I hope, Melantius.

MELANTIUS

He hath lost himself

Much since his Daughter mist the happiness

My Sister gain'd; and though he call me Foe,

I pity him.

CALIANAX

Pity! a pox upon you.

MELANTIUS

Mark his disordered words, and at the Mask

Diagoras knows he raged, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a Lady 'Whore,' so innocent
She understood him not; but it becomes
Both you and me too, to forgive distraction,
Pardon him as I do.

CALIANAX

I'll not speak for thee, for all thy cunning, if you
will be safe chop off his head, for there was never
known so impudent a Rascal.

KING

Some that love him, get him to bed.

MELANTIUS

Calianax,
the King believes you; come, you shall go Home,
and rest; you ha' done well; [*privately, to Calianax*] you'll give it up
When I have us'd you thus a month I hope.

CALIANAX

Now, now, 'tis plain Sir, he does move me still;
He says he knows I'll give him up the Fort,
When he has us'd me thus a month: I am mad,
Am I not still?

ALL

Ha, ha, ha!

CALIANAX

I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus;
Why would you trust a sturdy fellow there
Before me? do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an Ass, and I am a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

ALL Ha, ha, ha!

KING 'Tis well Calianax; but if you use
This once again, I shall intreat some other
To see your Offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry Gentlemen, it grows somewhat late.
Amintor, thou wouldest be abed again.

AMINTOR Yes Sir.

KING And you Evadne; let me take thee in my arms,
Melantius, and believe thou art as thou deservest to
be, my friend still, and for ever. Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly, it will bring thee to thy self.

4.6 [*Exeunt omnes. Manent Melantius and Calianax.*]

CALIANAX Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now I hope,
I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

MELANTIUS You cannot blast me with your tongue,
And that's the strongest part you have about you.

CALIANAX I do look for some great punishment for this,
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And tak't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

MELANTIUS I shall melt too, if you begin to take

Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.

CALIANAX

Thou'lt anger me again; thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King;
Lose all my Offices! this is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee what dost thou call hurt?

MELANTIUS

To poison men because they love me not;
To call the credit of mens Wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This is all hurt.

CALIANAX

All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: but use thy will with me;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.

MELANTIUS

Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.

CALIANAX

Ay o'th' King? I would revenge of thee.

MELANTIUS

That you must plot your self.

CALIANAX

I am a fine plotter.

MELANTIUS

The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers; thou shalt hold

thy wanted state.

CALIANAX If I should tell the King, canst thou deny't again?

MELANTIUS Try and believe.

CALIANAX Nay then, thou canst bring any thing about:
Melantius, thou shalt have the Fort.

MELANTIUS Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right us both; give me thy aged breast
to compass.

CALIANAX Nay, I do not love thee yet:
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
My Offices are to be ta'ne away;
And if I did but hold this Fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried;
Ne're thank me for't; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of;
And that I was an honest man.

MELANTIUS He'll buy that knowledge very dearly.

4.7 [*Enter Diphilus.*]

What news with thee?

DIPHILUS This were a night indeed to do it in;
The King hath sent for her.

MELANTIUS She shall perform it then; go Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The Fort; he'l give it thee.

DIPHILUS Ha' you got that?

CALIANAX Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the King too?

DIPHILUS With a confidence as great as his.

CALIANAX Faith, like enough.

MELANTIUS Away, and use him kindly.

CALIANAX Touch not me, I hate the whole strain: if thou
follow me a great way off, I'll give thee up the
Fort; and hang your selves.

MELANTIUS Be gone.

DIPHILUS He's finely wrought.

4.8 [Exeunt Calianax and Diphilus.]

MELANTIUS This is a night in spite of Astronomers
To do the deed in; I will wash the stain
That rests upon our House, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

AMINTOR Melantius, now assist me if thou beest
That which thou say'st, assist me: I have lost

All my distempers, and have found a rage
so pleasing; help me.

MELANTIUS

Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance? what's the matter friend?

AMINTOR

Out with thy sword; and hand in hand with me
Rush to the Chamber of this hated King,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.

MELANTIUS

'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety: let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

AMINTOR

If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: he sent for her to me;
By Heaven to me; my self; and I must tell ye
I love her as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't my self alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.

MELANTIUS

He'll overthrow my whole design with madness:
Amintor, think what thou doest; I dare as much as valor;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest.

AMINTOR

I cannot tell

What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here defenseless.

MELANTIUS I will take it up for thee.

AMINTOR What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing that we call Honor, bears us all
Headlong unto sin, and yet it self is nothing.

MELANTIUS Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!

AMINTOR Just like my fortunes: I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some Plot
I did distrust thou hadst against the King
By that old fellows carriage.

MELANTIUS I have none against him.

AMINTOR Why, come then, and still remember we may
not think revenge.

MELANTIUS I will remember.

ACT FIVE.

5.1 Enter Evadne. Two gentlemen enter opposite, disguised.

EVADNE Sir, is the King abed?

1ST GENTLEMAN Madam, an hour ago.

EVADNE Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the Kings pleasure.

2ND GENTLEMAN I understand you Madam, would 'twere mine.
I must not wish good rest unto your Ladship.

EVADNE You talk, you talk.

2ND GENTLEMAN 'Tis all I dare do, Madam; but the King will wake,
and then—

EVADNE Saving your imagination, pray good night.

1ST GENTLEMAN A good night be it then, and a long one Madam;
I am gone.

5.2

EVADNE The night grows horrible, and all about me
Like my black purpose: O the Conscience
Of a lost Virgin; whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismal, as the depth of Hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal: if her heart
Be flesh, if she have blood, and can fear, 'tis a daring
Above that desperate fool that left his peace,
And went to Sea to fight: 'tis so many sins
An age cannot prevent 'em: and so great,
The gods want mercy for: yet I must through 'em.
I have begun a slaughter on my honor,
And I must end it there: he sleeps, good heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast

That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,
And I will do't bravely: the mere joy
Tells me I merit in it: yet I must not
Thus tamely do it as he sleeps: that were
To rock him to another world: my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evil Angel, his sick Conscience:
And then I'll strike him dead: King, by your leave:

[Ties his arms to the bed.]

I dare not trust your strength: your Grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more:
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough. // (As I believe he shall not, I shall fit him)
My Lord the King, my Lord; he sleeps
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord;
Is he not dead already? Sir, my Lord.

KING

Who's that?

EVADNE

O you sleep soundly Sir!

KING

My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee; come to bed.

EVADNE

I am come at length Sir, but how welcome?

That knows not pity: stir not, if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepar'd; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge I will) to look those torments
Prepar'd for such black souls.

KING

Thou dost not mean this: 'tis impossible:
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

EVADNE

No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here: I was once fair,
Once I was lovely, not a blowing Rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul Canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me: I was a world of virtue,
Till your curst Court and you (hell bless you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honor; for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.

KING

No.

EVADNE

I am.

KING

Thou art not.
I prithee speak not these things; thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

EVADNE

Peace and hear me.

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too, which being past my steel,
My tongue shall teach: Thou art a shameless Villain,
Sent like a thick cloud to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant
That for his Lust would sell away his Subjects,
Ay, all his heaven hereafter.

KING

Hear Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness! hear, I am thy King.

EVADNE

Thou art my shame; lie still, there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams: thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance.

KING

Hold Evadne!
I do command thee hold.

EVADNE

I do not mean Sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.

KING

What bloody villain
Provok't thee to this murder?

EVADNE

Thou, thou monster.

KING O!

EVADNE Thou kept'st me brave at Court, and Whor'd me;
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman;
And Whor'd me still.

KING Evadne, pity me.

EVADNE Hell take me then; this for my Lord Amintor;
This for my noble brother: and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women.

KING O! I die.

EVADNE Die all our faults together; I forgive thee.

[Exit.]

5.3 Enter two of the Bed-Chamber.

2ND GENTLEMAN Come now she's gone, let's enter, the King expects
it, and will be angry.

1ST GENTLEMAN Content: how quickly he had done with her! I see
kings can do no more that way than other mortal
people.

2ND GENTLEMAN How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.

1ST GENTLEMAN Either the Tapers give a feeble light, or he looks very
pale.

2ND GENTLEMAN And so he does, pray Heaven he be well.

Let's look: Alas! he's stiffe, wounded and dead:

Treason, Treason!

1ST GENTLEMAN Run forth and call.

[Exit Gent.]

2ND GENTLEMAN Treason, Treason!

1ST GENTLEMAN This will be laid on us: who can believe
A Woman could do this?

5.4 Enter Lysippus.

LYSIPPUS How now, where's the Traitor?

1ST GENTLEMAN Fled, fled away; but there her woful act lies still.

LYSIPPUS Where's the body?

1ST GENTLEMAN There.

LYSIPPUS Farewell thou worthy man; there were two bonds
That tied our loves, a Brother and a King;
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me.
Sirs, which way went she?

[Enter Strato.]

STRATO Never follow her,
For she alas! was but the instrument.

News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the Fort, and stands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls those few that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocent of this act.

LYSIPPUS Gentlemen, I am your King.

STRATO We do acknowledge it.

LYSIPPUS I would I were not: follow all; for this must have
a sudden stop.

[Exeunt]

5.5 Enter Melantius, Diphilus, and Calianax on the wall.

MELANTIUS Be constant Diphilus; now we have time,
Either to bring our banisht honors home,
Or create new ones in our ends.

DIPHILUS I fear not;
My spirit lies not that way. Courage Calianax.

CALIANAX Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

MELANTIUS Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.

CALIANAX 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows;
You were born to be my end; the Devil take you.
Now must I hang for company; 'tis strange
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

5.6 Enter Lysippus, Strato, and 1st and 2nd gentlemen

LYSIPPUS See where he stands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.

STRATO He looks as if he had the bet[t]er cause; Sir,
Under your gracious pardon let me speak it;
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pull'd on than sought; his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.

LYSIPPUS 'Tis my fear too;
Heaven forgive all: summon him Lord Strato.

STRATO Ho from the walls there.

MELANTIUS Worthy Strato, welcome;
We could have wisht you here Lord; you are honest.

CALIANAX Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare
not tell you so.

LYSIPPUS Melantius.

MELANTIUS Sir.

LYSIPPUS I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd such distance; pray Heaven
You have not left your self, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honor; yet you know best.

CALIANAX When time was I was mad; some that dares

Fight I hope will pay this Rascal.

MELANTIUS

Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee;
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy Brother,
Whil'st he was good, I call'd him King, and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valor;
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never cur'd dishonor of my Sister,
Base stain of Whore; and which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like my self;
Thus have I flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here mine own justice to revenge
What I have suffered in him; and this old man
Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

CALIANAX

Who I? you'd draw me in: I have had no wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.

MELANTIUS

The short is this;
'Tis no ambition to lift up my self,
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be freed;
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly Town; be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

STRATO

Be sudden Sir to tie

All up again; what's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this;
Throw him the blank.

LYSIPPUS Melantius, write in that thy choice,
My Seal is at it.

MELANTIUS It was our honor drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardon.

CALIANAX Put my name in too.

DIPHILUS You disclaim'd us but now, Calianax.

CALIANAX That's all one;
I'll not be hanged hereafter by a trick;
I'll have it in.

MELANTIUS You shall, you shall;
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you King,
And give you up the Fort.

LYSIPPUS Away, away.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

5.7 Enter Aspatia in mans apparel.

ASPATIA This is my fatal hour; heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelesly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest:

And put a Woman's heart into my breast;
It is more honor for you that I die;
For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live, and laugh at all that you can do.
God save you Sir.

[Enter Servant.]

SERVANT And you Sir; what's your business?

ASPATIA With you Sir now, to do me the Office
To help me to you[r] Lord.

SERVANT What, would you serve him?

ASPATIA I'll do him any service; but to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire to speak with him.

SERVANT Sir, because you are in such haste, I would be loath
delay you any longer: you cannot.

ASPATIA It shall become you tho' to tell your Lord.

SERVANT Sir, he will speak with nobody.

ASPATIA This is most strange: art thou gold proof? there's
for thee; help me to him.

SERVANT Pray be not angry Sir, I'll do my best.

[Exit.]

With these few blemishes people would call me
My Sisters Picture, and her mine; in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

AMINTOR

The wrong'd Aspatia! would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor; let me kiss
That hand of thine in honor that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia: here I stand
That did it; would he could not; gentle youth
Leave me, for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

ASPATIA

I would I could with credit:
Since I was twelve years old I had not seen
My Sister till this hour; I now arriv'd;
She sent for me to see her Marriage,
A woful one: but they that are above,
Have ends in every thing; she us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injury you did her.
That little training I have had is War;
I may behave my self rudely in Peace;
I would not though; I shall not need to tell you
I am but young; and you would be loth to lose
Honor that is not easily gain'd again.

Fairly I mean to deal; the age is strict
For single combats, and we shall be stopt
If it be publish't: if you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

AMINTOR

Charitable youth,
If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong; and for thy Sisters sake,
Know that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet to enjoy this world
I would not see her; for beholding thee,
I am I know not what; if I have ought
That may content thee, take it and be gone;
For death is not so terrible as thou;
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

ASPATIA

Thus she swore
Thou would'st behave thy self, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes, and so
Thou dost indeed; but yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd, and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.

AMINTOR

That must not be with me;
For her I'll die directly, but against her

will never hazard it.

ASPATIA

You must be urg'd;
I do not deal uncivilly with those that
Dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be us'd thus.

[She strikes him.]

AMINTOR

Prithee youth take heed;
Thy Sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honor, that I can endure
All this; good gods--a blow I can endure;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timely death
upon thy self.

ASPATIA

Thou art some prating fellow,
One that hath studied out a trick to talk
And move soft-hearted people; to be kickt,

[She kicks him.]

Thus to be kickt—why should he be so slow
In giving me my death?

AMINTOR

A man can bear
No more and keep his flesh; forgive me then;
I would endure yet if I could; now show
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand
Thou hast no honor to live:

[They fight.]

What dost thou mean? thou canst not fight:
The blows thou mak'st at me are quite besides;
And those I offer at thee, thou spread'st thine arms,
And tak'st upon thy breast, Alas! defenseless.

ASPATIA I have got enough, And my desire;
there is no place so fit for me to die as here.

5.9 Enter Evadne.

EVADNE Amintor; I am loaden with events
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys

[Her hands bloody with a knife.]

That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again;
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
but not her mischiefs.

AMINTOR Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news that
I am staid.

EVADNE Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak, am I not fair?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then;

Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

AMINTOR

There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which it seems thy tongue hath lost:
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

EVADNE

In this consists thy happiness and mine;
Joy to Amintor, for the King is dead.

AMINTOR

Those have most power to hurt us that we love,
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why, thou hast rais'd up mischief to this height,
And found out one to out-name thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continual ill.

EVADNE

'Tis done; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

AMINTOR

Could'st thou procure the Gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them; behold
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand: and to augment my woe,
You now are present stain'd with a Kings blood
Violently shed: this keeps night here,

And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

ASPATIA O, o, o!

AMINTOR No more, pursue me not.

EVADNE Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.
We may not part.

AMINTOR Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.

EVADNE 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

AMINTOR Take heed, it will return with me.

EVADNE If it must be,
I shall not fear to meet it; take me home.

AMINTOR Thou monster of cruelty, forbear.

EVADNE For heavens sake look more calm;
Thine eyes are sharper than thou canst make thy sword.

AMINTOR Away, away, thy knees are more to me than violence.
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant; for heavens sake stand.

EVADNE Receive me then.

AMINTOR I dare not stay thy language;
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says I lov'd thee once; I dare not stay;

There is no end of women's reasoning.

[Leaves her.]

EVADNE Amintor, thou shalt love me once again;
Go, I am calm; farewell; and peace for ever.
Evadne whom thou hat'st will die for thee.

[Kills her self.]

AMINTOR I have a little humane nature yet
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand

[Returns.]

EVADNE Thy hand was welcome, but came too late;
Oh I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.

5.10 *[She dies.]*

ASPATIA O, o, o!

AMINTOR This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood;
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to my self;
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring, and yet would it were done;
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up,

I have not such a fault to answer,
Though she may justly arm with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow:
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

ASPATIA Was it a dream? there stands Amintor still:
Or I dream still.

AMINTOR How dost thou? speak, receive my love, and help:
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
There's hope of thy recovery.

ASPATIA Did you not name Aspatia?

AMINTOR I did.

ASPATIA And talkt of tears and sorrow unto her?

AMINTOR 'Tis true, and till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

ASPATIA Th'art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats I brought with me, sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand,
I am Aspatia yet.

AMINTOR Dare my soul ever look abroad again?

ASPATIA I shall live Amintor; I am well:

A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

AMINTOR

The world wants lines to excuse thy loss:

Come let me bear thee to some place of help.

ASPATIA

Amintor thou must stay, I must rest here,

My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou my best soul? I would fain live,

Now if I could: would'st thou have loved me then?

AMINTOR

Alas! all that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

ASPATIA

Give me thy hand, mine hands grope up and down,

And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick:

Have I thy hand Amintor?

AMINTOR

Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

ASPATIA

I do believe thee better than my sense.

O, I must go, farewell.

AMINTOR

She swoons: Aspatia help, for Heavens sake water;

Such as may chain life for ever to this frame.

Aspatia, speak: what no help? yet I fool,

I'll chafe her temples, yet there's nothing stirs;

Some hidden Power tell her that Amintor calls,

And let her answer me: Aspatia, speak.

Oh she is gone! I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing;

I'll call it mercy if you'll pity me,

You heavenly powers, and lend for some few years,

The blessed soul to this fair seat again.

Aspatia!

The soul is fled for ever, and I wrong

My self, so long to lose her company.

Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee love

[Kills himself.]

5.11 Enter servant.

SERVANT

This is a great grace to my Lord, to have the new
king come to him; I must tell him, he is entering. O
Heaven help, help!

Enter Lysippus, Melantius, Calianax, Diphilus, and Strato.

LYSIPPUS

Where's Amintor?

STRATO

O there, there.

LYSIPPUS

How strange is this!

CALIANAX

What should we do here?

MELANTIUS

These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever; eyes, call up your tears;
This is Amintor: heart he was my friend;
Melt, now it flows; Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.

AMINTOR O!

MELANTIUS Melantius calls his friend Amintor; O thy arms
Are kinder to me than thy tongue; Speak, speak.

AMINTOR What?

MELANTIUS That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.

DIPHILUS O brother! here lies your Sister slain;
You lose your self in sorrow there.

MELANTIUS Why Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this;
Here was my Sister, Father, Brother, Son;
All that I had; speak once again;
What youth lies slain there by thee?

AMINTOR 'Tis Aspatia.
My senses fade, let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom.

CALIANAX What's that? what's that? Aspatia!

MELANTIUS I never did repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.

CALIANAX My daughter dead here too! and you have all fine
new tricks to grieve; but I ne're knew any but direct
crying.

MELANTIUS I am a prattler, but no more.

DIPHILUS Hold Brother.

LYSIPPUS Stop him.

DIPHILUS Fie; how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our strain?

CALIANAX I know not what the matter is, but I am
Grown very kind, and am friends with you;
You have given me that among you will kill me
Quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

MELANTIUS His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon good enough
To stop my breath? or if you tie down those,
I vow Amintor I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life; this I swear to keep.

LYSIPPUS Look to him tho', and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: for on lustful Kings
Unlookt for sudden deaths from heaven are sent!
But curst is he that is their instrument.

THE END