

MUCEDORUS THE KING'S SON OF VALENTIA, AND AMADINE, T

attributed in part to William Shakespeare

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KING'S SON OF VALENTIA, AND AMADINE, THE
KING'S DAUGHTER OF ARRAGON**

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THE PROLOGUE.

Most sacred Majesty, whose great deserts
Thy Subject England, nay, the World, admires:
Which Heaven grant still increase: O may your Praise,
Multiplying with your hours, your Fame still raise;
Embrace your Counsel; Love, with Faith, them guide,
That both, as one, bench by each other's side.
So may your life pass on and run so even,
That your firm zeal plant you a Throne in Heaven,
Where smiling Angels shall your guardians be
From blemished Traitors, stained with Perjury:
And as the night's inferiour to the day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sun to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your Beams, Europe shall borrow light.
Mirth drown your bosom, fair Delight your mind,
And may our Pastime your Contentment find.

[*Exit.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Eight persons may easily play it.

THE KING and ROMBELO, for one.
KING VALENTIA, for one.
MUCEDORUS the prince of Valentia, for one.
ANSELMO, for one.
AMADINE the King's daughter of Arragon, for one.
SEGASTO a Noble man, for one.
ENVY; TREMELIO a Captain; BREMO a wild
man, for one.
COMEDY, a BOY, an OLD WOMAN, ARIANA
Amadine's maid, for one.
COLLEN a Counselor, a MESSENGER, for one.
MOUSE the Clown, for one.

INDUCTION.

[*Enter Comedy joyful with a garland of bays in
her hand.*]

Why so! thus do I hope to please:
Music revives, and mirth is tolerable,
Comedy, play thy part and please,
Make merry them that comes to joy with thee:
Joy, then, good gentles; I hope to make you laugh.
Sound forth Bellona's silver tuned strings.
Time fits us well, the day and place is ours.

[*Enter Envy, his arms naked, besmeared with blood.*]

ENVY.

Nay, stay, minion, there lies a block.
What, all on mirth! I'll interrupt your tale
And mix your music with a tragic end.

COMEDY.

What monstrous ugly hag is this,
That dares control the pleasures of our will?
Vaunt, churlish cur, besmeared with gory blood,
That seemst to check the blossoms of delight,
And stifle the sound of sweet Bellona's breath:
Blush, monster, blush, and post away with shame,
That seekst disturbance of a goddess' deeds.

ENVY.

Post hence thy self, thou counter-checking trull;
I will possess this habit, spite of thee,
And gain the glory of thy wished port:
I'll thunder music shall appall the nymphs,
And make them shiver their clattering strings:
Flying for succour to their dankish caves.

[*Sound drums within and cry, 'stab! stab!'*]

Hearken, thou shalt hear a noise
Shall fill the air with a shrilling sound,
And thunder music to the gods above:
Mars shall himself breathe down
A peerless crown upon brave envy's head,
And raise his chivall with a lasting fame.
In this brave music Envy takes delight,
Where I may see them wallow in their blood,
To spurn at arms and legs quite shivered off,
And hear the cries of many thousand slain.
How likst thou this, my trull? this sport alone for me!

COMEDY.

Vaunt, bloody cur, nurst up with tiger's sap,
That so dost seek to quail a woman's mind.
Comedy is mild, gentle, willing for to please,
And seeks to gain the love of all estates:

THE PROLOGUE.

Delighting in mirth, mixt all with lovely tales,
 And bringeth things with treble joy to pass.
 Thou, bloody, Envious, disdainer of men's joy,
 Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems,
 Delights in nothing but in spoil and death,
 Where thou maist trample in their luke warm blood,
 And grasp their hearts within thy cursed paws:
 Yet vail thy mind, revenge thou not on me;
 A silly woman begs it at thy hands:
 Give me the leave to utter out my play,
 Forbear this place, I humbly crave thee: hence,
 And mix not death amongst pleasing comedies,
 That treats naught else but pleasure and delight.
 If any spark of human rests in thee,
 Forbear, be gone, tender the suite of me.

ENVY.

Why so I will; forbearance shall be such
 As treble death shall cross thee with despite,
 And make thee mourn where most thou joyest,
 Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
 Whirling thy pleasures with a peal of death,
 And drench thy methods in a sea of blood:
 This will I do, thus shall I bear with thee;
 And more to vex thee with a deeper spite,
 I will with threats of blood begin thy play,
 Favoring thee with envy and with hate.

COMEDY.

Then, ugly monster, do thy worst,
 I will defend them in despite of thee:
 And though thou thinkst with tragic fumes
 To brave my play unto my deep disgrace,
 I force it not, I scorn what thou canst do;
 I'll grace it so, thy self shall it confess
 From tragic stuff to be a pleasant comedy.

ENVY.

Why then, Comedy, send thy actors forth
 And I will cross the first steps of their tread:
 Making them fear the very dart of death.

COMEDY.

And I'll defend them maugre all thy spite:
 So, ugly fiend, farewell, till time shall serve,
 That we may meet to parle for the best.

ENVY.

Content, Comedy; I'll go spread my branch,
 And scattered blossoms from mine envious tree
 Shall prove to monsters, spoiling of their joys.

THE PROLOGUE.

[*Exit.*]

ACT I. SCENE I. Valentia. The Court.

[Sound. Enter Mucedorus and Anselmo his friend.]

MUCEDORUS.

Anselmo.

ANSELMO.

My Lord and friend.

MUCEDORUS.

True, my Anselmo, both thy Lord and friend
Whose dear affections bosom with my heart,
And keep their domination in one orb.

ANSELMO.

Whence near disloyalty shall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choice respect.

MUCEDORUS.

Much blame were mine, if I should other deem,
Nor can coy Fortune contrary allow:
But, my Anselmo, loth I am to say
I must estrange that friendship—
Misconsture not, tis from the Realm, not thee:
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keep company.
Thou knowst that I imparted often have
Private relations with my royal Sire,
Had as concerning beautiful Amadine,
Rich Aragon's bright Jewel, whose face (some say)
That blooming Lilies never shone so gay,
Excelling, not excelled: yet least Report
Does mangle Verity, boasting of what is not,
Wing'd with Desire, thither I'll straight repair,
And be my Fortunes, as my Thoughts are, fair.

ANSELMO.

Will you forsake Valentia, leave the Court,
Absent you from the eye of Sovereignty?
Do not, sweet Prince, adventure on that task,
Since danger lurks each where: be won from it.

MUCEDORUS.

Desist dissuasion,
My resolution brooks no battery;
Therefore, if thou retain thy wonted form,
Assist what I intend.

ANSELMO.

Your miss will breed a blemish in the Court,
And throw a frosty dew upon that Beard,
Whose front Valentia stoops to.

MUCEDORUS.

If thou my welfare tender, then no more;
Let Love's strong magic charm thy trivial phrase,
Wasted as vainly as to gripe the Sun:
Augment not then more answers; lock thy lips,
Unless thy wisdom suite me with disguise,
According to my purpose.

ANSELMO.

That action craves no counsel,
Since what you rightly are will more command,
Than best usurped shape.

MUCEDORUS.

Thou still art opposite is disposition:
A more obscure servile habillament
Beseems this enterprise.

ANSELMO.

Than like a Florentine or Mountebank?

MUCEDORUS.

Tis much too tedious; I dislike thy judgement:
My mind is grafted on an humbler stock.

ANSELMO.

Within my Closet does there hang a Cassock,
Though base the weed is; twas a Shepherds,
Which I presented in Lord Julio's Mask.

MUCEDORUS.

That, my Anselmo, and none else but that,
Mask Mucedorus from the vulgar view!
That habit suits my mind; fetch me that weed.

[Exit Anselmo.]

Better than Kings have not disdained that state,
And much inferiour, to obtain their mate.

[Enter Anselmo with a Shepherd's coat.]

So!
Let our respect command thy secrecy.
At once a brief farewell:
Delay to lovers is a second hell.

[*Exit Mucedorus.*]

ANSELMO.

Prosperity forerun thee; Awkward chance
Never be neighbour to thy wishes' venture:
Content and Fame advance thee; ever thrive,
And Glory thy mortality survive.

[*Exit.*]

ACT I. SCENE II. A Forest in Arragon.

[Enter Mouse with a bottle of Hay.]

MOUSE.

O horrible, terrible! Was ever poor Gentleman
so scared out of his seven Senses? A Bear? nay,
sure it cannot be a Bear, but some Devil in a
Bear's Doublet: for a Bear could never have had
that agility to have frighted em. Well, I'll see my
Father hanged, before I'll serve his Horse any more:
Well, I'll carry home my Bottle of Hay, and for
once make my Father's Horse turn puritan and
observe Fasting days, for he gets not a bit. But
soft! this way she followed me, therefore I'll take
the other Path; and because I'll be sure to have an
eye on him, I will take hands with some foolish
Creditor, and make every step backward.

*[As he goes backwards the Bear comes in, and he
tumbles over, and runs away and leaves his bottle
of Hay behind him.]*

ACT I. SCENE III. The same.

[Enter Segasto running and Amadine after him, being pursued by a bear.]

SEGASTO.

Oh fly, Madam, fly or else we are but dead.

AMADINE.

Help, Segasto, help! help, sweet Segasto, or else I die.

SEGASTO.

Alas, madam, there is no way but flight;
Then haste and save your self.

[Segasto runs away.]

AMADINE.

Why then I die; ah help me in distress!

[Enter Mucedorus like a shepherd with a sword drawn and a bear's head in his hand.]

MUCEDORUS.

Stay, Lady, stay, and be no more dismayed.
That cruel beast most merciless and fell,
Which hath bereaved thousands of their lives,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to find his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others' death,
His carcass now lies headless, void of breath.

AMADINE.

That foul deformed monster, is he dead?

MUCEDORUS.

Assure your self thereof, behold his head:
Which if it please you, Lady, to accept,
With willing heart I yield it to your majesty.

AMADINE.

Thanks, worthy shepherd, thanks a thousand times.
This gift, assure thy self, contents me more
Than greatest bounty of a mighty prince,
Although he were the monarch of the world.

MUCEDORUS.

Most gracious goddess, more than mortal wight,

Your heavenly hue of right imports no less,
Most glad am I in that it was my chance
To undertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your princely mind.

AMADINE.

No goddess, shepherd, but a mortal wight,
A mortal wight distressed as thou seest:
My father here is king of Arragon.
I Amadine his only daughter am,
And after him sole heir unto the crown.
Now, where as it is my father's will
To marry me unto Segasto, one,
Whose wealth through father's former usury
Is known to be no less than wonderful,
We both of custom oftentimes did use,
Leaving the court, to walk within the fields
For recreation, especially in the spring,
In that it yields great store of rare delights:
And passing further than our wonted walks,
Scarce were entered within these luckless woods,
But right before us down a steep fall hill
A monstrous ugly bear did hie him fast,
To meet us both. I faint to tell the rest,
Good shepherd, but suppose the ghastly looks,
The hideous fears, the thousand hundred woes,
Which at this instant Amadine sustained.

MUCEDORUS.

Yet, worthy princess, let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former joys revive.

AMADINE.

Believe me, shepherd, so it doth no less.

MUCEDORUS.

Long may they last unto your heart's content.
But tell me, Lady, what is become of him,
Segasto called, what is become of him?

AMADINE.

I know not, I; that know the powers divine,
But God grant this: that sweet Segasto live.

MUCEDORUS.

Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to save himself by flight:
And leave so brave a princess to the spoil.

AMADINE.

Well, shepherd, for thy worthy valour tried,

Endangering thy self to set me free,
Unrecompensed, sure, thou shalt not be.
In court thy courage shall be plainly known:
Throughout the Kingdom will I spread thy name,
To thy renown and never dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better known,
Bear thou the head of this most monstrous beast
In open sight to every courtiers view:
So will the king my father thee reward.
Come, let's away, and guard me to the court.

MUCEDORUS.

With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I. SCENE IV. Outskirts of the Forest.

[Enter Segasto solus.]

SEGASTO.

When heaps of harms to hover over head,
Tis time as then, some say, to look about,
And of ensuing harms to choose the least:
But hard, yea hapless, is that wretches chance,
Luckless his lot and caytiffe like acourste,
At whose proceedings fortune ever frowns.
My self I mean, most subject unto thrall,
For I, the more I seek to shun the worst,
The more by proof I find myself accurst:
Ere whiles assaulted with an ugly bear,
Fair Amadine in company all alone,
Forthwith by flight I thought to save my self,
Leaving my Amadine unto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the bear,
And death no less of Amadine's harms to hear.
Accursed I in lingering life thus long!
In living thus, each minute of an hour
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths:
If she by flight her fury do escape,
What will she think?
Will she not say—yea, flatly to my face,
Accusing me of mere disloyalty—
A trusty friend is tried in time of need,
But I, when she in danger was of death
And needed me, and cried, Segasto, help:
I turned my back and quickly ran away.
Unworthy I to bear this vital breath!
But what! what needs these plaints?
If Amadine do live, then happy I;
She will in time forgive and so forget:
Amadine is merciful, not Juno like,
In harmful heart to harbor hatred long.

*[Enter Mouse, the Clown, running, crying:
clubs.]*

MOUSE.

Clubs, prongs, pitchforks, bills! O help! a bear,
a bear, a bear, a bear!

SEGASTO.

Still bears, and nothing else but bears. Tell me,
sirrah, where she is.

MOUSE.

O sir, she is run down the woods: I see her white head and her white belly.

SEGASTO.

Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of white bears.
But, sirra, didst thou ever see any such?

MOUSE.

No, faith, I never saw any such, but I remember my father's words: he bade me take heed I was not caught with a white bear.

SEGASTO.

A lamentable tale, no doubt.

MOUSE.

I tell you what, sir, as I was going a field to serve my father's great horse, carried a bottle of hay upon my head—now do you see, sir—I, fast hoodwinked, that I could see nothing, perceiving the bear coming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

SEGASTO.

What, from nothing?

MOUSE.

I warrant you, yes, I saw something, for there was two load of thorns besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

SEGASTO.

But tell me, sirra, the bear that thou didst see,
Did she not bear a bucket on her arm?

R>> **MOUSE.**

Ha, ha, ha! I never saw bear go a milking in my life. But hark you, sir, I did not look so high as her arm: I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

SEGASTO.

But tell me, sirra, where dost thou dwell?

MOUSE.

Why, do you not know me?

SEGASTO.

Why no, how should I know thee?

MOUSE.

Why, then, you know no body, and you know not me. I tell you, sir, I am the goodman rats son of the next parish over the hill.

SEGASTO.

Goodman rats son: why, what's thy name?

MOUSE.

Why, I am very near kin unto him.

SEGASTO.

I think so, but what's thy name?

MOUSE.

My name? I have a very pretty name; I'll tell you what my name is: my name is Mouse.

SEGASTO.

What, plain Mouse?

MOUSE.

Aye, plain mouse with out either welt or guard. But do you hear, sir, I am but a very young mouse, for my tail is scarce grown out yet; look you here else.

SEGASTO.

But, I pray thee, who gave thee that name?

MOUSE.

Faith, sir, I know not that, but if you would fain know, ask my father's great horse, for he hath been half a year longer with my father than I have.

SEGASTO.

This seems to be a merry fellow;
I care not if I take him home with me.
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled mind,
A merry man a merry master makes.
How saist thou, sirra, wilt thou dwell with me?

MOUSE.

Nay, soft, sir, two words to a bargain: pray you, what occupation are you?

SEGASTO.

No occupation, I live upon my lands.

MOUSE.

Your lands! away, you are no master for me: why, do you think that I am so mad, to go seek my living in the

lands amongst the stones, briars, and bushes, and tear
my holy day apparel? not I, by your leave.

SEGASTO.

Why, I do not mean thou shalt.

MOUSE.

How then?

SEGASTO.

Why, thou shalt be my man, and wait upon me at the
court.

MOUSE.

What's that?

SEGASTO.

Where the King lies.

MOUSE.

What's that same King, a man or woman?

SEGASTO.

A man as thou art.

MOUSE.

As I am? hark you, sir; pray you, what kin is he
to good man king of our parish, the church warden?

SEGASTO.

No kin to him; he is the King of the whole land.

MOUSE.

King of the land! I never see him.

SEGASTO.

If thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt see him
every day.

MOUSE.

Shall I go home again to be torn in pieces with
bears? no, not I. I will go home put on a clean
shirt, and then go drown my self.

SEGASTO.

Thou shalt not need; if thou wilt dwell with me,
thou shalt want nothing.

MOUSE.

Shall I not? then here's my hand; I'll dwell with you.
And hark you, sir, now you have entertained me, I

will tell you what I can do: I can keep my tongue
from picking and stealing, and my hands from lying
and slandering, I warrant you, as well as ever you had
man in all your life.

SEGASTO.

Now will I to court with sorrowful heart, rounded with
doubts.

If Amadine do live, then happy I:

Yea, happy I, if Amadine do live.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I. The Camp of the King of Arragon.

[Enter the King with a young prince prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collen and counselors.]

KING.

Now, brave Lords, our wars are brought to end,
Our foes to the foil, and we in safety rest:
It us behooves to use such clemency
In peace as valour in the war
It is as great honor to be bountiful
At home as to be conquerors in the field.
Therefore, my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and your country's safeguard,
We are disposed in marriage for to give
Our daughter to Lord Segasto here,
Who shall succeed the diadem after me,
And reign hereafter as I tofore have done,
Your sole and lawful King of Arragon:
What say you, Lordings, like you of my advise?

COLLEN.

And please your Majesty, we do not only allow of
your highness pleasure, but also vow faithfully in
what we may to further it.

KING.

Thanks, good my Lords, if long Adrostus live,
He will at full requite your courtesies.
Tremelio,
In recompense of thy late valour done,
Take unto thee the Catalonea prince,
Lately our prisoner taken in the wars.
Be thou his keeper, his ransom shall be thine:
We'll think of it when leisure shall afford:
Mean while, do use him well; his father is a King.

TREMELIO.

Thanks to your Majesty: his usage shall be such,
As he thereat shall think no cause to grutce.

[Exeunt Tremelio and Prince.]

KING.

Then march we on to court, and rest our wearied limbs.
But, Collen, I have a tale in secret kept for thee:
When thou shalt hear a watch word from thy king,
Think then some weighty matter is at hand
That highly shall concern our state,

Then, Collen, look thou be not far from me:
And for thy service thou to fore hast done,
Thy trueth and valour proud in every point,
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore:
So guard us to the court.

COLLEN.

What so my sovereign doth command me do,
With willing mind I gladly yield consent.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE II. The same.

[Enter Segasto, and the Clown with weapons about him.]

SEGASTO.

Tell me, sirra, how do you like your weapons?

MOUSE.

O very well, very well, they keep my sides warm.

SEGASTO.

They keep the dogs from your shins very well, do they not?

MOUSE.

How, keep the dogs from my shins? I would scorn but my shins should keep the dogs from them.

SEGASTO.

Well, sirra, leaving idle talk, tell me: Dost thou know captain Tremelio's chamber?

MOUSE.

Aye, very well; it hath a door.

SEGASTO.

I think so, for so hath every chamber. But does thou know the man?

MOUSE.

Aye, forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

SEGASTO.

Why so hath every one.

MOUSE.

That's more than I know.

SEGASTO.

But doest thou remember the captain, that was here with the king even now, that brought the young prince prisoner?

MOUSE.

O, very well.

SEGASTO.

Go unto him and bid him come to me. Tell him

I have a matter in secret to impart to him.

MOUSE.

I will, master:—master, what's his name?

SEGASTO.

Why, captain Tremelio.

MOUSE.

O, the meal man. I know him very well. He brings meal every Saturday. But hark you, master, must I bid him come to you or must you come to him?

SEGASTO.

No, sir, he must come to me.

MOUSE.

Hark you, master, how if he be not at home? What shall I do then?

SEGASTO.

Why, then thou leavest word with some of his folks.

MOUSE.

Oh, master, if there be no body within, I will leave word with his dog.

SEGASTO.

Why, can his dog speak?

MOUSE.

I cannot tell; wherefore doth he keep his chamber else?

SEGASTO.

To keep out such knaves as thou art.

MOUSE.

Nay, be lady, then go your self.

SEGASTO.

You will go, sir, will ye not?

MOUSE.

Yes, marry, will I. O tis come to my head:
And a be not within, I'll bring his chamber to you.

SEGASTO.

What, wilt thou pluck down the King's house?

MOUSE.

Nay, be lady, I'll know the price of it first. Master, it is such a hard name, I have forgotten it again. I pray you, tell me his name.

SEGASTO.

I tell thee, captain Tremelio.

MOUSE.

Oh, captain treble knave, captain treble knave.

[Enter Tremelio.]

TREMELIO.

How now, sirra, doost thou call me?

MOUSE.

You must come to my master, captain treble knave.

TREMELIO.

My Lord Segasto, did you send for me?

SEGASTO.

I did, Tremelio. Sirra, about your business.

MOUSE.

Aye, marry: what's that, can you tell?

SEGASTO.

No, not well.

MOUSE.

Marry, then, I can: straight to the kitchen dresser, to John the cook, and get me a good piece of beef and brewis, and then to the buttery hatch to Thomas the butler for a jack of beer, and there for an hour I'll so be labour my self! therefore, I pray you, call me not till you think I have done, I pray you, good master.

SEGASTO.

Well, sir, away.

[Exit Mouse.]

Tremelio, this it is: thou knowest the valour of Segasto spread through all the kingdom of Arragon, and such as hath found triumph and favours, never daunted at any time; but now a shepherd is admired at in court for worthiness, and Segasto's honour laid a side. My will, therefore, is this, that thou dost find

some means to work the shepherd's death. I know
thy strength sufficient to perform my desire, thy
love no other wise than to revenge my injuries.

TREMELIO.

It is not the frowns of a shepherd that Tremelio fears.
Therefore, account it accomplished, what I take in hand.

SEGASTO.

Thanks, good Tremelio, and assure they self,
What I promise that will I perform.

TREMELIO.

Thanks, my good Lord, and in good time see where
He cometh: stand by a while, and you shall see
Me put in practise your intended drifts.
Have at thee, swain, if that I hit thee right.

[Enter Mucedorus.]

MUCEDORUS.

Viled coward, so without cause to strike a man.
Turn, coward, turn; now strike and do thy worst.

[Mucedorus killeth him.]

SEGASTO.

Hold, shepherd, hold; spare him, kill him not!
Accursed villain, tell me, what hast thou done?
Ah, Tremelio, trusty Tremelio!
I sorrow for thy death, and since that thou,
Living, didst prove faithful to Segasto,
So Segasto now, living, shall honour
The dead corpse of Tremelio with revenge.
Bloodthirsty villain,
Born and bred to merciless murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold at once
To lay thy hands upon the least of mine?
Assure thy self,
Thou shalt be used according to the law.

MUCEDORUS.

Segasto, cease, these threats are needless.
Accuse not me of murder, that have done
Nothing but in mine own defence.

SEGASTO.

Nay, shepherd, reason not with me.
I'll manifest thy fact unto the King,
Whose doom will be thy death, as thou deservest.
What ho, Mouse, come away!

[Enter Mouse.]

MOUSE.

Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

SEGASTO.

Come, help; away with my friend.

MOUSE.

Why, is he drunk? cannot he stand on his feet?

SEGASTO.

No, he is not drunk, he is slain.

MOUSE.

Flaine? no, by Lady, he is not flaine.

SEGASTO.

He's killed, I tell thee.

MOUSE.

What, do you use to kill your friends?
I will serve you no longer.

SEGASTO.

I tell thee, the shepherd killed him.

MOUSE.

O, did a so? but, master, I will have all his
apparel if I carry him away.

SEGASTO.

Why, so thou shalt.

MOUSE.

Come, then, I will help; mas, master, I think
his mother song looby to him, he is so heavy.

[Exeunt Segasto and Mouse.]

MUCEDORUS.

Behold the fickle state of man, always mutable,
Never at one. Sometimes we feed on fancies
With the sweet of our desires; sometimes again
We feel the heat of extreme misery.
Now am I in favour about the court and country.
To morrow those favours will turn to frowns:
To day I live revenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe revenged on me.

ACT II. SCENE II. The same.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE III. The Forest.

[Enter Bremo, a wild man.]

BREMO.

No passengers this morning? what, not one?
A chance that seldom doth befall.
What, not one? then lie thou there,
And rest thyself till I have further need,
Now, Bremo, sith thy leisure so affords—
An endless thing. Who knows not Bremo's strength,
Who like a king commands within these woods?
The bear, the boar, dares not abide my sight,
But hastes away to save themselves by flight:
The crystal waters in the bubbling brooks,
When I come by, doth swiftly slide away,
And claps themselves in closets under banks,
Afraid to look bold Bremo in the face:
The aged oaks at Bremo's breath do bow,
And all things else are still at my command.
Else what would I?
Rent them in pieces and pluck them from the earth,
And each way else I would revenge my self.
Why who comes here with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me doth not die the death?
Not one: What favour shews this sturdy stick to those,
That here within these woods are combatants with me?
Why, death, and nothing else but present death.
With restless rage I wander through these woods,
No creature here but feareth Bremo's force,
Man, woman, child, beast and bird,
And every thing that doth approach my sight,
Are forced to fall if Bremo once but frown.
Come, cudgel, come, my partner in my spoils,
For here I see this day it will not be;
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat sufficeth for to work my will.
What, comes not one? then let's begone;
A time will serve when we shall better speed.

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE IV. Arragon. a Room of State in the Court.

[Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepherd, and the Clown, with others.]

KING.

Shepherd, thou hast heard thin accusers;
Murther is laid to thy charge.
What canst thou say? thou hast deserved death.

MUCEDORUS.

Dread sovereign, I must needs confess,
I slew this captain in mine own defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance;
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

SEGASTO.

Words will not here prevail,
I seek for justice, justice craves his death.

KING.

Shepherd, thine own confession hath condemned thee.
Sirra, take him away, 7 do him to execution straight.

MOUSE.

So he shall, I warrant him; but do you hear, master
King, he is kin to a monkey, his neck is bigger than
his head.

SEGASTO.

Come, sirra, away with him, and hang him about the
middle.

MOUSE.

Yes, forsooth, I warrant you: come on, sir. A, so like
a sheep biter a looks!

[Enter Amadine and a boy with a bear's head.]

AMADINE.

Dread sovereign and wellbeloved sire,
On bended knees I crave the life of this
Condemned shepherd, which heretofore preserved
The life of thy sometime distressed daughter.

KING.

Preserved the life of my sometime distress daughter?
How can that be? I never knew the time

Wherein thou wast distressed; I never knew the day
But that I have maintained thy state,
As best beseemed the daughter of a king.
I never saw the shepherd until now.
How comes it, then, that he preserved thy life?

AMADINE.

Once walking with Segasto in the woods,
Further than our accustomed manner was,
Right before us, down a steep fall hill,
A monstrous ugly bear doth hie him fast
To meet us both: now whether this be true,
I refer it to the credit of Segasto.

SEGASTO.

Most true, and like your majesty.

KING.

How then?

AMADINE.

The bear, being eager to obtain his prey,
Made forward to us with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow us both at once;
The sight whereof did make us both to dread,
But specially your daughter Amadine,
Who, for I saw no succour incident
But in Segasto's valour, I grew desperate,
And he most cowardlike began to fly—
Left me distressed to be devoured of him.
How say you, Segasto, is it not true?

KING.

His silence verifies it to be true. What then?

AMADINE.

Then I amazed, distressed, all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that ugly bear,
But all in vain, for, why, he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his paws,
Till at the length this shepherd came,
And brought to me his head.
Come hither boy: lo, here it is,
Which I present unto your majesty.

KING.

The slaughter of this bear deserves great fame.

SEGASTO.

The slaughter of a man deserves great blame.

KING.

Indeed occasion oftentimes so falls out.

SEGASTO.

Tremelio in the wars, O King, preserved thee.

AMADINE.

The shepherd in the woods, o king, preserved me.

SEGASTO.

Tremelio fought when many men did yield.

AMADINE.

So would the shepherd, had he been in field.

MOUSE.

So would my master, had he not run away.

SEGASTO.

Tremelio's force saved thousands from the foe.

AMADINE.

The shepherd's force would have saved thousands more.

MOUSE.

Aye, shipsticks, nothing else.

KING.

Segasto, cease to accuse the shepherd,
His worthiness deserves a recompense,
All we are bound to do the shepherd good:
Shepherd, whereas it was my sentence, thou shouldst die,
So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

SEGASTO.

Thanks to your majesty.

KING.

But soft, Segasto, not for this offence.—
Long maist thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
to cut in twain the twisted thread of life,
Then let him die: for this I set thee free:
And for thy valour I will honour thee.

MUCEDORUS.

Thanks to your majesty.

KING.

Come, daughter, let us now depart, to honour the
worthy valour of the shepherd with our rewards.

[*Exeunt.*]

MOUSE.

O master, hear you, you have made a fresh hand
now you would be slow, you; why, what will you
do now? you have lost me a good occupation by
the means. Faith, master, now I cannot hang the
shepherd, I pray you, let me take the pains to hang
you: it is but half an hour's exercise.

SEGASTO.

You are still in your knavery, but sith a I cannot
have his life I will procure his banishment for ever.
Come one, sirra.

MOUSE.

Yes, forsooth, I come.—Laugh at him, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I. Grove near the Court.

[Enter Mucedorus solus.]

MUCEDORUS.

From Amadine and from her father's court,
With gold and silver and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the banks of golden treasuries,—
More may I boast and say: but I,
Was never shepheard in such dignity.

[Enter the messenger and the clown.]

MESSENGER.

All hail, worthy shepherd.

MOUSE.

All reign, lowly shepherd..

MUCEDORUS.

Welcome, my friends; from whence come you?

MESSENGER.

The King and Amadine greets thee well, and after
greetings done, bids thee depart the court: shepherd,
begone.

MUCEDORUS.

Whose words are these? came these from Amadine?

MESSENGER.

Aye, from Amadine.

MOUSE.

Aye, from Amadine.

MUCEDORUS.

Ah, luckless fortune, worse than Phaeton's tale,
My former bliss is now become my bale.

MOUSE.

What, wilt thou poison thy self?

MUCEDORUS.

My former heaven is now become my hell.

MOUSE.

The worse ale house that I ever came in, in all my life.

MUCEDORUS.

What shall I do?

MOUSE.

Even go hang thy self half an hour.

MUCEDORUS.

Can Amadine so churlishly command,
To banish the shepherd from her Father's court?

MESSENGER.

What should shepherds do in the court?

MOUSE.

What should shepherds do amongst us? have we not
Lords enough on us in the court?

MUCEDORUS.

Why, shepherds are men, and kings are no more.

MESSENGER.

Shepherds are men and masters over their flock.

MOUSE.

That's a lie: who pays them their wages then?

MESSENGER.

Well, you are always interrupting of me, but you
are best look to him, least you hang for him when
he is gone.

[*Exit.*]

[*The Clown sings.*]

MOUSE.

And you shall hang for company,
For leaving me alone.
Shepherd, stand forth and hear thy sentence:
Shepherd, begone within three days in pain of
My displeasure: shepherd, begone; shepherd, begone;
begone, begone, begone, shepherd, shepherd, shepherd.

[*Exit.*]

MUCEDORUS.

And must I go, and must I needs depart?
Ye goodly groves, partakers of my songs
In time tofore when fortune did not frown,
Pour forth your complaints and wail a while with me;

And thou bright sun, my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face and leave me comfortless;
Ye wholesome herbs, and sweet smelling favors,
Ye each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course, that I,
Wanting your aide, in woeful sort may die.

[Enter Amadine and Ariana her maid.]

AMADINE.

Ariana, if any body ask for me,
Make some excuse till I return.

ARIANA.

What and Segasto call?

AMADINE.

Do thou the like to him; I mean not to stay long.

[Exit Ariana.]

MUCEDORUS.

This voice so sweet my pining spirits revives.

AMADINE.

Shepherd, well met; tell me how thou doest.

MUCEDORUS.

I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

AMADINE.

Shepherd, although thy banishment already
Be decreed, and all against my will,
Yet Amadine—

MUCEDORUS.

Ah, Amadine, to hear of banishment
Is death, aye, double death to me,
But since I must depart, one thing I crave.

AMADINE.

Say on with all my heart.

MUCEDORUS.

That in absence, either far or near,
You honor me, as servant, with your name.

AMADINE.

Not so.

MUCEDORUS.

And why?

AMADINE.

I honour thee, as sovereign, with my heart.

MUCEDORUS.

A shepherd and a sovereign? nothing like.

AMADINE.

Yet like enough where there is no dislike.

MUCEDORUS.

Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

AMADINE.

Shepherd, it is only
Segasto that procures thy banishment.

MUCEDORUS.

Unworthy wights are most in jealousy.

AMADINE.

Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

MUCEDORUS.

Amen, say I, to have your company.

AMADINE.

Well, shepherd, sith thou sufferest this for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me live—
On this condition, shepherd, thou canst love.

MUCEDORUS.

No longer love, no longer let me live!

AMADINE.

Of late I loved one indeed, now love I none but
only thee.

MUCEDORUS.

Thanks, worthy princess; I borne likewise,
Yet smother up the blast,
I dare not promise what I may perform.

AMADINE.

Well, shepherd, hark what I shall say:
I will return unto my Father's court,
There for to provide me of such necessaries,

As for our journey I shall think most fit;
This being done, i will return to thee.
Do thou, therefore, appoint the place where we may meet.

MUCEDORUS.

Down in the valley where I slew the bear:
And there doth grow a fair broad branched beech,
That overshades a well; so who comes first
Let them abide the happy meeting of us both.
How like you this?

AMADINE.

I like it very well.

MUCEDORUS.

Now, if you please, you may appoint the time.

AMADINE.

Full three hours hence, God willing, I will return.

MUCEDORUS.

The thanks that Paris gave the Grecian queen
The like doth Mucedorus yield.

AMADINE.

Then, Mucedorus, for three hours farewell.

[*Exit.*]

MUCEDORUS.

Your departure, lady, breeds a privy pain.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE II. The Court.

[Enter Segasto solus.]

SEGASTO.

Tis well, Segasto, that thou hast thy will;
Should such a shepherd, such a simple swain
As he, eclipse the credit famous through
The court? No, ply, Segasto, ply:
Let it not in Arragon be said,
A shepherd hath Segasto's honour won.

[Enter Mouse the clown calling his master.]

MOUSE.

What ho, master, will you come away?

SEGASTO.

Will you come hither? I pray you, what's the
matter?

MOUSE.

Why, is it not past eleven a clock?

SEGASTO.

How then, sir?

MOUSE.

I pray you, come away to dinner.

SEGASTO.

I pray you, come hither.

MOUSE.

Here's such a do with you! will you never come?

SEGASTO.

I pray you, sir, what news of the message I sent
you about?

MOUSE.

I tell you all the messes be on the table already.
There wants not so much as a mess of mustard
half an hour ago.

SEGASTO.

Come, sir, your mind is all upon your belly;
You have forgotten what I did bid you do.

MOUSE.

Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfast.

SEGASTO.

Was that all?

MOUSE.

Faith, I have forgotten it; the very scent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

SEGASTO.

You have forgotten the arrant I bid you do?

MOUSE.

What arrant? an arrant knave, or arrant whore?

SEGASTO.

Why, thou knave, did I not bid thee banish the shepherd?

MOUSE.

O, the shepherd's bastard.

SEGASTO.

I tell thee, the shepherd's banishment.

MOUSE.

I tell you the shepherd's bastard shall be well kept; I'll look to it myself else; but I pray you, come away to dinner.

SEGASTO.

Then you will not tell me whether you have banished him or no?

MOUSE.

Why, I cannot say banishment, and you would give me a thousand pounds to say so.

SEGASTO.

Why, you whoreson slave, have you forgotten that I sent you and another to drive away the shepherd.

MOUSE.

What an ass are you; here's a stir indeed: here's 'message,' 'arrant,' 'banishment,' and I cannot tell what.

SEGASTO.

I pray you, sir, shall I know whether you have drove him away?

MOUSE.

Faith, I think I have; and you will not believe me, ask my staff.

SEGASTO.

Why, can thy staff tell?

MOUSE.

Why, he was with me to.

SEGASTO.

Then happy I that have obtained my will.

MOUSE.

And happier I, if you would go to dinner.

SEGASTO.

Come, sirra, follow me.

MOUSE.

I warrant you, I will not loose an inch of you, now you are going to dinner.—I promise you, I thought seven year before I could get him away.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE III. The Forest.

[Enter Amadine sola.]

AMADINE.

God grant my long delay procures no harm
Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence.
My Mucedorus surely stays for me,
And thinks me over long: at length I come
My present promise to perform.
Ah, what a thing is firm unfained love!
What is it which true love dares not tempt?
My father he may make, but I must match;
Segasto loves, but Amadine must like,
Where likes her best; compulsion is a thrall:
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all,
The shepherd's virtue Amadine esteems.
But, what, me thinks my shepherd is not come.
I muse at that, the hour is sure at hand:
Well here I'll rest till Mucedorus come.

[She sits her down.]

[Enter Brema looking about, hastily taketh hold of her.]

BREMO.

A happy prey! now, Brema, feed on flesh.
Dainties, Brema, dainties, thy hungry panch to fill!
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke warm blood!
Come, fight with me, I long to see thee dead.

AMADINE.

How can she fight that weapons cannot wield?

BREMO.

What, canst not fight? then lie thou down and die.

AMADINE.

What, must I die?

BREMO.

What needs these words? I thirst to suck thy blood.

AMADINE.

Yet pity me and let me live a while.

BREMO.

No pity I, I'll feed upon thy flesh,

I'll tear thy body piecemeal joint from joint.

AMADINE.

Ah, now I want my shepherd's company.

BREMO.

I'll crush thy bones betwixt two oaken trees.

AMADINE.

Haste, shepherd, haste, or else thou comst too late.

BREMO.

I'll suck the sweetness from thy marie bones.

AMADINE.

Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltless blood!

BREMO.

With this my bat will I beat out thy brains.
Down, down, I say, prostrate thy self upon the ground.

AMADINE.

Then, Mucedorus, farewell; my hoped joys, farewell.
Yea, farewell life, and welcome present death!

[*She kneels.*]

To thee, O God, I yield my dying ghost.

BREMO.

Now, Bremo, play thy part.—
How now, what sudden chance is this?
My limbs do tremble and my sinews shake,
My unweakened arms have lost their former force:
Ah Bremo, Bremo, what a foil hast thou,
That yet at no time ever wast afraid
To dare the greatest gods to fight with thee,

[*He strikes.*]

And now want strength for one down driving blow!
Ah, how my courage fails when I should strike:
Some new come spirit, abiding in my breast,
Sayth, 'spare her, Bremo, spare her, do not kill.'
Shall I spare her which never spared any?
To it, Bremo, to it, say again.—
I cannot wield my weapons in my hand;
Me thinks I should not strike so fair a one:
I think her beauty hath bewitched my force
Or else with in me altered nature's course.
Aye, woman, wilt thou live in woods with me?

AMADINE.

Fain would I live, yet loath to live in woods.

BREMO.

Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say, therefore, follow me.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE IV. The same.

[Enter Mucedorus solus.]

MUCEDORUS.

It was my will an hour ago and more,
As was my promise, for to make return,
But other business hindered my pretence.
It is a world to see when man appoints,
And purposely one certain thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent.
What one would wish, the same is farthest off:
But yet th' appointed time cannot be past,
Nor hath her presence yet prevented me.
Well, here I'll stay, and expect her coming.

[They cry within, 'hold him, stay him, hold.']

Some one or other is pursued, no doubt;
Perhaps some search for me: tis good
To doubt the worst, therefore I'll begone.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE V. The same.

[Cry within 'hold him, hold him.' Enter Mouse the Clown with a pot.]

MOUSE.

Hold him, hold him, hold him! here's a stir indeed. Here came hue after the crier: and I was set close at mother Nips' house, and there I called for three pots of ale, as tis the manner of us courtiers. Now, sirra, I had taken the maiden head of two of them. Now, as I was lifting up the third to my mouth, there came: hold him, hold him! now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one: perchance a may be in this pot. Well, I'll see: mas, I cannot see him yet; well, I'll look a little further. Mas, he is a little slave, if a be here. Why, here's no body. All this goes well yet: but if the old trot should come for her pot—aye, marry, there's the matter, but I care not; I'll face her out, and call her old rusty, dusty, musty, fusty, crusty firebrand, and worse than all that, and so face her out of her pot: but soft, here she comes.

[Enter the old woman.]

OLD WOMAN.

Come on, you knave: where's my pot, you knave?

MOUSE.

Go look your pot: come not to me for your pot twere good for you.

OLD WOMAN.

Thou liest, thou knave; thou hast my pot.

MOUSE.

You lie, and you say it. I your pot! I know what I'll say.

OLD WOMAN.

Why, what wilt thou say?

MOUSE.

But say I have him, and thou darst.

OLD WOMAN.

Why, thou knave, thou hast not only my pot but my drink unpaid for.

MOUSE.

You lie like an old—I will not say whore.

OLD WOMAN.

Dost thou call me whore? I'll cap thee for my pot.

MOUSE.

Cap me thou darest, search me whether I have it
or no.

*[She searcheth him, and he drinketh over her head
and casts down the pot; she stumbleth at it; then
they fall together by the ears; she takes her pot and
goes out. Exit.]*

[Enter Segasto.]

SEGASTO.

How now, sirra, what's the matter?

MOUSE.

Oh, flies, master, flies.

SEGASTO.

Flies? where are they?

MOUSE.

Oh here, master, all about your face.

SEGASTO.

Why, thou liest; I think thou art mad.

MOUSE.

Why, master, I have killed a duncart full at the least.

SEGASTO.

Go to, sirra! leaving this idle talk, give ear to me.

MOUSE.

How? give you one of my ears? not you were ten
masters.

SEGASTO.

Why, sir, I bid you give ear to my words.

MOUSE.

I tell you I will not be made a curtall for no man's
pleasure.

SEGASTO.

ACT III. SCENE V. The same.

I tell thee, attend what I say: go thy ways straight
and rear the whole town.

MOUSE.

How? rear the town? even go your self; it is more
than I can do: why, do you think I can rear a town,
that can scarce rear a pot of ale to my head? I should
rear a town, should I not?

SEGASTO.

Go to the custable and make a privy search, for the
shepherd is run away with the King's daughter.

MOUSE.

How? is the shepherd run away with the king's
daughter? or is the king's daughter run away with
the shepherd?

SEGASTO.

I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

MOUSE.

What a fool is she to run away with the shepherd!
why, I think I am a little handsomer man than the
shepherd my self; but tell me, master, must I make
a privy search, or search in the privy?

SEGASTO.

Why, doest thou think they will be there?

MOUSE.

I cannot tell.

SEGASTO.

Well, then, search every where; leave no place
unsearched for them.

[*Exit.*]

MOUSE.

Oh now am I in office; now will I to that old
firebrand's house will not leave one place
unsearched: nay, I'll to her ale stand drink as
long as I can stand, when I have done, I'll let
out all the rest, to see if he be not bid in the barrel.
I find him not there, I'll to the cupboard; I'll
not leave one corner of her house unsearched:
yfaith, ye old crust, I will be with you now.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I. Valentia. The Court.

[*Sound Music.*]

[*Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo,
Lord Borachius, with others.*]

KING OF VALENTIA.

Enough of Music, it but adds to torment;
Delights to vexed spirits are as Dates
Set to a sickly man, which rather cloy than comfort:
Let me entreat you to entreat no more.

RODERIGO.

Let your strings sleep; have done there.

[*Let the music cease.*]

KING OF VALENTIA.

Mirth to a soul disturb'd are embers turn'd,
Which sudden gleam with molestation,
But sooner loose their sight fort;
Tis Gold bestowed upon a Rioter,
Which not relieves, but murders him: Tis a Drug
Given to the healthful, Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath lost his Son,
A Prince both wise, virtuous, and valiant,
Take pleasure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no; till Mucedorus I shall see again,
All joy is comfortless, all pleasure pain.

ANSELMO.

Your son my lord is well.

KING OF VALENTIA.

I pre-thee, speak that thrice.

ANSELMO.

The Prince, you Son, is safe.

KING OF VALENTIA.

O where, Anselmo? surfeit me with that.

ANSELMO.

In Aragon, my Liege;
And at his parture, Bound my secrecy,
By his affectious love, not to disclose it:
But care of him, and pity of your age,
Makes my tongue blab what my breast vow'd

concealment.

KING OF VALENTIA.

Thou not deceivest me?
I ever thought thee What I find thee now,
An upright, loyal man. But what desire,
Or young-fed humour Nurst within the brain,
Drew him so privately to Aragon?

ANSELMO.

A forcing Adamant:
Love, mixt with fear and doubtful jealousy,
Whether report guilded a worthless trunk,
Or Amadine deserved her high extolment.

KING OF VALENTIA.

See our provision be in readiness;
Collect us followers of the comeliest hue
For our chief guardians, we will thither wend:
The crystal eye of Heaven shall not thrice wink,
Nor the green Flood six times his shoulders turn,
Till we salute the Aragonian King.
Music speak loudly now, the season's apt,
For former dolours are in pleasure wrapt.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV. SCENE II. The Forest.

[Enter Mucedorus to disguise himself.]

MUCEDORUS.

Now, Mucedorus, whither wilt thou go?
Home to thy father, to thy native soil,
Or try some long abode within these woods?
Well, I will hence depart and hie me home.—
What, hie me home, said? that may not be;
In Amadine rests my felicity.
Then, Mucedorus, do as thou didst decree:
Attire thee hermit like within these groves,
Walk often to the beach and view the well,
Makes settles there and seat thy self thereon,
And when thou feelest thy self to be a thirst,
Then drink a hearty draught to Amadine.
No doubt she thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this well.
Come, habit, thou art fit for me:

[He disguiseth himself.]

No shepherd now, a hermit I must be.
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now must I learn to bear a walking staff,
And exercise some gravity withall.

[Enter the Clown.]

MOUSE.

Here's throw the wods, and throw the wods, to
look out a shepherd a stray king's daughter:
but soft, who have we here? what art thou?

MUCEDORUS.

I am a hermit.

MOUSE.

An emmet? I never saw such a big emmet in
all my life before.

MUCEDORUS.

I tell you, sir, I am an hermit, one that leads a
solitary life within these woods.

MOUSE.

O, I know thee now, thou art he that eats up all
the hips and haws; we could not have one piece

of fat bacon for thee all this year.

MUCEDORUS.

Thou dost mistake me; but I pray thee, tell me
what dost thou seek in these woods?

MOUSE.

What do I seek? for a stray King's daughter run
away with a shepherd.

MUCEDORUS.

A stray King's daughter run away with a shepherd.
Wherefore? canst thou tell?

MOUSE.

Yes, that I can; tis this: my master and Amadine,
walking one day abroad, nearer to these woods
than they were used—about what I can not tell—but
toward them comes running a great bear. Now my
master, he played the man and run away, Amadine
crying after him: now, sir, comes me a shepherd strikes off the bear's head. Now whether the bear
were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty
bears before me and bind their hands feet and I'll
kill them all:—now ever since Amadine hath been in
love with the shepherd, and for good will she's even
run away with the shepherd.

MUCEDORUS.

What manner of man was a? canst describe him unto me?

MOUSE.

Scribe him? aye, I warrant you, that I can: a was a
little, low, broad, tall, narrow, big, well favoured
fellow, a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the same
cloth.

MUCEDORUS.

Thou describest him well, but if I chance to see any
such, pray you, where shall I find you, or what's your
name?

MOUSE.

My name is called master mouse.

MUCEDORUS.

Oh, master mouse, I pray you what office might you
bear in the court?

MOUSE.

Marry, sir, I am a rusher of the stable.

MUCEDORUS.

O, usher of the table.

MOUSE.

Nay, I say rusher and I'll prove mine office good; for look, sir, when any comes from under the sea or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and straw rushes presently: therefore, I am a rusher, a high office, I promise ye.

MUCEDORUS.

But where shall I find you in the Court?

MOUSE.

Why, where it is best being, either in the kitchen a eating or in the buttry drinking: but if you come, I will provide for thee a piece of beef brewis knockle deep in fat; pray you, take pains, remember master mouse.

[*Exit.*]

MUCEDORUS.

Aye, sir, I warrant I will not forget you. Ah, Amadine, What should become of thee?
Whither shouldst thou go so long unknown?
With watch and ward each passage is beset,
So that she cannot long escape unknown.
Doubtless she hath lost her self within these woods
And wandring to and fro she seeks the well,
Which yet she cannot find; therefore will I seek her out.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE III. The same.

[Enter Bremo and Amadine.]

BREMO.

Amadine, how like you Bremo his woods?

AMADINE.

As like the woods of Bremo's cruelty:
Though I were dumb and could not answer him,
The beasts themselves would with relenting tears
Bewail thy savage and unhumane deeds.

BREMO.

My love, why dost thou murmur to thy self?
Speak louder, for thy Bremo hears thee not.

AMADINE.

My Bremo? no, the shepherd is my love.

BREMO.

Have I not saved thee from sudden death,
Giving thee leave to live that thou mightst love?
And dost thou whet me on to cruelty?
Come kiss me, sweet, for all my favours past.

AMADINE.

I may not, Bremo, and therefore pardon me.

BREMO.

See how she flings away from me; I will follow
And give a rend to her. Deny my love!
Ah, worm of beauty, I will chastice thee;
Come, come, prepare thy head upon the block.

AMADINE.

Oh, spare me, Bremo, love should limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of him self.
If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with blood,
Encounter with the lion or the bear,
And like a wolf pray not upon a lamb.

BREMO.

Why then dost thou repine at me?
If thou wilt love me thou shalt be my queen:
I will crown thee with a chaplet made of Ivy,
And make the rose and lily wait on thee:
I'll rend the burley branches from the oak,
To shadow thee from burning sun.

The trees shall spread themselves where thou dost go,
And as they spread, I'll trace along with thee.

AMADINE.

[*Aside.*] You may, for who but you?

BREMO.

Thou shalt be fed with quails and partridges,
With black birds, larks, thrushes and nightingales.
Thy drink shall be goat's milk and crystal water,
Distilled from the fountains the clearest springs.
And all the dainties that the woods afford.
I'll freely give thee to obtain thy love.

AMADINE.

[*Aside.*] You may, for who but you?

BREMO.

The day I'll spend to recreate my love
With all the pleasures that I can devise,
And in the night I'll be thy bedfellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in mine arms.

AMADINE.

[*Aside.*] One may, so may not you.

BREMO.

The satyrs the woodnymphs shall attend on thee
And lull thee a sleep with music's sound,
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The lark shall sing good morn to my queen,
And whilst he sings, I'll kiss my Amadine.

AMADINE.

[*Aside.*] You may, for who but you?

BREMO.

When thou art up, the wood lanes shall be strawed
With violets, cowslips, and sweet marigolds
For thee to trample and to trace upon,
And I will teach thee how to kill the deer,
To chase the hart and how to rouse the roe,
If thou wilt live to love and honour me.

AMADINE.

[*Aside.*] You may, for who but you?

[*Enter Mucedorus.*]

BREMO.

Welcome, sir,

ACT IV. SCENE III. The same.

An hour ago I looked for such a guest.
Be merry, wench, we'll have a frolic feast:
Here's flesh enough to suffice us both.
Stay, sirra, wilt thou fight or dost thou yeel to die?

MUCEDORUS.

I want a weapon; how can I fight?

BREMO.

Thou wants a weapon? why then thou yeelst to die.

MUCEDORUS.

I say not so I do not yield to die.

BREMO.

Thou shalt not choose. I long to see thee dead.

AMADINE.

Yet spare him, Bremo, spare him.

BREMO.

Away, I say, I will not spare him.

MUCEDORUS.

Yet give me leave to speak.

BREMO.

Thou shalt not speak.

AMADINE.

Yet give him leave to speak for my sake.

BREMO.

Speak on, but be not over long.

MUCEDORUS.

In time of yore, when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their lives in loathsome cells and woods
And wholly gave themselves to witless will,
A rude unruly rout, then man to man
Became a present prey, then might prevailed,
The weakest went to walls:
Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus lived in this great outrage,
Behold one Orpheus came, as poets tell,
And them from rudeness unto reason brought,
Who led by reason soon forsook the woods.
Instead of caves they built them castles strong;
Cities and towns were founded by them then:
Glad were they, they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity;

ACT IV. SCENE III. The same.

Weighing their former wickedness,
They termed the time wherein they lived then
A golden age, a goodly golden age.
Now, Bremono, for so I hear thee called,
if men which lived tofore as thou dost now,
Wily in wood, addicted all to spoil,
Returned were by worthy Orpheus' means,
Let me like Orpheus cause thee to return
From murder, bloodshed and like cruelty.
What, should we fight before we have a cause?
No, let's live and love together faithfully.
I'll fight for thee.

BREMONO.

Fight for me or die: or fight or else thou diest.

AMADINE.

Hold, Bremono, hold!

BREMONO.

Away, I say, thou troublest me.

AMADINE.

You promised me to make me your queen.

BREMONO.

I did, I mean no less.

AMADINE.

You promised that I should have my will.

BREMONO.

I did, I mean no less.

AMADINE.

Then save this hermit's life, for he may save us both.

BREMONO.

At thy request I'll spare him, but never any after
him. Say, hermit, what canst thou do?

MUCEDORUS.

I'll wait on thee, sometime upon the queen. Such
Service shalt thou shortly have as Bremono never had.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE IV. The Court.

[Enter Segasto, the Clown, and ROMBELO.]

SEGASTO.

Come, sirs; what, shall I never have you find out
Amadine and the shepherd?

MOUSE.

And I have been through the woods, and through
the woods, and could see nothing but an emet.

ROMBELO.

Why, I see thousand emets; thou meanest a little one?

MOUSE.

Nay, that emet that I saw was bigger than thou art.

ROMBELO.

Bigger than I? what a fool have you to your man:
I pray you, master, turn him away.

SEGASTO.

But dost thou hear? was he not a man?

MOUSE.

I think he was, for he said he did lead a saltseller
life about the woods.

SEGASTO.

Thou wouldest say a solitary life about the woods.

MOUSE.

I think it was so, indeed.

ROMBELO.

I thought what a fool thou art.

MOUSE.

Thou art a wise man! why, he did nothing but sleep
since he went.

SEGASTO.

But tell me, Mouse, how did he go?

MOUSE.

In a white gown and a white hat on his head, and a
staff in his hand.

SEGASTO.

I thought so: it was a hermit that walked a solitary
life in the woods. Well, get you to dinner, and after
never leave seeking till you bring some news of them,
or I'll hang you both.

[*Exit.*]

MOUSE.

How now, Rombelo? what shall we do now?

ROMBELO.

Faith, I'll home to dinner, and afterward to sleep.

MOUSE.

Why, then, thou wilt be hanged.

ROMBELO.

Faith, I care not, for i know I shall never find them:
well, I'll once more abroad, if I cannot find them,
I'll never come home again.

MOUSE.

I tell thee what, Rombelo, thou shalt go in at one
end of the wood and I at the other, and we will meet
both together at the midst.

ROMBELO.

Content! let's away to dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I. The Forest.

[Enter Mucedorus solus.]

MUCEDORUS.

Unknown to any here within these woods
With bloody Bremono I led my life.
The monster, he doth murder all he meets,
He spareth none and none doth him escape.
Who would continue, who but only I,
In such a cruel cutthroat's company?
Yet Amadine is there; how can I choose?
Ah, silly soul, how often times she sits
And sighs, and calls: 'come, shepherd, come,
Sweet Mucedorus, come and set me free;
When Mucedorus present stands her by:
But here she comes.

[Enter Amadine.]

What news, fair Lady, as you walk these woods.

AMADINE.

Ah, hermit, none but bad such as thou knowest.

MUCEDORUS.

How do you like your Bremono and his woods?

AMADINE.

Not my Bremono nor Bremono his woods.

MUCEDORUS.

And why not yours? me thinks he loves you well.

AMADINE.

I like him not, his love to me is nothing worth.

MUCEDORUS.

Lady, in this me thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that ever loves you best.

AMADINE.

Ah hermit, I take no pleasure in his love;
Neither yet doth Bremono like me best.

MUCEDORUS.

Pardon my boldness, fair lady: sith we both
May safely talk now out of Bremono's sight,
Unfold to me, if so you please, the full discourse

How, when, and why you came into these woods,
And fell into this bloody butcher's hands.

AMADINE.

Hermit, I will;
Of late a worthy shepherd I did love.

MUCEDORUS.

A shepherd, lady? sure a man unfit
To match with you.

AMADINE.

Hermit, this is true, and when we had—

MUCEDORUS.

Stay there, the wild man comes.
Refer the rest until another time.

[Enter Brema.]

BREMO.

What secret tale is this? what whispering have we here?
Villain, I charge thee tell thy tale again.

MUCEDORUS.

If needs I must, lo, here it is again:
When as we both had lost the sight of thee,
It grieved us both, but specially thy queen,
Who in thy absence ever fears the worst,
Least some mischance befall your royal grace.
'Shall my sweet Brema wander through the woods?
Toil to and fro for to redress my want,
Hazard his life; and all to cherish me?
I like not this,' quoth she,
And thereupon craved to know of me
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My answer was I had small skill therein,
But glad, most mighty king, to learn of thee.
And this was all.

BREMO.

Wast so? none can dislike of this.
I'll teach
You both to fight: but first, my queen, begin.
Here, take this weapon; see how thou canst use it.

AMADINE.

This is too big, I cannot wield it in my arm.

BREMO.

Ist so? we'll have a knotty crabtree staff

For thee.—But, sirra, tell me, what saist thou?

MUCEDORUS.

With all my heart I willing am to learn.

BREMO.

Then take my staff see how canst wield it.

MUCEDORUS.

First teach me how to hold it in my hand.

BREMO.

Thou holdest it well.

Look how he doth; thou maist the sooner learn.

MUCEDORUS.

Next tell me how and when tis best to strike.

BREMO.

Tis best to strike when time doth serve,

Tis best to loose no time.

MUCEDORUS.

[*Aside.*] Then now or never is my time to strike.

BREMO.

And when thou strikest, be sure thou hit the head.

MUCEDORUS.

The head?

BREMO.

The very head.

MUCEDORUS.

Then have at thine! [*He strikes him down head.*]

So, lie there and die,

A death no doubt according to desert,

or else a worse as thou deservest a worse.

AMADINE.

It glads my heart this tyrant's death to see.

MUCEDORUS.

Now, lady, it remains in you

To end the tale you lately had begun,

Being interrupted by this wicked wight.

You said you loved a shepherd.

AMADINE.

Aye, so I do, and none but only him,

And will do still as long as life shall last.

MUCEDORUS.

But tell me, lady; sith I set you free,
What course of life do you intend to take?

AMADINE.

I will disguised wander through the world,
Till I have found him out.

MUCEDORUS.

How if you find your shepherd in these woods?

AMADINE.

Ah, none so happy then as Amadine.

[He discloseth himself.]

MUCEDORUS.

In tract of time a man may alter much;
Say, Lady, do you know your shepherd well?

AMADINE.

My Mucedorus! hath he set me free?

MUCEDORUS.

Mucedorus he hath set thee free.

AMADINE.

And lived so long unknown to Amadine!

MUCEDORUS.

Aye that's a question where of you may not be resolved.
You know that I am banisht from the court;
I know likewise each passage is best,
So that we cannot long escape unknown:
Therefore my will is this, that we return
Right through the thickets to the wild man's cave,
And there a while live on his provision,
Until the search and narrow watch be past.
This is my counsel, and I think it best.

AMADINE.

I think the very same.

MUCEDORUS.

Come, let's begone.

[Enter the Clown who searches and falls over the wild man and so carry him away.]

MOUSE.

Nay, soft, sir; are you here? a bots on you! I was like to be hanged for not finding you. We would borrow a certain stray king's daughter of you: a wench, a wench, sir, we would have.

MUCEDORUS.

A wench of me! I'll make thee eat my sword.

MOUSE.

Oh Lord! nay, and you are so lusty, I'll call a cooling card for you. Ho, master, master, come away quickly.

[*Enter Segasto.*]

SEGASTO.

What's the matter?

MOUSE.

Look, master, Amadine the shepherd: oh, brave!

SEGASTO.

What, minion, have I found you out?

MOUSE.

Nay, that's a lie, I found her out myself.

SEGASTO.

Thou gadding huswife,
What cause hadst thou to gad abroad,
When as thou knowest our wedding day so nigh?

AMADINE.

Not so, Segasto, no such thing in hand;
Shew your assurance, then I'll answer you.

SEGASTO.

Thy father's promise my assurance is.

AMADINE.

But what he promist he hath not performed.

SEGASTO.

It rests in thee for to perform the same.

AMADINE.

Not I.

SEGASTO.

And why?

AMADINE.

So is my will, and therefore even so.

MOUSE.

Master, with a nonie, nonie, no!

SEGASTO.

Aye, wicked villain, art thou here?

MUCEDORUS.

What needs these words? we weigh them not.

SEGASTO.

We weigh them not, proud shepherd! I scorn
thy company.

MOUSE.

We'll not have a corner of thy company.

MUCEDORUS.

I scorn not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

MOUSE.

That's a lie, a would have killed me with his
pugsnando.

SEGASTO.

This stoutness, Amadine, contents me not.

AMADINE.

Then seek an other that may you better please.

MUCEDORUS.

Well, Amadine, it only rests in thee
Without delay to make thy choice of three:
There stands Segasto, here a shepherd stands,
There stands the third; now make thy choice.

MOUSE.

A Lord at the least I am.

AMADINE.

My choice is made, for I will none but thee.

SEGASTO.

A worthy mate, no doubt, for such a wife.

MUCEDORUS.

And, Amadine, why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keep thee as thy father did;
I have no lands for to maintain thy state.

Moreover, if thou mean to be my wife,
Commonly this must be thy use:
To bed at midnight, up at four,
Drudge all day and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily vittell for to win;
And last of all, which is the worst of all,
No princess then but plain a shepherd's wife.

MOUSE.

Then, god ge you go morrow, goody shepherd!

AMADINE.

It shall not need; if Amadine do live,
Thou shalt be crowned king of Arragon.

MOUSE.

Oh, master, laugh! when he's King, then I'll be a
queen.

MUCEDORUS.

Then know that which ne'er tofore was known:
I am no shepherd, no Arragonian I,
But born of Royal blood—my father's of
Valentia King, my mother queen—who for
Thy secret sake took this hard task in hand.

AMADINE.

Ah how i joy my fortune is so good.

SEGASTO.

Well now i see, Segasto shall not speed;
But, Mucedorus, I as much do joy,
To see thee here within our Court of Arragon,
As if a kingdom had befain me. This time
I with my heart surrender it to thee.

[He giveth her unto him.]

And loose what right to Amadine I have.

MOUSE.

What a barn's door, and born where my father
Was cunstable! a bots on thee, how dost thee?

MUCEDORUS.

Thanks, Segasto; but yet you leveled at the crown.

MOUSE.

Master, bear this and bear all.

SEGASTO.

Why so, sir?

MOUSE.

He says you take a goose by the crown.

SEGASTO.

Go to, sir: away, post you to the king,
Whose heart is fraught with careful doubts,
Glad him up and tell him these good news,
And we will follow as fast as we may.

MOUSE.

I go, master; I run, master.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE II. Open Place near the Court of the King of Arragon.

[Enter the King and Collen.]

KING.

Break, heart, and end my paled woes,
My Amadine, the comfort of my life,
How can I joy except she were in sight?
Her absence breeds sorrow to my soul
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twain.

COLLEN.

Forbear those passions, gentle King,
And you shall see twill turn unto the best,
And bring your soul to quiet and to joy.

KING.

Such joy as death, I do assure me that,
And naught but death, unless of her I hear,
And that with speed; I cannot sigh thus long—
But what a tumult do I hear within?

[The cry within, 'joy and happiness!']

COLLEN.

I hear a noise of over-passing joy
Within the court; my Lord, be of good comfort—
And here comes one in haste.

[Enter the Clown running.]

MOUSE.

A King! a King! a King!

COLLEN.

Why, how now, sirra? what's the matter?

MOUSE.

O, tis news for a king, 'tis worth money.

KING.

Why, sirra, thou shalt have silver and gold if it be
good.

MOUSE.

O, tis good, tis good. Amadine—

KING.

Oh, what of her? tell me, I will make thee a knight.

MOUSE.

How a spright? no, by lady, I will not be a spright.
Masters, get ye away; if I be a spright, I shall be so lean
I shall make you all afraid.

COLLEN.

Thou sot, the King means to make thee a gentleman.

MOUSE.

Why, I shall want parrell.

KING.

Thou shalt want for nothing.

MOUSE.

Then stand away, trick up thy self: here they come.

[Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.]

AMADINE.

My gracious father, pardon thy disloyal daughter.

KING.

What do mine eyes behold? my daughter Amadine?
Rise up, dear daughter let these, my embracing arms,
Show some token of thy father's joy,
Which ever since thy departure hath languished in sorrow.

AMADINE.

Dear father, never were your sorrows
Greater than my griefs,
Never you so desolate as I comfortless;
Yet, nevertheless, acknowledging my self
To be the cause of both, on bended knees
I humbly crave your pardon.

KING.

I'll pardon thee, dear daughter: but as for him—

AMADINE.

Ah, father, what of him?

KING.

As sure as I am a king, and wear the crown,
I will revenge on that accursed wretch.

MUCEDORUS.

Yet, worthy prince, work not thy will in wrath;
Show favour.

KING.

Aye, such favour as thou deservest.

MUCEDORUS.

I do deserve the daughter of a king.

KING.

Oh, impudent! a shepherd and so insolent!

MUCEDORUS.

No shepherd I, but a worthy prince.

KING.

In fair conceit, not princely born.

MUCEDORUS.

Yes, princely born: my father is a king,
My mother Queen, and of Valentia both.

KING.

What, Mucedorus! welcome to our court.
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguised?

MUCEDORUS.

No cause to fear; I caused no offence
But this:
Desiring thy daughter's virtues for to see
Disguised my self from out my father's court.
Unknown to any, in secret I did rest,
And passed many troubles near to death;
So hath your daughter my partaker been,
As you shall know hereafter more at large,
Desiring you, you will give her to me,
Even as mine own and sovereign of my life;
Then shall I think my travels are well spent.

KING.

With all my heart, but this—
Segasto claims my promise made to fore,
That he should have her as his only wife,
Before my counsel when we came from war.
Segasto, may I crave thee let it pass,
And give Amadine as wife to Mucedorus?

SEGASTO.

With all my heart, were it far a greater thing,
And what I may to furnish up there rites
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.

KING.

Thanks, good Segasto, I will think of this.

MUCEDORUS.

Thanks, good my Lord, while I live
Account of me in what I can or may.

AMADINE.

And, good Segasto, these great courtesies
Shall not be forgot.

MOUSE.

Why, hark you, master: bones, what have you
done? What, given away the wench you made
me take such pains for? you are wise indeed!
mas, and I had known of that I would have had
her my self! faither, master, now we may go to
breakfast with a woodcoke pie.

SEGASTO.

Go, sir, you were best leave this knavery.

KING.

Come on, my Lords, let's now to court,
Where we may finish up the joyfulest day
That ever hapt to a distressed King.
Were but thy Father, the Valentia Lord,
Present in view of this combining knot.

[A shout within. Enter a Messenger.]

What shout was that?

MESSENGER.

My Lord, the great Valentia King,
Newly arrived, entreats your presence.

MUCEDORUS.

My Father?

KING OF ARRAGON.

Prepared welcomes give him entertainment:
A happier Planet never reigned than that,
Which governs at this hour.

*[Sound. Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Rodrigo,
Borachius, with others; the King runs and embraces
his Son.]*

KING OF VALENTIA.

Rise, honour of my age, food to my rest:
Condemn not mighty King of Aragon

My rude behaviour, so compelled by Nature,
That manners stood unknowledged.

KING OF ARRAGON.

What we have to recite would tedious prove
By declaration; therefore, in, and feast:
To morrow the performance shall explain,
What Words conceal; till then, Drums speak,
 Bells ring,
Give plausible welcomes to our brother King.

[*Sound Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

[*Enter Comedy and Envy.*]

COMEDY.

How now, Envy? what, blushest thou all ready?
Peep forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage praise a woman's deeds.
Thy threats were vain, thou couldst do me no hurt.
Although thou seemdst to cross me with despite,
I overwhelmed, and turned upside down thy block
And made thy self to stumble at the same.

ENVY.

Though stumbled, yet not overthrown.
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildness;
Yet must I needs confess thou hast done well,
And played thy part with mirth and pleasant glee:
Say all this, yet canst thou not conquer me;
Although this time thou hast got—yet not the conquest
 neither—
A double revenge another time I'll have.

COMEDY.

Envy, spit thy gall;
Plot, work, contrive; create new fallacies,
Teem from thy Womb each minute a black Traitor,
Whose blood and thoughts have twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,
Cast native Monsters in the molds of Men,
Case vicious Devils under sancted Rochets,
Unhasp the Wicket where all perjureds roost,
And swarm this Ball with treasons: do thy worst;
Thou canst not hell-hound cross my star to night,
Nor blind that glory, where I wish delight.

ENVY.

I can, I will.

COMEDY.

Nefarious Hag, begin,
And let us tug, till one the mastery win.

ENVY.

Comedy, thou art a shallow Goose;
I'll overthrow thee in thine own intent,
And make thy fall my Comic merriment.

COMEDY.

Thy policy wants gravity; thou art
Too weak. Speak, Fiend, as how?

ENVY.

Why, thus:
From my foul Study will I hoist a Wretch,
A lean and hungry Meager Cannibal,
Whose jaws swell to his eyes with chawing Malice:
And him I'll make a Poet.

COMEDY.

What's that to th' purpose?

ENVY.

This scrambling Raven, with his needy Beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy,
Wherein shall be compos'd dark sentences,
Pleasing to factious brains:
And every other where place me a Jest,
Whose high abuse shall more torment than blows:
Then I my self (quicker than Lightning)
Will fly me to a puissant magistrate,
And weighting with a Trencher at his back,
In midst of jollity, rehearse those gauls,
(With some additions)
So lately vented in your Theater.
He, upon this, cannot but make complaint,
To your great danger, or at least restraint.

COMEDY.

Ha, ha, ha! I laugh to hear thy folly;
This is a trap for Boys, not Men, nor such,
Especially desertful in their doings,
Whose stay'd discretion rules their purposes.
I and my faction do eschew those vices.
But see, O see! the weary Sun for rest
Hath lain his golden compass to the West,
Where he perpetual bide and ever shine,
As David's off-spring, in his happy Clime.

Stoop, Envy, stoop, bow to the Earth with me,
Let's beg our Pardons on our bended knee.

[They kneel.]

ENVY.

My Power has lost her Might; Envy's date's expired.
Yon splendant Majesty hath felled my sting,
And I amazed am.

[Fall down and quake.]

COMEDY.

Glorious and wise Arch-Caesar on this earth,
At whose appearance, Envy's stroken dumb,
And all bad things cease operation:
Vouchsafe to pardon our unwilling error,
So late presented to your Gracious view,
And we'll endeavour with excess of pain,
To please your senses in a choicer strain.
Thus we commit you to the arms of Night,
Whose spangled carcass would, for your delight,
Strive to excell the Day; be blessed, then:
Who other wishes, let him never speak.

ENVY.

Amen.
To Fame and Honour we commend your rest;
Live still more happy, every hour more blest.

FINIS.