

BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER  
JOHN

**PHILASTER; OR,  
LOVE LIES A  
BLEEDING**

**John Fletcher**  
**Francis Beaumont**  
**Philaster; Or, Love Lies a Bleeding**

*[http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio\\_book/?art=36361926](http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=36361926)*

*Philaster; Or, Love Lies a Bleeding:*

# Содержание

Actus primus. Scena prima	6
Actus Secundus. Scena Prima	34
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	55

# Francis Beaumont Philaster; Or, Love Lies a Bleeding

*The Scene being in Sicilie.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## Persons Represented in the Play

*The King.*

Philaster, *Heir to the Crown.*

Pharamond, *Prince of Spain.*

Dion, *a Lord.*

Cleremont } *Noble Gentlemen his*

Thrasiline } *Associates.*

Arethusa, *the King's Daughter.*

Galatea, *a wise modest Lady attending the Princess.*

Megra, *a lascivious Lady.*

*An old wanton Lady, or Croan.*

*Another Lady attending the Princess.*

Eufrasia, *Daughter of Dion, but disguised like a  
Page, and called Bellario.*

*An old Captain.*

*Five Citizens.*

*A Countrey fellow.*

*Two Woodmen.*

*The Kings Guard and Train.*

\* \* \* \* \*

# Actus primus. Scena prima

\_Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

*Cler.* Here's not Lords nor Ladies.

*Dion.* Credit me Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King to attend here: Besides it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

*Cle.* Can you guess the cause?

*Di.* Sir, it is plain about the *Spanish* Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdoms Heir, and be our Sovereign.

*Thra.* Many (that will seem to know much) say, she looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

*Di.* O Sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the Prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdoms of *Cicilie* and *Calabria*.

*Di.* Sir, it is (without controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these Kingdoms, with safetie, the right Heir to one of them living, and living so vertuously, especially the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

*Cle.* Who, Philaster?

*Di.* Yes, whose Father we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, unrighteously deposed from his fruitful *Cicilie*. My self drew some blood in those Wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in State-policy, will not let me know why *Philaster* being Heir to one of these Kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

*Di.* Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after State news. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Cicilie* and his own, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the City was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any State-order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a Foreign Nation to aw his own with.

[ *Enter Galatea, Megra, and a Lady.*

*Thra.* See, the Ladies, what's the first?

*Di.* A wise and modest Gentlewoman that attends the Princess.

*Cle.* The second?

*Di.* She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

*Cle.* The last?

*Di.* Marry I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: she'll cog and lie with a whole army before the League shall break: her name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanced beyond *Hercules*-pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

*Cle.* She's a profitable member.

*La.* Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

*Gal.* What if they should?

*Meg.* What if they should?

*La.* Nay, let her alone; what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravel'd.

*Gal.* Why, what if they be?

*Meg.* What if they be?

*La.* Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be I will justifie, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say Excuse me.

*Gal.* Ha, ha, ha.

*La.* Do you laugh Madam?

*Di.* Your desires upon you Ladies.

*La.* Then you must sit beside us.

*Di.* I shall sit near you then Lady.

*La.* Near me perhaps: But there's a Lady induces no

stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

*Meg.* Me thinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted.

*Thra.* Peace, the King.

[ *Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Train.*

*King.* To give a stronger testimony of love  
Than sickly promises (which commonly  
In Princes find both birth and burial  
In one breath) we have drawn you worthy Sir,  
To make your fair inearments to [our] daughter,  
And worthy services known to our subjects,  
Now lov'd and wondered at. Next, our intent,  
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,  
Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,  
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,  
And I believe) though her few years and sex  
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,  
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge  
Only of what her self is to her self,  
Make her feel moderate health: and when she sleeps,  
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.  
Think not (dear Sir) these undivided parts,  
That must mould up a Virgin, are put on  
To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,

To speak her perfect love to you, or add  
An Artificial shadow to her nature:  
No Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet  
No Woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty  
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd Language  
Of any Dame, were she a Queen whose eye  
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.  
Last, noble son, (for so I now must call you)  
What I have done thus publick, is not only  
To add a comfort in particular  
To you or me, but all; and to confirm  
The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdoms,  
By oath to your succession, which shall be  
Within this month at most.

*Thra.* This will be hardly done.

*Cle.* It must be ill done, if it be done.

*Di.* When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, Whilst so brave  
a Gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

*Thra.* I fear.

*Cle.* Who does not?

*Di.* I fear not for my self, and yet I fear too:

Well, we shall see, we shall see: no more.

*Pha.* Kissing your white hand (Mistress) I take leave,  
To thank your Royal Father: and thus far,  
To be my own free Trumpet. Understand  
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that  
must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me Sir,  
And so deserving I dare speak my self)  
To what a person, of what eminence,  
Ripe expectation of what faculties,  
Manners and vertues you would wed your Kingdoms?  
You in me have your wishes. Oh this Country,  
By more than all my hopes I hold it  
Happy, in their dear memories that have been  
Kings great and good, happy in yours, that is,  
And from you (as a Chronicle to keep  
Your Noble name from eating age) do I  
Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen,  
Believe me in a word, a Princes word,  
There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom  
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,  
Equall to be commanded and obey'd,  
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,  
And tye it to this Country. And I vow  
My reign shall be so easie to the subject,  
That every man shall be his Prince himself,  
And his own law (yet I his Prince and law.)  
And dearest Lady, to your dearest self  
(Dear, in the choice of him, whose name and lustre  
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,

You are the blessed'st living; for sweet Princess,  
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be  
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom  
Great Queens must die.

*Thra.* Miraculous.

*Cle.* This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but A large inventory of his own commendations.

[*Enter* Philaster.

*Di.* I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll tell himself he has so prais'd his shape: But here comes one more worthy those large speeches, than the large speaker of them? let me be swallowed quick, if I can find, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one sinew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By this Sun, he'll ne're make King unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

*Phi.* Right Noble Sir, as low as my obedience, And with a heart as Loyal as my knee, I beg your favour.

*King.* Rise, you have it Sir.

*Di.* Mark but the King how pale he looks with fear. Oh! this same whorson Conscience, how it jades us!

*King.* Speak your intents Sir.

*Phi.* Shall I speak 'um freely?  
Be still my royal Sovereign.

*King.* As a subject  
We give you freedom.

*Di.* Now it heats.

*Phi.* Then thus I turn  
My language to you Prince, you foreign man.  
Ne're stare nor put on wonder, for you must  
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon  
(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princess,  
Whose memory I bow to) was not left  
By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)  
To your inheritance, and I up and living,  
Having my self about me and my sword,  
The souls of all my name, and memories,  
These arms and some few friends, besides the gods,  
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,  
And say I might have been! I tell thee *Pharamond*,  
When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,  
And my name ashes; For, hear me *Pharamond*,  
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,  
My Fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,  
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow  
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry grave,  
Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it shall;  
By *Nemesis* it shall.

*Pha.* He's mad beyond cure, mad.

*Di.* Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins:

The outlandish Prince looks like a Tooth-drawer.

*Phi.* Sir, Prince of Poppingjays, I'll make it well appear  
To you I am not mad.

*King.* You displease us.

You are too bold.

*Phi.* No Sir, I am too tame,

Too much a Turtle, a thing born without passion,  
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,  
And makes nothing.

*King.* I do not fancy this,

Call our Physicians: sure he is somewhat tainted.

*Thra.* I do not think 'twill prove so.

*Di.* H'as given him a general purge already, for all the right he has, and now he means to let him blood: Be constant Gentlemen; by these hilts I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the Kingdom.

*Cle.* Peace, we are one soul.

*Pha.* What you have seen in me, to stir offence,  
I cannot find, unless it be this Lady  
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession,  
Which I must keep though it hath pleas'd your fury  
To mutiny within you; without disputing  
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge  
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me;  
And I dare make it mine; you have your answer.

*Phi.* If thou wert sole inheritor to him,  
That made the world his; and couldst see no sun  
Shine upon any but thine: were *Pharamond*  
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,  
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,  
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,  
Or back such bellied commendations,  
And from this present, spight of all these bugs,  
You should hear further from me.

*King.* Sir, you wrong the Prince:  
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends,  
You deserve our frown: go to, be better temper'd.

*Phi.* It must be Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

*Gal.* Ladyes,  
This would have been a pattern of succession,  
Had he ne're met this mischief. By my life,  
He is the worthiest the true name of man

This day within my knowledge.

*Meg.* I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,  
But the other is the man set in mine eye;  
Oh! 'tis a Prince of wax.

*Gal.* A Dog it is.

*King. Philaster,* tell me,  
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

*Phi.* If you had my eyes Sir, and sufferance,  
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,  
My want's great, and now nought but hopes and fears,  
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.  
Dare you be still my King and right me not?

*King.* Give me your wrongs in private.

[They whisper.

*Phi.* Take them, and ease me of a load would bow strong  
Atlas.

*Di.* He dares not stand the shock.

*Di.* I cannot blame, him, there's danger in't. Every man in this  
age, has not a soul of Crystal for all men to read their actions

through: mens hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a Feaver through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true Tenant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no augury.

*King.* Go to:

Be more your self, as you respect our favour:

You'I stir us else: Sir, I must have you know

That y'are and shall be at our pleasure, what  
fashion we

Will put upon you: smooth your brow, or by the gods.

*Phi.* I am dead Sir, y'are my fate: it was not I

Said I was not wrong'd: I carry all about me,

My weak stars led me to all my weak fortunes.

Who dares in all this presence speak (that is

But man of flesh and may be mortal) tell me

I do not most intirely love this Prince,

And honour his full vertues!

*King.* Sure he's possest.

*Phi.* Yes, with my Fathers spirit; It's here O King!

A dangerous spirit; now he tells me King,

I was a Kings heir, bids me be a King,

And whispers to me, these be all my Subjects.

'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives

Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes  
That kneel, and do me service, cry me King:  
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,  
And will undo me: noble Sir, [your] hand, I am your  
servant.

*King.* Away, I do not like this:

I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you  
Both of life and spirit: For this time  
I pardon your wild speech, without so much  
As your imprisonment.

[*Ex. King, Pha. and Are.*

*Di.* I thank you Sir, you dare not for the people.

*Gal.* Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

*Meg.* A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand; but eye yon stranger, is not he a fine compleat Gentleman? O these strangers, I do affect them strangely: they do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! as I live, could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

*Gal.* Pride comfort your poor head-piece Lady: 'tis a weak one, and had need of a Night-cap.

*Di.* See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke  
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous train

Did he give fire to! How he shook the King,  
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood  
Run into whay! it stood upon his brow,  
Like a cold winter dew.

*Phi.* Gentlemen,

You have no suit to me? I am no minion:

You stand (methinks) like men that would be  
Courtiers,

If you could well be flatter'd at a price,  
Not to undo your Children: y'are all honest:  
Go get you home again, and make your Country  
A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may,  
In their Diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

*Cle.* How do you worthy Sir?

*Phi.* Well, very well;

And so well, that if the King please, I find  
I may live many years.

*Di.* The King must please,

Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,  
Your wrongs and [injuries]: shrink not, worthy Sir,  
But add your Father to you: in whose name,  
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up  
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,  
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,  
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,

That through the strongest safety, they shall beg  
For mercy at your swords point.

*Phi.* Friends, no more,  
Our years may he corrupted: 'Tis an age  
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

*Thra.* Do we love Heaven and honour?

*Phi.* My Lord *Dion*, you had  
A vertuous Gentlewoman call'd you Father;  
Is she yet alive?

*Di.* Most honour'd Sir, she is:  
And for the penance but of an idle dream,  
Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

[ *Enter a Lady.*

*Phi.* Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

*La.* To you, brave Lord; the Princess would intreat Your  
present company.

*Phi.* The Princess send for me! y'are mistaken.

*La.* If you be call'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.

*Phi.* Kiss her hand, and say I will attend her.

*Di.* Do you know what you do?

*Phi.* Yes, go to see a woman.

*Cle.* But do you weigh the danger you are in?

*Phi.* Danger in a sweet face?

By *Jupiter* I must not fear a woman.

*Thra.* But are you sure it was the Princess sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

*Phi.* I do not think it Gentlemen: she's noble,

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red  
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:  
There's all the danger in't: but be what may,  
Her single name hath arm'd me.

[*Ex. Phil.*

*Di.* Go on:

And be as truly happy as thou art fearless:  
Come Gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,  
Lest the King prove false.

[*Ex. Gentlemen.*

*Enter Arethusa and a Lady.*

*Are.* Comes he not?

*La.* Madam?

*Are.* Will *Philaster* come?

*La.* Dear Madam, you were wont  
To credit me at first.

*Are.* But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my womans strength  
Is so o'recharg'd with danger like to grow  
About my Marriage that these under-things  
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:  
How look't he, when he told thee he would come?

*La.* Why, well.

*Are.* And not a little fearful?

*La.* Fear Madam? sure he knows not what it is.

*Are.* You are all of his Faction; the whole Court  
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I  
May live neglected: and do noble things,  
As fools in strife throw gold into the Sea,  
Drown'd in the doing: but I know he fears.

*La.* Fear? Madam (me thought) his looks hid more  
Of love than fear.

*Are.* Of love? To whom? to you?  
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,  
With such a winning gesture, and quick look  
That you have caught him?

*La.* Madam, I mean to you.

*Are.* Of love to me? Alas! thy ignorance  
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births:  
Nature, that loves not to be questioned  
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,  
And knows she does well; never gave the world  
Two things so opposite, so contrary,  
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood  
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poyson thee,  
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?

*La.* Madam, I think I hear him.

*Are.* Bring him in:  
You gods that would not have your dooms withstood,  
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,  
To make the passion of a feeble maid  
The way unto your justice, I obey.

[ *Enter Phil.*

*La.* Here is my Lord *Philaster*.

*Are.* Oh! 'tis well:  
Withdraw your self.

*Phi.* Madam, your messenger  
Made me believe, you wisht to speak with me.

*Are.* 'Tis true *Philaster*, but the words are such,  
I have to say, and do so ill beseem  
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,  
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known  
That I have ought detracted from your worth?  
Have I in person wrong'd you? or have set  
My baser instruments to throw disgrace  
Upon your vertues?

*Phi.* Never Madam you.

*Are.* Why then should you in such a publick place,  
Injure a Princess and a scandal lay  
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great:  
Calling a great part of my dowry in question.

*Phi.* Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be  
Foolish: but for your fair and vertuous self,

I could afford my self to have no right  
To any thing you wish'd.

*Are.* *Philaster*, know

I must enjoy these Kingdoms.

*Phi.* Madam, both?

*Are.* Both or I die: by Fate I die *Philaster*,

If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

*Phi.* I would do much to save that Noble life:

Yet would be loth to have posterity

Find in our stories, that *Philaster* gave

His right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,

To save a Ladies longing.

*Are.* Nay then hear:

I must, and will have them, and more.

*Phi.* What more?

*Are.* Or lose that little life the gods prepared, To trouble this  
poor piece of earth withall.

*Phi.* Madam, what more?

*Are.* Turn then away thy face.

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Do.

*Phi.* I cannot endure it: turn away my face?  
I never yet saw enemy that lookt  
So dreadful, but that I thought my self  
As great a Basilisk as he; or spake  
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue  
Bore Thunder underneath, as much as his:  
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then  
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a Ladies voice,  
Whom I do love? Say you would have my life,  
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me  
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask  
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price  
If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

*Are.* Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks.

*Phi.* I do.

*Are.* Then know I must have them and thee.

*Phi.* And me?

*Are.* Thy love: without which, all the Land Discovered yet,  
will serve me for no use, But to be buried in.

*Phi.* Is't possible?

*Are.* With it, it were too little to bestow

On thee: Now, though thy breath doth strike me dead  
(Which know it may) I have unript my breast.

*Phi.* Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,

To lay a train for this contemned life,

Which you may have for asking: to suspect

Were base, where I deserve no ill: love you!

By all my hopes I do, above my life:

But how this passion should proceed from you

So violently, would amaze a man, that would  
be jealous.

*Are.* Another soul into my body shot,

Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit,

Than this thy breath: but spend not hasty time,

In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,

The gods, that make me so; and sure our love

Will be the nobler, and the better blest,

In that the secret justice of the gods

Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss,

Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,

And we should part without it.

*Phi.* 'Twill be ill

I should abide here long.

*Are.* 'Tis true, and worse

You should come often: How shall we devise  
To hold intelligence? That our true lovers,  
On any new occasion may agree, what path is best to  
tread?

*Phi.* I have a boy sent by the gods, I hope to this intent,  
Not yet seen in the Court; hunting the Buck,  
I found him sitting by a Fountain side,  
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,  
And paid the Nymph again as much in tears;  
A Garland lay him by, made by himself,  
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,  
Stuck in that mystick order, that the rareness  
Delighted me: but ever when he turned  
His tender eyes upon 'um, he would weep,  
As if he meant to make 'um grow again.  
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;  
He told me that his Parents gentle dyed,  
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
Which gave him roots; and of the Crystal springs,  
Which did not stop their courses: and the Sun,  
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light,  
Then took he up his Garland and did shew,  
What every flower as Country people hold,  
Did signifie: and how all ordered thus,  
Exprest his grief: and to my thoughts did read  
The prettiest lecture of his Country Art  
That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could

Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,  
Who was glad to follow; and have got  
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,  
That ever Master kept: Him will I send  
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

[ *Enter Lady.*

*Are.* 'Tis well, no more.

*La.* Madam, the Prince is come to do his service.

*Are.* What will you do *Philaster* with your self?

*Phi.* Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.

*Are.* Dear, hide thy self. Bring in the Prince.

*Phi.* Hide me from *Pharamond!* When Thunder speaks, which is the voice of *Jove*, Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not; And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag Unto a forreign Nation, that he made *Philaster* hide himself?

*Are.* He cannot know it.

*Phi.* Though it should sleep for ever to the world,  
It is a simple sin to hide my self,  
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

*Are.* Then good *Philaster*, give him scope and way  
In what he saies: for he is apt to speak  
What you are loth to hear: for my sake do.

*Phi.* I will.

[ *Enter* Pharamond.

*Pha.* My Princely Mistress, as true lovers ought,  
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew  
In outward Ceremonies, the dear love  
Writ in my heart.

*Phi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier,  
I am gone.

*Pha.* To what would he have an answer?

*Are.* To his claim unto the Kingdom.

*Pha.* Sirrah, I forbear you before the King.

*Phi.* Good Sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

*Pha.* But now the time is fitter, do but offer To make mention  
of right to any Kingdom, Though it be scarce habitable.

*Phi.* Good Sir, let me go.

*Pha.* And by my sword.

*Phi.* Peace *Pharamond*: if thou—

*Are.* Leave us *Philaster*.

*Phi.* I have done.

*Pha.* You are gone, by heaven I'll fetch you back.

*Phi.* You shall not need.

*Pha.* What now?

*Phi.* Know *Pharamond*,

I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,  
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if  
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say  
Thou wert, and not lament it.

*Pha.* Do you slight

My greatness so, and in the Chamber of the Princess!

*Phi.* It is a place to which I must confess

I owe a reverence: but wer't the Church,  
I, at the Altar, there's no place so safe,  
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:

And for your greatness; know Sir, I can grasp  
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing:  
Give not a word, not a word back: Farewell.

[*Exit Phi.*

*Pha.* 'Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop His mouth with  
some Office, when we are married.

*Are.* You were best make him your Controuler.

*Pha.* I think he would discharge it well. But Madam,  
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow  
The Ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long  
Before our hands be so: If then you please,  
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait  
For dreaming for me, but take a little stoln  
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come.

*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts,  
I must withdraw in honour.

[*Exit Are.*

*Pha.* The constitution of my body will never hold out till the  
wedding; I must seek elsewhere.

[***Exit Pha***

# Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

*Enter Philaster and Bellario.*

*Phi.* And thou shalt find her honourable boy,  
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,  
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,  
Apt to give, than thou wilt be to ask, I, or deserve.

*Bell.* Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;  
And only yet am something, by being yours;  
You trusted me unknown; and that which you are apt  
To conster a simple innocence in me,  
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy  
Hardened in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you,  
To part my miseries and me: for which,  
I never can expect to serve a Lady  
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

*Phi.* But boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,  
And bearest a childish overflowing love  
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet:  
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,  
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends  
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life;  
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

*Bell.* In that small time that I have seen the world,  
I never knew a man hasty to part  
With a servant he thought trusty; I remember  
My Father would prefer the boys he kept  
To greater men than he, but did it not,  
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

*Phi.* Why gentle boy, I find no fault at all in thy behaviour.

*Bell.* Sir, if I have made  
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;  
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn;  
Age and experience will adorn my mind  
With larger knowledge: And if I have done  
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope  
For once; what Master holds so strict a hand  
Over his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning? Let me be corrected  
To break my stubbornness if it be so,  
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,  
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee.  
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou knowest  
It is my business that doth call thee hence,  
And when thou art with her thou dwel'st with me:  
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,  
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,  
Laid on so weak a one, I will again

With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;  
Nay weep not, gentle boy; 'Tis more than time  
Thou didst attend the Princess.

*Bell.* I am gone;

But since I am to part with you my Lord,  
And none knows whether I shall live to do  
More service for you; take this little prayer;  
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs.  
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;  
And Heavens hate those you curse, though I be one.

[Exit.

*Phi.* The love of boyes unto their Lords is strange,  
I have read wonders of it; yet this boy  
For my sake, (if a man may judge by looks,  
And speech) would out-do story. I may see  
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

[*Exit Phi.*

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Pha.* Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come this way; I know the Queen employes 'em not, for the Reverend Mother sent me word they would all be for the Garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and in my conscience 'tis not

my fault: Oh, for our Country Ladies! Here's one boulded, I'll hound at her.

*Enter Galatea.*

*Gal.* Your Grace!

*Pha.* Shall I not be a trouble?

*Gal.* Not to me Sir.

*Pha.* Nay, nay, you are too quick; by this sweet hand.

*Gal.* You'll be forsworn Sir, 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: but good Prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar, and then I think, I shall have sence enough to answer all the weighty *Apothegmes* your Royal blood shall manage.

*Pha.* Dear Lady, can you love?

*Gal.* Dear, Prince, how dear! I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a Banquet; here's no Scarlet Sir, to blush the sin out it was given for: This wyer mine own hair covers: and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne're cost penny painting: And for the rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife curse our good doings.

*Pha.* You mistake me Lady.

*Gal.* Lord, I do so; would you or I could help it.

*Pha.* Do Ladies of this Country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

*Gal.* Full being! I understand you not, unless your Grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, Prince) is in a morning a Cup of neat White-wine brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper, about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, you can shoot in a Tiller; but of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomie*, fresh Pork, Conger, and clarified Whay; They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

*Pha.* Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

*Gal.* 'Tis very true Sir, I talk of you.

*Pha.* This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite, she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a showr of gold. Madam, look here, all these and more, than—

*Gal.* What have you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I live tis fair gold; you would have silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time; But if you have present use my Lord, I'll send my man with silver and keep your gold for you.

*Pha.* Lady, Lady.

*Gal.* She's coming Sir behind, will take white mony. Yet for all this I'll match ye.

[*Exit Gal. behind the hangings.*

*Pha.* If there be two such more in this Kingdom, and near the Court, we may even hang up our Harps: ten such *Camphire* constitutions as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill fac't Husband to get his own Children, and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

[ *Enter Megra.*

Here's another; if she be of the same last, the Devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, Lady.

*Meg.* As many mornings bring as many dayes,  
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

*Pha.* She gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free.  
If your more serious business do not call you,  
Let me hold quarter with you, we'll take an hour  
Out quickly.

*Meg.* What would your Grace talk of?

*Pha.* Of some such pretty subject as your self.

I'll go no further than your eye, or lip,  
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

*Meg.* Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,  
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,  
Or my glass wrongs me.

*Pha.* O they are two twin'd Cherries died in blushes,  
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams  
Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty,  
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste,  
Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings,  
And taste and live.

*Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince;  
She that hath snow enough about her heart,  
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,  
May be a Nun without probation.  
Sir, you have in such neat poetry, gathered a kiss,  
That if I had but five lines of that number,  
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend  
Your fore-head, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

*Pha.* Do it in prose; you cannot miss it Madam.

*Meg.* I shall, I shall.

*Pha.* By my life you shall not.  
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

*Meg.* Methinks 'tis easie, now I ha' don't before;  
But yet I should stick at it.

*Pha.* Stick till to morrow.  
I'll ne'r part you sweetest. But we lose time,  
Can you love me?

*Meg.* Love you my Lord? How would you have me love you?

*Pha.* I'll teach you in a short sentence, cause I will not load  
your memory, that is all; love me, and lie with me.

*Meg.* Was it lie with you that you said? 'Tis impossible.

*Pha.* Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour; if I do not  
teach you to do it as easily in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll  
lose my Royal blood for't.

*Meg.* Why Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants  
teaching.

*Pha.* I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, than teach  
her any thing belonging to the function; she's afraid to lie with  
her self, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her; I  
know when we are married, I must ravish her.

*Meg.* By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed, but time and  
your good help will wear it out Sir.

*Pha.* And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest  
Lady, I had rather be Sir \_Tim \_the Schoolmaster, and leap a

Dairy-maid.

*Meg.* Has your Grace seen the Court-star *Galatea*?

*Pha.* Out upon her; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: she sail'd by but now.

*Meg.* And how do you hold her wit Sir?

*Pha.* I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it, she would blow 'em out of the Kingdom, they talk of *Jupiter*, he's but a squib cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak sweet Lady, shall I be freely welcome?

*Meg.* Whither?

*Pha.* To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

*Meg.* I dare not Prince, I dare not.

*Pha.* Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful, speak in my ear, will you be mine? keep this, and with it me: soon I will visit you.

*Meg.* My Lord, my Chamber's most unsafe, but when 'tis night I'll find some means to slip into your lodging: till when—

*Pha.* Till when, this, and my heart go with thee.

[*Ex. several ways.*

*\_Enter \_Galatea from behind the hangings.*

*Gal.* Oh thou pernicious Petticoat Prince, are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman; and Lady Towsabel I'll fit you for't.

[*Exit Gal.*

*\_Enter \_Arethusa and a Lady.*

*Are.* Where's the boy?

*La.* Within Madam.

*Are.* Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?

*La.* I did.

*Are.* And has he don't?

*La.* Yes Madam.

*Are.* 'Tis a pretty sad talking lad, is it not? Askt you his name?

*La.* No Madam.

[ *\_Enter \_Galatea.*

*Are.* O you are welcome, what good news?

*Gal.* As good as any one can tell your Grace, That saies she hath done that you would have wish'd.

*Are.* Hast thou discovered?

*Gal.* I have strained a point of modesty for you.

*Are.* I prethee how?

*Gal.* In listning after bawdery; I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

*Are.* With whom?

*Gal.* Why, with the Lady I suspect: I can tell the time and place.

*Are.* O when, and where?

*Gal.* To night, his Lodging.

*Are.* Run thy self into the presence, mingle there again  
With other Ladies, leave the rest to me:  
If destiny (to whom we dare not say,  
Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so  
In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters  
Were never altered:) yet, this match shall break.  
Where's the boy?

*La.* Here Madam.

[ \_Enter \_Bellario.

*Are.* Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

*Bell.* Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,  
To do him service.

*Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;  
Tell me thy name.

*Bell. Bellario.*

*Are.* Thou canst sing, and play?

*Bell.* If grief will give me leave, Madam, I can.

*Are.* Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?  
Hadst thou a curst master, when thou went'st to

School?

Thou art not capable of other grief;  
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,  
When no [b]reath troubles them: believe me boy,  
Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,  
And builds himself caves to abide in them.  
Come Sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

*Bell.* Love Madam? I know not what it is.

*Are.* Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?  
Thou art deceiv'd boy; does he speak of me  
As if he wish'd me well?

*Bell.* If it be love,  
To forget all respect of his own friends,  
In thinking of your face; if it be love  
To sit cross arm'd and sigh away the day,  
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud  
And hastily, as men i'the streets do fire:  
If it be love to weep himself away,  
When he but hears of any Lady dead,  
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;  
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)  
'Twixt every prayer he saies, to name you once  
As others drop a bead, be to be in love;  
Then Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

*Are.* O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,

For your Lords credit; but thou knowest, a lie,  
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me,  
Than any truth that saies he loves me not.  
Lead the way Boy: Do you attend me too;  
'Tis thy Lords business hasts me thus; Away.

*[Exeunt.*

*\_Enter \_Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilin, Megra \_and  
\_Galatea.*

*Di.* Come Ladies, shall we talk a round? As men Do walk  
a mile, women should take an hour After supper: 'Tis their  
exercise.

*Gal.* Tis late.

*Meg.* 'Tis all  
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

*Gal.* I fear they are so heavy, you'l scarce find  
The way to your lodging with 'em to night.

*[ Enter Pharamond.*

*Thra.* The Prince.

*Pha.* Not a bed Ladies? y'are good sitters up; What think you  
of a pleasant dream to last Till morning?

*Meg.* I should choose, my Lord, a pleasing wake before it.

[\_Enter \_Arethusa \_and \_Bellario.

*Are.* 'Tis well my Lord y'are courting of Ladies. Is't not late Gentlemen?

*Cle.* Yes Madam.

*Are.* Wait you there. [\_Exit \_Arethusa.

*Meg.* She's jealous, as I live; look you my Lord,  
The Princess has a *Hilas*, an *Adonis*.

*Pha.* His form is Angel-like.

*Meg.* Why this is he, must, when you are wed,  
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with  
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep;  
The Princess does provide him for you, and for  
her self.

*Pha.* I find no musick in these boys.

*Meg.* Nor I.  
They can do little, and that small they do,  
They have not wit to hide.

*Di.* Serves he the Princess?

*Thra.* Yes.

*Di.* 'Tis a sweet boy, how brave she keeps him!

*Pha.* Ladies all good rest; I mean to kill a Buck  
To morrow morning, ere y've done your dreams.

*Meg.* All happiness attend your Grace, Gentlemen good rest,  
Come shall we to bed?

*Gal.* Yes, all good night.

[*Ex.* *Gal.* \_and \_*Meg.*

*Di.* May your dreams be true to you;  
What shall we do Gallants? 'Tis late, the King  
Is up still, see, he comes, a Guard along  
With him.

[\_Enter \_King, *Arethusa* \_and \_Guard.

*King.* Look your intelligence be true.

*Are.* Upon my life it is: and I do hope,  
Your Highness will not tye me to a man,  
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,

And takes another.

*Di.* What should this mean?

*King.* If it be true, That Lady had been better have embrac'd  
Cureless Diseases; get you to your rest,

[*Ex.* Are. \_and \_Bel.

You shall be righted: Gentlemen draw near,  
We shall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond*  
Come to his lodging?

*Di.* I saw him enter there.

*King.* Haste some of you, and cunningly discover,  
If Megra be in her lodging.

*Cle.* Sir,

She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

*King.* If she be there, we shall not need to make  
A vain discovery of our suspicion.  
You gods I see, that who unrighteously  
Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst,  
In that, which meaner men are blest withall:  
Ages to come shall know no male of him  
Left to inherit, and his name shall be

Blotted from earth; If he have any child,  
It shall be crossly matched: the gods themselves  
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her,  
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin  
I have committed, let it not fall  
Upon this understanding child of mine,  
She has not broke your Laws; but how can I,  
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,  
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

[ \_Enter \_Dion.

*Di.* Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within, but they I think are bawds; I told 'em I must speak with her: they laught, and said their Lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed my business was a matter that concern'd life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was; I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: Answers more direct I could not get: in short Sir, I think she is not there.

*King.* 'Tis then no time to dally: you o'th' Guard,  
Wait at the back door of the Princes lodging,  
And see that none pass thence upon your lives.  
Knock Gentlemen: knock loud: louder yet:  
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?

I'll break your meditations: knock again:  
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this  
Larum by him; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

[*Pharamond above.*

*Pha.* What sawcy groom knocks at this dead of night? Where  
be our waiters? By my vexed soul, He meets his death, that meets  
me, for this boldness.

*K.* Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,  
Come down.

*Pha.* The King?

*King.* The same Sir, come down,  
We have cause of present Counsel with you.

*Pha.* If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you  
To your Chamber.

[*Pha. below.*

*King.* No, 'tis too late Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

*Pha.* I have some private reasons to my self,  
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot;  
Nay, press not forward Gentlemen, he must come  
Through my life, that comes here.

*King.* Sir be resolv'd, I must and will come. Enter.

*Pha.* I will not be dishonour'd;  
He that enters, enters upon his death;  
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,  
To bring these Renegados to my Chamber,  
At these unseason'd hours.

*King.* Why do you  
Chafe your self so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be;  
Onely I'll search your lodging, for some cause  
To our self known: Enter I say.

*Pha.* I say no.

[*Meg. Above.*

*Meg.* Let 'em enter Prince,  
Let 'em enter, I am up, and ready; I know their  
business,  
'Tis the poor breaking of a Ladies honour,  
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.  
You have your business Gentlemen, I lay here.  
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you  
To make publick the weakness of a Woman.

*King.* Come down.

*Meg.* I dare my Lord; your whootings and your clamors,  
Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,  
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage;

But I have vengeance yet in store for some,  
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,  
Be joy and nourishment.

*King.* Will you come down?

*Meg.* Yes, to laugh at your worst: but I shall wrong you, If my skill fail me not.

*King.* Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness, You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more, Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.

*Cle.* Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed in deed.

*Di.* 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a Stag  
Or two, to breath himself, without a warrant:  
If this geer hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,  
Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,  
That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

[ *Enter with Megra.*

*King.* Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?  
No man can fit your palat, but the Prince.  
Thou most ill shrowded rottenness; thou piece

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.