THE ROYALL KING,

AND

The Loyall Subject.

As it hath beene Acted with great Applausse by the Queenes Maiesties Servants.

By Thomas Heywood.

Ant prodeffe solent, aut delectare.

First Edition.

Written by Thomas Heywood.

LONDON,

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The Prologue to the Stage.

To give content to this most curious Age,
The gods themselves we have brought downe
to the Stage,
And figur'd them in Planets, made even Hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell,
(Saving the Muses rapture) further, we
Have traffickt by their helpe, no History
We have left untisled, our Pens have beeene dipt:
As well in opening each hid Manuscript,
As Traets more vulgar, whether read, or sung;
In our domestick, or more foraigne tongue:
Of Fairy Elves, Nymphs of the Sea, and Land;
The Lawnes and Groves, no number can be scan'd
Which we have not given feet to, nay 'tis knowne,
That when our Chronicles have barren growne
Of Story, we have all Invention strecht,
Div'd low as to the Center, and then reacht
Unto the Primum mobile above:
(Nor scapt things intermediate) for your love,
These have beeene Acted often, all have past
Censure; of which some live, and some are cast:
For this in agitation, stay the end,
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.

A 3 Dra-
Drammatis Personæ.

The King of England.
The Lord Marshal.
The Earl of Chester.
The Lord Lacy.
The Lord Clinton.
The Lord Audley.
The Lord Bonville.
The Princess.
Isabella, the Marshal's eldest daughter.
Margaret, the Marshal's younger daughter.
The Lady Mary Audley.
Two Gentlemen in a brothel-house.

The Prince of England.
Captain Bonville.
Corporall Cocke.
Lansprisado Match.
The Clowne.
A Welshman.
An Host of the Ordinary.
Four young Gallants at the Ordinary.
A Servant.
A Bawd.
Two Courtzans.
Attendants, &c.
The Royall King,
AND
The Loyall Subject.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the King of England, the Lord Lacy, Clinton, Chester, and the Marshal, Audley, and Bonvile.

King.

Hus from the holy Warres are we return'd,
To slumber in the Summer of soft peace,
Since those proud enemies that late blasphemed
And spit their furies in the face of Heaven,
Are now laid low in dust.

Chester. Dread Soveraigne,
The Heavens have shew'd their bounty unto us,
In guarding your most deare and sacred life
From opposite hatred, and that imminent perill
To which you were ingag'd.

Clinton. When in one battaile you were twice unhorst,
Guirt with the opposite rakes of Infidels,
That had not timely rescue come from Heaven,
Mortall assistance had beene ufed in vaine.
The Royall King, and

King. Ey, now you load me with a surplussadge
Of comptitle debt to this thricevaliant Lord
My noble Martiall, twice that perilous day
Did he bestride me, and beneath his Targe
Me thought that instant did I lie as sife
As in my best and strongest Cittadell;
The whilst his bright Sword like the Bolt of love,
Pierc't the Steel-e-crafts of barbarous Infidels,
And flatt't them with earth; although my Subject,
Yet in this one thing thou hast prov'd my Lord:
For when my life was forfeit to the Warres,
Thou by thy valour didst redeem it freely,
And gav'st it me, whilst thou ingag'st thy life:
For which if ever by like chance of Warre,
Lawes forfeiture, or our prerogative,
Thy life come in like danger, here we Iweare
By our earths honours, and our hopes divine,
As thou for us, we'll ouringage for thine.

Mart. You give my Lord, to Duty Attributes
Too high for her submiss humilitie:
I am your vassall, and ten thousand lives
Of equall ranke with mine, subjects and servants,
Be over-rated if compar'd with yours.

King. When I forget thee, may my operant parts
Each one forget their office: We create thee
Next to our selfe of power, we but except
The name of King, all other dignities
We will communicate to thee our friend.

Mart. May I no longer use these Royalties,
Or have the power to enjoy them, then I wholly
Devote them to your service.

Prince. Noble Martiall,
If I survive England's Inheritance,
Or ever live to sit on Jacobs Stone,
Thy love shall with my Crowne be hereditary.

Mart. And gracious Prince, since Heaven hath bin as libe-
To grace me with your favour, as my birth
*The Loyall Subject.*

Was to endow me richly; all your graces
Shall with my great and ample revenues
Be ever to your virtues serviceable.

King. We know it, and have beene observers long
Of thy choice vertues, neither could we yet
Falsen that love on thee, which came not home
With double use and ample recompence.

Clint. These graces are beyond dimension,
They have nor height, nor depth, uncircumscrib'd,
And without bounds. He like a broad arm'd tree
O're-shadow us, and throw his spacious bowes,
We that grow under cannot see the Sunne,
Nor taste the chearefull warmth of his bright beames.
These branches we must loppe by fire or Thunder,
Or by his shadowy armes be still kept under.

Chest. I was borne Eagle-fighted, and to gaze
In the Suns fore-head; I will brooke no cloud
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire,
I'lle have full light, or none; either soare high,
Or elle sinke low; my ominous Fate is cast,
Or to be first, or of all abjects last.

King. You shall renowned Martiall feast for us
The Embassadors that come from forraigne Lands,
To gratulate our famous victories.

Mar. I shall my Lord, and give them intertainment
To Englands honour, and to suite the place
Of which I heare the name.

King. We doubt it not:
We understand Lords, in these tedious warres
Some forward spirits have beene at great expence
To furnish them like noble Gentlemen;
And many spent most part of their revenues
In honour of their Countrey, some undone
In pursuit of these warres: now if such come
For their reliefe by suite petitionary,
Let them have gracious hearing, and supply
Or by our service, or our Treasury

*Audley*
The Royall King, and

Audley. I have one Kinsman hath spent all his land,
And is return'd a beggar, and so tatter'd,
As that I can but blush to acknowledge him:
But in the Warres he spent it, and for me,
Warres shall relieve him. He was a noble Heire,
But what these lost, let other Warres requare.

King. Lords all, once more we greate your safe returne,
With general welcome, we invite you all
To feast with us, and joy what we have wonne,
Happest in these, our Martiall, and our sonne. Exit.

Enter the Clowne and a Welch-man.

Clowne. It seemes thou hast not beene in the Warres my Friend, but art new come up to London.

Welch. Heaven please thee from all his mercies, and his graces: It was told us in Wales, that you have great pigge Organ in Pauls, and pigger by a great deale than our Organ at Rixam, which made me make my travels and my journeys on the bare hoove up to London, to have resolutions and certifications in that pulence, that when I returne into my Countries and habitations, I may give notice to mine Uncle, Rice ap Dawy, ap Morgan, ap Evan, ap Jones, ap Geoffrey. I pray where apout stands Pauls Church, can you tell her?

Clowne. O very easly; stand with thy face that way, and follow thy nose, and thou wilt be there presently. But doest thou heare Brittan, take my word, our Organ of Powles is much bigger and better than yours of Rixm, by as much as Powles Church is bigger and better than Saint Pancridge.

Welch. Awe man, you prittle and prattle nothing but leasings and untruths: now will you but eafe your posteriors a little, and I will quickly shew you your Organ of Pauls.

Clowne. Very good, I like your demonstration well; but doest thou thinke your Organ of Rixam can compare with ours for all that?

Welch. Lend me but your eares and your apprehensions, and
I will make you easily to acknowledge your errors.

Clowne. But first shew me your case in which you carry your two piare of Organs, sure those flops will not hold them: but in the meane time walke with me to the next red Lettice, and I will give thee two Cannes, and wet thine Organ-pipes well I warrant thee.

Welch. I will take your courtesies, and if ever I shall meet you in Glamorgan, or Rednock-shire, I will make bold to requite some part of your kindnesse.

A loud winding of Hornes within.

Clowne. The very noize of that Horne hath frighted my courtesie, but all’s one, fare-well for this time, and at our next meeting ten to one I will be as good as my word.

Welch. Say you to man, why then Cad keepe you from all his mercies, and good fortunes, and make us all his servants.

Sound againe.

Enter the King, Martial, & c.

King. Come, we will to the chace, be neare us Martial, I‘le try to day which of our two good steeds Can speed it best; let the most swift take both.

Martial. So please your Grace, but I shall surely loose;

Yours is the best for proofe, though mine for show.

King. That will we try, the wager grows not deepe

Equals the lay, and what we winne, wee’le keepe,

Mount, mount.

Exeunt.

Chester. Greater and greater still, no plot, no tricke

To have him quite remov’d from the Kings Grace,

To slander him?

Clin. The King will lend no eare

To any just complaint that’s made of him;

What can our scandals doe then?

Chester. Challenge him

Of Treason then, and that may haply call

His Loyalty into suspect and question,

Which in the King at least will breed a coldnesse,

If not a deadnesse of affection.

Clin. Of Treason? say he crave the combate then,
The Royall King, and

For that’s the leaft he can; which of us two
Shall combat him? I know his blowes too well,
Not I.

Cheft. I should be loath.

Clin. How doe you rellish this?

His vertue and his bounty wonne him grace,
On that wee’le build to ruine all his favours,
And worke him to disgrace.

Cheft. Pray teach me how?

Clin. Firft, praife him to the King, give all his vertues
Double their due, adde unto every thing,
Ey, and Hyperb’lize in all his deeds:
Let his knowne vertues be the common Theame
Of our discourse to itale him, rate his worth,
To equalize, if not to exceed the King:
This cannot but begeat distaff at leaft.

Cheft. But further.

Clin. Thus; then fall off from his praife,
And question his best deeds, as it may be
His noble bounty is but popular grace,
And his humility but inward pride:
His vulgar suffrage and applause abroad,
A way to clime and seate himself aloft,
You understand me?

Cheft. Fully; come to horse,

And as we ride, our further plots diggeft,
To finde what may disturbé, what ayd us best.

Exit.

Enter Martiall, and Servant.

Mar. Spurre to the King, his steed’s unhod before,
The wayes be lmony, and hee’le spoyle his beast:
Here take these shoes and hammer, brought of purpose
For mine owne use.

Serv. My Lord, have you pluck’t the shoes off from your
owne horse, to set them on anothers, a thousand to one but
you will spoile your owne Guelding quite.

Mar. No matter, doe as I command thee sirrah;

Hollow
the Loyall Subject.

Hollow him streight, I know he loves that horse,
And would not ride him bare for any gold.

Serv. Your horse is as good as his I am sure, and I think
you love him as well.

Mar. No matter, if he aske thee where thou hadst them,
Tell him, thou broughtst them with thee for my use.
Away, I le gallop after, and over-take thee.

Serv. Put your shoes on another horse's feete, and let
your owne goe bare-foot? a jest indeed.

Mar. The King affects both his good horse and Game,
I'le helpe to further both.

Enter the King, and Martiall: Winde hones.

King. You have fetcht me up at length, that's to your for-
Or my misfortune, for I lost a horse. (tune,
Martiall) you ride well furnish't to the field,
Mar. My Lord, so Horfemen thould, and I am glad
My man was so well furnish'd, and the rather
Since we are farre from help, my man is cunning,
Your Highnesse to his skill may trust your horse.

King. Thou couldst not have presented me a gift
I could have tasted better, for that beaft
I much esteemme: you were out-stript at length.

Mar. Till I was forc't to alight, my horse with yours
Kept equal speed.

Enter the Lords.

King. Our Lords? now Gentlemen,
How doe you like the Chace?

Audl. 'Twas excellent.

King. Had not my horse beene by mishance unhod,
My Martiall here and I had led you still,
Chefs. You were the better horse.

King. And you the worse,
Witness the huge edef of your way behind:
Is not my horse yet on?

Serv. He is my Lord.

King. Then let us mount again.

Cln. Your horse, my Lord, is not in state to ride;
The Royall King, and

He wants two shoes before.

King. Whole doth, the Martials?
Mart. Oft such mishances happen.
King. Were you furnish'd
For us, and for your selfe kept no supply?
Mar. So I may have my Lord to furnish you,
I care not how my selfe want.
(apply

King. Apprehension helpe mee, for every circumstance
Thou haft done me an unwonted courtesie;
You spy'd my losses first.
Mar. I did my Lord.
King. And then alighted.
Mar. True.

King. Upon my life, 'tis so,
To unloose thine owne good steed, and furnish mine,
Was't not? upon thy life resolve me true.
Mar. What I have done my Lord, I did to you.
King. You will exceed me still, and yet my courtesie
Shall ranke with thine; for this great duty shoune,
I pay thee thus, both steeds are now thine owne.

Clint. They wager love.

Mar. The best thing I can doe
In me is duty; the worst, Grace in you.

King. Then all's well; come mount, we wil returne to Court,
To order the great Turnament prepar'd
To doe our sonne grace; in which we intreat
Martial, your ayde, because your skill is great.  

Exit

Enter Corporall and Cocke rugged.

Corpor. We have visited all our familiars, is it not now time that we revilte our Captaine?

Cock. With all my heart, good Corporall, but it had not bin amiss, if we had gone to Burchen-lane first to have suited us: and yet it is a credit for a man of the sword to goe thread-bare, because by his apparell he may be taken to be an old Soldier.

Corp. Cocke, thy father was a fresh water-soldier, thou
Thou haft bene powdered, witnesse thy shape & touch-box.
Cocke. But who comes yonder, my Match? I am glad I have met thee.

Match. I knew Cock, at one time or other thou wouldest meete with thy Match. What, shall we goe to my Captains lodging?

Enter Captaine extreame ragged.

Corp. Spare that paines, yonder he appears in his colours.

Capt. Fortun' de la guere; I that have flourisht, no colours like me, nay, no Trumpet thou in his highest key, have nothing now but tagges to flourish, I that have fact the enemy, have not so much as any facing left me: were my suite but as well pointed as I have seene some, and stood I but in the midst of my followers, I might say I had nothing about me but tagge and ragge. I am descended nobly; for I am descended so low, that all the cloaths of my backe are scarce worth a Noble: I was borne to thousands, and yet a thousand to one, they will now scarce acknowledge mee where I was borne.

Corp. Health to our worthy Captaine,

Capt. Thanks my most worthy soldeirs; and yet if I should examine your worths, what at the most could all you make?

Corp. I would not have your Worship to examine our Capt. And for your insides I'le passe my word. (outfides. Cock. Canot all, our worships credit afford you a new suit?

Capt. Credit me, no; my revenues were a thousand a yeere, part of which I lavish't amongst gallants, riotted in Tavernes, havockt in Ordinaries; and when my estate began to ebbes, as my last refuge, I laid all my hopes upon the last wars, but failing there, (as the world imagins) I am return'd as you see. The King hath promised supply and reliefe to all that have spent their estates in his expeditions, but many like my selfe have beene borne to be poore, that scorne to be beggars; as many have beene borne to be rich, that can never leave it; the truth is, I am my selfe as my proceedings will expresse me further.

Cor. Will you cashier us Captaine, or shall we follow your future fortunes?

Capt.
Capt. You shall not leave me: my purpose is to try the hounours of all my friends, my Allies, my ancient associates, and see how they will respect me in my supposed poverty: though I loose their acquaintance, I will loose none of my retainers. How try you Gentlemen, will you parte with me in this my dejectedness?

Corp. As I am Corporall, so will I prove true Squire to thy body.

Cock. And as I am true Cocke, so will I crow at thy service, wate on thee with a combe for thy head, with fire to thy Pcece, with water to thy hands, and be cocke sure in any employment whatsoever.

Match. And as I am true Match, I shall scorne that any of them shall o're-match me in duty.

Capt. Attend me then; if I rise, you shall ascend; if fall, I will lie flat with you. First then I will make some tryall of my Friends at the Court, and in good time: here's the King.

Sound, Enter the King discoursing with Chester, and Clinton, Audley, and Bonville.

King. You have perswaded much, and I begin To censure strangely of his emulous love.

Chester. Further my Lord, what can his smoothnesse meane, His courtesie, and his humility, But as fly baite to catch the peoples hearts, And weane them from your love.

Clinton. Doth he not strive In all things to exceed your courtesie, Of purpose to out-shine your Royall deeds, And dazzel your brightness, that himselfe may shine? Is he not onely popular my Liege? Is not the peoples suffrage sole to him, Whilst they neglect your fame, his traine doth equall, If not exceed yours, still his Chamber throng'd With store of suitors: where the Martiall lies, There is the Court, all eyes are bent on him,

And
And on his glories; there's no Theme abroad,
But how he fav'd you from the Pagans sword,
How his sole hand sways, guides, and guards the Realme,

Cheff. Thinke but my Lord on his last game at Cheff, and
'Twas his past odds, but when he saw you moov'd, a God I
With what a fly neglect he left the mate,
Onely to make you bound to him.

Clin. For all the favours, graces, honours, loves bestow'd
Upon him from your bounteous hand,
His cunning was to thinke to quit you all, if he can agree
And pay you with a horse-shooe.

Cheff. In the Turnament
Made by the Prince your soone, when he was Peereleffe,
And without equall, this ambitious Martiall
Strives to exceed, and did; but when he saw
Your Highnesse moov'd to see the Prince disgrace,
He lost the Prize; but how? that all the people
Might see it given, not forfeit, which did add
Rather than derogate: briefly my Lord,
His courtesie is all ambition.

King. And well it may be; is he not our vassall?

Why should the Martiall then contend with us,
To exceed in any vertue? we observe himself
His popularity, how affable
He's to the people: his Hospitality,
Which adds unto his love; his forwardnesse,
To entertaine Embassadors, and feast them,
Which though he doo't upon his proper charge,
And for our honour, yet it may be thought
A smoothnesse, and a cunning, to grow great;
It must be so. A project we intend
To prove him faithlesse, or a perfect friend.
Exit King.

Cheff. It takes, these jealous thoughts we must pursu'e,
And to his late debts I'll add some thing new,

Cap. Your speech being ended, now comes in my cue.
My honourable Lord,

Cheff. What begger's this?
Cap. Beggar my Lord? I never begg'd of you:
But were I a begger, I might be a Courtiers fellow;
Could I begge tutes my Lord as well as you,
I need not goe thus clad, or were you free
From begging as I am, you might ranke me.


Cap. Folly and pride
In Silkes and Lace their imperfections shew,
But let pure vertue come in garments borne.
To begge reliefe, she gets a courtly forme:
My Lord you know me?

Clin. I have seene that face.

Cap. Why? as the same it was, it is no changellg,
It beares the tellest same front; 'tis not like yours,
Paled with the least disgrace, or pufft with bragges,
That smiles upon gay cloaths, and frownes on rags.
Mine's fleafe. It is the Sunne, and free as Vate,
Whose equal eyes looke upin want and state.

Clin. And doth not mine so too? Pray what's your busines?

Cap. Onely that you would know me: the Kings stavour
hath made you a Baron, and the Kings warres have made
me a bare one: there's lesse difference in the Accent of the
word, than in the cost of our weeds: This is the same face
you were once acquainted with, though not the same name:
I could know your face, though your diseased body were
wrapt in sheepe-skins.

Clin. This fellow offends me.

Cap. Goe charle, paffe free,
Thou knowst my forfeit lands, though forgetst me:
Nay, you would be going too, you are as aff aid of a torne
suite, as a younger brother of a Serjeant, a rich corne-master
of a plentiful yeere, or a troublesome Attorney to heare
of suits put to comprumise.

Sir, I must challenge you: you are my kinsman;
My Grand-sir was the first that rais'd the name
Of Bonvile to this height, but Lord to see
That you are growne a Lord, and know not me.

Bon.
Bonv. Cousin, I know you, you have bin an unthrift,
And lavish what you had; had I so done,
I might have ebb'd like you, where I now flow.
Cap. Yet I can purchase that, which all the wealth you
have will never winne you.
Bon. And what's that I pray?
Cap. Wit: is the word strange to you, wit?
Bon. Whither wilt thou?
Cap. True,
Wit will to many ere it come to you.
Bon. Feed you upon your purchafe, I'le keepe mine.
Cap. Have you the wit to doot?
Bon. I have wit to buy,
And you to sell, which is the greater gaine?
Cousin, I'le keepe my wealth, keep you your brain.
Cap. The wealth of Mylus choak thee ere th'art old,
And even the bread thou feed'st onchange to gold.
My Lord, you heare how I pray for my Kinred,
I have a little more charity for my friend: with you
I have some businesse.
And. I am in haste now.
Cap. I pray you stay.
And. Not now indeed.
Cap. Pardon, for here's no way
Before you heare me.
And. Prithee be briefe,
Cap. Your daughter lives I hope.
And. What's that to thee?
Cap. Somewhat it will prove, ey, and concerning me;
Before I laid my fortunes on these warses,
And was in hope to thrive, by your content;
Nay, by your motion our united hearts
Were made more firme by contract; well you know
We were betroth'd.
And. Sir, I remember't not.
Cap. I doe, and thus proceed:
I was in hope to have rais'd my fortunes high.

C 2 And
The Royall King, and

And with them to have pull'd her by degrees
Vnto that eminence at which I aime:
I venter'd for it, but instead of wealth,
I put chaft nought but wounds. Honour I had.
And the repute of valour; but my Lord,
These simply of themselves are naked Titles,
Respectlesse, without pride, and bombard wealth,
And to the purblind world shew seeminge bad,
Behold in me their shapes, they thusgoe clad.

And, You said you would be briefe.

Cap. All that I had,
I spent upon my Soldiers; we tooke no spoile.
The warres have grated on me ev'n to this
That you now see; Now my last refuge is,
To raife my selfe by her.

And. And spend her meanes.

As thou hast done thine owne vile unthrift? no,
I know no Contract.

Cap. I have one to shew.

And. No matter; think'lt thou that Ile vent my bagges
To suite in Sattin him that Jet in ragges?

Exit.

Cap. The world's all of one heart, this blaze I can;
All love the money, none esteemes the man.
Thee be our friends at Court, and fine ones too,
Are they not pray? where be our followers?

Cock. Here noble Captaine.

Cap. You see how our friends grace us, what hopes we have
to preferre you?

Corp. I see sufficient: Captaine, I will discharge my selfe,
I meane to seeke else-where for preferment.

Cap. All leave me if you please, but him that stays,
If e're I mount, Ile with my fortunes raise.

Match. Captaine, I desire your passe, I meane to march al-

long with my Corporall.

Cap. Wilt thou goe too?

Cock. I leave you? who Ile for a little diversitie, for a wet
storme? no Sir, though your out-rides fall away, I'll cleave
as close to you as your linings.

Cap. Gramercy yet, away without reply?

Corp. Furse for thy base service.

Cap. Away, sfoot how am I fale out of my humour? and yet this strangeness of my nearest friends and alliance deserves a little contemplating; is’t possible, that even Lords, that have the best educating, whose ears are frequent to the most fluent discourse, that live in the very braine of the Land, the Court, that these should be gull’d with shadows, and not be able to distinguish a man when they see him; thou knowest me, yet these do not.

Cock. Why may not a poore man have as good eyes as another? their ears indeed may be larger than mine, but I can see as far without spectacles as the best Lord in the land.

Cap. These superficial Lords that thinke every thing to be as it appereas, they never question a mans wit, his discretion, his language, his inward vertues, but as hee seemes, he palette.

Cock. I warrant if I should looke like an Asse, They would take mee for one too.

Cap. The next I try is my betroth’d, if she acknowledge this hand that hath received hers, this heart, this face, and knowes the person from the garment, I shall say, Woman, there is more vertue in thee than Man.

Cock. There’s no question of that; for they say, they will hold out better: But Sir, if we be no better habited, I make a question how we shall get in at the Court-gate; for I’le assure you your fashion is not in request at the Court.

Cap. My vertue is not to be imitated; I’le hold my purpose though I be kept backe, and venter lashing in the Porters Lodge. Come, follow me, I will goe see my Mistresse, Though guirt with all the Ladies of the Court:

Though ragged Vertue oft may be kept out,

No grate so strongly kept above the Center,

But Asses with gold laden, free may enter.

C 3

Actus
The Royall King, and

Actus secundus, Scena secundae.

Enter the Prince, the Princesse, the Martiall, and the Lady Mary Audley.

Prince. Lord Martiall, we are much in debt to you,
   For by your favour we obtain'd the prize
   In the last Tourney: we acknowledge it.

Mar. I could not love my Soveraigne Gracious Prince,
   Without extent of duty to the sonne.

Princesse. 'Twas nobly ply'd on both sides, both had ho-
   Yet brother to be modest in your praise,
   You had the best.

Prince. You please to grace me Sister.

Martial, I heare you are a widdower late;

How long is't since your beauteous Countesse dy'd?

Mar. My Lord, you make me now unsoldier-like
   Forget the name of Martiall, to become
   A passionate husband; her remembrance drawes
   Teares from mine eyes; shee dy'd some three Moneths since,
   Good Lady shee's now gone.

Princesse. A kinde Husband.

I'll warrant him: if e're I chance to bride,

Heaven grant I finde no worse.

Prince. Have you no children by her?

Mar. Two sweete Girles,

Now all my hopes and solace of this earth,
   Whom next the zeale I owe unto my King,
   I prize above the world,

Prince. Why noble Sir,

Are they not brought up to be train'd at Court,
   To attend our Sister?

Mar. They are young and tender.
   And e're I teach them fashion, I would gladly
   Traine them in vertue, and to arme their youth
   Against the smooth and amorous baits of Court.

Princesse.
the Loyall Subiect.

Princesse. As kind a Father as a Husband now:

If e're I chance to wedde, such Heaven grant me.

Prince. Why Heaven may heare your prayer: here's one

Princesse. Yea e're long

Shee may both dreame, and speake as much as I.

No question but she thinks as much already;

And were here voyce and her election free,

Shee would not stinke to say this man for me.

Prince. You make the Lady blushe.

Princesse. Why to change face,

They say in modest Maides are signes of grace:

Yet many that like her hold downe the head,

Will ne'r change colour when they're once in bed.

Prince. You'll put the Lady out of countenance quite.

Princesse. Not out of heart; for all of her complexion,

Shew in their face the fire of their affection:

And even the modest wives, this know we too,

Oft blushe to speake what is no shame to doe.

Mar. Lady, the Princesse doth but try your spirit,

And prove your cheeke, yet doe not take it ill,

Hceele one day come will act the Husbands part.

Enter Captaine and Cocke.

Princesse. Here enters one, I hope it be not he.

Cap. Attend me sirrah into the presence, and if any of the

Guard repulse thee, regard him not.

Cocke. I'le march where my Captaine leads, wert into

the Presence of the great Termagaunt.

Cap. My duty to the Prince, Madam your favour,

Lord Martiall, yours.

Prince. What will the fellow doe?

Cap. Lady, your lip.

Princesse. My Lord, how like you this?

Shee'd blushe to speake, that doth not blushe to kisse.

Cocke. Well said Mistris.

Prince. A good bold fellow.

Cap.
The Royall King, and

Cap. You are not ashamed to acknowledge me in this good company: I have brought thee all that the warres have left of me; were I better worth, 'twere all thine; thou canst have no more of the Cat but his skinne, I have brought thee home the same eyes that first saw thee, the same tongue that first courted thee, the same hand that first contracted thee, and the same heart that first affected thee: More I have not, lest I cannot: nay quickly sweet Wench, and let me know what to trust to.

Lady Mary. Were you more worth, I could not love you or lesse, affect you lesse; you have brought me home all that I love, yourself, and you are welcome.
I gave no faith to Money, but a Man,
And that I cannot loose possessing you:
'Tis not the robe or garment I affect,
For who would marry with a suite of cloaths?
Diamonds, though set in Lead, retain their worth,
And leaden Knives may have a golden sheath.
My love is to the Jewell, not the Case;
And you my jewel I are.


Cock. Here's a short horse soone curried.

Prince. Is this your sweet-heart? I had need with you much joy, for I see but a little towards: Where did you take him up by the hye-way, or did you not fall in love with him hanging on a Gibbet?

Prince. What is he for Heavens sake? can no man give him his true character?

Mar. I can my Lord, he's of a noble House,
A Bonville, and great Heire; but being profuse,
And lavish in his nonage, spent the most
Of his knowne means, and hoping now at last
To raise his fortunes by the warres now cait,
His hopes have fail'd him, yet we know him valiant
And fortunate in service: One whose minde
No fortune can deject, no favour raise
Above his virtuous pitch.

Prince.
the Loyall Subject.

Prince. If he be such,
Wee'le move the King in his behalfe, and helpe
To cherish his good parts. Enter Chelster.

Cheef. My Lord the Prince,
The King calls for you; for he dines to day
In the great Hall with great solemnity,
And his best state: Lord Martial, you this day
Must use your place, and waite, so all the Lords.

Prince. Come, wee'le goe see the King.
Mar. I shall attend your Grace. Exit.

Princess. And in faith Lady can you be in love with this ragge of honour?

Lady Ma. Madam, you know I am my Fathers heire,
My possibillities may raise his hopes.
To their first height: should I despise my hand
In a torne glove, or tastte a poylous draught
Because presented in a Cup of Gold?
Vertue will last when wealth flyes, and is gone:
Let me drinke NeSbar though in earth or stone.

Princess. But say your Father now, as many Fathers are,
proove a true worldling, and rather than bestow thee on one
dejected, dis-inherit thee? how then?

Lady Ma. My Father is my Father, but my Husband,
He is my selfe: my resolution is
To profess constancy, and keepe mine honour;
And rather than to Queene it where I hate,
Begge where I love: I wish no better fate.

Princess. By my faith good counsell, if I live long enough,
It may be I may have the grace to follow it. Exit.

Sound: enter two banquets brought forth, at one the King
and the Prince in their State, at the other the Lords: the
Martial with his Staffe and Key, and other offices borne be-
fore him to waite on the King.

King. This Anniverfary doe we yeererly keepe
In memory of our late victories.

D
In joy of which we make a publicke feast,
And banquet all our Peeres thus openly.
Sit Lords, those onely we appoint to waite,
Attend us for this day: and now to crowne
Our Festivall, we will begin this health.
Who's that so neare our elbow? Martiall? you?
Stand off we wish you, further.

Mar. Your Highnesse will's a law;
I shall obey.
King. You are too neare us yet: what are we King,
Or have we countermanders?
Cheste. Note you that?
Clint. Now it begins.
Mar. I fear some Sycophants
Have dealt ignobly with us to the King:
No matter I am arm'd with innocence,
And that dares front all danger.
King. Lords this Health:
The King drinks,
See it goe round, 'twas to our victory:
they all stand.
Mar. With pardon, can your Highnesse that remember,
And fo forget me?
King. Thou dost prompt me well,
You are our Martiall.
Mar. I have us'd that place.
King. Your Staffe? support it, and resolve me this:
Which of yon Lords there seated at the bord,
Haft thou beene moost in opposition with?
Or whom do'st thou least favour?
Mar. I love all:
But should you aske me who hath wrong'd me moost,
Then should I point out Chester.
King. Chester then,
Beare him that Staffe, giv't up into his hand,
Say, I commend me to him by the name
Of our High Martiall; take your place below,
And let him waite on us: what doe you pause?
Or shall we twice command?
Mar. I le doo't my Lord:
the Loyall Subject.

Chester, the King commends his love to you,
And by my mouth he styles you by the name
Of his High Martiall, which this Staffe of Office
Makes good to you; my place I thus resigne,
And giv't up freely as it first was mine.
You must attend the King, it is a place
Of honour Chester, and of great command,
Vse it with no leffe modesty than he
That late injoy'd it, and resignes it thee.

Chester, I need not your instruction; the Kings bounty
Bestows it freely, and I take my place.
Mar. And I mine here, th'allegance that I owe him
Bids me accept it, were it yet more low.
King. Attend us Chester, wait upon our Cup,
It is an honour due to you this day.
Chester. I shall my Lord.
Clim. Oh my Lord you are welcome, wee have not had
your company amongst us long.
Mar. You ever had my heart, though the Kings service
Commanded still my person: I am eas'd
Of a great burden so the King rest pleas'd.
And. I have not seene a man hath borne his disgrace with
more patience; especially to be for't with his owne hand to
deliver up his honours to his enemy.

Bonv. It would have troubl'd me, I should not brooke it.
King. Command you fellow give his golden Key
To the Lord Clinton; henceforth we debarre him
Access unto our Chamber, see it done.
Chester. The King commands you to give up your Key
Vnto that Lord that neares you: henceforth Sir,
You to his person are deny'd accessse,
But when the King commands,
Mar. Say to my Liege,
The proudest foe he hath, were he an Emperor,
Should not have for't the least of these from me:
But I acknowledge these, and all I have,
To be sole his; my life too, which as willingly
To please him I will send: I thanke his Highnesse
That sees to into my debility,
That he hath care to eafe me of these loads
That have opprest me long; so Sir tis done:
Come Lords, now let's be merry, and drinke round,
Afer great tempefts we a calme have found.

And. This Lord is of an unwonted constancy,
He entertaines his disgraces as merrily as a man dyes that is
tickled to death.

King. Cannot all this stirre his impatience up?
I'll search his breast but I will finde his gaule:
Command him give his Staffe of Councell up,
We will letow it ellewhere where we please.

Chest. The King would have you to forbeare the Council,
And to give up your Staffe.

Mar. I shall turne man,
Kings cannot force to beare more than we can.

Chest. Sir, are you moov'd?

Mar. Those that are wronged may speake:

My Lord, I let you know my innocence,
And that my true and unstain'd Loyalty
Deserves not this disgrace: none ever bore
Like eminence with me that hath discharg'd it
With better zeale and conscience: for my service
Let my wounds witnesse, I have some to shew;
That had I not my body interpos'd,
Had beeuen your skarres: all my deserved honours
You have bestowed upon my enemies,
Ey such as have whole skinnes,
And never bled but for their ease and health.
You might with as much iustice take my life,
As saze my honours: howso'e're my Lord
Give me free leave to speake but as I finde,
I ever have beeuen true, you now unkind.

King. Will you conteit?

What have you Sir that is not held from us?
Or what can your owne vertue purchase you

With-
Without our grace? Are not your fortunes, favours, 
And your revenues ours? where should they end 
But where they first began? have we not power 
To give our owne? or must we ask your counsel, 
To grace where you appoint? need we a Guardian, 
Or aim at the place?

Mar. Oh my dread King, 
It sorrows me that you misprize my love, 
And with more freedome I could part with life 
Than with your Grace: my offices alas, 
They were my troubles, but to want your favours, 
That onely thus afflicts my loyal thoughts, 
And makes me bold to tearme your Grace unkind.

King. Sir, we command you to abandon Court, 
And take it as a favour that we now 
Not question of your life; without reply 
Leave us.

Mar. I'll leave the Court as I would leave my burden, 
But from your Highnesse in this kind to part, 
Is as my body should forake my heart. 
Exit.

King. Shall we not be our selfe, or shall we brooke 
Competitors in reign? act what we doe 
By other mens appointment? he being gone, 
We are unrival'd; wee'le be sole, or none.

Prince. The Martiall's gone in discontent my Liege.

King. Pleas'd, or not pleas'd, if we be England's King, 
And mightiest in the Spheare in which we moove, 
Wee'le shine alone, this Phaeton cast downe, 
Woo'le state us now midst of our best affected: 
Our new created Martiall first lead on, 
Whose Loyalty we now must build upon. 
Exit.

Enter Captaine and Clowne.

Cap. Sir, now attend me, I'le to the Ordinary, 
And see if any of my ancient friends will take note of me. 
Where's the good man? within?

Clown. There's none dwelleth here; you may speak with the 

Master.
The Royall King, and
Master of the house if you will. Enter the Host.

Crown. Captaine, Captaine, I have descri’d an Host.
Cap. An Host? where? which way march they?
Clown. Mine Host of the house, see where he marches.
Cap. Here take my cloake, what is’t not Dinner-time?
Are there no gallants come yet?
Host. Why Sir, doe you meane to dine here to day?
Cap. Here doe I meane to cranch, to munch, to eate,
To feed, and be fat my fine Callapolis.
Host. You must pardon me Sir, my house intertaines none
but Gentlemen; if you will stand at gate, when Dinner's
done, I'le helpe you to some fragments.
Cap. Sirrah, if your house be free for Gentlemen, it is fit
for me; thou seest I keepe my man, I've Crownes to spend
with him that's bravest here: I'le keepe my room in spight
of Silkes and Sattins.
Host. I would I were well rid of this ragge-muffin.
Entering two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. How goes the day? (come.
2. Gent. It cannot yet be old, because I see no more gallants
1. Gent. Mine Host, what's here?
Host. A Tatterdemalean, that stayes to sit at the Ordinary
to day.
2. Gent. Doest know him?
Host. I did when he was flush, and had the Crownes; but
since he grew poore, he is wore quite out of my remem-
brance. He is a decay'd Captaine, and his name is Bonville.
1. Gent. I would he would leave this place, and ranke him-
selue with his companions.

Entering two more.

3. Gent. The morning's past, 'tis mid-day at the least.
4. Gent. What is the room to empty?
Host. And please your Worships,
Here's more by one than it can well receive.
3. Gent. What Tatter's that that walkes there?
4. Gent. If he will not leave the room, Kicke him downe

Flaues.

Cap.
the Loyall Subiect.

Cap. There's nere a silken outside in this company
That dares present a foot to doe that office:
I'd toffe that heele a yard above his head
That offers but a spurne.

1. Gent. Can we not be private?

Cap. I am a man like you perhaps well bred,
Nor want I coyne, for harke, my pockets chinke:
I keepe my man to attend me more perhaps,
Than some can doe that goe in costlier Silke.
Are you so fearfull of a ragged suite?
They were first paid for e're they were put on;
A man may question whether yours were so.
Who kicks first, ha, come; have you minde to game?
I'll cast, or set at thus much; will you card
A rest for this? no? then let's to dinner:
Come serve in meate.

1. Gent. Mine Host, prithee put this fellow out of the room,
And let him not drop his shooe-clouts here.

2. Gent. Sfoot doth thou meane we shall goe louzie out of
the house?

3. Gent. If he will not goe out by faire meanes,
Send for a Constable.

4. Gent. And send him to Bridewell Ordinary; whipping
cheere is best for him.

Host. Nay pray sir leave my house, you see the Gentlemen
will not endure your company.

Cap. Mine Host, thou knewest me in my flourishing prime:
I was the first brought custome to thine house,
Most of my meanes I spent here to enrich thee;
And to set thee up, I've cast downe my selfe.

Host. I remember sir some such matter, but you see the
times change. Nay, will you leave the Gentlemen?

Cap. The Leafe of this house hadst thou not from me?
Did I not give thee both the Fyne and Rent?
Host. I must needs say you were bountifull when you had
it, but in troth sir, if you will not be gone, I shall be forc'd to
turne you out by the head and shoulders.

Cap.
The Royall King, and

Cap. And is not all this worth the trusting for an Ordinary?  
Hoft. Nay if you prate, I shall use you somewhat extraordinary.  
Gent. Downe with the Rogue.  
Cap. Since you hate calmes; and wilt move stormy weather,  
Now Hoft and guest shall all downe staires together.  
Clown. Ah well done Master, tickle them noble Captaine.  
Cap. Come Cock, I have tooke some of their stomacks away from them before Dinner.  
Enter the Martiall with his two men, and his two Daughters.  

Mar. We are at peace now, and in threatned death  
We doe enjoy new life: my onely comforts,  
The image of my late deceased wife,  
Now have I time to surfeit on your sight,  
Which Court-employments have debarr'd me long.  
Oh Fortune, thou didst threaten misery,  
And thou hast paid me comfort; neede we ought  
That we should seeke the suffrage of the Court?  
Are we not rich? are we not well revenew'd?  
Are not the Countrey-pleasures farre more sweete  
Than the Court-cares? Instead of balling suiters  
Our eares receive the musicke of the Hound;  
For mounting pride and lofty ambition,  
We in the Ayre behold the Falcons Tower,  
Ancin that Morall mock those that aspire.  
Oh my good King, instead of threat and wrong,  
Thou hast brought me rest which I have wifht so long.  

Isabella. Sir, we have long beeene Orphans in the Countrey,  
Whilst you still followed your affaires at Court;  
We heard we had a Father by our Guardian,  
But scarce till now could we enjoy your sight.  
Katherine. Nor let it seeme offensive to your love,  
That we in your retirement should take pride,  
The King in this pursues our greater happinesse,  
And quickens most where he would most destroy.  
Mar. You are mine owne sweet girles; & in your vertues  
I place my sole blisse; you are all my honours.
My favours, state, and offices at Court:
What are you not? Let the King take my lands,
And my possession, and but leave me you,
He leaves me rich; more would I not desire,
And else he cannot grant. Enter a servant.
Serv. One from the King
Attends your honour, and his urgency
Craves quicker dispatch.

Mar. Ladies withdraw a little,
I long to know what mischief's now afoot;
We'll front it be it death, ey and march towards it.
A Chaire, admit the Herald, let him in;
We are arm'd against what can come, our breast is true,
And that's one Maxim, what is forc't, is wrong,
We can both keepe our heart and guide our tongue.

Enter the servant ushering in Chester.

Cheft. Sir, the King greets you, and commands you effect
His will in this; you know the Character.

Mar. My good Lord Martial! you are welcome hither,
Thefe Lines I kisse because they came from him.

Cheft. You're like the letter better than the style:
Ha, change your face? is your blood mov'd to the tyde,
Or ebbes it to your heart?

Mar. Thou hast two Daughters,
Faire by report, her whom thou lovest best
Send to the Court: it is thy King's behest,
Do this on thy allegiance.

Cheft. Sir your Answer?

Mar. I pray Sir deale with men in misery
Like one that may himselfe be miserable:
Infult not too much upon men distress'd,
Play not too much upon my wretchedness;
The noble minds still will not when they can.

Cheft. I cannot stay for answer, pray be briefe.

Mar. You are more welcome than your message Sir;
And yet that's welcome, comming from my King;
Pray Sir forbear me, 'tis the Kings command.
The Royall King, and

And you shall know mine answer instantly:
Receive him nobly.

Cheff. I shall waite your pleasure.

Mar. Malice, revenge, displeasure, envy, hate,
I had thought that you had onely dwelt at Court,
And that the Countrey had beene cleere and free:
But from Kings wrathes no place I finde is safe.
My fairest daughter? had the King commanded
One of my hands, I had sent it willingly;
But her! yet Kings must not be dallied with,
Somewhat I must resolve to breed of force
Treason or to my blood, or to my King,
Fasse Father or false Subject I must proove,
Be true to him I serve, or her I love,
Somewhat I must: my Daughters, call them in:

Enter one ushering the Ladies.

Leave them and us.
Ladies I must be blunt, the King's displeas'd,
And hearing of two children whom I love,
My patience and my loyalty to try,
Commands that the whom I love best must dye.

Isab. Dye? 'Las that's nothing; must not all men so?
And doth not Heaven crowne martyr'd innocence?
I was afraid my Lord the King had sent
To have strumpetted the fairest of your blood:
An innocent death my Lord is crowne of rest,
Then let me dye as her whom you love best.

Kath. If but to dye, prove that you love me then;
Death were most welcome to confirme your love.
Alas my Sister, she hath not the heart
To looke upon a rough Tormenters face:
I am bold and constant, and my courage great;
As token of your love then point out me.

Mar. Alas my girles for greater ills prepare,
Death would end yours, and somewhat ease my sorrows:
What I must speake, contains Heavens greatest curse,
Search all the world, you can finde nought so ill.

Isab.
the Loyall Subject.

Isab. Speak't at once.
Mar. Her whom I best affect.
The King intends to strumpet.
Kath. Bless me Heaven!
Mar. Should he,
Kath. By all my joyes I'le sooner dye
Then suffer it.
Isab. And so by Heaven will I.
Mar. Now you are mine indeed, who would forgoe
One of these gems so fine, and valued so?
But passion give me leave, the King commands,
I must obey. The fairest he sent for;
None of my daughters have beene seene at Court,
Nor hath the ambitious Chester view'd them yet:

My eldest then shall goe, come hither girlie;
I send thee, (Heaven knowes) whether to thy death
Or to thine honour; though he envie me,
Yet in himselfe the King is honourable,
And will not stretch his malice to my child.
The worst I feare, and yet the best I hope.
I charge thee then even by a fathers name,
If the King daine to take thee to his bed
By name of Queen, if thou perceiv'st thy selfe
To be with child, conceal it even from him;
Next, when thou find'st him assable and free,
Finde out some talke about thy Sister here,
As thus; thy Father sent thee but in jest,
Thy Sister's fairest, and I love her best.

Isab. It may incense the King.

Mar. What I intend
Is to my selfe, inquire no further of it.

Isab. I shal performe your will, and thus resolv'd
To be a Martyr e're a Concubine.
But if the King afford me further favour,
In my close bosome your last words I'le place.

Mar. Sister and Sister part, be you not seene,
Bid her farewell, a Martyr or a Queen.
The Royall King, and

They cannot speake for teares; alas for woe;
That force should part Sifer and Sifer thus,
And that the Child and Father of one heart,
Comands and powerfull threats should thus divide.
But Chester stayes, within there? Enter servant.

Serv. My Lord?

Mar. Have you receiv'd Earle Chester honourably?

Serv. The noblest welcome that the house could yeeld.

He hath had my Lord, nothing was held too deere;
He much extolls your bounty.

Mar. Verily, we are now ready for him.

Serv. I shall my Lord.

Enter Chester.

Cheffe, Sir, I have ray'd your leasure, now your Answer?

Mar. That I obey, the fairest of my gentle

Send the King.

Cheffe, I easily can beleeve
That this the fairest is, her like in Courte,
Lives not; she is a Present for a King.

Mar. Say to the King, I give her, but conditionally,
That if he like not this fairest of the two,
Vnstain'd he will his gift send backe againe.

Cheffe, I shall, come Lady.

Mar. My Lord, I doe not load you with commends
And duties which I could doe, to the King:
I know your love, your memory may faile you,
And you them all may scatter by the way.
Doe thou a Fathers duty thus in teares,
And send me how thou speedst to free these feares. Exeunt.

Actus tertius.

Enter Clowne and the Lady Mary.

Mary. Came you from him?

Clown. Yes, if it please your Maidenship; my Master sends
you word he is the old man, and his suite is the old suite; and
and his cloaths the old cloaths: He scornes to be a changeling, or a shifter; he feares nothing but this, that hee shall fall into the Lord your fathers hands for want of reparations.

Mary. We know thy meaning, here beare him this gold, And bid him suite him like the man he was, Bid him to face the proudest hee in Court; He shall not want whilst we have.

Clowne. That was out of my Commission Lady, Gold tempts, I have commandment not to touch it; 'tis another thing he aymes at: it is a thing, but I know not what manner of thing; but something it is, and he vowes not to shift a shire till he be further refolv'd: hee onely sends you Com- mendations, and withall to know if you would stand to your word.

Mary. He wrongs me to cast doubts: Tell him I am the same I ever was, And ever will continue as I am. But that he should disdain this courtsey Being in want, and coming too from me, Doth somewhat trouble me.

Clowne. We want Madam? you are deceiv'd, wee have store, of ragges; plenty, of tatters; abundance, of jagges; huge rents, witnesse our breeches; ground enough to com- mand, for we can walke where we will, none will bid us to Dinner; houses rent-free, and goodly ones to chafe where we will; the Martialsie, the Counter, Newgate, Bridewell; and would a man desire to dwell in stronger build- ings? and can you say that we are in want? No Lady, my Captaine wants nothing but your love, and that he'ntreats you to send by me the bearer.

Mary. I doe, with all the best affection A Virgin can bestow upon her friend.

Clown. I dare sweare he is an honest man, but I dare not say he is a true man.

Mary. How, not a true man?

Clown. No; for hee hath sworne to steale you away, and
and thus I prove it: if he steale you away, I am sure you will not goe naked; he cannot steale you, but hee mult steale the cloaths you have on; and he that steales apparrell, what is he but a Theefe? and hee that is a Theefe cannot be a true man.

\textit{Ergo.}

\textit{Mary.} That is no theft when men but steale their owne, And I am his, witness this Diamond, Which beare him, and thus say, that no disasfer Shall ever part me from his company.

\textit{Clown.} I shall beare this with as good will as you would beare him, \textit{Uccung, volumus.}

\textit{Mary.} What are we but our words? when they are past, Faith should succeed, and that should ever last.

\textit{My Father?} \textit{Enter Audley.}

\textit{Aud.} Wots thou who's returnd, The unthrift \textit{Bonvile}, ragged as a \textit{carre-crow}, The \textit{Warres} have gnaw'd his garments to the skinne:

I met him, and he told me of a \textit{Contract.}

\textit{Mary.} Sir, such a thing there was.

\textit{Aud.} Vpon condition if he came rich.

\textit{Mary.} I heard no such exception.

\textit{Aud.} Thou doeest not meane to marry with a begger?

\textit{Mary.} Unlesse he be a Gentleman, and \textit{Bonvile}

Is by his birth no lesse.

\textit{Aud.} Such onely gentile are, that can maintaine Gentily.

\textit{Mary.} Why, should your state faile you, Can it from you your honours takeaway? Whilst your Allegeance holds, what need you more, You ever shall be noble although poore.

\textit{Aud.} They are noble that have nobles; gentle they That appeare such.

\textit{Mary.} Indeed so worldlings say:

But vertuous men proove they are onely deare That all their riches can about them beare.

\textit{Sound: Enter the King, Clinton, Bonvile, Prince, Princesse.}

\textit{King.} Is not Earle \textit{Chefter}
the Loyall Subject.

Return'd yet with an answer from the Martiall?

Prince. Not yet my Lord.

King. For such contention we now increas revenge,
We'll try the utmost of his patience now;
He would exceed our love, if it appeare,
He will hold nothing for his King too deere.

And. Earle Chester is return'd.

Enter Chester and Isabella.

King. Halt brought her Chester?

Chester. Her whom her father the most faire esteemes,
He hath sent by me, onely with this request,
That his free gift doe not like your Highnesse,
You're send her backe untoucht to his embrace.

King. I feare we shal not, she appeareth too faire,
So streightly to part with: what is he would
Attempt such virgin-modesty to stain
By hopes of honour, flatteries, or constraint?
How doe you like her? Your opinions Lords?

Prince. A beauteous Lady, one that hath no peere

In the whole Court.

King. Therefore I hold her precious.

Princesse. A fairer face in Court who ever saw?

Her beauty would become the name of Queene.

Chin. One of more estate or shape where shall we finde?

And. Her modesty doth doe her beauty grace,
Both in her cheeke have chus'd a soveraigne state.

King. You have past censure Lady, now you're mine,
And by your Fathers free gift you are to,
To make, or marre; to keepe, or bellow.

Jub. It glads me I am present to a King,
Whom I have alwayes heard my father tearme
Royall in all things; vertuous, modest, chaste;
And to have one free attribute besides,
Which even the greatest Empereor need not scorne,
Honest: te you if you be such my Liege,
A Virgins love I prostrate, and a heart
That wishes you all goodnesse with the duty

Of
The Royall King, and

Of a true subject, and a noble father;
Then mighty Prince report your subject noble,
Since all those virtues you receive in me.

King. Thou hast overcome us all; that thou hast tearm'd us,
Wee'd strive to be, and to make good those attributes
Thou hast bestowed upon us, raise our Queene,
Thy vertue hast tooke off the threatening edge
Of our intended hate: though thou art ours
Both by free gift and duty, which we challenge
As from a subject; though our power could stretch
To thy dishonour, we proclaime thee freed,
And in this grace thy father we exceed.

Prince. The King in this shews honour: Princes still
Should be the Lords of their owne appetites,
And cherish vertue.

King. Have I your applause?
Bon. Your Highnesse shews both Royalty and Judgment
In your faire choice.

King. Are your opinions so?
And. Farre be it mighty King we should distaste
Where you so well affect.

Princess. For grace and feature
England affords not a more compleat Virgin.
Clin. Were she not the Martial's daughter,
I'd tearme her worthy for my Soveraignes Bride.

Cheff. Ee that's the grieue.
King. This kisse then be the Seale,
Thou art our Queene, and now art onely mine.

Isab. May I become your vassall and your Hand-maid,
Titles but equal to my humble birth:
But since your Grace a higher title daines,
Envy must needs obey where power compells.

Give expeditious order for the Rites
Of these our present Nuptials which shall be
Done with all State, and due solemnity;
And Martiall in this businesse thou shalt finde
Thy selfe defective, and not us unkind.
the Loyall Subiect.

Enter servant.

Serv. Health to your Highnesse. King. Whence?

Serv. From my sad Master,

Your Martiall once, now your dejected vassall,
And thus he bid me say: If the King daine
To grace my daughter with the stile of Queene,
To give you then this Casket which contains
A double dower; halfe of this mighty summe
He out of his renownes had afforded,
Had she bin match but to a Barons bed;
But since your Highnesse daines her for your Bride,
And his Alliance scornes not to disdain,
He faith a double dower is due to you.

King. He strives to exceed us still; this emulation
Beges our hate, and questions him of life.
This Dower we take, his Daughter entertaine,
But him we never shall receive to grace.
Beare not from us so much as love or thankes:
We onely strive in all our actions
To be held peerlelfe for our courtesie
And Royall bounty, which appeares the worse,
Since he a Subject would precede his Prince:
And did we not his Daughter dearely love,
We'd send her backe with scorne, and base neglect.
But her we love, though him in heart despise,
Pay him that thanks for all his courtesies.

Serv. In this employment I will strive to doe
Th' office of a subject, and of servant too.

King. Since to that emulous Lord we have sent our hate,
Come to our Nuptials let's passe on in state. Exit.

Enter Captaine and Clowne.

Cap. The humours of Court, Citty, Campe, and Country
I have tract, and in them can finde no man, but money; all subscribe to this Motto, Malo pecuniam viro. Oh poverty, thou art esteem'd a sinne worse than whoredome, gluttony, extortion, or usury:
And earthy gold, thou art preferre d 'fore Heaven.
Let but a poore man in a thred-bare suite,
The Royall King, and

Or ragged as I am, appeare at Court,
The fine-nos’d Courtiers will not sent him; no,
They shunne the way as if they met the Pest:
Or if he have a suite, it strikes them deafe,
They cannot heare of that side.

Clown. Come to the City, the Habberdasher will sooner
call us blockheads, than blocke us; come to the Sempiters,
unless we will give them money, we cannot enter into their
bands: though we have the Law of our sides, yet wee may
walke through Burchin-lane and be non-suited: come bare-
foot to a Shooe-maker, though he be a Constable, he will not
put us into his Stocks; though the Girdler be my brother,yet
he will not let his leather imbrace me; come to the Glover,
his gloves are either so little that I cannot plucke them on, or
so great that I cannot compasse. And for the Campe, there's
honour cut out of the whole peecce, but not a ragge of mo-
ney.

Cap. The Countrey hath alliance with the rest: my pur-
pose is now I have so thorowly made profe of the humours
of men, I will next assay the dispositions of women, not of
the choicest, but of those whom wee call good wen-
ches.

Clowne. Pray Master if you goe to a house of good fel-
lowship, give me something to spend upon my Cockatrice;
if I have nothing about me, I shall never get in.

Cap. Ther's for you sirrah; doth not the world wonder I
should be so flush of money, and so bare in cloaths? the rea-
on of this I shall give account for hereafter: But to our pur-
pose, here they say dwells my Lady Bawdy-face, here will
we knock.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Who's there? what would you have? ha?

Cap. Sweet Lady we would enter; nay by your leave.

Bawd. Enter? where? here be no breaches for you to en-
ter truely.

Cap. And yet we areouldiers, and have venter'd upon as
hot service as this place affords any.

Bawd. Away you base companions, we have no breaches for
the Loyall Subject.

for such tatter'd breeches, we have no patches to suite with your ragges.

Cap. Nay, pray give way.

Bawd. Away you rogues, doe you come to shake your ragges here? doe you thinke we can vent our ware without money you rascals? get you from my doore you beggerly companions, or I'le wash you hence with hot scalding water.

Clown. Nay I warrant her,womens can afford her that at all times.

Bawd. Doe I keepe house to entretaine Tatterdemaleans with a Poxe, you will be gone?

Cap. We must forbeare, the gallants are out of patience, stand aside. Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. I would faine goe in, but I have spent all my mony.
2. Gent. No matter, they shall not know so much till we get in, and then let me alone, I'le not out till I be fir'd out.
1. Gent. Then let's set a good face of the matter,

By your leave Lady.

Bawd. You're welcome Gentlemen.

1. Gent. What fellows be you?

Bawd. Two poore soldiery that came for an almes and please you, that stay for some reversion; there's none such come into my house I warrant you.

2. Gent. Save you sweet Lady.

Bawd. Where be those kitchenstuffs here, shall we have no attendants? shew these Gentlemen into a close roome, with a standing bed in't, and a truckle too; you are welcome Gentlemen.

Cap. 'Tis generall thorow the world, each state esteemes A man not what he is, but what he seems:
The purest flesh rag'd can no entrance have, But It's ch and all disease if it come brave, Wide open stand the gates of lust and sin, And the gate which the wide world enters in.
Madam, in short, I must have a wench, though I am ragged out. I am rich and hard; here's a brace of Angels for you,
The Royall King,

you, let me have a pritty wench, I'le be as bountifull to her.


Cap. I'le make bold to enter.

Bawd. Your Worshipt's most lovingly welcome: let the Gentleman have attendance, and cleane linnen if he need any; whither would you, you rogue?

Clown. Marry I would alter my Master.

Bawd. Thy Master? why is you raggamuffin able to keep a man?

Clown. Ey that he is able to kepe a man, and himselfe too.

Bawd. Then that man must be able to pay for himselfe too, or else he may coole his heelees without if his appetite be hot.

Clown. Then shall I not goe in?

Bawd. No by my Mayden-head shall you not, nor any such beggery companion shall enter here, but he shall come through me too.

Shakes a purse.

Clown. No? what remedy? ha, ha; hee that rings at a doore with such a Bell, and cannot enter? Well, if there be no remedy, I'le even stay without.

Bawd. Oh me! is it you Sir? and are so strong, to stand at the doore? Pray will you come neare? your Master is new gone in afore: Lord, Lord, that you would not enter without trusting! you were even as farre out of my remembrance as one that I had never seene afore.

Clown. I cannot blame you to forget me, for I thinke this be the first time of our meeting.

Bawd. What would you have Sir?

Clown. Nothing as they say, but a congratulation for our first acquaintance. I have it here old bully bottom, I have it here.

Bawd. I have it here too: nay, pray sir come in, I am loath to kisse at doore, for feare my neighbours should.

Clowne. Speake, shall you knocke, doggett, monster? I'le
I'd pay you to a hair.

_Bawd._ Nay, I beseech you sir, come in: a Gentleman, and stand at doore? I'll lead the way, and you shall come behind.

_Clown._ No, no; I will not salute you after the Italian fashion: I'll enter before.

_Bawd._ Most lovingly, pray draw the latch sir. 

*Enter.*

_Enter the two Gentlemen with the two wenches._

1. _Gent._ Nay faith, sweet rogue thou shalt trust me for once.

2. _Whore._ Trust you? come up, canst thou pay the hackney for the hire of a horse, and think'st thou to breath me upon

1. _Gent._ Thou bidst me come up, and shal I not ride? (trust?)

2. _Whore._ Yes the gallows as soon.

2. _Whore._ A Gentleman, and have no money? marry you make a most knightly offer.

2. _Gent._ How? to offer thee no money?

2. _Whore._ How can they offer that have none?

2. _Gent._ I'd either give thee ware or money, that's as good.

2. _Whore._ Ey but sir, I'd deal with no such chapmen.

*Enter Bawd, Captaine, and Clowne.*

_Bawd._ What's the matter here? ha? can you not agree about the bargaine?

1. _Whore._ Here's Gallants would have us breath'd, and forsooth they have no money.

2. _Whore._ They think belike, dyet, lodging, ruffes, cloaths, and holland-smocks can all be had without money, and a d'istate, if wee should catch it, Heaven bless us, can be cur'd without money.

_Bawd._ That's fine yfaith: if my beds be shaken out of their joints, or my cords broken, must not the Hoyner and the Rope-maker both have money? if my rugges be rub'd out with your toes, can they be repair'd without money? if my linen be foul'd, can I pay my landress without money? besides, we must have something to maintaine our broken windows I hope; the Glazier will not mend the without mony.

1. _Gent._ Come, come, let's run a score for once.

_Bawd._ You shall not score of my tally, out of my doores.

_F 3 Enter_
The Royall King, and

Enter Captaine.

Cap. Why shall we not be bosom'd? have we paid, and must we not have wenches?
Bawd. You shall have the choicest of my house gentlemen.
1. Gent. Who, those Rascals?
Bawd. They be Rascals that have no money; those be Gentlemen that have Crownes; these are they that pay the Joyner, the rope-maker, the Vpholster, the Laundrer, the Glazier; will you get you out of my doores, or shall we scold you hence?
Clown. That you shall never by thrusting them out of doores.
1. Gent. Who but a mad man would be so base as to be hire'd, much more to hire one of those bruitists, that make no difference betwixt a Gentleman and a begger, nay, I have seene enough to be soone intreated.
2. Gent. You shall not need to feare me, I am gone: Hee's past before, nor will I stay behinde; I have seene enough to loath all your sisterhood.
Bawd. Marry farewell frost. Now Sir, will you make your choice, and your man after?
Cap. I'll have both, these are mine.
Clown. Goe you then with your paire of Whores, I'll goe with this old skuller that first ply'd me.
Bawd. If e thou lovest to goe by water; come, shall we dally together? sit upon my knee my sweet boy, what money hast thou in thy purse? wilt thou bestow this upon me my sweet chicke?
Clowne. I'll see what I shall have first for my money by your favour.
1. Whore. And shall I have this?
2. Whore. And I this?
Cap. Both these are mine, we are agreed then?
But I am ashamed, being such a ratter'd rogue, to lye with two such fine gentlewomen; besides, to tell you truely, I am louzie.
1. Whore. No matter; thou shalt have a cleane shirt, and but
the Loyall Subject.

but pay for the washing, and thy cloaths shall in the mean time be cast into an Oven.

Cap. But I have a worse fault, my skinne's not perfect: What should I say I am?

2. Whore. Itchy? Oh thou shalt have Brimstone and Butter.

Cap. Worse than all these, my body is diseased, I shall infect yours.

1. Whore. If we come by any mischance, thou haft money to pay for the cure: come, shall's withdraw into the next chamber?

Cap. You are not women, you are devils both, And that your Damme; my body save in warres, Is yet unskarr'd, not shall it be with you.
Say the last leacher that imbrac't you here, And folded in h s armes your rottenesse, Had beene all these, would you not all that filth Vomite on me? or who would buy diseases, And make his body for a Spittle fit,
That may walke found? I came to schoole you Whores, Not to corrupt you; for what need I that When you are all corruption; be he lame, Have he no Note, be all his body stung With the French Fly, with the Sarpego dry'd:
Be he a Lazar, or a Leper, bring Coyne in his hift, he shall embrace your lust Before the purest flesh that sues of truf't.

Bawd. What Diogenes have we here? I warrant the Cinnicke himselfe sayd not so much when he was seene to come out of a Bawdy house.

Cap. He sham'd not to come out, but held it sinne Not to be pardon'd. to be seene goe in. But I'lle be modest: nay, nay, keepe your Gold To cure those hot diseases you have got, And being once cleere, betake you to one man, And study to be honest, that's my counsell: You have brought many like yon Gentlemen
The Royall King, and

That jet in Silkes, to goe thus rag'd like us,
Which did they owne our thoughts, these rags would change
To shine as we shall, though you think it strange.
Come, come, this house is infected, shall we goe?

Clowne. Why Sir, shall I have no sport for my money; but
even a snatch and away?

Cap. Leave me, and leave me ever, and observe
This rule from me, where there is lodg'd a Whore,
Thinke the Plagues crosse is set upon that doore.

Clowne. Then Lord have mercy upon us: where have we
beene?

The Clowne goes learing away, and shaking his head.

Bawd. Hift, hift; heere's a rayling companion in-
deed.

1. Whore. I know not what you call a rayling companion:
but such another discourse would make me goe neere to turn
honest.

Bawd. Nay, if you be in that minde, I'll send for your
love: the plague in my house? the Pox is as soone: I am sure
there was never man yet that had Lord have mercy upon
us in his minde, that would ever enter here: Nay will you
goe?

Sound, enter the King, Prince, Princesse, all the Lords,
the Queene, &c.

King. Before you all I here acknowledge Lords,
I never held me happy but in this
My vertuous choice, in having your applause,
Me-thinks I had the sweet content of Heaven.

Princesse. This noble Lady, now my royall Mother,
Hath by her love to you, regard to us,
And courteous affability to all,
Attain'd the generall suffrage of the Realme.

Princesse. Her modest carriage shall be rules to me,
the Loyall Subject.

Her words instructions, her behaviour precepts, Which I shall ever study to observe. 

Queen. I feel my body growing by the King, And I am quicke although he know it not; Now comes my fathers last injunction To my remembrance, which I must fulfill, Although a Queene, I am his daughter still.

King. Lords, and the rest forbeare us till we call, A chaire first, and another for our Queene; Some private conference we intend with her: Now leave us. Exeunt Lords.

King. My fairest Isabella, the choice jewell That I weare next my heart; I cannot hide My love to thee, 'tis like the Sunne invelopt In watery clouds, whose glory will breake thorow, And spite oppositve, Icornes to be conceal'd; Saving one thing, aske what my kingdome yeelds, And it is freely thine.

Queen. What's that my Lord? 

King. I cannot speake it without some distaste To thee my Queene, yet if thy heart be ours Name it not to me.

Queen. I am onely yours.

King. Begge not thy fathers free repeale to Court, And to those offices we have bestow'd, Save this, my Kingdome, and what it containes, Is thy wills subject.

Queen. You are my King, and Husband; The first includes allegiance, the next duty, Both these have power above a Fathers name, Though as a daughter I could wish it done, Yet since it stands against your Royall pleasure, I have no suite that way.

King. Thou now haft thrust thy hand into my bolome, And we are one: Thy beauty, oh thy beauty! Never was King blest with so faire a wife. I doe not blame thy Father to preferre

G Thee
The Royall King, and

Thee fore thy sister both in love and face,
Since Europe yeelds not one of equall grace:
Why smiles my love?

Queen. As knowing one to faire,
With whom my pale cheeke never durst compare:
Had you but seen my Sister, you would say,
To her the blushing Corall should give way:
For her cheeke stains it; Lillies to her brow
Must yeeld their Ivory whitenesfe, and allow
Themselves o'recome. If e're you saw the skie
When it was clear'est, it never could come nigh
Her Azure veins in colour; shee's much clearer,
Ey, and her love much to my Father dearer.

King. We by our noble Martiall made request
For the most faire, and her whom he best lov'd:
Durst he delude us?

Queen. What I speake is true,
So will your selfe say when shee comes in place.

King. Our love to thee shall not o'recome that hate
We owe thy Father, though thou bee't our Queene.

Queen. He keeps her as his Treasure, locks her safe
Within his armes: he onely minded me
As one he lov'd not, but thought meereely lost.

King. Thou art lost indeed, for thou hast lost my heart,
Nor shalt thou keepe it longer: all my love
Is swallowed in the spleene I beare thy Father,
And in this deepe di'grace put on his King,
Which wee'le revenge.

Enter Prince, Princesse, Chester, Clinton, Bonvile,
and Audley.

King. It shall be thus:
Chester beare hence this Lady to her Father
As one unworthy us, with her that dower
The double dower he by his servaunt sent:
Thy teares nor knees shall once prevale with us.
As thou art loyall, without further language
Depart our presence, wee'le not heare thee speake.
the Loyall Subject.

Chest. What shall I further say?
King. Command him on his life to send to Court
His other Daughter, and at our first summons,
Let we proclaim him Traitor: this see done
On thy Allegiance.

Chest. Now the goale is ours.
King. None dare to cenfare or examine this,
That we shall hold our friend, or of our blood:
Subjects that dare against their Kings contend,
Hurle themselves downe whilst others he ascend. Exit.

Actus quartus.

Enter the Martiaall and his daughter Katherine.

Mar. I see the King is truely honourable:
All my disgraces and disparagements
He hath made good to me in this, to queene my child,
And which more glads me, with such ardency
He seemes to affect her, and to hold her deare,
That nothing's valued, if compar'd with her.
Now Heaven whilst thou this second happinesse
And blisse wilt lend me, I shall still grow great
In my content, opinion, and my fate,
In spight of whisperers, and Court-flatterers.

Kath. Had you belst lov'd my Sister, and lefte me,
I had beeene Queene before her; but she venter'd
For her preferment, therefore 'tis her due;
Out of our feares and loves her honours grew.

Mar. Whilst I may keepe thy beauty in mine eye,
And with her new rais'd fortunes fill mine eare,
I second none in blisse; she's my Court comfort,
Thou my home happinesse: in these two bleft,
Heaven hath inrich't me with a crowne of rest.

Kath. Nor doe I covet greater Royalties
Than to enjoy your presence, and your love,

G 2

The
The best of these I prize above all fortunes, Nor would I change them for my Sisters state.

Mar. Her beauty and her vertues mixt, have won The King my Soveraigne to be tearm'd my son.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Earle Chester, with the Queene your princely daughter Are without traine alighted at the gate, And by this entred.

Mar. Thou hast troubled me, And with a thousand thoughts at once perplex'd My afflicted heart: admit them; soft, not yet; What might this mean? my daughter in the charge Of him that is my greatest oppofite, And without traine, such as becomes a Queene? More tempest towards Kate? from which sweete child, If I may keep thee, may it on my head Powre all his wrath, even till it strike me dead.

Kath. Rather, my Lord, your Royall life to free, All his stern furie let him showre on me.

Ser. My Lord shall I admit them?

Mar. Prithee stay,

Fate threatens us, I would devise a meanes To shunne it if we might: thou shalt withdraw, To his Daughter.

And not be seen; something we must devise To guard our selves, and stind our oppofites: Goe keepe your chamber, now let Chester in.

Serv. I shall my Lord.

Mar. My Loyalty for me, that keepe me still; A Tower of safety, and a shield against Fate.

Enter the servant ushering Chester and the Queene.

Cheft. The King thy daughter hath in Sorne sent backe.

Mar. Pause there, and as y' are noble answer me.

E're you proceed, but to one question.

Cheft. Propound it.

Mar. Whence might this distaste arise? From any loose demeanor, wanton carriage, Spouse-breac'h, or ditobedience in my daughter?
If I have not received her, she's not mine.

_Royalty_. That let mine enemy speake, for in this kind
I would be tax't by such.

_Chester_. Upon my soule.
There is no guilt in her.

_Mary_. Be't but his humour,
Th'art welcome, both my daughter and my Queene;
In this my Palace thou shalt reign alone,
I'll keepe thy late, and make thee these armes thy Throne:
While thou art chast, thy till with thee shall stay,
And reign, though none but I and mine obey.
What can you further speake?

_Chester_. Her double Dower
The King returns thee.

_Mary_. We accept it, see,
It shall maintaine her port even with her name,
Being my Kings wife, to will I love his Grace,
Shee shall not want, will double this maintaine her.

_Chester_. Being thus discharged of her, I from the King
Command thee send thy sober Girl to Court,
Shee that's at home, with her to act his pleasure.

_Mary_. Sir, you were sent to challenge, not to kill;
These are not threats, but blows, they wound, they wound.

_Chester_. If Treasons imputation thou wilt shun,
And not incurre the forfeit of thy life,
Let the Kings will take place.

_Mary_. You have my offices,
Would you had now my griefe; but that alone
I must endure: would thou hadst both, or none.
Sentence of death when it is mildly spoke,
Halfe promises life; but when your doome you mixe
With such rough threats, what is't but twice to kill?
You tyrannize Earle Chester.

_Chester_. Will you send her?

_Mary_. That you shall know anon. Tell me my Queene,
How grew this quarrell 'tweene the King and thee?

_Royalty_. By you was never Lady more belov'd,
The Royall King, and

Or wife more constant than I was to him:
Have you forgot your charge, when I perceiv'd
My selfe to growne, I could no longer hide
My greatnesse, I began to speake the beauties
Of my faire Sister, and how much she excell'd,
And that you sent me thither as a jett,
That she was fairest, and you lov'd her best?

Mar. Enough; 'tis sure with child, and neare thy time.

Queen. Nothing more sure.

Mar. Then that from hence shall grow
A salve for all our late indignities:
Pray doe my humble duty to the King,
And thus excuse me, that my daughter's sicke,
Craze'd, and weake, and that her native beauty
Is much decay'd, and should she travell now,
Before recovered, 'twould ingage her life
To too much danger: when the hath ability
And strength to journey, I will send her safe
Vnto my King; this as I am a subject,
And loyall to his Highnesse.

Chefp. Your excufe
Hath ground from love and reason:
This your answer I shall returne to the King.

Mar. With all my thanks:
That since my daughter doth distaste his bed,
He hath sent her backe, and home to me her father,
His pleasure I withstand not, but returne
My zeal, and these do not forget I pray.

Chefp. I shall your words have perfect, and repeate them
Vnto the King.

Mar. I should disgrace her beauty
To send it maim'd and wayning; but when she
Attaines her perfectnesse, then shall appear
The brightest starre fix't in your Courtly Spheare.

Chefp. The King shall know as much.

Mar. It is my purpose,
All my attempts to this one head to draw,

Once
the Loyall Subject.

Once more in courtesies to o'recome the King.
Come beauteous Queene, and thy faire Sifter cheere,
Whom this lad newes will both amaze and feare. Exeunt.
Enter Bonvile in all his bravery, and his man in a new livery.

Cap. Sirrah, are all my lands out of morgage, and my deeds redeem'd?

Clowne. I cannot tell that Sir; but wee have had whole chest-fulls of writings brought home to our house.

Cap. Why then 'tis done, I am poss't againe
Of all my Fathers ancient revenues.

Clowne. But how came you by all this money to buy these new suits? methinks we are not the men we were.

Cap. Qelphonlesse that; for now those that before despis'd us, and our company, at meeting give us the bonjour.
Oh Heaven, thou ever art Vertues sole Patron,
And wilt not let it sinke: all my knowne fortunes
I had ingag'd at home, or spent abroad:
But in the warres, when I was held quite bankrupt
Of all good hap, it was my chance to quarter
In such a house when we had sack't a Towne,
That yeelded me inestimable store
Of gold and jewells, those I kept till now
Unknowne to any, pleasing poverty,
One, to try the humour of my friends;
Which I have prove'd, and now know how to finde.
Fixt upon wealth, to want unnatural.

Enter Match and Touch-boxe.

Clown. See Sir, yonder are my old fellows, Match and Touch-boxe; I doe not thinke but they come to offer their service to you.

Touch. Save thee noble Captaine, hearing of thy good fortunes, and advancement, I am come to offer my selfe to be partaker of the same, and to follow thee in the same colours that thou hast suited the rest of thy servants.

Clown. God-a-mercy horse, you shall not stand to my li-

Match. You see our old clothes sticke by us still, good Captaine see us new moulded.
The Royall King, and

Cap. You are flies, away; they that my Winter fled,
Shall not my Summer taste: they onely merit
A happy harbour, that through stormy Seas
Hazard their Barkes, not they that sayle with ease.
You taste none of my fortunes.

Clown. Corporall, you see this Livery? if you had stay'd
by it, we had beene both cut out of a piece: Match, if you
had not left us, you had beene one of this guard: Goe, away,
betake you to the end of the Towne; let me finde you be-
tweene Woods close-stile and Islington, with will it please
your Worship to bestow the price of two Cannes upon a
poore solldier, that hath serv'd in the face of the Souldan,
and fo forth, Apage, away, I sorne to be fellow to any
that wil leave their Masters in adversity: if he entertaine you,
he shall turne away me, that's certaine.

Match. Then good your Worship bestow something up-
on a poore solldier, I protest — —

Clown. Loe, I have taught him his lesson already; I knew
where I should have you?

Cap. There's first to make you beggers; for to that all
such must come that leave their Masters poore. Begon, and
never let me fee you more.

Touch. God be with you good Captaine: come Match,
let us betake us to our randevous at some out end of the
Citty.

Cap. Hee makes a begger first that first relieves him;
Not Vslurers make more beggers where they live,
Than charitablemen that use to give.

Clown. Here comes a Lord.

Enter Clinton.

Clin. I am glad to see you Sir.

Cap. You know me now? your Worship's wondrous wife;
You could not know me in my last disguise.

Clin. Lord God you were so chang'd.

Cap. So am I now
From what I was of late: you can allow
This habite well, but put my tother on,
No congie then, your Lordship must be gon.

You
the Loyall Subject.

You are my Summer-friend. Enter Bonvile.

Bonv. Cousin, well met.

Cap. You should have said well found,
For I was lost but late, dead, under ground
Our Kinred was; when I redeem'd my Land,
They both reviv'd, and both before you stand.

Bon. Well, well, I know you now.

Cap. And why not then?
I am the same without all difference; when
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good,
Have no additions since of name, or blood;
Onely because I wore a thread-bare suite,
I was not worthy of a poore salute.
A few good cloaths put on with small ado,
Purchale your knowledge, and your kinred too.

You are my silken Unkle: oh my Lord,

Enter Audley and his Daughter.

You are not in haste now?

Aud. I have time to stay,
To aske you how you doe, being glad to heare
Of your good fortune, your repurchall lands,
And state much amplified.

Cap. All this is true;
Ey but my Lord, let me examine you:
Remember you a Contract that once past
Betwixt me and your daughter? here shee stands.

Aud. Sir, since you did vnerrorge all your meanes,
It came into my thoughts; trust me, before
I could not call't to minde.

Cap. Oh mens weake strenght,
That aime at worlds, when they but their meere length
Must at their end enjoy: Thou then art mine,
Of all that I have proov'd in poverty,
The onely test of vertue: what are these?
Though they be Lords, but worldlings, men all earth.
Thou art above them; vertuous, that's divine;
Onely thy heart is noble, therefore mine.

H

Mary.
The Royall King, and

Mary. And to be yours, is to be what I wish; You were to me as welcome in your ragges, As in these Silkes. I never did examine The out-side of a man, but I begin To censure first of that which growses within.

Cap. Onely for that I love thee: These are Lords That have bought Titles. Men may merchandise Wares, ey, and traffike all commodities From Sea to Sea, ey and from Shore to Shore, But in my thoughts, of all things that are told, 'Tis pitty Honour should be bought for gold.

It cuts off all defert. Enter the Hoft.

Clowne. Matter, who's here? mine Hoft of the Ordinary?

Cap. Your business be? what by petition?

Hoft. Falne to a little decay by trufling, and knowing your Worship ever a bountifull young Gentleman, I make bold to make my wants first knowne to you.

Cap. Pray what's your suite?

Hoft. Onely for a call suite, or some small remuneration.

Cap. And thou shalt have the suite I last put off:

Fetch it me Cock. Cock. I shall Sir.

Cap. Falne to decay? I'le fit you in your kind.

Cock. I have a suite to you Sir, and this it is.

Cap. In this suite came I to thine Ordinary, In this thou would'lt have thrult me out of doores, Therefore with this that then proclaim'd me poore, I'le save thy wants, nor will I give thee more. Rafe worldlings, that despise all such as need; Who to the needy beggers are still dumbe, Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

Hoft. I have a cold suite on't if I be forc't to weare it in winter. I bid your worship farewell.

Clown. So should all that keepe Ordinaries, bid their guests farewell, though their entertainment be never so ill. Well sir, I take you but for an ordinary fellow, and so I leave you. Master, who will not say that you are a brave fellow, and a most noble Captaine, that with a word or two can discomfit an Hoft.
the Loyall Subject.

Cap. I know you, therefore know to rate your worths
Both to their height and depth, their true dimensions
I understand; for I have try'd them all:
But thou art of another element,
A mirrour of thy face, that canst distinguish
Vertue from wealth, thee as my owne I elect,
And these according to themselves despise.
A Courtier henceforth I my selfe professe,
And thee my wife, thou hast deserved no lesse.

Enter the King, the Prince, and the Princesse,
and Chester.

King. No newes yet from our Martall? we three moneths
Have stay'd his pleasure, but receive not yet
That daughter we lent for.

Prince. Shee peradventure
Hath not her strength recovered, or her beauty
Lost by her sickness, to the full regain'd.

Chester. Upon my life my Lord, when she is perfect,
And hast receiv'd her full ability,
Shee shall attend your pleasure.

Princesse. But your Queene,
That vertuous Lady, when I thinke on her,
I can but grieve at her dejectedness.

King. Heaven knowes I love her above all the world,
And but her Father, this contends with us
When we in all our actious strive to exceed:
We could not brooke her absence halfe so long.
But we will try his patience to the full.

Enter Bonvile, Audley, Captaine, Clinton, Mary,
the Clowne.

Cap. My prostrate duty to the King my Master
I here present.

Prince. This is the Gentleman
Commended for his valour in your warres,
Whose ruin'd fortunes I made fuite to raise:
I would intreat your Highnesse to respect him.

King. All his proceedings we partake at large,
The Royall King, and

Know both his fall and height; we shall regard him
Even with his worth: be neare us, of our chamber.
Sir, we shall use your wisedome, and preferre it
According to your worth. Be this your hope
We know you.

Cap. Onely in that I am happy.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. Health to your Majesty.  King. Whence?

Serv. From my Master,
The poorest subject that your land containes,
Rich onely in his truth and loyalty.

King. Speake, hath he sent his daughter?

Serv. Yes my Liege,
He hath sent his daughters, please you rest satisfied,
And patiently peruse what he hath sent.

King. We are full of expectations, pray admit
Those Presents that he meanes to grette us with.

Serv. You shall my Lord.

Sound, enter with two Gentlemen-ushers before them, the
Queen crown'd, her sister to attend her as her waiting-maid,
with a traine.  (gold

Serv. Your Queene and wife crown'd with a wreath of
Of his owne charge, with that this double dower
Doubled againe, and guarded with this traine
Of Gentlewomen according to her state,
My Lord presents you: this his younger daughter,
He hath belto'd a hand-maide to your Queene,
A place that may become her, were she child
Vnto your greatest Peere; had he had more,
More had he sent; these worthiefle as they be,
He humbly craves you would receive by me.

King. His bounty hath no limit; but my Queene!
Her bright aspect so much persuades with me,
It charmes me more than his humility.
Arisce in grace, and sweet, forget your wrong.

Queen. My joys unspeakable can finde no tongue
To expresse my true hearts meaning.
the Loyall Subject.

King. Beauteous Maide,
You are our Sister, and that royall Title
From all disgrace your freedome shall proclaime.

Kath. I finde your Grace the fame my noble Father
Hath still reported you; royall in all,
By whom the vertuous rile, th'ignoble fall.

Prince. I have not seen a Lady more compleat;
Her modesty and beauty, both are matchlesse.

King. Am I a King, and must be exceeded still?
Or shall a subject say that we can owe?
His bounty we will equall, and exceed;
We have power to better what in him's but well.
Your free opinions Lords, is not this Lady
The fairer of the twaine? how durst our subject
Then dally with us in that high designe?

Cheft. With pardon of the Queene, shee's paralell'd
By her faire Sister,
Clin. Were my cenfure free,
I durst say better'd.

Prince. Were it put to me,
I should avow she, not the Queene alone
Excell's in grace: but all that I have seen—

King. Do'st love her? Prince. As my honour, or my life.
King. Her whom thou to much praiest, take to wife.
Prince. You bless e my youth.
Kate. And strive to eternize me.
Queen. Nor in this joy have I the meanest part,
Now doth your Grace your inward love express
To me, and mine.

King. I never meant thee lesse:
Thy Sister and thy daughter freely embrace,
That next thee hath our Kingdom's second place.
How say you Lords, have we requited well
Our subjects bounty? are we in his debt?

And. Your Highness is in courtesie invincible.
Bonv. And bountifull beyond comparison.

Cheft. This must not hold, prevention out of hand,
The Royall King, and

For if the Martiall rise, we stand not long.

Clin. Our wits must then to worke.

Cheft. They must of force.

This is not that to which our fortunes trust.

King. Let then our subject know his King hath power
To vanquish him in all degrees of honour,
And he must now confess himself excell'd:
With what can Heaven or Earth his want supply
To equal this our latest courtesie?
We have the day, we rise, and he must fall
As one subdued.

Serv. His Highnesse knows not all,
One speciall gift he hath reserv'd in store,
May happily make your Grace contend no more.

King. No sir? thinke you your Master will yet yeeld?
And leave to us the honour of the day?
I wish him here but this last fight to see,
To make him us acknowledge.

Serv. On my knee
One boone I have to begge.

King. Speake, let me know
Thy utmost suite.

Serv. My noble Master stayes
Not farre from Court, and durft he be so ambitious
As but to appeare before you, and present you
With a rich gift exceeding all have past,
The onely perfect token of his zeale,
He would himselfe perpetually hold vanquish't
In all degrees of love and courtesie.

King. For our Queens love, and our faire daughters sake,
We doe not much care if we grant him that.
Admit him, and his presence urge with speed;
Well may he imitate, but not exceed.

Cheft. I feare our fall: if once the Martiall rise,
Downe, downe must we.

Clin. Therefore devise some plot
His favour to prevent.
the Loyall Subject.

Ches. Leave it to me.

King. Lords, we are proud of this our unity,
Double Alliance, of our sonnes faire choice,
Since 'tis applauded by your generall voyce;
The rather since so matchlesse is our Grace,
That force perforce our subiect must give place.

Enter the Martiall, with a rich Cradle borne after him
by two Servants.

Mar. Not to contend, but to express a duty
Of zeal and homage I present your grace
With a rich jewell, which can onely value
These royall honours to my Daughters done.

King. Value our bounty? shouldst thou sell thy selfe
Even to thy skin, thou couldst not rate it truely.

Mar. My Liege, I cannot, but in lieue and part,
Though not in satisfaction, I make bold
To tender you this Present.

King. What's the project?
Here's cost and art, and amply both express,
I have not view'd the like.

Prince. 'Tis wondrous rare,
I have not seene a Modell richier fram'd.

Princesse. Or for the quantity better contriv'd:
This Lord in all his actions is still noble,
Exceeding all requitall.

King. 'Tis a brave out-side.

Mar. This that you see my Lord is nothing yet,
More than its worth it hath commended bin:
This is the case, the jewell lyes within,
Pleaeth your Grace t'unaile it.

King. Yes, I will:
But e're I open it my Lord, I doubt
The wealth within not equalls that without.

King. What have we here?

Mar. A jewell I should rate,
The Royall King, and

Were it mine owne, above your Crowne and Scepter.

King. A child?

Mar. A Prince, one of your royall blood:
Behold him King, my grand-child, and thy sonne,
Tinely descended from thy Queene and thee,
The Image of thy selfe.

King. How can this be?

Queen. My royall Liege and Husband, view him well,
If your owne favour you can call to minde,
Behold it in this Infant, limm'd to'th life;
Hee's yours and mine, no kinred can be nearer.

King. To this rich jewell I hold nothing equall,
I know thee vertuous, and thy father loyall;
But should I doubt both, yet this royall Infant
Hath such affection in my heart imprest,
That it aflaires him mine: my noble subject,
Thou haft at length o'recome me, and I now
Shall ever, ever hold me vanquished,
Had't thou sought Earth or Sea, and from them both
Extracted that which was most precious held,
Thou nothing could'st have found to equall this,
This, the mixt Image of my Queene and me;
Here then shall all my emulation end,
O'recome by thee our subject, and our friend.

Mar. Your vassall, and your servant, that have strove
Onely to love you, and your royall favours;
Not to requite, for that I never can;
But to acknowledge, and in what I may
To expresse my gratitude.

King. Thine is the conquest:
But shall I gee't o're thus? 'tis in my head
How I this lost dayes honour shall regaine,
A gift as great as rich I have in store,
With which to gratifie our subjects love,
And of a value unrequitable:
Thou haft given me a Grand-child, and a sonne,
A royall Infant, and to me most deare.

Yet
Yet to surpass thee in this emulous strife,
I give thee here a daughter and a wife.
Now must thou needs confess the conquest wonne
By me thy King, thy Father, and thy home.

Mar. Your father, sonne, and subject quite surpass,
Yeelds himselfe vanquish't, and o'recome at length.

Princeffe. You have not my consent yet.

Mar. Madam, no;
The King doth this, his bounty to expresse.
Your love is to your selfe, and therefore free,
Belowe it where you please.

Princeffe. Why then on thee:
He that the Father doth so much respect,
Should not me-thinks the daughters love despise.
*Tis good for Maides take Husbands when they may. Heaven knowes how long we may be forc't to stay.

King. Now Lords, these Nuptialls we will solemnize
In all high state, in which we will include
Yours noble Bonvile, and with masks and revells
Sport out the tedious nights, each hand his Bride
Doubly by us from either party'd.

Enter Clowne.

Cock. Why this is as it should be; now doe I smell Courtier already, I feele the Souldier steale out of me by degrees, for Souldier and Courtier can hardly dwell both together in one bosome. I have a kind of fawning humour creeping upon me as loone as I but look' into the Court-gate; and now could I take a bribe, if any would be so foolish to gee't me. Now farewell Gun-power, I must change this into Damask-power; for if I offer but to smell like a souldier, the Courtiers will top their noses when they passe by me. My Caske I must change to a Cap and a Feather, my Bandilere to a Scarf to hang my Sword in; and indeede, fashion my selfe wholly to the humours of the time. My Peece I must alter to a Poynado, and my Pike to a Pickadevant: onely this is my comfort, that our provant will be better here in the Court than in the Campe: there we did use to lye hard.
hard, and seldom: here I must practice to lie extremely, and often: But while I am trifling here, I shall loose the sight of the Solomony: The Prince is married, and the Martial’s married, and my Master’s married, there will be simple doings at night. Well, I must hence, for I believe, the King, the Queen, and the rest of the Lords will use this place for their revells. Dixi.

*Actus Quintus*

*Enter Clinton and Chester.*

**Clin.** And why so sad my Lord?

**Chester.** I am all dulness, there’s no life in me, I have lost my spirit; And fluence of my braine: observe you not in what a height yon fellow now resiles. That was so late dejected; trebly grafted into the Royall blood? what can succeed, But that we all our honours must resign, And he of them be repofled againe?

**Clin.** The Marriages indeed are celebrated.

**Chester.** And they have all our pointed stratagems turn’d backe upon our selves.

**Clin.** What, no prevention?

**Chester.** His Bases are so fixt he cannot shrinke, Being so many wayes ingraft and planted in the Kings blood: but our supporters stand, As shak’t with Earthquakes, or else built on sand.

*Enter Audley and Bonvile.*

**Aud.** My Lords attend the King, and clear this chamber; For this nights revells ‘tis the place prepar’d.

**Bon.** Your duties Lords, the King’s upon his entrance.

*Enter the King, the Queen, the Prince, his wife, the Martial and the Princess.*

**King.** Ey lo! ’tis must be, each man hand his owne:
For I am where I love; we are even coupled.
Some Musicke then.

Princeffe. Here's one falls off from me.

King. How now my Lord, dejected in your looks?

Or doth our sports displease you?

Mar. Pardon me,

I cannot dance my Liege.

King. You can looke on:

My Lord, you take his place, wee'll have a measure,

And I will lead it; bid the Musicke strike.

* A measure: in the midst the Martiall goes discontented away. *

So, well done Ladies: but we misse the Husband
To our faire Daughter, what's become of him?

Chrift. Gone discontented hence.

King. What might this meane?

Doth he displease his Bride, or envy us

That are degree'd above him? where's our Queene?

Queen. My Liege?

King. You shall unto him instantly,

Attended with a beautious traine of Ladies,

And to his Chamber beare his princely Bride.

Bonvile, take you her royall Dower along,

You shall receive it of our Treasurer.

Cap. I shall my Lord:

King Vnder the Queene and Ladies, be their guide,

That done, each one to bed with his faire Bride.

Enter Martiall.

Mar. I am so high, that when I looke but downe,

To see how farre the earth is under me,

It quakes my body, and quite chills my blood:

And in my feare although I stand secure,

I am like him that falls. I but a subject,

And married to the Daughter of the King,

Though some may thinke me happy in this match,

To me 'tis fearefull: who would have a wife

Above him in command, to embrace with awe,

Whom to displease is to displease the King?
The Royall King, and

It is to have a Mistris, not a wife,
A Queene, and not a Subjects bed fellow.
State I could wish abroad to crowne my head,
But never yet lov'd Empire in my bed.

Enter servant.

Serv. The Queene your daughter with your princely Bride,
And other Ladies, make way towards your chamber.

Mar. 'Tis open to receive them, pray them in.

Enter Bonville, the Queene, the Princesse, &c.

Queen. My Lord the King commends his love to you
In your faire Bride, whom royally conducted
He hath sent to be the partner of your bed.

Mar. Whom we receive in the arms of gratitude,
Duty to him, and nuptiall love to her.

Prince. 'Tis well they brought me, trust me my deare Lord,
I should have scarce had face to have come my selfe;
But yet their boldnesse mixt with mine together,
Makes me to venter I yet scarce know whither.

Mar. 'Tis to our Nuptiall bed.

Princesse. Ey so they lie,
But unto me it is a path unknowne;
Yet that which cheers me, I shall doe no more
Than those, and such as I have done before.
Sure 'tis a thing that must, though without skill,
Even when you please, I am ready for your will.

Cap. With her the King hath sent this princely dower,
In which his love and bounty hee commends.

Mar. You are noble Sir, and honour waites on you.
To crowne your future fortunes : for that Casket,
Her beauty and her birth are dower sufficient.
For me a subject.
I cannot think so much good to my King,
As I am owing for this single felte.
Then with all duty pray returne that summe,
Her dower is in her felte, and that I'le keep.
Which in these joys all armes this night shall sleepe.
That is the Kings, with that this jewel too,

I thinke
the Loyall Subject.

I think her cheape bought at that easie rate;
My second duty in that gift commend,
Were I worth more, more I have will to fend.

Cap. An Emperor cannot shew more Royalty,
Than this brave Peere, hee's all magnificent:
I shall with the best eloquence I have,
Make knowne your thoughts.

Mar. To all at once good night:
Save this my beauteous Bride, no wealth I prize,
That hath my heart tooke captive in her eyes.
Lights for the Queene and Ladies, night growes old,
I count my Vertue treasure, not my Gold.

Exeunt divers wayes.

Enter Clinton to the Earle Chetler in his study.

Clin. What not at rest my Lord?

Cheif. Why who can sleepe
That hath a labouring braine, and fees from farre
So many stormes and tempests threaten him?
It is not in my element to doo't.

Clin. Finde you no project yet how to remove him?

Cheif. None, none, and therefore can I finde no rest.

Clin. It growes towards day.

Cheif. That day is night to me,
Whil'st yon Sunne shines: I had this even some conference
In private with the King, in which I urg'd
The Martialls discontent, withall interred,
That by his looke the Princesse he despis'd:
The King chang'd face: and could we seconde this
By any new conjecture, there were hope
To draw him in displeasure.

Clin. Watch advantage,
And as you finde the humour of the King,
Worke it unto the Martialls deepe disgrace:
But loft the Prince. Enter the Prince and Katherine.

Kath. So early up, how did you like your rest?

Prince. I found my most rest in my most unrest;
A little sleepe serves a new married man:

I 3.
The first night of his brydals I have made you
AWoman of a Maide.

Kath. You were up
Both late and early.

Prince. Why you were abroad
Before the Sunne was up, and the most wise
Does lay' tis heav'tfull still betimes to rise.

Good day.

Chefl. In one, ten thousand.

Prince. Lords, you have not seene
The King to day? it was his custome ever
Still to be sturring early with the Sunne;
But here's his Majesty.

Enter Captaine and the King, Audley, and Bonvile.

King. Not all your smooth and cunning Oratory
Can colour to his pride, but we esteeme him
A flattering Traytor, one that scornes our love,
And in disdaine sent backe our Daughters Dower:

Your Judgement Lords?

Chefl. Hath he refus'd the Princeffe?

King. No; but her Dower sent back, and insolently;
Her whom we gave, he with a gift would buy,
A jewel: shall we merchandize our Daughter,
As one not able to bestow her nobly,
But that our poverty must force us sell her?

Cap. Your Highness much mispriseth his intent,

For he had no such thought.

King. We know his pride,
Which his ambition can no longer shadow.

Chefl. Your Highnessse might doe well to call in question
His insolence, and to arraigne him for't.

King. Be you his Judges Bonvile, Audley, you;
Command him straight on his Allegiance,
To make appearance, and to answer us
Before our Lords of his contempt and scorne.

Bonv. Shall we command him hither?

King.


**the Loyall Subject.**

**King.** From his bed,
And if convicted, he shall surely pay for't.

**And.** We shall my Lord,

**Chester.** Arraigne him on the sudden, e're provided;
Let him not dreame upon evasive shifts,
But take him unprepared.

**Ctin.** Shall we command
A Barre, and call a Jury of his Peeres,
Whil'st Chester, that enjoyes the place of Martiall,
Objects such Allegations 'gainst his life,
As he hath drawne out of his rude demeanaor?

**King.** It shall be so; a Barre, and instantly
We will our selfe in person heare him speake,
And see what just excuse he can produce
For his contempt.

**Prince.** My gracious Lord and Father,
What he hath done to you, proceeds of honour,
Not of disdain, or scorne; hee's truely noble:
And if a Regall bounty be a sinne.
In any subject, hee's onely guilty
Of that true vertue.

**Cap.** Saw your Majesty
With what an humble zeale, and prostrate love.
He did retender your faire Daughters Dower,
You would not his intent thus misreceive.

**Chester.** 'Tis humble pride, and meere hypocrisie
To blinde the King, 'tis but ambitious zeale,
And a dissembling cunning to aspire.

**Kath.** My Father call'd in question for his life?
Oh let not me a sad spectator be
Of such a dismall object.

**Prince.** Nor will I,
But leave them to their hated cruelty.

**King.** This is no place for Ladies, we allow
Her absence; of the rest let none depart,
Till we have search't the cunning of his heart:
A Barre set out, the King and Chester, with Clinton, and the Prince, and Captain take their seats, Audley and Bonville bring him to the Barre as out of his bed, then take their seats.

Mar. A Barre, a Judgement seat, and Jury set? Yet cannot all this daunt our innocence.

Chefl. You have disloyally sought to exceed
The King your Soveraigne, and his royall deeds
To blemish, which your fellow Peerés thus conter,
That strengthen'd by th'alliance of the King,
And better armed by the peoples love,
You may prove dangerous.
In policy of state to quench the sparkes
Before they grow to flame, and top your height,
Before your spacious branches spread too farre,
What to this generall motion can you say,
Before we taxe you with particulars?

Mar. With reverence to the State fore which I stand,
That you my Lord of Chester appeare shallow,
To thinke my actions can disgrace the Kings,
As if the luster of a petty Starre
Should with the Moone compare: Alas, my deeds
Conferr'd with his, are like a Candles light
To out-shine the mid-dayes glory. Can the King
The glorious mirrour of all gratitude,
Condemne that vertue in anothers bosome,
Which in his owne shines so transparantly?
Oh pardon me, meere vertue is my end,
Whose pitch the King doth many times transcend.

Clin. To taxe you more succintely, you have first
Abus'd the King in sending to the Court
Your daughter lesse faire, and the least belov'd.

And. And that includes contempt most barbarous,
Which you in that unsapect-like express:
Your former emulations we omit,
As things that may finde tolerable excuse;
And are indeed not matters capital:

But
the Loyall Subject.

But to the best and greatest, when the King,
Out of his bounty and magnificence
Vouchsaf't to thee with the name of sonne,
Being but a subject, with contorted browses
And looks of scorne you tooke his courtesie,
And in contempt sent backe the Princesse dower.

Ches't. Moft true; a grounded proposition
To question you of life.

Mar. My life my lords?

It pleaseth me, that the King in person daines
To grace my cause, with his Majestick care:
You lead for me in this, and speake my excuse.
I have but two in all,
He sent for one, and he receiv'd them both,
With them a sweete and lovely Prince to boote;
Who ever lost, I am sure the King hath wonne
At once, a wife, a daughter, and a sonne.

Boyn. 'Tis true my Lord, we all can witneffe it.

Mar. He that my discontent objects to me,
With the faire Princesse, speakes uncertainly.
The man judicious such for fooles allowes,
As have their inward hearts drawne in their browses
Is there in all that bench a man so honest?
That can in this be discontent with me?
I charge you all; those favours I receive
From his high Majesty, I swallow not
With greedy appetite, perhaps like you:
When I am gra'ct, it comes with awe and feare,
Left I offend that Prince that holds me deare.
That for my brow.

Ches't. But for your scornfull lending
Of the faire Princesse dower, backe to th' King,
How can you answer that?

Mar. Why Ches'ter thus:
I am a man, though subject; if the meanest
Lord or his wife; why should that privilege
Be onely bard me? should I wive an Empresse,
The Royall King, and

And take her dowerless, should we love, or hate,
In that my bounty equalles her estate.
Witnesse that I judge above you, I esteeme
The Princesse dearly, and yet married her
But as my wife, for which I am infinitely
Bound to the King: why should I grow ingag’d
Above my power, since this my Lords you know,
The lesse we runne in debt, the lesse we owe.
Give me my thoughts, and score you on I pray,
I wish no more than I have meanes to pay.

Cheef. Shall we my Lord his actions censure freely?
King. And sentence them.

And. A Persian History

I read of late, how the great Sophy once
Flying a noble Falcon at the Henne,
In comes by chance an Eagle fouling by,
Which when the Hawke espys, leaves her first game,
And boldly venters on the King of Birds;
Long tug’d they in the Ayre, till at the length
The Falcon better breath’d, seiz’d on the Eagle,
And struck it dead: The Barons prais’d the Bird,
And for her courage she was peerless held.
The Emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,
Made him no lesse: he caus’d a Crowne of gold
To be new fram’d, and fitted to her head.
In honour of her courage: Then the Bird
With great applause was to the market-place
In triumph borne, where, when her utmost worth
Had beene proclaim’d, the common Executioner
First by the Kings command tooke off her Crowne,
And after with a sword strooke of her head,
As one no better than a noble Traytor
Vnto the King of Birds.

Cheef. This use we make
From this your ancient Persian History,
That you a noble and a courteous Peer,
Prais’d for your hospitall vertues and high bounte,

Shall
the Loyall Subject.

Shall be first crown'd with Lawrell to your worth;
But since you durst against your Soveraigne
Oppose your felfe, you by your pride milled,
Shall as a noble Traytor loose your head.

King. That Sentence we confirme, and it shall stand
Irrevocable by our freight command.

Mar. I am glad my Liege I have a life yet left,
In which to shew my bounty, even in that
I will be liberall, and spend it for you;
Take it, 'tis the last jewell that I have,
In lieu of which oh grant me but a grave.

King. A Laurell wreath, a scaffold, and a blocke,
Our felfe will see the Execution done:
Onely thy life is ours, thy goods are free.

Mar. My Lord, you are the life of courtesie,
And you are kinde unto me above measure,
To give away what might enrich your felfe.
Since they are mine, I will bestow them thus:
The beft of those that were so late but yours,
My jewells, I, by will, restore you backe,
You shall receive them separate from the rest:
To you the Kings fonne, and by marriage mine,
On you I will beftow my Armory,
Stables of Horte, and weapons for the warres,
I know you love a Souldier: to the Princesse,
And my two Daughters I give equall portions
From my revenue; but if my faire wife
Proove, and produce a Male-child, him I make
My univerall Heire, but if a Female,
Her Dower is with the rest proportionable.
The next I give, it is my Soule to Heaven,
Where my Creator reignes: my words thus end,
Body to Earth, my Soule to Heaven ascend.

Enter the Queene, Katherine, the Princesse, and
the other Lady.

Kath. Executioner forbeare.
Queen. Hear me a Daughter for a Father plead.

Princesse. O Father, hear me for my Husbands life,

Doubly ally'd, I am his Niece and Wife.

Kath. Oh Father heare me, for a Father crave.

Queen. Than sentence him, oh let me perish rather.

I pleade for him that's both my sonne and Father.

Kath. Oh make your mercy to this prisoner free.

Queen. Father to us.

Princesse. And Husband unto me.

King. Hence with these womanish clamours.

Prince. Unto these.

Let me my Liege presume to adde another,

Behold him kneele that is your sonne and brother.

Kath. Your Sitter and your Daughter great King heare.

Princesse. Your Mother and your Daughter.

Queen. Or like deare,

Your Queen and Sitter.

Princesse. Speake, what hath he done?

Prince. Who ever saw a father on a sonne.

Give sentence? or my Royall Lord, which rather

Addes to your guilt, a sonne condemn the father?

Cheift. My Liege, command them hence, they but disturb.

The Traytor in his death,

King. A Traytor's he.

That dares to teare me, Cheiifer, we mean thee:

Our best of subjects, with our height of grace

We wedde thee to us, in this strict embrace

Thy vertues, bounties, envy'd courtesies;

Thy courage, and thy constancy in death.

Thy love and Loyalty to the end continued,

More than their clamorous importunities

Prevaile with us: then as our best and greatest,

Not to exceed, but equal thee in love,

To end betweene us this Heroick strife,

Accept what we most precioushold, thy Life.

Mar. Which as your gift Ile kepe, till Heaven & Nature

Confine it, hence, and always its expose

Vnto
the Loyall Subiect.

Unto your love and service; I never lov'd it,
But since 'twas yours, and by your gift now mine.

King. I observe in thee
The substance of all perfect Loyalty;
In you save flattery, envy, hate, and pride
Nothing, or ought to goodness that's ally'd;
Resigne those places that belong to him,
Better than to borne noble, be unborne.
Till you your hearts can fashion to your faces,
We here suspend you from your stiles and places.

Prince. A royall doome.

King. Once more from us receive
Thy beauteous Bride, as we will hand our Queene:
The Prince already is possi'd of his.
Nay Bonville, as your Bridals were together,
So follow in your ranke, and by the stile.
Of a Lord Baron, you are now no lesse
If you dare take our word: Our Funerals thus.
Wee'le turne to feasting, and our blood to wines
Of most choice taste, prett from the purest Grape.
Our noble Martiall, kintman, and our friend,
In our two vertues after times shall sing,
A Loyall Subiect, and a Royall King.
The Epilogue to the Reader.

That this Play's old, 'tis true, but now if any
Should for that cause despise it, we have many
Reasons, both just and pregnant, to maintain
Antiquity, and those too, not al vaine.
We know (and not long since) there was a time,
Strong lines were not lookt after, but if rime,
O then 'twas ex cellent: who but believe,
But Doublets with stuff bellies and bigge sleeves,
And those Trunke-hose, which now the age doth scorn,
Were all in fashion, and with frequencie worne;
And what's now out of date, who is't can tell,
But it may come in fashion, and sute well?
With rigour therefore judge not, but with reason,
Since what you read was fittet to that season.

FINIS.