

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER
JOHN**

**A KING, AND NO
KING**

John Fletcher
Francis Beaumont
A King, and No King

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A King, and No King:

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Francis Beaumont

A King, and No King

Persons Represented in the Play

Arbaces, *King of Iberia.*

Tigranes, *King of Armenia.*

Gobrias, *Lord Protector, and Father of Arbaces.*

Bacurius, *another Lord.*

Mardonius.)

Bessus,) *Two Captains*

Ligo[n]es, *Father of Spaconia.*

Two Gentlemen.

Three Men and a Woman.

Philip, *a servant, and two Citizens Wives.*

A Messenger.

A Servant to Bacurius.

Two Sword-men.

A Boy.

Arane,) *The [Queen-Mother.*

Panthea,) *Her Daughter.*

Spaconia,) *A Lady Daughter of Ligoes*

Mandane,) *A waiting woman, and other attendants.*

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Actus primus. Scena prima

* * * * *

Enter Mardonius and Bessus, Two Captains.

Mar.

Bessus, the King has made a fair hand on't, he has ended the Wars at a blow, would my sword had a close basket hilt to hold Wine, and the blade would make knives, for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes.

We that are Commanders shall do well enough.

Mar.

Faith *Bessus*, such Commanders as thou may; I had as lieve set thee Perdue for a pudding i'th' dark, as *Alexander* the Great.

Bes.

I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar.

I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling *Bessus*, I'lle say so much i'thy behalf, and yet thou 'rt valiant enough upon a retreat, I think thou wouldst kill any man that stopt thee if thou couldst.

Bes.

But was not this a brave Combate *Mardonius*?

Mar.

Why, didst thou see't?

Bes.

You stood wi'me.

Mar.

I did so, but me thought thou wink'dst every blow they strook.

Bes.

Well, I believe there are better souldiers than I, that never saw two Princes fight in lists.

Mar.

By my troth I think so too *Bessus*, many a thousand, but certainly all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes.

'Twas bravely done of our King.

Mar.

Yes, if he had not ended the wars: I'me glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes.

To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's own Country in single combat.

Mar.

See how thy blood curdles at this, I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i'this passion.

Bes.

Shall I tell you truly?

Mar.

I.

Bes.

I could willingly venture for't.

Mar.

Um, no venture neither *Bessus*.

Bes.

Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'me so fam'd for.

Mar.

Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

Bes.

Fam'd! I, I warrant you.

Mar.

I'me e'en heartily glad on't, I have been with thee e're since thou cam'st to th'wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't, prethee who fames thee.

Bes.

The Christian world.

Mar.

'Tis heathenishly done of'em in my conscience, thou deserv'st it not.

Bes.

Yes, I ha' don good service.

Mar.

I do not know how thou mayst wait of a man in's Chamber, or thy agility of shifting of a Trencher, but otherwise no service

good *Bessus*.

Bes.

You saw me do the service your self.

Mar.

Not so hasty sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the place vanish'd?

Bes.

At *Bessus* desp'rate redemption.

Mar.

At *Bessus* desp'rate redemption, where's that?

Bes.

There where I redeem'd the day, the place bears my name.

Mar.

Pray thee, who Christened it?

Bes.

The Souldiers.

Mar.

If I were not a very merrily dispos'd man, what would become of thee? one that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there i'th' head o'th' Troops with a Trunchion, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes.

True, but I did not run.

Mar.

Right *Bessus*, I beat thee out on't.

Bes.

But came I not up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar.

Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meanedst to flie, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ranst upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'st, as I'le do thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I think, we owe thy fear for our victory; If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake alwaies and run away upon th' enemy, thou shouldst be General by this light.

Bes.

You'l never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar.

No more such words dear *Bessus*, for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceedest, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes.

Come, our King's a brave fellow.

Mar.

He is so *Bessus*, I wonder how thou cam'st to know it. But if thou wer't a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful in extremity in an hour: Do not think me thy friend for this, for if I ear'd who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it *Bessus*. Here he is with his prey in his foot.

Enter &c. Senet Flourish.

Enter Arbaces and Tigranes, Two Kings and two Gentlemen.

Arb.

Thy sadness brave *Tigranes* takes away
From my full victory, am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'recome him? They that plac'd me here,
Intended it an honour large enough, (though he
For the most valiant living, but to dare oppose me single,
Lost the day. What should afflict you, you are as free as I,
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly, and never think
The man I held worthy to combate me
Shall be us'd servilely: Thy ransom is
To take my only Sister to thy Wife.
A heavy one *Tigranes*, for she is
A Lady, that the neighbour Princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her *Tigranes*, she but nine years old
I left her, and ne're saw her since, your wars
Have held me long and taught me though a youth,
The way to victory, she was a pretty child,
Then I was little better, but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle;
She'l make you shrink, as I did, with a stroak
But of her eye *Tigranes*.

Tigr.

Is't the course of *Iberia* to use their prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above *Arbace*,
I should not thus have talk'd Sir, in *Armenia*
We hold it base, you should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion
Perhaps to brag.

Arb.

Be you my witness earth, need I to brag,
Doth not this captive Prince speak
Me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering Land;
Should I then boast! where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole Realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering; Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world
How I have laid his Kingdom desolate
By this sole Arm prop't by divinity,
Stript him out of his glories, and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves,
And made his Virgins languish for their Loves,
If I would brag, should I that have the power
To teach the Neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

Mar.

Indeed this is none.

Arb.

Tigranes, Nay did I but take delight To stretch my deeds as

others do, on words, I could amaze my hearers.

Mar.

So you do.

Arb.

But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast after any act
Fit for a good man to do upon his foe.
A little glory in a souldiers mouth
Is well-becoming, be it far from vain.

Mar.

'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk.

Arb.

I offer you my Sister, and you answer
I do insult, a Lady that no suite
Nor treasure, nor thy Crown could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr.

Though this be worse
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not;
But that you think to overgrace me with
The marriage of your Sister, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms were they mine,
Rather than have her.

Arb.

See if I insult
That am the Conquerour, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn:
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The Daughters of your Country set by her,
Would see their shame, run home and blush to death,
At their own foulness; yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful, those words express her not,
They say her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name: yet were she odious,
Her birth deserves the Empire of the world,
Sister to such a brother, that hath ta'ne
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth,
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him; Nature did her wrong,
To Print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to taste
But me that am too near her, and as strangely
She did for me, but you will think I brag.

Mar.

I do I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions sever'd, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds: I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate, wou'd one of 'em were away.

Tigr.

Do I refuse her that I doubt her worth?
Were she as vertuous as she would be thought,
So perfect that no one of her own sex
Could find a want, had she so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off for damning souls,
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps I have a love, where I have fixt
Mine eyes not to be mov'd, and she on me,
I am not fickle.

Arb.

Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit your self in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So before you tri'd,
You thought your self a match for me in [f]ight,
Trust me *Tigranes*, she can do as much
In peace, as I in war, she'l conquer too,
You shall see if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks, if you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way, but if she be your choice,
She frees you: To *Iberia* you must.

Tigr.

Sir, I have learn'd a prisoners sufferance,
And will obey, but give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.

Arb.

Some to await him forth, and see him safe,
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference,
I will not have him know what bondage is,

[*Exit Tigranes.*

Till he be free from me. This Prince, *Mardonius*,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

Mar.

And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb.

And yet I conquer'd him, and could have don't
Hadst thou joyn'd with him, though thy name in Arms
Be great; must all men that are vertuous
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquered him and bravely, did I not?

Bes.

And please your Majesty, I was afraid at first.

Mar.

When wert thou other?

Arb.

Of what?

Bes.

That you would not have spy'd your best advantages, for your Majesty in my opinion lay too high, methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

Mar.

Like a Taylor at a wake.

Bes.

And then, if please your Majesty to remember, at one time, by my troth I wisht my self wi'you.

Mar.

By my troth thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o'th' Lists.

Arb.

What to do?

Bes.

To put your Majesty in mind of an occasion; you lay thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a blow at your Leg, which you by doing thus avoided; but if you had whip'd up your Leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the Blood-Royal run down his head.

Mar.

What Country Fence-school learn'st thou at?

Arb.

Pish, did not I take him nobly?

Mar.

Why you did, and you have talked enough on't.

Arb.

Talkt enough?

Will you confine my word? by heaven and earth,
I were much better be a King of beasts
Than such a people: if I had not patience
Above a God, I should be call'd a Tyrant
Throughout the world. They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again: why this is like
Tigranes speech that needs would say I brag'd.
Bessus, he said I brag'd.

Bes.

Ha, ha, ha.

Arb.

Why dost thou laugh?

By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own Subjects: Tie me in a Chair
And jest at me, but I shall make a start,
And punish some that others may take heed
How they are haughty; who will answer me?
He said I boasted, speak *Mardonius*,
Did I? He will not answer, O my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience, I can endure his silence; what will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? am I grown
To such a poor respect, or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,

Or else by heaven.

1 Gent.

So please your.

Arb.

Monstrous,

I cannot be heard out, they cut me off,

As if I were too saucy, I will live

In woods, and talk to trees, they will allow me

To end what I begin. The meanest Subject

Can find a freedom to discharge his soul

And not I, now it is a time to speak,

I hearken.

1 Gent.

May it please.

Arb.

I mean not you,

Did not I stop you once? but I am grown

To balk, but I defie, let another speak.

2 Gent.

I hope your Majesty.

Arb.

Thou drawest thy words,

That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants; throw your words away,
Quick, and to purpose, I have told you this.

Bes.

And please your Majesty.

Arb.

Wilt thou devour me? this is such a rudeness
As you never shew'd me, and I want
Power to command too, else *Mardonius*
Would speak at my request; were you my King,
I would have answered at your word *Mardonius*,
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?

Mar.

Truth will offend you.

Arb.

You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter such things as these.

Mar.

You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,
With that sole arm propt by Divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us,
That daily ventured lives?

Arb.

O that thy name
Were as great, as mine, would I had paid my wealth,
It were as great, as I might combate thee,
I would through all the Regions habitable
Search thee, and having found thee, wi'my Sword
Drive thee about the world, till I had met
Some place that yet mans curiosity
Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, such Funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

Bes.

The King rages extreamly, shall we slink away? He'l strike us.

2 Gent.

Content.

Arb.

There I would make you know 'twas this sole arm.
I grant you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you, but 'twas this arm
Mov'd you like wheels, it mov'd you as it pleas'd.
Whither slip you now? what are you too good
To wait on me (*puffe,*) I had need have temper
That rule such people; I have nothing left
At my own choice, I would I might be private:
Mean men enjoy themselves, but 'tis our curse,
To have a tumult that out of their loves
Will wait on us, whether we will or no;
Go get you gone: Why here they stand like death,

My words move nothing.

I Gent.

Must we go?

Bes. I know not.

Arb.

I pray you leave me Sirs, I'me proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my sight:
Why now the[y] leave me all: *Mardonius*.

[Exeunt all but Arb. and Mar.]

Mar.

Sir.

Arb.

Will you leave me quite alone? me thinks
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend: Stay here and wait.

Mar.

Sir shall I speak?

Arb.

Why, you would now think much
To be denied, but I can scar[c]e intreat
What I would have: do, speak.

Mar.

But will you hear me out?

Arb.

With me you Article to talk thus: well,
I will hear you out.

Mar.

Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one to my witness; and were you not my King, from amongst men, I should have chose you out to love above the rest: nor can this challenge thanks, for my own sake I should have done it, because I would have lov'd the most deserving man, for so you are.

Arb.

Alas *Mardonius*, rise you shall not kneel,
We all are souldiers, and all venture lives:
And where there is no difference in mens worths,
Titles are jests, who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong,
Thy love is not rewarded, but believe
It shall be better, more than friend in arms,
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

Mar.

Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

Arb.

And so I will; speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

Mar.

Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that
do
Eclipse your vertues.

Arb.

Eclipse my vertues?

Mar.

Yes, your passions, which are so manifold, that they appear
even in this: when I commend you, you hug me for that truth: but
when I speak your faults, you make a start, and flie the hearing
but.

Arb.

When you commend me? O that I should live To need such
commendations: If my deeds Blew not my praise themselves
about the earth, I were most wretched: spare your idle praise:
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter Words in my
praise, that thou thoughtst impudence, My deeds should make
'em modest: when you praise I hug you? 'tis so [false], that wert
thou worthy thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death from
me: but thou shalt understand thy lies, for shouldst thou praise
me into Heaven, and there leave me inthron'd, I would despise
thee though as much as now, which is as much as dust because

I see thy envie.

Mar.

However you will use me after, yet for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

Arb.

I will, and after call unto the winds, for they shall lend as large an ear as I to what you utter: speak.

Mar.

Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worth, but darken 'em, then you will shine indeed.

Arb.

Well.

Mar.

Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a God, your vertues are such.

Arb.

Why now you flatter.

Mar.

I never understood the word, were you no King, and free from these moods, should I choose a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to enterchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I should find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question: Now I have spoke, consider to your self, find out a use;

if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

Arb.

Is not material? more than ten such lives, as mine, *Mardonius*: it was nobly said, thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth as might offend another. I have been too passionate and idle, thou shalt see a swift amendment, but I want those parts you praise me for: I fight for all the world? Give me a sword, and thou wilt go as far beyond me, as thou art beyond in years, I know thou dar'st and wilt; it troubles me that I should use so rough a phrase to thee, impute it to my folly, what thou wilt, so thou wilt par[d]on me: that thou and I should differ thus!

Mar.

Why 'tis no matter Sir.

Arb.

Faith but it is, but thou dost ever take all things I do, thus patiently, for which I never can requite thee, but with love, and that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I have not been merry lately: pray thee tell me where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear?

Mar.

Why at the taking of a Town.

Arb.

A wench upon my life, a wench *Mardonius* gave thee that jewel.

Mar.

Wench! they respect not me, I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer, I'those businesses

I may swear I am truly honest: for I pay justly for what I take,
and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb.

Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar.

I by this light do they.

Arb.

Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar.

Yes faith.

Arb.

And do they improve themselves?

Mar.

I ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come
acquainted with.

Arb.

How canst live on't?

Mar.

Why I think I must petition to you.

Arb.

Thou shalt take them up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.

Mar.

Your price?

Arb.

I at the Kings price.

Mar.

That may be more than I'me worth.

2 Gent.

Is he not merry now?

1 Gent.

I think not.

Bes.

He is, he is: we'l shew our selves.

Arb.

Bessus, I thought you had been in *Iberia* by this, I bad you hast; *Gobrias* will want entertainment for me.

Bes.

And please your Majesty I have a sute.

Arb.

Is't not lousie *Bessus*, what is't?

Bes.

I am to carry a Lady with me.

Arb.

Then thou hast two sutes.

Bes.

And if I can prefer her to the Lady *Pentha* your Majesties Sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb.

So many nights lodgings as 'tis thither, wilt not?

Bes.

I know not that Sir, but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb.

Why thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes.

If I can.

Arb.

Faith 'tis a very disputable question, and yet I think thou canst decide it.

Bes.

Your Majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

Arb.

I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.

Bes.

Some body has traduced me to you: do you see this sword Sir?

Arb.

Yes.

Bes.

If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.

Health to your Majesty.

Arb.

From Gobrias?

Mes.

Yes Sir.

Arb.

How does he, is he well?

Mes.

In perfect health.

Arb.

Take that for thy good news. A trustier servant to his Prince there lives not, than is good Gobrias.

1 Gent.

The King starts back.

Mar.

His blood goes back as fast.

2 Gent. And now it comes again.

Mar.

He alters strangely.

Arb.

The hand of Heaven is on me, be it far from me to struggle, if my secret sins have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears now to wash me white, that I may feel a child-like innocence within my breast; which once perform'd, O give me leave to stand as fix'd as constancy her self, my eyes set here unmov'd, regardless of the world though thousand miseries encompass me.

Mar.

This is strange, Sir, how do you?

Arb.

Mardonius, my mother.

Mar.

Is she dead?

Arb.

Alas she's not so happy, thou dost know how she hath laboured since my Father died to take by treason hence this loathed life, that would but be to serve her, I have pardoned, and pardoned, and by that have made her fit to practise new sins, not repent the old: she now had stirr'd a slave to come from thence, and strike me here, whom Gobrias sifting out, took and condemn'd and executed there, the carefulst servant: Heaven let me but live to pay that man; Nature is poor to me, that will not let me have as many deaths as are the times that he hath say'd my life, that I might dye 'em over all for him.

Mar.

Sir let her bear her sins on her own head,
Vex not your self.

Arb.

What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me loaden, when my life
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here, my Sister,
He saies, is grown in beauty and in grace.
In all the innocent vertues that become

A tender spotless maid: she stains her cheeks
With morning tears to purge her mothers ill,
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles Prayers
Her pure Oblations for my safe return:
If I have lost the duty of a Son,
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices,
Nay farther, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wandring thoughts,
If ought unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back: do you direct her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine:
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason; I will use no means
But prayer: for rather suffer me to see
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my danger off with mothers blood.

Mar.

I n'ere saw such suddain extremities.

[Exeunt.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigr.

Why? wilt thou have me die Spaconia.

What should I do?

Spa.

Nay let me stay alone,
And when you see *Armenia* again,
You shall behold a Tomb more worth than I;
Some friend that ever lov'd me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women, many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids,
That plac'd their loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach;
But why should you go to *Iberia*?

Tigr.

Alas, that thou wilt ask me, ask the man
That rages in a Fever why he lies
Distempered there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o're the Meadows with their Loves?
Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?

Spa.

That conquer'd thee *Tigranes*! he has won
But half of thee, thy body, but thy mind
May be as free as his, his will did never
Combate thine, and take it prisoner.

Tigr.

But if he by force convey my body hence,
What helps it me or thee to be unwilling?

Spa.

O *Tigranes*, I know you are to see a Lady there,
To see, and like I fear: perhaps the hope
Of her make[s] you forget me, ere we part,
Be happier than you know to wish; farewell.

Tigr.

Spaconia, stay and hear me what I say:
In short, destruction meet me that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover: part with me
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our love,
And I have given gold unto a Captain
That goes unto *Iberia* from the King,
That he will place a Lady of our Land
With the Kings Sister that is offered me;
Thither shall you, and being once got in
Perswade her by what subtil means you can
To be as backward in her love as I.

Spa.

Can you imagine that a longing maid
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?

Tigr.

Dispraise my health, my honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

Spa.

Why, I had rather lose you: can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words,
And I that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie?

Tigr.

Yet do thy best.

Enter Bessus.

Bes.

What, is your Majesty ready?

Tigr.

There is the Lady, Captain.

Bes.

Sweet Lady, by your leave, I co[u]ld wish my self more full
of Courtship for your fair sake.

Spa.

Sir I shall feel no want of that.

Bes.

Lady, you must hast, I have received new letters from the
King that require more hast than I expected, he will follow me
suddenly himself, and begins to call for your Majesty already.

Tigr.

He shall not do so long.

Bes.

Sweet Lady, shall I call you my Charge hereafter?

Spa.

I will not take upon me to govern your tongue Sir, you shall

call me what you please.

Actus Secundus

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthe, and Mandane, Waiting-women with Attendants.

Gob.

My Lord Bacurius, you must have regard unto the Queen, she is your prisoner, 'tis at your peril if she make escape.

Bac.

My Lord, I know't, she is my prisoner from you committed; yet she is a woman, and so I keep her safe, you will not urge me to keep her close, I shall not shame to say I sorrow for her.

Gob.

So do I my Lord; I sorrow for her, that so little grace doth govern her: that she should stretch her arm against her King, so little womanhood and natural goodness, as to think the death of her own Son.

Ara.

Thou knowst the reason why, dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

Gob.

There is a Lady takes not after you,
Her Father is within her, that good man
Whose tears weigh'd down his sins, mark how she weeps,
How well it does become her, and if you

Can find no disposition in your self
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her
Find out the way, and by your reason weep:
All this she does for you, and more she needs
When for your self you will not lose a tear,
Think how this want of grief discredits you,
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

Ara.

You talk to me as having got a time fit for your purpose; but
you should be urg'd know I know you speak not what you think.

Pan.

I would my heart were Stone, before my softness
Against my mother, a more troubled thought
No Virgin bears about; should I excuse
My Mothers fault, I should set light a life
In losing which, a brother and a King
Were taken from me, if I seek to save
That life so lov'd, I lose another life
That gave me being, I shall lose a Mother,
A word of such a sound in a childs ears
That it strikes reverence through it; may the will
Of heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor Virgins life to answer all.

Ara.

But *Gobrias* let us talk, you know this fault
Is not in me as in another Mother.

Gob.

I know it is not.

Ara.

Yet you make it so.

Gob.

Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?

Ara.

I know it is.

Gob.

Nay should you publish it before the world,

Think you 'twould be believ'd?

Ara.

I know it would not.

Gob.

Nay should I joyn with you, should we not both be torn and yet both die uncredited?

Ara.

I think we should.

Gob.

Why then take you such violent courses? As for me I do but right in saving of the King from all your plots.

Ara.

The King?

Gob.

I bad you rest with patience, and a time
Would come for me to reconcile all to
Your own content, but by this way you take
Away my power, and what was done unknown,
Was not by me but you: your urging being done
I must preserve my own, but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Ara.

Accursed be this over curious brain
That gave that plot a birth, accurst this womb
That after did conceive to my disgrace.

Bac.

My Lord Protector, they say there are divers Letters come
from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* has done good service, and brought
again a day, by his particular valour, receiv'd you any to that
effect?

Gob.

Yes, 'tis most certain.

Bac.

I'm sorry for't, not that the day was won,
But that 'twas won by him: we held him here
A Coward, he did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd,
And so did all the world, for nor I,
Nor any other held him worth my sword.

Enter Bessus and Spaconia.

Bes.

Health to my Protector; from the King
These Letters; and to your grace Madam, these.

Gob.

How does his Majesty?

Bes.

As well as conquest by his own means and his valiant
C[o]mmanders can make him; your letters will tell you all.

Pan.

I will not open mine till I do know
My Brothers health: good Captain is he well?

Bes.

As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan.

But how's that? is he hurt?

Bes.

He's a strange souldier that gets not a knock.

Pan.

I do not ask how strange that souldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Bes.

He had divers.

Pan.

And is he well again?

Bes.

Well again, an't please your Grace: why I was run twice through the body, and shot i'th' head with a cross-arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan.

I do not care how thou do'st, is he well?

Bes.

Not care how I do? Let a man out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructifie Foreign Countries with his blood for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered: Why I may live to relieve with spear and shield, such a Lady as you distressed.

Pan.

Why, I will care, I'me glad that thou art well, I prethee is he so?

Gob.

The King is well and will be here to morrow.

Pan.

My prayer is heard, now will I open mine.

Gob.

Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge:
Madam, the wonted mercy of the King,

That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And struck it out, he has forgiven you freely,
Your own will is your law, be where you please.

Ara.

I thank him.

Gob.

You will be ready to wait upon his Majesty to morrow?

Ara.

I will.

[*Exit Arane.*

Bac.

Madam be wise hereafter; I am glad I have lost this Office.

Gob.

Good Captain *Bessus*, tell us the discourse betwixt *Tigranes*
and our King, and how we got the victory.

Pan.

I prethee do, and if my Brother were
In any danger, let not thy tale make
Him abide there long before thou bring him off,
For all that while my heart will beat.

Bes.

Madam let what will beat, I must tell the truth, and thus it was;
they fought single in lists, but one to one; as for my own part,
I was dangerously hurt but three days before, else, perhaps, we

had been two to two, I cannot tell, some thought we had, and the occasion of my hurt was this, the enemy had made Trenches.

Gob.

Captain, without the manner of your hurt be much material to this business, we'l hear't some other time.

Pan.

I prethee leave it, and go on with my Brother.

Bes.

I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the Lists they came, and single-sword and gantlet was their fight.

Pan.

Alas!

Bes.

Without the Lists there stood some dozen Captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: and 'twas my chance to stand next a Captain o'th' enemies side, called *Tiribasus*; Valiant they said he was; whilst these two Kings were streaching themselves, this *Tiribasus* cast something a scornful look on me, and ask't me who I thought would overcome: I smil'd and told him if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose King would win: something he answered, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offered to help him, I—

Pan.

All this is of thy self, I pray thee *Bessus* tell something of my

Brother, did he nothing?

Bes.

Why yes, I'll tell your Grace, they were not to fight till the word given, which for my own part, by my troth I confess I was not to give.

Pan.

See for his own part.

Bac.

I fear yet this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

Bes.

But I—

Pan.

Still of himself.

Bes.

Cri'd give the word, when as some of them say, *Tigranes* was stooping, but the word was not given then, yet one *Cosroes* of the enemies part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us Martialists, as I will fight with you: I said not a word, nor made sign during the combate, but that once done.

Pan.

He slips o're all the fight.

Bes.

I call'd him to me, *Cosroes* said I.

Pan.

I will hear no more.

Bes.

No, no, I lie.

Bac.

I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bes.

Captain said I, so it was.

Pan.

I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bes.

No? Your Grace will wish you had.

Pan.

I will not wish it, what is this the Lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Bes.

And please your Grace this is she: Charge, will you come near
the

Princess?

Pan.

You'r welcome from your Country, and this land shall shew
unto you all the kindness that I can make it; what's your name?

Spa.

Thalectris.

Pan.

Y'are very welcome, you have got a letter to put you to me, that
has power enough to place mine enemy here; then much more
you that are so far from being so to me that you ne're saw me.

Bes.

Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

Spa.

My truth?

Pan.

Why Captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

Bes.

I cannot tell, servants are slippery, but I dare give my word for her, and for honesty, she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way, but by this light none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

Pan.

Why Captain, here's no body thinks otherwise.

Bes.

Nay, if you should, your Grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa.

Above my knee?

Bes.

No, you know I did not, and if any man will say, I did, this sword shall answer; Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge whilst I live, your Grace shall understand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a Ladies honour.

Spa.

I hope your Grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes.

I you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world; and so I take my leave of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector; I am likewise glad to see your Lordship well.

Bac.

O Captain *Bessus*, I thank you, I would speak with you anon.

Bes.

When you please, I will attend your Lordship.

Bac.

Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan.

Good *Bacurius*.

[*Exeunt Bes. and Bac.*

Gob.

Madam what writes his Majesty to you?

Pan.

O my Lord, the kindest words, I'll keep 'em whilst I live, here in my bosom, there's no art in 'em, they lie disordered in this paper, just as hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob.

And to me he writes what tears of joy he shed to hear how you were grown in every vertues way, and yields all thanks to me, for that dear care which I was bound to have in training you, there

is no Princess living that enjoys a brother of that worth.

Pan.

My Lord, no maid longs more for any thing,
And feels more heat and cold within her breast,
Than I do now, in hopes to see him.

Gob.

Yet I wonder much
At this he writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same Captive Prince,
And if he loves you as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

Pan.

And so he will my Lord, I warrant you, he will but offer and
give me the power to take or leave.

Gob.

Trust me, were I a Lady, I could not like that man were
bargain'd with before I choose him.

Pan.

But I am not built on such wild humours, if I find him worthy,
he is not less because he's offer'd.

Spa.

'Tis true, he is not, would he would seem less.

Gob.

I think there's no Lady can affect

Another Prince, your brother standing by;
He doth Eclipse mens vertues so with his.

Spa.

I know a Lady may, and more I fear
Another Lady will.

Pan.

Would I might see him.

Gob.

Why so you shall, my businesses are great,
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

Pan.

I thank you good my Lord.

Gob.

You will be ready Madam.

[*Exit Gob.*

Pan.

Yes.

Spa.

I do beseech you Madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which set against your joyes
May make 'em shine the more.

Pan.

Sirs, leave me all.

[*Exeunt Women.*

Spa.

I kneel a stranger here to beg a thing
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant,
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a begger should intreat a King
To leave his Scepter, and his Throne to him
And take his rags to wander o're the world
Hungry and cold.

Pan.

That were a strange request.

Spa.

As ill is mine.

Pan. Then do not utter it.

Spa.

Alas 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, I, and granted, or I die:
I am asham'd to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman

That will not take something unreasonably to hazard saving
of it: I shall seem a strange Petitioner, that wish all ill to them I
beg of, e're they give me ought; yet so I must: I would you were

not fair, nor wise, for in your ill consists my good: if you were foolish, you would hear my prayer, if foul, you had not power to hinder me: he would not love you.

Pan.

What's the meaning of it.

Spa.

Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet: for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

Pan.

Why then 'tis idle, pray thee speak it out.

Spa.

Your brother brings a Prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him, gives away her self
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: and so mad is my demand
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.

Pan.

Trust me I could weep rather, for I have found him

In all thy words a strange disjoynted sorrow.

Spa.

'Tis by me his own desire so, that you would not love him.

Pan.

His own desire! why credit me *Thalestris*, I am no common wooer: if he shall wooe me, his worth may be such, that I dare not swear I will not love him; but if he will stay to have me wooe him, I will promise thee, he may keep all his graces to himself, and fear no ravishing from me.

Spa.

'Tis yet his own desire, but when he sees your face, I fear it will not be; therefore I charge you as you have pity, stop these tender ears from his enchanting voice, close up those eyes, that you may neither catch a dart from him, nor he from you; I charge you as you hope to live in quiet; for when I am dead, for certain I will walk to visit him if he break promise with me: for as fast as Oaths without a formal Ceremony can make me, I am to him.

Pan.

Then be fearless;

For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,

I could gaze on him; if I knew it sin

To love him without passion: Dry your eyes,

I swear you shall enjoy him still for me,

I will not hinder you; but I perceive

You are not what you seem, rise, rise *Thalestris*,

If your right name be so.

Spa.

Indeed it is not, *Spaconia* is my name; but I desire not to be known to other.

Pan.

Why, by me you shall not, I will never do you wrong, what good I can, I will, think not my birth or education such, that I should injure a stranger Virgin; you are welcome hither, in company you wish to be commanded, but when we are alone, I shall be ready to be your servant.

[Exeunt.]

Enter three Men and a Woman.

1.

Come, come, run, run, run.

2.

We shall out-go her.

3.

One were better be hang'd than carry out women fiddling to these shews.

Wom.

Is the King hard by?

1.

You heard he with the Bottles said, he thought we should come too late: What abundance of people here is!

Wom.

But what had he in those Bottles?

3.

I know not.

2.

Why, Ink goodman fool.

3.

Ink, what to do?

1.

Why the King look you, will many times call for these Bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

Wom.

Let's take our places, we shall have no room else.

2.

The man told us he would walk o' foot through the people.

3.

I marry did he.

1.

Our shops are well look't to now.

2.

'Slife, yonder's my Master, I think.

1.

No 'tis not he.

Enter a man with two Citizens-wives.

1 Cit.

Lord how fine the fields be, what sweet living 'tis in the

Country!

2 Cit.

I poor souls, God help 'em; they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 Cit.

My husbands Cousin would have had me gone into the Country last year, wert thou ever there?

2 Cit.

I, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 Cit.

And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 Cit.

Very good people, God help 'em.

1 Cit.

Wilt thou go down with me this Summer when I am brought to bed?

2 Cit.

Alas, it is no place for us.

1 Cit.

Why, pray thee?

2 Cit.

Why you can have nothing there, there's no body cries brooms.

1 Cit.

No?

2 Cit.

No truly, nor milk.

1 Cit.

Nor milk, how do they?

2 Cit.

They are fain to milk themselves i'th' Country.

1 Cit.

Good Lord! but the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 Cit.

I God knows will they, and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 Cit.

Do they not? Alas! I good faith I cannot blame them: for we do not greatly care for them our selves. *Philip*, I pray choose us a place.

Phil.

There's the best forsooth.

1 Cit.

By your leave good people a little.

3.

What's the matter?

Phil.

I pray you my friend, do not thrust my Mistress so, she's with Child.

2.

Let her look to her self then, has she not had showing enough

yet? if she stay shouldring here, she may haps go home with a cake in her belly.

3.

How now, goodman squitter-breech, why do you lean on me?

Phi.

Because I will.

3.

Will you Sir sawce-box?

1 Cit.

Look if one ha'not struck *Philip*, come hither *Philip*, why did he strike thee?

Phil.

For leaning on him.

1 Cit.

Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil.

I did not think he would have struck me.

1 Cit.

As God save me la thou'rt as wild as a Buck, there's no quarel but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3.

It's at the first end then, for he'l ne'r stay the last.

1 Cit.

Well slip-string, I shall meet with you.

3.

When you will.

I Cit.

I'll give a crown to meet with you.

3.

At a Bawdy-house.

I Cit.

I you're full of your Roguery; but if I do meet you it shall cost me a fall.

Flourish. Enter one running.

4

The King, the King, the King. Now, now, now, now.

Flourish. Enter Arb. Tigr. The two Kings and Mardonius.

All.

God preserve your Majesty.

Arb.

I thank you all, now are my joyes at full, when I behold you safe, my loving Subjects; by you I grow, 'tis your united love that lifts me to this height: all the account that I can render you for all the love you have bestowed on me, all your expences to maintain my war, is but a little word, you will imagine 'tis slender paiment, yet 'tis such a word, as is not to be bought but with your bloods, 'tis Peace.

All.

God preserve your Majesty.

Arb.

Now you may live securely i'your Towns,

Your Children round about you; may sit
Under your Vines, and make the miseries
Of other Kingdoms a discourse for you,
And lend them sorrows; for your selves, you may
Safely forget there are such things as tears,
And you may all whose good thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, where I think my life
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In such a calm estate.

All.

God bless your Majesty.

Arb.

See all good people, I have brought the man whose very name
you fear'd, a captive home; behold him, 'tis *Tigranes*; in your
heart sing songs of gladness, and deliverance.

1 Cit.

Out upon him.

2 Cit.

How he looks.

3 Wom.

Hang him, hang him.

Mar.

These are sweet people.

Tigr.

Sir, you do me wrong, to render me a scorned spectacle to
common people.

Arb.

It was so far from me to mean it so: if I have ought deserv'd, my loving Subjects, let me beg of you, not to revile this Prince, in whom there dwells all worth of which the name of a man is capable, valour beyond compare, the terrour of his name has stretcht it self where ever there is sun; and yet for you I fought with him single, and won him too; I made his valour stoop, and brought that name soar'd to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall beneath mine: this inspir'd with all your loves, I did perform, and will for your content, be ever ready for a greater work.

All.

The Lord bless your Majesty.

Tigr.

So he has made me amends now with a speech in commendation of himself: I would not be so vain-glorious.

Arb.

If there be any thing in which I may
Do good to any creature, here speak out;
For I must leave you: and it troubles me,
That my occasions for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you: else, my joy
Would be to spend my days among you all.
You shew your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meet me, I will pray for you,
Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,
And live to see your childrens children sit

At your boards with plenty: when there is
A want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a Father to you:
God keep you all.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Kings and their Train.*

All.

God bless your Majesty, God bless your Majesty.

1.

Come, shall we go? all's done.

Wom.

I for God sake, I have not made a fire yet.

2.

Away, away, all's done.

3.

Content, farewell *Philip*.

1 Cit.

Away you halter-sack you.

2.

Philip will not fight, he's afraid on's face.

Phil.

I marry am I afraid of my face.

3.

Thou wouldst be *Philip* if thou sawst it in a glass; it looks so
like a Visour.

[*Exeunt 2., 3., and Woman.*

1 Cit.

You'l be hang'd sirra: Come *Philip* walk before us homewards;
did not his Majesty say he had brought us home Pease for all our
money?

2 Cit.

Yes marry did he.

1 Cit.

They're the first I heard of this year by my troth, I longed for
some of 'em: did he not say we should have some?

2 Cit.

Yes, and so we shall anon I warrant you have every one a peck
brought home to our houses.

Actus Tertius

Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.

Arb.

My Sister take it ill?

Gob.

Not very ill.

Something unkindly she does take it Sir to have
Her Husband chosen to her hands.

Arb.

Why *Gobrias* let her, I must have her know, my will and not
her own must govern her: what will she marry with some slave
at home?

Gob.

O she is far from any stubbornness, you much mistake her,
and no doubt will like where you would have her, but when you
behold her, you will be loth to part with such a jewel.

Arb.

To part with her? why *Gobrias*, art thou mad? she is my Sister.

Gob.

Sir, I know she is: but it were pity to make poor our Land,
with such a beauty to enrich another.

Arb.

Pish will she have him?

Gob.

I do hope she will not, I think she will Sir.

Arb.

Were she my Father and my Mother too, and all the names for which we think folks friends, she should be forc't to have him when I know 'tis fit: I will not hear her say she's loth.

Gob.

Heaven bring my purpose luckily to pass, you know 'tis just, she will not need constraint she loves you so.

Arb.

How does she love me, speak?

Gob.

She loves you more than people love their health, that live by labour; more than I could love a man that died for me, if he could live again.

Arb.

She is not like her mother then.

Gob.

O no, when you were in *Armenia*,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first on every little scratch,
She kept her Chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well, and many times the news
Was so long coming, that before we heard
She was as near her death, as you your health.

Arb.

Alas poor soul, but yet she must be rul'd;
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her, have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?

Gob.

Sir I have.

Enter 1 Gent, and Tigranes.

I Gent.

Sir, here is the *Armenian* King.

Arb.

He's welcome.

I Gent.

And the Queen-mother, and the Princess wait without.

Arb.

Good *Gobrias* bring 'em in.

Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd

In a strange Land, where Mothers cast to poyson

Their only Sons; think you you shall be safe?

Tigr.

Too safe I am Sir.

*Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurius,
Mardonius and Bessus, and two Gentlemen.*

Ara.

As low as this I bow to you, and would
As low as is my grave, to shew a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.

Arb.

O stand up,
And let me kneel, the light will be asham'd
To see observance done to me by you.

Ara.

You are my King.

Arb.

You are my Mother, rise;
As far be all your faults from your own soul,
As from my memory; then you shall be
As white as innocence her self.

Ara.

I came
Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge
My sorrows for my sins; longer to stay
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame, that power that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still.

Arb.

Your own desires shall be your guide.

[*Exit Arane.*

Pan.

Now let me die, since I have seen my Lord the King
Return in safetie, I have seen all good that life
Can shew me; I have ne're another wish
For Heaven to grant, nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

Gob.

Why does not your Majesty speak?

Arb.

To whom?

Gob.

To the Princess.

Pan.

Alas Sir, I am fearful, you do look
On me, as if I were some loathed thing
That you were finding out a way to shun.

Gob.

Sir, you should speak to her.

Arb.

Ha?

Pan.

I know I am unworthy, yet not ill arm'd, with which innocence

here I will kneel, till I am one with earth, but I will gain some words and kindness from you.

Tigr.

Will you speak Sir?

Arb.

Speak, am I what I was?

What art thou that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? shew forth thy self:
I feel a pair of fiery wings displai'd
Hither, from hence; you shall not tarry there,
Up, and be gone, if thou beest Love be gone:
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,
Pull thy lov'd Down away, and with thy Quill
By this right arm drawn from thy wonted wing,
Write to thy laughing Mother i'thy blood,
That you are powers bely'd, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men resolv'd,
Like dust; I know thou fear'st my words, away.

Tigr.

O misery! why should he be so slow?
There can no falshood come of loving her;
Though I have given my faith; she is a thing
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith:
I would he would present me to her quickly.

Pan.

Will you not speak at all? are you so far

From kind words? yet to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb, say something, though it be
Poyson'd with anger, that it may strike me dead.

Mar.

Have you no life at all? for man-hood sake
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus;
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

Arb.

You mean this Lady: lift her from the earth; why do you let her kneel so long? Alas, Madam, your beauty uses to command, and not to beg. What is your sute to me? it shall be granted, yet the time is short, and my affairs are great: but where's my Sister? I bade she should be brought.

Mar.

What, is he mad?

Arb.

Gobrias, where is she?

Gob.

Sir.

Arb.

Where is she man?

Gob.

Who, Sir?

Arb.

Who, hast thou forgot my Sister?

Gob.

Your Sister, Sir?

Arb.

Your Sister, Sir? some one that hath a wit, answer, where is she?

Gob.

Do you not see her there?

Arb.

Where?

Gob.

There.

Arb.

There, where?

Mar.

S'light, there, are you blind?

Arb.

Which do you mean, that little one?

Gob.

No Sir.

Arb.

No Sir? why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning Lady.

Gob.

That's she.

Arb.

Away.

Gob.

Sir, it is she.

Arb.

'Tis false.

Gob.

Is it?

Arb.

As hell, by Heaven, as false as hell,
My Sister: is she dead? if it be so,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this:
I see you all are mute and stand amaz'd,
Fearful to answer me; it is too true,
A decreed instant cuts off ev'ry life,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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