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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

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img: 2-a

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wln 0028

THE
REVENGER'S
TRAGEDY.

*As it hath been sundry times Acted,
by the King's Majesty's
Servants.*

AT LONDON
Printed by G. ELD, and are to be sold at his
house in Fleet lane at the sign of the
Printer's Press.
1607.

The Revengers Tragedy.

ACT. 1. SCENA 1.

*Enter **Vindice**, the Duke, Duchess, Lusurioso her son,
Spurio the bastard, with a train, pass over the
Stage with Torchlight.*

Vindice DUke: royal lecher; go, gray-haired adultery,
And thou his son, as impious steeped as he:
And thou his bastard true-begot in evil:
And thou his Duchess that will do with Devil,
Four exc'llent Characters — O that marrowless age,
Would stuff the hollow Bones with damned desires,
And 'stead of heat kindle infernal fires,
Within the spendthrift veins of a dry Duke,
A parched and juiceless luxur. O God! one
That has scarce blood enough to live upon.
And he to riot it like a son and heir?
O the thought of that
Turns my abused heartstrings into fret.
Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,
My study's ornament, thou shell of Death,
Once the bright face of my betrothed Lady,
When life and beauty naturally filled out
These ragged imperfections;
When two heaven-pointed Diamonds were set
In those unsightly Rings; — then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion
That the uprightest man, (if such there be,

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wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

That sin but seven times a day) broke custom
And made up eight with looking after her,
Oh she was able to ha' made a Usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss,
And what his father fifty years told
To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold:
But oh accursed Palace!
Thee when thou wert apparelled in thy flesh,
The old Duke poisoned,
Because thy purer part would not consent

wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
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Unto his palsy-lust, for old men lustful
Do show like young men angry, eager violent,
Outbid like their limited performances
O 'ware an old man hot, and vicious
„Age as in gold, in lust is covetous.
Vengeance thou murder's Quit-rent, and whereby
Thou show'st thyself Tenant to Tragedy,
Oh keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determined: hum: who e'er knew
Murder unpaid, faith give Revenge her due
Sh'as kept touch hitherto — be merry, merry,
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks
To have their costly three-piled flesh worn off
As bare as this — for banquets: ease and laughter,
Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay,
But wise men little are more great than they?

Enter her brother Hippolito.

Hippolito Still sighing o'er death's vizard.

Vindice Brother welcome,

What comfort bring'st thou? how go things at Court?

Hippolito In silk and silver brother: never braver.

Vindice Puh,

Thou play'st upon my meaning prithee say

Has that bald Madam, Opportunity?

Yet thought upon 's, speak are we happy yet?

Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.

Hippolito It may prove happiness?

Vindice What is 't may prove?

Give me to taste.

Hippolito Give me your hearing then,

You know my place at Court.

Vindice Ay; the Duke's Chamber

But 'tis a marvel thou 'rt not turned out yet!

Hippolito Faith I have been shoved at, but 'twas still my hap

To hold by th' Duchess' skirt, you guess at that,

Whom such a Coat keeps up can ne'er fall flat,

But to the purpose.

Last evening predecessor unto this,

img: 3-b

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wln 0113
wln 0114

The Duke's son warily enquired for me,
Whose pleasure I attended: he began,
By policy to open and unhusk me
About the time and common rumor:
But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts
Up in their built houses, yet afforded him
An idle satisfaction without danger,
But the whole aim, and scope of his intent
Ended in this, conjuring me in private,
To seek some strange-digested fellow forth:
Of ill-contented nature, either disgraced
In former times, or by new grooms displaced,
Since his Stepmother's nuptials, such a blood
A man that were for evil only good;
To give you the true word some base-coined Pander?
Vindice I reach you, for I know his heat is such,
Were there as many Concubines as Ladies
He would not be contained, he must fly out:
I wonder how ill featured, vild proportioned.
That one should be: if she were made for woman,
Whom at the Insurrection of his lust
He would refuse for once, heart, I think none,
Next to a skull, though more unsound than one
Each face he meets he strongly dotes upon.
Hippolito Brother y'ave truly spoke him?
He knows not you, but I'll swear you know him.
Vindice And therefore i'll put on that knave for once,
And be a right man then, a man o' th' Time,
For to be honest is not to be i' th' world,
Brother i'll be that strange composed fellow.
Hippolito And i'll prefer you brother.
Vindice Go to then,
The small'st advantage fattens wronged men
It may point out, occasion, if I meet her,
I'll hold her by the foretop fast enough;
Or like the *French Mole* heave up hair and all,
I have a habit that will fit it quaintly,
Here comes our Mother. *Hippolito* And Sister.

wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122

Vindice We must coin.
Women are apt you know to take false money,
But I dare stake my soul for these two creatures
Only excuse excepted that they'll swallow,
Because their sex is easy in belief.
Mother What news from **Court** son *Carlo*?
Hippolito Faith Mother,
'Tis whispered there the Duchess' youngest son

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wln 0124
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wln 0152

Has played a Rape on Lord *Antonio*'s wife.
Mother On that religious Lady!
Castiza Royal blood: monster he deserves to die,
If *Italy* had no more hopes but he.
Vindice Sister y've sentenced most direct, and true,
The Law's a woman, and would she were you:
Mother I must take leave of you.
Mother Leave for what?
Vindice I Intend speedy travail.
Hippolito That he does Madam. *Mother* Speedy indeed!
Vindice For since my worthy father's funeral,
My life's unnaturally to me, e'en compelled
As if I lived now when I should be dead.
Mother Indeed he was a worthy Gentleman
Had his estate been fellow to his mind.
Vindice The Duke did much deject him.
Mother Much?
Vindice Too much.
And through disgrace oft smothered in his spirit,
When it would mount, surely I think he died
Of discontent: the Nobleman's consumption.
Mother Most sure he did!
Vindice Did he? 'lack, — you know all
You were his midnight secretary.
Mother No.
He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.
Vindice I' faith then father thou wast wise indeed,
„Wives are but made to go to bed and feed.
Come mother, sister: you'll bring me onward brother?
Hippolito I will.

img: 4-b
sig: A4r

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wln 0156
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wln 0169
wln 0170

Vindice I'll quickly turn into another. *Exeunt.*
Enter the old Duke, Lussurioso, his son, the Duchess; the Bastard,
the Duchess' two sons Ambitioso, and Supervacuo, the
third her youngest brought out with Officers for the Rape two
Judges.
Duke. Duchess it is your youngest son, we're sorry,
His violent Act has e'en drawn blood of honor
And stained our honors,
Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot us in our Tombs.
For that which would seem treason in our lives
Is laughter when we're dead. who dares now whisper
That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim,
With loud words and broad pens our closest shame.
Judge Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years
Full of confirmed gravity; — for what is it to have,
A flattering false insculption on a Tomb:

wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
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img: 5-a
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wln 0191
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And in men's hearts reproach, the bowelled Corpse,
May be seared in, but with free tongue I speak,
„The faults of great men through their fierce clothes break,
Duke They do, we're sorry for 't, it is our fate,
To live in fear and die to live in hate,
I leave him to your sentence doom him Lords
The fact is great; whilst I sit by and sigh.

Duchess My gracious Lord I pray be merciful,
Although his trespass far exceed his years,
Think him to be your own as I am yours,
Call him not son-in-law: the law I fear
Will fall too soon upon his name and him:
Temper his fault with pity?

Lussurioso Good my Lord.
Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant
Upon the Judges' palate, for offenses
Gilt o'er with mercy, show like fairest women,
Good only for their beauties, which washed off: no sin is uglier
Ambitioso I beseech your grace,
Be soft and mild, let not *Relentless* Law,

Look with an iron forehead on our brother.

Spurio He yields small comfort yet, hope he shall die,
And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,
Would all the court were turned into a corse,

Duchess No pity yet? must I rise fruitless then,
A wonder in a woman; are my knees,
Of such low — metal — that without Respect —

1. Judge Let the offender stand forth,
'Tis the Duke's pleasure that Impartial Doom,
Shall take first hold of his unclean attempt,
A Rape! why 'tis the very core of lust,
Double Adultery.

Junior So Sir.

2. Judge And which was worse,
Committed on the Lord *Antonio*'s wife,
That General honest Lady, confess my Lord!
What moved you to 't?

Junior why flesh and blood my Lord.
What should move men unto a woman else,

Lussurioso O do not jest thy doom, trust not an axe
Or sword too far; the Law is a wise serpent
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life,
Though marriage only has made thee my brother,
I love thee so far, play not with thy Death,

Junior I thank you troth, good admonitions faith,
If i'd the grace now to make use of them,

1. Judge That Lady's name has spread such a fair wing
Over all *Italy*; that if our Tongues,

wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

Were sparing toward the Fact, Judgement itself,
Would be condemned and suffer in men's thoughts,
Junior Well then 'tis done, and it would please me well
Were it to do again: sure she's a Goddess,
For i'd no power to see her, and to live,
It falls out true in this for I must die,
Her beauty was ordained to be my scaffold,
And yet methinks I might be easier ceased,
My fault being sport, let me but die in jest,
1. Judge This be the sentence,

Duchess O keep 't upon your Tongue, let it not slip,
Death too soon steals out of a Lawyer's lip,
Be not so cruel-wise?

1. Judge Your Grace must pardon us,
'Tis but the Justice of the Law.

Duchess The Law,
Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.

Spurio Now, now he dies, rid 'em away.

Duchess O what it is to have an old-cool Duke,
To be as slack in tongue, as in performance.

1. Judge Confirmed, this be the doom irrevocable.

Duchess Oh! *1. Judge* Tomorrow early.

Duchess Pray be a-bed my Lord.

1. Judge Your Grace much wrongs yourself.

Ambitioso No 'tis that tongue,
You're too much right, does do us too much wrong.

1. Judge Let that offender —

Duchess Live, and be in health.

1. Judge Be on a Scaffold— *Duke* Hold, hold, my Lord.

Spurio Pox on 't,
What makes my Dad speak now?

Duke. We will defer the judgement till next sitting,
In the meantime let him be kept close prisoner:
Guard bear him hence.

Ambitioso Brother, this makes for thee,
Fear not, we'll have a trick to set thee free.

Junior Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope
I rest. *Supervacuo* Farewell, be merry. *Exit with a guard.*

Spurio Delayed, deferred nay then if judgement have cold blood,
Flattery and bribes will kill it.

Duke. About it then my Lords with your best powers,
More serious business calls upon our hours. *Exeunt manet Duchess*

Duchess Wast ever known step-Duchess was so mild,
And calm as I? some now would plot his death,
With easy Doctors, those loose-living men,
And make his withered Grace fall to his Grave,
And keep Church better?
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch

wln 0266

img: 6-a
sig: B1v

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wln 0304

Her double-loathed Lord at meat and sleep,
Indeed 'tis true an old man's twice a child,
Mine cannot speak, one of his single words,
Would quite have freed my youngest dearest son
From death or durance, and have made him walk
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,
Whose Prickles should bow under him, but 'tis not,
And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot,
I'll kill him in his forehead, hate there feed,
That wound is deepest though it never bleed:
And here comes he whom my heart points unto,
His bastard son, but my love's true-begot,
Many a wealthy letter have I sent him,
Swelled up with Jewels, and the timorous man
Is yet but coldly kind,
That Jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,
Mocking his Master's chillness and vain fear,
H'as spied me now.

Spurio Madam? your Grace so private.
My duty on your hand.

Duchess Upon my hand sir, troth I think you'd fear,
To kiss my hand too if my lip stood there,

Spurio Witness I would not Madam.

Duchess 'Tis a wonder,
For ceremony has made many fools,
It is as easy way unto a Duchess,
As to a Hatted-dame, (if her love answer)
But that by timorous honors, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves — what have you thought of me?

Spurio Madam I ever think of you, in duty,
Regard and —

Duchess Puh, upon my love I mean.

Spurio I would 'twere love, but 't has a fouler name
Than lust; you are my father's wife, your Grace may guess now,
What I could call it.

Duchess Why th' art his son but falsely,
'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

img: 6-b
sig: B2r

wln 0305
wln 0306
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wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311

Spurio I' faith 'tis true too; I'm an uncertain man,
Of more uncertain woman; may be his groom o' th' stable begot
me, you know I know not, he could ride a horse well, a
shrewd suspicion marry — he was wondrous tall, he had his
length i' faith, for peeping over half-shut holiday windows,
Men would desire him 'light, when he was afoot,
He made a goodly show under a Penthouse,

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wln 0313
wln 0314
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wln 0342

img: 7-a
sig: B2v

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wln 0359

And when he rid, his Hat would check the signs, and clatter
Barbers' Basins.

Duchess Nay set you a-horseback once,
You'll ne'er light off.

Spurio Indeed I am a beggar.

Duchess That's more the sign thou art Great — but to our love.
Let it stand firm both in thought and mind,
That the Duke was thy Father, as no doubt then
He bid fair for 't, thy injury is the more,
For had he cut thee a right Diamond,
Thou hadst been next set in the Dukedom's Ring,
When his worn self like Age's easy slave,
Had dropped out of the Collet into th' Grave;
What wrong can equal this? canst thou be tame
And think upon 't.

Spurio No mad and think upon 't.

Duchess Who would not be revenged of such a father,
E'en in the worst way? I would thank that sin,
That could most injury him, and be in league with it,
Oh what a grief 'tis, that a man should live
But once i' th' world, and then to live a Bastard,
The curse o' the womb, the thief of Nature,
Begot against the seventh commandment,
Half damned in the conception, by the justice
Of that unbribed everlasting law.

Spurio Oh I'd a hot-backed Devil to my father.

Duchess Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood rough?
Who but an Eunuch would not sin? his bed
By one false minute disinherited.

Spurio Ay, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapped in,
I'll be revenged for all, now hate begin,

I'll call foul Incest but a Venial sin.

Duchess Cold still: in vain then must a Duchess woo?

Spurio Madam I blush to say what I will do.

Duchess Thence flew sweet comfort, earnest and farewell.

Spurio Oh one incestuous kiss picks open hell.

Duchess Faith now old Duke; my vengeance shall reach high,
I'll arm thy brow with woman's Heraldry. *Exit.*

Spurio Duke, thou didst do me wrong, and by thy Act
Adultery is my nature;
Faith if the truth were known, I was begot
After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish
Was my first father; when deep healths went round,
And Ladies' cheeks were painted red with Wine,
Their tongues as short and nimble as their heels
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rise,
Were merrily disposed to fall again,
In such a whispering and withdrawing hour,

wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
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img: 7-b
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wln 0407

When base male-Bawds kept Sentinel at stairhead
Was I stol'n softly; oh — damnation met
The sin of feasts, drunken adultery.
I feel it swell me; my revenge is just,
I was begot in impudent Wine and Lust:
Stepmother I consent to thy desires,
I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee,
And those three Cubs thy sons, wishing confusion
Death and disgrace may be their Epitaphs,
As for my brother the Duke's only son,
Whose birth is more beholding to report
Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown.
(Women must not be trusted with their own)
I'll loose my days upon him hate all I,
Duke on thy brow I'll draw my Bastardy.
For indeed a bastard by nature should make Cuckolds,
Because he is the son of a Cuckold-maker.

Exit.

*Enter Vindici and Hippolito, Vindici in disguise to
attend Lord Lussurioso the Duke's son.*

Vindice What brother? am I far enough from myself?
Hippolito As if another man had been sent whole

Into the world, and none wist how he came.

Vindice It will confirm me bold: the child o' th' Court,
Let blushes dwell i' th' Country impudence!
Thou Goddess of the palace, Mistress of **Mistresses**
To whom the costly perfumed-people pray,
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless Marble;
Mine eyes to steady Sapphires: turn my visage,
And if I must needs glow, let me blush inward
That this immodest season may not spy,
That scholar in my cheeks, fool-bashfulness.
That Maid in the old time, whose flush of *Grace*
Would never suffer her to get good clothes;
Our maids are wiser; and are less ashamed,
Save *Grace* the bawd I seldom hear *Grace* named!

Hippolito Nay brother you reach out o' th' Verge now, — 'Sfoot
the Duke's son, settle your looks.

Vindice Pray let me not be doubted. *Hippolito* My Lord —
Lussurioso *Hippolito*? — be absent leave us.

Hippolito My Lord after long search, wary inquiries
And politic siftings, I made choice of yon fellow,
Whom I guess rare for many deep employments;
This our age swims within him: and if Time
Had so much hair, I should take him for Time,
He is so near kin to this present minute?

Lussurioso 'Tis enough.

We thank thee: yet words are but great men's blanks
Gold though it be dumb does utter the best thanks.

wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418

img: 8-a
sig: B3v

Hippolito Your plenteous honor — an exc'ellent fellow my Lord.
Lussurioso So, give us leave — welcome, be not far off, we must be
better acquainted, push, be bold with us, thy hand:
Vindice With all my heart i' faith how dost sweet Musk-cat.
When shall we lie together?
Lussurioso Wondrous knave!
Gather him into boldness, 'Sfoot the slave's
Already as familiar as an Ague,
And shakes me at his pleasure, friend I can
Forget myself in private, but else where,
I pray do you remember me.

wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423
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wln 0454
wln 0455

Vindice Oh very well sir — I conster myself saucy!
Lussurioso What hast been,
Of what profession.
Vindice A bone-setter! *Lussurioso* A bone-setter!
Vindice A bawd my Lord,
One that sets bones together.
Lussurioso Notable bluntness?
Fit, fit for me, e'en trained up to my hand
Thou hast been Scrivener to much knavery then.
Vindice Fool, to abundance sir; I have been witness
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins,
And not so little,
I have seen Patrimonies washed a-pieces
Fruit-fields turned into bastards,
And in a world of Acres,
Not so much dust due to the heir 'twas left to
As would well gravel a petition
Lussurioso Fine villain? troth I like him wondrously
He's e'en shaped for my purpose, then thou know'st
I' th' world strange lust.
Vindice O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!
Drunken procreation, which begets, so many drunkards;
Some father dreads not (gone to bed in wine) to slide from
the mother,
And cling the daughter-in-law,
Some Uncles are adulterous with their Nieces,
Brothers with brothers' wives, O hour of Incest!
Any kin now next to the Rim o' th' sister
Is man's meat in these days, and in the morning
When they are up and dressed, and their mask on,
Who can perceive this? save that eternal eye
That sees through flesh and all, well: — If any thing be damned?
It will be twelve o'clock at night; that twelve
Will never scape;
It is the *Judas* of the hours; wherein,
Honest salvation is betrayed to sin,
Lussurioso In troth it is too? but let this talk glide

wln 0456

img: 8-b
sig: B4r

wln 0457

wln 0458

wln 0459

wln 0460

wln 0461

wln 0462

wln 0463

wln 0464

wln 0465

wln 0466

wln 0467

wln 0468

wln 0469

wln 0470

wln 0471

wln 0472

wln 0473

wln 0474

wln 0475

wln 0476

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wln 0480

wln 0481

wln 0482

wln 0483

wln 0484

wln 0485

wln 0486

wln 0487

wln 0488

wln 0489

wln 0490

wln 0491

wln 0492

wln 0493

wln 0494

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

wln 0495

wln 0496

wln 0497

wln 0498

wln 0499

wln 0500

It is our blood to err, though hell gaped loud

Ladies know *Lucifer* fell, yet still are proud!
Now sir? wert thou as secret as thou 'rt subtle,
And deeply fathomed into all estates
I would embrace thee for a near employment,
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able
To make lame beggars crouch to thee.

Vindice My Lord?

Secret? I ne'er had that disease o' th' mother
I praise my father: why are men made close?
But to keep thoughts in best, I grant you this
Tell but some woman a secret overnight,
Your doctor may find it in the urinal i' th' morning,
But my Lord.

Lussurioso So, thou 'rt confirmed in me
And thus I enter thee.

Vindice This Indian devil,
Will quickly enter any man: but a Usurer,
He prevents that, by ent'ring the devil first.

Lussurioso Attend me, I am past my depth in lust
And I must swim or drown, all my desires
Are levelled at a Virgin not far from Court,
To whom I have conveyed by Messenger
Many waxed Lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels that were able to ravish her
Without the help of man; all which and more
She foolish chaste sent back, the messengers,
Receiving frowns for answers.

Vindice Possible!
'Tis a rare *Phoenix* whoe'er she be,
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
In troth my Lord i'd be revenged and marry her.

Lussurioso Push; the dowry of her blood and of her fortunes,
Are both too mean, — good enough to be bad withal
I'm one of that number can defend
Marriage is good: yet rather keep a friend,
Give me my bed by stealth — there's true delight
What breeds a loathing in 't, but night by night.

Vindice A very fine religion?

Lussurioso Therefore thus,
I'll trust thee in the business of my heart
Because I see thee well experienced
In this Luxurious day wherein we breathe,
Go thou, and with a smooth enchanting tongue
Bewitch her ears, and Cozen her of all Grace

wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
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wln 0531
wln 0532

img: 9-b
sig: C1r

wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
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wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548

Enter upon the portion of her soul,
Her honor, which she calls her chastity
And bring it into expense, for honesty
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,
Which ne'er so little broke, does never keep:
Vindice You have giv'n 't the Tang i' faith my Lord
Make known the Lady to me, and my brain,
Shall swell with strange Invention: I will move it
Till I expire with speaking, and drop down
Without a word to save me; — but i'll work ——
Lussurioso We thank thee, and will raise thee: — receive her name,
it is the only daughter, to Madam *Gratiana* the late widow.
Vindice Oh, my sister, my sister? — *Lussurioso* Why dost walk aside?
Vindice My Lord, I was thinking how I might begin
As thus, oh Lady — or twenty hundred devices,
Her very bodkin will put a man in.
Lussurioso Ay, or the wagging of her hair.
Vindice No, that shall put you in my Lord.
Lussurioso Shall 't? why content, dost know the daughter then?
Vindice O exc'ellent well by sight.
Lussurioso That was her brother
That did prefer thee to us.
Vindice My Lord I think so,
I knew I had seen him somewhere —
Lussurioso And therefore prithee let thy heart to him,
Be as a Virgin, close. *Vindice* Oh me good Lord.
Lussurioso We may laugh at that simple age within him;
Vindice Ha, ha, ha.
Lussurioso Himself being made the subtle instrument,
To wind up a good fellow.
Vindice That's I my Lord.
Lussurioso That's thou.

To entice and work his sister.
Vindice A pure novice? *Lussurioso* 'Twas finely managed.
Vindice Gallantly carried;
A pretty-perfumed villain.
Lussurioso I've bethought me
If she prove chaste still and immovable,
Venture upon the Mother, and with gifts
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.
Vindice Oh fie, fie, that's the wrong end my Lord. 'Tis mere impossible
that a mother by any gifts should become a bawd to her
own Daughter!
Lussurioso Nay then I see thou 'rt but a puny in the subtle Mystery of
a woman: — why 'tis held now no dainty dish: The name
Is so in league with age, that nowadays
It does Eclipse three quarters of a Mother;
Vindice Dost so my Lord?

wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
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wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570

img: 10-a
sig: C1r

wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
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wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596

Let me alone then to Eclipse the fourth.

Lussurioso Why well said, come i'll furnish thee, but first swear to be true in all.

Vindice True? *Lussurioso* Nay but swear!

Vindice Swear? — I hope your honor little doubts my faith.

Lussurioso Yet for my humor's sake cause I love swearing.

Vindice 'Cause you love swearing, 'slud I will.

Lussurioso Why enough,
Ere long look to be made of better stuff.

Vindice That will do well indeed my Lord.

Lussurioso Attend me?

Vindice Oh.

Now let me burst, I've eaten Noble poison,
We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent villains,
Wilt not be angry when thou hear'st on 't, think'st thou?
I' faith thou shalt; swear me to foul my sister.
Sword I durst make a promise of him to thee,
Thou shalt disheir him, it shall be thine honor,
And yet now angry froth is down in me,
It would not prove the meanest policy
In this disguise to try the faith of both,
Another might have had the selfsame office,

Some slave, that would have wrought effectually,
Ay and perhaps o'erwrought 'em, therefore I,
Being thought travailed, will apply myself,
Unto the selfsame form, forget my nature,
As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
So touch 'em, — though I durst almost for good,
Venture my lands in heaven upon their good.

Exit.

*Enter the discontented Lord Antonio, whose wife the Duchess's
youngest Son ravished; he Discovering the body of her dead
to certain Lords: and Hippolito.*

Lord Antonio Draw nearer Lords and be sad witnesses
Of a fair comely building newly fall'n,
Being falsely undermined: violent rape
Has played a glorious act, behold my Lords
A sight that strikes man out of me:

Piero That virtuous Lady? *Antonio* Precedent for wives?

Hippolito The blush of many women, whose chaste presence,
Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks,
And make pale wanton sinners have good colors. —

Lord Antonio Dead!

Her honor first drunk poison, and her life,
Being fellows in one house did pledge her honor,

Piero O grief of many!

Lord Antonio I marked not this before.

A prayer Book the pillow to her cheek,
This was her rich confection, and another

wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608

img: 10-b
sig: C2r

wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
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wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644

Plastered in her right hand, with a leaf tucked up,
Pointing to these words.

Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecus vivere.

True and effectual it is indeed.

Hippolito My Lord since you invite us to your sorrows,
Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort,
As to ourselves we may relieve your wrongs,
We have grief too, that yet walks without Tongue,

Curae leves loquuntur, Majores stupent.

Lord Antonio You deal with truth my Lord.
Lend me but your Attentions, and I'll cut
Long grief into short words: last revelling night.

When Torchlight made an artificial noon
About the Court, some Courtiers in the masque,
Putting on better faces than their own,
Being full of fraud and flattery: amongst whom,
The Duchess's youngest son (that moth to honor)
Filled up a Room; and with long lust to eat,
Into my wearing; amongst all the Ladies,
Singled out that dear form; who ever lived,
As cold in Lust as she is now in death;
(Which that step-Duchess — Monster knew too well;)
And therefore in the height of all the revels,
When Music was hard loudest, Courtiers busiest,
And Ladies great with laughter; — O Vicious minute!
Unfit but for relation to be spoke of,
Then with a face more impudent than his vizard
He harried her amidst a throng of Panders,
That live upon damnation of both kinds,
And fed the ravenous vulture of his lust,
(O death to think on 't) she her honor forced,
Deemed it a nobler dowry for her name,
To die with poison than to live with shame.

Hippolito A wondrous Lady; of rare fire compact,
Sh'as made her name an Empress by that act,

Piero My Lord what judgement follows the offender?

Lord Antonio Faith none my Lord it cools and is deferred,

Piero Delay the doom for rape?

Lord Antonio O you must note who 'tis should die,
The Duchess' son, she'll look to be a saver,
„Judgement in this age is ne'er kin to favor.

Hippolito Nay then step forth thou *Bribeless* officer;
I bind you all in steel to bind you surely,
Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,
Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade,
Strengthen my vow, that if at the next sitting,
Judgement speak all in gold, and spare the blood
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats,

wln 0645
wln 0646

img: 11-a
sig: C2r

wln 0647
wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652
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wln 0654
wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660

To let his soul out, which long since was found,
Guilty in heaven.

All. We swear it and will act it,
Lord Antonio Kind Gentlemen, I thank you in mine Ire,
Hippolito 'Twere pity?
The ruins of so fair a Monument,
Should not be dipped in the defacer's blood,
Piero. Her funeral shall be wealthy, for her name,
Merits a tomb of pearl; my *Lord Antonio*,
For this time wipe your Lady from your eyes,
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with Revenge,
Lord Antonio That is my comfort Gentlemen, and I joy,
In this one happiness above the rest,
Which will be called a miracle at last,
That being an old man i'd a wife so chaste. *Exeunt.*

wln 0661
wln 0662

ACTUS. 2. SCAENA 1.
Enter Castiza the sister.

wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682

Castiza How hardly shall that maiden be beset,
Whose only fortunes, are her constant thoughts,
That has no other child's-part but her honor,
That Keeps her low; and empty in estate.
Maids and their honors are like poor beginners,
Were not sin rich there would be fewer sinners;
Why had not virtue a revenue? well,
I know the cause, 'twould have impoverished hell.
How now *Dondolo*.
Dondolo *Madonna*, there is one as they say a thing of flesh and
blood, a man I take him by his beard that would very desirously
mouth to mouth with you.
Castiza What's that?
Dondolo Show his teeth in your company,
Castiza I understand thee not;
Dondolo Why speak with you *Madonna*!
Castiza Why say so madman, and cut off a great deal of dirty
way; had it not been better spoke in ordinary words that one
would speak with me.
Dondolo Ha, ha, that's as ordinary as two shillings, I would strive

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687

a little to show myself in my place, a Gentleman-usher scorns
to use the Phrase and fancy of a servingman.
Castiza Yours be your one sir, go direct him hither,
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,
That lately travailed, whom my soul affects.

wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
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wln 0719

img: 12-a
sig: C3v

wln 0721
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wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736

Here he comes.

Enter Vindice her brother disguised.

Vindice Lady the best of wishes to your sex.
Fair skins and new gowns,

Castiza Oh they shall thank you sir,
Whence this,

Vindice Oh from a dear and worthy friend,
mighty! *Castiza* From whom?

Vindice The Duke's son!

Castiza Receive that!

A box o' th' ear to her Brother.

I swore I'd put anger in my hand,
And pass the Virgin limits of myself,
To him that next appeared in that base office,
To be his sin's Attorney, bear to him,
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for 't,
Tell him my honor shall have a rich name,
When several harlots shall share his with shame,
Farewell commend me to him in my hate!

Exit.

Vindice It is the sweetest Box,
That e'er my nose came nigh,
The finest drawn-work cuff that e'er was worn,
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
Shall still hence forward take the wall of this.
Oh I'm above my tongue: most constant sister,
In this thou hast right honorable shown,
Many are called by their honor that have none,
Thou art approved for ever in my thoughts.
It is not in the power of words to taint thee,
And yet for the salvation of my oath,
As my resolve in that point; I will lay,
Hard siege unto my Mother, though I know,

A *Siren's* tongue could not bewitch her so.
Mass fitly here she comes, thanks my disguise,
Madam good afternoon.

Mother Y' are welcome sir?

Vindice The Next of *Italy* commends him to you,
Our mighty expectation, the Duke's son.

Mother I think myself much honored, that he pleases,
To rank me in his thoughts.

Vindice So may you Lady:
One that is like to be our sudden Duke,
The Crown gapes for him every tide, and then
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,
How blessed were they now that could pleasure him
E'en with any thing almost.

Mother Ay, save their honor?

Vindice Tut, one would let a little of that go too

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img: 12-b
sig: C4r

wln 0759
wln 0760
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wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784

And ne'er be seen in 't: ne'er be seen it, mark you,
I'd wink and let it go —
Mother Marry but I would not.
Vindice Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter,
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about,
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning
(For his white father does but mold away)
Has long desired your daughter. *Mother* Desired?
Vindice Nay but hear me,
He desires now that will command hereafter,
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend
To you than him; Madam, I know y' are poor,
And 'lack the day, there are too many poor Ladies already
Why should you vex the number? 'tis despised,
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,
And chide away that foolish — Country girl
Keeps company with your daughter, chastity,
Mother Oh fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mother
to such a most unnatural task.
Vindice No, but a thousand Angels can,
Men have no power, Angels must work you to 't,

The world descends into such base-born evils
That forty Angels can make fourscore devils,
There will be fools still I perceive, still fool.
Would I be poor dejected, scorned of greatness,
Swept from the Palace, and see other daughters
Spring with the dew o' th' Court, having mine own
So much desired and loved — by the Duke's son,
No, I would raise my state upon her breast
And call her eyes my Tenants, I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks:
Take Coach upon her lip, and all, her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride,
In pleasure upon pleasure:
You took great pains for her, once when it was,
Let her requite it now, though it be but some
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home,
Mother O heavens! this overcomes me?
Vindice Not I hope, already?
Mother It is too strong for me, men know that know us,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us,
He touched me nearly made my virtues bate
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.
Vindice I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge?
I fear me she's unmothered, yet i'll venture,
„That woman is all male, whom none can Enter?
What think you now Lady, speak are you wiser?

wln 0785
wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796

img: 13-a
sig: C4v

What said advancement to you: thus it said!
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head:
Did it not Madam? but i'll swear it does
In many places, tut, this age fears no man,
,, 'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.
Mother Ay that's the comfort on 't.
Vindice The comfort on 't!
I keep the best for last, can these persuade you
To forget heaven — and — *Mother* Ay these are they?
Vindice Oh!
Mother That enchant our sex,
These are the means that govern our affections, — that woman

wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
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wln 0832

Will not be troubled with the mother long,
That sees the comfortable shine of you,
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do!
Vindice O suff'ring heaven with thy invisible finger,
E'en at this Instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eyeballs inward, not to see myself,
Mother Look you sir. *Vindice* Holla.
Mother Let this thank your pains.
Vindice O you're a kind Madman;
Mother I'll see how I can move,
Vindice Your words will sting,
Mother If she be still chaste I'll ne'er call her mine,
Vindice Spoke truer than you meant it,
Mother Daughter *Castiza*. *Castiza* Madam,
Vindice O she's yonder.
Meet her: troops of celestial Soldiers guard her heart.
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part,
Castiza Madam what makes yon evil-officed man,
In presence of you; *Mother* Why?
Castiza He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the Duke's son
To tempt me to dishonorable Act,
Mother Dishonorable Act? — good honorable fool,
That wouldst be honest cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And 't 'as a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom; mean people; ignorant people,
The better sort I'm sure cannot abide it,
And by what rule shouldst we square out our lives,
But by our better's actions? oh if thou knew'st
What 'twere to lose it, thou would never keep it:
But there's a cold curse laid upon all Maids,
Whilst other clip the Sun they clasp the shades!
Virginity is paradise, locked up.
You cannot come by yourselves without fee.
And 'twas decreed that man should keep the key!

wln 0833

wln 0834

img: 13-b
sig: D1r

wln 0835

wln 0836

wln 0837

wln 0838

wln 0839

wln 0840

wln 0841

wln 0842

wln 0843

wln 0844

wln 0845

wln 0846

wln 0847

wln 0848

wln 0849

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wln 0851

wln 0852

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wln 0854

wln 0855

wln 0856

wln 0857

wln 0858

wln 0859

wln 0860

wln 0861

wln 0862

wln 0863

wln 0864

wln 0865

wln 0866

wln 0867

wln 0868

wln 0869

wln 0870

wln 0871

wln 0872

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

wln 0873

wln 0874

wln 0875

wln 0876

wln 0877

Deny advancement, treasure, the Duke's son,
Castiza I cry you mercy. Lady I mistook you,

Pray did you see my Mother; which way went you?
Pray God I have not lost her.

Vindice Prettily put by.

Mother Are you as proud to me as coy to him?

Do you not know me now?

Castiza Why are you she?

The world's so changed, one shape into another,
It is a wise child now that knows her mother?

Vindice Most right i' faith.

Mother. I owe your cheek my hand,

For that presumption now, but I'll forget it,
Come you shall leave those childish 'haviors,
And understand your Time, Fortunes flow to you,
What will you be a Girl?

If all feared drowning, that spy waves ashore,
Gold would grow rich, and all the Merchants poor.

Castiza It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but methinks now
It does not show so well out of your mouth,
Better in his.

Vindice Faith bad enough in both,
Were I in earnest as I'll seem no less?
I wonder Lady your own mother's words,
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.
'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?
'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is so foolish to
keep honesty,
And be not able to keep herself? No,
Times are grown wiser and will keep less charge,
A Maid that has small portion now intends,
To break up house, and live upon her friends
How blessed are you, you have happiness alone,
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
Dazzle the world with Jewels, and petitionary people
Start at your presence.

Mother. Oh if I were young, I should be ravished.

Castiza Ay to lose your honor.

Vindice 'Slid how can you lose your honor?

To deal with my Lord's Grace,
He'll add more honor to it by his Title,
Your Mother will tell you how.

Mother. That I will.

Vindice O think upon the pleasure of the Palace,

wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
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wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910

img: 14-b
sig: D2r

Secured ease and state; the stirring meats,
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when they're eaten,
Banquets abroad by Torchlight, Musics, sports,
Bareheaded vassals, that had ne'er the fortune
To keep on their own Hats, but let horns wear 'em.
Nine Coaches waiting — hurry, hurry, hurry.

Castiza Ay to the Devil.

Vindice Ay to the Devil, to th' Duke by my faith.

Mother Ay to the Duke: daughter you'd scorn to think o' th'
Devil and you were there once.

Vindice True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart i' faith
Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
Dealing her short-lived beauty to the pictures,
That are as useless as old men, when those
Poorer in face and fortune than herself,
Walk with a hundred Acres on their backs,
Fair Meadows cut into Green foreparts — oh
It was the greatest blessing ever happened to women;
When Farmer's sons agreed, and met again,
To wash their hands, and come up Gentlemen;
The commonwealth has flourished ever since,
Lands that were mete by the Rod, that labors spared,
Tailors ride down, and measure 'em by the yard;
Fair trees, those comely foretops of the Field,
Are cut to maintain head-tires — much untold,
All thrives but Chastity, she lies a-cold,
Nay shall I come nearer to you, mark but this:
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer
profession, that's accounted best, that's best followed, least in
trade, least in fashion, and that's not honesty believe it, and do
but note the love and dejected price of it:

Lose but a Pearl, we search and cannot brook it.

But that once gone, who is so mad to look it.

wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925

Mother. Troth he says true.

Castiza False, I defy you both:

I have endured you with an ear of fire,
Your Tongues have struck hot irons on my face;
Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.

Mother. Where?

Castiza Do you not see her, she's too inward then:
Slave perish in thy office: you heavens please,
Henceforth to make the *Mother* a disease,
Which first begins with me, yet I've outgone you.

Exit.

Vindice O Angels clap your wings upon the skies,
And give this Virgin Crystal plaudities?

Mother Peevish, coy, foolish, but return this answer,
My Lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure
Conducts him this way, I will sway mine own,

wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948

img: 15-a
sig: D2v

wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973

Women with women can work best alone. *Exit.*
Vindice Indeed I'll tell him so;
O more uncivil, more unnatural,
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward,
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
Undo the world — why does not earth start up,
And strike the sins that tread upon 't — oh;
Were 't not for gold and women; there would be no damnation,
Hell would look like a Lord's Great Kitchen without fire in 't;
But 'twas decreed before the world began,
That they should be the hooks to catch. at man. *Exit.*

*Enter Lussurioso, with Hippolito,
Vindice's brother.*
Lussurioso I much applaud thy judgement, thou art well read in a
fellow,
And 'tis the deepest Art to study man;
I know this, which I never learnt in schools,
The world's divided into knaves and fools.
Hippolito Knave in your face my Lord, behind your back.
Lussurioso And I much thank thee, that thou hast preferred,
A fellow of discourse — well mingled,
And whose brain Time hath seasoned.
Hippolito True my Lord,

We shall find season once I hope; — O villain!
To make such an unnatural slave of me; — but —
Lussurioso Mass here he comes.
Hippolito And now shall I have free leave to depart.
Lussurioso Your absence, leave us.
Hippolito Are not my thoughts true?
I must remove; but brother you may stay,
Heart, we are both made Bawds a new-found way? *Exit.*
Lussurioso Now, we're an even number? a third man's dangerous,
Especially her brother, say, be free,
Have I a pleasure toward. *Vindice* Oh my Lord.
Lussurioso Ravish me in thine answer, art thou rare,
Hast thou beguiled her of salvation,
And rubbed hell o'er with honey; is she a woman?
Vindice In all but in Desire.
Lussurioso Then she's in nothing, — I bate in courage now.
Vindice The words I brought,
Might well have made indifferent honest, naught,
A right good woman in these days is changed,
Into white money with less labor far,
Many a Maid has turned to Mahomet,
With easier working; I durst undertake
Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life.
With half those words to flat a Puritan's wife,
But she is close and good; — yet 'tis a doubt by this time; oh

wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986

img: 15-b
sig: D3r

wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
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wln 1008
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wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021

the mother, the mother?

Lussurioso I never thought their sex had been a wonder,
Until this minute? what fruit from the Mother?

Vindice Now must I blister my soul, be forsworn,
Or shame the woman that received me first,
I will be true, thou liv'st not to proclaim,
Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame.

My Lord. *Lussurioso* Who's that?

Vindice Here's none but I my Lord.

Lussurioso What would thy haste utter?

Vindice Comfort. *Lussurioso* Welcome.

Vindice The Maid being dull, having no mind to travel,
Into unknown lands, what did me I straight,

But set spurs to the Mother; golden spurs,
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice,

Lussurioso Is 't possible that in this.

The Mother should be damned before the daughter?

Vindice Oh, that's good manners my Lord, the Mother for her
age must go foremost you know.

Lussurioso Thou 'st spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort.

Vindice In a fine place my Lord — the unnatural mother,
Did with her tongue so hard beset her honor,
That the poor fool was struck to silent wonder,
Yet still the maid like an unlighted Taper,
Was cold and chaste, save that her Mother's breath,
Did blow fire on her cheeks, the girl departed,
But the good ancient Madam half mad, threw me
These promising words, which I took deeply note of;
My Lord shall be most welcome,

Lussurioso Faith I thank her,

Vindice When his pleasure conducts him this way.

Lussurioso That shall be soon i' faith, *Vindice* I will sway mine own,

Lussurioso She does the wiser I commend her for 't,

Vindice Women with women can work best alone,

Lussurioso By this light and so they can, give 'em their due, men are
not comparable to 'em.

Vindice No that's true, for you shall have one woman knit
more in a hour than any man can Ravel again in seven and
twenty year.

Lussurioso Now my desires are happy, I'll make 'em freemen now,
Thou art a precious fellow, faith I love thee,
Be wise and make it thy revenue, beg, leg,
What office couldst thou be Ambitious for?

Vindice Office my Lord marry if I might have my wish I would
have one that was never begged yet,

Lussurioso Nay then thou canst have none.

Vindice Yes my Lord I could pick out another office yet, nay
and keep a horse and drab upon 't,

wln 1022

wln 1023

wln 1024

img: 16-a
sig: D3v

wln 1025

wln 1026

wln 1027

wln 1028

wln 1029

wln 1030

wln 1031

wln 1032

wln 1033

wln 1034

wln 1035

wln 1036

wln 1037

wln 1038

wln 1039

wln 1040

wln 1041

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wln 1051

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wln 1053

wln 1054

wln 1055

wln 1056

wln 1057

wln 1058

wln 1059

wln 1060

wln 1061

wln 1062

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

wln 1063

wln 1064

wln 1065

wln 1066

Lussurioso Prithee good bluntness tell me.

Vindice Why I would desire but this my Lord, to have all the fees behind the *Arras*; and all the farthingales that fall plump

about twelve o'clock at night upon the Rushes.

Lussurioso Thou 'rt a mad apprehensive knave, dost think to make any great purchase of that.

Vindice Oh 'tis an unknown thing my Lord, I wonder 't has been missed so long?

Lussurioso Well, this night i'll visit her, and 'tis till then A year in my desires—farewell, attend,

Trust me with thy preferment.

Exit.

Vindice My loved Lord;

Oh shall I kill him o' th' wrong side now, no!

Sword thou wast never a backbiter yet,

I'll pierce him to his face, he shall die, looking upon me,

Thy veins are swelled with lust, this shall unfill 'em,

Great men were Gods, if beggars could not kill 'em,

Forgive me heaven, to call my mother wicked,

Oh lessen not my days upon the earth

I cannot honor her, by this I fear me

Her tongue has turned my sister into use.

I was a villain not to be forsworn:

To this our lecherous hope, the Duke's son,

For Lawyers, Merchants, some divines and all,

Count beneficial perjury a sin small,

It shall go hard yet, but i'll guard her honor

And keep the ports sure?

Enter Hippolito.

Hippolito Brother how goes the world? I would know news of you But I have news to tell you.

Vindice What in the name of knavery?

Hippolito Knavery faith,

This vicious old Duke's worthily abused

The pen of his bastard writes him Cuckold!

Vindice His bastard?

Hippolito Pray believe it, he and the Duchess,

By night meet in their linen, they have been seen

By stair-foot panders!

Vindice Oh sin foul and deep,

Great faults are winked at when the Duke's asleep,

See, see, here comes the *Spurio*.

Hippolito Monstrous Luxur?

Vindice Unbraced: two of his valiant bawds with him.

O There's a wicked whisper; hell is in his ear

Stay let's observe his passage —

Spurio Oh but are you sure on 't.

wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
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wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114

Servant My Lord most sure on 't, for 'twas spoke by one,
That is most inward with the Duke's son's lust:
That he intends within this hour to steal,
Unto *Hippolito's* sister, whose chaste life
The mother has corrupted for his use.

Spurio Sweet word, sweet occasion, faith then brother
I'll disinherit you in as short time,
As I was when I was begot in haste:
I'll damn you at your pleasure: precious deed
After your lust, oh 'twill be fine to bleed,
Come let our passing out be soft and wary. *Exeunt.*

Vindice Mark, there, there, that step, now to the Duchess,
This their second meeting, writes the Duke Cuckold
With new additions, his horns newly revived:
Night! thou that look'st like funeral Herald's fees
Torn down betimes i' th' morning, thou hangest fitly
To Grace those sins that have no grace at all,
Now 'tis full sea a-bed over the world,
There's juggling of all sides, some that were Maids
E'en at Sunset are now perhaps i' th' Toll-book,
This woman in immodest thin apparel:
Lets in her friend by water, here a Dame
Cunning, nails leather-hinges to a door,
To avoid proclamation,
Now Cuckolds are a-quoyning, apace, apace, apace, apace?
And careful sisters spin that thread i' th' night,
That does maintain them and their bawds i' th' day!

Hippolito You flow well brother?

Vindice Puh I'm shallow yet,
Too sparing and too modest, shall I tell thee,
If every trick were told that's dealt by night
There are few here that would not blush outright.

Hippolito I am of that belief too.

Vindice Who's this comes,

Vindice The Duke's son up so late, — brother fall back,
And you shall learn, some mischief, — my good Lord.

Lussurioso *Piato*, why the man I wished for, come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To taste of that young Lady? *Vindice* Heart, and hell.

Hippolito Damned villain.

Vindice I ha' no way now to cross it, but to kill him.

Lussurioso Come only thou and I. *Vindice* My Lord my Lord.

Lussurioso Why dost thou start us?

Vindice I'd almost forgot — the bastard! *Lussurioso* What of him?

Vindice This night, this hour — this minute, now.

Lussurioso What? what? *Vindice* Shadows the Duchess —

Lussurioso Horrible word.

Vindice And like strong poison eats,

wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162

Into the Duke your father's forehead. *Lussurioso* Oh.
Vindice He makes horn royal. *Lussurioso* Most ignoble slave?
Vindice This is the fruit of two beds. *Lussurioso* I am mad.
Vindice That passage he trod warily: *Lussurioso* He did!
Vindice And hushed his villains every step he took.
Lussurioso His villains? i'll confound them.
Vindice Take 'em finely, finely, now.
Lussurioso The Duchess' Chamber-door shall not control me. *Exeunt*
Hippolito Good, happy, swift, there's gunpowder i' th' Court,
Wild-fire at midnight, in this heedless fury
He may show violence to cross himself,
I'll follow the Event. *Exit.*
Lussurioso Where is that villain? *Enter again.*
Vindice Softly my Lord and you may take 'em twisted.
Lussurioso I care not how!
Vindice Oh 'twill be glorious,
To kill 'em doubled, when they're heaped, be soft my Lord.
Lussurioso Away my spleen is not so lazy, thus and thus,
I'll shake their eyelids ope, and with my sword
Shut 'em again for ever; — villain, strumpet —
Duke You upper Guard defend us. *Duchess* Treason, treason.
Duke Oh take me not in sleep, I have great sins, I must have days,
Nay months dear son, with penitential heaves,
To lift 'em out, and not to die unclear,

O thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.
Lussurioso I am amazed to death.
Duke. Nay villain traitor,
Worse than the foulest Epithet, now I'll gripe thee
E'en with the Nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the Lawyers guard.
Enter Nobles and sons.
1. Noble. How comes the quiet of your **Grace** disturbed?
Duke. This boy that should be myself after me,
Would be myself before me, and in heat
Of that ambition bloodily rushed in
Intending to depose me in my bed?
2. Noble. Duty and natural-loyalty forfend.
Duchess He called his Father villain; and me strumpet,
A word that I abhor to 'file my lips with.
Ambitioso That was not so well done Brother?
Lussurioso I am abused — I know there's no excuse can do me good.
Vindice 'Tis now good policy to be from sight,
His vicious purpose to our sister's honor,
Is crossed beyond our thought.
Hippolito You little dreamt his Father slept here.
Vindice Oh 'twas far beyond me.
But since it fell so; — without frightful word,
Would he had killed him, 'twould have eased our swords.

wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176

img: 18-a
sig: E1v

wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
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wln 1190
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wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210

Duke Be comforted our Duchess, he shall die. *dissemble a*
Lussurioso Where's this slave-pander now? out of mine eye, *flight*.
Guilty of this abuse.

Enter Spurio with his villains.

Spurio Y' are villains, Fblers,
You have knaves' chins, and harlots' tongues, you lie,
And I **will** damn you with one meal a day.

1. Servant O good my Lord!

Spurio 'Sblood you shall never sup.

2. Servant O I beseech you sir.

Spurio To let my sword — Catch cold so long and miss him.

1. Servant Troth my Lord — 'Twas his intent to meet there.

Spurio Heart he's yonder?

Ha? what news here? is the day out o' th' socket,

That it is Noon at Midnight; the Court up,
How comes the Guard so saucy with his elbows?

Lussurioso The Bastard here?

Nay then the truth of my intent shall out,
My Lord and Father hear me. *Duke.* Bear him hence.

Lussurioso I can with loyalty excuse.

Duke. Excuse? to prison with the Villain,
Death shall not long lag after him.

Spurio Good i' faith, then 'tis not much amiss,

Lussurioso Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues,
I pray persuade for me.

Ambitioso It is our duties: make yourself sure of us.

Supervacuo We'll sweat in pleading.

Lussurioso And I may live to thank you. *Exeunt.*

Ambitioso No, thy death shall thank me better.

Spurio He's gone: I'll after him,
And know his trespass, seem to bear a part
In all his ills, but with a *Puritan* heart. *Exit.*

Ambitioso Now brother, let our hate and love be woven
So subtly together, that in speaking one word for his life,
We may make three for his death,
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.

Supervacuo Set on, I'll not be far behind you brother.

Duke. Is 't possible a son should be disobedient as far as
the sword: it is the highest he can go no farther.

Ambitioso My gracious Lord, take pity, — *Duke.* Pity boys?

Ambitioso Nay we'd be loath to move your Grace too much,
We know the trespass is unpardonable,
Black, wicked, and unnatural,

Supervacuo In a Son, oh Monstrous.

Ambitioso Yet my Lord,
A Duke's soft hand strokes the rough head of law,
And makes it lie smooth. *Duke* But my hand shall ne'er do 't.

Ambitioso That as you please my Lord.

wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214

img: 18-b
sig: E2r

Supervacuo We must needs confess,
Some father would have entered into hate,
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes,
He would ha' seen the execution sound,

wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
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wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252

Without corrupted favor?
Ambitioso But my Lord,
Your Grace may live the wonder of all times,
In pard'ning that offense which never yet
Had face to beg a pardon. *Duke.* Honey, how's this?
Ambitioso Forgive him good my Lord, he's your own son,
And I must needs say 'twas the vildlier done.
Supervacuo He's the next heir — yet this true reason gathers,
None can possess that dispossess their fathers:
Be merciful; —
Duke. Here's no Stepmother's wit,
I'll try 'em both upon their love and hate.
Ambitioso Be merciful — although — *Duke.* You have prevailed,
My wrath like flaming wax hath spent itself,
I know 'twas but some peevish Moon in him: go, let him be released.
Supervacuo 'Sfoot how now Brother?
Ambitioso Your Grace doth please to speak beside your spleen,
I would it were so happy? *Duke.* Why go, release him.
Supervacuo O my good Lord, I know the fault's too weighty,
And full of general loathing; too inhuman,
Rather by all men's voices worthy death.
Duke. 'Tis true too; here then, receive this signet, doom shall pass,
Direct it to the Judges, he shall die
Ere many days, make haste.
Ambitioso All speed that may be,
We could have wished his burden not so sore,
We knew your Grace did but delay before. *Exeunt.*
Duke. Here's Envy with a poor thin cover o'er 't,
Like Scarlet hid in lawn, easily spied through,
This their ambition by the Mother's side,
Is dangerous, and for safety must be purged,
I will prevent their envies, sure it was
But some mistaken fury in our son,
Which these aspiring boys would climb upon:
He shall be released suddenly. *Enter Nobles.*
1. Noble Good morning to your Grace.
Duke. Welcome my Lords.
2. Noble Our knees shall take away the office of our feet for ever,

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255

Unless your Grace bestow a father's eye,
Upon the Clouded fortunes of your son,
And in compassionate virtue grant him that,

wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270

Which makes e'en mean men happy; liberty
Duke How seriously their loves and honors woo
For that, which I am about to pray them do
Which, rise my Lords, your knees sign his release,
We freely pardon him.

I. Noble We owe your Grace much thanks, and he much duty. *Exeunt.*

Duke It well becomes that Judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himself and lives:
I may forgive a disobedient error,
That expect pardon for adultery
And in my old days am a youth in lust:
Many a beauty have I turned to poison
In the denial, covetous of all,
Age hot, is like a Monster to be seen:
My hairs are white, and yet my sins are Green.

ACT. 3.

Enter Ambitioso, and Supervacuo?

Supervacuo Brother, let my opinion sway you once,
I speak it for the best, to have him die:
Surest and soonest, if the signet come,
Unto the judge's hands, why then his doom,
Will be deferred till sittings and Court-days:
Juries and further, — Faiths are bought and sold,
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.

Ambitioso In troth 'tis true too!

Supervacuo Then let's set by the Judges
And fall to the Officers, 'tis but mistaking
The Duke our father's meaning, and where he named,
Ere many days, 'tis but forgetting that
And, have him die i' th' morning.

Ambitioso Excellent,

Then am I heir — Duke in a minute.

Supervacuo Nay,

And he were once puffed out, here is a pin.

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302

Should quickly prick your bladder.

Ambitioso Blast occasion,

He being packed, we'll have some trick and wile,
To wind our younger brother out of prison,
That lies in for the Rape, the Lady's dead,
And people's thoughts will soon be buried.

Supervacuo We may with safety do 't, and live and feed,
The Duchess' sons are too proud to bleed,

Ambitioso We are i' faith to say true. — come let's not linger
I'll to the Officers, go you before,
And set an edge upon the Executioner.

Supervacuo Let me alone to grind him.

Exit.

Ambitioso Meet; farewell,

wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350

I am next now, I rise just in that place,
Where thou 'rt cut off, upon thy Neck kind brother,
The falling of one head, lifts up another. *Exit.*

Enter with the Nobles, Lussurioso from prison.

Lussurioso My Lords? I am so much indebted to your loves,
For this, O this delivery.

1. Noble But our duties, my Lord, unto the hopes that grow in you,

Lussurioso If ere I live to be myself i'll thank you,
O liberty thou sweet and heavenly Dame;
But hell for prison is too mild a name. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ambitioso, and Supervacuo? with Officers.

Ambitioso Officers? here's the Duke's signet, your firm warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the Duke's son; we are sorry,
That we are so unnaturally employed
In such an unkind Office, fitter far
For enemies than brothers.

Supervacuo But you know,
The Duke's command must be obeyed.

1. Officer It must and shall my Lord — this morning then,
So suddenly?

Ambitioso Ay alas poor good-soul,
He must break fast betimes, the executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valor.

2. Officer Already?

Supervacuo Already i' faith, O sir, destruction hies,
And that is least Impudent, soonest dies,

1. Officer Troth you say true my Lord we take our leaves,
Our Office shall be sound, we'll not delay,
The third part of a minute.

Ambitioso Therein you show.
Yourselves good men, and upright officers,
Pray let him die as private as he may,
Do him that favor, for the gaping people.
Will but trouble him at his prayers,
And make him curse, and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far Kind?

1. Officer It shall be done my Lord.

Ambitioso Why we do thank you, if we live to be,
You shall have a better office,

2. Officer Your good Lordship,

Supervacuo Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

1. Officer We'll weep and do your commendations, *Exeunt.*

Ambitioso Fine fools in office! *Supervacuo* Things fall out so fit.

Ambitioso So happily, come brother ere next clock,
His head will be made serve a bigger block. *Exeunt.*

Enter in prison Junior Brother,

Junior Keeper. Keeper My Lord.

wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398

Junior No news lately from our brothers?
Are they unmindful of us?
Keeper My Lord a messenger came newly in and brought this from 'em,
Junior Nothing but paper comforts?
I looked for my delivery before this,
Had they been worth their oaths — prithee be from us.
Now what say you forsooth, speak out I pray,
Letter. *Brother be of good cheer,*
'Slud it begins like a whore with good cheer,
Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.
Not five and thirty year like a bankrupt, I think so,
We have thought upon a device to get thee out by a trick!
By a trick, pox o' your trick and it be so long a-playing.
And so rest comforted, be merry and expect it suddenly!
Be merry, hang merry, draw and quarter merry, I'll be mad!

Is 't not strange that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman,
well, we shall see how sudden our brothers: will be in
their promise, I must expect still a trick! I shall not be long a
prisoner, how now, what news?
Keeper. Bad news my Lord I am discharged of you.
Junior Slave call'st thou that bad news, I thank you brothers.
Keeper My Lord 'twill prove so, here come the Officers,
Into whose hands I must commit you.
Junior Ha, Officers, what, why?
1. Officer You must pardon us my Lord,
Our Office must be sound, here is our warrant
The signet from the Duke, you must straight suffer.
Junior. Suffer? i'll suffer you to be gone, i'll suffer you,
To come no more, what would you have me suffer?
2. Officer My Lord those words were better changed to prayers,
The time's but brief with you, prepare to die.
Junior. Sure 'tis not so. *3. Officer* It is too true my Lord.
Junior. I tell you 'tis not, for the Duke my father,
Deferred me till next sitting, and I look
E'en every minute threescore times an hour,
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.
1. Officer A trick my Lord? if you expect such comfort,
Your hopes as fruitless as a barren woman:
Your brothers were the unhappy messengers,
That brought this powerful token for your death.
Junior. My brothers, no, no.
2. Officer 'Tis most true my Lord.
Junior. My brothers to bring a warrant for my death
How strange this shows?
3. Officer There's no delaying time.
Junior. Desire 'em hither, call 'em up, my brothers?
They shall deny it to your faces.
1. Officer My Lord,

wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403

img: 21-a
sig: E4v

wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
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wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441

img: 21-b
sig: F1r

wln 1442
wln 1443

They're far enough by this, at least at Court,
And this most strict command they left behind 'em,
When grief swum in their eyes, they showed like brothers,
Brimful of heavy sorrow: but the Duke
Must have his pleasure. *Junior* His pleasure?

1. Officer These were their last words which my memory bears,
Commend us to the Scaffold in our tears.

Junior. Pox dry their tears, what should I do with tears?
I hate 'em worse than any Citizen's son
Can hate salt water; here came a letter now,
New-bleeding from their Pens, scarce stinted yet,
Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it,
Look you officious whoresons words of comfort,
Not long a Prisoner.

1. Officer It says true in that sir, for you must suffer presently.

Junior. A villainous Duns, upon the letter knavish exposition,
Look you then here sir: *We'll get thee out by a trick says he.*

2. Officer That may hold too sir, for you know a Trick is commonly
four Cards, which was meant by us four officers.

Junior. Worse and worse dealing.

1. Officer The hour beckons us,
The headsman waits, lift up your eyes to heaven.

Junior. I thank you faith; good pretty-wholesome counsel,
I should look up to heaven as you said,
Whilst he behind me cozens me of my head,
Ay that's the Trick. *3. Officer* You delay too long my Lord.

Junior. Stay good Authority's Bastards, since I must
Through Brother's perjury die, O let me venom
Their souls with curses. *1. Officer* Come 'tis no time to curse.

Junior. Must I bleed then, without respect of sign? well —
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approves,
I die for that which every woman loves. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vindice with Hippolito his brother.

Vindice O sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing,

Hippolito Why what's the matter brother?

Vindice O 'tis able, to make a man spring up, and knock his forehead
Against yon silver ceiling.

Hippolito Prithee tell me,
Why may not I partake with you? you vowed once
To give me share to every tragic thought.

Vindice By th' Mass I think I did too,
Then I'll divide it to thee, — the old Duke
Thinking my outward shape, and inward heart

Are cut out of one piece; (for he that prates his secrets,
His heart stands o' th' outside) hires me by price:

wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
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wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491

To greet him with a Lady,
In some fit place veiled from the eyes o' th' Court,
Some darkened blushless Angle, that is guilty
Of his forefathers' lusts, and great-folks' riots,
To which (I easily to maintain my shape)
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
To meet her here in this unsunned lodge,
Wherein 'tis night at noon, and here the rather,
Because unto the torturing of his soul,
The Bastard and the Duchess have appointed
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle,
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
Before we kill the rest of him.

Hippolito 'Twill i' faith, most dreadfully digested,
I see not how you could have missed me brother.

Vindice True, but the violence of my joy forgot it.

Hippolito Ay, but where's that Lady now?

Vindice Oh at that word,

I'm lost again, you cannot find me yet
I'm in a throng of happy Apprehensions.
He's suited for a Lady, I have took care
For a delicious lip, a sparkling eye,
You shall be witness brother;
Be ready stand with your hat off.

Exit.

Hippolito Troth I wonder what Lady it should be?
Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,
To have a Lady stoop to a Duke, that stoops unto his men,
'Tis common to be common, through the world:
And there's more private common shadowing vices,
Than those who are known both by their names and prices
'Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare,
To the Duke's Concubine, — and here she comes.

Enter Vindice, with the skull of his love dressed up in Tires.

Vindice Madame his grace will not be absent long.

Secret? ne'er doubt us Madam? 'twill be worth
Three velvet gowns to your Ladyship — known?

Few Ladies respect that? disgrace, a poor thin shell,
'Tis the best grace you have to do it well,
I'll save your hand that labor, i'll unmask you?

Hippolito Why brother, brother.

Vindice Art thou beguiled now? tut, a Lady can,
At such all hid, beguile a wiser man,
Have I not fitted the old surfeiter
With a quaint piece of beauty, age and bare bone
Are e'er allied in action; here's an eye,
Able to tempt a great man — to serve God,
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot got now to dissemble
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble.

wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
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wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
Here's a cheek keeps her color let the wind go whistle,
Spout Rain, we fear thee not, be hot or cold
All's one with us; and is not he absurd,
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,
That fear no other God but wind and wet.

Hippolito Brother y'ave spoke that right,
Is this the form that living shone so bright?

Vindice The very same,
And now methinks I could e'en chide myself,
For doting on her beauty, though her death
Shall be revenged after no common action;
Does the Silkworm expend her yellow labors
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?
Are Lordships sold to maintain Ladyships
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways
And put his life between the Judge's lips,
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men
To beat their valors for her?
Surely we're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not, we mistake those,
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.

Hippolito Faith and in clothes too we, give us our due.

Vindice Does every proud and self-affecting Dame

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
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wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539

Camphire her face for this? and grieve her Maker
In sinful baths of milk, — when many an infant starves,
For her superfluous outside, all for this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats, all are hushed,
Thou mayst lie chaste now! it were fine methinks:
To have thee seen at Revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean Brothels; sure 'twould fright the sinner
And make him a good coward, put a Reveller,
Out of his Antic amble
And cloy an Epicure with empty dishes?
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman,
Look through and through herself, — see Ladies, with false forms,
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.
Now to my tragic business, look you brother,
I have not fashioned this only — for show
And useless property, no, it shall bear a part
E'en in it own Revenge. This very skull,
Whose Mistress the Duke poisoned, with this drug
The mortal curse of the earth; shall be revenged
In the like strain, and kiss his lips to death,
As much as the dumb thing can, he shall feel:

wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

What fails in poison, we'll supply in steel.

Hippolito Brother I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintness of thy malice above thought.

Vindice So 'tis laid on: now come and welcome Duke,
I have her for thee, I protest it brother:
Methinks she makes almost as fair a sign
As some old gentlewoman in a Periwig?
Hide thy face now for shame, thou hadst need have a Mask now
'Tis vain when beauty flows, but when it fleets
This would become graves better than the streets.

Hippolito You have my voice in that; hark, the Duke's come.

Vindice Peace, let's observe what company he brings,
And how he does absent 'em, for you know
He'll wish all private, — brother fall you back a little,
With the bony Lady. *Hippolito* That I will.

Vindice So, so, — now nine years' vengeance crowd into a minute!

wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
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wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587

Duke You shall have leave to leave us, with this charge,
Upon your lives, if we be missed by th' Duchess
Or any of the Nobles, to give out,

We're privately rid forth. *Vindice* Oh happiness!

Duke With some few honorable gentlemen you may say,
You may name those that are away from Court.

Gentleman Your will and pleasure shall be done my Lord.

Vindice Privately rid forth,
He strives to make sure work on 't — your good grace?

Duke *Piato*, well done hast brought her, what Lady is 't?

Vindice Faith my Lord a Country Lady, a little bashful at first
as most of them are, but after the first kiss my Lord the worst is
past with them, your grace knows now what you have to do;
sh'as somewhat a grave look with her — but —

Duke I love that best, conduct her.

Vindice Have at all.

Duke In gravest looks the Greatest faults seem less
Give me that sin that's robbed in Holiness.

Vindice Back with the Torch; brother raise the perfumes.

Duke How sweet can a Duke breathe? age has no fault,
Pleasure should meet in a perfumed mist,
Lady sweetly encountered, I came from Court I must be bold
with you, oh, what's this, oh!

Vindice royal villain, white devil; *Duke*. Oh.

Vindice Brother — place the Torch here, that his affrighted eyeballs
May start into those hollows, Duke; dost know
Yon dreadful vizard, view it well, 'tis the skull
Of *Gloriana*, whom thou poisoned'st last.

Duke Oh, 't has poisoned me.

Vindice Didst not know that till now?

Duke What are you two?

Vindice Villains all three? — the very ragged bone,

wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

Has been sufficiently revenged.
Duke Oh *Hippolito*? call treason.
Hippolito Yes my good Lord, treason, treason, treason. *stamping*
Duke Then I'm betrayed. *on him.*
Vindice Alas poor Lecher in the hands of knaves,
A slavish Duke is baser than his slaves.

wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
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wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631

img: 24-a
sig: F3v

Duke. My teeth are eaten out. *Vindice* Hadst any left.
Hippolito I think but few.
Vindice Then those that did eat are eaten. *Duke* O my tongue.
Vindice Your tongue? 'twill teach you to kiss closer,
Not like a **Slobbering Dutchman**, you have eyes still:
Look monster, what a Lady hast thou made me,
My once betrothed wife.
Duke Is it thou villain, nay then —
Vindice 'Tis I, 'tis *Vindici*, 'tis I.
Hippolito And let this comfort thee: our Lord and Father
Fell sick upon the infection of thy frowns,
And died in sadness; be that thy hope of life. *Duke.* Oh?
Vindice He had his tongue, yet grief made him die speechless.
Puh, 'tis but early yet, now i'll begin
To stick thy soul with Ulcers, I will make
Thy spirit grievous sore, it shall not rest,
But like some pestilent man toss in thy breast— (mark me duke)
Thou 'rt a renowned, high, and mighty Cuckold. *Duke.* Oh!
Vindice Thy Bastard, thy bastard rides a-hunting in thy brow.
Duke. Millions of deaths.
Vindice Nay to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meet for damned clips,
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.
Duke. Is there a hell besides this, villains? *Vindice* Villain?
Nay heaven is just, scorns are the hires of scorns,
I ne'er knew yet Adulterer without horns.
Hippolito Once ere they die 'tis quit.
Vindice Hark the music,
Their banquet is prepared, they're coming —
Duke. Oh, kill me not with that sight.
Vindice Thou shalt not lose that sight for all thy Dukedom.
Duke. Traitors, murderers?
Vindice What? is not thy tongue eaten out yet?
Then we'll invent a silence? brother stifle the Torch,
Duke. Treason, murder?
Vindice Nay faith, we'll have you hushed now with thy dagger
Nail down his tongue, and mine shall keep possession
About his heart, if he but gasp he dies,

wln 1632

We dread not death to quittance injuries; — Brother,

wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
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wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669

img: 24-b
sig: F4r

If he but wink, not brooking the foul object,
Let our two other hands tear up his lids,
And make his eyes like Comets shine through blood,
When the bad bleeds, then is the Tragedy good,
Hippolito Whist, brother, music's at our ear, they come.
Enter the Bastard meeting the Duchess.
Spurio Had not that kiss a taste of sin 'twere sweet.
Duchess Why there's no pleasure sweet but it is sinful.
Spurio True, such a bitter sweetness fate hath given,
Best side to us, is the worst side to heaven.
Duchess Push, come: 'tis the old Duke thy doubtful Father,
The thought of him rubs heaven in thy way,
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,
Forget him, or i'll poison him.
Spurio Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life,
So deadly do I loathe him for my birth,
That if he took me hasped within his bed,
I would add murder to adultery,
And with my sword give up his years to death.
Duchess Why now thou 'rt sociable, let's in and feast,
Loud'st Music sound: pleasure is Banquet's guest. *Exeunt.*
Duke I cannot brook — *Vindice* The Brook is turned to blood.
Hippolito Thanks to loud Music. *Vindice* 'Twas our friend indeed,
'Tis state in Music for a Duke to bleed:
The Dukedom wants a head, though yet unknown,
As fast as they peep up, let's cut 'em down. *Exeunt.*
Enter the Duchess' two sons, Ambitioso and Supervacuo.
Ambitioso Was not his execution rarely plotted?
We are the Duke's sons now.
Supervacuo Ay you may thank my policy for that.
Ambitioso Your policy, for what?
Supervacuo Why was't not my invention brother,
To slip the Judges, and in lesser compass,
Did not I draw the model of his death,
Advising you to sudden officers,
And e'en extemporal execution.
Ambitioso Heart, 'twas a thing I thought on too.

wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

Supervacuo You thought on 't too, 'sfoot slander not your thoughts
With glorious untruth, I know 'twas from you.
Ambitioso Sir I say, 'twas in my head.
Supervacuo Ay, like your brains then,
Ne'er to come out as long as you lived.
Ambitioso You'd have the honor on 't forsooth, that your wit
Lead him to the scaffold,
Supervacuo Since it is my due,
I'll publish 't, but I'll ha 't in spite of you.
Ambitioso Methinks y' are much too bold, you should a little
Remember us brother, next to be honest Duke.

wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
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wln 1699
wln 1700
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wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707

img: 25-a
sig: F4v

wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728

Supervacuo Ay, it shall be as easy for you to be Duke,
As to be honest, and that's never i' faith.
Ambitioso Well, cold he is by this time, and because
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be shared equally. *Supervacuo* I am content to that.
Ambitioso This night **our** younger brother shall out of prison,
I have a trick. *Supervacuo* A trick, prithee what is 't?
Ambitioso We'll get him out by a wile. *Supervacuo* Prithee what wile?
Ambitioso No sir, you shall not know it, till 't be done,
For then you'd swear 'twere yours.
Supervacuo How now, what's he? *Ambitioso* One of the officers.
Supervacuo Desired news. *Ambitioso* How now my friend?
Officer My Lords, under your pardon, I am allotted
To that desertless office, to present you
With the yet bleeding head. *Supervacuo* Ha, ha, excellent.
Ambitioso All's sure our own: Brother, canst weep think'st thou?
'Twould grace our Flattery much; think of some Dame,
'Twill teach thee to dissemble.
Supervacuo I have thought, — Now for yourself.
Ambitioso Our sorrows are so fluent,
Our eyes o'erflow our tongues, words spoke in tears,
Are like the murmurs of the waters, the sound
Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguished.
Supervacuo How died he pray? *Officer* O full of rage and spleen.
Supervacuo He died most valiantly then, we're glad to hear it.
Officer We could not woo him once to pray.
Ambitioso He showed himself a Gentleman in that: give him his due.

Officer But in the stead of prayer, he drew forth oaths.
Supervacuo Then did he pray dear heart,
Although you understood him not.
Officer My Lords,
E'en at his last, with pardon be it spoke,
He cursed you both.
Supervacuo He cursed us? 'las good soul.
Ambitioso It was not in our powers, but the Duke's pleasure,
Finely dissembled o' both sides, sweet fate,
O happy opportunity. *Enter Lussurioso.*
Lussurioso Now my Lords. *Both.* Oh! —
Lussurioso Why do you shun me Brothers?
You may come nearer now;
The savor of the prison has forsook me,
I thank such kind Lords as yourselves, I'm free.
Ambitioso Alive! *Supervacuo* In health!
Ambitioso Released?
We were both e'en amazed with joy to see it,
Lussurioso I am much to thank you.
Supervacuo Faith we spared no tongue, unto my Lord the Duke.
Ambitioso I know your delivery brother

wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745

img: 25-b
sig: G1r

Had not been half so sudden but for us.
Supervacuo O how we pleaded. *Lussurioso* Most deserving brothers,
In my best studies I will think of it? *Exit* *Lussurioso*
Ambitioso O death and vengeance. *Supervacuo* Hell and torments.
Ambitioso Slave can'tst thou to delude us. *Officer* Delude you my Lords?
Supervacuo Ay villain, where's this head now?
Officer Why here my Lord,
Just after his delivery, you both came
With warrant from the Duke to behead your brother.
Ambitioso Ay, our brother, the Duke's son.
Officer The Duke's son my Lord, had his release before you came.
Ambitioso Whose head's that then?
Officer His whom you left command for, your own brother's?
Ambitioso Our brother's? oh furies —
Supervacuo Plagues. *Ambitioso* Confusions.
Supervacuo Darkness. *Ambitioso* Devils.
Supervacuo Fell it out so accursedly? *Ambitioso* So damnedly.

wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758

Supervacuo Villain I'll brain thee with it, *Officer* O my good Lord!
Supervacuo The Devil overtake thee? *Ambitioso* O fatal.
Supervacuo O prodigious to our bloods. *Ambitioso* Did we dissemble?
Supervacuo Did we make our tears women for thee?
Ambitioso Laugh and rejoice for thee.
Supervacuo Bring warrant for thy death. *Ambitioso* Mock off thy head
Supervacuo You had a trick, you had a wile forsooth.
Ambitioso A murrain meet 'em, there's none of these wiles that
ever come to good: I see now, there is nothing sure in mortality,
but mortality, well, no more words shalt be revenged i' faith.
Come, throw off clouds now brother, think of vengeance,
And deeper settled hate, sirrah sit fast,
We'll pull down all, but thou shalt down at last. *Exeunt.*

wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775

ACT. 4. SCENE 1.
Enter *Lussurioso* with *Hippolito*.
Lussurioso *Hippolito*. *Hippolito* My Lord:
Has your good Lordship aught to command me in?
Lussurioso I prithee leave us.
Hippolito How's this? come and leave us? *Lussurioso* *Hippolito*.
Hippolito Your honor — I stand ready for any duteous employment.
Lussurioso Heart, what mak'st thou here?
Hippolito A pretty Lordly humor:
He bids me to be present, to depart; something has stung his honor?
Lussurioso Be nearer, draw nearer:
Y' are not so good methinks, I'm angry with you.
Hippolito With me my Lord? I'm angry with myself for 't.
Lussurioso You did prefer a goodly fellow to me,
'Twas wittily elected, 'twas, I thought
Had been a villain, and he proves a Knave?
To me a Knave.

wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782

img: 26-a
sig: G1v

Hippolito I chose him for the best my Lord,
'Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him, breed discontent in you.
Lussurioso Neglect, 'twas will: Judge of it,
Firmly to tell of an incredible Act,
Not to be thought, less to be spoken of,
Twixt my Stepmother and the Bastard, oh,
Incestuous sweets between 'em.

wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
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wln 1819
wln 1820

img: 26-b
sig: G2r

Hippolito Fie my Lord.
Lussurioso I in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,
Made this a **desperate** arm, and in that fury,
Committed treason on the lawful bed,
And with my sword e'en razed my father's bosom,
For which I was within a stroke of death.
Hippolito Alack, I'm sorry; 'sfoot just upon the stroke,
Jars in my brother, 'twill be villainous Music.
Vindice My honored Lord. *Enter Vindice*
Lussurioso Away prithee forsake us, hereafter we'll not know thee.
Vindice Not know me my Lord, your Lordship cannot choose.
Lussurioso Begone I say, thou art a false knave.
Vindice Why the easier to be known, my Lord.
Lussurioso Push, I shall prove too bitter with a word,
Make thee a perpetual prisoner,
And lay this iron-age upon thee,
Vindice Mum, for there's a doom would make a woman dumb,
Missing the bastard next him, the wind's **come** about,
Now 'tis my brother's turn to stay mine to go out. *Exit Vindice*
Lussurioso H'as greatly moved me. *Hippolito* Much to blame i' faith.
Lussurioso But i'll recover, to his ruin: 'twas told me lately,
I know not whether falsely, that you'd a brother,
Hippolito Who I, yes my good Lord, I have a brother
Lussurioso How chance the Court ne'er saw him? of what nature?
How does he apply his hours?
Hippolito Faith to curse Fates,
Who, as he thinks, ordained him to be poor,
Keeps at home full of want, and discontent.
Lussurioso There's hope in him, for discontent and want
Is the best clay to mold, a villain of;
Hippolito, wish him repair to us,
If there be aught in him to please our blood,
For thy sake we'll advance him, and build fair
His meanest fortunes: for it is in us
To rear up Towers from cottages.
Hippolito It is so my Lord, he will attend your honor,
But he's a man, in whom much melancholy dwells.
Lussurioso Why the better: bring him to Court.

wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
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wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858

img: 27-a
sig: G2v

wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868

Hippolito With willingness and speed,
Whom he cast off e'en now, must now succeed,
Brother disguise must off,
In thine own shape now, i'll prefer thee to him:
How strangely does himself work to undo him.

Exit.

Lussurioso This fellow will come fitly, he shall kill,
That other slave, that did abuse my spleen,
And made it swell to Treason, I have put
Much of my heart into him, he must die.
He that knows great men's secrets and proves slight,
That man ne'er lives to see his Beard turn white:
Ay he shall speed him: I'll employ thee brother,
Slaves are but Nails, to drive out one another?
He being of black condition, suitable
To want and ill content, hope of preferment
Will grind him to an Edge — The Nobles enter.

1. Noble Good days unto your honor.

Lussurioso My kind Lords, I do return the like,

2. Noble Saw you my Lord the Duke?

Lussurioso My Lord and Father, is he from Court?

1. Noble He's sure from Court,

But where, which way, his pleasure took we know not,
Nor can we hear on 't.

Lussurioso Here come those should tell,
Saw you my Lord and Father?

3. Noble Not since two hours before noon my Lord,
And then he privately rid forth.

Lussurioso Oh he's rode forth.

1. Noble 'Twas wondrous privately,

2. Noble There's none i' th' Court had any knowledge on 't.

Lussurioso His Grace is old, and sudden, 'tis no treason
To say, the Duke my Father has a humor,
Or such a Toy about him; what in us
Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.

3. Noble 'Tis Oracle my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vindice out of his disguise.

Hippolito So, so, all's as it should be, y' are yourself.

Vindice How that great villain puts me to my shifts.

Hippolito He that did lately in disguise reject thee;
Shall now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.

Vindice 'Twill be the quainter fallacy; but brother,
'Sfoot what use will he put me to now think'st thou?

Hippolito Nay you must pardon me in that, I know not:
H'as some employment for you: but what 'tis
He and his Secretary the Devil knows best.

Vindice Well I must suit my tongue to his desires,
What color soe'er they be; hoping at last
To pile up all my wishes on his breast,

wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
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wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896

img: 27-b
sig: G3r

Hippolito Faith Brother he himself shows the way.
Vindice Now the Duke is dead, the realm is clad in clay:
His death being not yet known, under his name
The people still are governed; well, thou his son
Art not long-lived, thou shalt not joy his death:
To kill thee then, I should most honor thee;
For 'twould stand firm in every man's belief,
Thou 'st a kind child, and only died'st with grief.
Hippolito You fetch about well, but let's talk in present,
How will you appear in fashion different,
As well as in apparel, to make all things possible:
If you be but once tripped, we fall for ever.
It is not the least policy to be doubtful,
You must change tongue: — familiar was your first.
Vindice Why I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,
And string myself with heavy-sounding Wire,
Like such an Instrument, that speaks merry things sadly.
Hippolito Then 'tis as I meant,
I gave you out at first in discontent.
Vindice I'll turn myself, and then —
Hippolito 'Sfoot here he comes: hast thought upon 't.
Vindice Salute him, fear not me. *Lussurioso* *Hippolito*.
Hippolito Your Lordship. *Lussurioso* What's he yonder?
Hippolito 'Tis *Vindici*, my discontented Brother,
Whom, 'cording to your will I've brought to Court.
Lussurioso, Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence,
I wonder h'as been from the Court so long?
Come nearer.

wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903
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wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916

Hippolito Brother, Lord *Lussurioso* the Duke son. *Snatches off*
Lussurioso Be more near to us, welcome, nearer yet. *his hat and*
Vindice How don you? god you god den. *makes legs*
Lussurioso We thank thee? *to him.*
How strangely such a course-homely salute,
Shows in the Palace, where we greet in fire:
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name,
God in a salutation, 'twould ne'er be stood on 't, — heaven!
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy.
Vindice Why, going to Law.
Lussurioso Why will that make a man melancholy?
Vindice Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram — I
went me to law in *Anno Quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded
out of it, in *Anno sextagesimo tertio*.
Lussurioso What, three and twenty years in law?
Vindice I have known those that have been five and fifty and,
all about Pullen and Pigs.
Lussurioso May it be possible such men should breathe,
To vex the Terms so much. *Vindice* 'Tis food to some my Lord.
There are old men at the present, that are so poisoned

wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
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wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934

img: 28-a
sig: G3v

wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
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wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
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wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962
wln 1963
wln 1964

with the affectation of law-words, (having had many suits canvased,) that their common talk is nothing but Barbary latin: they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sins may be removed, with a writ of Error, and their souls fetched up to heaven, with a sasarara.

Hippolito It seems most strange to me,
Yet all the world meets round in the same bent:
Where the hearts set, there goes the tongue's consent,
How dost apply thy studies fellow?

Vindice Study? why to think how a great rich man lies a-dying, and a poor Cobbler tolls the bell for him? how he cannot depart the world, and see the great chest-stand before him, when he lies speechless, how he will point you readily to all the boxes, and when he is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he of forfeitures and obligations, nay when to all men's hearings he whurls and rattles in the throat he's busy threat'ning his poor Tenants? and this would last me now some seven years' thinking or thereabouts? but, I have a

Conceit a-coming in picture upon this, I draw it myself, which i' faith la I'll present to your honor, you shall not choose but like it for your Lordship shall give me nothing for it,

Lussurioso Nay you mistake me then,
For I am published bountiful enough,
Let's taste of your conceit.

Vindice In picture my Lord. *Lussurioso* Ay in picture,
Vindice Marry this it is — *A usuring Father to be boiling in hell, and his son and Heir with a Whore dancing over him.*

Hippolito H'as pared him to the quick.
Lussurioso The conceit's pretty i' faith,
But take 't upon my life 'twill ne'er be liked.

Vindice No, why I'm sure the whore will be liked well enough.

Hippolito Ay if she were out o' th' picture he'd like her then himself.

Vindice And as for the son and heir, he shall be an eyesore to no young Revellers, for he shall be drawn in cloth-of-gold breeches.

Lussurioso And thou hast put my meaning in the **pockets**,
And canst not draw that out, my thought was this,
To see the picture of a usuring father
Boiling in hell, our rich men would ne'er like it,

Vindice O true I cry you heart'ly mercy I **know** the reason, for some of 'em had rather be damned indeed, than damned in colors.

Lussurioso A parlous melancholy, h'as wit enough,
To murder any man, and I'll give him means,
I think thou art ill-moneyed;

Vindice Money, ho, ho,
'T has been my want so long, 'tis now my scoff.
I've e'en forgot what color silver's of,

Lussurioso It hits as I could wish, *Vindice* I get good clothes,

wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968
wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972

img: 28-b
sig: G4r

Of those that dread my humor, and for table-room,
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me,
Lussurioso Somewhat to set thee up withal,
Vindice O mine eyes, *Lussurioso* How now man.
Vindice Almost struck blind,
This bright unusual shine, to me seems proud,
I dare not look till the sun be in a cloud,
Lussurioso I think I shall affect his melancholy,

wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
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wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010

img: 29-a
sig: G4v

How are they now. *Vindice* The better for your asking.
Lussurioso You shall be better yet if you but fasten,
Truly on my intent, now y' are both present
I will unbrace such a close private villain,
Unto your vengeful swords, the like ne'er heard of,
Who hath disgraced you much and injured us,
Hippolito Disgraced us my Lord?
Lussurioso Ay *Hippolito*.
I kept it here till now that both your angers,
Might meet him at once,
Vindice I'm covetous,
To know the villain,
Lussurioso You know him that slave Pandar,
Piato whom we threatened last
With irons in perpetual prisonment;
Vindice All this is I. *Hippolito* Is 't he my Lord?
Lussurioso I'll tell you, you first preferred him to me.
Vindice Did you brother. *Hippolito* I did indeed?
Lussurioso And the ungrateful villain,
To quit that kindness, strongly wrought with me,
Being as you see a likely man for pleasure,
With jewels to corrupt your virgin sister.
Hippolito Oh villain, *Vindice* He shall surely die that did it.
Lussurioso I far from thinking any Virgin harm.
Especially knowing her to be as chaste
As that part which scarce suffers to be touched,
Th' eye would not endure him,
Vindice Would you not my Lord,
'Twas wondrous honorably done,
Lussurioso But with some five frowns kept him out,
Vindice Out slave.
Lussurioso What did me he but in revenge of that,
Went of his own free will to make infirm,
Your sister's honor, whom I honor with my soul,
For chaste respect, and not prevailing there,
(As 'twas but desperate folly to attempt it,)
In mere spleen, by the way, waylays your mother,
Whose honor being a coward as it seems.

wln 2011
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wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048

Yielded by little force. *Vindice* Coward indeed.
Lussurioso He proud of their advantage, (as he thought)
Brought me these news for happy, but I, heaven forgive me for 't.
Vindice What did your honor.
Lussurioso In rage pushed him from me.
Trampled beneath his throat, spurned him, and bruised:
Indeed I was too cruel to say troth.
Hippolito Most Nobly managed.
Vindice Has not heaven an ear? Is all the lightning wasted?
Lussurioso If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,
What should you be?
Vindice Full mad, he shall not live
To see the Moon change.
Lussurioso He's about the Palace,
Hippolito entice him this way, that thy brother
May take full mark of him.
Hippolito Heart? — that shall not need my Lord,
I can direct him so far.
Lussurioso Yet for my hate's sake,
Go, wind him this way? i'll see him bleed myself.
Hippolito What now brother?
Vindice Nay e'en what you will — y' are put to 't brother?
Hippolito An impossible task, I'll swear,
To bring him hither, that's already here. *Exit Hippolito*
Lussurioso Thy name, I have forgot it? *Vindice* *Vindice* my Lord.
Lussurioso 'Tis a good name that. *Vindice* Ay, a Revenger.
Lussurioso It does betoken courage, thou shouldst be valiant,
And kill thine enemies. *Vindice* That's my hope my Lord.
Lussurioso This slave is one. *Vindice* I'll doom him.
Lussurioso Then i'll praise thee?
Do thou observe me best, and I'll best raise thee. *Enter. Hippolito*
Vindice Indeed, I thank you.
Lussurioso Now *Hippolito*, where's the slave Pandar?
Hippolito Your good Lordship,
Would have a loathsome sight of him, much offensive?
He's not in case now to be seen my Lord,
The worst of all the deadly sins is in him:
That beggarly damnation, drunkenness.

img: 29-b
sig: H1r

wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057

Lussurioso Then he's a double-slave.
Vindice 'Twas well conveyed, upon a sudden wit.
Lussurioso What, are you both,
Firmly resolved, i'll see him dead myself.
Vindice Or else, let not us live.
Lussurioso You may direct your brother to take note of him.
Hippolito I shall.
Lussurioso Rise but in this, and you shall never fall.
Vindice Your honor's Vassals.

wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
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wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086

img: 30-a
sig: H1v

wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105

Lussurioso This was wisely carried,
Deep policy in us, makes fools of such:
Then must a slave die, when he knows too much. *Exit Lussurioso*
Vindice O thou almighty patience, 'tis my wonder,
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,
Should not be cloven as he stood:
Or with a secret wind burst open!
Is there no thunder left, or is 't kept up
In stock for heavier vengeance, there it goes!
Hippolito Brother we lose ourselves?
Vindice But I have found it,
'Twill hold, 'tis sure, thanks, thanks to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.
Hippolito What is 't?
Vindice 'Tis sound, and good, thou shalt partake it,
I'm hired to kill myself. *Hippolito* True.
Vindice Prithee mark it,
And the old Duke being dead, but not conveyed,
For he's already missed too, and you know:
Murder will peep out of the closest husk. *Hippolito* Most true?
Vindice What say you then to this device,
If we dressed up the body of the Duke.
Hippolito In that disguise of yours.
Vindice Y' are quick, y' have reached it.
Hippolito I like it wondrously.
Vindice And being in drink, as you have published him,
To lean him on his elbow, as if sleep had caught him:
Which claims most interest in such sluggish men.
Hippolito Good yet, but here's a doubt,

Methought by th' Duke's son to kill that pandar,
Shall when he is known be thought to kill the Duke.
Vindice Neither, O thanks, it is substantial
For that disguise being on him, which I wore,
It will be thought I, which he calls the Pandar, did kill the Duke,
and fled away in his apparel, leaving him so disguised, to avoid
swift pursuit. *Hippolito* Firmer, and firmer.
Vindice Nay doubt not 'tis in grain, I warrant it hold color.
Hippolito Let's about it.
Vindice But by the way too, now I think on 't, brother,
Let's conjure that base devil out of our Mother. *Exeunt.*
Enter the Duchess arm in arm with the Bastard: he seemeth lasciviously
to her, after them, Enter Supervacuo, running with a rapier,
his Brother stops him.
Spurio Madam, unlock yourself, should it be seen,
Your arm would be suspected.
Duchess Who is 't that dares suspect, or this, or these?
May not we deal our favors where we please?
Spurio I'm, confident, you may. *Exeunt.*

wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124

img: 30-b
sig: H2r

Ambitioso 'Sfoot brother hold.
Supervacuo **Wouldst** let the Bastard shame us?
Ambitioso Hold, hold, brother? there's fitter time than now.
Supervacuo Now when I see it. *Ambitioso* 'Tis too much seen already.
Supervacuo Seen and known,
The Nobler she's, the baser is she grown.
Ambitioso If she were bent lasciviously, the fault
Of mighty women, that sleep soft, — O death,
Must she needs choose such an unequal sinner:
To make all worse.
Supervacuo A Bastard, the Duke's Bastard, Shame heaped on shame.
Ambitioso O our disgrace.
Most women have small waist the world throughout,
But their desires are thousand miles about. *Exeunt.*
Supervacuo Come stay not here, let's after, and prevent,
Or else they'll sin faster than we'll repent.
Enter Vindice and Hippolito, bringing out their Mother
one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with
daggers in their hands.

wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
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wln 2145
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wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153

Vindice O thou? for whom no name is bad enough.
Mother What means my sons what will you murder me?
Vindice Wicked, unnatural Parents.
Hippolito Fiend of women.
Mother Oh! are sons turned monsters? help.
Vindice In vain.
Mother Are you so barbarous to set Iron nipples
Upon the breast that gave you suck.
Vindice That breast,
Is turned to Quarled poison.
Mother Cut not your days for 't, am not I your mother?
Vindice Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.
Mother A bawd? O name far loathsomer than hell.
Hippolito It should be so knew'st thou thy Office well.
Mother I hate it.
Vindice Ah is 't possible, *Thou only*, you powers on high,
That women should dissemble when they die.
Mother Dissemble.
Vindice Did not the Duke's son direct
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,
That did corrupt all that was good in thee:
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,
And work our sister to his lust.
Mother Who I,
That had been monstrous? I defy that man:
For any such intent, none lives so pure,
But shall be soiled with slander, — good son believe it not.
Vindice Oh I'm in doubt,

wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162

img: 31-a
sig: H2v

Whether I'm myself, or no,
Stay, let me look again upon this face.
Who shall be saved when mothers have no grace.
Hippolito 'Twould make one half despair.
Vindice I was the man,
Defy me, now? let's see, do 't modestly.
Mother O hell unto my soul.
Vindice In that disguise, I sent from the Duke's son,
Tried you, and found you base metal,

wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
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wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201

As any villain might have done.
Mother O no, no tongue but yours could have bewitched me so.
Vindice O nimble in damnation, quick in tune,
There is no devil could strike fire so soon:
I am confuted in a word.
Mother Oh sons, forgive me, to myself i'll prove more true,
You that should honor me, I kneel to you.
Vindice A mother to give aim to her own daughter.
Hippolito True brother, how far beyond nature 'tis,
Though many Mothers do 't.
Vindice Nay and you draw tears once, go you to bed,
Wet will make iron blush and change to red:
Brother it rains, 'twill spoil your dagger, house it.
Hippolito 'Tis done.
Vindice I' faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good,
The fruitful grounds, and meadows of her soul,
Has been long dry: pour down thou blessed dew,
Rise Mother, troth this shower has made you higher.
Mother O you heavens? take this infectious spot out of my soul,
I'll rinse it in seven waters of mine eyes?
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace,
To weep, is to our sex: naturally given:
But to weep truly that's a gift from heaven?
Vindice Nay I'll kiss you now: kiss her brother?
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honorably love her. *Hippolito* Let it be.
Vindice For honest women are so seld and rare,
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
Oh you of easy wax, do but imagine
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That Office would have clinged unto your forehead,
All mothers that had any graceful hue,
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you:
It would have grown to this, at your foul name;
Green-colored maids would have turned red with shame?
Hippolito And then our sister full of hire, and baseness.
Vindice There had been boiling led again,
The duke's sons great Concubine:
A drab of State, a cloth-o'-silver slut,

img: 31-b
sig: H3r

wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
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wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239

To have her train borne up, and her soul trail i' th' dirt; great.
Hippolito To be miserably great, rich to be eternally wretched.
Vindice O common madness:
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honor good,
Perhaps you'll say but only to th' Duke's son,
In private; why, she first begins with one,
Who afterward to thousand proves a whore:
„Break Ice in one place, it will crack in more.
Mother. Most certainly applied?
Hippolito Oh Brother, you forget our business.
Vindice And well remembered, joy's a subtle elf,
I think man's happiest, when he forgets himself:
Farewell once dried, now holy-watered Mead,
Our hearts wear Feathers, that before wore Lead.
Mother. I'll give you this, that one I never knew
Plead better, for, and 'gainst the Devil, than you.
Vindice You make me proud on 't.
Hippolito Commend us in all virtue to our Sister.
Vindice Ay for the love of heaven, to that true maid.
Mother. With my best words.
Vindice Why that was motherly said. *Exeunt.*
Mother. I wonder now what fury did transport me?
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.
Oh with what forehead can I look on her?
Whose honor I've so impiously beset,
And here she comes,
Castiza Now mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,
That what for my advancement, as to calm
The trouble of your tongue: I am content.
Mother. Content, to what?
Castiza To do as you have wished me,
To prostitute my breast to the Duke's son:
And put myself to common Usury.
Mother. I hope you will not so.
Castiza Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you look to be saved in.
Mother. Truth but it is.

img: 32-a
sig: H3v

wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246

Castiza Do not deceive yourself,
I am, as you e'en out of Marble wrought,
What would you now, are ye not pleased yet with me,
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious
Than I intend to be. *Mother.* Strike not me cold,
Castiza How often have you charged me on your blessing
To be a cursed woman — when you knew,

wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278

img: 32-b
sig: H4r

Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me, that did more,
The mother's curse is heavy, where that fights,
Suns set in storm, and daughters lose their lights?
Mother Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee, oh let my breath,
Revive it to a flame:
Put not all out, with woman's willful follies,
I am recovered of that foul disease
That haunts too many mothers, kind forgive me,
Make me not sick in health? — if then
My words prevailed when they were wickedness,
How much more now when they are just and good?
Castiza I wonder what you mean, are not you she
For whose infect persuasions I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado
In three hours' reading, to untwist so much
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me.
Mother 'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what's past,
I'm now your present Mother. *Castiza* Push, now 'tis too late,
Mother Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou sayst.
Castiza No, deny advancement, treasure, the Duke's son.
Mother O see, I spoke those words, and now they poison me:
What will the deed do then?
Advancement, true: as high as shame can pitch,
For Treasure; whoe'er knew a harlot rich?
Or could build by the purchase of her sin,
An hospital to keep their bastards in: The Duke's son,
Oh when women are young Courtiers, they are sure to be old beggars,
To know the miseries most harlots taste,
Thou 'dst wish thyself unborn, when thou art unchaste.
Castiza O mother let me twine about your neck,

wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294

And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips,
I did but this to try you. *Mother* O speak truth.
Castiza Indeed I did not, for no tongue has force to alter me from honest
If maidens would, men's words could have no power,
A virgin honor is a crystal Tower.
Which being weak is guarded with good spirits,
Until she basely yields no ill inherits.
Mother O happy child! faith and thy birth hath saved me,
'Mongst thousand daughters happiest of all others,
Buy thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers. *Exeunt.*
Enter Vindice and Hippolito.
Vindice So, so, he leans well, take heed you wake him not brother
Hippolito I warrant you my life for yours.
Vindice That's a good lay, for I must kill myself?
Brother that's I: that sits for me: do you mark it,
And I must stand ready here to make away myself yonder — I

wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
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wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318

img: 33-a
sig: H4v

wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
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wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341

must sit to be killed, and stand to kill myself, I could vary it not so little as thrice over again, 't has some eight returns like Michaelmas Term. *Hippolito* That's enow a conscience.

Vindice But sirrah does the Duke's son come single?

Hippolito No, there's the hell on 't, his faith's too feeble to go alone? he brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzz against supper time, and hum for his coming out.

Vindice Ah the fly-flop of vengeance beat 'em to pieces? here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest hour, to have made my revenge familiar with him, show him the body of the Duke his father, and how quaintly he died like a Politician in hugger-mugger, made no man acquainted with it, and in Catastrophe slain him over his father's breast, and oh I'm mad to lose such a sweet opportunity.

Hippolito Nay push, prithee be content! there's no remedy present, may not hereafter times open in as fair faces as this.

Vindice They may if they can paint so well?

Hippolito Come, now to avoid all suspicion, let's forsake this room, and be going to meet the Duke's son.

Vindice Content, I'm for any weather? heart step close, here he comes?
Enter Lussario.

Hippolito My honored Lord? *Lussurioso* Oh me; you both present.

Vindice E'en newly my Lord, just as your Lordship entered now? about this place we had notice given he should be, but in some **loathsome plight or other.**

Hippolito Came your honor private?

Lussurioso Private enough for this: only a few
Attend my coming out. *Hippolito* Death rot those few.

Lussurioso Stay yonder's the slave.

Vindice Mass there's the slave indeed my Lord;
'Tis a good child, he calls his Father slave.

Lussurioso Ay, that's the villain, the damned villain: softly,
Tread easy.

Vindice Puh, I warrant you my Lord, we'll stifle in our breaths.

Lussurioso That will do well:
Base rogue, thou sleepest thy last, 'tis policy,
To have him killed in 's sleep, for if he waked
He would betray all to them.

Vindice But my Lord. *Lussurioso* Ha, what sayst?

Vindice Shall we kill him now he's drunk? *Lussurioso* Ay best of all.

Vindice Why then he will ne'er live to be sober?

Lussurioso No matter, let him reel to hell.

Vindice But being so full of liquor, I fear he will put out all the fire,

Lussurioso Thou art a mad **breast.**

Vindice And leave none to warm your Lordship's Golls withal;
For he that dies drunk, falls into hell fire like a Bucket o' water,
qush qush.

Lussurioso Come be ready, nake your swords, think of your wrongs

wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356

img: 33-b
sig: 11r

wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
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wln 2375
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wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389

This slave has injured you.

Vindice Troth so he has, and he has paid well for 't.

Lussurioso Meet with him now.

Vindice You'll bear us out my Lord?

Lussurioso Puh, am I a Lord for nothing think you, quickly, now.

Vindice Sa, sa, sa: thump, there he lies.

Lussurioso Nimble done, ha? oh, villains, murderers,

'Tis the old Duke my father. *Vindice* That's a jest.

Lussurioso What stiff and cold already?

O pardon me to call you from your names:

'Tis none of your deed, — that villain *Piato*

Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered him,

And left him thus disguised. *Hippolito* And not unlikely.

Vindice O rascal was he not ashamed,

To put the Duke into a greasy doublet.

Lussurioso He has been cold and stiff who knows, how long?

Vindice Marry that do I.

Lussurioso No words I pray, of any thing intended:

Vindice Oh my Lord.

Hippolito I would faine have your Lordship think that we have
small reason to prate.

Lussurioso Faith thou sayst true? i'll forthwith send to Court,
For all the Nobles, Bastard, Duchess, all?
How here by miracle we found him dead,
And in his raiment that foul villain fled.

Vindice That will be the best way my Lord, to clear us all: let's
cast about to be clear.

Lussurioso Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest. *Enter all.*

1. Attendant My Lord. *2. Attendant* My Lord.

Lussurioso Be witnesses of a strange spectacle:

Choosing for private conference that sad room
We found the Duke my father 'gealed in blood.

1. Attendant My Lord the Duke — run hie thee Nencio,
Startle the Court by signifying so much.

Vindice Thus much by wit a deep Revenger can:
When murders known, to be the clearest man
We're fardest off, and with as bold an eye,
Survey his body as the standers by.

Lussurioso My royal father, too basely let blood,
By a malevolent slave.

Hippolito Hark? he calls thee slave again. *Vindice* H'as lost, he may.

Lussurioso Oh sight, look hither, see, his lips are gnawn with poison.

Vindice How — his lips by th' mass they be.

Lussurioso O villain — O rogue — O slave — O rascal:

Hippolito O good deceit, he quits him with like terms.

1. Noble Where. *2. Noble* Which way.

Ambitioso Over what roof hangs this prodigious Comet,
In deadly fire.

wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394

img: 34-a
sig: I1v

Lussurioso Behold, behold my Lords the Duke my father's murdered
by a vassal, that owes this habit, and here left disguised.

Duchess My Lord and husband. *2. Noble* Reverend Majesty.

1. Noble I have seen these clothes, often attending on him.

Vindice That Nobleman, has been i' th' Country, for he does not lie?

wln 2395
wln 2396

Supervacuo Learn of our mother let's dissemble too,
I am glad he's vanished; so I hope are you?

wln 2397
wln 2398

Ambitioso Ay you may take my word for 't.

Spurio Old Dad, dead?

wln 2399
wln 2400

Ay, one of his cast sins will send the Fates

wln 2401

Most hearty commendations by his own son,

wln 2402

I'll tug in the new stream, till strength be done.

wln 2403

Lussurioso Where be those two, that did affirm to us?

wln 2404

My Lord the Duke was privately rid forth?

wln 2405

1. Noble O pardon us my Lords, he gave that charge

wln 2406

Upon our lives if he were missed at Court,

wln 2407

To answer so; he rode not anywhere,

wln 2408

We left him private with that fellow here? *Vindice* Confirmed.

wln 2409

Lussurioso O heavens, that false charge was his death,

wln 2410

Impudent Beggars, durst you to our face,

wln 2411

Maintain such a false answer? bear him straight to execution.

wln 2412

1. Noble My Lord? *Lussurioso* Urge me no more.

wln 2413

In this the excuse, may be called half the murder?

wln 2414

Vindice You've sentenced well.

wln 2415

Lussurioso Away see it be done.

wln 2416

Vindice Could you not stick: see what confession doth?

wln 2417

Who would not lie when men are hanged for truth?

wln 2418

Hippolito Brother how happy is our vengeance.

wln 2419

Vindice Why it hits, past the apprehension of indifferent wits.

wln 2420

Lussurioso, My Lord let post-horse be sent,

wln 2421

Into all places to entrap the villain,

wln 2422

Vindice Post-horse ha ha.

wln 2423

Noble My Lord, we're something bold to know our duty?

wln 2424

Your father's accidentally departed,

wln 2425

The titles that were due to him, meet you.

wln 2426

Lussurioso Meet me? I'm not at leisure my good Lord,

wln 2427

I've many griefs to dispatch out o' th' way:

wln 2428

Welcome sweet titles, — talk to me my Lords,

wln 2429

Of sepulchers, and mighty Emperor's bones,

wln 2430

That's thought for me.

wln 2431

Vindice So, one may see by this,

wln 2432

How foreign markets go:

Courtiers have feet o' th' nines, and tongues o' th' twelves,

img: 34-b
sig: I2r

wln 2433

They flatter Dukes and Dukes flatter themselves.

wln 2434

Noble My Lord it is your shine must comfort us.

wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
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wln 2462
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wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466
wln 2467
wln 2468
wln 2469
wln 2470

img: 35-a
sig: I2v

Lussurioso Alas I shine in tears like the Sun in April.
Noble You're now my Lord's grace?
Lussurioso My Lord's grace? I perceive you'll have it so.
Noble 'Tis but your own.
Lussurioso Then heavens give me grace to be so?
Vindice He prays well for himself.
Noble Madam all sorrows,
Must run their circles into joys, no doubt but time,
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.
Vindice He were an Ass then i' faith?
Noble In the mean season,
Let us bethink the latest funeral honors:
Due to the Duke's cold body, — and withal,
Calling to memory our new happiness,
Spread in his royal son, — Lords Gentlemen,
Prepare for Revels. *Vindice* Revels.
Noble Time hath several falls,
Griefs lift up joys, feasts put down funerals.
Lussurioso Come then my Lords, my favors to you all,
The Duchess is suspected, foully bent,
I'll begin Dukedom with her banishment? *Exeunt Duke*
Hippolito Revels. *Nobles and Duchess.*
Vindice Ay, that's the word, we are firm yet,
Strike one strain more, and then we crown our wit. *Exeunt Brothers*
Spurio Well, have the fairest mark, — (so said the Duke when
he begot me,)
And if I miss his heart or near about,
Then have at any, a Bastard scorns to be out.
Supervacuo Not'st thou that *Spurio* brother.
Ambitioso Yes I note him to our shame.
Supervacuo He shall not live, his hair shall not grow much longer?
in this time of Revels tricks may be set afoot, seest thou yon
new Moon, it shall outlive the new Duke by much, this hand
shall dispossess him, then we're mighty.
A masque is treason's license, that build upon?
'Tis murder's best face when a vizard's on. *Exit Supervacuo*

wln 2471
wln 2472
wln 2473
wln 2474
wln 2475
wln 2476
wln 2477
wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480
wln 2481
wln 2482

Ambitioso Is 't so, 'tis very good,
And do you think to be Duke then, kind brother:
I'll see fair play, drop one, and there lies t' other. *Exit Ambitioso*
Enter Vindice and Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.
Vindice My Lords; be all of Music, strike old griefs into other countries
That flow in too much milk, and have faint livers,
Not daring to stab home their discontents:
Let our hid flames break out, as fire, as lightning,
To blast this villainous Dukedom: vexed with sin;
Wind up your souls to their full height again.
Piero How? *1. Noble* Which way?
3. Noble Any way: our wrongs are such,

wln 2483
wln 2484
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wln 2502
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wln 2508

img: 35-b
sig: l3r

wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511
wln 2512
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wln 2528
wln 2529
wln 2530

We cannot justly be revenged too much.

Vindice You shall have all enough: — Revels are toward,
And those few Nobles that have long suppressed you,
Are busied to the furnishing of a Mask:
And do affect to make a pleasant tale on 't,
The Masking suits are fashioning, now comes in
That which must glad us all — we to take pattern
Of all those suits, the color, trimming, fashion,
E'en to an undistinguished hair almost:
Then ent'ring first, observing the true form,
Within a strain or two we shall find leisure,
To steal our swords out handsomely,
And when they think their pleasure sweet and good,
In midst of all their joys, they shall sigh blood.

Piero Weightily, effectually, *3. Noble* before the t'other Maskers come.

Vindice We're gone, all done and past.

Piero But how for the Duke's guard? *Vindice* Let that alone,
By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down,

Hippolito There are five hundred Gentlemen in the action,
That will apply themselves, and not stand idle.

Piero Oh let us hug your bosoms. *Vindice* Come my Lords,
Prepare for deeds, let other times have words. *Exeunt.*

In a dumb show, the possessing of the young Duke.

with all his Nobles: Then sounding Music.

*A furnished Table is brought forth: then enters the Duke
and his Nobles to the banquet. A blazing-star appeareth.*

Noble. Many harmonious hours, and choicest pleasures,
Fill up the royal numbers of your years.

Lussurioso My Lords we're pleased to thank you? — though we know,
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.

Noble That shine makes us all happy.

3. Noble His Grace frowns?

2. Noble Yet we must say he smiles. *1. Noble* I think we must.

Lussurioso That foul Incontinent Duchess we have banished,
The Bastard shall not live: after these Revels
I'll begin strange ones; he and the stepsons,
Shall pay their lives for the first subsidies,
We must not frown so soon, else 't 'ad been now?

1. Noble My gracious Lord please you prepare for pleasure,
The masque is not far off.

Lussurioso We are for pleasure,
Beshrew thee, what art thou? mad'st me start?
Thou hast committed treason, — A blazing star.

1. Noble A blazing star, O where my Lord. *Lussurioso* Spy out.

2. Noble See, see, my Lords, a wondrous dreadful one.

Lussurioso I am not pleased at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing flaring star, — am not I Duke?
It should not quake me now: had it appeared,

wln 2531
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wln 2542
wln 2543
wln 2544
wln 2545
wln 2546
wln 2547

img: 36-a
sig: I3v

Before it, I might then have justly feared,
But yet they say, whom art and learning Weds:
When stars were locks, they threaten great men's heads,
Is it so? you are read my Lords.

1. *Noble* May it please your Grace,
It shows great anger.

Lussurioso That does not please our Grace.

2. *Noble* Yet here's the comfort my Lord, many times
When it seems most it threatens fardest off.

Lussurioso Faith and I think so too.

1. *Noble* Beside my Lord,
You're gracefully established with the loves
Of all your subjects: and for natural death,
I hope it will be threescore years a-coming.

Lussurioso True, no more but threescore years.

1. *Noble* Fourscore I hope my Lord: 2. *Noble* And five-score, I,
3. *Noble* But 'tis my hope my Lord, you shall ne'er die.

Lussurioso Give me thy hand, these others I rebuke,
He that hopes so, is **fittest** for a Duke:

Thou shalt sit next me, take your places Lords,
We're ready now for sports, let 'em set on.
You thing? we shall forget you quite anon!

3. *Noble* I hear 'em coming my Lord. *Enter the Masque of*

Lussurioso Ah 'tis well, *Revengeurs the two Brothers, and*
Brothers, and Bastard, you dance next in hell? *two Lords more.*

The Revengeurs dance?

At the end, steal out their swords, and these four kill the four at
the Table, in their Chairs. It thunders.

Vindice Mark, Thunder?

Dost know thy cue, thou big-voiced crier?
Duke's groans, are thunder's watchwords,

Hippolito So my Lords, You have enough.

Vindice Come let's away, no ling'ring. *Exeunt.*

Hippolito Follow, go?

Vindice No power is angry when the lustful die,
When thunder claps, heaven likes the tragedy. *Exit Vindice*

Lussurioso Oh, oh.

Enter the other Masque of intended murderers? Stepsons; Bastard;
and a fourth man, coming in dancing, the Duke recovers a
little in voice, and groans, — calls a guard, treason.

At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards
the Table, they find them all to be murdered.

Spurio Whose groan was that? *Lussurioso* Treason, a guard.

Ambitioso How now? all murdered! *Supervacuo* Murdered!

4. *Noble* And those his Nobles?

Ambitioso Here's a labor saved,

I thought to have sped him, 'Sblood how came this.

Spurio Then I proclaim myself, now I am Duke.

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wln 2585

img: 36-b
sig: I4r

Ambitioso Thou Duke,! brother thou liest.
Spurio Slave so dost thou?
4. *Noble* Base villain hast thou slain my Lord and Master.
Enter the first men.
Vindice Pistols, treason, murder, help, guard my Lord the Duke.
Hippolito Lay hold upon this Traitors? *Lussurioso* Oh.
Vindice Alas, the Duke is murdered. *Hippolito* And the Nobles.

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wln 2623

Vindice Surgeons, Surgeons, — heart does he breathe so long.
Antonio A piteous tragedy, able to **make**,
An old man's eyes bloodshot; *Lussurioso* Oh.
Vindice Look to my Lord the Duke—a vengeance throttle him.
Confess thou murderous and unhollowed man,
Didst thou kill all these?
4. *Noble* None but the Bastard I,
Vindice How came the Duke slain then;
4. *Noble* We found him so, *Lussurioso* O villain,
Vindice Hark. *Lussurioso* Those in the masque did murder us,
Vindice Law you now sir.
O marble impudence! will you confess now?
4. *Noble* 'Slud 'tis all false,
Antonio Away with that foul monster,
Dipped in a Prince's blood.
4. *Noble* Heart 'tis a lie,
Antonio Let him have bitter execution,
Vindice New marrow no I cannot be expressed,
How fares my Lord the Duke.
Lussurioso Farewell to all,
He that climbs highest has the greatest fall,
My tongue is out of office.
Vindice Air Gentlemen, air,
Now thou 'lt not prate on 't, 'twas *Vindice* murdered thee,
Lussurioso Oh. *Vindice* Murdered thy Father.
Lussurioso Oh.
Vindice And I am he tell — tell nobody, so so, the Duke's departed,
Antonio It was a deadly hand that wounded him,
The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway,
After his death were so made all away,
Vindice My Lord was unlikely, *Hippolito* Now the hope,
Of *Italy* lies in your reverend years?
Vindice Your hair, will make the silver age again,
When there was fewer but more honest men,
Antonio The burden's weighty and will press age down,
May I so rule that heaven **may** keep the crown,
Vindice The rape of your good Lady has been quited,
With death on death. *Antonio* Just is the Law above

img: 37-a
sig: I4v

wln 2624
wln 2625
wln 2626
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wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659

But of all things it puts me most to wonder
How the old Duke came murdered *Vindice* Oh, my Lord.
Antonio It was the strangeliest carried, I not heard of the like,
Hippolito 'Twas all done for the best my Lord,
Vindice All for your grace's good? we may be bold to speak it now,
'Twas somewhat witty carried though we say it.
'Twas we two murdered him, *Antonio* You two?
Vindice None else i' faith my Lord nay 'twas well managed,
Antonio Lay hands upon those villains. *Vindice* How? on us?
Antonio Bear 'em **to** speedy execution,
Vindice Heart was't not for your good my Lord?
Antonio My good away with 'em such an old man as he,
You that would murder him would murder me,
Vindice Is 't come about; *Hippolito* 'Sfoot brother you begun,
Vindice May not we set as well as the Duke's son,
Thou hast no conscience, are we not revenged?
Is there one enemy left alive amongst those?
'Tis time to die, when we are ourselves our foes.
When murders shut deeds close, this curse does seal 'em,
If none disclose 'em they themselves reveal 'em!
This murder might have slept in tongueless brass,
But for ourselves, and the world died an ass;
Now I remember too, here was *Piato*.
Brought forth a knavish sentence once, no doubt (said he) but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself?
'Tis well he died, he was a witch,
And now my Lord, since we are in for ever:
This work was ours which else might have been slipped,
And if we list we could have Nobles clipped,
And go for less than beggars, but we hate
To bleed so cowardly we have enough,
I' faith, we're well, our Mother turned, our Sister true,
We die after a nest of Dukes, adieu, *Exeunt*
Antonio How subtly was that murder **closed**, bear up,
Those tragic bodies, 'tis a heavy season:
Pray heaven their blood may wash away all treason. *Exit*

FINIS.

img: 37-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **3 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *Vindice* is amended from the original *Vendici*.
2. **55 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *her* comes from the original *her*, though possible variants include *his*.
3. **120 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Court* is amended from the original *Cour*.
4. **226 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *methinks* is amended from the original *my thinks*.
5. **384 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *Mistresses* is amended from the original *Mistesses*.
6. **651 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *Should* is amended from the original *Sould*.
7. **1146 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Grace* is amended from the original *Gtace*.
8. **1169 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *will* is amended from the original *wlll*.
9. **1598 (23-b)**: The regularized reading *Slobbering* is amended from the original *Flobbering*.
10. **1673 (24-b)**: The regularized reading *Supervacuo* is amended from the original *Spu.*
11. **1686 (24-b)**: The regularized reading *our* is amended from the original *out*.
12. **1785 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *desperate* is amended from the original *desperare*.
13. **1800 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *come* is amended from the original *comes*.
14. **1952 (28-a)**: The letters *ets* in this word are printed beneath the line, due to slipped type. EMED reinstates the letters to the correct position.
15. **1956 (28-a)**: The regularized reading *know* is amended from the original *hnow*.
16. **1995 (28-b)**: The regularized reading *surely* is amended from the original *furely*.
17. **2107 (30-a)**: The regularized reading *Wouldst* is amended from the original *Woult*.
18. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *loathsome* is supplied for the original [*◇*].
19. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *plight* is supplied for the original [*◇*].
20. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *or* is supplied for the original [*◇*].
21. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *other* is supplied for the original [*◇*].
22. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *.* is supplied for the original [***].
23. **2337 (33-a)**: The regularized reading *breast* comes from the original *brest*, though possible variants include *beast*.
24. **2464 (34-b)**: The regularized reading *Ambitoso* is amended from the original *And.*
25. **2549 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *fittest* is amended from the original *sittest*.
26. **2587 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *make* is amended from the original *wake*.
27. **2621 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *may* is amended from the original *nay*.
28. **2633 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *to* is amended from the original *two*.
29. **2657 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *closed* is amended from the original *elosde*.

