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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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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**  
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ln 0001

ln 0002

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THE  
WHITE DIVEL,  
OR,  
The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano*  
*Ursini*, Duke of *Brachiano*,  
With  
The Life and Death of *Vittoria*  
*Corombona* the famous  
Venetian Curtizan.

*Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.*

Written by IOHN WEBSTER.

*Non inferiora secutus.*

LONDON,  
Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be sold  
at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the  
Royall Exchange. 1612.

img: 2-a  
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ln 0001

To the Reader.

ln 0002

*IN publishing this Tragedy, I do but*

ln 0003

*challenge to my selfe that liberty,*

ln 0004

*which other men haue tane before mee;*

ln 0005

*not that I affect praise by it, for, nos hæc*

ln 0006

*nouimus esse nihil, onely since it was*

ln 0007

*acted, in so dull a time of Winter, pre-*

ln 0008

*sented in so open and blacke a Theater,*

ln 0009

*that it wanted (that which is the onely*

ln 0010

*grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and vnder-*

ln 0011

*standing Auditory: and that since that time I haue noted, most*

ln 0012

*of the people that come to that Play-house, resemble those ig-*

ln 0013

*norant asses (who visiting Stationers shoppes their vse is not*

ln 0014

*to inquire for good bookes, but new bookes) I present it to the*

ln 0015

*generall veiw with this confidence.*

ln 0016

*Nec Rhoncos metues, maligniorum,*

ln 0017

*Nec Scombris tunicas, dabis molestas.*

ln 0018

*If it be obiected this is no true Drammaticke Poem, I shall*

ln 0019

*easily confesse it, non potes in nugis dicere plura meas: Ip-*

ln 0020

*se ego quam dixi, willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind*

ln 0021

*haue I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory,*

ln 0022

*the most sententious Tragedy that euer was written, obser-*

ln 0023

*uing all the criticall lawes, as heighth of stile; and grauety*

ln 0024

*of person; inrich it with the sententious Chorus, and as it*

To the Reader.

ln 0025

*were life 'n Death, in the passionate and waighty Nuntius: yet after all this diuine rapture, O dura messorum ilia, the breath that comes frō the vncapable multitude, is able to poison it, and ere it be acted, let the Author resolute to fix to euer*  
*ry scæne, this of Horace,*

ln 0030

— Hæc hodie Porcis comedenda relinques.

ln 0031

*To those who report I was a long time in finishing this*

ln 0032

*Tragedy, I confesse I do not write with a goose-quill, winged*

ln 0033

*with two feathers, and if they will needs make it my fault,*

ln 0034

*I must answere them with that of Eurypides to Alcestides,*

ln 0035

*a Tragicke Writer: Alcestides obiection that Eurypides*

ln 0036

*had onely in three daies composed three verses, whereas him*

ln 0037

*selfe had written three hundreth: Thou telst truth, (quoth he)*

ln 0038

*but heres the difference, thine shall onely bee read for three*

ln 0039

*daies, whereas mine shall continue three ages.*

ln 0040

*Detraction is the sworne friend to ignorance: For mine*

ln 0041

*owne part I haue euer truly cherisht my good opinion of other*

ln 0042

*mens worthy Labours, especially of that full and hightned*

ln 0043

*stile of Maister Chapman. The labor'd and vnderstanding*

ln 0044

*workes of Maister Iohnson: The no lesse worthy composures*

ln 0045

*of the both worthily excellent Maister Beaumont, & Maister*

ln 0046

*Fletcher: And lastly (without wrong last to be named) the right*

ln 0047

*happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker,*

ln 0048

*& M. Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their*

ln 0049

*light: Protesting, that, in the strength of mine owne iudge*

ln 0050

*ment, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my*

ln 0051

*owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix*

ln 0052

*that of Martiall.*

ln 0053

— non norunt, Hæc monumenta mori.

wln 0001  
wln 0002  
wln 0003  
wln 0004

THE TRAGEDY  
OF PAVLO GIORDANO  
Vrsini Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria  
Corombona.

wln 0005

*Enter Count Lodouico, Antonelli and Gasparo.*

wln 0006

LODOVICO.

wln 0007

BAnisht? ANTO. It greeu'd me much to  
heare the sentence.

wln 0008

wln 0009

LODO. Ha, Ha, ô *Democritus* thy Gods

wln 0010

That gouerne the whole world! Courtly re-

wln 0011

ward, and punishment. Fortun's a right whore.

wln 0012

If she giue ought, she deales it in smal percels,

wln 0013

That she may take away all at one swope.

wln 0014

This tis to haue great enemies, God quite them:

wln 0015

Your woolfe no longer seemes to be a woolfe

wln 0016

Then when shees hungry. GAS. You terme those enemies

wln 0017

Are men of Princely ranke.

wln 0018

LOD. Oh I pray for them.

wln 0019

The violent thunder is adored by those

wln 0020

Are pasht in peeces by it. ANTO. Come my Lord,

wln 0021

You are iustly dom'd; looke but a little backe

wln 0022

Into your former life: you haue in three yeares

wln 0023

Ruin'd the noblest Earldome GAS. Your followers

wln 0024

Haue swallowed you like Mummia, and being sicke

wln 0025

With such vnnaturall and horrid Phisicke

wln 0026

Vomit you vp ith kennell ANTO. All the damnable degrees

B

Of

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 0027 Of drinkings haue you, you staggerd through one Cittizen  
wln 0028 Is Lord of two faire Manors, cald you master  
wln 0029 Only for Caiare. GAS. Those noblemen  
wln 0030 Which were inuited to your prodigall feastes,  
wln 0031 Wherin the Phænix scarce could scape your throtes,  
wln 0032 Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeminge you:  
wln 0033 An idle Meteor which drawne forth the earth  
wln 0034 Would bee soone lost ith aire. ANTO. Ieast vpon you,  
wln 0035 And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,  
wln 0036 You haue ruin'd such faire Lordships. LODO. Very good,  
wln 0037 This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend  
wln 0038 The powring out of eather. GAS. Worse then these,  
wln 0039 You haue acted, certaine Murders here in Rome,  
wln 0040 Bloody and full of horror. LOD. Las they were flea-bytinges:  
wln 0041 Why tooke they not my head then? GAS. O my Lord  
wln 0042 The law doth somtimes mediate, thinkes it good  
wln 0043 Not euer to steepe violent sinnes in blood,  
wln 0044 This gentle pennance may both end your crimes,  
wln 0045 And in the example better these bad times.  
wln 0046 LOD. So, but I wonder then some great men scape  
wln 0047 This banishment, ther's *Paulo Giordano Orsini*,  
wln 0048 The Duke of *Brachiano*, now liues in Rome,  
wln 0049 And by close pandarisme seekes to prostitute  
wln 0050 The honour of *Uittoria Corombona*,  
wln 0051 *Vittoria*, she that might haue got my pardon  
wln 0052 For one kisse to the Duke. ANTO. Haue a full man within you,  
wln 0053 Wee see that Trees beare no such pleasant fruite  
wln 0054 There where they grew first, as where the are new set.  
wln 0055 Perfumes the more they are chaf'd the more they render  
wln 0056 Their pleasing sents, and so affliction  
wln 0057 Expresseth vertue, fully, whether trew,  
wln 0058 Or ells adulterate. LOD. Leauē your painted comforts,  
wln 0059 Ile make Italian cut-works in their guts  
wln 0060 If euer I returne. GASP. O Sir. LODO. I am patient,  
wln 0061 I haue seene some ready to be executed  
wln 0062 Giue pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar  
wln 0063 With the knaue hangman, so do I, I thanke them,

And



Vittoria Corombona.

wln 0064  
wln 0065  
wln 0066  
wln 0067  
wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073

And would account them nobly mercifull  
Would they dispatch me quicklie, ANTO. Fare you well,  
Wee shall find time I doubt not to repeale  
Your banishment. LOD. I am euer bound to you: *Enter*  
This is the worlds almes; pray make vse of it, *Senate*  
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in peeces,  
When first they haue shorne them bare and sold their fleeces.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo, Uittoria  
Corombona.*

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wln 0076  
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wln 0099

BRA. Your best of rest. VIT. Vnto my Lord the Duke,  
The best of wellcome, More lights, attend the Duke.  
BRA. *Flamineo.* FLA. My Lord. BRA. Quite lost *Flamineo.*  
FLA. Pursew your noble wishes, I am prompt  
As lightning to your seruice, ô my Lord!  
The faire *Vittoria*, my happy sister  
Shall giue you present audience, gentlemen *(whisper*  
Let the caroach go on, and tis his pleasure  
You put out all your torches and depart.  
BRA. Are wee so happy. FLA. Can't be otherwise?  
Obseru'd you not to night my honor'd Lord  
Which way so ere you went shee threw her eyes,  
I haue dealt already with her chamber-maid  
*Zanche* the More, and she is wondrous proud  
To be the agent for so high a spirit.  
BRA. Wee are happie aboue thought, because boue merrit.  
FLA. 'boue merrit! wee may now talke freely: 'boue merrit;  
what ist you doubt, her coynesse, thats but the superficies of lust  
most women haue; yet why should Ladyes blush to heare that  
nam'd, which they do not feare to handle? O they are polliticke,  
They know our desire is increas'd by the difficultie of inioy  
ing; where a satiety is a blunt, weary and drowsie passion, if  
the buttery hatch at Court stood continually open their would  
be nothing so passionat crouding, nor hot suit after the beuerage,  
BRA. O but her iealous husband.  
FLA. Hang him, a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with

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wln 0136

quicke-siluer is not more could in the liuer. The great Barriers  
moulted not more feathers then he hath shed haire, by the con-  
fession of his doctor. An Irish gamster that will play himselfe na-  
ked, and then wage all downeward, at hazard, is not more ven-  
terous. So vn-able to please a woman that like a dutch doublet  
all his backe is shrunke into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my Lord,  
Some tricke now must be thought on to deuide  
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow,

BRA. O should she faile to come,

FLA. I must not haue your Lordship thus vnwisely amorous,  
I my selfe haue loued a lady and peursued her with a great deale  
of vnder-age protestation, whom some 3. or 4. gallants that haue  
enoyed would with all their harts haue bin glad to haue bin rid  
of. Tis iust like a summer bird-cage in a garden, the birds that are  
without, despaire to get in, and the birds that are within despaire  
and are in a consumption for feare they shall neuer get out: away  
away my Lord,

*Enter Camillo,*

See here he comes, this fellow by his apparell  
Some men would iudge a pollititian,  
But call his wit in question you shall find it  
Merely an Asse in's foot cloath,

How now brother what traauiling to bed to your kind wife?

CAM. I assure you brother no, My voyage lyes  
More northerlie, in a farre colder clime,

I do not well remember I protest when I last lay with her.

FLA. Strange you should loose your Count.

CAM. Wee neuer lay together but eare morning  
Their grew a flaw betweene vs. FLA. T'had byn your part  
To haue made vp that flaw.

CAM. Trew, but shee loathes I should be seene in't.

FLA. Why Sir, what's the matter?

CAM. The Duke your maister visits me I thanke him,  
And I perceau how like an earnest bowler  
Hee very passionatelie leanes that way,  
He should haue his boule runne

FLA. I hope you do not thinke

*Camillo*

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wln 0173

CAM. That noble men boule bootie, Faith his cheeke  
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would faine iumpe with my mistris.  
FLA. Will you be an asse.  
Despight you *Aristotle* or a Cocould  
Contrary to your *Ephemerides*  
Which shewes you vnder what a smiling planet  
You were first swaddled,  
CAM: Pew wew, Sir tell not me  
Of planets nor of *Ephemerides*  
A man may be made Cocould in the day time  
When the Stars eyes are out. FLA. Sir God **boy** you,  
I do commit you to your pittifull pillow  
Stuft with horne-shauings. CAM. Brother. FLA. God refuse me  
Might I aduise you now your onlie course  
Weare to locke vp your wife. CAM. T'weare very good.  
FLA. Bar her the sight of reuels. CAM. Excellent.  
FLA. Let her not go to Church, but like a hounde  
In Leon at your heeles. CAM. Tweare for her honour  
FLA. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,  
Despight her chastity or innocence  
To bee Cocoulded, which yet is in suspence:  
This is my counsell and I aske no fee for't.  
CAM. Come you know not where my -night cap wringes mee.  
FLA. Weare it ath' old fashion, let your large eares come  
through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter, barre your wife  
of her entertaynment: women are more willinglie & more glo-  
riouslie chast, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It  
seemes you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically ieous  
Coxcombe, take the height of your owne hornes with a *Iacobs*  
staffe afore they are vp. These polliticke inclosures for paltry  
mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh then all the pro-  
uocatiue electuaries Doctors haue vttered sence last Iubilee.  
CAM. This doth not phisicke me,  
FLA: It seemes you are Ieous, ile shew you the error of it by  
a familiar example, I haue seene a paire of spectacles fashiond  
with such perspectiue art, that lay downe but one twelue pence  
ath' bord twill appeare as if there were twenty, now should you

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Enter Corom-  
[\*\*\*]a.

weare a paire of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her  
shooe, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking vp of  
your wiues clothes, and this would put you into a horrible  
causlesse fury,

CAM. The fault there Sir is not in the eye-sight

FLA. True, but they that haue the yellow Iaundeise, thinke  
all obiects they looke on to bee yellow. Iealousy is worsen,  
her fit's present to a man, like so many bubbles in a Bason of  
water, twenty seuerall crabbed faces, many times makes his  
owne shadow his cocould-maker. \* See she comes, what reason  
haue you to be iealous of this creature? what an ignorant asse or  
flattering knaue might he be counted, that should write sonnets  
to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or Iuorie of Co-  
rinth, or compare her haire to the blacke birds bill, when 'tis  
liker the blacke birds feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make  
you freinds and you shall go to bed together, marry looke you,  
it shall not be your seeking, do you stand vpon that by any  
meanes, walk you a loofe, I would not haue you seene in't, sister  
my Lord attends you in the banquetting house, your husband  
is wondrous discontented.

VIT. I did nothing to displease him, I carued to him at  
supper-time

FLA. You need not haue carued him infaiht, they say he is  
a capon already, I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall  
a gentleman so well descended as *Camillo*. — a lousy slaue that  
within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the  
Dukes cariage mongst spits and dripping-pannes.

CAM. Now he begins to tickle her.

FLA. An excellent scholler, one that hath a head fild with  
calues braynes without any sage in them, — come crouching  
in the hams to you for a nights lodging — that hath an itch  
in's hams, which like the fier at the glasse house hath not gone out  
this seauen yeares — is hee not a courtly gentleman, — when  
he weares white sattin one would take him by his blacke mussel  
to be no other creature then a maggot, you are a goodly Foile,  
I confesse, well set out — but couerd with a false stone you con-  
terfaite dyamond.

CAM.

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CAM. He will make her know what is in mee.

FLA. Come, my Lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. CAM. Now he comes to't.

FLA. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine, I am opening your case hard.

CAM. A vertuous brother a my credit.

FLA. He will giue thee a ringe with a philosophers stone in it.

CAM. Indeede I am studying Alcumye.

FLA. Thou shalt lye in a bed stuf with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed lynnenn like the fellow was smothered in roses, so perfect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at Sea thinke land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so both heauen and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shal't meete him, tis fixt, with nayles of dyamonds to ineuitable necessitie.

VITTO. How shals rid him hence?

FLA. I will put breees in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie, I haue almost wrought her to it, I find her comming, but might I aduise you now for this night I would not lye with her, I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.

CAMIL. Shall I, shall I?

FLA: It will shew in you a supremacie of Iudgement.

CAMIL. Trew, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for *quæ negata grata*.

FLA. Right you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keepe distance of:

CAMIL. A philosophicall reason.

FLA. Walke by her a'the noble mans fashion, and tell her you will lye with her at the end of the Progresse

CAMIL. *Vittoria*, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say incited. VITTO. To do what Sir?

CAMIL. To lye with you to night; your silkeworme vseth to fast euery third day, and the next following spinnes the better. Tomorrow at night I am for you.

VITTO. Youle spinne a faire thread, trust to't.

FLA. But do you heare I shall haue you steale to her chamber about midnight.

CAMIL. Do you thinke so, why looke you brother, because

you

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you shall not thinke ile gull you, take the key, locke me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

FLA. Introth I will, ile be your iaylor once,  
But haue you nere a false dore.

CAM. A pox on't, as I am a Christian tell mee to morrow how scuruelie shee takes my vnkind parting

FLA. I will. CAM. Didst thou not make the ieast of the silke-worme? good night in faith I will vse this tricke often,

FLA. Do, do, do. *Exit Camillo.*

So now you are safe. Ha ha ha, thou intanglest thy selfe in thine owne worke like a silke-worme *Enter Brachiano.*

Come sister, darkenesse hides your blush, women are like curst dogges, ciuilitie keepes them tyed all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischeefe, my Lord, my Lord

BRA. Giue credit: I could wish time would stand still  
And neuer end this enteruew this hower, *Zāche brings out a Carpet*  
But all delight doth it selfe soon't deuour. *Spreads it and layes on it*

Let me into your bosome happy Ladie, *two faire Cushions*  
Powre out in stead of eloquence my vowes, *Enter Cornelia*

Loose me not Madam, for if you forego me I am lost eternallie.

VIT. Sir in the way of pittie I wish you hart-hole.

BRA. You are a sweet Phisition.

VIT. Sure Sir a loathed crueltie in Ladyes  
Is as to Doctors many funeralls: It takes away their credit.

BRA. Excellent Creature.  
Wee call the cruell fayre, what name for you  
That are so mercifull? ZAN. See now they close.

FLA. Most happie vnion.

COR. My feares are falne vpon me, oh my heart!

My sonne the pandar: now I find our house  
Sinking to ruine. Earth-quakes leaue behind,  
Where they haue tyrannised, iron, or lead, or stone,  
But woe to ruine violent lust leaues none

BRA. What valew is this Iewell VIT. Tis the ornament  
Of a weake fortune.

BRA. In sooth ile haue it; nay I will but change

Vittoria Corombona.

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My Iewell for your Iewell. FLAM. Excellent,  
His Iewell for her Iewell, well put in Duke.  
BRAC. Nay let me see you weare it. VIT. Heare sir.  
BRAC. Nay lower, you shall weare my Iewell lower.  
FLAM. That's better she must weare his Iewell lower.  
VIT. To passe away the time I'le tell your grace,  
A dreame I had last night. BRAC. Most wishedly.  
VIT. A foolish idle dreame,  
Me thought I walkt about the mid of night,  
Into a Church-yard, where a goodly *Eu* Tree  
Spred her large roote in ground, vnder that *Eu*,  
As I sat sadly leaning on a graue,  
Checkered with crosse-sticks, their came stealing in  
Your Dutchesse and my husband, one of them  
A picax bore, th'other a Rusty spade,  
And in rough termes they gan to challenge me,  
About this *Eu*. BRAC. That Tree.  
VIT. This harmelesse *Eu*:  
They told me my entent was to root vp  
That well-growne *Eu*, and plant i'th steed of it  
A withered blacke-thorne, and for that they vow'd  
To bury me aliue: my husband straight  
With picax gan to dig, and your fell Dutchesse  
With shouell, like a fury, voyded out  
The earth & scattered bones, Lord how me thought  
I trembled, and yet for all this terror  
I could not pray. FLAM. No the diuell was in your dreame.  
VIT. When to my rescue there arose me thought  
A whirlewind, which let fall a massy arme  
From that strong plant,  
And both were strucke dead by that sacred *Eu*  
In that base shallow graue that was their due.  
FLAM. Excellent Diuell.  
Shee hath taught him in a dreame  
To make away his Dutchesse and her husband.  
BRAC. Sweetly shall I enterpret this your dreame,  
You are lodged within his armes who shall protect you,

Vittoria Corombona.

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From all the feauers of a iealous husband,  
From the poore enuy of our flegmaticke Dutchesse,  
I'le seate you aboue law and aboue scandall,  
Giue to your thoughts the inuention of delight  
And the fruition, nor shall gouernment  
Diuide me from you longer then a care  
To keepe you great: you shall to me at once,  
Be Dukedome, health, wife, children, friends and all.  
COR. Woe to light hearts they still forerun our fall.  
FLAM. What fury rais'd thee vp? away, away *Exit Zanche.*  
COR. What make you heare my Lord this dead of night?  
Neuer dropt meldew on a flower here, tell now.  
FLAM. I pray will you go to bed then,  
Least you be blasted. COR. O that this faire garden,  
Had all poysoned hearbes of *Thessaly*,  
At first bene planted, made a nursery  
For witch-craft; rather a buriall plot,  
For both your Honours. VIT. Dearest mother heare me.  
COR. O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,  
Sooner then nature, see the curse of children  
In life they keepe vs **frequently** in teares,  
And in the cold graue leaues vs in pale feares.  
BRAC. Come, come, I will not heare you.  
VIT. Deere my Lord.  
COR. Where is thy Dutchesse now adulterous Duke?  
Thou little dreamd'st this night shee is come to *Rome*.  
FLAM. How? come to *Rome*, VIT. The Dutchesse,  
BRAC. She had bene better,  
COR. The liues of Princes should like dyals moue,  
Whose regular example is so strong,  
They make the times by them go right or wrong.  
FLAM. So, haue you done? COR. Vnfortunate *Camillo*.  
VIT. I do protest if any chast deniall,  
If any thing but bloud could haue alayed,  
His long suite to me.  
COR. I will ioyne with thee,  
To the most wofull end ere mother kneel'd,

If



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If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,  
Bee thy life short as are the funerall teares  
In great mens. BRAC. Fye, fye, the womans mad.

COR. Bee thy act *Iudas-like* betray in kissing,  
Maiest thou be enuied during his short breath,  
And pittied like a wretch after this death.

VIT. O me accurst.

*Exit Uictoria*

FLAM. Are you out of your wits, my Lord  
Ile fetch her backe againe? BRAC. No I'le to bed.  
Send Doctor *Iulio* to me presently,

Vncharitable woman thy rash tongue  
Hath rais'd a fearefull and prodigious storme,  
Bee thou the cause of all ensuing harme.

*Exit Brachiano.*

FLAM. Now, you that stand so much vpon your honour,  
Is this a fitting time a night thinke you,  
To send a Duke home without ere a man:

I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth  
Which you haue whoorded for my maintenance,  
That I may beare my beard out of the leuell

Of my Lords Stirop. COR. What? because we are poore,  
Shall we be vicious? FLAM. Pray what meanes haue you  
To keepe me from the gallies, or the gallows?

My father prou'd himselfe a Gentleman,  
Sold al's land, and like a fortunate fellow,  
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me vp,

At *Padua* I confesse, where I protest  
For want of meanes, the Vniuersity iudge me,  
I haue bene faine to heele my Tutors stockings  
At least seuen yeares: Conspiring with a beard  
Made me a Graduate, then to this Dukes seruice,

I visited the Court, whence I return'd:  
More courteous, more letcherous by farre,  
But not a suite the richer, and shall I,  
Hauing a path so open and so free  
To my preferment, still retaine your milke  
In my pale forehead, no this face of mine  
I'le arme and fortiefie with lusty wine,

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Gainst shame and blushing.  
COR. O that I ne're had borne thee,  
FLAM. So would I.  
I would the common'st Courtezan in *Rome*,  
Had bene my mother rather than thy selfe.  
Nature is very pittfull to whoores  
To giue them but few children, yet those children  
Plurality of fathers, they are sure  
They shall not want. Go, go,  
Complaine vnto my great Lord Cardinall,  
Yet may be he will iustifie the act.  
*Lycurgus* wondred much men would prouide  
Good stalions for their Mares, and yet would suffer  
Their faire wiues to be barren,  
COR. Misery of miseries. *Exit Cornelia.*  
FLAM. The Dutchesse come to Court, I like not that,  
Wee are ingag'd to mischiefe and must on.  
As Riuers to finde out the Ocean  
Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes,  
Or as wee see to aspire some mountaines top,  
The way ascends not straight, but Imitates  
The subtle fouldings of a Winters snake,  
So who knowes policy and her true aspect,  
Shall finde her waies winding and indirect. *Exit.*  
*Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinall Mountcelso, Marcello,*  
*Isabella, young Giouanni, with little Iaques the Moore.*  
FRAN. Haue you not seene your husband since you ariued?  
ISAB. Not yet sir. FRAN. Surely he is wondrous kind,  
If I had a such Doue-house as *Camillo's*  
I would set fire on't, wer't but to destroy  
The Pole-cats that haunt to't, — my sweet cossin.  
GIO. Lord vnkle you did promise mee a horse  
And armour. FRAN. That I did my pretty cossin,  
*Marcello* see it fitted. MAR. My Lord the Duke is here.  
FRAN. Sister away you must not yet bee seene.  
ISAB. I do beseech you intreate him mildely,  
Let not your rough tongue

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Set vs at louder variance, all my wrongs  
Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt  
As men to try the precious Vnicornes horne  
Make of the powder a preseruatiue Circle  
And in it put a spider, so these armes  
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying  
And keepe him chast from an infected straying

FRAN. I wish it may. Be gone.

*Exit.*

*Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.*

Void the chamber,  
You are welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord  
Bee you my Orator, my hearts too full,  
I'le second you anon. MONT. E're I beginne  
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion  
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

BRAC. As silent as i'th Church you may proceed.

MONT. It is a wonder to your noble friends,  
That you haue as 'twere entred the world,  
With a free Scepter in your able hand,  
And haue to th'use of nature well applied  
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age  
Neglect your awfull throne, for the soft downe  
Of an insatiate bed. oh my Lord,  
The Drunkard after all his lauish cuppes,  
Is dry, and then is sober, so at length,  
When you awake from this lasciuious dreame,  
Repentance then will follow; like the sting  
Plac't in the Adders tayle: wretched are Princes  
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower  
Of their vnweldy crownes; or rauesheth  
But one pearle from their Scepter: but alas!  
When they to wilfull shipwrake loose good Fame  
All Princely titles perish with their name.

BRAC. You haue said my Lord, MON. Inough to giue you tast  
How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse?

BRAC. Now you that are his second, what say you?  
Do not like yong hawkes fetch a course about

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 0470 Your game flies faire and for you, FRAN. Do not feare it:  
wln 0471 I'le answere you in your owne hawking phrase,  
wln 0472 Some Eagles that should gaze vpon the Sunne  
wln 0473 Seldome soare high, but take their lustfull ease,  
wln 0474 Since they from dunghill birds their pery can ceaze,  
wln 0475 You know *Uittoria*, BRA. Yes.  
wln 0476 FRAN. You shift your shirt there  
wln 0477 When you retire from Tennis. BRAC. Happely.  
wln 0478 FRAN. Her husband is Lord of a poore fortune  
wln 0479 Yet she wears cloth of Tissue, BRAC. What of this?  
wln 0480 Will you vrge that my good Lord Cardinall  
wln 0481 As part of her confession at next Shrift,  
wln 0482 And know from whence it sailes. FRAN. She is your Strumpet,  
wln 0483 BRAC. Vnciuill sir ther's Hemlocke in thy breath  
wln 0484 And that blacke slander, were she a whore of mine  
wln 0485 All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers  
wln 0486 Thy Gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,  
wln 0487 Durst not supplant her. FRAN. Let's not talke on thunder,  
wln 0488 Thou hast a wife, our sister, would I had giuen  
wln 0489 Both her white hands to death, bound and lockt fast  
wln 0490 In her last winding sheete, when I gaue thee  
wln 0491 But one. BRAC. Thou hadst giuen a soule to God then.  
wln 0492 FRAN. True,  
wln 0493 Thy ghostly father with al's absolution,  
wln 0494 Shall ne're do so by thee. BRAC. Spit thy poyson,  
wln 0495 FRAN. I shall not need, lust carries her sharpe whippe  
wln 0496 At her owne girdle, looke to't for our anger  
wln 0497 Is making thunder-bolts. BRAC. Thunder? in faith,  
wln 0498 They are but crackers. FRAN. Wee'le end this with the Cannon.  
wln 0499 BRAC. Thou'lt get nought by it but iron in thy wounds,  
wln 0500 And gunpowder in thy nostrels. FRAN. Better that  
wln 0501 Then change perfumes for plaisters, BRAC. Pitty on thee,  
wln 0502 'Twere good you'ld shew your slaues or men condemn'd  
wln 0503 Your new plow'd fore-head defiance, and I'le meete thee,  
wln 0504 Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.  
wln 0505 MON. My Lords, you shall not word it any further  
wln 0506 Without a milder limit. FRAN. Willingly.

BRAC

wln 0507           BRAC.   Haue you proclaimed a Triumph that you baite a  
wln 0508   Lyon thus.   MON.   My Lord.   BRAC.   I am tame, I am tame sir.  
wln 0509           FLAN.   We send, vnto the Duke for conference  
wln 0510   Bout leauyes 'gainst the Pyrates, my Lord Duke  
wln 0511   Is not at home, we come our selfe in person,  
wln 0512   Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we feare  
wln 0513   When Tyber to each proling passenger  
wln 0514   Discouers flockes of wild-duckes, then my Lord  
wln 0515   'Bout moulting time, I meane wee shall be certaine  
wln 0516   To finde you sure enough and speake with you.   BRAC.   Ha?  
wln 0517           FLAN.   A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle,  
wln 0518   But to expresse the Sonnet by naturall reason,           *Enter Giouanni*  
wln 0519   When Stagges grow melancholike you'le finde the season  
wln 0520           MON.   No more my Lord, heere comes a Champion,  
wln 0521   Shall end the difference betweene you both,  
wln 0522   Your sonne the Prince *Giouanni*, see my Lords  
wln 0523   What hopes you store in him, this is a casket  
wln 0524   For both your Crowns, & should be held like deere:  
wln 0525   Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know  
wln 0526   It is a more direct and euen way  
wln 0527   To traine to vertue those of Princely bloud,  
wln 0528   By examples then by precepts: if by examples  
wln 0529   Whom should he rather striue to imitate  
wln 0530   Then his owne father: be his patterne then,  
wln 0531   Leaue him a stocke of vertue that may last,  
wln 0532   Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.  
wln 0533           BRA.   Your hand boy growing to souldier.   GIO.   Giue me a pike.  
wln 0534           FRAN.   What practising your pike so yong, faire cous.  
wln 0535           GIO.   Suppose me one of *Homers* frogges, my Lord,  
wln 0536   Tossing my bul-rush thus, pray sir tell mee  
wln 0537   Might not a child of good descretion  
wln 0538   Be leader to an army:   FRAN.   Yes cousin a yong Prince  
wln 0539   Of good descretion might.   GIO.   Say you so,  
wln 0540   Indeed I haue heard 'tis fit a Generall  
wln 0541   Should not endanger his owne person oft,  
wln 0542   So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horsebacke  
wln 0543   Like a danske drummer, ô 'tis excellent.

Hee

wln 0544 Hee need not fight, me thinkes his horse as well  
wln 0545 Might lead an army for him; if I liue  
wln 0546 I'le charge the French foe, in the very front  
wln 0547 Of all my troupes, the formost man. FRA. What, what,  
wln 0548 GIO. And will not bid my Souldiers vp and follow  
wln 0549 But bid them follow me. BRAC. Forward Lap-wing.  
wln 0550 He flies with the shell on's head. FRAN. Pretty cousin,  
wln 0551 GIO. The first yeare vnkle that I go to warre,  
wln 0552 All prisoners that I take I will set free  
wln 0553 Without their ransome. FRAN. Ha, without thier ransome,  
wln 0554 How then will you reward your souldiers  
wln 0555 That tooke those prisoners for you. GIO. Thus my Lord,  
wln 0556 I'le marry them to all the wealthy widowes  
wln 0557 That fals that yeare. FRAN. Why then the next yeare following  
wln 0558 You'le haue no men to go with you to warre.  
wln 0559 GIO. Why then I'le presse the women to the war,  
wln 0560 And then the men will follow. MON. Witty Prince.  
wln 0561 FRAN. See a good habite makes a child a man,  
wln 0562 Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast:  
wln 0563 Come you and I are friends. BRAC. Most wishedly,  
wln 0564 Like bones which broke in sunder and well set  
wln 0565 Knit the more strongly. FRAN. Call *Camillo* hither  
wln 0566 You haue receiued the rumor, how Count *Lodowicke*  
wln 0567 Is turn'd a Pyrate. BRAC. Yes. FRA. We are now preparing,  
wln 0568 Some shippes to fetch him in: behold your Dutchesse, *Exeunt Fr.*  
wln 0569 Wee now will leaue you and expect from you *Mon. Giou.*  
wln 0570 Nothing but kind intreaty. BRAC. You haue charm'd mee.  
wln 0571 You are in health we see. ISA. And aboue health  
wln 0572 To see my Lord well, BRAC. So I wonder much,  
wln 0573 What amorous whirlewind hurryed you to *Rome*  
wln 0574 ISA. Deuotion my Lord. BRAC. Deuotion?  
wln 0575 Is your soule charg'd with any grieuous sinne  
wln 0576 ISA. 'Tis burdened with too many, and I thinke  
wln 0577 The oftner that we cast our reckonings vp,  
wln 0578 Our sleepes will be the sounder. BRAC. Take your chamber?  
wln 0579 ISA. Nay my deere Lord I will not haue you angry,  
wln 0580 Doth not my absence from you two moneths,

Merite

wln 0581 Merit one kisse? BRAC. I do not vse to kisse,  
wln 0582 If that will dispossesse your iealousy,  
wln 0583 I'le sweare it to you. ISA. O my loued Lord,  
wln 0584 I do not come to chide; my iealousy,  
wln 0585 I am to learne what that *Italian* meanes,  
wln 0586 You are as welcome to these longing armes,  
wln 0587 As I to you a Virgine. BRAC. O your breath,  
wln 0588 Out vpon sweete meates, and continued Physicke.  
wln 0589 The plague is in them. ISA. You haue oft for these two lippes  
wln 0590 Neglected *Cassia* or the naturall sweetes  
wln 0591 Of the Spring-violet, they are not yet much whithered,  
wln 0592 My Lord I should be merry, these your frownes  
wln 0593 Shew in a Helmet, louely but on me,  
wln 0594 In such a peacefull enterueiw me thinkes  
wln 0595 They are to too roughly knit. BRA. O dissemblance.  
wln 0596 Do you bandy factions gainst me? haue you learn't,  
wln 0597 The trick of impudent basenes to complaine  
wln 0598 Vnto your kindred? ISA. Neuer my deere Lord.  
wln 0599 BRAC. Must I be haunted out, or wast your trick  
wln 0600 To meete some amorous gallant heere in Rome  
wln 0601 That must supply our discontinuance?  
wln 0602 ISA. I pray sir burst my heart, and in my death  
wln 0603 Turne to your antient pittie, though not loue.  
wln 0604 BRA. Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,  
wln 0605 That is the great Duke, S'death I shall not shortly  
wln 0606 Rackit away fiue hundreth Crownes at Tennis,  
wln 0607 But it shall rest vpon record: I scorne him  
wln 0608 Like a shau'd Pollake, all his reuerent wit  
wln 0609 Lies in his wardrope, hee's a discret fellow  
wln 0610 When hee's made vp in his robes of state,  
wln 0611 Your brother the great Duke, because h'as gallies,  
wln 0612 And now and then ransackes a Turkish flye-boate,  
wln 0613 (Now all the hellish furies take his soule,)  
wln 0614 First made this match, accursed be the Priest  
wln 0615 That sang the wedding Masse, and euen my Issue.  
wln 0616 ISA. O to too far you haue curst. BRA. Your hand I'le kisse,  
wln 0617 This is the latest ceremony of my loue,

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Hence-forth I'le neuer lye with thee, by this,  
This wedding-ring: I'le ne'remore lye with thee.  
And this diuorce shall be as truly kept,  
As if the Iudge had doom'd it: fare you well,  
Our sleeps are seuer'd. ISA. Forbid it the sweet vnion  
Of all things blessed; why the Saints in heauen  
Will knit their browes at that. BRA. Let not thy loue,  
Make thee an vnbeleueer, this my vow,  
Shall neuer on my soule bee satisfied  
With my repentance: let thy brother rage  
Beyond a horred tempest or sea-fight,  
My vow is fixed. ISA. O my winding sheet,  
Now shall I need thee shortly, deere my Lord,  
Let me heare once more, what I would not heare,  
Neuer. BRA. Neuer?  
ISA. O my vnkind Lord may your sins find mercy,  
As I vpon a woefull widowed bed,  
Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes,  
Vpon your wretched wife, and hopefull sonne,  
Yet that in time you'le fix them vpon heauen.  
BRAC. No more, go, go, complaine to the great Duke.  
ISA. No my deere Lord, you shall haue present witness,  
How I'le worke peace betweene you, I will make  
My selfe the author of your cursed vow  
I haue some cause to do it, you haue none,  
Conceale it I beseech you, for the weale  
Of both your Dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes  
Of such a separation, let the fault  
Remaine with my supposed iealousy,  
And thinke with what a pitteous and rent heart,  
I shall performe this sad insuing part.  
*Enter Francisco, Flamineo, **Montcello**, Marcello, Camillo.*  
BRAC. Well, take your course my honourable brother.  
FRAN. Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,  
She merits not this welcome. BRAC. Welcome say?  
Shee hath giuen a sharpe welcome. FRAN. Are you foolish?  
Come dry your teares, is this a modest course.



wln 0655 To better what is nought, to raile and weepe,  
wln 0656 Grow to a reconcilement, or by heauen,  
wln 0657 I'le nere more deale betweene you. ISA. Sir you shall not,  
wln 0658 No though *Uittoria* vpon that condition  
wln 0659 Would become honest. FRAN. Was your husband loud.  
wln 0660 Since we departed. ISA. By my life sir no,  
wln 0661 I swear by that I do not care to loose.  
wln 0662 Are all these ruines of my former beauty,  
wln 0663 Laid out for a whores triumph? FRA. Do you heare  
wln 0664 Looke vpon other women, with what patience  
wln 0665 They suffer these slight wrongs, with what iustice  
wln 0666 They study to requite them, take that course.  
wln 0667 ISA. O that I were a man, or that I had power  
wln 0668 To execute my apprehended wishes,  
wln 0669 I would whip some with scorpions. FRAN. What? turn'd fury?  
wln 0670 ISA. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye  
wln 0671 Some twenty monethes a dying, to cut off  
wln 0672 Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,  
wln 0673 Preserue her flesh like *Mummia*, for trophies  
wln 0674 Of my iust anger: Hell to my affliction  
wln 0675 Is meere snow-water. by your fauour sir,  
wln 0676 Brother draw neere, and my Lord Cardinall,  
wln 0677 Sir let me borrow of you but one kisse,  
wln 0678 Hence-forth I'le neuer lye with you, by this,  
wln 0679 This wedding ring. FRA. How? nere more lie with him,  
wln 0680 ISA. And this diuorce shall be as truly kept,  
wln 0681 As if in thronged Court, a thousand eares  
wln 0682 Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands,  
wln 0683 Seal'd to the separation. BRAC. Nere lie with me?  
wln 0684 ISA. Let not my former dotage,  
wln 0685 Make thee an vnbeleuer, this my vow  
wln 0686 Shall neuer on my soule be satisfied  
wln 0687 With my repentance, *manet alta mente repositum*.  
wln 0688 FRAN. Now by my birth you are a foolish, mad,  
wln 0689 And ielialous woman. BRA. You see 'tis not my seeking.  
wln 0690 FRAN. Was this your circle of pure Vnicornes horne,  
wln 0691 You said should charme your Lord; now hornes vpon thee,

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wln 0728

For ieaalousy deserues them, keepe your vow,  
And take your chamber. ISA. No sir I'le presently to *Padua*,  
I will not stay a minute. MONT. O good Madame.  
BRAC. 'Twere best to let her haue her humor,  
Some halfe daies iourney will bring downe her stomacke,  
And then she'le turne in post. FRAN. To see her come,  
To my Lord Cardinall for a dispensation  
Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.  
" ISA. Vnkindnesse do thy office, poore heart breake,  
"Those are the killing greifes which dare not speake. *Exit.*  
MAR. *Camillo's* come my Lord. *Enter Camillo.*  
FRAN. Where's the commission? MAR. Tis here.  
FRAN. Giue me the Signet.  
FLAM. My Lord do you marke their whispering, I will com-  
pound a medicine out of their two heads, stronger then garlick,  
deadlier then stibium, the Cantarides which are scarce seene to  
sticke vpon the flesh when they work to the heart, shall not do it  
with more silence or inuisible cunning. *Enter Doctor.*  
BRAC. About the murder.  
FLAM. They are sending him to *Naples*, but I'le send him to  
*Candy*, her's another property to. BRAC. O the Doctor,  
FLA. A poore quackesaluing knaue, my Lord, one that should  
haue bene lasht for's letchery, but that he confest a iudgement,  
had an execution laid vpon him, and so put the whip to a *non-plus*.  
DOCT. And was cosin'd, my Lord, by an arranter knaue  
then my selfe, and made pay all the coulourable execution.  
FLAM. He will shoot pils into a mans guts, shall make them  
haue more ventages then a cornet or a lamprey, hee will poyson  
a kisse, and was once minded, for his Master-peece, because *Ire-*  
*land* breeds no poyson, to haue prepared a deadly vapour in a  
*Spaniards* fart that should haue poison'd all *Dublin*.  
BRAC. O Saint *Anthony* fire:  
DOCT. Your Secretary is merry my Lord:  
FLAM. O thou cursed antipathy to nature, looke his eyes  
bloud-shed like a needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with,  
let me embrace thee toad, & loue thee ô thou abhominable loth-  
some gargarisme, that will fetch vp lungs, lights, heart, and liuer

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wln 0765

by scruples.

BRAC. No more, I must employ thee honest Doctor,  
You must to *Padua* and by the way, vse some of your skil for vs.

DOC. Sir I shall. BRAC. But for *Camillo*?

FLAM. He dies this night by such a polliticke straine,

Men shall suppose him by's owne engine slaine.

But for your Dutchesse death. DOCT. I'le make her sure

BRAC. Small mischiefes are by greater made secure.

FLAM. Remember this you slaue, when knaues come to preferment they rise as gallouses are raised i'th low countries, one vpon another shoulders. *Exeunt.*

MONT. Here is an Embleme nephew pray peruse it.

'Twas throwne in at your window, CAM. At my window,

Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his hornes,

And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes

The word *Inopem me copia fecit*. MON. That is.

Plenty of hornes hath made him poore of hornes.

CAM. What should this meane. MON. Ile tell you, 'tis giuen out  
You are a Cocould. CAM. Is it giuen out so.

I had rather such report as that my Lord.

Should keepe within dores. FRAN. Haue you any children.

CAM. None my Lord. FRA. You are the happier

Ile tell you a tale. CAM. Pray my Lord. FRAN. An old tale.

Vppon a time *Phœbus* the God of light

Or him wee call the Sunne would neede be married.

The Gods gaue their consent, and *Mercury*

Was sent to voice it to the generall world.

But what a pitious cry their straight arose

Amongst Smiths, & Felt-makers, Brewers & Cooks.

Reapers and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers

And thousand other trades, which are annoyed

By his excessiue heate; twas lamentable.

They came to *Iupiter* all in a sweat

And do forbid the banes; a great fat Cooke

Was made their Speaker, who intreates of *Ioue*

That *Phoebus* might bee guelled, for if now

When there was but one, Sunne so many men,

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wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802

Weare like to perish by his violent heate.  
What should they do if hee were married  
And should be more, and those children  
Make fier-workes like their father, so say I,  
Only I will apply it to your wife,  
Her issue should not prouidence preuent it  
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

MON. Looke you cossin.

Go change the aire for shame see if your absence,  
Will blast your *Cornucopia*, *Marcello*  
Is chosen with you ioint commissioner  
For the relieuing our Italian coast  
From pirates. MAR. I am much honord int. CAM. But sir  
Ere I returne the Stagges hornes may be sprouted,  
Greater then these are shed. MONT. Do not feare it,  
I'le bee your ranger. CAM. You must watch i'ch nights,  
Then's the most danger. FRAN. Farewell good *Marcello*.  
All the best fortunes of a Souldiers wish,  
Bring you a ship-board.

CAM. Were I not best now I am turn'd Souldier,  
E're that I leaue my wife, sell all shee hath,  
And then take leaue of her. MONT. I expect good from you,  
Your parting is so merry.

CAM. Merry my Lord, a'th Captaines humor right  
I am resolu'd to be drunke this night.

*Exit.*

FRA. So, 'twas well fitted, now shall we descerne,  
How his wisht absence will giue violent way,  
To Duke *Brachiano*'s lust, MONT. Why that was it;  
To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choice  
Of him for a sea Captaine, and besides,  
Count *Lodowicke* which was rumor'd for a pirate.  
Is now in *Padua*. FRAN. Is't true? MONT. Most certaine.  
I haue letters from him, which are suppliant  
To worke his quicke repeale from banishment,  
He meanes to adresse himselfe for pention,  
Vnto our sister Dutchesse. FRAN. O 'twas well.  
We shall not want his absence past sixe daies,

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 0806  
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I faine would haue the Duke *Brachiano* run  
Into notorious scandale, for their's nought  
In such curst dotage, to repaire his name,  
Onely the deepe sence of some deathlesse shame:  
MON. It may be obiected I am dishonourable,  
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answere.  
For my reuenge I'de stake a brothers life,  
That being wrong'd durst not auenge himselfe.  
FRA. Come to obserue this Strūpet. MON. Curse of greatnes,  
Sure hee'le not leaue her. FRAN. There's small pittie in't  
Like mistle-tow on seare Elmes spent by weather,  
Let him cleaue to her and both rot together. *Exeunt.*

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wln 0837  
wln 0838

*Enter Brachiano with one in the habite of a Coniurer.*  
BRAC. Now sir I claime your promise, 'tis dead midnight,  
The time prefixt to shew me by your Art,  
How the intended murder of *Camillo*,  
And our loathed Dutchesse grow to action.  
CON. You haue won me by your bounty to a deed,  
I do not often practise, some there are,  
Which by Sophisticke tricks, aspire that name  
Which I would gladly loose, of Nigromancer:  
As some that vse to iuggle vpon cardes,  
Seeming to coniure, when indeed they cheate.  
Others that raise vp their confederate spirits,  
'Bout wind-mils, and indanger their owne neckes,  
For making of a squib, and some their are  
Will keepe a curtall to shew iuggling trickes  
And giue out 'tis a spirit: besides these  
Such a whole reame of Almanacke-makers, figure-flingers.  
Fellowes indeed that onely liue by stealth,  
Since they do meerely lie about stolne goods,  
Thei'd make men thinke the diuell were fast and loose,  
With speaking fustian Lattine: pray sit downe,  
Put on this night-cap sir, 'tis charm'd, and now  
I'le shew you by my strong-commanding Art  
The circumstance that breakes your Dutchsse heart.

*Enter*

img: 15-a  
sig: D4v

Vittoria Corombona.

A DVMBE SHEVV.

*Enter suspiciously, Iulio and Christophero, they draw a curtaine wher **Brachian's** picture is, they put on spectacles of glasse, which couer their eyes and noses, and then burne perfunnes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.*  
*Enter Isabella in her night-gowne as to bed-ward, with lights after her, Count Lodouico, Giouanni, Guid-antonio and others waighting on her, shee kneeles downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doe's three reuerences to it, and kisses it thrice, shee faints and will not suffer them to come nere it, dies, sorrow exprest in Giouanni and in Count Lodouico, shees conueid out solemnly.*

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wln 0863  
wln 0864

BRAC. Excellent, then shee's dead, CON. She's poisoned,  
By the fum'd picture, 'twas her custome nightly,  
Before shee went to bed, to go and visite  
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes  
On the dead shadow, Doctor *Iulio*  
Observing this, infects it with an oile  
And other poison'd stuffe, which presently  
Did suffocate her spirits. BRAC. Me thought I saw,  
Count *Lodowicke* there. CON. He was, and by my art  
I finde hee did most passionately doate  
Vpon your Dutchesse, now turne another way,  
And veiw *Camillo's* farre more polliticke face,  
Strike louder musicke from this charmed ground,  
To yeeld, as fits the act, a Tragicke sound.

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wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873

THE SECOND DVMBE SHEVV.

*Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with foure more as Captaines, they drinke healths and dance, a vaunting horse is brought into the roome, Marcello and two more whisper'd out of the roome, while Flamineo and Camillo strip themselues into their shirts, as to vault, complement who shall beginne, as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him vpon his necke, and with the help of the rest, wriths his necke about, seeme's to see if it be broke, and layes him foulded double as 'twere vnder the horse, makes shewes to call for helpe.*

Marcello

img: 15-b  
sig: E1r

Vittoria Corombona.

*Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinall and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wonder at the act, commands the bodie to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and go as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.*

wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
  
wln 0878  
wln 0879

BRAC. 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance,  
I tast not fully. CON. O 'twas most apparant,

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You saw them enter charged with their deepe helthes  
To their boone voyage, and to second that,  
*Flamineo* cals to haue a vaulting horse  
Maintaine their sport. The vertuous *Marcello*,  
Is innocently plotted forth the roome,  
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you  
The engine of all. **MAR.** It seemes *Marcello*, and *Flamineo*  
Are both committed. **CON.** Yes, you saw them guarded,  
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend  
Your Mistresse, faire *Uittoria*; wee are now  
Beneath her roofe: 'twere fit we instantly  
Make out by some backe posterne: **BRAC.** Noble friend,  
You bind me euer to you, this shall stand  
As the firme seale annexed to my hand. *Exit Brac.*  
It shall inforce a payment. **CON.** Sir I thanke you.  
Both flowers and weedes, spring when the Sunne is warme,  
And great men do great good, or else great harme. *Exit Con.*  
*Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their Chancellor  
and Register.*

**FRAN.** You haue dealt discreetly to obtaine the presence,  
Of all the graue Leiger Embassadors  
To heare *Vittorias* triall. **MON.** 'Twas not ill,  
For sir you know we haue nought but circumstances  
To charge her with, about her husbands death,  
Their approbation therefore to the proofes  
Of her blacke lust, shall make her infamous  
To all our neighbouring Kingdomes, I wonder (pable  
If *Brachiano* will be here. **FRA.** O fye 'twere impudence too pal-

*Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.*

**LAVV.** What are you in by the weeke, so I will try now

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whether thy wit be close prisoner, mee thinke's none should sit  
vpon thy sister but old whoore-maisters,  
FLAM. Or cocoulds, for your cocould is your most terrible  
tickler of letchery: whoore-maisters would serue, for none are  
iudges at tilting, but those that haue bene old Tilters.  
LAVV. My Lord Duke and shee haue bene very priuate:  
FLAM. You are a dull asse, 'tis threatned they haue bene very  
publicke.  
LAVV. If it can be proued they haue but kist one another.  
FLAM. What then? LAVV. My Lord Cardinall will ferit them,  
FLAM. A Cardinall I hope will not catch conyes.  
LAVV. For to sowe kisses (marke what I say) to sowe kisses, is  
to reape letchery, and I am sure a woman that will endure kissing  
is halfe won.  
FLAM. True, her vpper part by that rule, if you will win her  
nether part to, you know what followes.  
LAVV. Harke the Embassadours are lighted,  
FLAM. I do put on this feigned Garbe of mirth,  
To gull suspition.  
MAR. O my vnfortunate sister!  
I would my daggers point had cleft her heart  
When she first saw *Brachiano*: You 'tis said,  
Were made his engine, and his stauking horse  
To vndo my sister. FLAM. I made a kind of path  
To her & mine owne preferment. MAR. Your ruine.  
FLAM. Hum! thou art a souldier,  
Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,  
As witches do their seruiceable spirits,  
Euen with thy prodigall bloud, what hast got?  
But like the wealth of Captaines, a poore handfull,  
Which in thy palme thou bear'st, as men hold water  
Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward  
Steales through thy fingers. MAR. Sir,  
FLAM. Thou hast scarce maintenance  
To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes. MAR. Brother.  
FLAM. Heare me,  
And thus when we haue euen powred ourselues,

Into



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Into great fights, for their ambition  
Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward,  
But as we seldome find the mistle-towe  
Sacred to physicke: Or the builder Oke,  
Without a Mandrake by it, so in our quest of gaine.  
Alas the poorest of their forc'd dislikes  
At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes:  
This is lamented doctrine. MAR. Come, come.  
FLAM. When age shall turne thee,  
White as a blooming hauthorne. MAR. I'le interrupt you.  
For loue of vertue beare an honest heart,  
And stride ouer euery polliticke respect,  
Which where they most aduance they most infect.  
VVere I your father, as I am your brother,  
I should not be ambitious to leaue you *Enter Sauoy.*  
A better patrimony. FLA. I'le think on't, The Lord Embassadors.  
*Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadors ouer  
the Stage seuerally. Enter French Embassadors.*  
LAVV. O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, he's an  
admirable Tilter.  
FLAM. I saw him at last Tilting, he shewed like a peuter can-  
dlesticke fashioned like a man in armour, houlding a Tilting  
staffe in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelue i'th pound.  
LAVV. O but he's an excellent horseman.  
FLAM. A lame one in his lofty trickes, hee sleepes a horse-  
backe like a poulter, *Enter English and Spanish*  
LAVV. Lo you my *Spaniard*.  
FLAM. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I haue seene a seruing-  
man carry glasses in a cipres hat-band, monstrous stedly for feare  
of breaking, He lookes like the claw of a blacke-bird, first salted  
and then broyled in a candle. *Exeunt.*  
THE ARAIGNEMENT OF VITTORIA.  
*Enter Francisco, **Montcelso**, the sixe lieger Embassadors, Brachiano,  
Uittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.*  
MONT. Forbeare my Lord, here is no place assing'd you,  
This businesse by his holinesse is left  
To our examination.



wln 1021 Come vp like stones wee vse giue Haukes for phisicke.  
wln 1022 Why this is welch to Lattin. LAVV. My Lords, the woman  
wln 1023 Know's not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect  
wln 1024 In the accademick deriuation  
wln 1025 Of Grammaticall elocution. FRAN. Sir your paynes  
wln 1026 Shall bee well spared, and your deepe eloquence  
wln 1027 Bee worthely applauded amongst those  
wln 1028 Which vnderstand you. LAVV. My good Lord. FRAN. Sir,  
wln 1029 Put vp your papers in your fustian bag, *Francisco speakes this*  
wln 1030 Cry mercy Sir, tis buckeram, and accept *as in scorne.*  
wln 1031 My notion of your learn'd verbosity.  
wln 1032 LAVV. I most graduatically thanke your Lordship.  
wln 1033 I shall haue vse for them elsewhere.  
wln 1034 MON. I shall bee playner with you, and paint out  
wln 1035 Your folies in more naturall red and white.  
wln 1036 Then that vpon your cheeke. VIT. O you mistake.  
wln 1037 You raise a blood as noble in this cheeke  
wln 1038 As euer was your mothers.  
wln 1039 MON. I must spare you till prooffe cry whore to that,  
wln 1040 Obserue this creature here my honoured Lords,  
wln 1041 A woman of a most prodigious spirit  
wln 1042 In her effected. VIT. Honorable my Lord,  
wln 1043 It doth not sute a reuerend Cardinall  
wln 1044 To play the Lawier thus  
wln 1045 MON. Oh your trade instructs your language!  
wln 1046 You see my Lords what goodly fruit she seemes,  
wln 1047 Yet like those apples trauellers report  
wln 1048 To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomora* stood.  
wln 1049 I will but touch her and you straight shall see  
wln 1050 Sheele fall to soote and ashes.  
wln 1051 VIT. Your inuenom'd Poticary should doo't  
wln 1052 MON. I am resolved.  
wln 1053 Were there a second Paradice to loose  
wln 1054 This Deuell would betray it. VIT. O poore charity!  
wln 1055 Thou art seldome found in scarlet.  
wln 1056 MON. Who knowes not how, when seuerall night by night  
wln 1057 Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her roomes.

wln 1058 Out-brau'd the stars with seuerall kind of lights,  
wln 1059 When shee did counterfet a Princes Court.  
wln 1060 In musicke banquets and most ryotous surfets  
wln 1061 This whore, forsooth, was holy.  
wln 1062 VIT. Ha? whore what's that?  
wln 1063 MON. Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shal;  
wln 1064 Ile giue their perfect character. They are first,  
wln 1065 Sweete meates which rot the eater: In mans nostrill  
wln 1066 Poison'd perfumes. They are coosning Alcumy,  
wln 1067 Shipwrackes in Calmest weather? What are whores?  
wln 1068 Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,  
wln 1069 As if that nature had forgot the spring.  
wln 1070 They are the trew matteriall fier of hell,  
wln 1071 Worse then those tributes ith low countries payed,  
wln 1072 Exactions vpon meat, drinke, garments sleepe.  
wln 1073 I euen on mans perdition, his sin.  
wln 1074 They are those brittle euidences of law  
wln 1075 Which forfait all a wretched mans estate  
wln 1076 For leauing out one sillable. What are whores?  
wln 1077 They are those flattering bels haue all one tune:  
wln 1078 At weddings, and at funerals, your ritch whores  
wln 1079 Are only treasuries by extortion fild,  
wln 1080 And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse,  
wln 1081 Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at gallowes  
wln 1082 And wrought vpon by surgeons, to teach man  
wln 1083 Wherin hee is imperfect. Whats a whore?  
wln 1084 Shees like the guilty conterfettet coine  
wln 1085 Which who so eare first stampes it bring in trouble  
wln 1086 All that receaue it VIT. This carracter scapes me.  
wln 1087 MON. You gentlewoman;  
wln 1088 Take from all beasts, and from all mineralls  
wln 1089 Their deadly poison. VIT. Well what then? MON. Ile tell thee  
wln 1090 Ile find in thee a Poticaries shop  
wln 1091 To sample them all. FR. EMB. Shee hath liued ill.  
wln 1092 ENG. and EMB. Trew, but the Cardinals too bitter.  
wln 1093 MON. You know what Whore is next the deuell; Adultry.  
wln 1094 Enters the deuell, murder. FRAN. Your vnhappy husband

wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
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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

Is dead. VIT. O hee's a happy husband  
Now hee owes Nature nothing.  
FRAN. And by a vaulting engine. MON. An actiue plot  
Hee iumpt into his graue. FRAN. what a prodigy wast,  
That from some two yardes height a slender man (more,  
Should breake his necke? MON. Ith' rushes. FRA. And what's  
Vpon the instant loose all vse of speach,  
All vitall motion, like a man had laine  
Wound vp three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.  
MON. And looke vpon this creature was his wife.  
Shee comes not like a widow: shee comes arm'd  
With scorne and impudence: Is this a mourning habit.  
VIT. Had I forknowne his death as you suggest,  
I would haue bespoke my mourning.  
MON. O you are conning.  
VIT. You shame your wit and Iudgement  
To call it so; What is my iust defence  
By him that is my Iudge cal'd impudence?  
Let mee appeale then from this Christian Court  
To the vnciuill Tartar. MON. See my Lords.  
Shee scandals our proceedings. VIT. Humbly thus.  
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected  
Leigier Embassadors, my modesty  
And womanhood I tender; but withall  
So intangled in a cursed accusation  
That my defence of force like *Perseus*.  
Must personate masculine vertue to the point.  
Find mee but guilty, seuer head from body:  
Weele part good frindes: I scorne to hould my life.  
at yours or any mans intreaty, Sir,  
ENG. EMB. Shee hath a braue spirit  
MON. Well, well, such counterfet Iewels  
Make trew on's oft suspected. VIT. You are deceaued.  
For know that all your strickt combined heads,  
Which strike against this mine of diamondes,  
Shall proue but glassen hammers, they shall breake,  
These are but faigned shadowes of my euels.

Terrifie

wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
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wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted deuils,  
I am past such needlesse palsy, for your names,  
Of Whoore and Murdresse they proceed from you,  
As if a man should spit against the wind,  
The filth returne's in's face.

MON. Pray you Mistresse satisfy me one question:  
Who lodg'd beneath your rooffe that fatall night  
Your husband brake his necke? BRA. That question  
Inforceth me breake silence, I was there.

MONT. Your businesse? BRAC. Why I came to comfort her,  
And take some course for setling her estate,  
Because I heard her husband was in debt  
To you my Lord. MONT. He was.

BRAC. And 'twas strangely fear'd,  
That you would cosen her. MONT. Who made you ouer-seer?

BRAC. Why my charity, my charity, which should flow  
From euery generous and noble spirit,  
To orphans and to widdows. MONT. Your lust.

BRA. Cowardly dogs barke loudest. Sirrah Priest,  
Ile talke with you hereafter, — Do you heare?  
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,  
I'le sheath in your owne bowels:

There are a number of thy coate resemble  
Your common post-boyes. MONT. Ha?

BRAC. Your mercinary post-boyes,  
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise  
To fill your mouth's with grosse and impudent lies.

SER. My Lord your gowne.

BRAC. Thou liest 'twas my stoole.  
Bestow't vpon thy maister that will challenge  
The rest a'th houshold-stuffe for *Brachiano*  
Was nere so beggarly, to take a stoole  
Out of anothers lodging: let him make  
Valence for his bed on't, or a demy foote-cloth,  
For his most reuerent moile, *Monticelso*,  
*Nemo me Impune lacescit.*

*Exit Brachiano.*

MONT. Your Champions gon.

wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
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wln 1174  
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wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
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wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206

VIT. The wolfe may prey the better.  
FRA. My Lord there's great suspicion of the murder,  
But no sound prooffe who did it: for my part  
I do not thinke she hath a soule so blacke  
To act a deed so bloody, if shee haue,  
As in cold countries husband-men plant Vines,  
And with warme blood manure them, euen so  
One summer she will beare vnsauory fruite,  
And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.  
The act of blood let passe, onely descend,  
To matter of incontinence. VIT. I decerne poison,  
Vnder your guilded pils.  
MON. Now the Duke's gone, I wil produce a letter,  
Wherein 'twas plotted, her and you should meete,  
At an Appoticaries summer-house.  
Downe by the riuer Tiber: veiw't my Lords:  
Where after wanton bathing and the heat  
Of a lasciuious banquet. — I pray read it,  
I shame to speak the rest. VIT. Grant I was tempted,  
Temptation to lust proues not the act,  
*Casta est quam nemo rogauit,*  
You reade his hot loue to me, but you want  
My frosty answer. MON. Frost i'th dog-daies! strange!  
VIT. Condemne you me for that the Duke did loue mee,  
So may you blame some faire and christall riuer  
For that some melancholike distracted man,  
Hath drown'd himselfe in't. MON. Truly drown'd indeed.  
VIT. Summe vp my faults I pray, and you shall finde,  
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,  
And a good stomacke to feast, are all,  
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with:  
Infaiht my Lord you might go pistoll flyes,  
The sport would be more noble. MON. Very good.  
VIT. But take you your course, it seemes you haue beggerd me  
And now would faine vndo me, I haue houses, (first  
Iewels, and a poore remnant of Crusado's,  
Would those would make you charitable. MON. If the deuill  
Did euer take good shape behold his picture.

wln 1207  
wln 1208  
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wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243

VIT. You haue one vertue left,  
You will not flatter me. FRA. Who brought this letter?  
VIT. I am not compel'd to tell you.  
MON. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand duckets,  
The twelfth of August. VIT. 'Twas to keepe your cosen  
From prison, I paid vse for't. MON. I rather thinke  
'Twas Interest for his lust.  
VIT. Who saies so but your selfe? if you bee my accuser  
Pray cease to be my Iudge, come from the Bench,  
Giue in your euidence 'gainst me, and let these  
Be moderators: my Lord Cardinall,  
Were your intelligencing eares as louing  
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue  
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.  
MONT. Go to, go to.  
After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,  
I'le giue you a choake peare. VIT. A' your owne grafting?  
MON. You were borne in *Uenice*, honourably descended,  
From the *Vittelli*, 'twas my cossins fate,  
Ill may I name the hower to marry you,  
Hee bought you of your father. VIT. Ha?  
MON. Hee spent there in sixe monthes  
Twelue thousand Dukets, and to my acquaintance  
Receiu'd in dowry with you not one *Iulio*:  
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light,  
I yet but draw the curtaine now to your picture,  
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,  
And so you haue continued. VIT. My Lord.  
MON. Nay heare me,  
You shall haue time to prate my Lord *Brachiano*,  
Alas I make but repetition,  
Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talke,  
And ballated, and would bee plaid a'th stage,  
But that vice many times findes such loud freinds.  
That Preachers are charm'd silent.  
You Gentlemen *Flamineo* and *Marcello*,  
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,



Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
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wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
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wln 1277  
wln 1278  
wln 1279  
wln 1280

Onely you must remaine vpon your suerties,  
For your appearance. FRA. I stand for *Marcello*.  
FLA. And my Lord Duke for me.  
MON. For you *Vittoria*, your publicke fault,  
Ioyn'd to'th condition of the present time,  
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pittie.  
Such a corrupted triall haue you made  
Both of your life and beauty, and bene stil'd  
No lesse in ominous fate then blasing starres  
To Princes heares; your sentence, you are confin'd,  
VIT. Vnto a house of conuertites and your baud.  
FLA. Who I? MON. The *Moore*.  
FLA. O I am a sound man againe.  
VIT. A house of conuertites, what's that?  
MON. A house of penitent whoores.  
VIT. Do the Noblemen in Rome,  
Erect it for their wiues, that I am sent  
To lodge there? FRAN. You must haue patience.  
VIT. I must first haue vengeance.  
I faine would know if you haue your saluation  
By patent, that you proceed thus. MON. Away with her,  
Take her hence. VIT. A rape, a rape. MON. How?  
VIT. Yes you haue rauisht iustice,  
Forc't her to do your pleasure. MON. fy shee's mad  
VIT. Dye with these pils in your most cursed mawes,  
Should bring you health, or while you sit a'th Bench,  
Let your owne spittle choake you. MON. She's turn'd fury.  
VIT. That the last day of iudgement may so find you,  
And leaue you the same deuill you were before,  
Instruct me some good horse-lech to speak Treason,  
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,  
Take it for wordes, ô womans poore reuenge  
Which dwels but in the tongue, I will not weepe,  
No I do scorne to call vp one poore teare  
To fawne one your iniustice, beare me hence,  
Vnto this house of what's your mittigating Title?  
MON. Of conuertites. VIT. It shal not be a house of conuertites

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1281  
wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
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wln 1317

My minde shall make it honester to mee  
Then the Popes Pallace, and more peaceable  
Then thy soule, though thou art a Cardinall,  
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,  
Through darkenesse Diamonds spred their ritchest light.

*Enter Brachiano.*

*Exit Uittoria.*

BRA. Now you and I are friends sir, wee'le shake hands,  
In a friends graue, together, a fit place,  
Being the embleme of soft peace t'attone our hatred.

FRA. Sir, what's the matter?

BRA. I will not chase more bloud from that lou'd checke,  
You haue lost too much already, fare-you-well.

FRA. How strange these words sound? what's the interpretatiō?

FLA. Good, this is a preface to the discouery of the Dutches  
death: Hee carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a  
whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will faine a madde  
humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keepe off idle  
questions, Treasons tongue hath a villanous palsy in't, I will talk  
to any man, heare no man, and for a time appeare a polliticke  
mad-man.

*Enter Giouanni, Count Lodouico.*

FRA. How now my Noble cossin, what in blacke?

GIO. Yes Vnckle, I was taught to imitate you  
In vertue, and you must imitate mee  
In couloures for your garments, my sweete mother  
Is, FRA. How? Where?

GIO. Is there, no yonder, indeed sir I'le not tell you,  
For I shall make you weepe. FRA. Is dead.

GIO. Do not blame me now,  
I did not tell you so. LOD. She's dead my Lord.

FRA. Dead? MON. Blessed Lady;  
Thou art now about thy woes,  
Wilt please your Lordships to with-draw a little.

GIO. What do the dead do, vnckle? do they eate,  
Heare musicke, goe a hunting, and bee merrie, as wee that liue?

FRAN. No cose; they sleepe.

GIO. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,  
I haue not slept these sixe nights. When doe they wake?

FRA.

wln 1318  
wln 1319  
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wln 1350  
wln 1351  
wln 1352  
wln 1353  
wln 1354

FRAN. When God shall please.  
Good God let her sleepe euer.

GIO. For I haue knowne her wake an hundreth nights,  
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,  
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to complaine to you Sir.  
Ile tell you how they haue vsed her now shees dead:  
They wrapt her in a cruell fould of lead,  
And would not let mee kisse her. FRAN. Thou didst loue her.

GIO. I haue often heard her say shee gaue mee sucke,  
And it should seeme by that shee deerely lou'd mee,  
Since Princes seldome doe it.

FRAN. O, all of my poore sister that remaines!  
Take him away for Gods sake. MON. How now my Lord?

FRAN. Beleeue mee I am nothing but her graue,  
And I shall keepe her blessed memorie,  
Longer then thousand Epitaphs. *Enter Flamineo as distracted.*

FLA. Wee indure the strokes like anuiles or hard steele,  
Till paine it selfe make vs no paine to feele.  
Who shall doe mee right now? Is this the end of seruice? Ide  
rather go weede garlicke; trauaile through France, and be mine  
owne ostler; weare sheepe-skin lininges; or shoos that stinke of  
blacking; bee entred into the list of the fourtie thousand pedlars  
in Poland. *Enter Sauoy.*

Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at Venice, built  
vpon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had seru'd *Brachiano*.

SAV. You must haue comfort.

FLA. Your comfortable wordes are like honie. They relish  
well in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded  
they go downe as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they  
haue wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not  
seeme to doe it of malice. In this a Polititian imitates the  
deuill, as the deuill imitates a Canon. Wheresoeuer he comes to  
doe mischiefe, he comes with his backside towards you.

*Enter the French.*

FRE. The proofes are euident.

FLA. Prooffe! t'was corruption. O Gold, what a God art  
thou! and ô man, what a deuill art thou to be tempted by that

wln 1355  
wln 1356  
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Enter English  
Embassador.

cursed Minerall! You diuersiuolent Lawyer; marke him, knaues  
turne informers, as maggots turne to flies, you may catch gud-  
gions with either. A Cardinall; I would hee would heare mee,  
theres nothing so holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it,  
like vittell vnder the line. You are happie in England, my Lord;  
here they sell iustice with those weights they presse men to  
death with. O horrible salarie!

ENG. Fie, fie, *Flamineo*.

FLA. Bels nere ring well, till they are at their full pitch,  
And I hope yon Cardinall shall neuer haue the grace to pray  
well, till he come to the scaffold.

If they were rackt now to know the confederacie! But your  
Noblemen are priuiledged from the racke; and well may. For  
a little thing would pull some of them a peeces afore they came  
to their arraignment. Religion; oh how it is commeddled with  
policie. The first bloudshed in the world happened about re-  
ligion. Would I were a Iew. MAR. O, there are too many.

FLA. You are deceiu'd. There are not Iewes enough;  
Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. MAR. How?

FLA. Ile proue it. For if there were Iewes enough, so many  
Christians would not turne vsurers; if Preists enough, one  
should not haue sixe Benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so  
many earlie mushromes, whose best growth sprang from a  
dunghill, should not aspire to gentilitie. Farewell. Let others  
liue by begging. Bee thou one of them; practize the art of *Wol-  
nor* in England to swallow all's giuen thee; and yet let one pur-  
gation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in  
saw-pit. Ile go heare the scritch-owle.

*Exit.*

LOD. This was *Brachiano's* Pandar, and 'tis strange  
That in such open and apparant guilt  
Of his adulterous sister, hee dare vtter  
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

*Enter Flamineo.*

FLA. How dares this banisht Count returne to Rome,  
His pardon not yet purchast? I haue heard  
The deceast Dutchesse gaue him pension,  
And that he came along from Padua  
I'th' traine of the yong Prince. There's somewhat in 't.

Phisitians

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 1393  
wln 1394  
wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402  
wln 1403  
wln 1404  
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wln 1425  
wln 1426  
wln 1427  
wln 1428

Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke  
With counterpoisons.  
MAR. Marke this strange incounter.  
FLA. The God of Melancholie turne thy gall to poison,  
And let the stigmaticke wrinces in thy face,  
Like to the boisterous waues in a rough tide  
One still ouertake an other. LOD. I doe thanke thee  
And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake  
The dog-daies all yeare long.  
FLA. How crokes the rauē?  
Is our good Dutchesse dead? LOD. Dead FLA. O fate!  
Misfortune comes like the Crowners businesse,  
Huddle vpon huddle. LOD. Shalt thou & I ioyne housekeeping?  
FLA. Yes, content.  
Let's bee vnsociably sociable.  
LOD. Sit some three daies together, and discourse.  
FLA. Onely with making faces;  
Lie in our clothes. LOD. With faggots for our pillowes.  
FLA. And bee lowsie.  
LOD. In taffeta lininges; that's gentile melancholie,  
Sleepe all day. FLA. Yes: and like your melancholike hare  
Feed after midnight.  
Wee are obserued: see how yon couple greue.  
LOD. What a strange creature is a laughing foole,  
As if man were created to no vse  
But onely to shew his teeth. FLA. Ile tell thee what,  
It would doe well in stead of looking glasses  
To set ones face each morning by a sawcer  
Of a witches congealed bloud. LOD. Pretious gue.  
Weel neuer part. FLA. Neuer: till the beggerie of Courtiers,  
The discontent of church-men, want of souldiers,  
And all the creatures that hang manacled,  
Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie  
Of fortunes wheele be taught in our two liues. *Enter Antonelli.*  
To scorne that world which life of meanes depriues.  
AN. My Lord, I bring good newes. The Pope on's death-bed,  
At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,

Hath

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wln 1430  
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wln 1465

Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd vnto you —  
LOD. I thanke you for your news. Look vp againe  
*Flamineo*, see my pardon. FLAM. Why do you laugh?  
There was no such condition in our couenant. LOD. Why?  
FLAM. You shall not seeme a happier man then I,  
You know our vow sir, if you will be merry,  
Do it i'th like posture, as if some great man  
Sate while his enemy were executed:  
Though it be very letchery vnto thee,  
Doo't with a crabbed Polititians face.  
LOD. Your sister is a damnable whore. FLAM. Ha?  
LOD. Looke you; I spake that laughing.  
FLAM. Dost euer thinke to speake againe?  
LOD: Do you heare?  
Wil't sel me fourty ounces of her bloud,  
To water a mandrake? FL. Poore Lord; you did vow  
To liue a lowzy creature. LOD. Yes; FLA. Like one  
That had for euer forfeited, the day-light,  
By being in debt, LOD. Ha, ha?  
FLAM. I do not greatly wonder you do breake:  
Your Lordship learn't long since. But Ile tell you,  
LOD. What? FLA. And't shall sticke by you.  
LOD. I long for it.  
FLAM. This laughter scruily becomes your face,  
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. *Strikes him.*  
See now I laugh too.  
MAR. You are to blame, Ile force you hence.  
LOD. Vnhand me: *Exit Mar. & Flam.*  
That ere I should be forc't to right my selfe,  
Vpon a Pandar. ANT. My Lord.  
LOD. H'had bene as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.  
GAS. How this shewes!  
LOD. Vds' death, how did my sword misse him?  
These rogues that are most weary of their liues,  
Still scape the greatest dangers,  
A pox vpon him: all his reputation;  
Nay all the goodnesse of his family;

wln 1466  
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wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502

Is not worth halfe this earthquake.  
I learnt it of no fencer to shake thus;  
Come, I'le forget him, and go drinke some wine. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Franciso and Monticelso.*

MON. Come, come my Lord, vntie your fouled thoughts,  
And let them dangle loose as a brid's haire.  
Your sister's poisoned.

FRA. Farre bee it from my thoughts  
To seeke reuenge.

MON. What, are you turn'd all marble?

FRA. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre  
Most burthensome on my poore subiects neckes,  
Which at my will I haue not power to end?  
You know; for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,  
Committed in the horred lust of warre,  
He that vniustly caus'd it first proceed,  
Shall finde it in his graue and in his seed.

MON. That's not the course I'de wish you: pray, obserue me,  
We see that vndermining more preuailles  
Then doth the Canon, Beare your wrongs conceal'd,  
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Cammell  
Stalke o're your back vnbruis'd: sleep with the Lyon,  
And let this brood of secure foolish mice  
Play with your nostrils, till the time bee ripe  
For th'bloody audit, and the fatall gripe:  
Aime like a cunning fowler, close one eie,  
That you the better may your game espy.

FRA. Free me my innocence; frō treacherous actes:  
I know ther's thunder yonder: and I'le stand,  
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee  
To some aspiring mountaine: since I know  
Treason, like spiders weauing nets for flies,  
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.  
To passe away these thoughts, my honour'd Lord,  
It is reported you possesse a booke  
Wherein you haue quoted, by intelligence,  
The names of all notorious offenders

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 1539

Lurking about the Citty, MON. Sir I doe  
And some there are which call it my blacke booke:  
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not  
The Art of coniuring, yet in it lurke,  
The names of many deuils. FRAN. Pray let's see it.  
MON. I'le fetch it to your Lordship.  
FRA. *Monticelso,*  
I will not trust thee, but in all my plots  
I'le rest as iealous as a Towne besieg'd.  
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act.  
Your flax soone kindles, soone is out againe,  
But gold slow heat's, and long will hot remaine.  
MON. 'Tis here my Lord.  
FRA. First your Intelligencers pray let's see.  
MON. Their number rises strangely,  
And some of them  
You'd Take for honest men.  
Next are Pandars.  
These are your Pirats: and these following leaues,  
For base rogues that vndo yong Gentlemen  
By taking vp commodities: for pollitick bankroupts:  
For fellows that are bawdes to their owne wiues,  
Onely to put off horses and slight iewels,  
Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,  
At birth of their first children. FRA. Are there such?  
MON. These are for Impudent baudes,  
That go in mens apparell: for vsurers  
That share with scriueners for their good reportage:  
For Lawyers that will antedate their writtes:  
And some Diuines you might find foulded there;  
But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.  
Here is a generall catalogue of knaues.  
A man might study all the prisons o're,  
Yet neuer attaine this knowledge. FRA. Murderers.  
Fould downe the leafe I pray,  
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.  
MON. Pray vse't my Lord.

*Exit Monticelso.*

*Enter Mont.*  
*Fran. with*

FRA.



Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 1575  
wln 1576

FRAN. I do assure your Lordship,  
You are a worthy member of the State,  
And haue done infinite good in your discouery  
Of these offenders. MON. Some-what Sir. FRA. O God!  
Better then tribute of wolues paid in *England*.

'Twill hang their skinnes o'th hedge.

MON. I must make bold  
To leaue your Lord-ship. FRA. Deerely sir, I thanke you,  
If any aske for me at Court, report  
You haue left me in the company of knaues. *Exit Mont.*

I gather now by this, some cunning fellow  
That's my Lords Officer, one that lately skipt  
From a Clerkes deske vp to a Iustice chaire,  
Hath made this knauish summons; and intendes,  
As th'Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,  
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,  
Your poore rogues pay for't, which haue not the meanes  
To present bribe in fist: the rest o'th' band  
Are raz'd out of the knaues record; or else  
My Lord he winkes at them with easy will,  
His man growes rich, the knaues are the knaues still.  
But to the vse I'le make of it; it shall serue  
To point me out a list of murderers,  
Agents for any villany. Did I want  
Ten leash of Curtisans, it would furnish me;  
Nay lawndresse three Armies. That so in little paper  
Should lye th'vndoing of so many men!  
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.

See the corrupted vse some make of bookes:  
Diunity, wrested by some factious bloud,  
Draws swords, swels battels, & orethrowes all good.  
To fashion my reuenge more seriously,  
Let me remember my dead sisters face:  
Call for her picture: no; I'le close mine eyes,  
And in a melancholicke thought I'le frame

*Enter Isabola's Ghost.*

Her figure 'fore me. Now I — ha'te how strong

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1577 Imagination workes! how she can frame  
wln 1578 Things which are not! me thinks she stands afore me;  
wln 1579 And by the quicke Idea of my minde,  
wln 1580 Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.  
wln 1581 Thought, as a subtile Iugler, makes vs deeme  
wln 1582 Things, supernaturall, which haue cause  
wln 1583 Common as sicknesse. 'Tis my melancholy,  
wln 1584 How cam'st thou by thy death? — how idle am I  
wln 1585 To question mine owne idlenesse? — did euer  
wln 1586 Man dreame awake till now? — remoue this obiect  
wln 1587 Out of my braine with't: what haue I to do  
wln 1588 With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,  
wln 1589 That haue to meditate vpon reuenge?  
wln 1590 So now 'tis ended, like an old wiues story.  
wln 1591 States-men thinke often they see stranger sights  
wln 1592 Then mad-men. Come, to this waighty businesse.  
wln 1593 My Tragedy must haue some idle mirth in't,  
wln 1594 Else it will neuer passe. I am in loue,  
wln 1595 In loue with *Corombona*; and my suite  
wln 1596 Thus haltes to her in verse. —  
wln 1597 I haue done it rarely: ô the fate of Princes!  
wln 1598 I am so vs'd to frequent flattery, *he writes*  
wln 1599 That being alone I now flatter my selfe;  
wln 1600 But it will serue, 'tis seal'd; beare this *Enter seruant*  
wln 1601 To th'house of Conuertites; and watch your leisure  
wln 1602 To giue it to the hands of *Corombona*,  
wln 1603 Or to the Matron, when some followers  
wln 1604 Of *Brachiano* may be by. Away *Exit seruant.*  
wln 1605 He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow:  
wln 1606 When a mans head goes through each limbe will follow.  
wln 1607 The engine for my busines, bold Count *Lodowicke*:  
wln 1608 'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,  
wln 1609 With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.  
wln 1610 *Brachiano*, I am now fit for thy encounter.  
wln 1611 Like the wild Irish I'le nere thinke thee dead,  
wln 1612 Till I can play at footeball with thy head.  
wln 1613 *Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta mouebo.* *Exit Mon.*

*Enter*

*Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.*

MAT. Should it be knowne the Duke hath such recourse.  
To your imprison'd sister, I were like  
T'incur much damage by it. FLA. Not a scruple.  
The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads  
Are troubled now with other businesse  
Than guarding of a Ladie. *Enter seruant.*

SER. Yonder's *Flamineo* in conference  
With the Matrona. Let mee speake with you.  
I would intreat you to deliuer for mee  
This letter to the faire *Uittoria*.

MAT. I shall Sir. *Enter Brachiano.*

SER. With all care and secrecie,  
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receiue  
Thankes for this curtesie. FLA. How now? what's that?

MAT. A letter. FLA. To my sister: Ile see't deliuered.

BRA. What's that you read *Flamineo*? FLA. Looke.

BRA. Ha? To the most vnfortunate his best respected *Uittoria*  
Who was the messenger? FLA. I know not.

BRA. No! Who sent it?

FLA. Vd's foot you speake, as if a man  
Should know what foule is coffind in a bak't meate  
Afore you cut it vp.

BRA. Ile open't, were't her heart. What's heere subscribed  
This iugling is grosse and palpable. (Florence?)  
I haue found out the conueyance; read it, read, it.

FLA. *Your teares Ile turne to triumphes, bee but mine.*  
*Your prop is fall'n; I pittie that a vine*  
*Which Princes heretofore haue long'd to gather,*  
*Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.*  
Wine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would serue his turne.  
*Your sad imprisonment Ile soone vncharme,*  
*And with a princelie vncontrolled arme*  
*Lead you to Florence, where my loue and care*  
*Shall hang your wishes in my siluer haire.*  
A halter on his strange æquiucation.  
*Nor for my yeares returne mee the sad willow,*

*Reades the  
letter,*

wln 1651 *Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow.*  
wln 1652 Rotten on my knowledge with lying too long i'th bed-straw.  
wln 1653 *And all the lines of age this line conuinces:*  
wln 1654 *The Gods neuer wax old, no more doe Princes.*  
wln 1655 A pox on't teare it, let's haue no more Atheists for Gods sake.  
wln 1656 BRA. Vdsdeath, Ile cut her into Atomies  
wln 1657 And let th'irregular North-winde sweepe her vp  
wln 1658 And blow her int' his nostrhils. Where's this whore?  
wln 1659 FLA. That? what doe you call her?  
wln 1660 BRA. Oh, I could bee mad,  
wln 1661 Preuent the curst disease shee'l bring mee to;  
wln 1662 And teare my haire off. Where's this changeable stuffe?  
wln 1663 FLA. Ore head and eares in water, I assure you,  
wln 1664 Shee is not for your wearing. BRA. In you Pandar?  
wln 1665 FLA. What mee, my Lord, am I your dog?  
wln 1666 BRA. A bloud-hound: doe you braue? doe you stand mee?  
wln 1667 FLA. Stand you? let those that haue diseases run;  
wln 1668 I need no plaisters. BRA. Would you bee kickt?  
wln 1669 FLA. Would you haue your necke broke?  
wln 1670 I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;  
wln 1671 My shinnes must be kept whole. BRA. Do you know mee?  
wln 1672 FLA. O my Lord! methodically.  
wln 1673 As in this world there are degrees of euils:  
wln 1674 So in this world there are degrees of deuils.  
wln 1675 You'r a great Duke; I your poore secretarie.  
wln 1676 I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.  
wln 1677 BRA. Pandar, plie your conuoy, and leaue your prating.  
wln 1678 FLA. All your kindnesse to mee is like that miserable cur-  
wln 1679 tesie of *Polyphemus* to *Ulisses*, you reserue mee to be deuour'd  
wln 1680 last, you would dig turues out of my graue to feed your Larkes:  
wln 1681 that would bee musicke to you. Come, Ile lead you to her.  
wln 1682 BRA. Do you face mee?  
wln 1683 FLA. O Sir I would not go before a Pollitique enemy with  
wln 1684 my backe towards him, though there were behind mee a whirle-  
wln 1685 poole. *Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.*  
wln 1686 BRA. Can you read Mistresse? looke vpon that letter;  
wln 1687 There are no characters nor Hieroglyphicks.

You

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1688 You need no comment, I am growne your receiuer,  
wln 1689 Gods pretious you shall bee a braue great Ladie,  
wln 1690 A statelie and aduanced whore. VIT. Say Sir.  
wln 1691 BRA. Come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discouer  
wln 1692 Your treasurie of loue-letters. Death and furies,  
wln 1693 Ile see them all. VIT. Sir, vpon my soule,  
wln 1694 I haue not any. Whence was this directed?  
wln 1695 BRA. Confusion on your politicke ignorance.  
wln 1696 You are reclaimed; are you? Ile giue you the bells  
wln 1697 And let you flie to the deuill. FLA. Ware hawke, my Lord.  
wln 1698 VIT. Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord,  
wln 1699 To mee, he nere was louely I protest,  
wln 1700 So much as in my sleepe. BRA. Right: they are plots.  
wln 1701 Your beautie! ô, ten thousand curses on't.  
wln 1702 How long haue I beheld the deuill in christall?  
wln 1703 Thou hast lead mee, like an heathen sacrifice,  
wln 1704 With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers  
wln 1705 To my eternall ruine. Woman to man  
wln 1706 Is either a God or a wolfe. VIT. My Lord. BRA. Away.  
wln 1707 Wee'l bee as differing as two Adamants;  
wln 1708 The one shall shunne the other. What? do'st weepe?  
wln 1709 Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,  
wln 1710 Yee'ld furnish all the Irish funeralls  
wln 1711 With howling, past wild Irish. FLA. Fie, my Lord.  
wln 1712 BRA. That hand, that cursed hand, which I haue wearied  
wln 1713 With doting kisses! O my sweetest Dutchesse  
wln 1714 How louelie art thou now! Thy loose thoughtes  
wln 1715 Scatter like quicke-siluer, I was bewitch'd;  
wln 1716 For all the world speakes ill of thee. VIT. No matter.  
wln 1717 Ile liue so now Ile make that world recant  
wln 1718 And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchesse.  
wln 1719 BRA. Whose death God pardon.  
wln 1720 VIT. Whose death God reuenge  
wln 1721 On thee most godlesse Duke. FLA. Now for tow whirlwindes.  
wln 1722 VIT. What haue I gain'd by thee but infamie?  
wln 1723 Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my house,  
wln 1724 And frighted thence noble societie:

Like

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 1761

Like those, which sicke 'oth' Palsie, and retaine  
Ill-senting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd  
By those of choicer nostrills. What doe you call this house?  
Is this your palace? did not the Iudge stile it  
A house of penitent whores? who sent mee to it?  
Who hath the honour to aduance *Uittoria*  
To this incontinent colledge? is 't not you?  
Is 't not your high preferment? Go, go brag  
How many Ladies you haue vndone, like mee.  
Fare you well Sir; let me heare no more of you.  
I had a limbe corrupted to an vlcer,  
But I haue cut it off: and now Ile go  
Weeping to heauen on crutches. For your giftes,  
I will returne them all; and I do wish  
That I could make you full Executor  
To all my sinnes, ò that I could tosse my selfe  
Into a graue as quickly: for all thou art worth  
Ile not shed one teare more; — Ile burst first.

*She throwes her  
selfe vpon a bed.*

BRA. I haue drunke Lethe.  
*Uittoria?* My dearest happinesse? *Vittoria?*  
What doe you aile my Loue? why doe you weepe?  
VIT. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you see.  
BRA. Are not those matchlesse eies mine? VIT. I had rather.  
They were not matches. BRA. Is not this lip mine?  
VIT. Yes: thus to bite it off, rather than giue it thee.  
FLA. Turne to my Lord, good sister.  
VIT. Hence you Pandar.  
FLA. Pandar! Am I the author of your sinne?  
VIT. Yes: Hee's a base theif that a theif lets in.  
FLA. Wee're blowne vp, my Lord,  
BRA. Wilt thou heare mee?  
Once to bee ieaalous of thee is t'expresse  
That I will loue thee euerlastingly,  
And neuer more bee ieaalous. VIT. O thou foole,  
Whose greatnesse hath by much oregrowne thy wit!  
What dar'st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer,  
Excepting to bee still thy whore? for that;

wln 1762  
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wln 1796  
wln 1797  
wln 1798

In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make  
A bonefire. FLA. O, no othes for gods sake.  
BRA. Will you heare mee? VIT. Neuer.  
FLA. What a damn'd impostume is a womans will?  
Can nothing breake it? fie, fie, my Lord.  
Women are caught as you take Tortoises,  
Shee must bee turn'd on her backe. Sister, by this hand  
I am on your side. Come, come, you haue wrong'd her.  
What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,  
To thinke the Duke of Florence could loue her?  
Will any Mercer take an others ware  
When once 't is tows'd and sullied? And, yet sister,  
How scuruily this frowardnesse becomes you?  
Yong Leuerets stand not long; and womens anger  
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;  
A full crie for a quarter of an hower;  
And then bee put to th' dead quat. BRA. Shall these eies,  
VVhich haue so long time dwelt vpon your face,  
Be now put out? FLA. No cruell Land-ladie 'ith' world,  
VVhich lend's forth grotes to broome-men, & takes vse for thẽ,  
VVould doe't.  
Hand her, my Lord, and kisse her: be not like  
A ferret to let go your hold with blowing.  
BRA. Let vs renew right handes. VIT. Hence.  
BRA. Neuer shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,  
Make mee commit like fault.  
FLA. Now you are ith' way out, follow 'thard.  
BRA. Bee thou at peace with mee; let all the world  
Threaten the Cannon. FLA. Marke his penitence.  
Best natures doe commit the grossest faultes,  
When they're giu'n ore to iealosie; as best wine  
Dying makes strongest vinneger. Ile tell you;  
The Sea's more rough and raging than calme riuers,  
But nor so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet woman  
Is a still water vnder a great bridge.  
A man may shoot her safely. VIT. O yee dissembling men!  
FLA. Wee suckt that, sister, from womens brestes, in our

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1799 first infancie. VIT. To ad miserie to miserie. BRA. Sweetest.  
wln 1800 VIT. Am I not low enough?  
wln 1801 I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball  
wln 1802 Now your affection's cold. FLA. Vd'foot, it shall melt,  
wln 1803 To a hart againe, or all the wine in Rome  
wln 1804 Shall run o'th lees for't.  
wln 1805 VIT. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better  
wln 1806 Then I haue bin. Ile speake not one word more.  
wln 1807 FLA. Stop her mouth,  
wln 1808 With a sweet kisse, my Lord.  
wln 1809 So now the tide's turne'd the vessel's come about  
wln 1810 Hee's a sweet armefull. O wee curl'd-haird men  
wln 1811 Are still most kind to women. This is well.  
wln 1812 BRA. That you should chide thus!  
wln 1813 FLA. O, sir, your little chimnies  
wln 1814 Doe euer cast most smoke. I swet for you.  
wln 1815 Couple together with as deepe a silence,  
wln 1816 As did the Grecians in their wodden horse.  
wln 1817 My Lord supplie your promises with deedes.  
wln 1818 *You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.*  
wln 1819 BRA. Stay ingratefull Rome. (vsage.  
wln 1820 FLA. Rome! it deserues to be cal'd Barbarie, for our villainous  
wln 1821 BRA. Soft; the same proiect which the Duke of Florence,  
wln 1822 (Whether in loue or gullerie I know not)  
wln 1823 Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.  
wln 1824 FLA. And no time fitter than this night, my Lord;  
wln 1825 The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entred  
wln 1826 The Conclauē for th' electing a new Pope;  
wln 1827 The Cittie in a great confusion;  
wln 1828 Wee may attire her in a Pages suit,  
wln 1829 Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine  
wln 1830 For Padua.  
wln 1831 BRA. Ile instantly steale forth the Prince *Giouanni*,  
wln 1832 And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother  
wln 1833 And yong *Marcello* that attendes on Florence,  
wln 1834 If you can worke him to it, follow mee.  
wln 1835 I will aduance you all: for you *Vittoria*,

Thinke



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wln 1871  
wln 1872

Thinke of a Dutchesse title. FLA. Lo you sister.  
Stay, my Lord; I'le tell you a tale. The crocodile, which liues in  
the riuer *Nilus*, hath a worme bredes i'th teeth of't, which puts it  
to extreame anguish: a little bird, no bigger then a wren, is bar-  
bor-surgeon to this crocodile; flies into the iawes of't; pickes out  
the worme; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease  
but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird may not talke  
largely of her abroad for non payment, closeth her chaps inten-  
ding to swallow her, and so put her to perpetuall silence. But na-  
ture loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill  
or pricke on the head, top o'th which wounds the crocodile i'th  
mouth; forceth her open her bloody prison; and away flies the  
pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

BRAC. Your application is, I haue not rewarded  
The seruice you haue done me. FLAM. No, my Lord;  
You sister are the crocodile: you are blemisht in your fame, My  
Lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in euery  
particle; yet obserue, remember, what good the bird with the  
pricke i'th head hath done you; and scorne ingratitude.

It may appeare to some ridiculous  
Thus to talke knaue and madman; and sometimes  
Come in with a dried sentence, stuf with sage.  
But this allowes my varying of shapes,

*Knaues do grow great by being great mens apes. Exeunt.*

*Enter Francisco, Lodouico, **Gasper**, and sixe Embassadors.*

*At another dore the Duke of Florence.*

FRA. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence  
Guard well the conclaue, and, as the order is,  
Let none haue conference with the Cardinals.

LOD. I shall, my Lord: roome for the Embassadors,

GAS. They're wondrous braue to day: why do they weare  
These seuerall habits? LOD, O sir, they'r Knights  
Of seuerall Orders.

That Lord i'th blacke cloak with the siluer crosse  
Is Knight of *Rhodes*; the next Knight of S. *Michael*,  
That of the golden fleece; the *French-man* there  
Knight of the Holy-Ghost; my Lord of *Sauoy*

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 1875  
wln 1876  
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wln 1908  
wln 1909

Knight of th' Annuntiation; the *Englishman*  
Is Knight of th' honoured Garter, dedicated  
Vnto their Saint, S. *George*. I could describe to you  
Their seuerall institutions, with the lawes  
Annexed to their Orders, but that time  
Permits not such discouery.

FRAN. Where's Count *Lodowicke*?

LOD. Here my Lord.

FRA. 'Tis o'th point of dinnertime,  
Marshall the Cardinals seruice, LOD. Sir I shall.  
Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for?

SER. For my Lord Cardinall *Monticelso*,

LOD. Whose this?

SER. For my Lord Cardinall of *Burbon*.

FRE. Why doth he search the dishes, to obserue  
What meate is drest? ENG. No Sir, but to preuent.  
Least any letters should be conuei'd in  
To bribe or to sollicite the aduancement  
Of any Cardinall, when first they enter  
'Tis lawfull for the Embassadors of Princes  
To enter with them, and to make their suit  
For any man their Prince affecteth best;  
But after, till a generall election,  
No man may speake with them.

LOD. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals  
Open the window, and receiue their viands.

A CAR. You must returne the seruice; the L. Cardinals  
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,  
They haue giuen o're scrutinie, and are fallen  
To admiration. LOD. Away, away.

FRAN. I'le lay a thousand Duckets you here news  
Of a Pope presently, Hearke; sure he's elected,  
Behold! my Lord of *Arragon* appeares,  
On the Church battlements.

ARRAGON. *Denuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reuerendissi-  
mus Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem Apostoli-  
cam, & elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.*

*Enter ser-  
uants with se-  
uerall dishes  
couered.*

*A Cardinal  
on the Tarras*

OMNES.

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 1910  
wln 1911  
wln 1912  
wln 1913  
wln 1914  
wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
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wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946

OMNES. *Uiuat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.*  
SER. *Vittoria* my Lord.  
FRAN. Wel: what of her? SER. Is fled the Citty, FRA. Ha?  
SER. With Duke *Brachiano*. FRA. Fled? Where's the Prince  
SER. Gone with his father. (*Giouanni*)  
FRAN. Let the Matrona of the Conuertites  
Be apprehended: fled ô damnable!  
How fortunate are my wishes. Why? 'twas this  
I onely laboured. I did send the letter  
T'instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond Duke,  
I first haue poison'd; directed thee the way  
To marrie a whore; what can be worse? This follows.  
The hand must act to drowne the passionate tongue,  
I scorne to weare a sword and prate of wrong.  
*Enter Monticelso in state.*  
MON. My Lord reportes *Vittoria Corombona*  
Is stol'ne from forth the house of Conuertites  
By *Brachiano*, and they're fled the Citty.  
Now, though this bee the first daie of our state,  
Wee cannot better please the diuine power,  
Than to sequester from the holie Church  
These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,  
Wee doe denounce excommunication  
Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome  
Wee likewise banish. Set on. *Exeunt.*  
FRAN. Come deare *Lodouico*.  
You haue tane the sacrament to prosecute  
Th' intended murder. LOD. With all constancie.  
But, Sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe,  
In person, being a great Prince. FRAN. Diuert mee not.  
Most of his Court are of my faction,  
And some are of my councill. Noble freind,  
Our danger shall be 'like in this designe,  
Giue leaue, part of the glorie may bee mine.  
Why did the Duke of Florence with such care  
Labour your pardon? say.  
LOD. Italian beggars will resolue you that

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wln 1980  
wln 1981  
wln 1982  
wln 1983

Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of  
Doe good for their owne sakes; or't may bee  
Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand,  
Like Kinges, who many times giue out of measure;  
Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

*Enter Monticelso.*

MON. I know you're cunning. Come, what deuill was that  
That you were raising? LOD. Deuill, my Lord?  
I aske you.

MONT. How doth the Duke imploy you, that his bonnet  
Fell with such complement vnto his knee,  
When hee departed from you? LOD. Why, my Lord,  
Hee told mee of a restie Barbarie horse  
Which he would faine haue brought to the carreere,  
The 'sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,  
I haue a rare French Rider. MONT. Take you heede:  
Least the Iade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off  
With your wild horse-trickes? Sirra you doe lie.  
O, thou'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st threat  
A violent storme. LOD. Stormes are 'ith aire, my Lord;  
I am too low to storme. MONT. Wretched creature!  
I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,  
Like dogges, that once get bloud, they'l euer kill.  
About some murder? wa'st not? LOD. Ile not tell you;  
And yet I care not greatly if I doe;  
Marry with this preparation. Holie father,  
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,  
But as a penitent sinner. What I vtter  
Is in confession meerely; which you know  
Must neuer bee reueal'd. MONT. You haue oretane mee.

LOD. Sir I did loue *Brachiano's* Dutchesse deerely;  
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,  
Though shee nere knew on't. Shee was poyson'd;  
Vpon my soule shee was: for which I haue sworne  
T'auenge her murder. MONT. To the Duke of Florence?  
LOD. To him I haue. MON. Miserable Creature!  
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.  
Do'st thou imagine thou canst slide on bloud

And

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988  
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wln 2014  
wln 2015  
wln 2016  
wln 2017  
  
wln 2018  
wln 2019  
wln 2020

And not be tainted with a shamefull fall?  
Or like the blacke, and melancholicke Eugh-tree,  
Do'st thinke to roote thy selfe in dead mens graues,  
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee  
Comes like sweet shewers to ouer-hardned ground:  
They wet, but peirce not deepe. And so I leaue thee  
Withall the Furies hanging bout thy necke,  
Till by thy penitence thou remoue this euill,  
In coniuring from thy breast that cruell Deuill.

LOD. I'le giue it o're. He saies 'tis damable: *Exit Mon.*  
Besides I did expect his suffrage,  
By reason of *Camillo's* death.

*Enter seruant  
& Francisco,*

FRA. Do you know that Count? SER. Yes, my Lord,  
FRA. Beare him these thousand Duckets to his lodging;  
Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily  
That will confirme more then all the rest. SER. Sir.

LOD. To me sir?  
SER. His holinesse hath sent you a thousand Crownes,  
And **will** you if you trauaile, to make him (commanded.  
Your Patron for intelligence. LOD. His creature euer to bee  
Why now 'tis come about. He rai'd vpon me;  
And yet these Crownes were told out and laid ready,  
Before he knew my voiage. O the Art  
The modest forme of greatnesse! that do sit  
Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their look's turn'd  
From the least wanton iests, their puling stomacke  
Sicke of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose.  
Euen acting of those hot and lustfull sports  
Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!  
Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plummet,  
I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th'act of bloud,  
There's but three furies found in spacious hell;  
But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.

*A passage ouer the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hor-*  
*tensio, Corombona. Cornelia, Zanche and others.*

FLA. In all the weary minutes of my life,

Day

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2021  
wln 2022  
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wln 2024  
wln 2025  
wln 2026  
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wln 2056  
wln 2057

Day nere broke vp till now. This mariage.  
Confirnes me happy. HOR. 'Tis a good assurance.  
Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to Court?

FLA. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th Dukes closet,  
I haue not seene a goodlier personage,  
Nor euer talkt with man better experienc't  
In State-affares or rudiments of warre.  
Hee hath by report, seru'd the *Venetian*  
In *Candy* these twice seuen yeares, and bene cheife  
In many a bold designe. HOR. What are those two,  
That beare him company?

FLA. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that liuing in the Empe-  
rours seruice as commanders, eight yeares since, contrary to the  
expectation of all the Court entred into religion, into the strickt  
order of Capuchins: but being not well settled in their vnder-  
taking they left their Order and returned to Court: for which be-  
ing after troubled in conscience, they vowed their seruice against  
the enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*; were there knighted; and  
in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolu'd  
for euer to forsake the world, and settle themselues here in a  
house of Capuchines in *Padua*. HOR. 'Tis strange.

FLA. One thing makes it so. They haue vowed for euer to  
weare next their bare bodies those coates of maile they ser-  
ued in. HOR. Hard penance.

Is the Moore a Christian? FLA. Hee is.

HOR. Why proffers hee his seruice to our Duke?

**FLV.** Because he vnderstands ther's like to grow  
Some warres betweene vs and the Duke of Florence,  
In which hee hopes imployment. *Enter Duke Brachiano.*

I neuer saw one in a sterne bold looke  
Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase  
Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt  
Of our slight airy Courtiers. Hee talkes  
As if hee had traueil'd all the Princes Courts  
Of Christendome; in all things striues t'expresse,  
That all that should dispute with him may know,  
Glories, like glow-wormes, a farre off shine bright

But

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wln 2094

But lookt to neare, haue neither heat nor light.  
The Duke.  
*Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar; Lodouico, Antonelli, **Gaspar**, Farnese bearing their swordes and helmets.*  
BRA. You're nobly welcome. Wee haue heard at full  
Your honourable seruice 'gainst the Turke.  
To you, braue *Mulinassar*, wee assigne  
A competent pension: and are inly sorrow,  
The vowes of those two worthie gentlemen,  
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bountie.  
Your wish is you may leaue your warlike swordes  
For Monuments in our Chappell. I accept it  
As a great honour done mee, and must craue  
Your leaue to furnish out our Dutchesse reuells.  
Onely one thing, as the last vanitie  
You ere shall view, denie mee not to stay  
To see a Barriers prepar'd to night;  
You shall haue priuate standings: It hath pleas'd  
The great Ambassadors of seuerall Princes  
In their returne from Rome to their owne Countries  
To grace our marriage, and to honour mee  
With such a kind of sport. FRAN. I shall perswade them  
To stay, my Lord. *Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo,  
and Marcello.*  
Set on there to the presence *The Conspirators here im-  
brace.*  
CAR. Noble my Lord, most fortunately wellcome,  
You haue our vowes seal'd with the sacrament  
To second your attempts. PED. And all thinges readie.  
Hee could not haue inuented his owne ruine,  
Had hee despair'd with more proprietie.  
LOD. You would not take my way. FRA. 'Tis better ordered.  
LOD. 'T'haue poison'd his praier booke, or a paire of beades,  
The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,  
Or th'handle of his racket, ô that, that!  
That while he had bin bandying at Tennis,  
He might haue sworne himselfe to hell, and strooke  
His soule into the hazzard! O my Lord!  
I would haue our plot bee ingenious,

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wln 2131

And haue it hereafter recorded for example  
Rather than borrow example. FRAN. There's no way  
More speeding than this thought on. LOD. On then.  
FRAN. And yet mee thinkes that this reuenge is poore,  
Because it steales vpon him like a theif,  
To haue tane him by the Caske in a pitcht feild,  
Led him to Florence! LOD. It had bin rare. — And there  
Haue crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlicke.  
T'haue showne the sharpnesse of his gouernment; *Exeunt Lodo-  
uico Antonelli.*  
And rancknesse of his lust. *Enter Flamineo, Marcello,  
and Zanche.*  
*Flamineo comes.*  
MAR. Why doth this deuill haunt you? say.  
FLA. I know not.  
For by this light I doe not coniure for her.  
Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke  
To raise the deuill: for heeres one vp allreadie,  
The greatest cunning were to lay him downe  
MAR. Shee is your shame. FLA. I prethee pardon her.  
In faith you see, women are like to burre;  
Where their affection throwes them, there they'l sticke.  
ZAN. That is my Country-man, a goodly person;  
When hee's at leisure Ile discourse with him *Exit Zanche*  
In our owne language. FLA. I beseech you doe,  
How is 't' braue souldier; ô that I had seene  
Some of your iron daies! I pray relate  
Some of your seruice to vs.  
FRAN. T'is a ridiculous thing for a man to bee his owne  
Chronicle, I did neuer wash my mouth with mine owne praise  
for feare of getting a stinking breath.  
MAR. You 're too Stoicall. The Duke will expect other  
discourse from you  
FRAN. I shall neuer flatter him, I haue studied man to much  
to do that: What difference is betweene the Duke and I? no more  
than betweene two bricke; all made of one clay. Onely't may  
bee one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom  
of a well by meere chance; if I were plac't as high as the Duke,  
I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; and beare out

weather



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weather equally.

FLA. If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then hee would tell them stories, MAR. I haue bin a souldier too.

FRAN. How haue you thriu'd? MAR. Faith poorely.

FRAN. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsides are then respected: As shippes seeme verie great vpon the riuer, which shew verie little vpon the Seas: So some men i'th Court seeme *Colossusses* in a chamber, who if they came into the feild would appeare pittifull. Pigmies.

FLA. Giue mee a faire roome yet hung with Arras, and some great Cardinall to lug mee by th' eares as his endeared Minion.

FRA. And thou maist doe, the deuill knowes what vilanie.

FLA. And safely.

FRA. Right; you shall see in the Countrie in haruest time, pigeons, though they destroy neuer so much corne, the farmer dare not present the fowling peece to them! why? because they belong to the Lord of the Mannor; whilst your poore sparrows that belong to the Lord of heauen, they go to the pot for't.

FLA. I will now giue you some polliticke instruction. The Duke saies hee will giue you pension; that's but bare promise: get it vnder his hand. For I haue knowne men that haue come from seruing against the Turke; for three or foure moneths they haue had pension to buy them new wooden legges and fresh plaisters; but after 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes, as if a Tormenter should giue hot cordiall drinkes to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to indure more dogdaies. *Enter Hortensio,*

wln 2160 *a yong Lord, Zanche, and two more.*

How now, Gallants; what are they readie for the Barriers?

Y. LORD. Yes: the Lordes are putting on their armour.

HOR. What's hee?

FLA. A new vp-start: one that swears like a Falckner, and will lye in the Dukes eare day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since hee came to th' Court smell worse of sweat than an vnder-tennis-court keeper.

HOR. Looke you, yonder's your sweet Mistresse.

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FLA. Thou art my sworne brother, I'le tell thee, I doe loue that Moore, that Witch very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my villanny; I do loue her, iust as a man holds a wolfe by the eares. But for feare of turning vpon mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her go to the Deuill.

HOR. I heare she claimes marriage of thee.

FLA. 'Faith, I made to her some such darke promise, and in seeking to flye from't I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious Gipsie!

ZAN. I your loue to me rather cooles then heates.

FLA. Marry, I am the sounder, louer, we haue many wenches about the Towne heate too fast.

HOR. What do you thinke of these perfum'd Gallants then?

FLAM. Their sattin cannot saue them. I am confident They haue a certaine spice of the disease, For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.

ZAN. Beleeue it! A little painting and gay clothes, Make you loath me.

FLA. How? loue a Lady for painting or gay apparell? I'le vn-kennell one example more for thee. *Esop* had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow. I would haue Courtiers bee better *Diuers*. ZAN. You remember your oathes.

FLA. Louers oathes are like Marriners prayers, vttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessell leaues tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst Gentlemen protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as Shooemakers and West-phalia bacon. They are both drawers on: for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the mortality of your sun-burnt Gentleman. *Enter Cornelia.*

COR. Is this your pearch, you haggard? flye to'th stewes.

FLA. You should be clapt by th'heeles now: strike i'th Court.

ZAN. She's good for nothing but to make her maids, Catch cold a nights; they dare not vse a bedstaffe, For feare of her light fingers. MAR. Your'e a strumpet. An impudent one. FLA. Why do you kicke her? say,

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wln 2242

Do you thinke that she's like a walnut-tree?  
Must she be cudgel'd ere shee beare good fruite?  
MAR. Shee brags that you shall marry her. FLA. What then?  
MAR. I had rather she were pitcht vpon a stake  
In some new-seeded garden, to affright  
Her fellow crowes thence. FLA. Your a boy, a foole,  
Be guardian to your hound, I am of age.  
MAR. If I take her neere you I'le cut her throate.  
FLA. With a fan of feathers? MAR. And for you; I'le whip  
This folly from you. FLAM. Are you cholericke?  
I'le purg't with Rubarbe. HOR. O your brother. FLA. Hang him.  
Hee wrongs me most that ought t'offend mee least,  
I do suspect my mother plaid foule play,  
When she conceiu'd thee. MAR. Now by all my hopes.  
Like the two slaughtred sonnes of *Oedipus*,  
The very flames of our affection,  
Shall turne **10** waies. Those words I'le make thee answer  
With thy heart bloud. FLA. Doe like the geesse in the progresse,  
You know where you shall finde mee, MAR. Very good,  
And thou beest a noble, friend, beare him my sword,  
And bid him fit the length on't. Y. LORD. Sir I shall.  
ZAN. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,  
I neere lou'd my complexion till now, *Enter Francisco the*  
Cause I may boldly say without a blush, *Duke of Florence.*  
I loue you. **FLA.** Your loue is vntimely sowen,  
Ther's a Spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one, I am sunck  
In yeares, and I haue vowed neuer to marry.  
ZAN. Alas! poore maides get more louers then husbands,  
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadors  
are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along  
with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the  
Embassadors person nor words, yet he likes well of the present-  
ment. So I may come to you in the same maner, & be better loued  
for my dowry then my vertue. **FLA.** I'le thinke on the motion.  
ZAN. Do, Ile now detaine you no longer. At your better  
leasure I'le tell you things shall startle your bloud.  
Nor blame me that this passion I reueale;

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wln 2279

Louers dye inward that their flames conceale.

**FLA.** Of all intelligence this may proue the best,  
Sure I shall draw strange fowle, from this foule nest.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Marcello and Cornelia.*

**COR.** I heare a whispering all about the Court,  
**Your** are to fight, who is your opposite?  
What is the quarrell? **MRA.** 'Tis an idle rumour.

**COR.** Will you dissemble? sure you do not well  
To fright me thus, you neuer look thus pale,  
But when you are most angry. I do charge you  
Vpon my blessing; nay I'le call the Duke,  
And he shall schoole you. **MAR.** Publish not a feare  
Which would conuert to laughter; 'tis not so,  
Was not this Crucifix my fathers? **COR.** Yes.

**MAR.** I haue heard you say, giuing my brother sucke,  
Hee tooke the Crucifix betweene his hands, *Enter Flamineo,*  
And broke a limbe off. **COR.** Yes: but 'tis mended.

**FLA.** I haue brought your weapon backe. *Flaminoe runnes*

**COR.** Ha, O my horror! *Marcello through.*

**MAR.** You haue brought it home indeed.

**COR.** Helpe, oh he's murdered.

**FLA.** Do you turne your gaule vp? I'le to sanctuary,  
And send a surgeon to you. **HOR.** How? o'th ground?

**MAR.** O mother now remember what I told,  
Of breaking off the Crucifix: farewell *Enter Car. Hort.*  
There are some sinnes which heauen doth duly punish, *Pedro.*

In a whole family. This it is to rise  
By all dishonest meanes. Let all men know  
That tree shall long time keepe a stedy foote  
Whose branches spread no wilder then the roote.

**COR.** O my perpetuall sorrow! **HOR.** Vertuous *Marcello.*  
Hee's dead: pray leaue him Lady; come, you shall.

**COR.** Alas he is not dead: hee's in a trance.  
Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call  
him againe for Gods sake. **CAR.** I would you were deceiu'd.

**COR.** O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me. How  
many haue gone away thus for lacke of tendance; reare vp's head,

reare

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reare vp's head; His bleeding inward will kill him.

HOR. You see hee is departed.

COR. Let mee come to him; giue mee him as hee is, if hee  
bee turn'd to earth; let mee but giue him one heartie kisse, and  
you shall put vs both into one coffin: fetch a looking glass, see  
if his breath will not staine it; or pull out some feathers from  
my pillow, and lay them to his lippes, will you loose him for a  
litttle paines taking? HOR. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

COR. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. Hee may liue to  
lay mee ith' ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let mee come  
to him.

*Enter Brachiano all armed, saue*

BRA. Was this your handy-worke?

*the beauer, with*

FLA. It was my misfortune.

*Flamineo.*

COR. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him: these haue  
kill'd him, that would not let him bee better look't to.

BRA. Haue comfort my greiu'd Mother.

COR. O you scritch-owle. HOR. Forbeare, good Madam.

COR. Let mee goe, let mee goe.

*Shee runes to Flamineo*

The God of heauen forgiue thee. Do'st not wonder

*with her*

I pray for thee? Ile tell thee what's the reason,

*knif drawne and*

I haue scarce breath to number twentie minutes;

*comming to*

Ide not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well

*him lets it fall.*

Halfe of thy selfe lies there: and maist thou liue

To fill an howre-glasse with his mouldred ashes,

To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come

In blest repentance. BRA. Mother, pray tell mee

How came hee by his death? what was the quarrell?

COR. Indeed my yonger boy presum'd too much

Vpon his manhood; gaue him bitter wordes;

Drew his sword first; and so I know not how,

For I was out of my wits, hee fell with's head

Iust in my bosome. PAGE. This is not trew Madam.

COR. I pray thee peace.

One arrow's graz'd allready; it were vaine

T'lose this: for that will nere bee found againe.

BRA. Go, beare the bodie to *Cornelia's* lodging:

And wee commaund that none acquaint our Dutchesse

With

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wln 2353

With this sad accident: for you *Flamineo*,  
Hearke you, I will not graunt your pardon. FLA. No?  
BRA. Onely a lease of your life. And that shall last  
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc't each euening to renew it,  
or be hang'd. FLA. At your pleasure.  
*Lodouico sprinckles Brachiano's beuer with a poison.*  
Your will is law now, Ile not meddle with it.  
BRA. You once did braue mee in your sisters lodging;  
I'le now keepe you in awe for't. Where's our beauer?  
FRAN. Hee cals for his destruction. Noble youth,  
I pittie thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.  
This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,  
The last good deed hee did, he pardon'd murther. *Exeunt.*  
*Charges and shoutes, They fight at Barriers;*  
*first single paires, then three to three.*  
*Enter Brachiano & Flamineo with others.*  
BRA. An Armorer? uds' death an Armorer?  
FLA. Armorer; where's the Armorer?  
BRA. Teare off my beauer. FLA. Are you hurt, my Lord?  
BRA. O my braine's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*  
The helmet is poison'd. ARM. My Lord vpon my soule.  
BRA. Away with him to torture.  
There are some great ones that haue hand in this,  
And neere about me. VIT. O my loued Lord, poisoned?  
FLA. Remoue the barre: heer's vnfortunate reuls,  
Call the Physitions; a plague vpon you; *Ent. 2 Physitians:*  
Wee haue to much of your cunning here already.  
I feare the Embassadors are likewise poyson'd.  
BRA. Oh I am gone already: the infection  
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart!  
There's such a couenant 'twene the world and it,  
They're loath to breake. GIO. O my most loued father!  
BRA. Remoue the boy away,  
Where's this good woman? had I infinite worlds  
They were too little for thee. Must I leaue thee?  
What say you scritch-owles, is the venomne mortall?  
PHYS. Most deadly. BRA. Most corrupted pollitick hangmā!

You

Vittoria Corombona.

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You kill without booke; but your art to saue  
Failes you as oft, as great mens needy friends.  
I that haue giuen life to offending slaues  
And wretched murderers, haue I not power  
To lengthen mine owne a twelue-month?  
Do not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee.  
This vnction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.  
FRA. Sir bee of comfort,  
BRA. O thou soft naturall death, that art ioint-twin,  
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,  
Stares on thy milde departure: the dull Owle  
Beates not against thy casement: the hoarse wolfe  
Sents not thy carion. Pitty windes thy coarse,  
Whilst horrour waights on Princes. VIT. I am lost for euer.  
BRAC. How miserable a thing it is to die,  
'Mongst women howling! What are those. FLA. *Franciscans.*  
They haue brought the extreame vnction.  
BRA. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,  
It is a word infinitely terrible,  
Withdraw into our Cabinet *Exeunt but Francisco and Flamineo.*  
FLA. To see what solitarinesse is about dying Princes. As  
heretofore they haue vnpeopled Townes; diuorst friends, and  
made great houses vnospitable: so now, ô iustice! where are  
their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadowes of Princes  
bodies the least thicke cloud makes them inuisible.  
FRA. There's great moane made for him.  
FLA. 'Faith, for some few howers salt water will runne most  
plentifully in euery Office o'th Court. But beleeeue it; most of  
them do but weepe ouer their step-mothers graues.  
FRA. How meane you?  
FLA. Why? They dissemble, as some men doe that liue  
within compasse o'th verge.  
FRA. Come you haue thriu'd well vnder him.  
FLA. 'Faith, like a wolfe in a womans breast; I haue beene  
fed with poultry; but for money, vnderstand me, I had as good a  
will to cosen him, as e're an Officer of them all. But I had not  
cunning enough to doe it.

K

FRA.

Vittoria Corombona.

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These speches  
are seuerall  
kinds of di-  
stractions and  
in the action  
should ap-  
peare so.

FRAN. What did'st thou thinke of him; 'faith speake freely.  
FLA. Hee was a kinde of States-man, that would sooner  
haue reckond how many Cannon bullets he had discharged  
against a Towne, to count his expence that way, than how many  
of his valiant and deseruing subiects hee lost before it.  
FRAN. O, speake well of the Duke. FLA. I haue done.  
Will't heare some of my Court wisdome? *Enter Lodouico.*  
To reprehend Princes is dangerous: and to ouer-commend some  
of them is palpable lying. FRAN. How is it with the Duke?  
LOD. Most deadly ill.  
Hee's fall'n into a strange distraction.  
Hee talkes of Battailes and Monopolies,  
Leuying of taxes, and from that descends  
To the most brain-sicke language. His minde fastens  
On twentie seuerall obiects, which confound  
Deepe Sence with follie. Such a fearefull end  
May teach some men that beare too loftie crest,  
Though they liue happiest, yet they dye not best.  
Hee hath conferr'd the whole State of the Dukedome  
Vpon your sister, till the Prince arriue  
At mature age. FLA. There's some good lucke in that yet.  
FRAN. See heere he comes. *Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed*  
There's death in's face allready. *Uittoria and others.*  
VIT. O my good Lord! BRA. Away, you haue abus'd mee.  
You haue conuayd coyne forth our territories;  
Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore,  
And I nere dreamt on't. Make vp your accountes;  
Ile now bee mine owne Steward. FLA. Sir, haue patience.  
BRA. Indeed I am too blame.  
For did you euer heare the duskie rauen  
Chide blacknesse? or wast euer knowne, the diuell  
Raid against clouen Creatures. VIT. O my Lord!  
BRA. Let mee haue some quales to supper. FLA. Sir, you shal.  
BRA. No: some fried dog-fish. Your Quailes feed on poison,  
That old dog-fox, that Polititian Florence,  
Ile forswear hunting and turne dog-killer;  
Rare! Ile bee frindes with him. for marke you, sir, one dog

Still



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wln 2462  
wln 2463  
wln 2464

Still sets another a barking: peace, peace,  
Yonder's a fine slaue come in now. FLA. Where?  
BRA. Why there.  
In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches  
With a great codpeece. Ha, ha, ha,  
Looke you his codpeece is stucke full of pinnes  
With pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you know him?  
FLA. No, my Lord. BRA. Why 'tis the Deuill.  
I know him by a great rose he weares on's shooe  
To hide his clouen foot. Ile dispute with him.  
Hee's a rare linguist. VIT. My Lord heer's nothing.  
BRA. Nothing? rare! nothing! when I want monie,  
Our treasurie is emptie; there is nothing,  
Ile not bee vs'd thus. VIT. O! 'ly still, my Lord  
BRA. See, see, *Flamineo* that kill'd his brother  
Is dancing on the ropes there: and he carries  
A monie-bag in each hand, to keepe him euen,  
For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a Lawyer  
In a gowne whipt with veluet, stares and gapes  
When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!  
It should haue bin in a halter.  
'Tis there; what's shee? FLA. *Uittoria*, my Lord.  
BRA. Ha, ha, ha. Her haire is sprinkled with Arras powder,  
that makes her looke as if she had sinn'd in the Pastrie. What's  
hee? FLA. A Diuine my Lord.  
BRA. Hee will bee drunke: Auoid him: th' argument is  
fearefull when Church-men stagger in't.  
Looke you; six gray rats that haue lost their tailes, crall vp the  
pillow, send for a **Rat-cather**.  
Ile doe a miracle: Ile free the Court  
From all foule vermin. Where's *Flamineo*?  
FLA. I doe not like that hee names mee so often,  
Especially on's death-bed: 'tis a signe  
I shall not liue long: see hee's neere his end.  
LOD. Pray giue vs leaue; *Attende Domine Brachiane*,  
FLA. See, see, how firmly hee doth fixe his eye  
Vpon the Crucifix. VIT. O hold it constant.

*Brachiano  
seemes heare  
neare his end.  
Lodouico &  
Gasparo in  
the habit of  
Capuchins  
present him  
in his bed  
with a Cru-  
cifix and hal-  
lowed candle.*

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wln 2500  
wln 2501

[\*]y the Cru-

[\*\*]fix

By the Ho-

[\*\*\*]wed taper.

It settles his wild spirits; and so his eies  
Melt into teares.

LOD. *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo, nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.*

GAS. *Olim hasta valuisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum.*

LOD. *Attende Domine Brachiane si nunc quòque probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte Caput in dextrum.*

GAS. *Esto securus Domine Brachiane: cogita quantum habeas meritorum denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratem si quid esset periculi.*

LOD. *Si nunc quoque probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in leuum.*

Hee is departing: pray stand all apart,

And let vs onely whisper in his eares

Some priuate meditations, which our order

*Heare the rest*

Permits you not to heare. GAS. *Brachiano. being departed Lo-*

LOD. *Deuill Brachiano. douico and Gasparo discover them-*

Thou art damn'd. GAS. Perpetually.

*selues.*

LOD. A slaue condemn'd, and giuen vp to the gallowes

Is thy great Lord and Master. GAS. True: for thou

Art giuen vp to the deuill. LOD. O you slaue!

You that were held the famous Pollititian;

Whose art was poison. GAS. And whose conscience murder.

LOD. That would haue broke your wiues necke downe the

staires ere she was poison'd. GAS. That had your villanous

LOD. And fine imbrodered bottles, (sallets

And perfumes

Equally mortall with a winter plague

GAS. Now there's Mercarie. LOD. And copperesse

GAS. And quicke-siluer.

LOD. With other deuelish potticarie stufte

A melting in your polliticke braines: do'st heare.

GAS. This is Count *Lodouico*. LOD. This *Gasparo*.

And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. GAS. And stinke

Like a dead flie-blowne dog.

LOD. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.

BRA.

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 2538

BRA. Uittoria? Uittoria! LOD. O the cursed deuill,  
Come to himselfe a gaine. Wee are vndone.

*Enter Vittoria and the attend.* (again)

GAS. Strangle him in priuate. What? will you call him  
To liue in treble torments? for charitie,  
For Christian charitie, auoid the chamber.

LOD. You would prate, Sir. This is a true-loue knot  
Sent from the Duke of Florence. *Brachiano is strangled*

GAS. What is it done?

LOD. The snuffe is out. No woman-keeper i'th' world,  
Though shee had practis'd seuen yere at the Pest-house,  
Could haue done't quaintlyer. My Lordes hee's dead.

OMN. Rest to his soule.

VIT. O mee! this place is hell. *Exit Vittoria.*

**FLO.** How heauily shee takes it. FLA. O yes, yes;  
Had women nauigable riuers in their eies  
They would dispend them all; surely I wonder  
Why wee should wish more riuers to the Cittie,  
When they sell water so good cheape. Ile tell thee,  
These are but Moonish shades of greifes or feares,  
There's nothing sooner drie than womens teares.  
Why heere's an end of all my haruest, hee has giuen mee nothing  
Court promises! Let wisemen count them curst  
For while you liue hee that scores best paies worst.

FLO. Sure, this was Florence doing. FLA. Very likelie.  
Those are found waightie strokes which come from th'hand,  
But those are killing strokes which come from th'head.  
O the rare trickes of a Machiuillian!  
Hee doth not come like a grosse plodding slaue  
And buffet you to death: No, my quaint knaue,  
Hee tickles you to death; makes you die laughing;  
As if you had swallow'd downe a pound of saffron  
You see the seat, 'tis practis'd in a trice  
To teach Court-honestie, it iumpes on Ice.

FLO. Now haue the people libertie to talke  
And descant on his vices. FLA. Miserie of Princes,  
That must of force bee censur'd by their slaues!

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wln 2575

Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,  
But for not doing all that all men will.  
One were better be a thresher.  
Vds' death, I would faine speake with this Duke yet.  
FLO. Now hee's dead?  
FLAM. I cannot coniure; but if praier or oathes  
VVill get to th'speech of him: though forty deuils  
VVaight on him in his liuery of flames,  
I'le speake to him, and shake him by the hand,  
Though I bee blasted. FRA Excellent *Lodouico!*  
VVhat? did you terrifie him at the last gaspe? *Exit Flamineo.*  
LOD. Yes; and so idely, that the Duke had like  
T'haue terrified vs. FRA. How? *Enter the Moore.*  
LOD. You shall heare that heereafter,  
See! yon's the infernall, that would make vp sport.  
Now to the reuelation of that secret,  
Shee promi'st when she fell in loue with you.  
FLO. You're passionately met in this sad world.  
**MOO.** I would haue you look vp, Sir; these Court teares  
Claime not your tribute to them. Let those weepe  
That guiltily pertake in the sad cause.  
I knew last night by a sad dreame I had  
Some mischiefe would insue; yet to say truth  
My dreame most concern'd you.  
LOD. Shal's fall a dreaming?  
FRA. Yes, and for fashion sake Ile dreame with her.  
MOO. Mee thought sir, you came stealing to my bed.  
FRA. VVilt thou beleue me sweeting; by this light  
I was a dreamt on thee too: for me thought  
I saw thee naked MOO. Fy sir! as I told you,  
Me thought you lay downe by me.  
FRA. So drempt I;  
And least thou should'st take cold, I couer'd thee  
VVith this Irish mantle. MOO. Verily I did dreame,  
You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to't.  
LOD. How? how? I hope you will not go to't here.  
FRA. Nay: you must heare my dreame out.

MOORE.

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wln 2612

MOORE. VVell, sir, forth.  
FRA. VVhen I threw the mantle ore thee, thou didst laugh  
Exceedingly me thought. MOORE. Laugh?  
FLA. And cridst out,  
The haire did tickle thee. MOO. There was a dreame indeed.  
LOD. Marke her I prethee, shee simpers like the suddes  
A Collier hath bene washt in.  
MOO. Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you  
I would reueale a secret, *Isabella*  
The Duke of Florence sister was impoison'd,  
By a 'fum'd picture: and *Camillo's* necke  
Was broke by damn'd *Flamineo*; the mischance  
Laid on a vaulting horse. FRA. Most strange!  
MOO. Most true. LOD. The bed of snakes is broke.  
MOO. I sadly do confesse I had a hand  
In the blacke deed.  
FRA. Thou kepts their counsell, MOO. Right,  
For which, vrg'd with contrition, I intend  
This night to rob *Vittoria*. LOD. Excellent penitence!  
Vsurers dreame on't while they sleepe out Sermons.  
MOO. To further our escape, I haue entreated  
Leaue to retire me, till the funerall,  
Vnto a friend i'th country. That excuse  
Will further our escape, In coine and iewels  
I shall, at least, make good vnto your vse  
An hundred thousand crowns. FRA. O noble wench!  
LOD. Those crownes we'le share. MOO. It is a dowry,  
Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt prouerbe false,  
*And wash the Ethiop white.* FRA. It shall, away  
MOO. Be ready for our flight. FRA. An howre 'fore day.  
O strange discouery! why till now we knew not *Exit the Moore.*  
The circumstance of either of their deaths. *Enter Moore.*  
MOO. You'le waight about midnight  
In the Chappel. FRA. There.  
LOD. Why now our action's iustified,  
FRA. Tush for iustice.  
What harmes it Iustice? we now, like the partridge

Purge

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 2647  
wln 2648  
wln 2649

Purge the disease with lawrell: for the fame  
Shall crowne the enterprise and quit the shame. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Flam. and Gasp. at one dore, another way*

*Giouanni attended.*

GAS. The yong Duke: Did you e're see a sweeter Prince?

FLA. I haue knowne a poore womans bastard better fauor'd,  
This is behind him: Now, to his face all cōparisons were hateful:  
Wise was the Courtly Peacocke, that being a great Minion, and  
being compar'd for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to  
the Kingly Eagle, said the Eagle was a farre fairer bird then  
herselfe, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long  
Tallants. His will grow out in time,  
My gracious Lord. GIO. I pray leaue mee Sir.

FLA. Your Grace must be merry: 'tis I haue cause to mourne,  
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father  
on horsebacke? GIO. Why, what said hee?

FLA. When you are dead father (said he) I hope then I shall  
ride in the saddle, O 'tis a braue thing for a man to sit by himselfe:  
he may stretch himselfe in the stirrops, looke about, and see the  
whole compasse of the Hemisphere, you're now, my Lord, ith  
saddle. GIO. Study your praiers, sir, and be penitent,

'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin,  
I haue heard grieffe nam'd the eldest child of sinne. *Exit Giou.*

FLA. Study my praiers? he threatens me diuinely,  
I am falling to peeces already, I care not, though, like *Anacharsis*  
I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were  
**fittter** for Vsurers gold and themselues to be beaten together, to  
make a most cordiall cullice for the deuill.

He hath his vnckles villanous looke already, *Enter Courtier.*  
*In dicimo sexto.* Now sir, what are you?

COVR It is the pleasure sir, of the yong Duke  
That you forbear the Presence, and all roome,  
That owe him reuerence.

FLAM. So, the wolfe and the rauen are very pretty fools when  
they are yong. Is it your office, sir, to keepe me out?

COVR. So the Duke wils.

FLA. Verely, Maister Courtier, extreimity is not to bee vsed

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wln 2685  
wln 2686

in all offices: Say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smocke: would it not shew a cruell part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to her vpper garment, pull it ore her head and eares; and put her in nak'd? COVR. Very good: you are merrie

FLA. Doth hee make a Court eiection of mee? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, then withint. Ile smooore some of them. *Enter Florence.*

How now? Thou **hart** sad.

FRAN. I met euen now with the most pitious sight.

FLA. Thou metst another heere a pittifull Degraded Courtier. FRAN. Your reuerend mother Is growne a very old woman in two howers. I found them winding of *Marcello's* coarse; And there is such a solemne melodie 'Tweene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies: Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead, Were wont t'out-weare the nights with; that beleue mee I had no eies to guide mee forth the roome, They were so ore-charg'd with water. FLA. I will see them.

FRAN. 'Twere much vncharety in you: for your sight Will adde vnto their teares. FLA. I will see them. They are behind the trauers. Ile discover Their superstitious howling.

*Cornelia, the Moore and 3. other Ladies discovered, winding Marcello's Coarse. A song.*

COR. This rosemarie is wither'd, pray get fresh; I would haue these herbes grow vp in his graue When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes, Ile tye a garland heere about his head: 'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheet I haue kept this twentie yere, and euerie daie Hallow'd it with my praiers, I did not thinke Hee should haue wore it. MOO. Looke you; who are yonder.

COR. O reach mee the flowers.

MOO. Her Ladiships foolish. WOM. Alas! her grief

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2687 Hath turn'd her child againe. COR. You're very wellcome.  
wln 2688 There's Rosemarie for you, and Rue for you, *to Flamineo.*  
wln 2689 Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.  
wln 2690 I haue left more for my selfe. FRAN. Ladie, who's this?  
wln 2691 COR. You are, I take it, the graue-maker. FLA. So.  
wln 2692 MOO. 'Tis *Flamineo.*  
wln 2693 COR. Will you make mee such a foole? heere's a white hand:  
wln 2694 Can bloud so soone bee washt out? Let mee see,  
wln 2695 When scritch-howles croke vpon the chimney tops,  
wln 2696 And the strange Cricket ith ouen singes and hoppes,  
wln 2697 When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,  
wln 2698 Bee certaine then you of a Course shall heare.  
wln 2699 Out vpon't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.  
wln 2700 Couslep-water is good for the memorie: pray buy mee 3. oun-  
wln 2701 ces of't. FLA. I would I were from hence. COR. Do you heere,  
wln 2702 Ile giue you a saying which my grandmother (sir?)  
wln 2703 Was wont, when she heard the bell tolle, to sing ore vnto her lute  
wln 2704 FLA. Doe and you will, doe.  
wln 2705 COR. *Call for the Robin-Red-brest and the wren,*  
wln 2706 *Since ore shadie groues they houer,* *Cornelia doth this*  
wln 2707 *And with leaues and flowres doe couer* *in seuerall formes*  
wln 2708 *The friendlesse bodies of vnburied men.* *of distraction.*  
wln 2709 *Call vnto his funerall Dole*  
wln 2710 *The Ante, the field-mouse, and the mole*  
wln 2711 *To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,*  
wln 2712 *And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme,*  
wln 2713 *But keepe the wolfe far thence: that's foe to men,*  
wln 2714 *For with his nailes hee'l dig them vp agen.*  
wln 2715 They would not bury him 'cause hee died in a quarrell  
wln 2716 But I haue an answere for them.  
wln 2717 *Let holie Church receiue him duly*  
wln 2718 *Since hee payd the Church tithes truly.*  
wln 2719 His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store:  
wln 2720 This poore men get; and great men get no more.  
wln 2721 Now the wares are gone, wee may shut vp shop.  
wln 2722 Blesse you all good people, *Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.*  
wln 2723 FLA. I haue a strange thing in mee, to th' which

I can-



Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 2760

I cannot giue a name, without it bee  
Compassion, I pray leaue mee.  
This night Ile know the vtmost most of my fate,  
Ile bee resolu'd what my rich sister meanes  
T'assigne mee for my seruice: I haue liu'd  
Riotously ill, like some that liue in Court.  
And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles  
Haue felt the mase of conscience in my brest.  
Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures trie,  
"Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed they crie.  
Ha! I can stand thee. Neerer, neerer yet. *Enter Brachia. Ghost.*  
What a mockerie hath death made of thee? thou look'st sad.  
In what place art thou? in yon starrie gallerie,  
Or in the cursed dungeon? No? not speake?  
Pray, Sir, resolute mee, what religions best  
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge  
To answeere mee how long I haue to liue?  
That's the most necessarie question.  
Not answeere? Are you still like some great men  
That onely walke like shadowes vp and downe,  
And to no purpose: say: —  
What's that? O fatall! hee throwes earth vpon mee.  
A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers.  
I pray speake Sir, our Italian Church-men  
Make vs beleue, dead men hold conference  
With their familiars, and many times  
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.  
Hee's gone; and see, the scull and earth are vanisht.  
This is beyond melancholie. I doe dare my fate  
To doe its worst. Now to my sisters lodging,  
And summe vp all these horrours; the disgrace  
The Prince threw on mee; next the pitious sight  
Of my dead brother; and my Mothers dotage;  
And last this terrible vision. All these  
Shall with *Vittoria's* bountie turne to good,  
Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood.

*Exit Francisco.*

*In his leather Cassoc\*] & breeches bootes, a coof\*] a pot of lilly flowers with a scull int.*

*The Ghost throwes ear\*\*] vpon him a\*\*] shewes him the scull.*

*Exit Ghost.*

*Exit.*

*Enter Francisco, Lodouico, and Hortensio.*

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 2764  
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wln 2789  
wln 2790  
wln 2791  
wln 2792  
wln 2793  
wln 2794  
wln 2795  
wln 2796  
wln 2797  
wln 2798

Enter Vittoria with a booke in her hand. Zanke, Flamineo, following them.

Shee writes.

LOD. My Lord vpon my soule you shall no further:  
You haue most ridiculously ingag'd your selfe  
Too far allready. For my part, I haue payd  
All my debts, so if I should chance to fall  
My Creditours fall not with mee; and I vow  
To quite all in this bold assemblie  
To the meanest follower. My Lord leaue the Cittie,  
Or Ile forswear the murder.

FRAN. Farewell *Lodouico*.  
If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,  
Ile reare vnto thy memorie that fame  
Shall in the ashes keepe aliue thy name.

HOR. There's some blacke deed on foot. Ile presently  
Downe to the Citadell, and raise some force.  
These strong Court factions that do brooke no checks,  
In the cariere of't breake the Riders neckes.

FLA. What are you at your prayers? Giue o're.

VIT. How Ruffin?

FLA. I come to you 'bout worldly businesse:  
Sit downe, sit downe: Nay stay blouze, you may heare it,  
The dores are fast inough. VIT. Ha, are you drunke?

FLA. Yes, yes, with wormewood water, you shall tast  
Some of it presently. VIT. What intends the fury?

FLA. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claime  
Reward, for my long seruice. VIT. For your seruice

FLA. Come therfore heere is pen and Inke, set downe  
What you will giue me.

VIT. There, FLA. Ha! haue you done already,  
'Tis a most short conueyance. VIT. I will read it.  
I giue that portion to thee, and no other  
Which *Caine* gron'd vnder hauing slaine his brother.

FLA. A most courtly Pattent to beg by.

VIT. You are a villaine.

FLV. Is't come to this? **the** say affrights cure agues:  
Thou hast a Deuill in thee; I will try  
If I can scarre him from thee: Nay sit still:  
My Lord hath left me yet two case of Iewels  
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see thē.

VIT.

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wln 2800  
wln 2801  
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wln 2834  
wln 2835

VIT. Sure hee's distracted. ZAN. O he's desperate  
For your owne safety giue him gentle language.

FLA. Looke, these are better far at a dead lift,  
Then all your iewell house. VIT. And yet mee thinkes,  
These stones haue no faire lustre, they are ill set.

FLA. I'le turne the right side towards you: you shall see  
how **the** will sparkle. VIT. Turne this horror from mee:  
What do you want? what would you haue mee doe?  
Is not all mine, yours? haue I any children?

FLA. Pray **theee** good woman doe not trouble mee  
With this vaine wordly businesse; say your prayers,  
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,  
Neither your selfe, nor I should out-liue him,  
The numbring of foure howers. VIT. Did he enioyne it.

FLA. He did, and 'twas a deadly iealousy,  
Least any should enioy thee after him;  
That vrg'd him vow me to it: For my death  
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing  
If hee could not be safe in his owne Court  
Being a great Duke, what hope then for vs?

VIT. This is your melancholy and dispaire. FLA. Away,  
Foole, thou art to thinke that Polititians  
Do vse to kill the effects of iniuries  
And let the cause liue: shall we groane in irons,  
Or be a shamefull and a waighty burthen  
To a publicke scaffold: This is my resolute  
I would not liue at any mans entreaty  
Nor dye at any's bidding. VIT. Will you heare me?

FLA. My life hath done seruice to other men,  
My death shall serue mine owne turne; make you ready

VIT. Do you meane to die indeed.

FLA. With as much pleasure  
As e're my father gat me. VIT. Are the doers lockt?

ZAN. Yes Madame.

VIT. Are you growne an Atheist? will you turne your body,  
Which is the goodly pallace of the soule  
To the soules slaughter house? ô the cursed Deuill

*He enter  
with two  
of pistols.*

Which

wln 2836 Which doth present vs with all other sinnes  
wln 2837 Thrice candied ore; Despaire with gaule and *stibium*,  
wln 2838 Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for helpe,  
wln 2839 Makes vs forsake that which was made for Man,  
wln 2840 The world, to sinke to that was made for deuils,  
wln 2841 Eternall darkenesse. ZAN. Helpe, helpe. FLA. I'le stop your  
wln 2842 With Winter plums, VIT. I prethee yet remember, (throate  
wln 2843 Millions are now in graues, which at last day  
wln 2844 Like Mandrakes shall rise shreeking. FLA. Leauē your prating,  
wln 2845 For these are but grammaticall laments,  
wln 2846 Feminine arguments, and they moue me  
wln 2847 As some in Pulpits moue their Auditory  
wln 2848 More with their exclamation then sence  
wln 2849 Of reason, or sound Doctrine. ZAN. Gentle Madam  
wln 2850 Seeme to consent, onely perswade him teach  
wln 2851 The way to death; let him dye first.  
wln 2852 VIT. 'Tis good, I apprehend it,  
wln 2853 To kill one's selfe is meate that we must take  
wln 2854 Like pils, not chew't, but quickly swallow it,  
wln 2855 The smart a'th wound, or weakenesse of the hand  
wln 2856 May else bring trebble torments. FLA. I haue held it  
wln 2857 A wretched and most miserable life,  
wln 2858 Which is not able to dye. VIT. O but frailty!  
wln 2859 Yet I am now resolu'd, farewell affliction;  
wln 2860 Behold *Brachiano*, I that while you liu'd  
wln 2861 Did make a flaming Altar of my heart  
wln 2862 To sacrifice vnto you; Now am ready  
wln 2863 To sacrifice heart and all. Fare-well *Zanche*.  
wln 2864 ZAN. How Madam! Do you thinke that I'le out-liue you?  
wln 2865 Especially when my best selfe *Flamineo*  
wln 2866 Goes the same voiage. FLA. O most loued Moore!  
wln 2867 ZAN. Onely by all my loue let me entreat you;  
wln 2868 Since it is most necessary none of vs  
wln 2869 Do violence on our selues; let you or I  
wln 2870 Be her sad taster, teach her how to dye.  
wln 2871 FLA. Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,  
wln 2872 Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already:

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 2909

Two of these you shall leuell at my brest,  
Th'other gainst your owne, and so we'le dye,  
Most equally contented: But first sweare  
Not to out-liue me. VIT. & MOO. Most religiously.  
FLA. Then here's an end of me: fare-well day-light  
And ô contemptible Physike! that dost take  
So long a study, onely to preserue  
So short a life, I take my leaue of thee.  
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw  
All my infected bloud out,  
Are you ready? BOTH. Ready.

*Shewing trf\*\*l  
pistols.*

FLA. Whither shall I go now? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous Pur-  
gatory to finde *Alexander* the great cobling shooes, *Pompey* tag-  
ging points, and *Iulius Cæsar*; making haire buttons, *Haniball* sel-  
ling blacking, and *Augustus* crying garlike, *Charlemaigne* selling  
lists by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart drawn  
with one horse.

Whether I resolute to Fire, Earth, water, Aire,  
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not  
Nor greatly care, — Shoote, shoote,  
Of all deaths the violent death is best,  
For from our selues it steales our selues so fast  
The paine once apprehended is quite past.

*They shoot  
and run to  
him & trf\*\*l  
vpon him.*

VIT. What are you drop't.

FLA. I am mixt with Earth already: As you are Noble  
Performe your vowes, and brauely follow mee.

VIT. Whither to hell, ZAN. To most assured damnation.

VIT. O thou most cursed deuell. ZAN. Thou art caught

VIT. In thine owne Engine, I tread the fire out  
That would haue bene my ruine.

FLA. Will you be periur'd? what a religious oath was Stix  
that the Gods neuer durst sweare by and violate? ô that wee had  
such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of  
Iustice. VIT. Thinke whither thou art going. ZAN. And remēber  
What villanies thou hast acted. VIT. This thy death,  
Shall make me like a blazing ominous starre,  
Looke vp and tremble. FLA. O I am caught with a springe!

VIT.

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 2910  
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wln 2944  
wln 2945  
wln 2946

VIT. You see the Fox comes many times short home,  
'Tis here prou'd true. FLA. Kild with a couple of braches.

VIT. No fitter offering for the infernall furies  
Then one in whom they raig'n'd while hee was liuing.

FLA. O the waies darke and horrid! I cannot see,  
Shall I haue no company? VIT. O yes thy sinnes,  
Do runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,  
To light thee thither.

FLA. O I smell soote, most **sinking** soote, the chimneis a fire,  
My liuers purboil'd like scotch holly-bread;  
There's a plumber, laying pipes in my guts, it scalds;  
Wilt thou out-lieue mee? ZAN. Yes, and driue a stake  
Through thy body; for we'le giue it out,  
Thou didst this violence vpon thy selfe.

FLA. O cunning Deuils! now I haue tri'd your loue,  
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded:

*Flamineo  
riseth.*

The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot  
To proue your kindnesse to mee; and I liue  
To punish your ingratitude, I knew  
One time or other you would finde a way  
To giue me a strong potion, ô Men  
That lye vpon your death-beds, and are haunted  
With howling wiues, neere trust them, they'le re-marry  
Ere the worme peirce your winding sheete: ere the Spider  
Make a thinne curtaine for your Epitaphes.

How cunning you were to discharge? Do you practise at  
the Artillery yard? Trust a woman; neuer, neuer; *Brachiano* bee  
my president: we lay our soules to pawne to the Deuill for a lit-  
tle pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That euer man  
should marry! For one *Hypermnestra* that sau'd her Lord and  
husband, forty nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates all  
in one night. There was a shole of vertuous horse-leeches.  
Here are two other Instruments. *Enter Lod. Gasp. Pedro, Carlo.*

VIT. Helpe, helpe.

FLA. What noise is that? hah? falce keies i'th Court.

LOD. We haue brought you a Maske. FLA. A matachine it  
By your drawne swords.

(seemes,  
Church-men

wln 2947  
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wln 2983

**Chuch-men** turn'd reuellers. CON. *Isabella, Isabella,*  
LOD. Doe you know vs now? FLA. *Lodouico* and *Gasparo.*  
LOD. Yes and that Moore the Duke gaue pention to  
Was the great Duke of Florence. VIT. O wee are lost.  
FLA. You shall not take Iustice from forth my hands,  
O let me kill her. — Ile cut my safty  
Through your coates of steele: Fate's a Spaniell,  
Wee cannot beat it from vs: what remains now?  
Let all that doe ill, take this president:  
*Man may his Fate foresee, but not preuent.*  
And of all Axiomes this shall winne the prise,  
*'Tis better to be fortunate then wise.*  
GAS. Bind him to the pillar. VIT. O your gentle pittie:  
I haue seene a black-bird that would sooner fly  
To a mans bosome, then to stay the gripe  
Of the feirce Sparrow-hawke. GAS. Your hope deceiues you.  
VIT. If Florence be ith Court, would hee would kill mee.  
GAS. Foole! Princes giue rewards with their owne hands,  
But death or punishment by the handes of others.  
LOD. Sirha you once did strike mee, Ile strike you  
Into the Center.  
FLA. Thoul't doe it like a hangeman; a base hangman;  
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest  
I cannot strike againe. LOD. Dost laugh?  
FLA. Wouldst haue me dye, as I was borne, in whining.  
GAS. Recommend your selfe to heauen.  
FLA. Noe I will carry mine owne commendations thither.  
LOD. Oh could I kill you forty times a day  
And vs't foure yeere together; 'tweare to little:  
Nought greeu's but that you are to few to feede  
The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on?  
FLA. Nothing; of nothing: leaue thy idle questions;  
I am ith way to study a long silence,  
To prate were idle, I remember nothing.  
Thers nothing of so infinit vexation  
As mans owne thoughts. LOD. O thou glorious strumpet,  
Could I deuide thy breath from this pure aire

Vittoria Corombona.

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wln 3020

When't leaues thy body, I would sucke it vp  
And breath't vpon some dunghill. VIT. You, my Deaths man;  
Me thinkes thou doest not looke horrid enough,  
Thou hast to good a face to be a hang-man,,  
If thou be doe thy office in right forme;  
Fall downe vpon thy knees and aske forgiuenesse.  
LOD. O thou hast bin a most prodigious comet,  
But Ile cut of your traine: kill the Moore first.  
VIT. You shall not kill her first. behould my breast,  
I will be waited on in death; my seruant  
Shall neuer go before mee. GAS. Are you so braue.  
VIT. Yes I shall wellcome death  
As Princes doe some great Embassadors; Ile meete thy weapon  
halfe way. LOD. Thou dost tremble,  
Mee thinkes feare should dissolue thee into ayre.  
VIT. O thou art deceiu'd, I am to true a woman:  
Conceit can neuer kill me: Ile tell thee what,  
I will not in my death shed one base teare,  
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.  
CAR. Thou art my taske, blacke fury. ZAN. I haue blood  
As red as either of theirs; wilt drinke some?  
'Tis good for the falling sicknesse: I am proud  
Death cannot alter my complexion,  
For I shall neere looke pale. LOD. Strike, strike,  
With a Ioint motion. VIT. 'Twas a manly blow  
The next thou giu'st, murder some sucking Infant,  
And then thou wilt be famous. FLA. O what blade ist?  
A Toledo, or an English Fox.  
I euer thought a Cutler should distinguish  
The cause of my death, rather then a Doctor.  
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steele that made it.  
VIT. O my greatest sinne lay in my blood.  
Now my blood paies for't. FLA. Th'art a noble sister  
I loue thee now; if woeman doe breed man  
Shee ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.  
Know many glorious woemen that are fam'd  
For masculine vertue, haue bin vitious



Vittoria Corombona.

wln 3021  
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wln 3057

Onely a happier silence did betyde them  
Shee hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.

VIT. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,  
Is driuen I know not whither. FLA. Then cast ancor.  
"Prosperity doth bewitch men seeming cleere,  
"But seas doe laugh, shew white, when Rocks are neere.  
"Wee cease to greiue, cease to be fortunes slaues,  
"Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gonne  
And thou so neare the bottome: falce reporte  
Which saies that woemen vie with the nine Muses  
For nine tough durable liues: I doe not looke  
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee;  
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end:

"While we looke vp to heauen wee confound  
"Knowledge with knowledge. ô I am in a mist.

VIT. O happy they that neuer saw the Court,  
"Nor euer knew great Man but by report.

*Vittoria dyes.*

FLA, I recouer like a spent taper, for a flash  
And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to Great men remember th' ould wiues tra-  
dition, to be like the Lyons ith Tower on Candlemas day, to  
mourne if the Sunne shine, for feare of the pittifull remainder of  
winter to come.

'Tis well yet there's some goodnesse in my death,  
My life was a blacke charnell: I haue cought  
An euerlasting could. I haue lost my voice  
Most irrecouerably: Farewell glorious villaines,  
"This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,  
"Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by paine.

Let no harsh flattering Bels resound my knell,  
Strike thunder, and strike lowde to my farewell.

*Dyes.*

*Enter Embassad: and Giouanni.*

ENG. and E. This way, this way, breake ope the doores, this way.

LOD. Ha, are wee betraid;  
Why then lets constantly dye all together,  
And hauing finisht this most noble deede,  
Defy the worst of fate; not feare to bleed.

Vittoria Corombona.

wln 3058  
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wln 3078  
wln 3079

ENG. Keepe backe the Prince, shoot, shoot,  
LOD. O I am wounded.  
I feare I shall be tane. GIO. You bloody villaines,  
By what authority haue you committed  
This Massakre. LOD. By thine. GIO. Mine?  
LOD. Yes, thy vnckle, which is a part of thee enioyn'd vs to't:  
Thou knowst me I am sure, I am Cout Lodowicke,  
And thy most noble vnckle in disguise  
Was last night in thy Court. GIO. Ha!  
CAR. Yes, that Moore thy father chose his pentioner.  
GIO. He turn'd murderer;  
Away with them to prison, and to torture;  
All that haue hands in this, shall tast our iustice,  
As I hope heauen. LOD. I do glory yet,  
That I can call this act mine owne: For my part,  
The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing wheele  
Shall bee but sound sleepes to me, here's my rest  
"I limb'd this night-peece and it was my best.  
GIO. Remoue the bodies, see my honoured Lord,  
what vse you ought make of their punishment.  
*Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes,  
Do leane on cruthes, made of slender reedes.*

ln 0001  
ln 0002  
ln 0003

In stead of an Epilogue onely this of *Martial* sup-  
plies me.  
*Hæc fuerint nobis præmia si placui.*

ln 0001  
ln 0002  
ln 0003  
ln 0004  
ln 0005  
ln 0006  
ln 0007  
ln 0008  
ln 0009

For the action of the play, twas generally well, and I dare affir-  
me, with the Ioint testimony of some of their owne quality, (for  
the true imitation of life, without striuing to make nature a mon-  
ster) the best that euer became them: whereof as I make a gene-  
rall acknowledgement, so in particular I must remember the  
well approued industry of my freind *Maister Perkins*, and con-  
fesse the worth of his action did Crowne both the beginning  
and end.

*FINIS.*

img: 45-b  
sig: [N/A]

## Textual Notes

1. **147 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *boy* comes from the original *boy*, though possible variants include *be w*'.
2. **183 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Corombona* is supplied for the original *Corom[\*\*\*]a*.
3. **342 (8-a)**: The regularized reading *frequently* is amended from the original *fiequently*.
4. **420 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Mountcelso*.
5. **474 (10-a)**: The regularized reading *prey* is amended from the original *pery*.
6. **509 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *FRANCISCO* is amended from the original *FLAN*.
7. **517 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *FRANCISCO* is amended from the original *FLAN*.
8. **649 (12-a)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Montcello*.
9. **841 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *Brachiano's* is amended from the original *Brachian's*.
10. **886 (15-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix.
11. **979 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Montcelso*.
12. **1182 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *her* comes from the original *her*, though possible variants include *he*.
13. **1253 (20-b)**: Some editions move the semi-colon before 'hears'.
14. **1254 (20-b)**: Some editions give this line to Monticelso not Vittoria.
15. **1515 (24-a)**: This unusual stage direction is expanded in some editions to: Enter Monticelso [and presents] Francisco with [a book].
16. **1860 (28-b)**: The regularized reading *Gasparo* is amended from the original *Gasper*.
17. **2003 (30-b)**: The regularized reading *will* comes from the original *will*, though possible variants include *wills*.
18. **2047 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *FLAMINEO* is amended from the original *FLV*.
19. **2061 (31-b)**: The regularized reading *Gasparo* is amended from the original *Gaspar*.
20. **2222 (33-b)**: The regularized reading *ten* comes from the original *10*, though possible variants include *two*.
21. **2230 (33-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest: Francisco.
22. **2239 (33-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest: Francisco.
23. **2244 (34-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest: Francisco.
24. **2248 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *Your* comes from the original *Your*, though possible variants include *You*.
25. **2267 (34-a)**: Some editions give Lodovico in place of Carlo.
26. **2277 (34-a)**: Some editions give this speech to Lodovico.
27. **2456 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *Rat-catcher* is amended from the original *Rat-cather*.
28. **2467 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *By* is supplied for the original *[\*]y*.
29. **2467 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Crucifix* is supplied for the original *Cru[\*\*]fix*.

30. **2470 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Hallowed* is supplied for the original *Ho[\*\*\*]wed*.
31. **2516 (37-b)**: Florence is another name for Francisco de Medici, Duke of Florence.
32. **2557 (38-a)**: *Moor* refers to *Zanche*.
33. **2639 (39-a)**: The regularized reading *fitter* is amended from the original *fittter*.
34. **2659 (39-b)**: The regularized reading *art* is amended from the original *hart*.
35. **2734 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *Cassock* is supplied for the original *Cassoc[\*]*.
36. **2734 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *cowl* is supplied for the original *coo[\*]*.
37. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *earth* is supplied for the original *ear[\*\*]*.
38. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is supplied for the original *a[\*\*]*.
39. **2777 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *Zanche* is amended from the original *Zanke*.
40. **2794 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
41. **2799 (41-b)**: The margins are trimmed, resulting in lost text. A potential alternate reading is: *He enters with two case of pistols*.
42. **2805 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
43. **2808 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *thee* is amended from the original *theee*.
44. **2881 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *the* is supplied for the original *t[\*\*]*.
45. **2894 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *tread* is supplied for the original *tr[\*\*]*.
46. **2918 (43-a)**: The regularized reading *sinking* comes from the original *sinking*, though possible variants include *stinking*.
47. **2947 (43-b)**: The regularized reading *Churchmen* is amended from the original *Chuch-men*.
48. **3064 (45-a)**: The regularized reading *Count* is amended from the original *Cout*.
49. **3079 (45-a)**: The regularized reading *crutches* is amended from the original *cruthes*.