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* has been used to indicate that a word is doubtful or illegible

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**Beaumont, Francis (1584-1616) and
John Fletcher (1579-1625)**

***Cupid's Revenge* (1635)**

CUPIDS
REVENGE.

AS IT WAS OFTEN

Acted (with great applause) by

the Children of the Revels.

Written by FRAN. BEAUMONT

and

IO. FLETCHER

The third Edition.

LONDON,

Printed by A. M. 1635.

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The Actors are these.

Cupid.

Leontius, the old Duke of Lycia.

Leucippus, Son to the Duke.

Ismenus, Nephew to the Duke.

Telamon, a Lycian Lord.

Dorialus, Courtier.

Agenor, Courtier.

Nisus, Courtier.

Timantus, a villainous Sycophant.

The Priest of *Cupid*.

Four young men and Maydes.

Nilo, sent in Comission to pull downe *Cupids* Image.

Zoilus, *Leucippus* Dwarfe.

Foure Cittizens.

Hidaspes, Daughter to the Duke.

Cleophila and *Hero*, her Attendants.

Bacha, a strumpet.

Urania, her Daughter.

Bachaes Mayd.

Uraniaes Mayd.

Servants and Attendants.

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Actus primus. Scaena prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

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Agenor. Trust mee my Lord *Dorialus*, I had mist of this if you had not cal'd me; I thought the Princesses Birth day had been too morrow.

Nisus. Why, did your Lordship sleep out the day?

Dor. I marvell what the Duke meant, to make such an idle vow.

Ni. Idle, why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to sweare to grant his Daughter any thing shee shall aske on her Birth day? Shee may aske an impossible thing: and I pray heaves shee doe not aske an unfit thing at one time or other; 'tis dangerous trusting a mans vow upon the discretion on's Daughter.

Age. I wonder most at the *Marquesse* her Brother, who is alwayes vehemently forward have her desires granted.

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Dor. Hee's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. Shee's doubtlesse very chaste and vertuous.

Dor. So is *Leucippus* her Brother.

Nis. Shee's twenty yeare old, I wonder shee aske not a Husband.

Dor. That veere a folly in her, having refus'd all the Great Princes in one part of the world; shee dye a Mayd.

Age. Shee may aske but once, may shee?

Nis. A hundred times this day if shee will; And indeed, every day is such a day, for though. The *Duke* has vow'd it onely on this day. Hee keepes it every day; hee can deny her nothing.

Cornets.

Enter Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantus, Tellamon.

Leon. Come faire *Hidaspes*, thou art *Dutchesse* too day: Art thou prepar'd to aske? thou knowest my oath will force performance. And *Leucippus*, if she now aske ought that shall, or would have performance after my death, when by the help of heaven this

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land is thine, accursed be thy race, may every one forget thou art my Son, and so their owne obedience.

Leu. Mighty Sir, I doe not wish to know that fatall houre, that is to make me King, but if I doe, I shall most hastily (and like a Son) performe your grants to all, chiefly to her. Remember that you aske what wee agreed upon.

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Leon. Are you prepar'd? then speake.

Hida. Most Royall Sir, I am prepar'd; Nor shall my will exceed a virgins bounds: What I request shall both at once bring mee a full content.

Leon. So it ever does: thou only comfort of my feeble age, make knowne thy good desire, for I dare sweare thou lov'st mee.

Hidas. This is it I beg, and on my Knees. The people of your Land, the *Lycians*, are through all the Nations that know their name, noted to have in use a vaine and fruitlesse Superstition; So much more hateful, that it beares the shew of true Religion, and is nothing else but a selfe-pleasing bold lasciviousnesse:

Leon. What is it?

Hidas. Many Ages before this, when every man got to himselfe a Trade; And was laborious in that chosen course, hating an idle life far worse than death: some one that gave himselfe to wine and sloth, which breed lascivious thoughts; And found himselfe conjoyn'd for that by every painefull man, to take his staine away, fram'd to himselfe a *god*, whom he pretended to obey; In being thus dishonest, for a name he call'd him *Cupid*. This created *god*, mans nature being ever credulous of any vice that takes part with his blood. Had ready followers enow: and since in every age they grew, especially amongst your Subjects; who do yet remaine adorers of that drowsie Deity

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which drinke invented: and the winged Boy, (for so they call him) has his sacrifices. These loose naked statues through the Land, and in every Village, nay the Palace is not

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free from 'em. This is my request, that these erect obscene images. May be pluckt downe and burnt: and every man that offers to 'em any sacrifice, may lose his life.

Leon. But be advis'd my fairest daughter, if hee be a god, hee will expresse it upon thee my child: which Heaven avert.

Leucip. There is no such Power: but the opinion of him fills the Land with lustfull sinnes: every young man and maid, that feeles the least desire to one another, dare not suppress it, for they thinke it is blind *Cupids* motion: and he is a god.

Leon. This makes our youth unchaste. I am resolv'd: nephew *Ismenus*, breake the Statues downe here in the Palace, and command the Citie doe the like, let Proclamations be drawne, and hastily sent through the Land to the same purpose.

Ismen. Sir, I will breake downe none my selfe, but I will deliver your command: hand I will have none in't, for I like it not.

Leon. Goe and command it. Pleasure of my life, wouldst thou ought else? Make many thousand suits, they must and shall be granted.

Hid. Nothing else. *Exit Ismenus.*

Leon. But goe and meditate on other suites, some fixe dayes hence ile give thee audience againe, and by a new oath bind my selfe to keepe it: aske largely for thy selfe, dearer then life, in whom I may be bold to call my selfe, more fortunate then any in my age,

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I will deny thee nothing.

Leu. Twas well done Sister.

Exeunt all but these three Lords.

Nis. How like you this request my Lord?

Dor. I know not yet I am so full of wonder, we shall be gods our selves shortly, and we pull'em out of heaven o' this fashion.

Age. Wee shall have wenches now when we can catch'em, and we transgresse thus.

Nis. And we abuse the gods once, tis a Justice wee should be held at hard meate: for my part, ile e'ne make ready for mine owne affection. I know the god incenst, must send a hardnesse through all good womens hearts, and then we have brought our eggs

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and muskadine to a faire Market: would I had giv'n an 100. pound for a toleration, that I might but use my conscience in mine owne house.

Dor. The *Duke* hee's old and past it, he would never have brought such a plague upou the Land else, tis worse then Sword and Famine: yet to say truth, wee have deserv'd it, we have liv'd so wickedly, every man at his livery, and wou'd that wou'd have sussic'd us: we murmur'd at this blessing, that was nothing; and cride out to the God for endlesse pleasures; he heard us, and supplied us, and our women were new still as we need 'em: yet we like beasts still cride, poore men can number their woers, give us abundance: wee had it, and this curse withall.

Age. Berlady we are like to have a long Lent oa't, flesh shall be flesh: now Gentlemen I had rather have angred all the gods, then that Blind Gunner. I remember once the people did but stight him in a sacrifice: and what followed? Women kept their houses, and grew good buswives,

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honest forsooth, was not that five. Wore their owne faces, though they weare gay clothes without surveying. And which was most lamentable, they lov'd their Husbands.

Nis. I doe remember it to my griefe, young Maids were as cold as Cowcubers, and much of that complection: bawds were abolisht: and to which misery it must come againe. There were no Cuckolds, well, we had need pray to keepe these devils from us, the times grow mischievous. There he goes, Lord.

Enter one with an Image.

This is a sacriledge I have not heard of; would I weregelt, that I might not feele what followes.

Age. And I too. You shall see withing these few yeares a fine confusion i'the cuntry, marke it: nay, and we grow for to despose the Powers, and set up Castitie againe, well I have done. A fine new Goddess certainly, whose blessings are hunger, and hard beds.

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Nis. This comes of fulnesse, a sin too frequent with us, I beleeve now we shall find shorter commons.

Dor. Would I were married, somewhat has some favour the race of Gentry will quite run out now, 'tis onely lest to Husbands: if younger sisters take not the greater charity, 'tis lawfull.

Age. Well, let come what will come, I am but one, and as the plague falls, Ile shape my self: If women will be honest, Ile be found.

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If the *god* be not too unmercifull, Ile take a little still where I can get it, and thanke him, and say nothing.

Nis. This ill win yet may blow the City good, and let them (if they can) get their own children, they have hung long enough in doubt: but howsoever, the old way was the surer, then they had um.

Dor. Farewell my Lords, Ile e'ne take up what rent I can before the day, I feare the yeare will fall out hill.

Age. Weele with you Sir: And Love so favour us, as we are still thy servants. Come my Lords, lets to the *Duke*, and tell him to what folly his doting now has brought him.
Exeunt.

Enter Priest of Cupid, with foure yong Men and Mayds.

Priest. Come my children, let your feet in an even measure meet: and your cheerful voyces rise, for to present this Sacrifice to great *Cupid*; in whose name I his *Priest* begin the same. Young men take your Loves and kiss; Thus our *Cupid* honor'd is. Kisse againe, and in your kissing, let no promises be missing: nor let any Mayden here dare to turne away her eare unto the whisper of her Love; but give Bracelet, Ring, or Glove, as a token to her sweeting, of an after secret meeting. Now boy sing, to stick our hearts fuller of great *Cupids* darts.

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Song.

Lovers rejoyce, your paines shall be rewarded,
The god of Love himselfe grieves at your crying:
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a Maydes denying.
No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,
For men are false, and what they doe they care not:
All shall be well againe, then doe not grieve,
Men shall be true, and Women shall believe.

Lovers rejoyce, what you shall say henceforth,
When you have caught your Sweethearts in your armes,
It shall be accounted Oracle, and worth:
No more faint-hearted Girles shall dreame of harmes,
And cry they are too young: the god hath sayd,
Fifteene shall make a Mother of a Mayd:
Then wise men pull your Roses yet unblowne.
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

The Measure.

After the Measure Enter Nilo, and others.

Nilo. No more of this: here break your Rites for ever, the *Duke* commands it so: Priest doe not stare, I must deface your Temple, though unwilling, and your god *Cupid* here must make a Scarcrow for any thing I know, or at the best, adorne a Chimney-piece.

Priest. O Sacrilege unbeard of!

Nilo. This will not help it, take downe their Images and away with um.
Priest change your coat you had best, all Service now is given to men: prayers above their hearing

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will prove but babblings; learne to lye, and thrive, twill prove your best profession: for the gods, hee that lives by um now, must bee a begger. There's better holinesse on earth they say, pray God it aske not greater Sacrifice. Goe home, and if your god be not deafe as well as blind, hee will make some smoke for it.

Gent. Sir -----

Nilo. Gentlemen there is no talking, this must be done, and speedily; I have Commissio that I must not breake.

Gent. We are gone, to wonder what shall follow.

Ni. On to the next Temple. *Exennt.*

Cornets. *Descendit Cupid.*

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd? is my all-doing will and power, that knowes no limit, nor admits none, now look't into by lesse than gods? and weakened am I, whose Bow strucke terror through the earth, no lesse than Thunder, and in this, exceeding even gods themselves; whose knees before my Altars now shooke off; and contemn'd by such, whose lives are but my recreation: anger rise, my sufferance, and my selfe are made the Subject of sins against us. Goe thou out displeasure, displeasure of a great god, fly thy selfe through all this kingdom: sow whatever evils proud flesh is taking of, amongst these Rebels. And on the first heart that despis'd my greatnesse lay a strange misery, that all may know *Cupids* Revenge is mighty, with his arrow, hotter than plagues or mine owne anger, will I now nobly right my selfe: nor shall the prayers nor sweet smokes on my Altars hold my hand, till I have left this amost wretched Land.

Exit.

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Enter Hidaspes and Cleophila.

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Hidas. *Cleophila*, what was he that went hence?

Cleo. What meanes your Grace now?

Hidas. I meane that handsome man, that something more than man I met at dore.

Cleo. Here was no handsome man.

Hidas. Come, hee's some one you would preserve in private, but you want cunning to doe it, and my eyes are sharper than yours, and can with one neglecting glance see all the graces of a man. Who was't?

Cleo. That went hence now?

Hida. That went hence now: I, hee.

Cl. Faith here was no such one as your Grace thinks; *Zoylus* your Brothers Dwarf went out but now.

Hida. I thinke twas hee: how bravely hee past by! Is hee not growne a goodly Gentleman?

Cleo. A goodly Gentleman Madam? He is the most deformed fellow i'the Land.

Hida. O blasphemy! he may perhaps to thee appeare deform'd, for he is indeed unlike a man: his shape and colours are beyond the art of painting, he is like nothing that we have seene, yet doth resemble *Apollo*, as I oft have fancied him, when rising from his bed, he stirs himselfe, and shakes day from his haire.

Cleo. He resembles *Apollo's* Recorder.

Hidas. *Cleophila*, goe send a Page for him, and thou shalt see thy error, and repent.
Exit Cleo.

Alas what doe I feele, my blood rebels; and I am one of these I us'd to scorne: my Maiden-thoughts are fled against my selfe; I harbour Traytors in my Virginity,

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that from my child-hood kept me company, is heavier then I can endure to beare: forgive me *Cupid*, for thou art a god, and I a wretched creature; I have finn'd, but be thou mercifull, and grant that yet I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.

Enter Cleo and Zoy.

Cleo. *Zoylus* is here Madam.

Hida. Hee's there indeed.

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Now be thine owne Judge; see thou worse then mad, is he deformed? looke upon those eyes, that let all pleasure out into the world, unhappy that they cannot see themselves. Looke on his haire, that like so many beames, streaking the East, shoot light ore halfe the world. Looke on him altogether, who is made as it two Natures had contention about their skill, and one had brought forth him.

Zoyl. Ha, ha, ha: Madam, though Nature hath not given me so much, as others in my out ward shew; I beare a heart as loyall unto you, in this unsightly body which you please (to make your mirth) as many others doe, that are farre more befriended in their births: yet I could wish my selfe much more deformed then yet I am so I might make your Grace more merrie then you are, ha, ha, ha.

Hidas. Beshrew me then if I be merry; but I am content whilst thou art with me: thou that art my Saint, by hope of whose mild favour I doe live to tell thee so: I pray thee scorne me not; Alas: what can it adde unto thy worth, to triumph over me, that am a Maid? Without deceit, whose heart doth guide her tongue, drownd in my passions; yet I will take leave

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to call it reason, that I dote on thee.

Cl. The *Princesse* is besides her grace I think, to talke thus with a fellow that will hardly serve i'th darke when one is drunke.

Hid. What answer wilt thou give me?

Zoy. If it please your Grace to jest on, I can abide it.

Hida. It is be jest, not to esteeme my life, compar'd with thee: if it be jest in me, to hang a thousand kisses in an houre upon those lips, and take um off againe: if it be jest for me to marry thee, and take obedience on me whilst I live: then all I fay is jest: for every part of this, I sweare by those that see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to doe, and I beseech thee, by thine owne white hand, (which pardon me, that I am bold to kisse with so unworthy lips) that thou wilt sweare to marry me, as I doe here to thee, before the face of heaven.

Zoy. Marry you! ha, ha, ha.

Hida. Kill me or grant: wilt thou not speake at all?

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Zoy. Why I will doe your will for ever.

Hida. I aske no more: but let me kisse that mouth that is so mercifull, that is my will: next, goe with me before the King in haste, that is my will, where I will make our Peeres know, that thou art their better.

Zoy. Ha, ha, ha, that is fine, ha, ha, ha.

Cleo. Madam, what meanes your grace? Consider for the love of heaven to what you run madly; will you take this Viper into your Bed?

Hida. Away, hold off thy hands: strike her sweet *Zoylus*, for it is my will, which thou hast sworne to doe.

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Zoy. Away for shame. Know you no manners: ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

Cleo. Thou knowst none I feare: this is just *Cupids Anger*, *Venus* looke downe mildely on us: and command thy Sonne to spare this Lady once, and let mee be in love with all: and none in love with mee. *Exit.*

Enter Ismenus, and Timantus.

Tim. Is your Lordship for the wars this Summer?

Ism. *Timantus* wilt thou goe with me?

Tim. If I had a company my Lord.

Ism. Of Fidlers: thou a company. No, no, keepe thy company at home, and cause cuckolds, the wars will hurt thy face, there's no Sempsters, Shoemakers, nor Taylors, nor Almon milke i'th morning, nor poacht egges to keepe your worship soluble, no man to warme your shirt, and blow your Roses: nor none to reverence your round lace breeches: if thou wilt needs goe, and goe thus, get a café for thy Captain-ship, a shower will spoyle thee else. Thus much for thee.

Tim. Your Lordships wondrous witty, very pleasant, believ't. *Exit.*

Enter Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus, Leontius.

Leon. No newes yet of my Son?

Tel. Sir, there be divers out in search: no doubt they'l bring the truth where he is, on the occasion that led him hence.

Tim. They have good eyes then.

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Leon. The gods goe with them: who be those that wayt there?

Tel. The Lord *Ismenus*, your Generall, for his dispatch.

Leon. O *Nephew*: Wee have no use to imploy your vertue in our war: now the Province is well settled. Heare you ought of the *Marquesse*?

Ism. No Sir.

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Leon. Tis strange he should be gone thus: this five dayes he was not seene.

Tim. Ile hold my life, I could boult him in an houre.

Leon. Where's my Daughter?

Dor. About the purging of the Temples, Sir.

Leon. Shee's chaste and vertuous; Fetch her to me, and tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now her last request, without repenting me. *Exit Nisus.*

Be it what it will: she is wise, *Dorialus*, and will not presse me farther than a Father.

Dor. I pray the best may follow: yet if your grace had taken the opinions of your people, at least of such, whose wisdomes ever wake about your safety, I may fay it Sir, under your noble pardon; that this change either hath been more honour to the gods, or I thinke not at all. Sir the Princesse.

Enter Hidaspes, Nisus, and Zoylous:

Leon. O my Daughter, my health! And did I fay my soule, I ly'd not; Thou art so nere me, speak, and have what ever thy wife sill leads thee too: had I a heaven, it were too poore a place for such a goodnesse.

Dor. What's here?

Age. An Apes skin stuf I think, tis so plump.

Hida. Sir, you have pass'd your Word, still be a Prince, and hold you to it. Wonder not I presse you, my life lyes in your word, if you breake that, you have broke my heart, I must aske that's my shame, and your will must not deny me: nor for heaven be not forsworne.

Leon. By the gods I will not, I cannot, were there no other power, than my love call'd to a witness of it.

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Dor. They have much reason to trust, you have forsworn one of um out o'th countrey already.

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Hida. Then this is my request: This Gentleman; be not ashamed, Sir: You are worth a Kingdome.

Leon. In what?

Hida. In the way of marriage.

Leon. How?

Hida. In the way of marriage, if must be so, your oath is tyde to heaven: as my love to him.

Leon. I know thou dost but try my Age, como aske againe.

Hida. If I should aske all my life time, this is all still. Sir, I am serious, I must have this worthy man without enquiring why; and suddenly, and freely: Doe not looke for reason or obedience in my words: my love admits no wisdom: only haste, and hope hangs on my fury: Speake Sir, speake, but not as a Father, I am deafe and dull to counsell: inflamed blood heares nothing but my will: For Gods sake speake.

Dor. Here's a brave alteration.

Nis. This comes of Chastitie.

Hida. Will you not speake Sir?

Agen. The god begins his vengeance; what a sweet youth he has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly?

Leon. O let me never speake, or with my words let me speake out my life; Thou power abus'd great Love, whose vengeance now wee feele and feare, have mercie on this Land.

Nis. How does your Grace?

Leon. Sicke, very sicke I hope.

Dor. Gods comfort you.

Hida. Will you not speake? is this your royall word? Doe not pull perjury upon your soule. Sir, you are old, and neere your punishment; remember.

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Leon. Away base woman.

Hida. Then be no more my Father, but a plague, I am bound to pray against: be any Sin may force me to despaire, and hang my selfe, be thy name never more remembred King, but in example of a broken Faith, and curst even to forgetfulnesse: May thy Land bring forth such Monsters as thy Daughter is? I am weary of my rage. I pray forgive me, and let me have him, will you noble Sir?

Leon. Mercie, mercie heaven: Thou heire of all dishonour, shamest thou not to draw this little moysture lest for life, thus rudely from me? Carry that Slave to death.

Zoy. For heavens sake Sir, it is no fault of mine, that shee will love mee.

Leon. To death with him, I say.

Hida. Then make haste Tyrant, or ile be for him; this is the way to Hell.

Leon. Hold fast, I charge you away with him.

Hida. Alas old man, Death hath more dores than one, and I will meet him. *Exit*

Hida.

Leon. *Dorialus*, Pray see her in her chamber, and lay a guard about her: The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties, is will and disobedience in our issues, which we beget as well as them to plague us with our fond loves; Beasts, you are only blest, that have that happy dulnesse to forget what you have made, your young ones grieve not you, they wander where they list, and have their wayes without dishonour to you; and their ends fall on um without sorrow of their Parents, or after ill remembrance: Oh this Woman! Would I had made my selfe a Sepulcher, when I made her: Nephew where is the Prince?

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Pray God hee have not more part of her basenesse then of her bloud about him.

Gentlemen: where is hee?

Ism. I know not Sir. H'as his wayes by himselfe, is too wise for my company.

Leon. I doe not like this hiding of himselfe, from such societie as is person: some of it ye must needs know.

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Ism. I am sure not I; nor have knowne twice this ten dayes, which if I were as proud as some of um, I should take scurvily, but hee is a young man. Let him have his swinge, 'twill make him.

Timantus whispers to the Duke.

There's some good matter now in hand; How the slav[e] geeres and grins: the *Duke* is pleas'd, there's a new paire of Scarlet Hose now, and as much money to spare as will fetch the old from pawne, a Hat and a Cloake to goe out too morrow: Carters and stockings come by nature.

Leon. Be sure of this.

Tima. I durst not speake else Sir.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus. Scaena prima.

Cornets.

Descend Cupid.

Cupid. *Leucippus* thou art shot through with a shaft that will not rangle long, yet sharpe enough to sow a world of helplesse misery—In this unhappy kingdome, doest thou thinke because thou art a Prince, to make a part against my Power, but it is all the fault of thy old Father, who believes his Age

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is cold enough to quench my burning Darts; but hee shall know ere long, that my dart loose, can thaw ice, and inflame the witherd heart of *Nestor*, thou thy selfe art lightly stricke: but his mad love shall publish that the rage of *Cupid*, has the power to conquer Age. *Exit.*

Enter Bacha, and Leucippus, Bacha, A handkercheffe.

Leu. Why, whats the matter?

Bac. Have you got the spoyle you thirsted for. O tyrannie of men! *Leu.* I pray thee leave.

Bac. Your envie is, heaven knowes, beyond the reach of all our feeble Sex: What paine alas could it have beene to you, if I had kept mine honour? you might still have

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beene a Prince, and still this countreyes heyre, that innocent Guard, which I till now had kept for my defence, my vertue, did it seeme so dangerous in a state, that your selfe came to suppres it.

Leu. Dry thine eyes againe, ile kisse thy teares away, this is but folly, tis past all helpe.

Bac. Now you have won the treasure, tis my request that you would leave me thus: and never see these empty walls againe, I know you will doe so, and well you may: for there is nothing in um that's worth a glance; I loath my selfe, and am become another woman; One, me thinks, with whom I want acquaintance.

Leu. If I doe offend thee, I can be gone, and though I love they fight, so highly doe I price thine owne content, that I will leave thee.

Bac. Nay, you may stay now; you should have gone before: I know not now why I should have gone before: I know not now why I should feare you; All I should have kept is stolne: No, is it in the power of man

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to rob me farther: if you can invent, spare not; no naked man feares robbing lesse than I do: now you may for ever stay.

Leu. Why, I could doe thee farther wrong.

Bac. You have a deeper reach in evill than I: tis past my thoughts.

Leu. And past my will to act; but trust me I could do it.

Bac. Good Sir doe, that I may know there is a wrong beyond what you have done mee.

Leu. I could tell all the world what thou hast done.

Bac. Yes you may tell the world and doe you thinke I am so vaine, to hope you will not: you can tell the world but this, that I am a widow, full of teares in shew, my Husband dead: and one that lov'd de so. Hardly a weeke, forgot my modesty, and caught with youth and greatnesse, gave my selfe to live in sin with you: this you may tell; and this I doe deserve.

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Leu. Why, dost thou think me so base to tell? These limbs of mine shall part from one another on a wracke ere I disclose; But thou doest utter words that much afflict me: you did seeme as ready sweet *Bacha* as my selfe.

Bac. You are right a man: when they have witcht us into misery, poore innocent soules, they lay the fault on us: But be it so—For Prince *Leucippus* fake I will beare any thing.

Leucip. Come, weep no more, I wrought thee to it, it was my fault: Nay, see if thou wilt leave. Here, take this pearle, kisse me sweet *Bacha*, and receive this purse.

Bac. What should I do with these? they will not deck my mind.

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Leu. Why keepe um to remember me. I must be gone, I have beene absent long: I know the Duke my Father is in rage, but I will see thee suddenly againe. Farewell my *Bacha*. *Bac.* Gods keepe you doe you heare Sir: pray give me a point to weare.

Leu. Alas good *Bacha*, take one I pray thee, where thou wilt.

Bac. Coming from you. This point is of as high esteeme with mee, as all pearle and gold: nothing but good be ever with, or neere you.

Leu. Fare thee well mine own good *Bacha*; I will make all haste. *Exit.*

Bac. Just as you are a dozen I esteeme you: No more, does he thinke I would prostitute my selfe for love: it was the love of these pearles and gold that wan mee, I confesse, I lust more after him than any other, and would at any rate if I had store, purchase his fellowship: but being poore, Ile both enjoy his body and his purse, and he a *Prince*, nere think my selfe the worse.

Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, Timantus.

Leon. Nay, you must backe and shew us what it is, that witches you out of your honour thus.

Bac. Whose that? *Tim.* Looke there Sir.

Leon. Lady, never flye you are betrayd.

Bac. Leave me my teares a while, and to my just rage give a little place: What saucie man are you, that without leave enter upon a Widdowes mournfull house? You hinder a dead man from many teares. Who did deserve more than the world can shed, though

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they should weep themselves to Images, if not for love of mee, yet of your selfe away, for you can bring no comfort to me. But you may carry hence, you know not what.

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Nay sorrow is infectious.

Leon. Thou thy selfe.

Art growne infectious: wouldst thou know my name? I am the Duke, father to this young man whom thou corruptst.

Bac. Has he then told him all.

Leu. You doe her wrong Sir.

Bac. O he has not told. Sir I beseech you pardon.

My wilde tongue, directed by a weake distemperd head madded with grieffe: Alas I did not know you were my Sovereigne; but now you may command my poore unworthy life, which will be none I hope ere long.

Leon. All thy dissembling will never hide thy shame: and wert not more respecting Woman-hood in generall, than any thing in thee, thou shouldst be made such an example, that posterity, when they would speak most bitterly, should say *Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.*

Bac. Sir, though you be my King, whom I will serve in all just causes: yet when wrongfully you seeke to take mine Honour, I will rise thus, and defie you; for it is a lewell dearer than you can give, which whilst I keepe, (though in this lowly house) I shall esteeme my selfe above the Princes of the earth that are without it. If the Prince your Son, whom you accuse me with, know how to speak dishonour of me, if he doe not doe it, the plagues of hell light on him, may he never governe this Kingdome: here I challenge him before the face of heaven my Liege, and these, to speake the worst he can: if he will lye to lose a womans fame, ile say he is like you (I thinke I cannot call him worse.) Hee's dead, that with his life would have defended:

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My reputation, and I forc't to play (that which I am) the foolish woman, and use my liberall tongue.

Leu. Is't possible! we men are children in our carriages, compar'd with women: wake thy selfe for shame, and leave not her, whose honour thou shou'dst keepe safe as thine owne, alone to free her selfe: but I am prest I know not how, with guilt, and feele my conscience (never us'd to lye) loth to allow my tongue to adde a lye to that too much I did: but it is lawfull to defend her, that only for my Love, lov'd evil.

Leon. Tell me, why did you *Lucip:* stay here so long?

Leu. If I can urge ought from me but a truth, hell take mee.

Leon. What's the matter, why speake you not?

Tima. Alas good Sir, forbear to urge the Prince, you see his shamefastnesse.

Ba. What does hee say Sir? if thou be a Prince shew it, and tell the truth.

Ismen. If you have layne with her tell your Father, no doubt but he has done as ill before now: The Gentlewoman will be proud on't.

Bac. For Gods sake speake.

Leu. Have you done prating yet?

Ismen. Who prates?

Leu. Thou knowst I doe not speak to thee *Ismenus:* but what said you *Tima:* concerning my shamefastnesse?

Timant. Nothing I hope that might displease your Highnesse.

Leu. If any of thy great, Great-grandmothers this thousand yeeres, had beene as chaste as she, it would have made thee honester, I stayd to heare what you wou'd say: she is by heaven of the most strict and blamelesse chastity that ever woman was: (good gods forgive me)

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had *Tarquin* met with her, she had been kild with a Slave by her ere she had agreed: I lye with her! would I might perish then. Our Mothers, whom we all must reverence, could nere exceed her for her chastity, upon my soule: for by this light, shee's a most obstinate modest creature.

Leon. What did you with her then so long, *Leucippus?*

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Leu. Ile tell you sir: You see shee's beautifull.

Leon. I see it well.

Leu. Mov'd by her face, I came with lustfull thoughts, which was a fault in me: but telling truth, something more pardonable, (and for the world I will not lye to you) proud of my selfe, I thought a Princes name had power to blow um downe flat of their backes; but here I found a Rocke not to be shooke: for as I hope for good, sir, all the battery that I could lay to her, or of my person, my greatnesse, or gold, could nothing move her.

Leon. Tis very strange, being so young and faire!

Leu. Shee's almost thirty sir.

Leon. How doe you know her Age so just?

Leu. She told it me her selfe.

One when she went about to shew by reason I should leave wooing her.

Leon. She staines the ripest virgins of her age.

Leu. If I had finn'd with her, I would be loth to publish her disgrace: but by my life I would have told it you, because I thinke you would have pardon'd me the rather: and I will tell you father: By this light sir, (but that I never will bestow my selfe but to your liking) if she now would have me, I now would marry her.

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Leon. How's that *Leucippus*!

Leu. Sir, will you pardon my one fault, which yet I have not done, but had a will to doe, and I will tell it?

Leon. Bee't what it will I pardon thee.

Leu. I offered marriage to her.

Leon. Did she refuse it?

Leu. With that earnestnesse, and almost scorne to thinke of any other after her lost Mate, that she made me thinke my selfe unworthy of her.

Leon. You have stayd too long *Leucippus*.

Leu. Yes sir, forgive me heaven, what multitude of oaths have I bestow'd on lyes, and yet they were officious lyes, there was no malice in um.

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Leon. She is the fayrest creature that ever I beheld: and then so chaste, tis wonderfull: the more I looke on her, the more I am amaz'd.

I have long thought of a wife, and one I would have had, but htat I was afraid to meet a woman that might abuse my Age: but here she is whom I may trust too, of a chastity impregnable, and approved so by my Son: the meanes of her birth will still preserve her in due obedience; and her beauty is of force enough to pull me backe to youth. My Son once sent away, whose rivall-ship I have just cause to feare, if power, or gold, of wit, can win her to me, she is mine. Nephew *Ismenus*, I have new intelligence, your Province is unquiet still.

Ism. I'me glad on't.

Leon. And so dangerously, that I must send the Prince in person with you.

Ism. I'me glad of that too: Sir will you dispatch us, we shall wither here for ever.

Leon. You shall be dispatcht within this houre, *Leucippus*, never wonder nor aske, it must be thus.

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Lady, I aske your pardon, whose vertue I have slubberd with my tongue, and you shall ever be chaste in my memory hereafter: But we old men often dote; to make amends for my great fault, receive that Ring: I'm sorry for your grieve, may it soon leave you. Come my Lords lets be gone. *Exeunt.*

Bach. Heaven besse your Grace. One that had but so much modesty left, as to blush, or shrinke a little at his first encounter, had beene undone: where I come off with honour, and gaine too: they that never wou'd be trackt in any course, by the most suttle sense, must beare it through with frontlets impudence. *Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Dor. Gentlemen, this is a strange piece of Justice, to put the wretched Dwarfe to death because she doted on him; is she not a woman, and subject to those mad figaries her whole Sex is infected with? Had she lov'd you, or you, or I, or all on's (as indeed the more the merrier still with them) must we therefore have our heads par'd with a

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Hatchet? So she may love all the Nobility out o'th Dukedome in a month, and let the raskals in.

Nis. You will not, or you doe not see the need that makes this just to the world?

Dor. I cannot tell, I would be loth to feele it: But the best is, she loves not proper men, wee three were in wise cases else: but make me know this need.

Ni. Why yes: Hee being taken away, this base incontinence dyes presently, and she must see her shame and sorrow for it.

Dor. Pray God she doe: but was the Sprat beheaded, or did they swing him about like a chickin, and so breake his necke.

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Age. Yes, hee was beheaded, and a solemne justice made of it.

Dor. That might have beene deducted.

Age. Why, how would you have had him dye?

Dor. Faith I would have had him rosted like a warden in a browne paper, and no more talke on't: or a feather stucke in's head; like a Quaile: or hanged him in a Dog-coller: what should hee be beheaded? we shall have it grow so base shortly, Gentlemen will be out of love with it.

Nis. I wonder from whence this of the Dwarfes first sprung?

Dor. From an old leacherous paire of breeches that lay upon a wench to keepe her warme: for certainly they are no mans worke: and I am sure a Monkey would get one of the guard to this fellow, hee was no bigger than a small Portmantu, and much about that making, if t'had legs.

Age. But Gentlemen, what say you to the *Prince*?

Ni. I, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

Dor. Why then hee will come home I know not when: you shall pardon me, Ile talke no more of this subject, but say, gods be with him where ere hee is, and send him well home againe: For why, hee is gone, or when he will returne, let them know that directed him: Onely this, there's mad Moriscoes in the state; but what they are, Ile tell you when I know. Come, lets goe, heare all, and say nothing.

Age. Content.

Exeunt.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Cupid's Revenge* (1635)
Enter Timantus, and Telamon.

Tela. *Timantus*, is the *Duke* ready yet?

Tima. Almost.

Tela. What ayles him?

Tim. Faith I know not, I thinke he has dreamt hee's but eighteene: has beene worse since hee sent you forth for the frizling-yron.

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Tela. That cannot be, hee lay in Gloves all night, and this morning I brought him a new *Periwig* with a locke at it, and knockt up a swing in's chamber.

Tim. O but since his Taylor came, and they have falne out about the fashion on's cloathes; and yoners a fellow come has board a hole in's eare; and hee has bespake a Vaulting horse, you shall see him come forth presently: he lookes like Winter, stucke here and there with fresh flowers.

Tela. Will he not Tilt thinke you?

Tima. I thinke he will.

Tela. What does hee meane to doe?

Tima. I know not; but by this light, I thinke he is in love; he wou'd have been shav'd but for me.

Tela. In love with whom?

Tima. I could gesse, but you shall pardon me: he will take me along with him some whither.

Tela. I over-heard him aske your opinion of some bodies beauty.

Tima. Yes, there it goes that makes him so youthfull, and has layd by his Crutch, and halts now with a leading staffe.

Enter Leontius with a Staffe and a Looking-glasse.

Leon. *Timantus.* *Tima.* Sir.

Leon. This Feather is not large enough.

Tima. Yes faith, tis such a one as the rest of the young Gallants weare.

Leon. *Telamon*, does it doe well?

Tela. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, she rareliest—.

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Leon. Away, doest thinke so?

Tela. Thinke sir? I know it. Sir, the *Princesse* is part all hope of life since the Dwarfe was put to death.

Leon. Let her be so, I have other matters in hand: but this same Taylor angers me, he has made my doublet so wide: and see the knave has put no points at my arme.

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Tim. Those will be put too quickly, Sir, upon any occasion.

Leon. *Telamon*, have you bid this Dancer come a mornings? *Tela.* Yes, Sir.

Leon. *Timantus*, let me see the glasse againe: looke you how carelesse you are growne, is this tooth well put in. *Tim.* Which Sir?

Leon. This Sir.

Tima. It shall be.

Tela. Mee thinkes that tooth should put him in mind on's yeares: and *Timantus* stands as if (seeing the *Duke* in such a youthfull habite) hee were looking in's mouth how old he were. *Leon.* So, so.

Tela. Will you have your Gowne sir?

Leon. My Gowne? why, am I sicke? bring mee my Sword. *Exit Tela.*

Leon. Let a couple of the great horses bee brought out for us.

Tima. Heele kill himselfe. Why, will you ride sir?

Leon. Ride I dost thou thinke I cannot ride?

Tim. O yes sir, I know it: but as I conceive your journey, you wou'd have it private; and then you were better take a Coach.

Leon. These Coaches make me sicke: yet tis no matter, let it beso. *Enter Telamon with a Sword.*

Tela. Sir, here's your Sword.

Leon. O well sed: let me see it, I could me thinks—why *Telamon*, bring mee another: what, thinkst thou I will weare a sword in vaine?

Tela. He has not strength enough to draw it. A yoke of Fleas tyde to a hayre would have drawne it: tis out sir now, the Scabbert is broke.

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Leon. O put it up againe, and on with it; me thinkes I am not drest till I feele my sword on. *Telamon,* if any of my councill aske for me, say I am gone to take the ayre.

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Tim. He has not beene drest this twenty yeares then, if this vaine hold but a weeke, he will learne to play o'th base violl and sing too't: Hee's Poeticall already; For I have spide a Sonnet on's making lye by's beds side, ile be so unmannerly to reade it.
Exit.

Enter Hidaspes, Cleophila and Hero; Hidaspes in a Bed.

Hida. Hee's dead, hee's dead, and I am following.

Cleo. Ask *Cupid* mercie Madam. *Hid.* O my heart!

Cleo. Helpe! *Her.* Stir her. *Hid.* ô, ô.

Cleo. Shees going, wretched women that weare; looke to her, and ile pray the while.
She kneeles.

Hero. Why Madam?

Cleo. *Cupid* pardon what is past, and forgive our sins at last; then we will be coy no more, but thy Deity adore: troaths at fiteene we will plight, and will tread a dance at night in the fields, or by the fire, with the youths that have desire. *How does shee yet?*

Hero. O ill.

Cleo. Given Eare-rings we will weare, bracelets of our Lovers haire, which they on our armes shall twist, with their names carv'd on our wrist. All the money that wee owe, wee in Tokens will bestow; and learne to write, that when tis sent, onely our Loves know what is meant: O then pardon what is past, and forgive our sins at last. *What, mends shee?*

He. Nothing, you do it not wantonly, you should sing.

Cleo. Why. *Hero.* Leave, leave, tis now too late. She is dead, her last is breathed.

Cleo. What shall wee doe. *Her.* Goe run, and tell the *Duke*; and whilst ile close her eyes.

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Thus I shut the faded light, and put it in eternall night. Where is she can boldly say, though shee be as fresh as May, shee shall not by this corps be laid, ere to morrowes light doe fade. Let us all now living bee, warn'd by thy strict Chastitie, and marry all fast as wee can, till then, we keep a piece of man, wrongfully from thom that owe it, soone may every Mayd bestowe it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha, and a Mayd.

Bac. Who is it? *Maid.* Forsooth there is a gallant coach at the dore, & the brave old man in't, that you said was the Duke. *Bac.* *Cupid* grant he may be taken.

Maid. He is coming up, and looks the swaggeringst, and has such glorious cloathes.

Bac. Let all the house see me sad, and see all handsome.

Enter Leontius and Timantus, a Jewell and a ring.

Leon. Nay widdow, fly not back, wee come not now to chide; stand up, and bid me welcome.

Bac. To a poore widdows house, that knowes no end of her ill fortune: your Highnesse is most welcome.

Leon. Come kisse me then; this is but manners widow: nere fling your head aside, I have more cause of grieffe than you: my daughters dead: but what? Tis nothing is the rough French horse brought to the dore? They say hee is a high goer, I shall soone try his mettall.

Tim. Hee will bee Sir, and the gray Barbary, they are fiery both.

Leont. They are the better: Before the Gods I am lightsome, very lightsome: How doest thou like mee widdow?

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Bac. As a person in whom all graces are.

Leon. Come, come, yee flatter; ile clap your cheeke for that, and you shall not be angry.

Hast no *Musicke*: Now could I cut three times with ease, and doe a crofle point, should shame all your gallants:

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Bac. I doe believe you, and your selfe too: Lord what a fine old *Zany* my love has made him? He's mine, I am sure: Heaven make me thankfull for him.

Leon. Tell mee how old thou art my pretty sweete heart?

Timantus. Your Grace will not buy her, shee may trip Sir.

Bac. My sorrow showes mee Elder than I am by many yeares.

Leon. Thou art so witty, I must kisse agen.

Tima. Indeed her Age lyes not in her mouth: nere looke it there sir, shee has a better Register if it be not burnt.

Leon. I will kisse thee: I am a fire *Timantus*.

Tima. Can you chuse Sir, having such heavenly fire before you?

Leon. Widow, guesse why I come, I prethee doe.

Bac. I cannot Sir, unlesse you be pleas'd to make a mirth out of my rudenesse: and that I hope your pittie will not let ye, the subject is so barren: Bite King, Bite, ile let you play a while.

Leon. Now as I am an honest man, ile tell thee truly: How many Foot did I jump yesterday *Timantus*?

Tim. Fourteene of your own, and some three fingers.

Bacha. This fellow lyes as lightly, as if hee were in cut Taffata. Alas good Almanack get thee to bed, and tell what weather we shall have too morrow.

Leon. Widow I am come, in short, to be a Sutor.

Bacha. For whom?

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Leon. Why, by my thoth, I come to woe thee wench, and win thee for my selfe: Nay, looke upon me: I have about me that will doe it.

Bac. Now heaven defend me, your Whore you shall never; I thanke the Gods, I have a little left me to keep mee warme, and honest: if your grace take not that, I seeke no more.

Leon. I am so sarre from taking any thing, ile adde unto thee.

Bac. Such Additions may be for your ease Sir, not my honesty: I am well in being single, good sir, seek another, I am no meate for money.

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Leon. Shall I fight for thee?

This sword shall cut his throat that dares lay claime but to a Finger of thee, but to a looke, I would see such a fellow.

Bac. It would be but a cold sight to you: This is the father of S. George a soot-backe, can such dry Mumming talke.

Tim. Before the gods, your grace lookes like *Aeneas*.

Bac. He looks like his old father upon his backe, crying to ge Aboard.

Leon. How shall I win thy love, I pray thee tell me? Ile marry thee if thou desirest that: That is an honest course, I am in good earnest, and presently within this houre, I am mad for thee: prethee deny mee not, for as I live, ile pine for thee, but ile have thee.

Bac. Now hee's in the toyle ile hold him fast.

Tima. You doe not know what tis to bee a Queene; goe too you Mayd, what the old man fals short of, there's other can eech our, when you please to call on um.

Bacha. I understand you not, Love I adore thee. Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks, for so much honouring your humble Hand-mayd above her birth: Far more her weake deservings, I dare not trust the envious tongues of all that must repine at my unworthy rising.

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Beside, you have many faire ones in your kingdome born to such worth: O turne your selfe about, and make a Noble choyse.

Leon. If I doe, let me famish: I will have thee or breake up house, and boord here.

Bac. Sir, you may command an unwilling woman to obey ye; but heaven knowes—

Leon. No more: these halfe a dozen kisses, and this jewell, and every thing I have, and away with mee, and clap it up; and have a boy by morning *Timantus*. Let one bee sent post for my Son againe; and for *Ismenus*, they are scarce twenty miles on their way yet, by that time weele be married.

Tim. There shall Sir:

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

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Actus tertius. Scaena prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Nis. Is not this a fine marriage?

Age. Yes, yes, let it alone.

Dor. I, I, the King may marry whom's list, let's talke of other matters.

Nis. Is the *Prince* comming home certainly?

Dor. Yes, yes, hee was sent post for yesterday, let's make haste, weele see how his new Mother-in-law will entertaine him.

Ni. Why well I warrant you: did you not marke how humbly shee carried her selfe to us on her marriage day, acknowledging her owne unworthinesse, and that shee would be our servant.

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Dor. But marke what's done.

Nis. Regard not shew.

Age. O God! I knew her when I have beene offered her to be brought to my bed for five pound: whether it could have beene performed or no, I know not.

Nis. Her Daughter's a pretty Lady.

Dor. Yes, and having had but meane bringing up; it talkes the pretilest and innocentliest, the Queene will be so angry to heare her betray her breeding by her language: but I am perswaded shee's well dispos'd.

Age. I thinke better than her mother.

Nis. Come, we stay too long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leucippus, and Ismenus.

Ism. How now man, strucke dead with a tale?

Leu. No, but with a truth.

Ism. Stand of your selfe: can you endure blowes, and shrinke at words?

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Leu. Thou knowst I have told thee all.

Ism. But that all's nothing to make you thus: your sisters dead.

Leu. That's much, but not the most.

Ism. Why, for the other let her marry and hang, tis no purpos'd fault of yours: and if your Father will needs have your cast Whore, you shall shew the duty of a child better in being contented, and bidding much good doe his good old heart with her, than in repining thus at it: let her goe: what, there are more wenches man, wee have another.

Leu. O thou art vain, thou knowst I do not love her: What shall I doe? I would my tongue had led me to any other thing, but blasphemy, so I had miss'd commending of this woman, whom I must reverence now, shee is my Mother; my sin *Ismenus* has wrought all this ill:

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And I beseech thee, to bee warn'd by mee, and doe not lye: if any man should aske thee but *How thou doest?* or *What a clocke tis now?* Be sure thou doe not lye, make no excuse for him that is most neere thee: never let the most officious falsehood scape thy tongue: for they above (that are intirely truth) will make that feed which thou hast sowne of lyes, yeeld miseries at thousand sold upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Sir, your Highnesse is welcome home, the King and Queene will presently come forth to you.

Leu. Ile wayt on them.

Tima. Worthy *Ismenus*, I pray you, how have you sped in your wars?

Ism. This rogue mocks me. Well *Timantus*, pray how have you sped here at home at shovel-board?

Tim. Faith reasonable. How many Townes have you taken in this Summer?

Ism. How many Staggs have you beene at the death of this grasse?

Tima. A number. Pray how is the Province settled?

Ism. Prethee how does the Dunne Nag?

Tim. I thinke you mocke me, my Lord.

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Ism. Mocke thee? Yes by my troth do I: why, what wouldst thou have me doe with thee? Art good for any thing else?

Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus, Telamon.

Leu. My good *Ismenus*, hold me by the wrist: And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard, for I shall swoone againe else—. *Kneeles.*

Leon. Welcome my sonne; rise, I did send for thee

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Backe from the Province, by thy Mothers counsell, thy good Mother here, who loves thee well: shee would not let me venture all my joy amongst my Enemies: I thanke thee for her, and none but thee, I tooke her on thy word.

Leucip. Pinch harder.

Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome: I have now some neere affaires, but I will drinke a health to thee anon: Come *Telamon*, i'me growne lustier, I thanke thee for't, since I married; Why *Telamon*, I can stand now alone, and never stagger. *Exit Leontius, Telamon.*

Bac. Welcome most noble Sir, whose fame is come hither before you: out alas you scorne me, and teach me what to doe.

Leu. No, you are my Mother.

Bac. Far unworthy of that name God knowes; but trust me, here before these Lords, I am no more but Nurse unto the *Duke*; Nor will I breed a faction in the State, it is too much for me, that I am rais'd unto his bed, and will remaine the servant of you that did it.

Leu. Madam I will serve you as shall become me. O dissembling woman! Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy quiver, sure-aymd *Apollo*, one of thy swist darts, headed with thy consuming golden beames, and let it melt this body into mist, that none may find it.

Bacha. Shall I beg my Lords this roome in private for the *Prince* and me?

Exeunt all but Leu. and Bac.

Leu. What will she say now?

Bac. I must still enjoy him: Yet there is still in me a sparke of woman,

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That wishes he would move it, but he stands as if he grew there with his eyes on earth. Sir, you and I when we were last together, kept not his distance, as we were afraid of blasting, by our selves.

Leu. Madam, tis true, heaven pardon it.

Bac. Amen Sir!

You may thinke that I have done you wrong in this strange marriage. *Leu.* Tis past now.

Bac. But it was no fault of mine: the world had cald me mad, had I refus'd the King: nor layd I any traine to catch him: It was your owne oathes that did it.

Leu. Tis a truth: that takes my sleepe away; but would to heaven, if it had so beene pleas'd, you had refus'd him, though I had gratifi'd that courtesie with having you my selfe: But since tis thus, I doe beseech you that you will be honest from henceforth; and not abuse his credulous Age, which you may easily doe. As for my selfe what I can say, you know alas too well is tyde within me, here it will sit like lead, but shall offend no other, it will plucke me backe from my entrance into any mirth, as if a servant came, and whispered with mee of some friends death, but I will beare my selfe to you, with all the due obedience a Son owes to a Mother: more than this is not in me, but I must leave the rest to the just gods, who in their blessed time, when they have given me punishmant enough for my rash sinne, will mercifully find as unexpected meanes to ease my grieffe, as they did now to bring it.

Bac. Growne so godly: this must not be. And I will bee to you, no other than a naturall Mother ought

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and for my honestie, so you will sweare never to urge me, I shall keepe it safe from any other.

Leu. Blesse mee, I should urge you?

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Bac. Nay but swear then, that I may be at peace: For I doe feele a weaknesse in my selfe, that can denie you nothing; if you tempt me, I shall embrace sin as it were a friend, and run to meet it.

Leu. If you knew how farre it were from mee, you would not urge an oath: But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you—.

Bac. Swear not: I cannot move him: this sad talke of things past helpe, does not become us well. Shall I send one for my Musicians, and weele dance?

Leu. Dance Madame? *Bac.* Yes, a Lavalta.

Leu. I cannot dance Madam. *Bac.* Then lets be merry.

Leu. I am as my Fortunes bidd mee. Doe not you see mee sowre? *Bac.* Yes.

And why thinke you I smile?

Leu. I am so far from any joy my selfe, I cannot fancie a cause of mirth.

Bac. Ile tell you, we are alone. *Leu.* Alone?

Bac. Yes. *Leu.* Tis true: what then?

Bac. What then? you make my smiling now break into laughter: what think you is to be done then?

Leu. We should pray to Heaven for mercy.

Bach. Pray? that were a way indeed to passe the time: but I will make you blush, to see a bashfull woman teach a man what wee should doe alone: try againe if you can find it out.

Leu. I dare no thinke, I understand you.

Bac. I must teach you then; Come, kisse me.

Leu. Kisse you? *Bac.* Yes, be not asham'd: You did it not your selfe, I will forgive you.

Leu. Keepe you displeased gods, the due respect I ought to beare unto this wicked woman,

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as she is now my Mother, haste within me, left I adde sins to sins, till no repentance will cure me.

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Bac. Leave these melancholly moodes, that I may swear thee welcome on thy lips a thousand times.

Leu. Pray leave this wicked talke, you do not know to what my Fathers wrong may urge mee.

Bac. I'me carelesse, and doe weigh the world, my life, and all my after hopes nothing without thy Love, mistake me not; thy Love, as I have had it, free and open as wedlocke is within it selfe; what say you?

Leu. Nothing. *Bac.* Pitty me, behold a Dutchesse kneeles for thy mercie, and I sweare to you, though I should lye with you, it is no Lust, for it desires no change, I could with you content my selfe: what answer will you give?

Leu. They that can answer, must be lesse amaz'd than I am now: you see my teares deliver my meaning to you.

Bac. Shall I be contemn'd? thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast, to let a Lady kneele, to beg that thing which a right man would offer.

Leu. Tis your will heaven: but let me beare me like my selfe, how ever she does.

Bac. Were you made an *Eunuch* since you went hence? Yet they have more desire than I can find in you: How fond was I to beg thy love? ile force thee to my will. Dost thou not know that I can make the King dote as my list? yield quickly, or by heaven, ile have thee kept in prison for my purpose, where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee fed with fatch meates as best shall fit my ends, and not thy health: why dost not speake to mee? And when thou dost displease me, and art growne

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lesse able to performe: then I will have thee kill'd and forgotten: Are you striken dumb?

Leu. All you have nam'd, but making of me sin with you, you may command, but never that; say what you will, ile heare you as becomes me, if you speake, I will not follow your counsell, neither will I tell the world to your disgrace, but give you the just honour.

That is due from me to my Fathers wise.

Bac. Lord how full of wise formality are you grown of late: but you were telling me.

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You could have wisht that I had marry'd you, if you will swear so yet, ile make away the King.

Leu. You are a strumpet.

Bac. Nay I care not.

For all your Raylings: They will batter walls, and take in townes, as soone as trouble me; tell him, I care not, I shall undoe you onely, which is no matter.

Leu. I appeale to you still, and forever, that are and cannot be other, Madam, I see tis in your power to work your will on him: and I desire you to lay what traines you will for my wished death, but suffer him to find his quiet grave in peace; Alas he never did you wrong: And further I beseech you pardon me, for the ill word I gave you, for how ever you may deserve, it became not me to call you so, but passion urges me I know not whither, my heart breake now, and ease mee ever.

Bac. Pray you get you hence with your goodly humor, I am weary of you extreamly.

Leu. Trust me, so am I of my selfe too: Madam, ile take my leave,; gods fet all right.

Bac. Amen, Sir get you gone; Am I deny'd? it does not trouble me that I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd:

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I have lost my patience: I will make him know Lust is not love, for Lust will find a Mare while there are men, and so will I: and more.

Enter Timantus.

Then one or twenty: yonder is *Timantus*, a fellow voyd of any worth, to raise himselfe, and therefore like to catch at any evill that wil but plucke him up, him will I make mine owne: *Timantus.* *Timan.* Madam?

Bac. Thou knowest well.

Thou wert by chance, a meanes of this my raising: brought the Duke to me, and though 'twere but chance I must reward thee.

Tim. I shall bend my service unto your Highnesse.

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Bac. But doe it then intirely, and in every thing; and tell me, couldst thou now thinke that thing thou couldst not doe for me?

Tim. No by my soule Madam.

Bac. Then thou art right.

Goe to my Lodging, and ile follow thee.

Exit Timantus.

With my instruction I doe see already, this Prince, that did but now contemne me, dead: Yet will I never speake an evill word unto his Father of him, till I have won a beliefe I love him, but ile make his vertues his undoing, and my praises shall be so many swords against his brest, which one perform'd, ile make *Urania* my Daughter, the Kings heire, and plant my Issue in this large Throne: Nor shall it be withstood, they that begin in lust must end in blood. *Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, Gentlemen.

Ni. And a fine Duke, that through his doting Age

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suffers him to be a child againe under his wives tuition.

Age. All the Land holds in that tenor too, in womans service: sure we shall learne to Spin.

Dor. No, that's too honest: we shall have other Liberall Sciences taught us too soone; Lying, and Flattering, those are the studies now; and Murther shortly I know, will be humanity, Gentlemen if we live here, we must be Knaves believe it.

Ni. I cannot tell my Lord *Dorialus*, though my owne nature hate it, if all determine to be Knaves, Ile try what I can doe upon my selfe, that's certaine; I will not have my throat cut for my goodnesse, the vertue will not quit the paine.

Age. But pray you tell me, why is the *Prince* now ripe and full experienc't not made a dore in the State?

Ni. Because he is honest.

Enter Timantus.

Tima. Goodnesse attend your Honours.

Dor. You must not be amongst us then.

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Ti. The *Dutchesse*, whose humble servant I am prov'd to be, would speake with you.

Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wayt: when is it?

Tim. An houre hence my good Lords, and so I leave my service. *Exit.*

Dor. This is one of her Ferrets that shee bolts businesse out withall: this fellow, if hee were well ript, has all the linings of a Knave within him: how flye hee lookes?

Ni. Have we nothing about our cloathes that he may catch at?

Agen. O my conscience, there's no treason in my dublet, if there bee, my elboes will discover it, they are out.

Dor. Faith, and all the harme that I can find in mine, is, that they are not payd for, let him make what

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he can of that, so he discharge that. Come, let's goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Gacha, Leontius, Telamon.

Bac. And you shall find sir what a blessing heaven gave you in such a Son.

Leon. Pray *gods* I may. Lets walk & change our subject.

Bac. O sir, can any thing come sweeter to you, or strike a deeper joy into your heart, than your Sons vertue?

Leon. I allow his vertues: but tis not handsome thus to feed my selfe with such moderate praises of mine own.

Bac. The subject of our commendations is it selfe growne so infinite in goodnesse, that all the glory wee can lay upon it, though wee should open volumes of his prayes, is a meere modesty in his expression, and shewes him lame still, like an ill wrought piece wanting proportion.

Leon. Yet still he is a man, and subject still to more inordinate vices, than our love can give him blessing.

Bac. Else he were a *god*: yet so nere as he is, he comes to heaven, that wee may see so farre as flesh can point us things onely worthy of them, and onely these in all his actions. *Leon.* This is too much my Queene.

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Bac. Had the *gods* lov'd mee, that my unworthy wombe had bred this brave man!

Leon. Still you run wrong.

Bac. I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him, fed on his growing hopes.

Leon. This touches me.

Bac. I know no friends, nor being, but his vertues.

Leon. You have laid out words enough upon a subject.

Ba. But words cannot expresse him sir: why, what a shape heaven has conceiv'd him in; oh Nature made him up! *Leon.* I wonder *Dutchesse*.

Bac. So you must: for lesse than admiration loses this god-like man. *Leon.* Have you done with him?

Bac. Done with him? O good gods, what frailties thus passe by us without reverence?

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Leon. I see no such perfection.

Bac. O deere sir: you are a father, and those joyes to you, speake in your heart, not in your tongue.

Leon. This leaves a taste behind it worse than physick.

Bac. Then for all his wisdom, valour, Good Fortune and all those Friends of honour; They are in him as free and naturall, as passions in a Woman.

Leon. You make me blush for all these yeares, to see how blindly you have flung your prayes upon a Boy, a very child, and worthlesse, whilst I live, of these Honours.

Bac. I would not have my love sir make my tongue shew me so much a woman: as to praise or dispraise, where my will is, without reason or generall allowance of the people.

Leon. Allowance of the people, what allow they?

Bac. All, I have sed for truth, and they must doe it, and dote upon him; love him, and admire him.

Leon. How's that?

Bac. For in this youth and noble forwardnesse all things are bound together that are kingly, a fitnessse to beare rule. *Leon.* No more.

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Bac. And Sovereignty not made to know command.

Leon. I have sed: no more.

Bac. I have done sir, though unwilling, and pardon me.

Leon. I doe, not a word more.

Bac. I have gin thee poyson.

Of more infection than the Dragons tooth, or the grosse Ayre ore heated. *Enter*

Timantus.

Leon. *Timantus* when saw you the Prince?

Tim. I left him now sir.

Leon. Tell me truly, out of your free opinion without courting, how you like him?

Tim. How I like him?

Leon. Yes; for you in conversation may see more

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than a Father. *Bac.* It workes.

Tim. Your Grace has chose out an ill observer.

Leon. Yes, I meane of his ill: you talke rightly.

Tim. But you take me wrong: All I know by him I dare deliver boldly: He is the store-house and head of vertue, your great selfe excepted, that feedes the Kingdome.

Leon. These are flatteries; speake me his vices, there you doe a service worth a Fathers thanks.

Tim. Sir, I cannot. If there be any, sure they are the times which I could wish lesse dangerous. But pardon me, I am too bold.

Leon. You are not, forward and open what these dangers are.

Tim. Nay, good sir. *Leon.* Nay, fall not off againe, I will have all.

Tim. Alas sir, what am I, you should believe my eyes or eares so subtle to observe faults in a State, all my maine businesse is service to your Grace, and necessaries for my poore life.

Leon. Doe not displease me Sirrah, but that you know tell me, and presently.

Tim. Since your Grace will have it, Ile speake it freely, always my obedience and love, preserv'd unto the Prince.

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Leon. Prethee to the matter.

Tim. For, sir, if you consider how like a Son in all his great employments, how full of heat.

Leon. Make me understand what I desire.

Tim. And then at his returne.

Leon. Doe not anger me.

Tim. Then thus sir: all mislike ye, as they would doe the gods if they did dwell with um.

Leon. What?

Tim. Talke and prate, as their ignorant rages

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leades 'um, without Alleagiance or Religion. For heavens fake have a care of your owne person: I cannot tell, their wickednesse may leade farther than I dare thinke yet. *Leon.* O base people.

Tim. Yet the Prince, for whom this is pretended may perswade 'um, and no doubt will, vertue is ever watchfull; but be you still secur'd and comforted.

Leon. Heaven, how have I offended, that this rod so heavie and unnaturall, should fall upon me when I am old and helplesse!

Tim. Brave Gentleman, that such a madding love should follow thee, to rob thee of a Father: all the Court is full of dangerous whispers.

Leon. I perceive it, and spight of all their strengths will make my safety: Ile cut him shorter; Ile cut him shorter first, then let him rule.

Bac. What a foule Age is this, when vertue is made a sword to smite the vertuous? Alas, alas!

Leon. Ile teach him to flye lower.

Tim. By no meanes sir, rather make more your love, and hold your favour to him: for tis now impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts, as I must nere believe, run with their rages, he never was so innocent: but what reason his grace has to withdraw his love from me, and other good men that are neere your person, I cannot yet find out: I know my duty has ever beene attending.

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Leon. Tis too plaine: He meanes to play the villaine, Ile prevent him, not a word more of this, be private.

Exit Leontius.

Tim. Madam tis done. *Bac.* He cannot escape me. Have you spoken with the Noblemen? *Tim.* Yes Madam they are here: I wait a further service. *Bac.* Till you see the Prince, you need no more instructions.

Tim. No, I have it.

Exit Timantus.

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Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Bac. That foole that willingly provokes a woman, has made himselfe another evil Angell, and a new Hell, to which all other torments are but meere pastime; now my noble Lords, you must excuse me, that ummannerly we have broke your private businesse.

Age. Your good grace may command us, and that—

Bac. Faith my Lord *Agenor*, tis so good a cause I am confident, you cannot lose by it.

Dor. Which way does she fish now? The devill is but a foole to a right woman.

Nis. Madam, wee must needs win in doing service to such a gracious Lady.

Bac. I thanke you, and will let you know the busines so I may have your helps, never be doubtfull; for tis so just a cause, and will to you upon the knowledge seeme so honourable, that I assure my selfe, your willing hearts will strait be for me in it.

Age. If she should prove good now, what wer't like?

Dor. Thunder in *January*, or a good woman, that's stranger than all the Monsters in *Affricke*.

Bac. If shall not need your wonder, this it is: The Duke you know is old, and rather subject to ease and prayers now, then all those troubles, cares, and continuall watchings, that attend a Kingdomes safety; therefore to prevent the fall of such a flourishing Estate as this hath beene, and to put off the murmure of the people that increase against my government; which the Gods knowes I onely feele the trouble of; I

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present The Prince unto your loves, a Gentleman in whom all Excellencies are knit together, all pieces of a true man, let your prayers

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win from the Duke halfe his Vexation, that he may undertake it, whose discretion I must confesse, though it be from a Father, yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern. Tis not my owne desire, but all the Lands, I know the weakenesse of it.

Ni. Madam, this noble care and love has won us for ever to your loves: weele to the King; And since your grace has put it in our mouthes, weele win him with the cunningst words we can.

Dor. I was never cousen'd in a woman before. For commonly they are like Apples: if once they bruise they will grow rotten thorow, and serve for nothing but to asswage swellings.

Bac. Good Lords delay no time, since tis your good pleasures to thinke my counsell good; and by no meanet let the Prince know it, whose affections will stir mainly against it; besides, his Father may hold him dangerous, if it be not carried, so that his forward will appeare not in it, goe, and be happy.

Dor. Well, I would not be Chronicled as thou wilt be for a good woman, for all the would.

Nis. Madam, we kisse your hand, and so inspire. Nothing but happinesse can crowne our prayers. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scaena prima.

Enter Leucippus, Ismenus.

Leu. Thus she has us'd me, is't not a good mother?

Ism. Why killed you her not? *Leu.* The gods forbid it. *Ism.* S'light, if all the women in the world were barren, shee had dy'd.

Leu. But tis not reason directs shee thus.

Ism. Then have I none at all, for all I have in me

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directs me: Your Father's in a pretty rage. *Leu.* Why?

Ism. Nay, tis well, if he know himselfe, but some of the nobility have delivered a petition to him: what's in't, I know not, but it has put him to his trumps: he has taken a monthes time to answer it, and chases like himselfe.

Enter Leontius, Bacha, and Telamon.

Leu. Hee's here *Ismenus.*

Leon. Set me down *Tellamon. Leucippus.* *Leu.* Sir.

Bac. Nay, good sir be at peace, I dare sweare he knew not of it. *Leon.* You are foolish: peace.

Bac. All will goe ill, deny it boldly Sir, trust me he cannot prove it by you. *Leu.* What?

Bac. Youle make all worse too with your facing it.

Leu. What is the matter?

Leon. Know'st thou that petition?

Looke on it well: wouldst thou be joya'd with me (unnaturall child to be weary of me).

Ere Fate esteeme me fit for other worlds. *Bac.* May be he knowes not of it. *Leu.* O strange carriages! Sir, as I have hope that there is any thing to reward doing well, my usages which habe beene (but tis no matter what) have put me so far from the thought of Greatnesse, that I should welcome it like a disease that grew upon me, that I could not cure. They are my enemies that gave you this, and yet they call me friend, and are themselves I feare abus'd. I am weary of my life, for gods sake take it from me: it creates more mischief in the state than it is worth. The usage I have had, I know would make wisdom her selfe run frantick through the streets, and Patience quarrell with her shadow. Sir, this sword—.

Bac. Alas! helpe for the love of heaven, make way through me first, for he is your Father.

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Leon. What would he kill me? *Bac.* No sir, no.

Leon. Thou alwaies mak'st the best on't: but I feare—

Leu. Why doe you use me thus? who is't can thinke that I would kill my Father, that can yet forbear to kill you? Here sir is my sword, I dare not touch it, left she say againe I would have kill'd you: let me not have mercie when I most need it, if I would not change place with my meanest servant. Let these faults be mended Madam: if you saw how ill they did become you, you would part with them.

Bac. I told the Duke as much before.

Leu. What? what did you tell him?

Bac. That it was onely an ambition nurst in you by your youth, provok't you thus, which age would take away.

Leon. It was his doing then: come hither Love.

Bac. No indeed Sir.

Leu. How am I made, that I can beare all this? If any one had us'd a friend of mine neere this, my hand had carried death about it.

Leon. Leade me hence *Telamon*: come my deare *Bacha*, I shall find time for this.

Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speake before the King: but you know well, if not, ile tell you, you are the most wickedst, and most murderous strumpet that ever was call'd woman.

Bac. My Lord, what I can doe for him, he shall command me. *Leon.* I know thou art too kind, away I say.

Exit Leon. Bac. Tima. Tela.

Ism. Sir, I am sure we dreame, this cannot be.

Leu. O that we did, my wickednesse has brought all this to passe, else I should beare my selfe.

Enter Urania.

Is. Look, do you see who's there? your vertuous Motiners issue: kill her, yet take some little pidling revenge.

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Leu. Away, the whole Court calls her vertuous; for they say she is unlike her mother, and if so, she can have no vice.

Ism. I trust none of 'um that come of such a breed.

Leu. But I have found a kind of love in her to mee: alas thinke of her death! I dare be sworne for her, she is as free from any hate to me as her bad Mothers full. She was brought upo i'th Country, as her tongue will let you know. If you but talke with her, with a poore Uncle, such as her Mother had. *Enter Urania.*

Ism. Shee's come againe.

Ura. I would seine speake to the good *Marquesse* my Brother, if I but thought he could abaid me.

Leu. Sister, how doe you?

Ura. Very well I thanke you.

Ism. How does your good Mother?

Leu. Fye, fye, *Ismenus* for shame, mocke such an innocent soule as this.

Ura. Feth a she be no good, God may her so.

Leu. I know you wish it with your heart deare Sister, but she is good I hope.

Ism. Are you so simple, to make so much of this, doe you not know that all her wicked Mother labour for, is but to mise her to your right, and leave her this Dukedome.

Ura. I, but nere sir be afred; for though she take th'ungainst weyes she can, ile nere hat fro you. *Leu.* I should hate my self *Ismenus* if I should thinke of her simplicity, ought but extremely well. *Ism.* Nay as you will.

Ura. And though she be my Mother, if she take any caurse to doe you wrang, if I can see't, you'st quickly heare on't sir: and do ile take my leave.

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Leu. Farewell good Sister, I thank you. *Exit Urania.*

Ism. You believe all this. *Leu.* Yes.

Enter Timantus.

Ism. A good faith doth well, but me thinks it were no hard matter now, for her Mother to send her: Yonder's one you may trust, if you will, too.

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Leu. So I will if he can shew me as apparant signes of truth as she did; Does he weepe *Ismenus*?

Ism. Yes, I think so: some good's happen'd I warrant: doe you heare, you? what honest man has scap'd misery, that thou art crying thus?

Tima. Noble *Ismenus*, where's the Prince?

Ism. Why there; hast wept thine eyes out?

Tim. Sir, I beseech you heare me.

Leu. Well, speake on.

Ism. Why, will you heare him?

Leu. Yes *Ismenus*, why?

Ism. I would heare blasphemy as willingly.

Leu. You are to blame.

Tim. No sir: He is not to blame: if I were as I as.

Ism. Nor as thou art, y'faith a whit to blame.

Leu. What's your businesse?

Tim. Faith sir, I am ashamed to speake before you, my conscience tells me I have injured you, and by the earnest instigation of others, have not done you to the King alwayes the best and friendliest offices; which pardon me, or I will never speake.

Ism. Never pardon him, and silence a knave.

Leu. I pardon thee. *Ti.* Your mother sure is naught.

Leu. Why shouldst thou thinke so?

Tim. O noble sir, you honest eyes perceive not the dangers you are led to; shame upon her, and what fell miseries the gods can thinke on, showre downe upon her wicked head; she has plotted,

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I know too well your death: would my poure life, or thousands such as mine is, might be offered like sacrifice up for your preserving.

What free oblations would she have to glut her, but she is mercilesse and bent to ruine:

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If heaven and good men step not to your rescue, and timely, very timely: O this Dukedome! I weep, I weep for the poore Orphanes i'th Countrey left with but friends, not parents.

Leu. Now *Ismenus*, what thinke you of this fellow? This was a lying knave, a flatterer, does not this love still show him so.

Ism. This love, this halter: if he prove not yet the cunningst rankest rogue that ever Canted, Ile never see man againe: I know him to bring, and can interpret every new face he makes: looke how he wrings like a good stoole, for a teare: take heed, Children and Fooles first feele the smart, then weepe.

Leu. Away, away, such an unkind distrust is worse than a dissembling, if it be one, and sooner leades to mischief I believe it, and him an honest man: he could not carry under an evill cause so true a sorrow.

Ism. Take heed, this is your Mothers scorpion, that carries stings even in his teares, whose soule is a ranke poyson through: touch not at him, if you do, you are gone, if you had twenty lives: I knew him for a roghish Boy, when he would poyson Dogs, and keepe tame Toades, he lay with his Mother, and infected her, and now shee begs i'th Hospitall, with a patch of velvet, where her nose stood: like the queene of Spades. And all her teeth in her purse, the Devill and this fellow are so neere, tis not yet knowne which is the eviller Angell.

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Leu. Nay, then I see tis spight: Come hither friend, hast thou not heard the cause yet that incensd my mother to my death, for I protest I feele none in my selfe?

Tim. Her will sir, and ambition as I thinke are the provokers of it, as in women, those two are ever powerfull to destruction; Beside a ha* of your still growing vertues, shee being onely wicked.

Leu. Heavens defend me as I am innocent, and ever have been from all immoderate thoughts and actions, that carry such rewards along with 'um.

Tima. Sir, all I know, my duty must reveale, my country and my Love command it from me, for whom ile lay my life downe, this night comming. A Counsell is appointed by the Duke, to sit about your apprehension: If you dare trust my Faith; which by all

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good things shall ever watch about you: goe along, and to a place ile guide you, where no word shall scape without your hearing; nor no plot without discovering to you; which once knowne, you have your answers, and prevention.

Ism. You are not so mad to goe; shift off this fellow, you shall be rul'd once by a wise man: Ratsbane get y on gone, or—.

Leu. Peace, peace for shame, thy love is too suspicious, tis a way offered to preserve my life, and I will take it: bee my Guide *Timantus*, and doe not mind this angry man, thou knowst him: I may live to requite thee.

Tim. Sir, this service is done for vertues sake, not for reward, however he may hold me.

Ism. Tho great pox on you: but thou hast that curse so much, 'twill grow a blessing in thee shortly. Sir, for wisdomes sake court not your death; I am your friend and subject, and I shall lose in both: if I lov'd you not, I would

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laugh at you, and see you run your necke into the noose, and cry a Woodcocke.

Leu. So much of man, and so much fearefull; fie, prethee have peace within thee: I shall live yet many a golden day to hold thee here dearest and nearest to me: goe on *Timantus*. I charge you by your love, no more, no more. *Exeunt Leu. Tim.*

Ism. Goe, and let your owne rod whip you; I pittie you. And dog, if he miscarry, thou shalt pay for't: Ile study for thy punishment, and it shall last longer and sharper than a tedious Winter, till thou blasphem'st, and then thou dy'st and damn'st. *Exit.*

Enter Leontius, and Telamon.

Leon. I wonder the *Dutchesse* comes not.

Tela. She has heard sir your will is to speake with her; but there is something leaden at her heart, (pray God it be not mortall) that even keepes her from conversation with her selfe.

Enter the Dutchesse.

Bac. O whither will you, my crosse affections pull me? Fortune, Fate, and you whose powers direct our actions, and dwell withing us: you that are Angels guiding to vertue, wherefore have you given so strong a hand to evill? wherefore suffered a

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Temple of your owne, you Deities where your faire selves dwelt onely, and your goodnesse thus to be soyl'd with sinne?

Leon. Heaven blesse us all. From whence comes this distemper? speak my faire one.

Bac. And have you none, love and obedience, your ever faithfull Servants, to imploy in this strange story of impiety, but me a Mother? Must I be your strumpet, to lay blacke treason upon, and in him, in whom all sweetnesse was: in whom my love

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was proud to have a being, in whom Justice, and all the gods for our imaginations can worke into a man, were more than vertues: Ambition downe to hell, where thou wert softred, thou hast poyson'd the best soule, the purest, whitest, and meerst innocentst in selfe that ever mans greedie hopes gave life to.

Leon. This is still stranger: lay this treason open to my correction.

Bac. O what a combat dutie and affection breeds in my blood! *Leon.* If thou conceal'st him, may, beside my death, the curses of the Countrey, troubles of conscience, and a wretched end bring thee unto a poore forgotten grave.

Bac. My being: for another tongue to tell it, cease, a Mother! some good man that dares speake for his King and Countrey: I am full of too much womans pittie: yet O heaven, since it concernes the safety of my Sovereigne, let it not be a cruelty in me, nor draw a Mothers name in question amongst unborne people, to give up that man to law and Justice, that unrighteously has fought his Fathers death: be dease, be dease sir, your Son is the Offender: Now have you all, would I might never speake againe.

Leon. My Son! Heaven helpe me. No more: I thought it: and since his life is growne so dangerous; let them that gave him, take him: hee shall dye, and with him all my feares.

Bac. O use your Mercie: you have a brave subject to bestow it on. Ile forgive him sir: and for his wrong to me, ile be before ye.

Leon. Durst his villany extend to thee?

Bac. Nothing but heates of youth sir.

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Leon. Upon my life he fought my Bed.

Bac. I must confesse he lov'd me somewhat beyond a Son: and still pursu'd it with such a Lust, I will not sau *Ambition*: that cleane forgetting all obedience, and onely following his first heat unto me, he hotly fought your death, and me in Marriage.

Leon. O Villaine!

Bac. But I forget all: and am halfe asham'd to presse a man so sarre.

Enter Timantus.

Ti. Where is the duke? for gods sake bring me to him.

Leon. Here I am: each corner of the Dukedome sends new affrights forth: what wouldst thou? speake.

Tim. I cannot Sir, my feare tyes up my tongue.

Leon. Why, what's the matter? take thy courage to thee, and boldly speake, where are the Guard? In the gods name, out with it. *Ti.* Treason, treason.

Leon. In whom? *Bac.* Double the Guard.

Tima. There is a fellow Sir.

Leon. Leave shaking man.

Tim. Tis not for feare, but wonder. *Leon.* Well.

Tim. There is a fellow sir, close I'th Lobby. You o'th Guard, looke to the dore there.

Leon. But let me know the businesse.

Tima. O that the hearts of men should be so hardned against so good a Duke; for gods sake sir, seeke meanes to save your selfe; this wretched slave has his sword in his hand, I know his heart. O it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it.

Leon. Where is hee?

Enter the Guard, and bring him in.

Tima. I'th Lobby sir, close in a corner: looke to your selves for heavens sake, me thinks he is here already. Fellowes of the Guard be valiant.

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Leon. Goe sirs, and apprehend him; Treason shall never dare me in mine owne Gates. *Tim.* Tis done.

Here they bring the Prince in.

Bac. And thou shalt find it to thy best content.

Leon. Are these the comforts of my Age? They're happy that end their dayes contented with a little, and live aloofe from dangers, to a King every content doth a new perill bring. O let me live no longer, shame of Nature, bastard to Honour, Traytor, Murderer, Devill in a humane shape, away with him, he shall not breath his hot infection here.

Leu. Sir, heare mee.

Leon. Am I, or he your Duke? away with him to a close prison: your Highnesse now shall know, such branches must be cropt before they grow.

Leu. What ever Fortune comes, I bid it welcome, my innocencie is my Armour: Gods preserve you. *Exit.*

Bac. Fare thee well. I shall never see so brave a Gentleman: would I could weepe out his offences.

Tim. Or I could weepe out mine eyes.

Leon. Come Gentlemen weele determine presently about his death: we cannot be too forward in our safety: I am very sicke, leade me unto my bed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Citiz. Sirrah, goe fetch my Fox from the Cutlers: ther's money for the scowring: tell him, I stop a Groat since the last great Muster hee had in stone Pitch for the bruise he tooke with the recoyling of his Gun.

Boy. Yes Sir.

Citiz. And do you heare? when you come, take down my Buckler, and sweepe the Cobwebs off, and grinde the pick on't, and fetch a naile or two, and tacke on the bracers: your Mistris made a potlid on't, I thanke her, at her Mayds wedding, and burnt off the handle.

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Boy. I will Sir.

Exit.

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Citiz. Who's within here, hoe Neighbour, not stirring yet?

2 Citiz. O good morrow, good morrow: what newes, what newes?

1 Citiz. It holds, he dyes this morning.

2 Citiz. Then happy man be his fortune, I am resolv'd.

1 Citiz. And so am I, and forty more good fellowes, that will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.

2 Citiz. S'foot man, who would not hang in such good company, and such a cause? A Fire, a Wife and Children, tis such a jest that men should looke behind 'um to the world; and let their honours, their honours Neighbours flip.

1 Citiz. Ile give thee a pint of *Bastard* and a Roll for that bare word.

2 Citiz. They say that wee Taylors, are things that lay one another, and our Geese hatch us; ile make some of 'um feele they are Geese o'th game then. *Jake* take downe my Bill, tis ten to one I use it; take a good heart man, all the low Ward is ours with a wet-singer: And lay my cut-singred gantlet ready for me; that that I used to worke in, when the Gentlemen were up against us, and beaten out of Towne, and almost out a debt too; for a plague on 'um, they never payd well since: and take heed sirrah, your Mistris heares not of this businesse, she's neere her time; yet if shee doe, I care not, she may long for Rebellion; for shee has a devillish spirit.

1 Citiz. Come, let's call up the new Ironmonger, he's as tough as steele, and has a fine wit in these resurrections. Are you stirring Neighbour?

3 Within. O, good morrow Neighbours, ile come to you presently.

2 Go too, this is his Mothers doing: shee's a *Polecat*.

1 As any is in the world.

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2 Then say I have hit it, and a vengeance on her, let her be what she will.

1 Amen say I, shee has brought things to a fine passe with her wisdom: doe you marke it?

2 One thing I am sure she has, the good old *Duke* she gives him Pap againe they say, and dandles him, and hangs a corrall and bells about his necke, and makes him believe his teeth will come agen; which if they did, and I hee, I would worry her as

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never Curre was worried: I would Neighbour, till my teeth met I know where, but that's counsell.

Enter third Citizen.

3 Good morrow Neighbours: heare you the sad Newes?

1 Yes, would we knew as well how to prevent it.

3 I cannot tell, me thinks 'twere no great matter, if men were men: but—

2 You doe not twit me with my calling neighbour?

3 No surely: for I know your spirit to be tall, pray be not vext.

2 Pray forward with your counsell: I am what I am; and they that prove me, shall find me to their cost: do you marke me Neighbour, to their cost I say.

1 Nay, looke how soone you are angry.

2 They shall Neighbours: yes, I say they shall.

3 I doe believe they shall.

1 I know they shall.

2 Whether you doe or no, I care not twopence, I am no beast, I know mine owne strenght Neighbours; God blesse the King, your companies is faire.

1 Nay Neighbour, now you erre, I must tell ye so, and ye were twenty Neighbours.

3 You had best goe peach, doe, peach.

2 Peach, I scorne the motion.

3 Doe, and see what followes: ile spend an hundred pound, an't be two I care not, but ile undoe thee.

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2 Peach, O disgrace! Peach in thy face, and doe the worst thou canst. I am a true man, and a free-man: Peach!

1 Nay, looke, you will spoyle all.

2 Peach!

1 Whilst you two brawle together, the *Prince* will lose his life.

3 Come, give me your hand, I love you well, are you for the action.

2 Yes, but peach provokes me, tis a cold fruit, I feele it cold in my stomacke still.

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3 No more, ile give you Cake to digest it.

Enter the fourth Citizen.

4 Shut up my shop, and bee ready at a call Boyes, and one of you run over my old tucke with a few ashes, tis growne odious with toasting cheese: and burne a little Giniper in my Murrin, the Mayd made it her Chamberpot, an houre hence ile come againe; and as you heare from me, send me a cleane shirt.

3 The Chandler by the wharse, and it be thy will.

2 Gossip, good morrow.

4 O good morrow gossip: good morrow all, I see ye of one mind you cleave so close together: come tis time, I have prepared a hundred if they stand.

1 Tis well done: shall we fever, and about it?

3 First, let's to the Taverne, and a pinte a piece will make us Dragons.

2 I will have no mercie, come what will of it.

4 If my tucke hold, ile spit the Guard like Larks with sage betweene 'um.

2 I have a foolish bill to reckon with 'um, will make some of their hearts ake, and ile lay it on: now shall I fight, 'twill doe you good to see me.

3 Come, ile doe something for the Towne to talke of when I am rotten: pray God there bee enough to kill, that's all. *Exeunt.*

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Enter Dorialus, Nisus, Agenor.

Age. How blacke the day begins!

Dor. Can you blame it, and looke upon such a deed as shall be done this morning?

Nis. Does the Prince suffer to day?

Dor. Within this houre they say.

Age. Well, they that are most wicked are most safe: 'twill be a strange justice and a lamentable, gods keepe us from the too soone feeling of it.

Dor. I care not if my throat were next, for to live still, and live here, were but to grow fat for the shambles.

Nis. Yet we must doe it, and thanke 'em too, that our lives may bee accepted.

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Age. Faith Ile goe starve my selfe, or grow diseas'd to shame the hang-man; for I am sure hee shall bee my Herald, and quarter mee.

Dor. I, a plague on him, he's too excellent at Armes.

Nis. Will you go see this sad fight my Lord *Agenor*?

Agen. Ile make a mourner.

Dor. If I could doe him any good, I would goe; The bare sight else would but afflict my spirit: My prayers shall be as neere him as your eyes. As you find him settled, remember my love and service to his Grace. *Ni.* We will weepe for you Sir. Farewell.
Exeunt Nisus and Agenor.

Dor. Farewell to all our happinesse, a long farewell. Thou angry power, whether of heaven or hell, that layst this sharpe correction on our Kingdome for our offences,, infinite and mighty! O heare me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd with pittie to draw backe thy vengeance too heavie for our weaknesse; and accept (since it is your discretion, heavenly Wisedomes, to have it so) this Sacrifice for all that now is flying to your happinesse, onely for you most fit: let all our Sins suffer in him.

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Gods, what's the matter? I hope tis joy. How now my Lords? *Enter Agenor and Nisus.*

Nis. Ile tell you with that little breath I have more joy than you dare thinke; the *Prince* is safe from danger. *Dor.* How!

Age. Tis true, and thus it was; his houre was come to lose his life, he ready for the stroke, nobly, and full of Saint-like patience went with his Guard: which when the people saw, compassion first went out, mingled with teares that bred desires, and whispers to each other to do some worthy kindnesse for the *Prince*; And ere they understood well how to doe, fury stept in, and taught them what to doe, thrusting on every hand to rescue him as a white innocent: then flew the rore through all the streets of *Save him, Save him, Save him:* And as they cry'd, they did; for catching up such sudden weapons as their madnesse shew them. In short, they beat the Guard, and tooke him from um, and now march with him like a royall Army.

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Dor. Heaven, heaven I thanke thee; What a slave was I to have my hand so farre from this brave rescue, t'had been a thing to brag on when I was old. Shall we run for a wager to the next Temple, and give thanks?

Nis. As fast as wishes.

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus; the people within stops.

Leu. Good friends goe home againe, there's not a man shall goe with me.

Ism. Will you not take revenge? Ile call them on.

Leu. All that love mee, depart: I thanke you, and will serve you for your loves: but I will thanke you more to suffer me

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to govern 'um once more, I doe beg ye, for my sake to your houses.

All within. Gods preserve you.

Ism. And what house will you goe to?

Leu. *Ismenus*, I will take the wariest courses that I can thinke of to defend my selfe, but not offend.

Ism. You may kill your Mother, and never offend your Father, an honest man.

Leu. Thou know'st I can scape now, that's all I looke for: Ile leave thee.

Ism. *Timantus*, a pox take him, would I had him here, I would kill him at his owne weapon single, sithes wee have built enough on him: plague on't, i'me out of all patience: discharge such an Army as this that would have followed you without paying:
O gods!

Leu. To what end shall I keepe 'um? I am free.

Ism. Yes, free o'th Traytors, for you are proclamed one. *Leu.* Should I therefore make my selfe one?

Ism. This is one of your morall Phylosophy, is it? Heaven blesse me from subtilties to undoe my selfe with: but I know if reason her selfe were here, she would not part with her owne safety.

Leu. Well, pardon *Ismenus*, for I know my courses are must just, nor will I staine 'um with one bad action; for thy selfe thou knowst, that though I may command thee, I

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shall be a ready servant to thee if thou needst: and so ile take my leave. *Ism.* Of whom? *Leu.* Of thee.

Is. Heart, you shal take no leave of me. *Leu.* Shall I not?

Ism. No, by the *gods* shall you not: nay, if you have no more wit but to goe absolutely alone, ile be in a little.

Leu. Nay, prethee good *Ismenus* part with me.

Ism. I wonnot y'faith, never move it any more; for by this good light I wonnot.

Leu. This is an ill time to be thus unruly: *Ismenus*, you must leave me.

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Ism. Yes, if you can beat me away: else the gods refuse me if I wil leave you till I see more reason: you sha'nt undo your selfe. *Leu.* But why wilt not leave me?

Ism. Why ile tell you? Because when you are gone, then—life; if I have not forgot my reason—hell take mee: you put mee out of patience so: Oh! marry when you are gone, then will your Mother (a pok confound her) she never comes in my head but she spoiles my memory too: there are hundred reasons.

Leu. But shew me one.

Ism. Shew you, what a stir here is; why I will shew you: doe you thinke; well, well, I know what I know, I pray come, come. Tis in vaine: but I am sure. Devils take 'um; what doe I meddle with um? You know your selfe. Soule, I thinke I am: is there any man i'th world? as if you knew not this already better than I. Pish, pish. Ile give no reason.

Leu. But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay: I have not one friend in the Court but thou, on whom I may be bold to trust to send me any intelligence: and if thou lov'st me thou wilt doe this, thou needst not feare to stay, for there are new-come Proclamations out, where all are pardoned but my selfe.

Ism. Tis true, and in the same Proclamation your fine sister *Urania*, whom you us'd so kindly, is proclam'd heyre apparant unto the Crowne.

Leu. What though, thou mayst stay at home without danger.

Ismen. Danger, hang danger, what tell you mee of danger?

Leucip. Why if thou wilt not do't, I thinke thou dar'st not.

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Ism. I dare not: if you speake it in earnest, you are a Boy. *Ley.* Well sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Ismen. Why so you shall, I will stay.

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Leu. Why God a mercie.

Ism. You know I love you but too well.

Leu. Now take these few directions: farewell, send to me by the wariest wayes thou can'st: I have a soule tels me we shall meet often. The gods protect thee.

Ism. Pox o'my selfe for an Asse, i' me crying now, God be with you, if I never see you againe: why then pray get you gone, for griefe and anger won not let mee know what I say, ile to the Court as fast as I can, and see the new heire apparant.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus quintus. Scaena prima.

Enter Urania and her Woman.

Uran. What, hast thou found him?

Wom. Madam, he is coming in.

Uran. Gods blesse my brother where soere he is: And I beseech you keepe me fro the bed of any naughty Tyrant whom my Mother would ha me have to wrong him.

Enter Ismenus.

Ism. What would her new grace have with me?

Ura. Leave us a while. My Lord *Ismenus*, *Exit Wom.* I pray for the love of heaven and God, that you would tell me one thing, which I know you can doe weele.

Ism. Where's her saine Grace?

Ura. You know me weele enough, but that you mock, I am she my sen.

Ism. God blesse him that shall be thy husband, if thou wear'st breeches thus soone, thou'lt be as impudent as thy Mother. *Ura.* But will you tell me this one thing?

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Ism. What is't? if it be no great matter whether I do or no, perhaps I will. *Ura.*

Yes faith tis matter.

Ism. And what is't?

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Ura. I pray you let mee know where the *Prince* my Brother is.

Ism. I'saith you shan be hang'd first, is your mother so foolish to thinke your good Grace can sift it out of me?

Urania. If you have any mercie left i'you to a poore wench tell me.

Ism. Why, wouldst not thou have thy braines bat out for this, to follow thy Mothers steps so young?

Ura. But believe me, she knowes none of this.

Ism. Believe you: why, doe you thinke I never had wits? or that I am run out of them? how should it belong to you to know, if I could tell?

Ura. Why I will tell you, and if I speake false let the devill ha me. Yonder's a bad man come from a Tayrant to my Mother, and what name they ha for him, good feith I cannot tell.

Ism. An Ambassador.

Ura. That's it; but he would carry me away, and have me marry his Master: and ile daye ere I will ha him.

Is. But what's this to knowing where the *Prince* is?

Ura. Yes, for you know all my Mother does: Agen, the *Prince* is but to ma me great.

Ism. Pray, I know that too well: what then?

Ura. Why, I would goe to the good *Marquesse* my Brother, and put my selfe into his hands, that so he may preserve himselfe.

Ism. O that thou hadst no seed of thy Mother in thee, and couldst meane this now.

Ura. Why feth I doe, wou'd I might nere stir more if I doe not.

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous foole, ile be damn'd els: hang me if I doe not halfe believe thee.

Uran. By my troth you may.

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Ism. By my troth I doe: I know i'me an Asse for't, but I cannot helpe it. *Ura.*
And won you tell me then.

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Ism. Yes faith will I, or any thing else i'th world, for I thinke thou art as good a creature as ever was borne.

Ura. But aile goe i' this Lads reparrell: but you man helpe mee to Silver.

Ism. Helpe thee; why the pox take him that will not helpe thee to any thing i'th world, ile helpe thee to Money, and ile do't presently to, and yet soule, if you should play the scurvie Harlotry, little pocky baggage now and couzen me, what then?

Ura. Why, an I do, would I might nere see day agen.

Ism. Nay by this light, I doe not thinke thou wilt. Ile presently provide thee money and a letter. *Exit Ism.*

Ura. I, but ile nere deliver it. When I have found my Brother, I will beg to serve him; but he shall nere know who I am; for he must hate me then for my bad Mother. Ile say I am a Country Lad that want a service, and have straid on him by chance, left he discover me; I know I must not live long, but that taim I ha to spend shall be in serving him. And though my Mother seeke to take his life away, in a day my Brother shall be taught that I was ever good, though she were naught. *Exit.*

Enter Bacha and Timantus: Bacha reading a Letter.

Bac. Run away, the devill be her guide.

Tim. Faith she's gone, there's a Letter, I found it in her pocket, would I were with her, shee's a handsome Lady, a plague upon my bashfulness, I had bob'd her long agoe else.

Bac. What a base Whore is this, that after all my wayes for her advancement, should so poorely make vertue her undoer, and choose this time, the King being deadly sicke and I intending a present marriage with some forraigne Prince, to strengthen and secure my selfe. She writes here,

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like a wise Gentlewoman, she will not stay: and the example of her deare Brother, makes her feare her selfe to whom she meanes to flye.

Tima. Why, who can help it?

Bac. Now Poverty and Lechery which is thy end, rot thee, where ere thou goest with all thy goodnesse.

Timan. Belady theyle bruise her and shee were of brasse; I am sure theyle breake stons walles: I have had experience of them both, and they have made me desperate: but there's a Messenger Madam come from the *Prince* with a Letter to *Ismenus*, who by him returnes an answer.

Bac. This comes as pat as wishes: thou shalt presently away *Timantus*. *Tim.* Whither Madam?

Bac. To the *Prince*, and take the Messenger for guide.

Tim. What shall I doe there? I have done too much mischief to be believed againe; or indeed, to scape with my head on my backe if I be once knowne.

Bac. Thou art a weake shallow foole, get thee a disguise, and withall, when thou com'st before him, have a Letter fain'd to deliver him: and then, as thou hast ever hope of goodnesse by me, or after me, strike home one stroke that shall not need another: dar'st thou speake, dar'st thou? if thou fall'st off, goe be a rogue againe, and lye and Pander to procure thy meat: dar'st thou speake to mee?

Tim. Sure I shall never walk when I am dead: I have no spirit Madam, ile bee drunke but ile doe it, that's all my refuge. *Exit.*

Bac. Away, no more, then ile raise an Army whilst the King yet lives, if all the meanes and power I have can doe it, I cannot tell. *Enter Ismenus, and three Lords.*

Ism. Are you inventing still? weele ease your studies.

Bac. Why how now sawcie Lords?

Ism. Nay ile shake ye; yes devill, I will shake ye.

Bac. Doe not you know me Lords?

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Nis. Yes deadly sin we know ye, would we did not.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Cupid's Revenge* (1635)

Ism. Do you heare, Whore, a plague a God upon thee, the Duke is dead.

Bach. Dead!

Ism. I, wild-fire and brimstone take thee: good man he is dead, and past those miseries which thou, salt infection, like, like a disease, flungst upon his head. Dost thou heare, and twere not more respect to Woman-hood in generall then thee, because I had a Mother, who, I will not say she was good, she liv'd so neere thy time, I would have thee, in vengeance of this man, whose peace is made in heaven by this time, tyed to a post, and dried ith sunne, and after carried about, and showne at Fayres for money, with a long story of the devill they father, that taught thee to bee Whorish, envious, bloody.

Bac. Ha, ha, ha.

Ism. You fleering harlot, Ile have a horse to leape thee, and thy base issue shall carry Sumpters. Come Lords, bring her along, weele to the *Prince* all, where her hell-hood shall waite his censure; and if he spare the she Goat, may he lye with thee againe: and beside, mayst thou lay upon him some nasty soule disease, that hate still follows; and his end, a dry ditch. Leade you corrupted whore, or Ile draw a goade shall make you skip: away to the *Prince*.

Bach. Ha, ha, ha, I hope yet I shall come too late to finde him. *Cornets.* *Cupid* from above.

Enter Leucippus, Urania: Leucippus with a blondy Handkercher.

Leu. Alas poore Boy, why dost thou follow me? What canst thou hope for? I am poore as thou art.

Ura. In good feth I shall be weele and rich enough if you will love me, and not put me from you.

Leu. Why dost thou choose out me Boy to undo thee? Alas, for pittty take another Master, that may be able to deserve thy love in breeding thee hereafter: me thou knowst not, more then my misery: and therefore canst not looke for rewards at my hands: would I were able

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my pretty Knave, to doe thee any kindnesse; truly Good Boy, I would upon my faith: thy harmelesse innocence moves me at heart: wilt thou goe save thy selfe; why doest thou weepe? Alas, I doe not chide thee.

Urania. I cannot tell, if I goe from you; Sir I shall nere dawne day more: Pray if you can, I will be true to you: Let mee waite on you: If I were a man, I would fight for you: Sure you have some ill-willers, I would flay um.

Leu. Such harmelesse soules are ever Prophets: well I take thy wish, thou shalt bee with mee still. But prethee eate my good Boy: Thou wilt die my childe if thou fasts one day more: This foure dayes thou hast tasted nothing, goe into the Cave and eate: Thou shalt finde something for thee, to bring thy bloud agen, and thy faire colour.

Ura. I cannot eate, God thanke you. But ile eate to morrow.

Leu. Thow't be dead by that time.

Ura. I should be well then, for you will not loue me.

Leu. Indeed I will. This is the prettiest passion that ere I felt yet: why dost thou looke so earnestly upon me?

Ura. You have faire eyes Master.

Leu. Sure the Boy dotes: why dost thou sigh my childe?

Ura. To thinke that such a fine man should live, and no gay Lady love him.

Leu. Thou wilt love me?

Ura. Yes sure till I die, and when I am in heaven ile eene wish for you.

Leu. And ile come to thee Boy. This is a Love I never yet heard tell of: come thou art sleepy childe; goe in, and Ile sit with thee: heaven what portends this?

Ura. You are sad, but I am not sleepy, would I could doe ought to make you merry: shal I sing,

Leu. If thou wilt good Boy.

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Alas my boy, that thou shouldst comfort me, and art far worse then I.

Enter Timantus with a Letter disguised.

Ura. Law Master, ther's one; looke to your selfe.

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Leu. What art thou, that in this dismall place, which nothing could find out but misery, thus boldly stepst? Comfort was never heere, here is no foode, not beds, nor any house built by a better *Architect* then beasts; and ere you get a dwelling from one of them, you must fight for it: if you conquer him, he is your meate; if not, you must be his.

Tim. I come to you (for if I not mistake, you are the *Prince*) from that most Noble Lord *Ismenus* with a Letter.

Ura. Alas I feare I shall be discovered now.

Leucippus. Now I feele my selfe the Poorest of all mortall things. Where is he that receives such courtesies but he has meanes to shew his gratefullnesse some way or other? I have none at all: I know not how to speake so much as well of thee, but to these trees.

Leucippus opening the Letter, the whilst Timantus runnes at him, and Urania stepps before.

Tim. His Letters speake him sir—

Ura. Gods keepe me but from knowing him till I dye: aye me, sure I cannot live a day, ô thou foule Traytor: How doe your Master?

Leu. How dost thou my childe? alas, looke on this, it may make thee repentant, to behold those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.

Ura. Tis nothing sir, and you be well.

Tim. O pardon me, know you me now sir?

Leu. How couldst thou find me out?

Tima. Wee intercepted a Letter from *Ismenus*, and the bearer directed me.

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Leu. Stand up *Timantus* boldly, the world conceives that thou art guilty of divers treasons to the State and me: but ô far be it from the innocence of a just man, to give a traytor death without a tryall: here the Country is not to purge t'nee, or condemne thee; therefore a nobler Tryall than thou dost deserve, rather than none at all, here I accuse thee before the face of heaven, to be a traytor both to the *Duke* my Father, and to me, and the whole Land: speake, is it so, or no?

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Tima. Tis true sir, pardon me.

Leu. Take heed *Timantus* how thou dost cast away thy selfe, I must proceed to execution hashly if thou confesse it: speake once againe, is't so or no?

Tim. I am not guilty Sir.

Fight here: the Prince gets his sword and gives it him.

Leu. Gods and thy sword acquit thee, here it is.

Tim. I will not use any violence against your Highnes.

Leu. At thy perill then, for this must be thy truall: and from henceforth looke to thy selfe.

Timantus drawes his sword, and runs at him when hee turnes aside.

Tim. I do beseech you sir let me not fight.

Leu. Up, up againe *Timantus*. There is no way but this, believe me. Now if—Fye, fie *Timantus*, is there no usage can recover thee from basenesse? wert thou longer to converse with men, I would have chid thee for this: be all thy faults forgiven.

Tim. O spare me sir, I am not fit for death.

Leu. I thinke thou art not; yet trust me, fitter than for life: yet tell mee ere thy breath bee gone, know'st of any other plots against me? *Tim.* Of none.

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Leu. What course wouldst thou have taken when thou had'st kill'd mee.

Tim. I would have tane your *Page*, and married her.

Leu. What *Page*? *Tim.* Your boy there.—*Dyes.*

Urania sounds.

Leu. Is he falne mad in death, what does he meane? Some good god helpe me at the worst: how dost thou? Let not thy misery vex me, thou shalt have what thy poore heart can wish: I am a *Prince*, and I will keepe thee in the gayest cloathes, and the finest things that ever pretty boy had given him. *Ura.* I know you well enough, feth I am dying, and now you know all too.

Leu. But stir up thy selfe; look what a jewell here is; see how it glisters: what a pretty shew will this make in thy little care? ha, speake, eate but a bit, and take it.

Ura. Do you not know me?

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Leu. I prethee mind thy health: why, that's well sayd my good boy, smile still.

Ura. I shall smile til death, an I see you, I am *Urania* your Sister-in-Law.

Leu. How!

Ura. I am *Urania*.

Leu. Dulnesse did ceaze me, now I know thee well; Alas why cam'st thou hither?

Uran. Feth for love, I would not let you know till I was dying; for you could not love mee, my Mother was so naught.

Leu. I will love thee, or any thing: what? wilt thou leave me as soone as I know thee? Speake one word to me; alas shee's past it, she will nere speake more. What noyse is that? it is no matter who

Enter Ismenus with the Lords.

comes on me now. What worse than mad are you

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that seeke out sorrowes? if you love delights be gone from hence.

Ism. Sir, for you wee come, as Souldiers to revenge the wrongs you have suffered under this naughtie creature: what shall bee done with her? Say, I am readie.

Leu. Leave her to heaven, brave Couzen, they shall tell her how she has sin'd against um, my hand shall never bestain'd with such base bloud; live wicked *Mother*, that reverend title be your pardon, for I will use no extremity against you, but leave you to heaven.

Bac. Hell take you all, or if there be a place of torment that exceeds that, get you thither: and till the devils have you, may your lives be one continued plague, and such a one that knowes no friends nor ending. May all ages that shall succeed curse you as I doe: and if it be possible, I aske it heaven, that your base issues may be ever Monsters, that must for shame of nature and succession be drown'd like dogs. Would I had breath to poyson you.

Leu. Would you had love within you, and such grieffe as might become a Mother: looke you there, know you that face? that was *Urania*: these are the fruits of those unhappy Mothers, that labour with such horrid births as you doe: if you can weepe, there's cause; poore innocent, your wickednesse has kill'd her: ile weepe for you.

The Salamanca Corpus: Cupid's Revenge (1635)

Ism. Monstrous woman, *Mars* would weepe at this, and yet shee cannot.

Leu. Here lyes your Minion too, shine by my hand, I will not say you are the cause: yet certaine I know you were to blame, the *Gods* forgive you.

Ism. See, she stands as if she were inventing some new destruction for the world.

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Leu. *Ismeus*, thou art welcome yet to my sad company. *Ism.* I come to make you somewhat sadder sir.

Leu. You cannot, I am at the height already.

Ism. Your Fathers dead.

Leu. I thought so, heaven be with him: ô woman, woman, weepe now or never, thou hast made more sorrowes than we have eyes to utter.

Bac. Now let heaven fall, I am at the worst or evils, a thing so miserably wretched, that every thing, the last of humane comfords hath left me: I will not bee so base and cold, to live and wayt the mercies of these men I hate: no, tis just I dye, since *Fortune* hath left me, my step discent attends me: hand, strike thou home, I have soule enough to guide: and let all know, as I stood a Queene, the same ile fall, and one with me.

She stabs the Prince with a knife.

Leu. Oh. *Ism.* How doe your sir?

Leu. Neerer my health, than I thinke any here, my tongue begins to falter: what is man? or who would be one, when he sees a poore weake woman can in an instant make him none. *Dor.* She is dead already.

Ism. Let her be damn'd already as she is: post all for Surgeons. *Leu.* Let not a man stir, for I am but dead: I have some few words which I would have you heare, and am afraid I shall want breath to speake 'um: first to you my Lords, you know *Ismenus* is undoubtedly heyre of *Lycia*, I doe beseech you all when I am dead to shew your duties to him.

Lords. Wee vow to do't. *Leu.* I thanke you. Next to you, Couzen *Ismenus*, that shall be the *Duke*, I pray you let the broken Image of *Cupid* be re-edified, I know all this is done by him.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Cupid's Revenge* (1635)

Ism. It shall be so.

Leu. Last, I beseech you that my Mother-in-Law may have a buriall according to—*Dyes.*

Ism. To what sir? *Dor.* There is a full point.

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Ism. I will interpret for him; she shall have buriall according to her owne deserts, with dogs.

Dor. I would you Majestie would haste for setling of the people.

Ism. I am ready.

Agenor. Goe and let the Trumpets sound some mournfull thing, whilst we convey the body of this unhappy *Prince* unto the Court, and of that vertuous Virgin to a grave: but dragge her to a Ditch, where let her lye accurst, whilst one man has a memory. *Exeunt.*

Cupid Speech.

The time now of my Revenge drawes neere; nor shall it lessen, as I am a *god*, with all the cryes and prayers that have beene; and those that bee to come, tho they be infinite in need and number.

FINIS.