

The Salamanca Corpus:
The King and Queens Entertainment at Richmond (1636)

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STVDII
SALAMANTINI

Anonymous,

The King and Queens Entertainment at Richmond
(1636)

[np]

THE
DEDICATION TO
THE MAIESTIE OF THE
QUEENE OF GREAT
BRITAINE.

*SEE, Madam, here, what for your sole delight
Is rais'd of nothing to wast out this night.
Scarse is the Author: what he meanes lesse knowne
None will the words, none will the Musique owne.*

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*Yet here it is; and as o'th'world some thought
That it by Atomes of it selfe was wrought:
So this concurring with your high commands
Came to be thus compacted, as it stands;
For Princes like to Gods with us on earth
Project on nothing, yet produce a birth.*

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HER Majestie signifying her plesure that she would see her Sonne the most illustrious Prince in a dance; His servants and others in the family thought is not amisse to entertaine her a while with a Country dance, and some other rude ones, that might the better set off the Princes, which were made by *Simon Hopper*, and perform'd by those that undertooke them, but all this while, the disposition of them was the thing last in their thoughts; so that now of necessity a body was to be fitted to their garment, which made one in the company to shew them, that the country dance might be introduc'd by some Clowners speaking; And because most of the Interlocutors were *Wilshire* men, that country Dialect was

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chosen, and thus every man fitted his part to his owne fancy, and the constitution of the whole teending to a greater bulke, it came to be what it is, without any designe, but rather out of a kind of necessity urging it.

The speakers were

<i>Tho. Chefinch</i>	<i>Iohn Quinne.</i>
<i>Tho. Steeling</i>	<i>Iohn Foxe.</i>

The Introduction to the Country dance.

As soone as the Queene had taken her place, a Gentleman-user standing at the entrance of the Scene with a black Calot on his head, and a beard of the same colour on his chin, bestirring his stafe much, and his tongue more saies thus.

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Ush. Stand by there! Make place, beare back, beare back.

*The next thing that offer'd it selfe to the sight was a pleasant Country for the most part
champain, from whence issued the Country fellowes, and first Tom, speaking to the
Gentleman-useher.*

Tom. By your leave M. Iantleman.

Ush. Now sir whare would you gang?

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Tom. Where is the Queene, chud spoke with the Queene?

Ush. Gang away, and be honged you Carle, you speake with the Queene.

*Tom having discover'd M. Edward Sackvile standing neere the Queene, as looking on,
calls to him.*

Tom. O M' Yedward: M. Yedward.

M. Sa. How now *Tom*, whats the matter?

Tom. Good M. Yedward. Helpe mee to spoke with the Queene?

M. Sa. With the Queene *Tom.* why with the Queene.

Tom. Chave a Prefence for Her.

M. Sa. Thou does not meane thine owne *Tom.* she can hardly see a worse.

Tom. Chave a Million for her.

M. Sa. A Million *Tom.* that were a present for a Queene indeed. Let him come in, but
who haft thou there to helpe thee to bring it?

Tom. Chad not throught you had binzicke a voole *M. Yedward*, as if I were not
soffocient to bring a Million my zell. Yes, though it were as big as a Pompeon.

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M. Sa. O, your simile has made me understand you, but what great hopes are we falne
from by this time, from ten hundred thousand pounds to ten groats at the most. Well

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thou woot deliver it I see; looke about thee now, throw thy eyes every way, & thinke which is the Queene.

Tom. Why thonke you *M. Yedward*, this gay woman shud be she by her reparrell.

M. Sa. Away you Asse.

Dost thou not see a light outshine the rest,
Two starrs that sparkle in a milky way,
Dimming the shine of *Ariadnes* crowne,
Or *Berenices* haire, and so serene,
Their influence speak peace unto a kingdome,
But thy dull eyes dazle at such a lustre;
Give me thy Present.

Tom. Zoft and vaire *M. Yedward*, two words to a bargaine. Chil not take all the paine, and loose the thonke to. Chave no skill of your vine words, or your Poultry, as they call it. Chave washt myne eyne though: and che thinke this be the variest woman in the company. Chill give it her at a venture. Mastris Queene my Master, for valt of a better presence

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has sent you here a Million. — O tis here now, chud not be such an arrant Asse che warrant you, as when che was here last, che buss't *Madge* with my basket on my shoulder for once. Chil not trust these Court nolls, no further then che can zee'um. — How like you it vorzooth, me think it is but voolish meate. O a Pumpion bak'd in the Oven, as *Madge* will handle it, were meat fot a Queene indeed, nay as good as any Counteze in Cursendome cud wush.

M. Sa. Well sir, since you have redeem'd your credit, trouble her Majestie no more. Be gone.

A violin plaies at which Tom lookes about as one amaz'd.

Tom. What, a Munstrell! this is aumost as good as a Paipe faith. Good *M. Yedward* if you have any busines goe about it, for mine owne part che meane to make holyday to

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day, dont zee chave my holyday reparrell on, and *Madge* has hers on too. O for *Doll*, and *Ruchard* now; had they but though of a *Munstrell*, the *Headborough* shud not ha kept them a whome, nor their *Lasses* neither.

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Madge from within.

Ma. Osee where our *Thomas* is, *Thomas*, *Thomas* shall we come in.

Tom. Who cals *Thomas*. Whoop: *Madge* and *Ruchard*, and *Garuase*. — Pray good *Mastris Queene*, spoke to the man with the broad speech to let *Madge* and her *vellowes* in, shall zee how fine weele voote it, and when che come next, chill bring you zick a *Cabbege* shall be worth ten *Millions*. You man with the black dish on your head! *Madge* and her *vellowes* must come in zo they must. Come in *Madge*, come in *Ruchard*; Now goodman *Munstrel* as thou lovest *Ale* strike up, dost hyreman, play me *Wilshire Tom delight*, and chill zo wet those whiskers of thine in nappy *Ale*, and besides chill gather groats a peece of all the company, if thou wert a *Paiper* shud be worth six pence a peece to thee: hold *Ruchard*, let *Doll* serve you, take you *Iugg*, *Gervase*, and chill ha *Madge* for my zell, and hay for our *Towne*.

The Country dance.

Richard offers to kisse Madge in the dance.

Tom. Hands off *Ruchard*, chill take with you by and by.

The dance ended.

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Tom. *Vellow*, che tell thee, chill not put this up. *Zdaggers death*, busse *Madge* vore my vace?

Ruc. Why shud not busse *Madge*, chave as much right to het as your zell, you can spoke with a better grace che confesse then my zell, youd be loth though to play at *wasters* with me for her, chud zo veize your *gambtels*.

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Doll. Nay good *Richard* let *Thomas* alone, *Thomas* is not so tall a man of his hands as your selfe *Richard*.

Ma. I but *Thomas* is a man of good parts though *Dorothy*: he can zing and paipe, and dance with the best in our hundred, and for a voote, and a legg at end ont is *Richard* comparable thinke you?

Tom. Well said for thyne owne *Madge*.

Ma. I tell you *Dorothy* with reverence to the company, *Thomas* can read and write his owne name, and for a need can help the high Constable to write his. He is a learn'd man. And what can *Richard* doe, play a little at wasters, and make the blood (God blesse us) run about his vellowes eares at a Wake, but turne

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him to speake to one of us, he cant say *bogh* to a Goose.

Ric. Cont I zo? che can doe though, an't were not for making the company agast, chud so job you and your Sweet hearts nolls together, zo che wud.

Doll. How *Richard*, strike a Maid *Richard*, I hope when we are married you wont strike me *Richard*.

Ric. Che cont tell whare youle gi'me cause, cham as likely as no.

Doll. If you doe I'le finde some body to strike in your place *Richard*.

Ma. And truely *Dorothy* so my Dame does, if her good-man fall out with her, shee has a friend in a corner, to fall in with her presently.

Tom. I, and reason good, *Madge*, one house would neuer hold them else. Come *Madge* before this company shall's make a match.

Ma. Fie *Thomas*, you never askt me the question.

Tom. Why? dont I now?

Ma. I but you shud ha done that before now in private, *Thomas*.

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Tom. No matter *Madge*, we have burst gold together, which is all one.

Ma. Indeed and zo it is, but you that are so good a spokes-man, *Thomas*, shud have uttered your mind before now, must I guesse by your lookes thinke you?

Tom. Why, what shud zay? if thout hame, chill have thee *Madge*, what shuds make many words of nothing, busse and the match is made. *Ruchard*, gi'me thy vist. Take *Doll Madge*; and all friends. Here's my hand *Ruchard*, chill take thy part gainst this towne and the next.

Ric. And thou zaist zo, chill take thine, and chill zo veeze the Taylor of *Amsburies* coate at the next Wake.

Here enters a shepheard clad in a coate of freeze, and a shepheadesse in the like manner, habited with broad hats on their heads, and bookes in their hands: To these

Tom Speakes.

Tom. O *Wilkin*, you come a day after the vaire, shud ha come zooner man. Welcome *Maull*, *Mastris Queene*, you dont know who this *Wilkin*, or who this *Maull* is, chill tell you. These twaine were vengeance in love one

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with other, as might be my zell and *Madge* for all the world. *Maull* here had a very pestlence woman to her mother, as might be *Madges Dame*, you know, *Madge*, your Dame is a very veirce woman.

Ma. Yes truly *Thomas*, that shee is, as any in *Wilshire* though I say it.

Tom. Now that Mother being a pestlence woman as I sed before, wood by no meanes possible that these twaine loving wretches shud be man and wife together, cause *Wilkin* had not zheepe enough vorzooth, vor that mother was damnation covetous: Yet for all that, *Maull* being a parlous wench as you zee, stole from her mother, and clapt up the match betweene um, her mother being as ingrant of it as you are. Now all the parish wondred why she shud be led into a vooles paradise by him, you zee there are them in place be as proper as him zell every inch, but when all came to all, she zed she was led

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away with his singing vorzooth. Now to zay troth he zings well, though hee bee nothing compatable to the Munstrell, that zung the zong of Shore-coate, when you were here last, vor all that you shall

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heare him zing a bomination vyne zong of his love to *Maull*. Zing *Wilkin*, weele get leave to stay zo long: What che thinke thon wants a Viddle, chill vetch thee a Viddle man, if there be a Viddle in the house.

He goes in, and brings out a Theorbo.

Che can borrow no Viddle but this, and heres one aumost as long as May-pole; prithee make zhift for once.

The Shepheard takes the Theorbo and fings.

THE SONG.

SHEPHEARD.

LUCINDA.

Sh. *DID not you once, Lucinda, vow
Yow would love nona but me?*

Lu. *I, but my Mother tels me now
I must love wealth, not thee.*

Sh. *'Tis not my fault my sbeep are leane,
Or that they are so few.*

Lu. *Nor mine, I cannot love so meane,
So poore a thing as you.*

Sh. *Cruell; thy love is in thy power,
Fortune is not in mine.*

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Lu. *But Sheph: thinke how great my dowre
Is in respect of thine.*

Sh. *Ah me! Lu. Ah me! Sh. mock you my greife?*

Lu. *I pittie thy hard fate.*

Sh. *Pitty for love is poore releife,*

I'le seale it with a kisse,

And give thee no more cause to greive,

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*Then what thou find'st in this.
Sh. Lu. Be witnesse then you Powers above,
And by these holy bands,
Let it appeare that truest love
Growes not from wealth or lands.*

After the Song.

*Tho. Well, weele take our leaves for this time, when you have a minde to more of this,
tell but M. Yedward & weele come at a whistle.*

In a Compartiment was written,

EXPEDITIO BRITOMARTIS.

*Here the Scene changing into a well ordered Campe, in which were seene
severall tents, carriages,*

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*all kind of warlike amunition, and atrench cast round about it from thence comes forth
a Captaine attired in a Souldiers habit, after the old Brittish fashion, taken from the
Romans, which was a short Coat reaching almost to his knees made in scales, and on
his head a Preist of the ancient Britaines, attired in a Robe of crimson Taffita, and a
Garland on his head. The Captaine first entering speakes thus.*

Cap. Rally my troups, & see that every Cap.

Maintaine his charg. We will remove to night

With our whole force! Doe you think Sr Preist

A Prince of so great hopes, & power as ours

Shall tamely like a Justice in the Country

With a few meager Druyds, & poore Squires

Enter on his designe.

Dru. Why, what designe,

That needs your ragged Army to advance it?

Consisting of so many hungry soules

That gape for prey, just as death gapes for thee.

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Cap. They are brave fellowes *Preist*, take heed they heare you,
Tis not your coat or office can protect you,

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Profane, & holy, nothing comes amisse
To them, that can inrich um; take you heed,
They heare that you are rich.

Dru. And these are fit

To guard a Prince?

Cap. Why? who can doe it better?

Dru. On this occasion too?

Cap. Yes! for you know we are
To enter on the Country of another
From whom though we derive our selves, we know not
What greeting to expect.

Dru. Indeed you doe

Take the right way to find an entertainment
Worthy your paines, that on a peacefull kingdome
Will bring such Harpies. Sure you must have heard
That this great king, to whom we now addresse us
Is such a one, as by his famed deeds
Poizes the world about him, whil'st he stands
Unmou'd in a firme peace of his owne mind,
As well as of his kingdome.

Cap. Well, what of that?

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Dru. Should we that come as suppliants to learne

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The way, to set our Prince on th'head of fortune
Or humane blisse, to make him of himselfe
Depend, & not of others, bring such Theeves
As yours to spoile his Country?

Cap. Is this all?

Ha's he not counsell of his owne at home?
Let him advize with us, & we will shew him
A neerer way how to be absolute;

'Tis but reserving a convenient Guard,
Some certaine thousands of us but pay enough
Weele warrant him, he shall doe what he list.

Dru. This counsell fits a Souldier to give,
Not him to take, if he heare us, weele tell him,
A certaine truth, that he which rules ore slaves
Is not so great as he that's king of freemen:
O to command the wils of subjects, rather
Then bodies, is an Empire truly sacred,
And the next way to rule in heaven it selfe!

Cap. Well *Priest*, I will not loose the pay and spoyle
That I shall get in this one expedition

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For all your tedious learning.

Dru. I, that's your end
For if you look'd at honour, you would know
He that kils men for money, does no better
Then common Hang-men, perhaps he does worse.

Cap. Perswade us to be Cowards, doe, but they
That did precede you, those brave ancient *Druyds*

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Did not alone instruct us, that to dye
Was but the midle space of future life,
And that whoever dy'd for's country fighting
His soule did enter into some great Prince,
As a soule fit to rule, that knew to fight;
But would themselves be present mongst the formost.
Dru. So would we still, if the same cause provoke us.
We have not now to doe with those grand Theeves
The *Romans*, who to draw in the next country
To their subjection would pretend a shew
Of Justice wch indeed was the highest wrong,
When they invaded us, we all were ready

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Not only to perswade; but act our selves,
But now the time is fit for other Counsellors.
Cap. I cannot stay
To heare this pratling, O thou God of warre,
Great father *Mars*, the first Progenitor
Of BRITOMART, inspire him with a courage
That may extend his Armes, as farre as is
Or earth, or sea, that he may think this kingdoe
As *Alexander* did the worlds, too streight to breath in.
Stike up a warlike sound, & you my Souldiers
Come forth, and thinke of nothing but fresh booty.
Dru. But I will stay their fury. Great *Apollo*,
That know'st to heale wth thy sweet harmony
The fierce rude minds of me, as well as bodies
Wth thy try'd medicines shew thy power now,

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Inspire thy *Priests* that may restrain this people,
Come forth you sacred Ministers of peace
And with your well tun'd *Lutes* and sweeter voice
Make this disordred route to learne some measure.

At this speech of the Druyd, the Priests of Apollo

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enter, habited after the ancient manner, in long robes of severall color'd Taffita; They sing this following song, wherein they attribute the taming of the Souldiers fiercenesse to the Queenes presence.

The Preists Song.

*BE hold how sweet a Majesty
Temper'd with grace fits in your eye,
O glory of your sex, and state:
'Tis not enough that humane wills
Are led by yours to leave their ills,
But, just as if you were their Fate,
You will subdue a race of men,
Salvadge and fierce, come from their den.
No sooner they your face looke on,
But, as from thence you vertue spoke,
Their untam'd wildnesse will be broke
To measure, and proportion.*

CHORUS.

*What kin of manners should we then partake,
When you fierce natures kind and sapple make?
Then rush in five totter'd Souldiers who begin wildly
at first to dance, but conclude with a kinde of*

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timorousnesse, and lay downe their weapons at the Queenes feete.

Their Dance ended

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A horne blowes, and a Post enters, who delivers his message after his manner, aving first demanded in Welch, (which they say is the old British language) where the King and Queene are; He goes on thus,

Here's no body understands me, never a true Britaine amongst you? I'le try you in French, *Messieurs ou est le Roy? Ou est la Royne?* Nor that neither, I must speake your owne language I see? Pray tell me which is the King? which is the Queene? I come in hast, Post-hast. No? I'le take my chance for once; These paire looke like the best in the company, I'le adventure upon them. May it please both your Majesties to understand, that I my selfe, a certaine midling thing betweene a *Spy*, and a *Courtier*, two parts *British* of mine own Country, fovre *French*, some little *Dutch*: an admirable composition, part foole, part hardy, to save the charge of an *Ambassadour*, or rather the time he would take to furnish his liveries; am sent in most voluble *Post language*, to demand

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safe conduct for my Master, the most potent Prince, of a little Gentleman, that your Majesties kingdomes have taken notice of, Prince BRITOMART. For he with some few of his nobility, little Cavalliers, his perpetuall adherents is now upon his way addressing himselfe towards you; if you aske me how he comes, I answere after the *French* Post-coach, or Post-horse, though he come a foot 'tis all one. Their Squires, or Dwarfes rather, are some halfe an houres journey behind, for so it was said of old,

The fearefull Dwarfes did ever lag behind.

But by the way, I am to signifie to you, Ladies, that you must not hope to dance with him; Pray don't urge hiim to Hee'le be angry if you doe. Now would I faine ingratiate my selfe a little with you, tell you his businesse aforehand, which is more indeed then an *Ambassadour* dares doe. Will you promise me to say nothing? For all the great stirre, and the debate of the *Captaine*, and the *Druyd*, he comes but to aske you blessing: but *Mum*: No words. If you discover me, I shall loose my place, an my pay & be declar'd incapable, which is as much

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as to strip me out of my nature, for it is more impossible for me to stand still, then a perpetuall motion, *Tantröst irg, Tantröst la*, pray dispatch me. No? your silence I'll take for a grant, and *My voicy de retour*.

As he returnes he meets with one in a formall garbe and habit of a Spaniard, reading some paper of instructions, and speaks to him thus.

O sir, you might ha sau'd your labour, your busines is happily dispatch't to your hand, you stand so long on your Puntilioes, and formalities, that the course of busines may be turn'd three times before you enter on the first. O hee's reading his instructions, and regards me not. Hee'll make you fine sport anon. I'll steale by him, now I have forestall'd his business, and bequeath him to your laughter.

The Spaniard regarding him not pursues his intention of reading, when on the suddaine the Violin playes a Pavin, at which amaz'd he leaves off reading, the Violin stops, and as soone as he falls to reading againe it begins a Saraband, which makes him leasurly to take off his Rapier, and his Cloake, and fold it up gently, and in this measure to fall into a dance.

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Which ended, and be retired, the Chorus of Priest enter, and call forth Prince BRITOMART, and his Knights with this song.

They sing.

*THE springing hopes of Armes and Arts,
Bound on a faire adventure
To take your eyes, and wound your hearts,
Are ready now to enter.*

When on a suddaine the Scene flew open, and five Knights Adventures were discovered afarre off, fitting on an arch Triumphant, Prince BRITOMART overtopping them all; They were all attired alike in a Warlike habit, after the Roman fashion, of

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watchet and crimson Taffita, cut upon silver in scollops, the bases & the buskins of the same, and their caps after the manner of the Roman Petasus, with great plumes in them.

They are called forth by this song.
*Why stay you there brave knights? Descend!
And let these Ladies see
The action that your looks portend,
Which is loves Chivalry.
Why should you feare their eyes to meet?
You have a sure defence,*

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*That might a greater danger greet;
Your age, and Innocence.
The Chorus of Priests retire, and the Knights move in their figure.
And their first dance being ended, six Squires or Dwarfes come leaping in,
attir'd in short coates of Taffita, bonnets of the same, with feathers round about them,
bearing in their hands every one their Knights or Masters sheild, with their Impressa, or
device, which in the conclusion of this dance, they lay at the Queenes feete. Their
devices were thus.*

THE PRINCES.

The Sunne scarce risen. Only peeping behind a mountaine, and shedding light upon the world.

THE WORD.

Nondum conspectus illuminant orbem.

My L. DUKE of *Buckingham*'s.

A faire welspread tree, and tall, blowne downe to the ground by a tempest, out of
it a

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streight young tree springing, over which a black cloud dropping, and through that cloud the sunne breaking with his beames, and shining upon that young tree.

The word.

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Sub his radiis sic iterum resurgam.

My L. FRANCIS VILLARS.

Asquare Altar of greene turse, upon which is placed an heart crowned, over against this *Cupid* with a bow in his hand broken with a shot. At the bottome of the Altar a shaft fastned as shot from the bow, and a second shaft in the middle way betweene *Cupid* and the Altar, yet flying towards it.

The word.

Eriam fracto arcu huc destinatur.

My LORD of *Buckhurst's*.

An Altar of stone, upon it a burning heart, *Cupid* looking sadly towards it, and putting up his arrow in his quiver, from the Altar to *Cupid* written.

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The word.

Non tibi, sed patriae.

My L. CARR'S.

Under the Princes Armes a Youth lying on the ground, the Sunne shining on him through the feathers.

The word.

Sub istis lucem non impedit umbra.

M. SCAVILE'S

A *Cupid* picking feathers for this arrowes yet unfeathered, out of the Princes Armes, a Youth opening his breast.

The word.

Hinc tibi pro calamis si data pluma, feri.

These being retired, the Adventures dance their second dance, which ended they returne to their seats, and the Scene chang'd into a beautifull Temple, from whence issued the Chorus of Priest, and sung this song of valediction.

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The last Song.

*What the sad heavens, the Sunne once gone,
What plants, or the earth being widdow'd shows,
When warmth's shut up, and nothing growes,
What ever covets union,
And is deny'd, the Elme, and Vine
When forc'd unkindly to disioyne;
What without soule the body is,
Or Lovers at a parting kisse:*

*Such, best of Queenes, shall we to night
Be to our selves, and all the world,
When darknesse on this face is hurl'd,
And you from us withdraw your light,
When no soule's left to animate
This earth, or growth to actuate,
Or heat to live, but what must burne
Desiring hearts, till you returne.*

CHORUS.

*O then for pittie hast you to come hither
To keepe these parts alive, which else must wither.*

[31]

Then was the Curtain let fall, and this folly (as all others doe) had consum'd it selfe, and left no impression in the spectators, or hearers, had it not bin that much admiration was conceau'd at the great quicknesse, and aptnesse of the Prince, who varying figures so often, was so farre from being out, that he was able to lead the rest.

The speaking and action (which grac'd the words) perform'd by my Lord of Buckhurst, and M. Edward Sackvile, shew'd that genuine action, was not so much confin'd to the stage, but a Gentleman might reach it, if not transcend it. The rest had it's support from the Musique, which prepar'd, and commended the numbers, to the eares of the Auditors, and was excellently compos'd by Master Charles Coleman.

FINIS.