THE TENNE TRAGEDIES
OF
SENECA.
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.
PART I.
PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.
1887.
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Printed by Charles E. Simms,
Manchester.
The Spenser Society.

The Volume now issued to the Members of the Spenser Society is printed from a beautiful copy in the library of the President. It is thus noticed by the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, in the fourth volume of the Typographical Antiquities:


"This is the first English translation of Seneca's Tragedies, and as such deserves some particular notice. It is printed in a
small and inelegant gothic letter, except the Octauia, which is in Marshe's usual enlarged and beautiful type. The arguments and choruses are generally in the roman and italic letter. The translation is uniformly in rhyme."

"Seneca's Ten Tragedies were translated at different times and by different poets. The Hippolytus, Medea, Hercules Octæus, and Agamemnon, were translated by John Studley, educated at Westminster school, and afterwards a scholar of Trinity College in Cambridge. The Hippolytus, which he calls the fourth and most ruthless tragedy; the Medea, in which are some alterations of the chorus, and the Hercules Octæus, were all first printed in Thomas Newton's collection of 1581, just mentioned. The Agamemnon was first and separately published in 1566, and entitled 'The Eyght Tragedie of Seneca entitled Agamemnon, translated out of Latin into English by John Studley, student in Trinitie college in Cambridge. Imprinted at London in Flete Streete beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John Evangelyst, by Thomas Colwell, A.D. MDLXVI.'" This little book is exceedingly scarce, and hardly to be found in the choicest libraries of those who collect our poetry in black letter.

"Recommendatory verses are prefixed in praise of our translator's performance. It is dedicated to Secretary Cecil. To the end of the fifth act our translator has added a whole scene, for the purpose of relating the death of Cassandra, the imprisonment of Electra, and the flight of Orestes. Yet these circumstances were all known and told before. The narrator is Eurybates, who in the commencement of the third act had informed Clytemnestra of Agamemnon's return. These efforts, however imperfect or improper, to improve the plot of a drama by a new conduit or contrivance, deserve particular notice at this infancy of our theatrical taste and knowledge. They shew that authors now began to think for themselves, and that they were not always implicitly enslaved to the prescribed letter of their models.
"The Octavia is translated by T. N., or Thomas Nuce, or Newce, a Fellow of Pembroke-hall, in 1562, afterwards Rector of Oxburgh in Norfolk, Beccles, Weston-Market, and Vicar of Gaysley in Suffolk, and at length Prebendary of Ely Cathedral in 1586. This version is for the most part executed in the heroic rhyming couplet. All the rest of the translators have used, except in the chorus, the Alexandrine measure, in which Sternhold and Hopkins rendered the Psalms, perhaps the most unsuitable species of English versification that could have been applied to this purpose. Newce's Octavia was first printed in 1566. He has two very long copies of verses, one in English and the other in Latin, prefixed to the first edition of Studley's Agamemnon in 1566, just mentioned.

"Alexander Nevyle translated, or rather paraphrased, the Oedipus, in the sixteenth year of his age, and in the year 1560, not printed till the year 1581. It is dedicated to Doctor Wootton, a privy counsellor, and his godfather. Notwithstanding the translator's youth, it is by far the most spirited and elegant version in the whole collection, and it is to be regretted that he did not undertake all the rest. He seems to have been persuaded by his friends, who were of the graver sort, that poetry was only one of the lighter accomplishments of a young man, and that it should soon give way to the more weighty pursuits of literature. Nevyle was born in Kent in 1544, and occurs taking a master's degree at Cambridge, with Robert, Earl of Essex, on the sixth day of July, 1581. He was one of the learned men whom Archbishop Parker retained in his family, and at the time of the Archbishop's death, in 1575, was his secretary. He wrote a Latin narrative of the Norfolk Insurrectian under Kett, which is dedicated to Archbishop Parker, and was printed in 1575. To this he added a Latin account of Norwich, printed the same year, called Narvicus, the plates of which were executed by Lyne and Hogenberg, Archbishop Parker's domestic engravers, in 1574. He published the Cambridge verses on the death of Sir Philip Sydney, which he dedicated to Lord Leicester, in 1587. He
projected an English translation of Livy in 1577. He died in 1614.

"The Hercules Furens, Thyestes, and Troas, were translated into English by Jasper Heywood. The Hercules Furens was first printed in London in 1561, and dedicated to William Herbert (Lord Pembroke), with the following pedantic Latin title: "Lucii Annaci Senecæ tragœdia prima, quæ inscribitur Hercules Furens, nuper recognita et ab omnibus mendis quibus scatebat sedulo purgata et in studiosæ juventutis utilitatem in Anglicum tanta fide conversa, ut carmen pro carmine quod Anglica lingua patiatur pene redditum vides, per Jasperum Heywodum Oxoniensem." The Thyestes, said to be faithfully Englished by Jasper Heywood, fellow of Alsone colledge in Oxenforde, was also first separately printed by Berthelette at London in 1560. He has added a scene to the fourth act, a soliloquy by Thyestes, who bewails his own misfortunes, and implores vengeance on Atreus. In this scene the speaker’s application of all the torments of hell to Atreus’s unparalleled guilt of feasting on the bowels of his children, furnishes a sort of nauseous bombast, which not only violates the laws of criticism, but provokes the abhorrence of our common sensibilities.

"In the Troas, which was first faultily printed in or before 1560, afterwards reprinted in 1581, by Newton, he has taken great liberties. At the end of the chorus after the first act, he has added about sixty verses of his own invention. In the beginning of the second act, he has added a new scene, in which he introduces the spectre of Achilles raised from hell, and demanding the sacrifice of Polyxena. This scene, which is in the octave stanza, has much of the air of one of the legends in the Mirrour for Magistrates. To the chorus of this act he has subjoined three stanzas. Instead of translating the chorus of the third act, which abounds with the hard names of the ancient geography, and which would both have puzzled the translator and tired the English reader, he has substituted a new ode. In his preface to the reader, from which he appears to be yet a fellow of All Soul’s
College, he modestly apologizes for these licentious innovations, and hopes to be pardoned for his seeming arrogance in attempting "to set forth in English this present piece of the flowre of all writers Seneca among so many fine wittes and towardly youth with which England this day flourisheth." Our translator, Jasper Heywood, has several poems extant in the Paradise of Daintie Deuises, published in 1573. He was the son of John Heywood, commonly called the epigrammatist, and born in London. In 1547, at twelve years of age, he was sent to Oxford, and in 1553 elected fellow of Merton College. But inheriting too large a share of his father's facetious and free disposition, he sometimes in the early part of his life indulged his festive vein in extravagancies and indiscretions, for which, being threatened with expulsion, he resigned his fellowship. He exercised the office of Christmas-prince or lord of misrule to the college, and seems to have given offence by suffering the levities and jocularities of that character to mix with his life and general conversation. In the year 1558 he was recommended by Cardinal Pole as a polite scholar, an able disputant, and a steady Catholic, to Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College in the same university, to be put in nomination for a fellowship of that college then just founded. But this scheme did not take place. He was, however, appointed fellow of All Soul's College the same year. Dissatisfied with the change of the national religion within four years, he left England, and became a Catholic priest, and a Jesuit of Rome in 1562. Soon afterwards he was placed in the theological chair at Dilling, in Switzerland, which he held for seventeen years. At length, returning to England in the capacity of a Popish missionary, he was imprisoned, but released by the interest of the Earl of Warwick. For the deliverance from so perilous a situation, he complimented the Earl in a copy of English verses, two of which, containing a most miserable paronomasy on his own name, almost bad enough to have condemned the writer to another imprisonment, are recorded in Harrington's Epigrams. At length he retired to Naples, where he died in
1597. He is said to have been an accurate critic in the Hebrew language. His translation of the Troas, not of Virgil, as it seems, is mentioned in a copy of verses by T. B., prefixed to the first edition above mentioned of Studley's Agamemnon. He was intimately connected abroad with the biographer Pitts, who has given him rather too partial a panegyric.

"Thomas Newton, the publisher of all the Ten Tragedies of Seneca in English in one volume, as I have already remarked in 1581, himself added only one of these versions of Studley, Nevile, Nuce, and Jasper Heywood. This is the Thebais, probably not written by Seneca, as it so essentially differs in the catastrophe from his Oedipus. Nor is it likely the same poet should have composed two tragedies on the same subject, even with a variation of incidents. It is without the chorus and a fifth act. Newton appears to have made this translation in 1581, and perhaps with a view only of completing the collection. He is more prosiac than most of his fellow-labourers, and seems to have paid the chief attention to perspicuity and fidelity. In the general Epistle Dedicatory to Sir Thomas Henneage, prefixed to the volume, he says: "I durst not haue geuen the adventure to approch your presence vpon trust of any singularity, that in this Booke hath vnskillfully dropped out of myne owne penne, but that I hoped the perfection of others artificiall workmanship, that haue tra-vuayled herein as well as myselfe, should somewhat couer my nakednesse, and purchase my pardon. Theirs I knowe to be deliuered with singular dexterity: myne, I confesse, to be an vnflidge [unfledged] nestling, vnable to fiye: an vnnatural abortion, and an vnperfect Embryon: neyther throughlye laboured at Aristophanes and Cleanthes candle, neither yet exactly waighed in Critolaus his precise ballance. Yet this I dare say, I have deliuered myne Authors meaning with as much perspicuity as so meane a scholar, out of so meane a stoare, in so smal a time, and vpon so short a warning, was well able to performe." Of Thomas Newton, a slender contributor to this volume, yet perhaps the chief instrument of bringing about a general translation of Seneca,
and otherwise deserving well of the literature of this period, some notices seem necessary. The first letter of his English Thebais is a large capital D. Within it is a shield exhibiting a Sable Lion rampant crossed in argent on the shoulder, and a half moon argent in the dexter corner. In a co-partment towards the head and under the semicircle of the letter are his initials, T.N. He was descended from a respectable family in Cheshire, and was sent, while very young (about thirteen years of age) to Trinity College, in Oxford. Soon after he went to Queen's College, in Cambridge, but returned within a very few years to Oxford, where he was readmitted into Trinity College. He quickly became famous for the pure elegance of his Latin poetry. Of this he has left a specimen in his Illustria Aliquot Anglorum Encomia, published at London in 1589. He is perhaps the first Englishman that wrote Latin elegiacs with a classical clearness and terseness after Leyland, the plan of whose Encomia and Trophaea he seems to have followed in his little work. Most of the learned and ingenious men of that age appear to have courted the favours of this polite and popular encomiast. His chief patron was the unfortunate Robert, Earl of Essex. One of his earliest philological publications is a notable Historie of the Saracens, digested from Curio, in three books, printed at London in 1575. He wrote a poem on the death of Queen Elizabeth, called "Atropoion Delion: or, The Death of Delia, with the Tears at her funeral. A poetical exclusive discourse of our late Eliza. By T. N. G. Lond. 1603." The next year he published a flowery romance, "A pleasant new history, or a fragrant posie made of three flowers, Rosa, Rosalynd, and Rosemary. London, 1604." Phillips, in his Theatrum Poetarum, attributes to Newton a tragedy, in two parts, called Tamburlain the Great, or the Scythian Shepherd. But this play, printed at London in 1593, was written by Christopher Marlowe. He seems to have been a partisan of the Puritans from his pamphlet of Christian Friendship, with an invective against dice-play and other profane games, printed at London, 1586. For some time our author practised
physic, and in the character of that profession wrote or translated many medical tracts. The first of these, on a curious subject, *A direction for the health of magistrates and students,* from Gratarolus, appeared in 1574. At length, taking orders, he first taught school at Macclesfield in Cheshire, and afterwards at Little Ilford in Essex, where he was beneficed. In this department, and in 1596, he published a correct edition of Stanbridge's *Latin Prosody.* In the general character of an author, he was a voluminous and laborious writer. From a long and habitual course of studious and industrious pursuits, he had acquired a considerable fortune, a portion of which he bequeathed in charitable legacies."—*Warton.*

JOHN LEIGH,
President.

*The Manor House,*  
*Hale, Cheshire.*
SENECA
HISTENNETRA-
GEDIES, TRANSLA-
TED INTO
Englysh.

Mercurij nutrices, hora.

IMPRINTED
AT LONDON IN
Fleetstreete neereunto
Saincte Dunstans
church by Tho-
mas Marsh.

1581
TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFUL, SIR THOMAS HENNEAGE KNIGHT, TREASVRER OF HER MAIESTIES CHAMBER:

Thomas Newton wisheth all abundaunce of Felicitie, and Spirituall bene-
dictions in Christe.

**

OV may think Sir, some want of discretion in mee, for thus boldly presuminge to thrust into your handes these Tragedies of SE - NECA. From whych boldnesse, the very Conscience of myne own unworthynes, might easely have dissuaded mee, had not certayne learned Gentlemen of good credite and worship thereunto persuaded & animated mee. Assuring mee (where of I thought my selfe afore assured) that your VVorship (such is your loue to learning, & the generosity of your Heroicall mynde) would daygne not onely to dispence with my temerity, but also take in worth my affectionate simplicity. And yet (all this notwithstandinge) well durft I not haue geuen the aduerture to approch your presence, upon trust of any singularity, that in this Booke hath vnskilfully dropped out of myne owne penne, but that I hoped the perfection of others artificiall workmanship, that have traualyed herein aswell as my selfe should somewhat couer my nakednesse and purchase my pardon. And hard were the dea-
The Epistle

the dealing, if in payment of a good round gubbe of Gold of full wayght and poyse, one poore pece somewhat clypped and lighter then his fellowes may not be foysted in amōg the rest, and passe in pay for currant coigne. Theirs I know to be deliuered with singuler dexterity: myne, I confesse to be an vnfledge nestling, vnhable to flye: an unnatural abortion, and an vnperfect Embryon: neyther throughlye laboured at Arislophanes and Cleanthes candle, neither yet exactly waighed in Critolau's his precise ballauce. Yet this dare I faye, I haue deliuered myne Authors meaning with as much perspicuity, as fo meane a Scholler, out of fo meane a floare, in fo final a time, and upon fo short a war ning was well able to performe. And whereas it is by some fqueymish Areopagites surmyzed, that the readinge of these Tragedies, being enterlarded with many Phrases and sentences literally tending (at the first sight) sometime to the prayse of Ambition, sometyme to the maytenaunce of cruelty, now and then to the approbation of incontinencie, and here and there to the ratification of tyranny, can not be digested without great dauger of infection: to omit all other reasons, if it might please the with no fore shalled judgmet to mark and consider the circumstauances, why, where, & by what manner of persons such sentences are pronouced, they canot in any equity otherwise choose, but find good cause ynoough to leade the to a more fauourable and milde resolutilo. For it may not at any hād be thought and deemed the direc̄t meaning of S E N E C A himselfe, whose whole wrytings (pened with a peereleffe sublimity and loftiness of Style, are so farre from countenauncing Vice, that I doubt whether there bee any amonige all the Catalogue of Heathen wryters, that with more gra-


Dedicatory.

Unity of Philosophical sentences, more weighty words, or greater authority of sound matter beareth downe the guerdon of filthy lust, cloaked dissimulation & odious treachery: or that more sensibly, pithily, and bytingly layeth downe the whole yssue of such one of his Tragedies. Howsoever & whatsoever it be, your Worship's curteous acceptance shall easily counterpoyse any of our imperfections. Unto whose learned Censure, wee humbly submit these the exercises of our blushing Muses. The Lord God in mercy long preserve you in health and dignity, with daily encrease of many his gracious gifts, already rychly abounding in you: to the propagation, and advancement of his truth (whereof yee are a zealous Professor, to the honour of her Majesty, to whom you are a most loyall servant, and to the general benefit of your Countrey, whereof you are a rare and most worthye Ornament.

From Butley in Cheffhyre the 24. of April.

1581.

Your Worshippes most humble,

Thomas Newton.
THE NAMES OF

THE TRAGEDIES OF

SENeca, AND
by whom each of
them was translated.

1 Hercules Furens,
2 Thyesles,
6 Troas,
5 Oedipus,
4 Hippolytus,
7 Medea,
8 Agamemnon,
10 Hercules Octæus,
9 Oltavia,
3 Thebais,

By IasPer Heywood.

By Alex. Neuile.

By John Studley.

By T. Nuce.

By Thomas Newton.
The Argument of this Tragedy.

Iupiter the Wyfe and sifter of Iupiter, hating his bastard broode, cometh downe from heauen, complaung of all his injuries done to her, deuising alfo by what despight she may vexe his base Sonne Hercules. And hauing by experience proued, no toyles to be to hard for him, findeth the meanes to make his owne hand his owne vengeance. Hercules therefore returning now from Hell (from whence he was enjoyned to set Cerberus) and finding that the Tyrant Lycus had invaded his countrey, destroie th the tyrant. For the vvhich victory as hee sacrificeth to his Goddesse, vvrathfull Iuno strikes him into a fodayne frensy: Wherevvith he beinge fore vexed, thynking to fleae the Children and Wyfe of Lycus, in fleet of them, killeth his owne Wyfe and Children in his madness. This done hee fleapeth. Iuno refloreth to him agayne his Wits. He being vvakt, seing his Wyfe and Children slayne by his owne hand, at laft alfo vvould kill himselfe.

THE SPEAKERS

Iuno. Lycus.
Chorus. Hercules.
Megara. Theseus.
Amphitriton.

THE FIRST ACTE,

Iuno alone.

Syster of the Thunderer,
(of now that name alone
Remaynes to me) Ioue euermore
as though dewost and gone,
And temples of the highest ayre
as wydowe shunned haue
And beaten out of skyes above
the place to Harlots gaue.

I must go dwell beneath on ground, for Whooes do hold the sky.
From hence the Beare in parte above of pey poale full hy,
A haughty starre the greekish skyes by Seas dorp guyde about:
From this way, whence at lyping time warme the day is loosed out,
Europaes bearer through the waues of Tyria skynes full bright.
From thence, their squyry tearfull flocke to Ships, and seas alight.
B. The wan-
Hercules furens

The wandring daughters here and there of Atlas upward sway,
With staring bath of hayre from hens Orion Gods doth stay:
And Perseus eke his glittering scarres of golden gloffe hath here.
From hence the twynnnes of Tyndars stocke do shine, a signe full clere:
And at whole byrth hell fode the grounde that erst went to and fro.
Nor onely Bacchus now himselfe, or Bacchus mother lo,
Have chynd to Gods: least any parte should from rebuke be free,
The skies the Gnostian strumpers crownes de beare in light of mee.
But I of old eurempres complayne: me, one dirc, fierce, and fierce
Thebana land with wicked hynde of Ioues base daughters brewde,
How eft hath it a stepdame made: though up to heaven should ydle,
The conquering diabbe Alemen now, and hold my place in skyes,
And eke her sonne to promisde scarres obtayne the worthy way,
At byrth of whom the slaying woode so long defend the day,
And Phaeus now frome moisting sea began to glitter bright,
Commanded long in th' Ocean waves to hyde his drowned light.
Yet shall my hates not leave them so, a wrathful kindled rage
His mynd in madness shall stirc by, and yee that may not wage
Shall evermore (all peace land downe) wage warres ecretly.
What warres: what euer hideous thinge the earth his ennemy
Begers, or what foeuer sea or ayre hath brought to lyght
Both dyedfull, dirc, and pestilent, of cruel fiercest might,
Tis tord and tam'd: he pallerth all, and name by ills doth rayse,
And all his wrath he dorc intey, and to his greater payable
He turnes my hates: whyle tedious toles to much I him behest,
He poues what father him begot: both thence where light opprct
Hath sea, and where it howde agayne, where Titan day dorc frayne,
And with his hand approaching nere dorc dve those Aethiops twaine,
His strenght untaunede is honoured: and God ech where is hee
Now cald: in woilde, and now more sloe of monsters want to mee,
And laboure leste to Hercules is tacomplith all my will,
Then me to hydde: at eafe he dorc myne imperies fully.
What cruel heltes of tyranne now to fyrce a yong man may
Preuayle to hurt: lo he beares lo weapons now awaye
What once he fearde, and put to light: he armed comes at hyde
With Lyon fyrce and Hydra both: noy land sufficerth wyde,
But brooke he harth the threshold loe of that Infernal Ioue,
And tappyts with him of conquered king he daves to Gods abowe.
But thars but light, hyde is the league of spites that there do dwell.
I saw my selfe, I saw him lo (the night now gone, of hell

And
The first tragedie

And Ditis tannde) throw out abroade before his fathers light
His brothers poples. Why dythes he not opprest and bound by might
Hymselfe in chatnes that equall thynges to Ioue by lot doth hold?
And beare the rule of captiue hel, and way to Spyre unfold?
Up opened is from lowest ghoostes the backward way to skye,
And sacred seers of dire death in open sight do lye.
But he (the dreadsfull den of spires brake by ful fierce and flout
Euen ouer mee doth triumph lo, and with proude hand about
The soule blacke dogge by Erebos townes he leads ffo hel away.
When seene was ugy Cerberus I saw the fading day,
And fearesfull sunne: euen me lykewyse a tremblong dread opprest,
And looking on the blosy neckes of conquerd monstrosus beast,
I feared much myne owne beheltes: but light things I complayne
For heaven I may be crave, lest he may get the highest rayne,
That lowest wonne, the keeproes from his father wil he take,
For hee to scarces (as Bacchus did) his way will gently make:
The way with ruine will he secke, and hee in empty skyes
Wil repyn alone with force displayed his haughty hart doth ryle,
And he that heaven it secke by force of his might gotted bee,
It bearing learned: quite under the world his head let hee.
For once his shoulders bowde the praise of such a mighty mas:
And midst of heaven on Hercules necke alone (lo) setted was.
His necke unwoode the scarces aboue and skyes did only stay:
And me likewise oppresting him, to Gods he seckes the way.
Goe icy, goe on, and heate hym downe that great things doth inuent
March thou with him, and with thy handes now thou thy selfe him rent.
Such hates why doth thou meditate? let all wyld beastes now go:
And weary Euristheus now be free from gearing charges no.
The Tytans daryng once of Ioue to breake the impere
Send out: let loose the denne abroade of mount of Sicilie.
The Borecke land that with the turne of gyant quakes afarvd,
Let it being forth the dreadsfull neckes of monster under lapyd.
Let yet the haughty moone aboue some other beastes beger,
But there be overthorne. Seekes thou a match t' Alcides yet?
There none, except hymselfe: let him agaynst himselfe rebell.
Let present be from botomme deepes bycapst of lowest hell
Th' Eumenides, let flaming lockes of thevs the fires out flinge,
And furious hands bellye aboue the strakes of vipers sting.
So now ful prowde, and scale the skyes to seates of gods make waye.
Now must thy barrelles wages be ful eerie for thynes the daye.

Fol. 2

Delphi
Hercules Furens

Delphyse mans works thinkst thou fierce wight to hell and soules slow
Thou half esceat: nay here I wil another hel thee show.
In deepe miste hid I wil call by from botome low of hell
Beyond the waves of gyly ghostes debareful goddesse fell.
Wheras the roaring dreadful den refoundes with cryes about,
From depeste bond of Ditis raygne beneath I wil set out,
What so is left. Let harsful hurt now come in anger wood,
And fierce impety inbiew himselle with his owne bloud,
And errour eke, and fury arm'd against it selves to light.
This meane, this meane, let wrath of myne now use to these my might.
Beginne ye servantes now of hell: the feruent burning tree
Of Pyne shake vp: and let with snakes her dreadful flocke to see.
Let now Megæra bring to light, and with her mournful hand
For burning rage bring out of hell a huge and direful brand.
Do this, require you bengeance due, and paynes of hel his spoyle,
Strike through his breast, let wayreer flame, within his botome boyle.
Then which in Aetna fynace beates, so furiously to see,
That mad of mind and wriles may Alcides dyvien bee
With fury great though peared quight, my selfe must first of all
Be mad. Wheretoe doth Iuno yet not into raging fall?
See, me, ye Furys, holsters three throwne quite out of my wit
Tole byz, if any thing to do, I do eneuer yet
For stepdame meere: let now my hates be turnd another way,
Let him (returnd) his babes behold in safetie I you pray.
And strong of hand come home, I have now sound the day at length,
In which may greatly mee auaple the hared Hercules strength.
Both mee and eke hym selve let him subdue and wish to die
Returnd from hel, yea let it here be my commoditie.
That he of Ioue begotten is: here present will I stand,
And that his hakes goe streight from bow, I wil direct his hand:
The mad mans weapons will I guide, euyn Hercules hyghrying, lo,
At length Ie ayde. This gyte once done then lefsull is that to
His father may admit to skies those gyly handes of his

Chorus
The first tragedie.

Chorus.

He fading starres now shyne but seeme in sighte
In stillie skye, night overcome with day
Plucks in her fyres, while springe agayn is light,
The day starre drawes the cleresome beames their wyne.

The yce signe of haughty poale agayn,
With seuen starres markt, the Beares of Arcadye,
Do call the light with overthorned wyne.
With marble horfe now drawne, hys wyne to hie
Doth Titan toppe of Oetha ouer spred
The bushes bright that nowe with berries bee
Of Thebes strewde, by daye do bluse full redde.
And to returne doth Phaebus flyster flee.

Now labor harde beginnes, and every kynde
Of cares it styrres, the Shephearde doth vnfolde:
His flockes vnpende, do graffe their foode to fynde,
And nippes the graffe with hoary frost full colde.

At will doth play in open medow faire
The Calfe whose brow did damme yet neuer teare,
The empty Kyne their vdders doe repayre.
And lyght with course uncertayne here and there,
In graffe full soft the wanton kidde hee flynges.
In toppe of bougie doth sitte with chaunting songe,
And to the Sunne newe rose to streade her wynges,
Bestirres herselfe her mournesful nestes amonge
The Nightingall, and doth with byrdes aboute
Confusse resound with murmure mixed ryse
To witnes day, his sayles to wynde set out
The shypman doth committe in doubt of lyfe.

While
Hercules furens.

Whyle gale of wynde the slacke sayles filles full strayle,
He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,
And either his begiled hookes doth bayte,
Or els beholdes and feele the pray from hye
with paiied hand.
The trembling fish he feeles with line extent,
This hope to them to whom of hurtles lyfe,
Is quiet rest, and with his owne content,
And lytle, hous, such hope in fieldes is ryse.
The troblous hopes with rolling whirlewynd great,
And dredful feares their wayes in cityes keepe.
He proude repayre to prince in regall seate,
And hard court gates without the rest of sleepe.
Esteemes, and endles happynes to hold
Doth gather goods, for treasure gaping more,
And is ful pore amid his heaped gold.
The peoples favoure him (astonied fore)
And commons more vnconstant then the sea,
VVith blast of vayne renoume liftes vp full proude.
He felling at the brawling barre his plea,
Full wicked, sets his yres and scoulding loud
And woordes to sall, a fewe hath knowne of all.
The careles rest, who mindfull how doth fitte
Swift age away, the tyme that neuer shall
Returne agayne do holde: while fates permitte,
At quiet liue: the lyfe full quickly glydes
VVith haftned course, and with the winged day.
The wheele is turnede of yere that hedlong slides,
The fisters hard perfourme their tafles alway,
Nor may agayne vntwist the threede once sponne,
Yet mankind loe vnsume what way to take

To
To meete the greedy deßenyes doth ronne
And willingly wee seeke the Stigian lake.
To much Alcides thou with stomacke fioute
The sory sprites of hell dost haste to see.
VWith course prefixt the fates are brought aboute
To none once warned to come may respite bee
To none to passe their once appointed day,
The tombe all people calde by death doth hyde
Let glory him by many landes awaye
Display, and fame throughout all cityes wyde
Full babling praiſe, and euin with skye to flande
Anounce and starres: let him in chariot bright
Ful haughty goe: let me my native land
In safe and secrete house keepe close from sight.
To restful men hoare age by course doth fall,
And low in place, yet safe and sure doth lye,
The poore and base estate of cottage small.
The powder pompe of minde doth fall from hye,
But sad here comes with losed lockes of heare
Loe Megara with little company,
And slowe by age drawes Herciles father neare
Hercules furens.

THE SECOND ACTE.

Megara.

Guider great of heaven, z of the world O Judge full sile,
Yet now at length appointet a meane of carefull miserie,
And ende of our calamitie. To mee yet never day
Hath careles thin'Ve; the ende of one affliction past away
Beginning of an other is; an other enemie
Is earth with founde, before that hee his joyfull family
Retourne unto an other kyght hee takers by beheld:
Noz any respite giuen is to him noz quiet rest:
But whyle that he commanded is: straight him pursueth shee
The hatesfull Juno. Was yet once from toyle and labour free
His infants age? the monsters (lo) he vanqsth hath and slayne,
Before he knew what monsters ment. The skaled serpents twayne
Their double neckes drew on toward him, agaynst the which to yse,
The infant crept to meete with them, the serpents glittering eyes
Lyke hye, with quiet carcalte brest he looking fast upon,
With courance cleere, hard wretled knots of them he caught anon:
And strangling then the swelling thyotes of them with tender hand,
To Hydra prelude made, the beast to s财富t of Mænale land,
That with much Golde bare shull smight his beautified head,
Is caught in cource, of Nemey wood likewise the greatest dread
The yon prest with Hercules armes harty roade with dreasfull cri.
What shoulde I speake of tables hye, of ieedes of Byftone ye?
O! King call out himselfe for toode his horses fierce to sille?
And bysilded beakt in thicke tops woont of Erymanthus hill?
The boare of Mænyole, the woods of Arcady to make?
And Bull that did no little dreed to hundred peoples make?
Among the stocks of Hesper lende that hence farre distant bee.
The shepheard of Cartesian coale of triple shape to see
Is slayne, and dyuen is the pay from farthest parte of wealt,
Cithetone quak't when by him past to sea the well knowe beakt.
He being bid to make by coates of Sommer tunne his way,
And parched landes which love with heate dorth boyle the middell day,
The mountaynes hyke on either side and rampiers all boundo,
Even unto swealth and raging sea hath made a way to roon.

Then en-
The first Tragedy.

Then entering in of plenteous wood, the pleasant gardens gay,
The waking dragons golden spoiles with him he brought away.
The Lerna monsters numerous till what neede to tell haue I?
Hath he not him with hyde at length subdewde, and taught to dye?
And which were woont with wings abyde to hyde the day from sight,
Even from the clouds he taught I daie the Stymphale birds to sight.
Not him subdewde who ever lyes in bed bannatcht at night
The wyddowe quene of them that tooke to Thermodont their sight.
Now handes that well dunn entrepisile his noble traynables all
The filthy labour made to hymke of coule Augias hall.
What dayle all these? he wants the word which oft defended he.
And th'earth well knowes the worker of his quietnes to be
Away from earthe: the prosperous gift that beareth happy sway,
Is vertue calde, and now the good to wicked doe obey.
The right dore stand in might of armes, scarce readeth downe the lawe.
Before my face with cruel hand, even presently I lawe
Reuengers of theyr fathers regyne, the lonnes with twoide downe eall,
And of the noble Cadmus eke hymselfe the occyning last
Then layne: I lawe his regall croune at once from him away
With head bereft. Who Thebes alas enough beware nowe may?
The fertile land of Gods, what loyde nowe quakes it so to knowe?
Out of the fieldes of which somtyme, and sueetfull beneome lowe,
The yirch blypong with twoide in hand prepare to harrell moode:
And walls of which Amphion one of mighty Ioue his broode,
Hath built with sounding melody in drawinge to the stones:
To towne of whom the parent chiefe of Gods not onely ones
Heauen being left hath come, this land that Gods abode alway
Receivde, and which hath made them Gods, and (leecull beere to say)
Perhaps shall make, with lotsome poake of bondage is prest downe.
O Cadmus booster, and citizeens of olde Amphions towne,
Wherefore are ye nowe fall’ne? dread ye a cowardly cruell thus,
His coales to dwell in, lacking, and to ours injurious?
Whoe through the wyolde pursiues the gils and wrong by sea and land,
And cruell fceproys broken hath with lust and ryghtfull hand,
Nowe absent leues, and what he calde in other deth fillyayne:
And now both bannypht Lycus holde of Hercules Thebes the rayne.
Yet shall he not: he shall come home, and him with vengeaunce quight,
And lodaine rye to starres: he shall loone finde the way to light,
O make it ells, returne thou safe, repayze to thine in halfe:
And conquerour to conquer’d houle yet come agayne at latke.

Kyle up
Hercules furens

Ryse vp my spouse, and darknes deepe repel’d of helpe shade
Bake vp with hand, if no way may for thee kept backe bee made,
And passage be shut vp, returne with world upren by might.
And what fouer th’thee solde beneath in darkely night,
Send out with thee, as when the tops of haughty pyliks unfoon
A headlong passage making through for hastily shoude to roon
Thou somtyme stoodst, wha with great might of thyne a hinder broake
The Tempye woods wyde open lay: and beaten with thy stroke
The mount, now here, now there fell downe: and rampier rente of stay,
The raging brooke of Thessaly did roon a newe found way.
Thy parentes so, thy sonses, thy land repaying home to see,
Bake out, and lowest bonde of things out bringing thence with thee,
And what fouer greedy age in all these long peaces race
Hath hid, new forth, & ghostes that have forgot theyr former case,
And people vp before thee where that searefull are of light.
Unworthy spoyles so: theyr theyr are, if thou but bring to sight
What hidden is, great thynges, but carre to much I speake so: mee,
Unwothing of myne owne estate. when shall I hap to see,
The day when thee, and thy right hand, I may embrace agayne.
And howe returnes, no: yet of me once myndefull, may complayne?
To thee so: this O guide of Gods, untrained Bulls shall byng
Their hundred necks: to thee O Queene of fruits on earth that sping
Ile gene thee secrete sacristye: to thee with much layth loe
Long lyse hands at Eleusis towne full silent whil I throe.
Then to my brethren shall I thinke to bee ressoarde agayne
Theyr soules, and eke himselfe aline and guiding of his rayne
My father so: to hourysiye yet, if any greater night
Doe kepe thee ther, we folowe thee: with thy returne to light
Defend vs all, oz els to hell drowe downe vs all to thee.
Thou walt vs drowe, no God shall rayle vs vp that broken bee.

AM -
The first Tragedy.

AMPHITRYON,
MEGARA.

O faithfull fellowe of our bloud, with chaste true faithfullnes The Bidebed keeping, and the sonne of haughty Hercules, Conceive in mynde some better things, and take good heart to thee: He will come home, as after all his labours woortely bee, Of more renowne. ME. What wretches doe most chiefly wilde of all, They loone beleue. AM. Hay what they feare to much lest it may fall, They thinke it never may bee shoon'de, noy rid by remedy. ME. Beleeue is ready still to dyade the woorder mystery. Deepe dyvon'de, and hellin'de, & furthermoze with all y-world full lowe Oppressed downe, what way hath he to light agayne to goe? AM. What way I pray you had he then wyse through the burning colde, And tumbling ather maner of the troubled Sea vp toiske He went by lands: and create that twyle with ebbie away both slip, And twyle upslove: and when alone with his forlaken ship, Fast caught he flucke in Hallowe lowdes of Helsye Syrtes lande, And (nowe his ship on grounde) did passe through leas a foote to land? ME. Injurous fortune vertue most of men most stout and strong Both seldome spare: no man alwaye himselfe in safety long To perills great and daungerous may so often times out cast, Whom chaunce both often overslip, the same it findes at last. But cruel lode, and greuous threats even bearing in his face, And such as he of stomacke is, both come even such of pace, Providence Lycus who the creepes makes in hande of other king, The plentiful places of the towne of Thebes governing, And every thinge about the whiche with fertile toyle doth goe Sloape Phocis, and what ever both Imenues oversloe, What ever thinge Cithaeron leeth with haughty top and ype, And tender Isthmos Ile, the which betweene two seas doth lye.

Lycus,
Hercules furens

Lycus Megara.

Amphitriton.

Not I of native countrey bowes possess the auncient right
Unworthy heir, noe yet to me are noble men of might
The grandfathers, noe stocke renownd with titles his of name,
But noble vertue: who so boales of kinred whence he came,
Of others vertue makes his vaunt, but got with feareful hand
By scepters are obtrayned: in sword both all my safety stand.
What thee thou workst agaynst the will of cyteyns to get,
The bright drawne sword must it defend: in forayne countrey set
No stable kingdome is. But one my pompe and princely might
May ratiye once soyned to me with regall torche full light,
And chambers Megara: of stocke of such nobility
Let upstart space of myne take shape. I do not thinke that shee
Resute it will, or in the bed with mee delysye to lye.
But if with proude unbridled mynde shee subburne do lerne,
Then quite I purpose to destroy the house of Hercules
The hate of men will then my pryde, and peoples speach oppres.
Chiefe knache of kingdome is to beare thy lubiertes hates eche one.
Lest proue her then, chauce geen hard to vs a place alone.
For shee her head in fold of dayle ful sad and wofully
Enwraide the Gods that are her guides to succour standes fall by,
And at the lbye of her doth leane Alcides father trewe.
Meg. What thing doth this destroyer of our stocke agayne anew
Prepare? what proverth he? Ly. O Queene that name renowned hye
And bytle takke of regall stocke ful gentle and easily.
A little whyle receve and heare my wordes with pacient eare,
If alwayes men eternal hares should one to th'other heare,
And rage be gone out of the hart should never fall away,
But th'happy still should armour holde, th'unhappy nil obey,
Then shall the battayles nothing leaue: with wide fledes then the lande
Shall lie untild, with underlayd to, houlte fiery bzend
Then adses depe shal overwhelme the buried people all.
 Expedient is to conquercour to with that peace befall:
To conquercour nedesfull partner of the kingdome come to me:
Let's joyne our myndes, take here this pledge of fayth and truth to thee.

My
The first Tragedy

By right hand touch. Why whishest thou with cruel face and mood? Mean: Should I abyde, that I the hand bysink with my fathers blood, Should touch, and double dearly imbred of both my brethren: nay Fyfst hall sunne yycle extinguish quite, and West shalt bring the day: First faithful peace betweene the snowes and hers there halfe tryde, And Scilla hall t'Atunus fyfst ioyne his Sicilian yde: And fyfst, the sleepeing flond that whis swift runnes of course both owse Euripus with Euboik waue hall stand ful still and grow. By father, thy empire, brethren, house, thou halfe me cleare hereft, By country to: what may he move? one thing to me is left, Then byther, father, kingdome, house, that dearer is to mee The hate of thee, the which to me with people fo? to be In commune woe I am: how great to myne alone part? Rule on ful proude, beare by ful ype thy sprites and haughty hate: Yet God the proude behynd they? backes both follow them to wyczke. I know the Thebauc kingdome: what should I the mothers speake, Both suffering, and aduenturing ygles? what double mischeife done? And mixed name of spouse at once, of father and of sonne? What bytherensdoube tenes? oz what as many roages also? The mother proude of Tantals hyood congeald in mourning loe, And sop stone yet owse with teares in Phygian Sippyle. Himselfe likewyle erected by his sealede heade ayse, Even Cadmus measuring throughout th'ILlyrian landes in sight, Behynd him left of body drakone long hymy markes in sight. All these examples wayre for thee: rule thou as likes thy will, Whyte thee our kingdome wsnted fates do call and oft hap yll. Ly; Goe to, these fierce and furious owdyes thou woman mad restraine, And impveres of princes learne of Hercules to sustayne. Though I the serpents gotten by the force of war do heare, In conquering hand & all do rule without the law his teeare. Which armes subdue, a few owdyes yet to thee now spake I hall For this my caute thy father did in bloody barret fall: Thy brethren fell, the weapons kepe no measureable stay. For neither easily tempred be, nor yet repelled may The drakone swords yze, the barretts both the blood delite out shedde. But he yet for his kingdome sought, wee altogether led With wicked lust: yet th'end of war is now complayne, loe, And not the caute, but now let all remembrance thereof goe: When conquerour hath weapons left, the conquers part should be To leave his hates. Not I that thou with lowly bended knee
Hercules furens

See ravning worship should’st, require: even this doth me delight,
That thou thy mysteries dost heare with mynde to shout upright.
Thou for a king a spouse art merue, let’s soyne our beds anonye.
ME. A trembling colde doth runne throughout my bloudles lins ech one.
What hainous thinges comes to myne eares? I feare do not then at all,
When (all peace brouke) the noyle of warre bid by the city wall
Rendunde about, I bare all that unsearefully to thee,
I feare the weddung chambers: now I capture seeme to mee.
Let heavy chaynes my body greue, and eke with hunger long
Let shering death be slowly bught, yet shall no force full strong
My truethes luddye: so even thine owne Alcides will I dy.
LY. Droth then thy husband dyon’de in hell greue thee this stomack bie?
ME. The hellis alowe he toucht, that he the height against might get.
LY. The heavy paide opprest all of the earth full great.
ME. Me with no burden shall be pret, that heauen it selfe sustaynde.
LY. Thou shalt be saft. ME. He woots nor how to die, that is coltraine’d.
LY. Speake, what was rather I prepare then wedding newe for thee.
More royall gyp? ME. Thine owne death est, or els the death of mee.
LY. Thou shalt mad woman die, ME. I shall then to my husbande go.
LY. Hope then my sceptors is to thee a servaunt loved so?
ME. How many hath this servaunt dayne of kings with handy stroake?
LY. Why droth he yet a king then Ierue, and still sustaynde his poake?
ME. Take once away the hard behelle, what’s vertue then at last?
LY. Do’t thou it vertue counte, to bee to heales, and monsters call?
ME. Tis vertues part, to tame the things, that all men quake to know.
LY. Him great things bragging, darknesdeepe of tartare prettys ful low.
ME. There never may from ground to stars an easy pallahge be.
LY. Of whom begor, the houlen then of Gods through pearceth he?
AM. O wretched wife of Heracles great, thy words a while now spare.
By parte it is, the father of Alcides to declare,
And his true stocke, yet after all of man to shoute as this
So famous deedes, and after all appealde with hand of his
What euer Titan yffen vp, doth lee, or els at fall,
And after all these monsters tam’de, and Phlegrey sprinkled all
With wicked blond, and after Gods defended all on hie,
Is not his father yet well knowne? or Ioue doe we beuely?
Deleue it yet by Lunoces hate. LY. Why do’ste thou slaunder Ioue?
No mostal kinred euer may be mixt with heaven above.
AM. To many of the Gods in lykes is this a common trade.
LY. But were they euer servauntes yet, before they Gods were made?
AM. Of
The first Tragedy.

AM. Of Delos Ile the shepheard doe the stocks of Pherecy fed.
LY. But though all coats he wondred not abased as banished.
AM. Who straing mother first brought forth in wading land to sight,
LY. Yet Phœbus did no monsters teare, oz beaks of cruel might.
AM. First Dragon with his bloud embrid’d the shafts of Phœbus to,
Howe greenous ills even yet full Yong he bare, doe you not know?
From mothers worme ye babe out thyson with lightning flame fro his,
Even next his lightning Father stooed forthwith aboute in sky.
What? he him selke that guides the starres, z makes the clouds at will,
Did not that Infant lucke in Den of hollowe caued hill?
The bythes to great full troublous pyece to have loe alwayes ought:\nAnd euer to be borne a God, with colde full great is bought.
LY. Whom thou a miser see’lt, thou mar’tt know him a man to bee.
AM. A miser him denp yee may, whom stout of heart yee see.
LY. Call we him stout, from shoulders ype of whom the Lyon thowne
A gift fo; mayden made, and she his Club from hand fell downe,
And paynted side with purple weede did thynne that he did weare?
O2 may we him call stout of heart, whose starring lockes of heare
With ointuett nowde? who hands renowne & knowne by papeles ype
To bound unneece for any man of timber old appyle,
With barbarous mytar cloathing in his tohead rounde about?
AM. The tender Bacchus did not blithe abode to have layde out
His handed heares, noz yet with hand full lost the Thyrus light
F0; to haue shooke, what time that he with pace unslout in light
His long train’d barbarous garment drew with golde full layze to see.
Still vertue after many workes is wont releast to bee.
LY. Of this the house of Euritus destroyde doth witnesse beare,
And virgins lockes that brutishly by him oppossed weare.
No Iuno did commaund him this, noz none Eurytheus loe.
But these in deede his owne workes are, AM. Yet all yee doe not noe.
His worke it is, with weapons of his owne hand banquished
Both Eryx, and to Eryx ioyn’d Antæus Lybian ded:
And aulters which with slaughter of the strangers flowing last,
Busyris well dextred bloud likewise haue dunke at last.
His deede it is, that he that met the wounde, and wounde is slayne
Constraine to suber death beforse those other Geryons twayne.
Noz one all onely Geryon doth with one hand conquer’d ype.
Thou shalt among these be which yet with none adulterye
Haue wedlocke hurt. LY. What is to Ioue, to king is lastfull thyng:
To Ioue thou gaytst a wyke, thou shalt nowe gene one to a kyng.
And even
Hercules furens-

And even of thee she shall it learne to bee a thing not newe, 
Her husband even appraising it the better man t'enlewe, 
But if thee stubberne to be matcht with me deny it still, 
Then even by force a noble childe of her beget I will.

Meg. O Creon's ghosts and all ye Gods of th'house of Labdacus, 
And wedding torches blazing byght, of wicked Oedipus, 
To this my wedding gene ye nowe our wanted desenes, 
Now, now ye bloody daughters of all Ægypts king likewise, 
See here whose hands despield are with so much blood our spilt: 
One daughter lacks of Danaus, I will fill up the gylt.

Ly. Because that stubburnely thou dost refuse my wedding so, 
And fear'd a king, thou shalt know what the Scepters now may do. 
Embrace thyne aulters, yet no God shall ever take away 
Thee from my hands: no not although with world upturned, may 
Alcides victor yet agayne to Gods abowe returne. 
The woods on heapes together cast, let all their temples burne 
Even throwne upon theyr heads: his wyse, and all his flocke at laske 
With vnderlayed fyre, let one wood pyle consume and waste. 
AM. This only bowne I father of Alcides ake of thee, 
Which well may me becomme to craue, that I byst ayayne may bee. 
LY. Who all appornets with present death to haue their punishment, 
He tyrant wors not how to be: more sundry greenes invent.
Retayne the wretched men from death, commaundde that th'happy dye, 
I, while with beames prepar'd to burne the pyle encreaseth yre, 
Will him with bowing sacrificer that rules the seas entreate. 
AM. O cheered powre of Gods, and oh of heavenly things so great 
The gypye, and parent eke, with whose throwne thunderbolts do make 
All things humane throughout the world of king to cruelle sake 
The wicked hande: but why do I to Gods in bayne thus cry? 
Where euer thou be, heare me soone. why start to sodapney 
The temples thus with movinge shakre? Why roartoth out the ground? 
The nopte of Hell from bottome deepe byneathe hath made a sound: 
Wec herde are, loe it is the sound of Hercules his pace.

Chorus
The first tragedie.

Chorus.

Fortune hating men of stoutest brest,
How ill rewards dost thou to good deuyde?
Euryftheus raynes at home in easy rest,
Alcmenes fonne in every battayle tryde,
To Monsters turnes hys hande that Skyes dyd stay:
And cruell Neckes cuts of, of hydous Snake,
And Apples brynges from Systers mokt away,
When once to sleepe hys watchefull Eyes beetake,
Dyd Dragon set ryche fruict to ouerlee.
Hee paft the Scythian bowres that straye abroade,
And thos that in their countreys straungers bee
And hardned top of frofen create hee troade,
And sylent Sea with bankes full dumme about.
The Waters hard want there their floudes to floe.
And where before the Shyps full Sayles spre nud out
Is worn a pathe for Sarmates wylde to goe.
The Sea doth stand to mooue in courfe agayne,
Nowe apt to beare the Ship, nowe horfemen bolde
The Queene that there doth ouer Wydowes rayne,
That gyrds her Wombe wyth gyrth of glittring gold,
Her noble spoyle from body drawne hath shee
And hyelde, and bandes of brest as whyte as snowe,
Acknowledging the Conquerour with Knee.
Wyth what hope drawne to headlong Hell alowe,
So bolde to passe the vnreturned wayes
Sawfte thon Proserpines rayne of Sicylye?
Wyth Southern wynde, or Western there no seas
Aryfe wyth waue and fwellinge Surges hye.
Not there of Tyndars stocke the double broode
Two starres the searefull Shyps doe ayde and guide.
Wyth gulph full blacke doth stande the flouthfull floode
And when pale death with greedy teeth so wyde.
Hercules furens

Unnumbered Nations hath sent downe to sprihtes
Wyth one Boateman all ouer feryed bee.
God grauat thou maift of Hell subdue the rightes
And vnreuoked webs of Systers three.
There kyng of many people rayneth hee,
Who when thou didst wyth Neftors Pylos fight,
Pestiferous handes appli'de to matche with thee
And weapon bare with triple mace of might:
And prickt with litle wounde he fled away,
And lorde of death hymselfe did feare to dye.
Breake Fate by force: and let the fight of day
To sorry sprihtes of Hell apparant lye
And porche vnpaft shew way to Gods aboue.
The cruel lordes of sprihtes wyth pleasaunt song
And humble bowne full well could Orpheus moue,
Whyle he Eurydicens them craues among.
The Arte that drew Woods, Byrds, and stones at will:
Which made delay to Floudes of litting flight
At found whereof the sauge Beastes stroode still
With tunes vnwont doth Ghosts of hell delight
And clearer doth refounde in darker place:
And wepe wyth teares did Gods of cruel breft:
And they which faultes with to seuere a face
Doe seeke, and former gylt of Ghosts out wreft:
The Thracian Daughters wayls Eurydicens.
For her the Judges weeping fit also.
Wee conquer'de are, chyefe kyng of death sayd then
To Gods (but under this condition) goe,
Behynde thy husbandes backe keepe thou thy way,
Looke thou not backe thy Wyfe before to fee.
Than thee to fight of Gods hath brought the day
And gate of Spartane Tænare present bee.
Louv hates delay, nor coulde abyde so long.
His gyft, hee loft, while hee desires the syght.
The place that coulde be thus subdew'de with song
That place may soone bee overcome by myght.
The first tragedie

THE THYRDE
ACTE.

Hercules.

Comfortable guyde of light, and honour of the skye, (hve
That copassing both Hemypheres with flaming chariot
Thy raddiat head to joyful labes about ye world dost bring,
Thou Phæbus pardon gene to me, if any unlawfull thing
Thyne eyes have seene: (comeaide) I have here to light
The secretes of the worlde: and thou of heaven o guider grete, (out let
And parent eke, in flaste out thyowne of lightning hide thy lyght.
And thou that governest the seas with seconde seepoys nyght,
To boratone lynke of deepest waues: who lo from hve doth see,
And dreading yet with countnaunce newe the earth deuidde to bee,
Let him from hence turne backe his light, and face to heaven upholde,
These monstrous lights to shun: let towyn this mischiefe great behold,
See who it brought, and thee that bad. for paynesfull toyles to mee,
And labours long, not all the earth thought wide enouogh may bee
For Iunoes hate: things uncom to all men I did see,
Unknowne to lonne, and spaces wyde that darke and shadefull bee
Which wootler pole genes dyyet voue to raygne and rul therein.
And yet if thryde place pleased more sox mee to enter in,
I there coulde raygne, the Chaos of eternall nyght of hell,
And wootse then night, the doesfull Gods I haue that there doe dwell,
And Fates subdu'de, the death contrem'de I am return'de to lyght.
What yet remaynes? I lawe and showde the lyghts of hell to light:
Appoynet, if ought be moxe, doe'ist thou my hands to long permit
Iuno to ceasce? what thing byd'dist thou to be subdued yet?
But why doe cruell soulidiars holde the holy temples wyde?
And dead of armour sacred poscke beker on euery lyde?

C 2. Amphi-
Hercules furens

Amphitryon, Hercules,

Theseus.

Do eather els my great deuyres delude and macke myne eyes?
O hath the tamer of the world and Grecckes renowne likewyle, 
Forsooke the silent houle, beater with cloude full sadde to see?
Is this my sonne? my members loe for joy amased bee.
Oh sonne, the sure and laurgard late of Thebes in misery, 
See I thy body true indeede? or els deceiue am I 
Mockt with thy spire? art thou wel come? these brawnes of armes I know 
And shoulde, and thy noble handes from body hie that grow. 
Her. Whens (father) happe this bylines, and why in mourning clad 
Is thus my wyle? how happe it that with fitt to soule behald 
My children are? what misery doth thus my house oppresse? 
Am. Thy father in law is layne: the kingdome Licus doth poselle. 
Thy sonnes, thy parent and thy wyle to death pursueth bee. 
Her. Ungratefull land, doth no man come that will an ayder bee 
Of Hercules house? and this behelde so great and haynous wronge 
Oath thy/aded world? but why were I the day in playnt so long? 
Let thynny dye and this renowne let strength obtayne in haste, 
And of Alcides enmies all let Lycus be the last. 
I driven am to goe to deside the blood of enmye our. 
Watch Theseu that no sodanpe strenth behet vs here aboute: 
We warres require, embracing yet deserre O father deare, 
And wyse deserre them: Lycus shall to hell this meallage heare 
That I am now returnd. The, Shake of O Queene out of thynpe eyes 
This weeping face, and thou fyntce that thy sonne is fate likewise 
Thy dropping teares refayne: ye yet I Hercules ever knew 
Then Lycus shall for Creon paye the paynes to him ful due. 
This lyght, he thal, he doth and that's to light he hath it done. 
Am. How God that can them bying to passe,spede wel our wishes soone 
And come to helpe our weary woses. O noble harted mate 
Of my stout sonne, of his renowne declare vs all the rate: 
How long away both leade to place where sovy sprites doth dwell, 
And how the hard and heavy bondes the dog hath borne of hell. 
The. The beedes thou doft constraue to tell, that euell to mynde sicure 
Are dyedful yet and hoziible, scent yet the trucl is sure 

Of
The first tragedie

Of vitall aye, soxe blunted is the sharpness of my light,
And dullèd eyes do scant fulkayne to see thy'undooned light.
AM. Yet Theseus thourghly overcome what ever feare remaynes
In bosome deepe, now do thou not of best euer of thy paynes
Beguilde thy selke. What thing hath once to suffre beene a care,
To haue remembred it is sweete: those dexterity haps declare.
TH. All ryght of worlde, and thee lykewyse I praye ye'heart the rayne
In kingdome wyde, and thee, fo: whom all round about in payne
Thy mother througheout Aetna fought, that secret things alowe
And hid in ground, it freely may bee lawfull fo: to shawe.
The Spartane land a noble toppe of hyll aduancteth hye,
Where Tanarus with woods fulth thicke the Sea both overly.
The house of haresfull Ditis hère his mouth both open fret,
And rocke of hyll abowe doth gape, and with a denne full gret
A huge and gaping cleft of ground with Jawes full wyde doth lye,
And way fulth broad to people all doth lyzed to passe thereby.
Not straight with darkenes both begin the way that blindes the light.
A little lingering brightnesse loe behinde of late left light,
And doubtfull gleering yet of tone afflicteth falles alowe,
And mocks the light: such light is wont undoubtedly to shawe.
The dawning of day, or twylight els at ege of evening tyde.
From hence to lowlome places voyde are loaste the spaces wyde,
To which needes perpse muth all kinde of men that once are th3wone.
Now it a labour is to goe, the way it selke leads downe.
As oft the ships agaynst theyr willes doth rolle the sweling surge,
So downward doth that headlong way, and greedy Chaos vrege:
And backe agayne to dawe thy pace thee neuer doe permit
The sprits who what they eache hold fast, alowe withinth doth hit
In chanell wyde with silent foozde the quiet lake of lethoe,
And cares doth rid: and that there may to scape agayne from death
No meane be made, with many turnes and windings every way
Foldes in his lowde, in lich coure as with waue vnasure doth play
Maander wandzing by and downe, and yeldes himselfe into,
And doubtfull stands, if he toward banke, or backe to spying may goe.
The soule and filthy poole to see of slowe Cocytus lyes.
On th'one the Gyype, on th'other side the mournesfull Howlet cries,
And sad lucke of th'unhappy Strix likewise refoundeth there.
Full vgily in shady bowes blacke Locks of lostlane heare,
Where Taxus tree doth ouer leane, which holdeth southfull sleepe,
And hunger lad with famisht Jawe that lyes his place to keepe,
C 3

And shame
Hercules furens

And shame to late doth hide his face that knowes what crimes it hath,
Both fear, and quaking, funereal, and fretting raging wrath,
And mourning dye doth flow on, and trembling pale disease,
And boisterous battalies set with frowde: and hid beyond all theale
Both southfull age his lingering pace help forth with staffe in hand.
AM. Of coyne and wyne in hell alowe is any fertile land?
TH. No joyfull Heads do there bring forth with face so greene rayze,
Nor yet with gentill Zephyrus waggis ripened coyne in th'ayze.
Nor any tree hath there such bowes as doe byng apples out.
The battayne compasse of deepe soyle full filthy lyes about,
And with red with eternall dought the lossthome land doth walke
And bond full lab of thinges, and of the woode the places talle:
The ayre dewyéd hands, and night lits there full darke to see
In southe full world, all thinges by dread full horible there bee.
And even farrre woode then death it selfe, is place where death doth hide.
AM. What? he that doth those places darke with regall sepyral guide,
In what seate set, both he dispose and rule those peoples light?
TH. A place there is in turne obscure of Tartarus from light,
Which milk full thick with searefull blade doth holde and overgoe.
From hence a double parted streame from one wellspying both foe:
The tone, much like a standing poole (by this the gods doe swear)
The which the lacred Stygian lake with silent loude doth bear:
The t'other fierce with tumult great is drawn his course to goe,
And Acheron with raging loud the stones byrues to and froe
Unlayable, with double foode is ronde about beter
Against it Ditis pallace lye, and mansion house full gret
In shadesfull woode is covered: from wide den here the posts
And thresholds of the ryant hang, this is the walke of ghosts:
This of his kingdom is the gate: a fielde about it goes,
Where sitting with a countenance proude aboade he doth dispose
Newe loules, a cruell majesty is in the God to knowe:
A crowning forhead, which pet of his brethren beares the bowe,
And to great stoke: there is in him of foue the very face,
But when he lighten: and great part of cruell kingdomes place,
Is he himselfe the loze thereof: the light of whom doth seare,
What euer thing is seare, AM. Is lame in this popnet true, y' there
Such rygours are, and gilty Ghosts of men that there remayne
Forgetfull of theyr former faule, haue there delivrd payne?
Who is the recor: there of ryght, and judge of equity?
TH. Not onely one erroster out of faulces in seate set hpe

The judge-
The first tragedie

The judgement late to trembling soules doth there by lot awarde:
In one appointed judgement place is Gnossian Minos harde,
And in another Radamanthe: this crime doth Aeac heare.
What eche man once hath done, he seest: and guilt to the authoys theare
Returnes, and that hurtfull with that owne example punisht bee.
The bloody cruell captaynes I in pyson thee did bee,
And backe of tyrant impotent even with his peoples hande
All toynge and cut, what man of might with fauour leads his lande,
And of his owne lyke lynde relieves his hurtlecke handes to good,
And gently doth his empypye guide without the thirst of blood,
And spares his soule, he having long led forth the lingering days
Of happy age, at length to heaven doth eryther finde the ways,
Or toystfull happy places ells of sage Elysius woode.
Thou then that here must be a judge abstayne from man his bloode,
Who to thou be that raptynge syng: our gyptes are there acquit
In greater wyse. AM. Doth any place prescript of lygne wit
The gypte Ghosts, and as the same reproyzes, doth cruell payne
The wicked men make tame that in eternall bondes remaine?
TH. Ixion tollde on whysling wheelie is rotte and turned yere:
Upon the necke of Sisyphus the mighty stone doth lye.
Anypd the lake with thytly Lawes oyle Tantalus therein
Pursues the waues, the water streame doth wet and washe his chin,
And when to him nowe ofte deceyde de doth yet promise make,
Straight slits the fount: the fruite at mouth his lampyne doth toake.
Eternall food to seeling soule doth Tyrius hart geue still:
And Danaus daughteres doe in hawe they water bellells all.
The wicked Cadmus daughters all goe raging every way:
And there both greedy vauening byde the Phiney tables fray.
AM. Noaue of my sonne declare to me the noble worthy fght.
Brings he his willing buckles gyft, or Plutoes spyelles to light?
TH. A dyce and dyedfull stone there is the mouthfull foodes last yere,
Where stuggish treat with wawe alon'd full dull and howe doth lye:
This lake a dyedfull fellow keepe eth both of attire and fght,
And quaking Ghosts doth ouer beare an aged dusty weight:
His Beatre unkempt, his bolomte soule dewetnde in kichy wyse
A knot hyndes in, full lostlysome stend in head his hollowe eyes:
He fearey man doth steele about his Boate with his long Dee.
He dixing nowe his lightned Ship of burden towardwe the Shore,
Repayses to waues: and then his way Alecides doth requyre,
The flocke of Ghosts all greuing place: allowde cryes Charon dyce,

C 4. What way
Hercules Furens

What way attemptest thou so holde: thy hastening pace here stay,
But Nathales Alcmenaes sone abyding no delay,
Even with his owne paole bet he dothe full tame the shipman make,
And clynes the ship: the barke that counde full many peoples take,
Did yeilde to one: he fat, the boare moere heavy like to breake
Which sypuering voyntes on eyster lyde the lethly fould doth leake.
Then tremble all the monsters huge, the Centaures fierce of myght,
And Lapithes, kindled with much wyne to warres and bloody night.
The lowest Charnelles seeking out of Stygian poole a downe,
His Lerney labour foze assright his ferstile heads doth drowne.
Of greedy Disis after this doth then the haule appeare.
The fierce and cruell Stygian dogge doth fray the spirits there,
The which with great and roaring bounde his heades upshaking threce,
The kingdome keeps his ugly head with filth full soule to see
The serpentes lieke: his hapyes be lowe with hypers set among,
And at his crooked wickeved tayle doth hyple a Dragon longe:
Lyke yce to shape, when him he wolde his pace that way to take,
His bisteke hapyes he liesthe up with fierce vp bended snake:
And bounde sent out he loone perceypes in his applied eare,
Who euorn the spirts is wont to sent as sone as doode moze neare
The sone of Ioue, the doubtfull dogge strain couched downe in denne,
And edge of them did saire, beholde with doulesfull barking thin.
The places dummme he makes a dze, the threatening serpent shout
Through all the fieldes about doth hyele: the bawling noyle sent out
Of bickfull boyece from triple mouth, euon spirts that happy bee
Both make straipde, from left side then straipre way underto hee
The cruell Jawes, and Lyns head once slayne in Cleon fielde
Agaynst him setts, and ouer doth himselfe with mighty yelde.
And bearing in his conquering hande a sturdy club of Oke,
Powe here, now there he rolleth him about with often stroke:
His stripes he doubles: he subdewde his thyeares allswaged all,
And all his heads the weary dogge at once full lowe let fall,
And quite out of the deyn he fled, full greatly feared (let
In regall thrones) both king and queene, and had him to bee set.
And me likewise they gane for yfel to Hercules craving mee.
The monsters heavy neckes with hand then stroaking downe all three,
In lynked chayne he byndereth taake togartecer then his strenghe
The dogge the warchefull keeper of the kingdome darke at length
Layth downe his eares full cote aircayde: and suffting to be led,
And eke acknowledging his lyde, following wyth lowly bed,

With tayle
The first tragedy.

With rale that snakes thereon doth bear he both his sides doth smight. But after that to Tanare mouth we came, and clearenesse bright Had stroke his eyes of light unknowne, good somacke yet agayne He takes although once overcome, and now the happy chapne He raging shakes: he had almobst his leader pluckt from place, And headlong backward drawne to hell, and moued from his pace. And eu to my handes Hercules then his eyes did backward cast, Wee both with double yoynd strength the dogge out drawne at last For anger woode, and battells yet attempting all in bayne, Brought up to world, as loone as he the cleere ayre sawe agayne, And spares pure of hyght fayle poale had once behelde with eye, The nyght arose: his light to ground he turned by and by, Cast downe his eyes, and hatefull day forthwith he put to flight, And backward turnd away his looke, and streight with all his might To th'earth he falles: and underneath the shade of Hercules then He hid his head, therewith there came a great retoste of men With clamour glad, that did the bay about theys foxheads kyng: And of the noble Hercules deserved payltes king.

Chorus.

Vrystheus borne with swiftned birth in haft, Did bid to bottome of the Worlde to go: This onely lackt of labours all at laft, To spoyle the Kyng of thyrde estate also. The dungeons darke to enter ventred hee, Where as the way to sprits farre of doth bring Full sadde, and woode so blacke and fear'de to bee: But full with flocke full great him following, As great a preasse as flocke in cyties streetes, To see the Playes of Theatre newe wrought: As great as at Eléus thundrer meetes, When Sommer fift the sacred game hath brought: As great as when comes houre of longer night, And willing quiet sleepees to bee extent, Holdes equall Libra Phœbus Chariots light, A forte the secrete Ceres doe frequent, And from
Hercules furens

And from theyr howfen left doe haft to comme,
The Atticke priestes the nyghte to celebrate:
Such heape is chafe beneath by fieldes so dumme.
With age full howe some taking forth their gate
Full sad, and fillde with life so long now led:
Some yet doe runne the race of better yeares,
The virgins yet vnoynde to Spowses bed,
And yonglings eke on whom grow yet no heares
And Infant lately taught his mothers name.
To these alone, (that they the lesse might feare)
Is graunted night to ease with foreborne flame.
The rest full sad by darke doe wander theare:
As in our mynde, when once away is fled
The lyght, when eche man forry feeles to bee
Deepe ouerwhelmde with all the earth his hed.
Thick Chaos standes, and darknesse fowle to see,
And colour ill of night, and slouthfull state
Of silent World, and diuers Cloudes about.
Let hoary age vs thyther bring full late.
No man comes late to that, whence neuer out,
When once hee is come, turne agayne he may.
To haft the hard and heauy Fate what vayles?
This wandring heape in wyde landes farre away,
Shall goe to Ghosts: and all shall geue their sayles
To flowe Cocytus. all is to thee enclinde,
Both what the fall, and rise of sonne doth see:
Spare vs that comme, to thee wee death are signde:
Though thou be flow, our selues yet hafte doe wee.
Fyrst houre, that gaue the lyfe, it loaft agayne.
The first tragedy.

O Thebes is come the joyfull day,
Your Aulters touch yee humbly,
The fat fayre Sacrifices say.
Maydes myrte with men in company
Let them in solemne Flockes goe royle:
And nowe wyth poake layde downe let cease
The Tilters of the fertile Soyle.
Made is wyth hande of Hercules peace
Betweene the moone and Hespers Glade,
And where Sonne holding myddle seate,
Both make the Bodyes caste no Shade.
What euer grounde is ouerweate
Wyth compasse longe of Seas abouted,
Alcydes laboure taemde full well.
Hee ouer Fodes of Tartare brought
Returnde appeased becinge Hell.
There is remayning nowe no feare,
Nought lyes beyonde the Hell to see.
O Priest thy sharring Lockes of heare
Whappe in wyth loued Poplar tree.

THE
Hercules furens

THE FOVRTHE

AC T E.

Hercules, Theseus, Amphitryon, Megara.

Wth my reposing right had layne now Dycus loe the groud With grouling face hath smit: the who foreuer fellow loud Of Thaunty was, partaker of his paynes did allso lye. Howe to my father sacrifice and Gods victroy will I, And aulters that defende it, with layne offringes reverence. Thie, thee O marte of all my toyles I pray and my defence D warrefull Pallas, in whose left hand thy cleare shielde ægis shaketh Fierce threats, we head that eche thing done that lookes upon it makes. Let tamer of Lycurgus nowe, and of red see heare, That paynet of speare with Iyne green in hand both couer'd beare: And two Gods powre, both Phœbus and his Syller to I pray The sister meeter for her shastes, but bee on the harpe to play: And what foreuer brother ells of myne doth dwell in sky, Not of my stepdame brother. being ye hyther by and by Your plentious locks, what euery haue all th'Indians fruitts brought. And what sweete odours th'Arabickes doe get in trees about, out, To th'aulters bying: let vapour fat and sune smoke by full hye, Let rounde about the poplar tree my hayes now beautifie Let th'olue howe ther hyde with braunches accursum'de in our lande Thenue: so food with reverence the thunders, hall my hanbe, TH. O Gods the builders of the towne and which of Dagon fell, The wilde woods bens: and noble waues likewise of Dirces well, And Tyrian houte enhabite eke of straunter wandying king. HE. Cast into hyes ye frankenence. AM. Sonne byzit thy hands flowing With bloody slauther, and the death of enmy purty. HE. Would God the bloud of hatefull head euery into Gods on hye I might out hyd, so loycur loe more acceptable none Wyght th'aulters layne: no sacrifice maye ample any one Soj yet more plentyfull may bee to Ioue aboue downe cast. Then king binike. AM. Deprive that now thy father ende at last Thy labours all: let quietnes at length yet gieuen bee, And rest weary folke. HE. I will theee prayers make, soj mee

And Ioue
The first Tragedy.

And Ioue ful meete in this due place let stand the haughty skye,
And land, and ayre, and let the starres ayre forth eternally
Their course bsftayde: let restful peace kepe nations quietly,
Let labour of the hurrels land all ys on now occupye,
And swydes he hyd: let tempest none ful yvolent and ayre
Disurbe the sea: let from the skyes no flash of lightning skye
Fall downe whyle Ioue ful angry is: noz yet with winter snowe
Encreased flood the ground bytburnde, and seld quyte ouerthowre,
Let poysons cease: and from hensforth let by from ground apyle
No greevous hearbe with hurtful cappe: noz fierce and fell lykewyse
Let tyrantes raygne but if to light some other mischiefe byinge
The ground yet shall, let it make halfe: and any monstrouus thynge
If it prepare let it be myyne, but what meanes this? myd day
The darkenes haue incloas?d aboute to Phoebus goeth his way
With face obturce without a cloudde who dyues the day to night,
And turnes to eall: from whence doth now his bulay hed the night
Unknowne byng forth: whences all the poale so many rownde about
Of dayryme starres: lo here behold my labour ful stl stour
Not in the lowest parte of heauen the Lyon hymnet byght,
And sertuently doth rage with pse, and byrres prepares to byght.
Euen now lce he some star wil take, with mouth full wyde to lce
He threatning standes, and fires out blowes and mane by rulleth he
Shaking with necke the haruest tab of shape, what ever things,
And what loecer winter colde in frozen tyne doth bring,
He with one rage wil ouerpaule, of sping tyne hull he will
Both lecke and breake the neckes at once. Am. what is this todayne pl? 
The cruel count’nance whether sonne doth thou eall here and there?
And seel with troubled daileld lyght sallle shape of heauen appere
Her. The land is rambe the tweluing seas their surges did allwaue,
The kingdomes love of hell lykewyse have felt and knowne my rage,
Yet heauen is free , a labour meete lco Hercules to proue.
To spares high lce wil be bone of haughty skies above
Let thy:ye be skaeld, my father doth me poinse starres t’obtayne,
What if he it denye? all th’earth can Hercules not contayne,
And geuees at length to gods, me calles of one arcoyde beholde
The whole assembly of the gods, and doth their gates unfolde,
Whyle one fozybdes, receu’d thou mee, and openest thou the skye,
O els the gate of stubburne heauen draw after me do I?
Do I yet doubt? I euene the bondes from Saturne wyll younde,
And euene agaynst the kingdome powde of wicked father loe
Hercules furens

My groundlye loase. let Titans now prepare agayn their fight
With me they2 captaine raging: stones with woods I will down lught
And hpe hilles tops with Tentarues full in right hande will I take.
With double mountayne now I will a staye to Gods vp make.
Let Chyron under Ossa see his Pelion mountayne gret:
Olympus vp to heavne aboue in thyg degree then let
Shall come it selle, o els be caft. AM. Put face away from thee
The thoughts that ought not to be spoake: or mynde unsounde to see,
But yet full great, the furious rage allwage and lay away.
HE. What meaneth this? the Spawtes doe pestiferous armes alay,
And Tityus from the lpsights is led, and beating toyne to see
And empty bodome, loe bowe neere to heauen it selle ffoode he?
Cytharon falles, the mountayne his Pallene shakes for seare,
And toyn are Tempe. he the tops of Pindus caught hath here,
And Othen he, tome hydraul thing thearing both rage about
Erynnis bringing flames: with stripes he foundes nowe shaken out,
And burned bandes in funerals, loe yet more neare and neare
Tholoves in my face: seare Tityphone with head and bugly heare
With serpentes let, nowe after dogge let out with Hercules hand,
That empty gate thee hath shut vp, with bolte of stypp bande.
But loe the stocke of enmious king both hidden yet remayne,
The wicked Lycus leede: but to your harestull father stayne
Even now this right hande shal you sende let nowe his arrowes light
My bowe out shoote: it seemes the shakres to goe with luch a flight
Of Hercules. AM. Whether doth the rage and turp blinde yet goe?
His mighty Bowe he dyvose with hones together driven loe,
And quieter loaste: great noysele makes with violence sent out
The shalt, and quight the weapon sowe, his middle necke throughout,
The wound yet left. HE. His other ffoode I overthow will quight,
And corners all. What say I yet? to me a greater tyght
Remaynes then all Hyenes loe, that rokye stones should all
Of Cyclops being overturn'de with hande of myne, downe fall.
Let shake both here, and there the housle, with all hapes overthowne,
Let heake the poale: and quight let shynke the shaken piller downe:
Let all the Pallace fall at once. I here yet hidden see
The lonne of wyrcked father. AM. Loe his starring handes to thee
Applying to thy knees dooth crose his lyfe with piteous mone.
O wycked gyre. full lad, and eke abhode to looke ypone,
His humble right hand caught he hath, and raging rounde about
Him rolled twyte, or thynke hath catt, his head reboundeth out,
The first tragedy.

The sprinkled houses with the hayne of him thowne out are wet. But see poore wretch her little sonne in bolsonde hyding yet Lo! Megara, like one in rage doth from the corner's see. HE. Though runagate in bolsonde of the thunder bid thou bee, This right hand shall from every where thee seekke, and bring to sight. AM. Wher goest thou wretch? what lurking dens, seekst thou to take, O? No place of lawegarde is it once bee Hercules hyde with ye: (sight? But doe thou rather him embrase, and with thy mecke deppre AMay t'allowage him. ME. Husband spare vs I befeech thee nowe, And knowe thy Megara, this sonne thy countenaunce hath owne, And bodyes pyrche: behoud't thou howe his hands vp lyketh thee? HE. I holde my stepdame: folowe on due penance pape to thee, And bounden Ioue from slythly bonde deliver free away: But I before the mother will this little monstred play. (sheade?) ME. Thou mad man whither goest thou? wylt thou thine owne bloude AM. Thy infant with fathers slyr face affonied all for dread, Died even before the wounde: his feare bath tooke away his lyfe. And now likewise his heavy club is shaken toward his wyse: He broaken hath the bones, her head from blocklyke body gone Is quight, noz any where it stapes. dar's the thou this looke byone To long lyn'de age? if mourning doe the greewe, thou hast then loe The death preparde. Doe thou thy breast uppone his weapons thow, Or ells this club with slaughter stavnde of monsters layne that bee, Powre hyther turne. thy parent failing, visit for name of thee Rpd hence away, leant he shoulde be to thy rendoine a let. TH. Which way the father toward thy death doth thou thy selke cast yet? Or whyther goest thou mad man? see and lye thou cloatly hid, And yet from handes of Hercules this onely mylychsefe rid. HE. 'Tis well, the house of shamefull king is now quight overthowne. To thee O spouse of greatest Ioue I haue loe beaten downe This offred flocke: I gladly haue fulfillde my wythes all Full meere for thee, and Argos nowe geue other offrings shall. AM. Thou hast not sonne yet all perioyn'de, fill up the sacrific. Lo! thy offering both at thyaltar's hande, it waytes thy hand likewyse With mecke full poyne: I geue my selke, I roone, I follow loe. Mee sacrific. what meaneth this? his eyes rolle to and froe, And heavines doth dull his light. see I of Hercules The trembling hands? downe calles his face to sleepe and quietenes, And weary mecke with bowed head full fast doth downeward steene, With bended knee: noe all at once he downe to ground doth sinke, As in
Hercules furens

As in the woods wynde As he cut downe, or Bulwarke fo2 to make
A Haven in Seas, Linke thou? or els to death doth thee betake.
The selke same rage, that hath sent all thy famly to death?
It is but sleepe, fo2 to and fro doth goe and come his breath.
Let tyne bee had of quietenle, that thus by sleepe and rest
Great foce of his diseale suddew'de, may eafe his greueld brest.
Remove his weapons servants, least he mad get them agayne.

Chorus.

Et th'ayre complayne, and eke the parent great
Of haughty Sky, and fertile land throughout,
And wandring waue of euer mouing freat.
And thou before them all, which lands about
And trayn of Sea thy beames abroade dofte throe
With glitttring face, and mak'ft the night to flee,
O servent Titan: bothe thy settinges loe
And rising, hath Alcides seene wyth thee:
And knowne lykewise hee hath thy howfen twayne.
From so great ills releafe yee nowe his brest,
. ) Gods releafe: to better turne agayne
His ryghter mynde. and thou O tamer bess
O sleepe of toyles, the quietnesse of mynde,
Of all the lyfe of man the better parte,
O of thy mother Astryd wynged kynde,
Of hard and pyning death that brother arte,
With truth mingling the falfe, of after state
The sure, but eke the worste foreteller yet:
O Father of all thynges of Lyfe the gate,
Of lyght the rest, of nyght and fellowe fyf,
That com'ft to Kyng, and servaunt equally,
And gently cherisheft who weary bee,
All mankynde loe that dreadfull is to dye.
Thou dooff constrayne long death to learne by thee.
Keepe him faft bounde wyth heauy sleepe opprest,
Let slumber deepe his Limmes vntamed bynde,

Nor foo-
The first tragedie.

Nor sooner leave his unright raging breast
Then former mynd his course agayne may fynd.
Loe layd on ground with full fierce hart yet still
His cruel sleepe he turnes: and not yet is
The plague subdued of so great raging yll
And on great club the weary head of his
He wont to laye, doth seek the staffe to fynde
With empty handes his armes out casting yet
With empty handes his armes out casting yet
He hath layd downe, but as with Southe wind greate
The wave laid down, but as with Southwind greate
His raging long, and though the wind now bee
Affwaged swellies, shake of the is madde and yll
Tossinges of mynde, returne let piety,
And vertue to the man, els let be so
His mynde with mowing mad toste euery waye:
Let errore blynd, where it begun hath, go,
For naught els now but only madness maye
Thee gylltes make: in next estate it standes
To hurtles handes thy mischiefe not to know.
Now stroke let with Hercules his handes
Thy bosom founde: thyne armes the worlde allow
Were wont to beare, let greuous strypes now smyte
With conquering hande, and lowde complayning cries,
Let th'ayre now heare, let of darke pole and nighte
The Queene them hear, and who ful fiercely lyes
That beares his neckes in mighty chaynes fast bounde,
Low lurking Cerberus in deepest caue.
Let Chaos all with clamour fad refound,
And of broad sea wide open wafting waue.
And th'ayre that felt thy weapons beter yet,
but felt them though.
The breaftes with so great ylls as these befet,
With little stroake they must not beaten bee.
Let kingdoms three sound with one playnt and crye,

D.

And
Hercules furens.

And thou neckes honour and defence to see,
His arrowe stronge longe hanged vp on hye,
And quivers light the cruel stripe now smyte
On his fierce backe his shouldars strong and stout
Let oken club now strike, and poast of might
VVith knots ful hard his breftee load all aboute.
Let euen his weapons so great woes complayne
Not you pore babes mates of your fathers praise,
VVith cruell wound reuenging kinges agayne :
Not you your lims in Argos barriars playes,
Are taught to turne with weapons strong to smite
And strong of hand yet euen now daring loe
The weapons of the Scithian quiever light
VVith stedy hand to paife set out from bow.
And stags to perce that faue them selues by flight
And backes not yet ful maend of cruel beast.
To Stigian hauens goe ye of shade and night
Goe hurtles soules, whom mischiefe hath oppreft
Euen in fyrft porch of lyfe but lately had,
And fathers fury goe vnhappy kind
O litle children, by the way ful sad
    Of iourney knowen.
    Goe see the angry kynges.

The
THE FIFTHE
ACTE.

Hercules, Amphitryon,
Thefeus.

What place is this? what region? or of the world what coast? Where am I? under yte of sunne or bond els uttermost Of th'yeu beare oz els doth here of sea of Hespery The fardest ground appoynt a bond for th'ocean sea to lye? What ayse draw we? to weary wight what ground is underlet? Or truth we are remond from hell whence in my house bowne het See I these bloody bodyes? hath not yet my mynd of calk Th'internall shape? but after yet returnd from hel at last Yet wandre doth that helly heape before myne eyes to see? I am aband'de to grumt, I quake, I know not what to me, I cannot tell what grecious yll my mynde before doth know. Where is my parent? where is thee with godey childrens show My noble harry stomackt spoule why doth my left lyde lacke The lyons spoyle? which way is gone the couer of my backe? And felse same bedde ful soft for lye of Hercules also? Where are my hastres? where is my bow? then from my luing who Could plucke away? who taken hath the spoyles to great as these And who was he that feared not even lye of Hercules? To see my conquerour me lykes, yt lykes me hym to know Bye victor vp, what new sonne hath my father gotten now Heauen beyynge left? at hynth of whom mght euer lapy bee A longer night then, was in myne? what mischiefe do I see? My children loe do lye on ground with bloody slaughter layne: My wyfe is kild: what Lycus dorth the kingdome yet obtayne? Who durt to haynous gifts as these at Thebes take in hand When Hercules is returnd? who to Iemnes waters land, Who to Acteons feldees or who with double seis belet The staken Pelops kingdomes dolt of Dardan dwell on yet Helpe me: of cruel slaughter dhow who may the autho: bee. Let rage my ye and all: my foe he is who to me Shewes not my foe dorth thou yet hyde Alcides victor ly? Come forth, euyn whether thou reveng the cruel charpots hye Of bloody Thracian king oz ye thou Gerions catell quight

D 2

Dr
Hercules furenis.

O' lordes of Lybia, no delay there is with thee to light.
Beholde I naked stande, although even with my weapons loe
Thou me unarmed sette uppon. Wherefore seest Theseus loe,
And eke my father from my sight: they? saces why hyde they?
Defeerce your weepings, and who did my wyfe and children lep
Thus all at once, me tell. Wherefore O father dost thou whysh?
But tell thou Theseu, but Theseu with thy accustom'd truste.
Ech of them spleen hydes away their baethefull count'nances,
And priuly they shed their teares in to great ills as these,
Of what ought wee ansham'de to be? doth ruler yet of might
Of Argos towne, 02 hateful hand of lowldia's apt to sight
Of Lycus dying, 02 oppelle with such calamity?
By praye of all my noble actes I do defy of thee
O' father, and of thy great name approude to me alway
The prosperous powre declare to mee, who did my household lay?
Whole pray lay I? A. Let thus thynne ples in tylen's overpas.
He. That I should unrecuenged bee? Am, Reuenge oft hurtful was.
He Did ever man so grecious 02s without reuenge subayne?
A Wholeuer greater fearde. H. Then these O father yet agayne
May any greater thing, 02s more grecious feared be?
Am. How great apart is it thou wost of thy calamity?
Her. Take mercy father, lo I list to thee my humble handes.
What meaneth this? my hand cleely backe, sonic priy gyst their handes
Whence comes this bloud? 02 what doth mean flowing w' death of child
The haft imbrowd with slaughter once of Lerney monster kilde?
I see my weapons now, the hand I secke no more to witte.
Whole hand could bend this bow but myne? 02 what right arme but it
Could string the bow that unto mee euen scantly doth obey?
To you I turne: O father deare, is this my gyst I pray?
They held their peace: it is myne own. Am. Thy grecious woe is there,
The cyme thy steedames: this mischaunce no fault of thynne bath here.
Her. From every part now father thowin wrath thy thunderes mighte,
And of thy sonne forgetful now with cruel hand requichte
At least thy nepheues, let the world that beares the starrs founde our.
And let both th'one and th'other poale, flying downe thy names aboute:
And let the bankes of Caspyan lea my bounden body teare,
And gredy soule. Wherefore do of Promethus lacke heare
The rockes? with huge and haughty top let now prepared be,
Both feeding beasts and soules, the lyde of Caucas turne to lee,
And bare of woods, the yle that bridge of Scithe that therby standes
Simple
The first tragedie.

Simplegus joynes, both here and there let it my bounden handes
Stretch out ahzyade: and when with course returnde accustomably
They shall rogether dynde, and shal the rockes tolfe up to skyne
With banke ragerether beyng thyst, and eke the middle sea,
Let me bene betweene the mountainyes hee unquiet restesse may
But building vp with wood thowe ne on a heaped pile on hye
My body this with wicked blood beespint, why burned not I?
So, to ye must be done: to hell I Hercules will restore.
Am. Not yet his hart assoni ed lackes his raging tumult coze,
But wharts hath tourned: and which of rage is property and ye
Agaynthis himsele he raged now Her. The furies places die
And dungeon depe of syrites in hell and place of tormentry
To gylty gostles and banisment ys any yet do lye
Beyond Erebus, yet unknown to Cerberus and nere,
There hyde me ground to farthest bond of Tartares to see.
To tary there Ile gae 0 bREST of myyne to fierce and stout:
Who you my children thus disperst through all my house about,
May worthely enough bewayle? in all my evils yet
This countnaunce hard can never wepe, a sword now hither set:
My shaftes reach herbe, herbe reach my mighty club also:
To thee my weapons heake I will, to thee my londe a two
Ile knappe my bowes, and eke my clubbe, this blocke of heavy waghte
Shal to thy syrites be burned lye: this felle same quiner strayght
With Lerney shaftes to furreall of thynke hall likewise goe.
Let all my weapons penance pay and you unhappy to
Even with my weapons burne I wil, O stepdames handes of myne.
Th. Who ever yt to ignoaunce hath grene name of ayrme?
Her. Ful often tymes did errour greate the place of gypte obtayne.
Th. This neede to be a Hercules now, this heape of dlltayne.
Her. Not lo, hath shawe yet grene place with they drownede quight
But peoples all I rather shoulde dynde from my wicked light.
My weapons, weapons Theseus, I quickly crave to mee
Withdrew to be restoard agayne: if found my mynd now bee,
Relase to me my weapons, it yet last my rage of mynd,
Then father see: for I the wyre to death my felle malcynde.
Am. By sacred holy kynreds rightes, by force and duty all
Of both my names, if eother me thy hynger by thou call.
Of parent els, and (which of good men reverenced are)
By these hoare hynes, I the beche my desert age yet spare,
And verry yeares of soule falne downe the one alonye stay,

One
Hercules furens.

One onely light to mee, with yls afflicted every way
Reserve thy selfe: yet neuer hath there happned once of thee
Fruite of thy towles: still eyther I the doubtful sea to see
Or monsters feared: who euer yet hath bene a cruell king
In all the world to ghostes allow, and alteres both hurtinge,
Of me is feared: the father of thee absent stil to have
The fruite, the touching, and the light of thee at length I crave.
He. Wherfore I longer should sustayn my life yet in this light,
And linger here no cause there is, all good lost haue I quighte,
By mynde, my weapons, my renowne, my wife, my tresses, my handes,
And sury to no man may heale and loose from gyty handes
By mynde despit: needes must with death be heald so haynous plll.
Th. Wilt thou thy father leue? He. Least I shoulde do it die I will.
Th. Before thy fathers face? He. I taught him mischief for to see.
Th. Thy deedes marking rather that should of al remembred bee,
Of this onely cryme I do a pardon of thee crave.
Her. Shall be gene pardon to himselfe, that to none els it gaue?
I beinge hidden payple defend'd, this deede mine owne both proue.
Helpe father nowe, if eyther els thy piety thee mueve,
Or els my heauy fate, or els the honour and renowne.
Of stained strengthe, my weapons bringe, let fortune be thowen downe.
with my right hand. Th. The prayers which thy father makes to thee
Are stronge enough, but yet likewise with weeping loe of me
He moved yet: apple thou by, and with thy wanted myght
Subdue thyne yls: now such a mynde vnmeete to haere upright
No euill hap, receyue againe loe now with manhode get
Thou must presume even Hercules foxyd with yre to fete.
HE. Aloue, I hurt: but if I dye I take the gyft also.
I haft to ridde the world of cryme euene nowe before me lo
A wicked monster cruell, and untamed fierce and stout
Both wander: now with thy right hand beginne to goe aboute
A greate astaye, yea more then all thy twyle fire labours long.
Yet stayst thou wretche, that late agaynst the children want so stronge,
And fearfull mother now except rehaerd my weapons bee,
Of Thracian Pindus eyther I wil teare downe every tree,
And Bacchus holly woods and tops of mount Cytharion ype
Burne with my selfe, and at once with all their houlen I
And with the Lords theroof the rookes with goddes of Thebes all
The Thebane temples euene upon my body will let fall:
And wyl be hyd in towe neupturnd: if to my Shouldeurs might

The
The first tragedie.

The walles themselves all cast theron hall fall a burden light,
And couered with seuen gates I shall not be enough opprest,
Then all the wayghe whereon the worlde in middle part doth rest,
And partes the Godes bypon my head Ile turne and overthrow
My weapons geue. Am. This word is neere fo; Hercules father lo
With this same arrow slaine behold thy sonne is tumbled downe,
This weape's cruel Iuno lo from handes of thyne hath throwne,
This same wil I now vse, lose see how leaps with feare aforcight
My wretched harte, and how it doth my careful body liknight.
The half is set thereto thou halte a mischiefe lo do now
Both willing it and workit: rel, what thing commaundest thou?
I nothing craue my dolsoure loe in laste standeth now.
To kepe my sonne alyue to mee that onely do canst thou
O Thefeu, yet I have not scapre great'tt scare that happen can
Thou canst mee nor a niser make, thou mayst a happy man
So order every thyng thou doft, as all thy cause in hand,
And laime thou mayst wele know in straght and doubtfule caife to stande
Thou liuy, oss dieff: this flender coule that light is hence to fee,
Wersied with age, and no lesse bet with grevous ils to lee,
In mouth I holde so slowly to a father with such stape
Both any man gene lyse? I wil no longer bid delay,
The deadly sword throughout my breast to strike I wil apply,
Here, here the gyft of Hercules even found of mynd shall lye,
Her. Fozebare O father now fozebare, withdraw thy hand againe.
My manhood yeld thy fathers will, and impyr sustaine.
To Hercules labours now Likewise, let this one labour goe,
Let me yet live, lift up from ground th'attlicted limbs with wo
O Thefeu of my parent: soz from Godly touch doth slee
My wicked hand. Am? I gladly do this hand embrance to mee.
By this I bryng stayed will goe, this movinge to my best
Ile take my woes, Her. what place shall I seeke vonagare soz rest?
Where shall I hyde my selle? oz in what land my selle engrave?
What Tanais, oz what Nilus els, oz with his Persyan waue
What Tygris violent of streame, oz what fierce Rhenus flood,
Oz Tagus troublesome that flowes with Ibers treasures good
May my right hand now wash from gyft? although Maotis cold
The wowses of all the Pothen sea on me shed out now wolde,
And al the water therof shoulde now pas by my two handes,
Yet wil the mischiefe deepe remayne, alas into what landes
Wilt thou O wicked man reloj? to East oz westerne colts?
Hercules furens.

Ech where wel known, all place I haue of banishment quight loste
From me the woysde doth flee a back, the stavres that sydelyng rone
Do backwarde dyue their turned course, even Cerberus the lone
With better count’nance did behold O faithfull friend I lave,
O Theseu looke some lurking place, farre hence out of the way
O thou awardeyer of mens gyltes what euer Judges thou bee
That hurtful men doft lave, repay a worthy thanke to me:
And my deserres. I thee bejeech, to ghoftes of hell againe
Send me that once escaped them: z subjiet to thy raine
Restore me yet to those thy handes, that place thal me wel hyde:
And yet even that place knowes me wel Th. Our land for thee doth hide
There Mars his hande acquite agayne and made from daunger free
Retoard to armoure, loe that land (Alcides) calles for thee,
Which wontes to quite the gods, and prove them Innocent to be.

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST
Tragedye of Seneca, called Her-
cules furens, translated into En-
glisheby Iasper Heywood stu-
dentein Oxenforde.
The Argument of this Tragedie.

E G A E R A  \textsc{ONE O F T H E}  

Hellish furies raising vp Tantalus from Hell, incited him to set mortall hatred between his two nephews Thyeftes, & Atreus being brothers, and raining as Kings over Mycencæ by enterchangeable turnses, that is to witte Thyeftes to raine the one yere, and Atreus the other. Now Atreus enraged with furie against his brother partly for defiling and deflouring his wife Ærope by pollicie, and partly for taking from him a Ram with a golden fleese, practised with his seruât how to be reueged of his brother. This Atreus therefor disseblig a reconciliation & inviting Thyeftes to Mycencæ secretly & unknowē to him, set before him at a banquet the flesh of his own childrē to eate. Afterward Atreus hauing also gene to his said brother ye bloud of his childrē in a goblet to drinke, did lastly cómaúd the heads also to be brought in, at the doleful fight whereof Thyeftes greatly lameting knowig ye he had eate his owne childrē, was wonderfully anguished. But Atreus for that he had thus reuenged himselfe, toke therin great pleasure and deléctation.
THIESTES OF SENECA
THE FIRST ACTE.

The names of the Speakers

Tantalus Megæra,

What surfe fell enfozeeth mee
to ble, th'unhappy seat,
That gape and gape with greedy iawe,
the fleaving food to eate
What GOD to Tantalus the bowres
wyer breathing bodies dwel
Both shew agayne? is ought fount worse, then burning thyrst of hel
In lakes awa? or yet worse plague then hunger is there one,
In bayne that ever gapes for foode: that Siliphys his stone,
That upper rectles rolling palse lypon ny backe be borne.
O? shal my lymmes with twillter swinge of whirling whole be toyne?
O? hal my paynes be Tytius panges th'encreasyng liver still,
'Whose growing guttes the gnawing gripes and slythly foules do syl?
That styly by nyght repayres the panch that was demourd by day,
And wondrous wombe unwalked lyth a new prepared pray
What ill am I appointed for? O cruellye indge of spites,
Who so thou be that tormentes new among the lowles delytes
Stil to disploce, ad what thou canst to all my deadlye wo,
That keepr evyn of dungeon darke would love abhore to knowe.
O? hel it sel e it quake to be: so dread wherof likewyse
I tremble wold, that plague seke out: lo now there both arypse
By byrove that hal in mistichese farre the grandpers gilt out goe,
And gysles make: that first hall dare unentered ills to do.
What ever place remayneth yet of all this wicked land,
I wil still ype: and never once while Pelops house both land
Shall Minos idle be, Meg. So forth thou detestable spire
And here the Goddes of wicked house with rage of surpes might.
Let them contend with all obience, by turns and one by one
Let owrdes be yawe: and meane of ice procure there may be none,
No? shane: let fury blind enflame theyr mynades and wrathful will,
Let yet the parentes rage endure and longer loving yll

Through
The second tragedy.

Though childrens children spred: no yet let any leasure be
The former lawre to hate, but still more mischiefe newe to see,
No: one in one: but ere the gyllt with vengeance be acquit,
Erecte the eyme: from brethren proud let rule of kingdom styf
To tunnages: and swarming state of all unstable thinges,
Let it by doube full dome be tolle, betwene thuncertaine kyngs.
Let mighty fall to misery, and myler clime to might,
Let chaunce turne themppre uplydowne both gene and take the right.
The banished for gyllt, when god restore they: country shall.
Let them to mischiefe fall a fresh as hatefull then to all,
As to themselves: let Ie thinke nought unlawfull to be doon,
Let brother dread the brothers wrath, and father feare the loon,
And eke the loon his parents powre: let babes be murdered yll,
But warle begot: her louse betrapt in treasons trye to kyll.
Let hatefull wyse awake, and let them heare through seas their warre,
Let bloodshed by the lands about and every field a farre:
And ouer conquering captaynes greate, of countreys far to see,
Let lust triumph: in wicked house let whozedome countred be
The lightes offene: let tru$t that in the breake of brethren breedes,
And truth be gone: let not from light of your so heynous deedes.
The heavens be hyd, about the poale when theye the arares on hye,
And flame with wounded beaumes of light doe decke the painted skye.
Let darkest night bee made, and let the day the heavens forlacke.
Dysturbe the goddes of wicked house, hate, slaughter, murder make.
Field up the house of Tantalus with mischieues and debates,
Adorned be the pillers hygh with bays, and let the gates
Be gaunnych greene: and worthy there for thy returne to light,
Be kyndled fyre: let mischeife done in Thacia once, theye lyght
More manyfold, wherefore both yet the uncles hand delaye?
Both yet Thyerles not bewayle his childrens fatall day?
Shall he not finde them where with heat of kyres that under glowe
The cawderne boyles; their limmes eche one a peaces let them go
Disperste: let fathers fires, with blood of children spled bee:
Let deynes luch be dreft: it is no mischiece newe to thee,
To banquet so: behold this day we have to thee releaste,
And hunger staried wombe of ryuene we tend to such a feast.
With sowleste foode thy lampynge byll, let bloud in wyne be drownd,
And dronke in light of thee noe now such dishes hace I found,
As thou wouldst honne, say whither doste thou heblong way now take
Tan. To poolees and floods of hell agayne and styll declining lake.
And
Thiefes

And sight of tree ful frayght with fruite that from the lippes doth flee,
To dungeon darke of harsful hell let leeful be for me
To goe: or it to light be thought the paynes that there I haue,
Remowe me from those lakes agayne: in midst of woeler wave
Of Phlegethon, to stand in seas of lyre belet to bee.

Who so beneath thy pointed paynes by destenyes decree
Dost till endure who los thou bee that deservis allow
The hollow denne, oz ryne who that leaves and overthrow
Of sallyng lyll, oz cruel cryes that found in cares of hell
Of greedy roaryng Lyons throats: oz fleshe of hurges fell
Who quakes to know oz who the blanders of lyre in dy:est payne
 VALK burnt thyrowes of harke to the boyle of Tantalus: agayne
That hatles to hel, and whom the truth hath taught beleue wel mee
Lowe wel your paynes they are but small when hall my hap to bee
To flee the light? Meg Disturbe thou dyesto thy hous in drye discoy
Debates and barretes bying with thee: and oz unhappie twozde
Ill love to kinges: the cruel brck streke throug and hateful harr,
With tumult mad. Tan. To suffer paynes it seemeth wel my part,
Not woes to wozke: I am sent forth lyke vapoure dyre to cyle,
That breakes the ground oz popson like the plague in woddsouke wyle
That slaughter makes, hall I to lust destrelled crymes, applye
By nephewes hartez: oz parentes great of Gods aboue the skie
And myne (though shoude I be to graunt) although with greater pain
By tongue be vert, yet this to speake I may no whit receavne
Nox hold my peace: I warne you this leaft lacerd hand with bloud
Of slaughter dyre, oz franke fell of crantike furp wood
The aultery payne, I will rest: And garde such gyft away.
With strepes why doit thou me affyght? why thysealk thou me to syrve
Those sallyng snakes? oz famine lyre in empty wombe, wherefor
Doit thou repwne? now cries within with thy: It enkindled loxe
By harte: and in the bowews burnt the bysling flames do glow,
Meg I follow thee: through all this hous now rage and furp thowe
Let them be douden so, and to let eyther thirck to see
Each others blood ful well hars felt the comming in of thee
This hous, and all with wicked touch of the begynne to quake.
Enough it is, repayze agayne to dens and loathome lake,
Of slynd well known, the ladder soyle with heavy lote of thyne
Agreed eu, seek thou from spinges how waters do decline
And inward sinke? oz how the bankes lyre boylde by drughty heate?
And hoarter blatt of lypry wynde the fewer cloudes doth heate:
The second Tragedy.

The reede be spoyld, and naked stand to flight in withed woddes,
The barayn bowes whose fruiges are fled: the land betwene the floods
With surge of seas on eyther lyde that wonted to resound,
And neater woddes to seperate somepyme with lesser ground,
Now broader lyzed, it heareth how alose the waters lyze.
Now Lerna turnes agaynst the dreame Phoronides likewyse
His poares be fapt, with custom'd courshe Alpheus dyues not still,
His hollie waues, the trembling tops of high Cithaeron hill,
They stand not lure: from height adowne they make their lyuer knowe,
And noble hields of Argos freare, theys former drought to know.
Yea Tytan doubtes himselfe to rolle the woldes his wonted way,
And dyue by force to former course the backward drawynge daye.

Chorus,

His Argos towne if any God be founde,
And Pisey bournes that famous yet remayn,
Or kingdome els to loue of Corinthes ground,
The double hauens, or fundred seas in twayne
If any loue of Taygetus his snowes,
(By VVinter which when they on hils be caft :
By Boreas blaftes that from Sarmatia blowes,
VVith yerely breath the sommer melteth as faft)
VVhere clere Alpheus runnes with floude so cold,
By playes wel knowen that there Olimpiks hight:
Let pleasaunt powre of his from hende withholde
Such turnes of ftryfe that here they may not light:
Nor nephew worfe then grandfer spring from vs,
Or direr deedes delght the younger age.
Let wicked stocke of thirsty Tantalus
At length leaue of, and wery be of rage.
Enouge is done, and naught preuaile the iuft,
Or wrong: betrayed is Mirtilus and drownde,
That did betray his dame, and with like trust
Borne as he bare, himselfe hath made renound
VVith
Thieftes

With changed name the sea: and better knowne
To mariners therof no fable is.
On wicked sword the little infant throwne
As ran the chide to take his fathers kisse.
Wrythe for thaulters offering fell downe deade:
And with thy hand (O Tantalus) was rent,
With such a meate for Gods thy boordes to sprede.
Eternall famine for such faire is sent,
And thirft: nor for those daynty meats vnmilde,
Might meeter payne appoynted ever bee
With empty throate standes Tantalus begylde,
Aboue thy wicked head their leanes to thee,
Then Phineys fowles in flight a swifter pray.
With burned bowes declynd on euery fyde,
And of his fruites all bent to beare the sway,
The tree deludes the gapes of hunger wyde
Though bee full greedy feede theiron would fayne.
So oft deceyu'de neglectes to touch them yet:
He turns his eyes, his iawes he doth refrayne,
And famine fixt in closed gummies doth siet.
But then each braunch his plenteous riches all,
Lets lower downe, and apples from an hie
With lither leaues they flatter like to fall
And famine ftyre: in vayne that bids to trye
His handes: which when he hath rought forth anone
To be beguyld, in higher ayre againe
The harueft hanges and sickle fruite is gone,
Then thirft him greeues no lesse then hungrys payne:
Wherwith when kindled is his boyling bloud
Lyke fyre, the wretch the waues to him doth call,
That meete his mouth: which ftraight the fleeung floud
Withdrawes, and from the dried foorde doth fall:
And him forfakes that followes them. He drinkes
The duft fo deepe of gulfe that from him shrinkes.
THE SECONDE

ACTE.

Atreus. Seruant

Dastard, coward, O wytche, and (which
the greatest yet of all
To Tyrants cheche I compe that maye
in waignty thinges befall)
O unrequenged: after guyltes
to great and brethres guylte,
And trewe th rode downe doth thou prouoke
with baine complaynts the whyle
Thy wraught? already now to rage all Argos towne throughout
In armoure ought of thyne,and all the double seas about
Thy steete to ryde: now all the fieldes with seruent flames of thyne,
And towne to栈it weel beseemde:and every where to thyne,
The bight drawne sword: all under soote of horle let every lyde
Of Argos lande resound:and let the woundes not serue to hyde
Our foes, noz yet in haughty top of hilles and mountaynes hye,
The builted towers. The people all let them to battel crye
And clere forlake Mycenas towne who so his hateful head
Hides and defendes, with slaughter dire let bloud of him be shed.
This princely Pelops palace proude, and bowyes of high renowne,
On mee to on my brether to let them be beaten downe,
Go to, do that which neuer shall no after age allow,
Noy none it wylshpte: some mischefe greate ther mutt be bentred now,
Both fierce and bloudy: such as woulde my brether rather long
To haue bene his. Thou neuer dost enough revenge the wyonge.
Except thou paist. And feecer fact what may be done to dyse,
That his exceedes? doth ever he lay downe his hateful yre?
Doth ever he the modest meane in tym of wealth regard
O quiet in aduersity? I know his nature harde
Untractable, that bycke may be, but neuer will it bend.
For which ere he prepare himselfe, or force to sight entend,
Set fyft on him,lest while I rest he shoulde on me aryle.
He wil deltepy or be deltepy in midst the mischefe lyes,

Prepart

51
Thiefes

Prepared to him that takes it first, Ser. Doth fame of people naught
Adverse thee fear? Atre. The greatest good of kingdom may be thought
That still the people are constraynd their princes deeds as well
To payle, as them to suffer all. Ser. Whom feare doth so compell
To payle, the fame his foes to see, doth feare enforce agayne:
But who indeede the glory seekes of favour trew t'obtaine
He rather would with hates of each be payfd, then rounge of all
Atre. The trewer payle ful oft hath paynt to meaner men to fall:
The faile but unto myghty man what ill they let them well.
Ser. Let first the king will honest things and none the lame dare ill.
Atre. Where leeful are to him that rules but honest things alone,
There rayne the kynge by others leave Ser. And wher y' name is none,
No care of ryght, fayth, piety, noz holines none layeth.
That kingdome swarties. Atre. Such holines, such piety and fayth,
Are private goods: le kinges runawaye one in that that likes their will.
Ser. The brothres hurt a mistieke count though he be nere to ill.
Atre. It is but right to do to hym, that wayng to brothres were.
What heynous hurt hath his offence let passe to prove? or where
Refreynd the gyft, my spoule he flake away for lechery,
And ragne by flesh: the auncient note and hygne of impery,
By strade he gote: my house by fraud to bere he never reaft:
In Pelops house there fostered is a noble worthy heau:
The clofe kept Ramme: the goodly guilde of rych and fairest flocks.
By whom throughout on every lyde depend adowne the locks
Of glittering gold, with fledge of which the new kinges wonted were
Of Tantals flocke their sheepes gyft, and mace of might to beare.
Of this the owner raygneth he, with him of house to great
The fortune fleeh, this rased Ramne abode in safety yer
In secret mead is wone to graze, which stone on every lyde
With rocky wall incloseth rounde the fatalle beast to hyde.
This beast (aduentryng mistieke great) adoyning yet for pray
By spoude mate, the traytour faile hath hence contaynde away
From hence the wrongs of mviall hate, and mistieke all yplpyng:
In exile wandred he throughowt my kingdomees all along:
To part of myne remayneth false to mee, from traynes of hys.
By feree desloude, and loyalty of empyre broken is:
By house all vert, my bloud in doubt, and naught that trust is in,
But brothres too, What layth thou yet? at length to now beginne.
Take hart of Tantalus to thee, to Pelops cast thyne eye:
To such examples well besemnes, I shoude my hand appyle.

Tell
The second tragedie 25

Tell thou which way were best to bring that cruel head to death,
Ser. Though perft d word let him be slayne & yeade his hauell breath.
Atra. Thou speakeft of thy end: but I him would opes more greater slayne.
Let tyrants bere with toyment moxe: should ever in my rayne
Be gentle death? Ser. Dorth piety in thee preuayle no wht?
Atra. Depart thou hence all piety, if in this house as yet
Thou ever were: and now let all the flocke of saries dyse,
And full of strife Erinnis come: and double hands of lyfe
Megæra shakings: for not yet enough with fury great
And rage doth burne my bowling brest: it ought to bee repleate, (wide?)
With moncher moxe. Ser. What milchiese new doyle thou in rage pro-
Atra. Nor such a one as may the meane of woonted griefe abide.
No guilt will I foheare, nor none may be enough despight. (light)
Ser. What dwoord? Atra. To little that Ser. what tare? Atra. And ye is yet to
Ser. What weapon then shall sorrow such finde fit to worke thy will?
Atra. Thycethes telle. Ser. Then yeit it telle yet that's a greater ill.
Atra. I graunt: a tumbling tumult quakes, within my bones some, and
Rounde it toilles; I mowt am and wore not whereunto,
But drawen I am: from bottome deepe the roving toyle doth cry
The day to laye with thunder soundes, and house as all from hy
Were rent, from roof, and rafters crakes: and laces turnd atte roundt
Hauie wynde they light: so bee're, so be're, let milchiese such be sought,
As yee O Gods would tare. Ser. What thinge seek't thou to bring to
I note what greater thing my mynde, and moxe then woont it was (pas
Atra. Above the reache that men are woont to worke, begins to swell:
And slayth with flourthfull hands What thinge it is I cannot tell:
But great it is. Bee're so, my mynde now in this scate proceede,
For Atreus and Thycethes bothe, it were a worthy deede.
Let ech of vs the crime commit. The Thycian house did see
Such wicked tabes once: I graunt the milchiese great to bee,
But done eve this: some greater guilt and milchiese moxe, let ye
Fynde out. The stomacke of thy keone O father thou enlype,
And fylter eke, like is the caule: as fill me with your powze,
And divye my hand: let greedy parents all his babies devoure,
And glad to rent his children bee: and on their lyme to feede,
Enough, and well it is devil'd: this pleaseth me in deede.
In mean time where is he? So long and innocent wherefore
Doth Atreus walke? before myne eyes already moxe and moxe
The shade of such a slaughter walke: the want of children cast,
In fathers Jawes. But why my mynde, yet dea'dt thou to at last,
E. And fain'tt
Thyestes

And staint't before thou enterprise? it must bee done, let bee.
That which in all this mischiefe is the greatest guilt to see,
Let him commit. Ser. but what disceit may we see for him prepare,
Whereby beare he may be drawne, to fall into the snare?
He wores still well we are his foes, Atre. He could not taken bee,
Except himselfe woulde take: but now my kingdomes hopeth bee.
For hope of this he wou'de not fear to meete the mighty Ioue,
Though him he threaten'd to destroy, with lightning from aboue.
For hope of this to passe the threats of wares he will not fayle,
For dead no whit by doubfull tackling, of Lykike seas to fayle,
For hope of this (which thing he doth the wo'ldt of all beleeue,) 
He will his brother bee. Ser. Whos shall of peace the promisie greeu?
Whom will he trust? Atre. His euid hope will soone believe it well.
Yet to my sones the charge which they shall to they? buckl'e tell,
We will commit: that whom he would from exile come agayne,
And mysteries sox kingdome chaunge, and ouer Argos rayne
A king of halfe: and though to hard of heart our prayers all
Him selfe despise, his children yet nought woring what may fall,
With trauels tier'de, and apte to be entept'd from misery,
Requests will move: on thy one side his delue of Imperie,
On thy other lyde his pouertry, and labour hard to bee,
Will him subdue and make to prelde, although full route he bee.
Sea. His trauyl's now the time hath made to come to him but small.
Atr. But so: soz day by day the grieue of ill encreaseth all.
Tis light to suffer miseries, but heavy them t'endure.
Ser. Yet other messengers to send, in such affayzes poyre,
Atr. The yanger soixe the worse precepts do edly harken to.
Ser. Wha't thing agaynst their buckle now, you them endstruck to do,
Perhaps with you to yoxce the like, they will not be a yead.
Such mischiefe wou'dt hath oft retum'd apown the workers head.
Atr. Though neuer man to the the waves of guile & guilt hau'e taught,
Yet kingdome will. Fear't thou they shou'de be made by consel naught?
They are to byne, That which thou cal'st a cruel enterpryse,
And dye'y deeme'd doone to be, and wickedly likewise,
Perhaps is wou'dt agaynst me there, Ser. And shal' your sons of this
Disceit beware that yoxce you will? no secretnes there is
In they? to greene and tender pears: they will your traynes disclose,
Atr. A prouu counsell cloate to keepe, is leaunde with many woes.
Ser. And will yee them by whom pee wou'de he shou'de beguil'd bee,
Them selues beguil'de? At. Pay let the bath from fault & blame be free.
For what
The second tragedie

For what shall neede in mischieues such as I to wooke entendee,
To mingle them; let all my hate by mee alone take ende.
Thou leausth thy purpose ill my mynde: if thou thine owne sozbeare,
Thou sparest him. Wherefoze of this let Agamemnon heare
Be mynister: and Enient eke of myne foez such a deede,
Let Meneläus present bee: truth of th'uncertayne leede,
By such a præctise may be trizde: if it refuse they shall,
Noz of debate will beaters bee, if they him buckele call,
He is their father: let them goe. But much the fearesfull face
Bewayes it felle: even him that laynes the leeter waygthy cæse,
Both orz betray: let them therefore not know, how great a guyle
They goe about. And thou these things in leeter kepe the while.
Ser. I neede not warned bee, for these within my bolome deepe,
Both sayth, and feare, but chiesely sayth, doth thet and closely kepe.

Chorus.

He noble house at length of high renowne,
The famous flocke of auncient Inachus,
Apeasd & layd the threats of brethre down
But nowe what fury fýrs & driznes you thus
Eche one to thyrfi the others bloud agayne,
Or get by guylt the golden Mace in hande?
Yee litle wote that so defyre to raygne,
In what estate or place doth kyngdome stande,
Not ritches makes a kyng or high renowne,
Not garnisht weede with purple Tyrian die,
Not lofty looks, or head encloasde with crowne,
Not glyttring beames with golde and turrets kie.

E 2. A Kyng
Thyestes

A Kyng he is that feare hath layde aside,
And all affects that in the breast are bred:
VWhom impotent ambition doth not guide,
Nor fickle fauour hath of people led.
Nor all that west in mettalls mynes hath founde,
Or chanell cleere of golden Tagus showes,
Nor all the grayne that threshed is on grounde,
That with the heate of libyk harvest glowes.
Nor whom the flashe of lightning flame shall beate,
Nor eastern wynde that smightes upon the feas,
Nor swelling surge with rage of voynde repelate,
Or greedy Gulphe of Adria displease.
VWhom not the pricke of Souldiers sharpest speare,
Or poyncted pyke in hand hath made to rue,
Nor whom the glympse of fwoorde myght cause to feare,
Or bright drawen blade of glyttring sleeke subdued.
VWho in the seate of safty sets his feete,
Beholdes all haps how vnder him they lye,
And gladly runnes his fat all day to meete,
Nor ought complaynes or grudgeth for to dye.
Though present were the Prynces everychone,
The scattered Dakes to chase that wonted bee,
That shyning feas beset with precious stone,
And red sea coastes doe holde, lyke bloud to see:
Or they which els the Caspian mountaynes lye,
From Sarmats strong with all theyr power withholde:
Or hee that on the floude of Dannbye,
In frost a foote to traуyle dare bee bolde:
Or Seres in what euer place they lye,
Renownde with fleece that there of feyke doth spring.

They ne-
The second tragedie

They neuer might the truth hereof denye,
It is the mynde that onely makes a king.
There is no neede of fiurdie steedes in warre,
No neede with armes or arrowes ells to fight,
That Parthus woonts with bowe to fling from farre,
VVhyle from the fielde hee falsely fayneth flight.
Nor yet to siege no neede it is to bringe
Great Guns in Carts to ouerthrowe the wall,
That from farre of theyr battring Pellets flyng.
A kyng hee is that fearceth nought at all.
Eche man him selfe this kyngdome geeues at hand.
Let who so lyf with mightie mace to raygne,
In tyckle toppe of court delight to stond
Let mee the sweete and quiet rest obtayne.
So set in place obscure and lowe degree,
Of pleasaunte rest I shal the sweetnesse knoe.
My lyfe unkeowne to them that noble bee,
Shall in the steppe of secret sylence goe.
Thus when my dayes at length are ouer past,
And tyme without all troublous tumult spent,
An aged man I shal depart at last,
In meane estate, to dye full well content.
But greeuoues is to him the death, that when
So farre abroade the bruite of him is blowne,
That knowne hee is to much to other men:
Departeth yet vnto him selfe unkeowne.

THE

E 3.
Thyestes

THE THYRDE ACTE.

Thyestes, Phylisthenes

My country bowyes so long wisthe for, and Argos rytches all,
Thiese good that unto banisht men, and Hysters may befall,
The touch of soyle where bory I was, a gods of native lat,
(If gods they be,) a sace bowyes I see of Cyclops had:
That represent then all mans wooke, a greater maiesty,
Renowned ladies to my youth, where noble sometime I
Have not so seeede as once, the palmes in fathers chariot boon.
All Argos now to meete with me, and people fast will roon:
But Atreus to, yet rather leade in woods agayne thy sight,
And bitches thicke, and bid among the hytuitive beastes from sight,
Lyke lyke to theys: where splendert pompe of court a princely pryde,
May not with flattring sulgent face, allure thine eyes aside.
With whom the kingdome green is, behold, and well regarde,
Bele but late with such mishaps, as all men countre full harde,
I stoute and ioyfull was: but now agayne thus into feare
I am retourne. my mynde mildoubtes, and backward seeke to beare
My body hence: and forthe I draw my pace agaynst my will.
Phy. With southfull step (what meaneth this?) my father fadeth still,
And turns his face and holds him selfe, in doubt what thing to do.
Thy. What thing (my minde) considerst thou? or els so long where to
Do't thou so easie countable west? wilt thou to thinges unsure
Thy brother and the kingdome rule: feart thou thole ills t'endure
How overcome, and mielder made? and trauayls don't thou see
That well were plaister? ir thee anayls, a myser now to bee.
Turne hence thy pace while leesfull is, and keepe thee from his hande.
Phy. What cause thee driues (O father bere) thus fro thy native lande,
Now see to thyneke: what makes thee thus fro thines to good at last
Withdawwe thy selfe: thy brother comes whose iles be overpast,
And halfe the kyonbome genues, and of the house Dylercrate,
Repavyes the partes: and the restores agayne to former state.
Thy. The cause of feare that I know not, thou don't require to heare.
I see nothing that makes mee dread, and yet I greatly feare.

I would
The second tragedie 28.

I would goe on, but yet my limmes with weary legges doe slacke:
And other way then I would passe, I am withheld backe.
So oft the ship that driften is with wynde and eke with Oxe,
The swelling surge resisting both beares backe upon the shore.
Phy. Yet overcome what euer stays, and thus both let your mynde,
And see what are at your returne, prepar'd for you to finde.
You may O father raygne. Thy. I may but then when I wought.
P. Chiefe thing is powre. T. nought worth at all, if thou delyle it nought.
P. You shall it to you: children leave. I the kingdome takes not twayne.
Phy. Who may be happy, rather would he myler yet remayne?
Thy. Believe nie well, with titles false the great thinges vs delight:
And heavy haps in bayne are leade, while high I stoode in sight,
I never sinned then to quake, and celle same twoide to seare,
That hanged by myne owne side was. Oh how great good it were,
With none to strive, but careles loode to eate and rest to knowe?
The greater gyltes they enter not in cotage let alowe:
And later foode is fed upon, at narrow boode alway,
While drunke in golde the poyson is by prooe well taught I say,
That evill haps before the good to love it likes my will.
Of haughty house that landses aloft in tickle top of hell,
And swaves aside, the epyr lowe neede never be alight;
Noz in the top of roose aboue, there thynes no Inere bright,
Noz watchman none defendes my sleepes by night, noz garbes my rest:
With strete I sithe not, noz the lees I have not backwarde prest,
Noz turn'de to flight with builded wall: noz wicked belly I
With tares of the people fed: noz parcell none doth lie,
Of ground of myne beyonde the Gardes: and Parthians farre about:
Noz worshiped with frankinsence I am, noz. (Ioue shet out)
By Murtheres decked are: noz none in top of howe doth flande
In garden trees, noz kindled yet with helpe of eche mans hande,
The bathes doe smoke: noz vet are dayes in flourshfull numbers led,
Noz nightes past forth in watche and wynne, without the rest of bed.
We nothing seare, the house is safe without the hidden knyfe,
And poore estate the sweetness caules, of rest and quiet lyfe.
Great kingdome is to be content, without the same to lyue.
Phy. Yet shoulde it not refuled be, if God the kingdome giue.
Thy. Not yet deservd it ought to be. Phy. your brother hyds you rayne
Thy. bids he: the more is to be searde: there lurketh there some rayn.
Phy. From whence it fell, yet piety is woont to turne at length:
And love bucapande, repayes agayne his erft omitted strength.

E4. Thy. Doth
Thyestes

Thy. Dost Atreus then his brother love? eche Vrfa flylt on hye,  
The seas shall waie and dwelling surge of seas of Sicilye  
Shall rest and all allwaged be: and come to rypenes grove  
In bosome of Ionian seas, and darket night shall showe  
And spzeade the light about the coyle: the waters with the byze,  
The lyce with death, the wynde with seas, shall friendship first requyte,  
And be at league. Phy. of what decrpre are you to dreadful full here?  
Thy. Of everychone: what ende at length might I prouide of feare?  
In all he can he haterh me. Phy. to you what hurt can he?  
Thy. As for my selfe I nothing dreade you little Babes make mee  
Afrayde of him. Phy. dreade, yee to be beguilde when caught yee are:  
To lare it is to shoon the trapne in middle of the snare.  
But goe we on, this (father) is to you my last request.  
Thy. I follow you. I leade you not. Phy. God turne it to the best  
That well deteiled is for good: palte faith with cheerefull pace.
THE SECOND

SCENE.

Atreus, Thyestes.

Prate in trayne the beakt is caught
and in the snare doth fall:
Both him, and eke of hated Locke
with him the oppynge all,
About the fathers lyde I see:
and nowe in saufety hands
And surest ground my wrathfull hate:
nowe comes into my hands
At length Thyestes: yea hee comes
and all at once to mee.
I cannot refrayne my selfe, and cannot may anger hyyled hee.
So when the Bloodhound seekes the beakt, by kep and quick of scent
Dawes in the leane, and pace by pace to wynde the wayes hee went,
With note to seele doth hunt, while he the Boare afoote hath founde
Farre of by sent, he yet refraynes and wanders through the grounde
With silent mouth: but when at hand he once perceives the pay,
With all the strength he hath he strives, with boyce and calls away
His lingering maister, and from him by force out breake sth hee.
When Ire both hope the present blood, it may not hydden bee.
Yet let it hydden be, behold be with byly boyce to light
How pikelomely defoynde with filthe his lowlest face is light,
How lowlysome yses his Bearde unkempt: but let vs friendship payne.
To see my brother me delights: geue now to me agayne
Embracing long defplied to: what ever strype there was
Before this time betwene vs twayne, forget and let it pass:
Fro this day forth let brotheres love, let blood, and lawe of kinde
Regarded be, let all debate be flakre in eythers mynde.
Thy. I could cease my selfe, except thou wert as now thou art.
But (Atreus) now I graunt, the faulte was myne in every part:
And I offended haue in all, my cause the worse to bee,
Four this daies kindnes makes: in deede a guilty wight is hee,

That would
That would so good a brother hurt as you, in any whit.
But now with tears I must entreat, and first I me submit.
These handes at thy feete doe lye, doe thee beleche and pray,
That ye and hate be layde aside, and from thy bosome may
Be scraped out: and eleece forgoe: pledges take thou these
O brother deere, these guiltles babes. At thy handes yet from my kneele
Remove, and rather me to take in arme, upon mee fall
And ye O aydes of elders age, yee little infants all,
See cliep and coll about the necke: this fowle attyme for sake,
And spare myne eyes that pity it, and frether beletre take
Lyke myne to see. and you with voy, the halcel of emperie
Deere brother take: the greater prayle shall come to mee thereby,
Our fathers leate to yelde to you, and brother to veleeue.
To have a kingdome is but chance, but venerate it to geeue.
Thy. A full reward for such delvers, the Gods (O brother deare)
Repay to thee: but on my head a regall crowne to weare,
By lothsome lyke denyes: and farre doth from the crepor: see
By hand unhappy: in the midel let leeful be for mee
Of men to lurke. Atre. This kingdome can with twayne full well agree.
Thy. What ever is (O brother) yours, I count it myne to bee.
Atre. Who would dame fortunes gifts refuse, if hee him caple to raigne?
Thy. The gyfts of his eche man it wotes, how soone they passe againe.
Atre. Ye me depyue of glory great, except ye th'emyeze take.
Thy. You have your prayle in oring it, and I it to toyle.
And full persuaded to refuse the kingdome, am I still.
Atre. Except your part yee will sustaine myne owne for sake I will.
Thy. I take it then, and beare I will the name thereof alone:
The eyghts and arme, as well as myne they shall be yours edge one.
Atre. The regall crowne as you beleemes upon your head then take:
And I thy appointed sacrifice for Gods, will now goe make.

Chorus.
The second tragedy.

Chorus.

Oulde any man it weene? that cruell wight
Atreus, of mynde so impotent to see
VWas soone astonied with his brothers fight.
Mo greater force then piety may bee:
VWhere kynred is not, lafeth every threat,
VHom true lonne holdes, it holdes eternally.
The vwrath but late with causes kyndled great
All fauour brake, and did to battayle cry,
VHan horfemen did resounde one every fyde,
The fwoordes eche vwhere, then glysfred more & more:
VWhich raging Mars vvith often froke did guide
The fresher bloud to shed yet thyrfting fore.
But lonne the fwordes agaynst theyr vvills doth swage,
And them to peace perswads vvith hand in hand.
So fodeyne rest, amid so great a rage
VWhat God hath made? throughout Mycenas land
The harnesse clyukt, but late of cyuill frite:
And for their babes did fearefull mother quake,
Her armed spoufe to leefe much fearde the vvyfe,
VWhen fworde was made the scabberde to forfaie,
That now by rest vvith ruff was ouergrowne,
Some to repayre the vwalles that did decay,
And some to strength the towres halfe ouerthrowne,
And some the gates vvith gyms of Yrne to slay
Full busie were, and dredfull vvatch by nyght
From turret high did ouerlooke the town.

VVoorse
Thyestes

VVoorsfe is then warre it selfe the feare of fight.  
(Nowe are the threats of cruell s worde layde downe,  
And nowe the rumour whits of battayles fowne,  
The noyse of crooked trumpet silent lyes,  
And quiet peace returns to ioyfull towne.  
So when the waues of swelling surge aryse,  
VWhyle Corus wynde the Brutian seas doth smight,  
And Scylla foundes from hollowe Caues within,  
And Shipmen are with wafting waues affright,  
Charybdis casts that erst it had drunke in :  
And Cyclpos fierce his father yet doth dred,  
In AEtna banke that fervent is with heates,  
Least quenched be with waues that ouershed  
The fire that from eternall Fornace beates :  
And poore Laertes thinkes his kyngdomes all  
May drowned be, and I thaca doth quake :  
If once the force of wyndes begin to fall,  
The sea lyth downe more mylde then standing lake.  
The deepe, where Ships so vvyde full dredfull were  
To passe, vwith sayles on eyther fyde out spred  
Now fallne adowne, the lesser Boate doth beare :  
And leysure is to vewe the fyshes ded  
Even there, vwhere late with tempest bet vpon  
The shaken Cyclades were vwith Seas agast.  
No state endures the payne and pleasure, one  
To other yeldes, and ioyes be soonest past.  
One howre fets vp the things that lowest bee.  
Hee that the crownes to prynces doth deuyde,  
VVhom people please with bending of the knee,  
And at whose becke theyr battayles lay aside

The
The second tragedy.

The Meades, and Indians eke to Phebus nye,
And Dakes that Parthyans doe with horsemen threat,
Him selfe yet holdes his Sceptors doubtfully,
And men of might he feares and chaunces great
(That eche estate may turne) and doubtfull howre.
O yee, vwhom lorde of lande and vwater wyde,
Of Lyfe and death grauntes here to haue the powre,
Lay yee your proude and lofty lookes side:
VWhat your inferiour feares of you amis.
That your superiour threats to you agayne.
To greater kyng, eche kyng a subiect is.
VWhom dawne of day hath seene in pryde to raygne,
Hym overthrowne hath seene the evening late.
Let none reioyce to much that good hath got,
Let none dispayre of beft in worst estate.
For Clotho myngles all, and suffreth not
Fortune to flande : but Fates about doth drive.
Such friendship finde wyth Gods yet no man myght,
That he the morowe might be sure to lyue.
The God our things all tost and turned quight
   Rolles with a whyrle wynde.

The
Thyestes

THE FOURTHE ACT E.

Messenger. Chorus.

What whirlwynde may me headlong drye
And by in ayre mee fling,
And wap in darkell cloude, whereby
It might to heyeous thing,
Take from myne eyes? O wicked house
That even of Pelops ought
And Tantalus abhorsed bee.
Ch. What new thing hast thou brought?
Me. What lande is this? lythe Sparta here
And Argos, that hath bred
So wicked brethren? and the ground of Corinth lying byred
Betweene the seas? or Ister else where woont to take their flight,
Are people wyde? or that which woonts with snowe to thyne to bright
Hircana lande? or els doe here the wandring Scythians dwell?
Ch. What monstrous mischiefe is this place then guilty of? that tell,
And this declare to vs at large what ever be the ill.
Me. If once my mynde may stay it selfe, and quaking limmes I will.
But yet of such a cruell deede before mynde eyes the feare
And Image walkes: yee raging storms now far from hence me beare
And to that place me drue, to which now druen is the day
Thus drawen from hence. Ch. Our myndes yee holde yet still in doubt:
Tell what it is yee so abhorre. The author thereof frowe. (full fay.
I alke not who, but which of them that quickly let vs know.
Me. In Pelops Turret high, a part there is of Pallace wyde
That towards the south erected leanes, of which the utter lyde
With equall top to mountayne standes, and on the City lies,
And people prouide agaynst theyr prynce if once the trayrays rise
 Hath underneath his bairring broke: there hymes the place in sight
Where woont the people to frequent, whole golden beames so bright
The noble spotted pillers gray, of marble doe suppose,
Within this place well knownen to men, where they so oft reloze,
The second tragedy.

To many other roomes about the noble court doth goe.
The privie Palatice underlieth in secret place alee,
With ditch ful deep that doth enclose the wood of pisuite,
And hidden parts of kyngdome olde: where never grow no tree
That chereful bowes is woont to heare, with knife or lopped he,
But Care, and Cyppelle, and with tree of Yolme ful blakke to see
Doth becke and bende the wood so darke: alofte above all thee
The higher oke doth over looke, surmounting all the trees.
From hens with lucke the raigne to take, acustom'd are the kyngs,
From hens in daunger and to akke, and doome in doubtfull things.
To this affreede are the gifts, the sounding Trumpets bright,
The Chariots broke, and soppable of sea that now Mirtōn light.
There hang the wheelles once won by crastfe of falde arx tree,
And every other conquests note, here leftfull is to see
The Phygian eyre of Pelops head: the soppable of ennies heere,
And of Barbarian triumphp left; the painted gozegoe greene.
A lothsome spinge stands under shade, and slouthfull course doth take,
With water blacke: even such as is: of yke some Strygian lake
The slye waue whereby art wont, to sware the gods on hye.
Here all the nighte the grisy ghosts and gods of death to crie
The same reportes: with clinking chapnes resounds the wood each where
The spights cry out and every thinge that dyedfull is to heare,
May there bee scene: of slye shapes from olde sepulchres sent
A fearefull flocke doth wander there, and in that place frequent
Wrofe things then ever yet were knowne: ye all the wood full ofte
With flame is woont to flath, and all the higher trees alofte
Without a lyfe do burne: and ofte the wood beside all this
With triple barkynge roares at once: sul oft the palatice is
Aright with shapes, no lighte of day may on the terrour quell.
Eternall night doth hold the place, and darknes there of hell
In mid day raignes: from hens to them that play out of the ground
The certayne answers geuen are, what tyne with dyedful find
From secret place the fates be tolde, and dungeon roares within
While of the God breakes out the boype: where to when entred in
Fierce Arcaus was, that did wyth him his bythers children tragole,
Wetk are the altlers: who( alas) may it enough bewaile?
Behynde the infants backs anone he knyt they: noble hands,
And eke theys heavy heads about he bound with purple bands:
There wanted there no Frankensence, no yet the holy wine,
No knyfe to cut the larcifire, be spinkte with leuens fine,
Thyestes

Kept is in all the order due, least such a mischiefe gret
Should not be oyzed well Ch. who doth his hand on wood then set?
Me. He is him selue the priest,and he himselfe the deadly berde
With payer dyse from severnt mouth doth lyng and oft rehefe,
And he at th'aulter's standes himselfe,he them alleyn'de to dye
Both handle, and in order set, and to the knyfe applye,
He lightes the lyues,no rights were left of sacrificie bindone.
The woode then quak, and all at once from trembling grounde anone
The Pallice beckt, in doubt which way the pyle thereof woulde fall,
And shaking as in wanes it lyode: from th'ayle and therewithall
A blasing starce that soules th rayne drew after him doth goe:
The wynes that in the lyues were catt,with chaunged sicour floe,
And turne to bloud: and twyple 2 th'ayle th'artyse fell from his hed,
The Jureye bright in Temples seem'de to wepe and teares to shed.
The sightes amadde all other men, but bredsalt yet alway
Of mynde, unmoved Atreus standes, and even the Gods doth fray
That th'eaten him and all delay fortaken by and by
To th'aulter's turnes, and therewithall a lyde he lookes away.
As hungry Tygge wonts that doth in ganye woods remayne
With doubtfull pace to range & roame betwene the bullocks thwayne,
Of eyther pay full courtesous and yet uncertainz where
She kyst may bye, and roaing thyate now turns the tone to fear
And then to th'other straught returnes, and doubtfull samyne holdes:
So Atreus dyse, betwene the babes both stand and them beholdes
On whom he pounceth to make his yse: first slaughter where to make,
Hee doubts: or whom he should agayne for second offering take,
Yet skills it nought, but yet he doubtes and such a cruelty
It him delights to order well. Ch. Whom take he kyst to dy?
Me. First place, lest in him thinke yee might no piec to remayne
To grandther dedicated is, kyst Tantalus is slayne.
Ch. With what a minde & count'mance, could ye by his death suffayne?
Me. All cares of him selfe he stooode, no; once he would in slayne
His prayers lesee. But Atreus fierce the sword in him at last
In deep and deadly wound doth hide to hits, and grypping fast
His thyate in head, he kyst him throug The woode the dawn away
When long the body had uphelde it selfe in doubtfull stay,
Which way to fall, at length upon the buckell downe it falles.
And then to th'aulter's cruelly Philisthenes he trails,
And on his brother thyates: and straught his necke of cutteth hee.
The Carcase headlong falles to ground: a piteous thing to see.
The second tragedie.

The mourning head with murmure yet uncerayne both complayne.
Chor. What after double death both he and slaughter then of twayne?
Spare he the Child? or gilt on gilt agayne yet heapeth he?
Meaf. As long maynd Lyne seere amid the wood of Armenie,
The dyne pursues and conquest makes of slaughter many one,
Though now defyled be his laves with blood and hunger gone
Yet flaketh not his preful rage with blood of Bulles so great,
But louthful now with weary tooth the letter Calories both threat:
Done other wyre both Atreus rage, and dwelles with anger fraynd,
And holding now the word in hand, with double slaughter saynd,
Regarding not where fell his rage, with curled hand unnild
He strake it through his body quire, at bofonie of the Child
The blade goeth in, and at the backe agayne out went the same,
He falles and quenching with his blood the aulters sacred flame,
Of euerget wound at length he dieth. Chor. Of heypous hateful act.
Meaf. Aboye ye this? ye heare not yet the end of all the fact,
There followes more. Chor. A fiercer thing, oz woile then this to see
Could Nature heare? Me. why thinke ye this of gylt the end to be?
It is but part. Chor. what could he more? to cruel beastes he call
Perhaps his bodones to be toyne, and kept from lyzes at laft.
Me. Would God he had: that never tombe the dead might ouer hyde,
Noz names dissolue, though them foz food to soules in pataures wyde
He had out throwen, oz them foz pray to cruel beastes would dinge.
That which the worke was wont to be, were here a wished thing
That them their father law untombe: but oh moze curled crime
Uncredible, the which deyne will men of after tyrne:
From bofonies yet alue out drawne the trembling bowels shake,
The baynys yet breath, the seareful hart both yet both pant and quake:
But he the stringes both turne in hand, and deselenes beholde,
And of the guttes the bygnes each one both bewe not fully cold.
When him the sacrfyce had pleasd, his diligence he puttes
To dyelle his brotheres banquet now: and streight a londer cuttes
The bodones into quarters all, and by the stomipes anone
The houlders wyde, and hawones of armes he strikes of everyone.
He layes abroad their naked limbs, and cutes away the bones:
The onely heads he kepes and handes to him committed once,
Some of the guttes are byoachy, and in the lyzes that byrne full floe
They drop, the byolling licour some doth tomble to and floe
In mooying caboderne: from the fleshy that overstandes aloft
The lyze doth lyze, and skatter out and into chimney ofte
Thyestes

Up heart agayne,and there constraynd by force to tary yet
Unwilling burnes: the liver makes great noyle upon the spit,
No; easely wot I, if the flesh, or flames they be that cry,
But crye they do: the lyre like pitch it lumeth by an lye:
No; yet the smoke it selfe to sad, like filthy milk in sight
Ascendeth ly as wont it is, no; takes his way vp:lyght,
But euyn the Gods and houle it doth with filthy fume desyle.
O pacient Phoebus though from hence thou backward see the whole,
And in the midst of heauen aboue dole downe the broken day,
Thou fleest to late: the father eates his children, well away,
And limnes to which he once gaue life, with cursed saw doth teare.
He thynes with oonintuent shed still sweete all round about his heare,
Replete with wyne: and oonentymes so curled kynd of food
His mouth hath held, that would not downe, but yet this one thing good
In all thy ples (Thyestes) is that them thou dost not kneve,
And yet shal that not long endure, though Titan backward goe
And chariots turne agaynst himselfe, to meete the wapes he went,
And heavy night to heynous neede to kepe from light be sent,
And out of wyne from East ayple, to soule a fact to hyde,
Yet shal the whole at length be scene: thy ylles shal all be lyde.

Chorus
The second tragedie.

Chorus.

Hich way O Prince of landes and Gods on hie,  
At whose vprife efffones of shadowd night  
All beawty fleeth, which way turnft thou awrye?  
And draweft the day in midst of heauen to flight?

Why doft thou(Phœbus)hide from vs thy fight?
Not yet the watch that later howre brings in,
Doth Vesper warne the Starres to kindle light.
Not yet doth turne of Hefpers whele begin
To loafe thy chare his well deserued way.
The trumpet third not yet hath blowen his blast
Whyle toward the night beginnes to yeld the day:
Great wonder hath of sodayne suppers haft
The Plowman yet whose Oxen are vntierd.
From woonted courfe of Heauen what drawes thee back?
What caufes haue from certayne race confpierd
To turne thy horfe?do yet from dongeon black
Of hollow hell,the conquered Gyantes proue
A freh affaut? doth Tityus yet assay
VWith trenched hart,and wounded wombe to moue
The former yres?or from the hil away
Hath now Typhœus wound his fyde by might?
Is vp to heauen the way erected hie
Of phlegrey foes by mountaynes fet vpright?
And now doth Osfa Pelion ouerlye?
The wonted turns are gone of day and night,
The ryse of Sunne, nor fall shal be no more,
Aurora dewifh mother of the light
That wontes to fend the horses out before,
Doth wonder much agayne returne to see,
Her dawning light: she wots not how to eafe

F. 2
Thyestes

The weary wheeles, nor manes that smoaking be
Of horse with sweate to bathe amid the seas.
Himself vnwonted there to lodge likewise,
Doth setting sonne agayne the morning see,
And now commandes the darkenes vp to ryse.
Before the night to come prepared bee.
About the Poale yet growth no fyre in sight.
Nor light of Moone the shades doth comfort yet,
What so it be, God graunt it bee the night.
Our hartes do quake with scare oppresed gret,
And dreaderfull are leaft heauen and earth and all
With fatall ruine shaken shall decay:
And leaft on Gods agayne, and men shall fall
Disfigurde Chaos:and the land away
The Seas,and Fyres,and of the glorious Skife
The wandring lampes, leaft nature yet shal hide.
Now shall no more with blafe of his vprife,
The Lord of Starres that leads the world so wyde,
Of Sommer both and Winter geue the markes.
Nor yet the Moone with Phoebus flames that burnes,
Shall take from vs by night the dreadful carkes,
With swifter course or passe her brothers turnes,
While compasse leffe the fets in croked race:
The Gods on heaps shal out of order fall,
And each with other mingled be in place.
The wryed way of holy planets all,
With path a slope that doth deuide the Zones.
That beares the sygnes,and yeares in course doth brynge,
Shall fee the starres with him fall downe at ones.
And he that firft not yet vwith gentle spring,
The temperate Gale doth geue to fayles, the Ramme
Shall headlong fall a downe to Seas agayne,
Through vwhich he once vwith fearefull Hellen svvam.
Next him the Bull that doth vwith horne sustayne

The
The second tragedie.

The fyfters feuen with him shal ouerturne
The twins and armes of croked Cancer all,
The Lyon hoat that wontes the foyle to burne
Of Hercules agayne from heauen shall fall.
To landes once left the Virgin shal be throwne,
And leued payse of balance swhy alow,
And draw with them the stinging Scorpion downe.
So likewyse he that holdes in Theffale bowe
His swift wel fethred arrowes Chiron old,
Shal breake the fame and eke shal lefe his shuttle
And Capricorne that brings the winter cold
Shall ouerturne and breake the water pot
VVho so thou be: and downe with thee to grounde,
The laft of all the fygnes shal Pisces fall
And monsters eke in seas yet neuer drounde,
The water gulph shal ouerwhelme them all.
And he which doth betwene each vrfa glyde,
Lyke croked flood the flipper serpant twynde:
And lesuer Beare by greater Dragons fyde,
Full cold with frost congealed hard by kinde,
And carter dull that slowly guides his waine
Vnstable shal Boötes fall from hye.
VVe are thouht meete of all men whom agayn
Should hugy heape of Chaos ouerly.
And world oppresse with ouerturned maffe
The latest age now falleth vs vppon.
VVith euil hap we are begot alas
If wretches we haue loft the sight of sonne,
Or him by fraught enforced haue to flye
Let our complayntes yet goe and feare be past:
He greedy is of life,that wil not die
VVhen all the world shal end with him at laft.

F 3.

THE
Thievstes

THE FIFTE
ACTE.

Atreus alone.

Owe equall with the Starres I goe, beyond each other wight, 
With haughty heade the heavens aboue, and highest Poale I finde. 
The kingdome nowe, and seate I holde, where once my father raynd: 
I nowe lette goe the gods: so all my wil I have obtaynde

Enough and well, ye even enough for me I am acquit
But why enough? I wil procede and by the father yet
With bold of his leaft any shame should me restrayne at all,
The day is gone, go to therefore whyle thee the heaven dore call
Would God I could against their wills yet hold the Goddes that see
And of revenging dith constrain them witnesles to see:
But yet (which well enough is wrought) let it the father see.
In spighte of all the drownd day I will remove from thee
The darknesse all, in made whereof do lucke thy miserves,
And guest at such a banquet now to long he careless yses,
With mery face: now eare and dyneke enough he hath at last
'Tis best him selfe should know his vills ye seruaunte, all in hast
Undoe the temple dozes: and let the house bee open all: 
Fayne would I see, when loke bypon his childrens heads he shal
What countenaunce he then would make, oy in what woodes break out
Would first his griece, oy how would quake his body round about
With upright anialed loze: of all my worke the fruite were this
I would him not a niser see, but while to made he is,
Beold the temple opened now doth hyne with many a light:
In glittering gold and purple seate he sittes hymselfe upght,
And staying vp his heavy head with wyne bypon his hand,
He belchehouse out, now chiefe of goddes in highest place I stand,
And king of kings: I have my wish, and more then I could thinke
He fillid is, he now the wyne in silver bolle doth dyndeke
And spare it not: there yet remaynes a wozer draught for thee

That
That spring out of the bodyes late of sacrificies three,
Which wine shall hyde let ther withall the boddes be taken vp.
The father (mingled with the wyne) his childrens bloud shall lyf.
That would have donke of wyne. Behold he now beginnes to strayne
His boyce, and lynges, noe yet for joy his mynde he may refrayne,

THE SECONDE

S C E A N E

Thiestes alone

Beaten bosomes dullde fo longe with woe,
Laie down your cares, at length your greues rele
Let forowe passe, and all your dread let goe,
And fellow eke of searefull banishment,
Sad pouertye and ill in misery
The shame of cares, more whenfe thy fall thou haft,
Then whether skylles, great hap to him, from hye
That falles it is in surety to be plaft
Beneath, and great it is to him agayne
That prest with storme, of euylls feeles the smart,
Of kyngedome loft the payfes to sustaine
With necke vnbowde: nor yet detect of heart
Nor ouercome, his heauy haps alwayes
To beare vpright but now of carefull carkes
Shake of the showres, and of thy wretched daye
Away with all the myserable markes.
To ioyfull state returne thy chearefull face.
Put fro thy mynde the olde Thystes hence,
It is the woont of wight in wofull cafe,
In state of ioy to haue no confidence.
Though better haps to them returned be,
Thafflicted yct to ioy it yrketh fore.
VWhy calft thou me abacke, and hyndrest me
This happy day to celebrate? wherefore

F 4.
Thiestes

Bidst thou me (sorrow) wepe without a cause?
VVho doth me let with flowers so fresh and gay,
To decke my hayres? it lets and me withdrawes.
Downe from my head the roses fall away:
My moysted haire with oyntment ouer all,
VVith todayne mafe fstandes vp in wondrous wyse,
From face that would not weepe the stremes do fall.
And howling cryes amid my wordes aryse.
My sorrowe yet thaccustomd teares doth loue
And wretches stil deelyght to wepe and crye.
Unpleafant playntes it pleaseth them to moue:
And florisht Fayre it likes with Tyrian die
Their robes to rent, to waile it likes them still
For sorrow sendes (in signe that woes draw nie)
The mind that wots before of after yll.
The sturdy stormes the shipmen ouer lye.
VVhen voyd of wynd thaffwaged seas do rest.
VVhat tumult yet or countenaunce to see
Makst thou mad man? at length a truustful breaft
To brother gene, what euer now it be,
Causeles, or els to late thou art a dred.
I wretch would not so feare, but yet me drawes
A trembling terour: downe myne eyes do shed
Their todayne teares and yet I know no cause.
Is it a greese ,or feare? or els hath teares
great ioy it selfe,

The
The second tragedy.

THE THIRDE

S C E N E.

Atreus. Thyestes.

Ette vs this daye with one contente
(0 brother celebrate)
This daye my sceptroes may consyeme,
and stablish my estate,
And laptysfull bonde of peace and lour
betwene vs ratisye.

Thy. Enough with meate and eke with wyne,
now satisyed am I.

But yet of all my hopes it were a great encrease to mee,
If now about my lyde I might my little children see.

Atre. Beleeue that here even in thyne armes thy children present be.
For here they are, and halbe here, no part of them fro thee
Sal be withhelde:their loved looks now geue to thee I wil,
And with the heape of all his babes, the father fully sull.
Thou shalt be glutted searce thou not:they with my hopes as yet
The joyful sacriffyses make at bozde where children sit.
They halbe cald, the frendly cup now take of curtely.
With wyne vpstylde. Thy.of hyrohs feast I take ful willingly.
The synal gyft, thad come to gods of this our fathers lande,
Then let the rest be yonke, what's this: in no wyse wil my hand
Obeye: the payse increaseth lory, and downe myne armes doth sway.
And from my lippes the waltling wyne it selfe doth lyue away,
And in deuide mouth, about my jawes it runeth rounde.
The table to, it selfe doth sakte and leape from trembling ground.
Scant burnes the lyse: the ayse it selfe with heauie cherie to light
For looke of sonne amased is betwene the daye and night.
What meaneth this? yer more and more of backward beaten lyve.
The compass falles, and thicker myft the world doth owerly
Then blackest daunenes, and the night in night it selfe doth hyde.
All staves be hid, what so it bee my brother God prouyde
And soone to space: the Gods do graunt that all this telesmpst fall.
On this byle head: but now reflore to me my children all.

Atre. I wil, and never daye agayne shall them from thee withdrawe,
Thy. What tumult tumulteth so my guttes, and doth my bowels gnaw?

What
Thiestes

What quakes within? with heavy yells I see my selfe opprest, And with an other voice then mine bewaies my doleful beast: Come nere my sonnes, for now both thunhappy father call: Come nere, for you once scene, this grievce would soone allwage to fall. Whence muture they? At w, fathers armes embrace them quickly now For here they are loe come to thee; dost thou thy children know? Th. I know my brother: such a guilt yet canst thou suffer well. O earth to beare? no yet from hence to Stygian lake of hell. Dost thou hath dissolved thy selfe and yee? no yet with thyken ground. Dost thou these kingdome, and their king with Chaos rude confounde? Noz yet uprrenting from the soyle the bowres of wicked land. Dost thou Micenas overturne with Tantalus to stand, And amnteres of ones, if there in hel be any one. Now ought we both:now from the frame on ethere lyde anone. Of ground, all here and there rent up out of thy bodome depe: Thy dens and dungeons let abyde, and be enclosed kepe, In bottome low of Acheront aboue our heads aloft. Let wander all the guilty gostles, with burning crete ful oft. Let thy Phlegethon that dyues his lands both to and fro. To our confusion overoon and violently how, O slothful soyle unbroken yarelle unmoned yet art thou? The Gods are fled: Atr. but take to thee with thy thy children now, And rather them embrace: at length thy children all of thee. So long wished noz for no delay there standeth now in mee. Enjoy and kisse embracing armes devyse then unto thee. Th. Is this thy league: may this thy love and faith of brother bee? And doost thou lo repose thy hate? the father doth not craue. His sonnes alive (which might have bene without thy guilt) to haue And eke without thy hate, but this doth brother brother play: That them he may entombe restore, whom Ie thou shalt straightway waie, Be burnt: the father naught requires of thee that haue he shall, But soone forsoe Atr. what euer part yet of thy children all. Remaynes, here shalt thou have: and what remayneth not thou haft. Thy. [e] they in fieldes, a food out long fos sleepe nog loues to walke? D[14] are they kept a play, fos wyld and hytish beasts to eate? Atr. Thou haft deavued thy sonnes and fyld thy selfe with wicked meate. Thy. Oh this is it that shaimde the Gods and was from hence did dyue Turn'd back to eall, alas I werte what waylinges may I gene? D: what complayntes: what woeful woordes may be enough for mee? Their heads cut off, and handes of toyn, I from their bodyes lee,
The second tragedy.

And wrenched seere from broken thighes I here behold again
Tys this that greedy father could not luster to sustayne .
In belly roll my bowels round, and cloated cryme to great
Without a passage skryues within and seekes away to get.
Thy sword (O brother) lend to me much of my blood alas
It hath:let vs therwith make way for all my connes to pale.
Is yet the sword from me withheld;thy selfe thy bosom's teare,
And let thy brestes resound with stroakes: yet watch thy hand so beare
And lpare the deade: who ever saw such mishiefe put in prooe ?
What write Heniochus that dwels by ragged coale alsoke ,
Of Caucatus vnapt for men ? or feare to Athens,who
Procustes wyld: the father I oppielle my children do
And am oppreß, is any meane of gyvt oz mishiefe yet?
Atr. A meane in mishiefe ought to be when gyvt thou dost commit,
Not when thou quirest: for yet even this to little seemses to me.
The blood yet warine even from the wound I shoulde in sight of the
Euen in the iawes hauve thed,that thou the blood of them mightst zinke
That lved yec: but whyte to much to haft my hate I thinke
By wyth beguyled is my selfe with sword the woundes them gauce
I strake them downe, the scarred eyres with slaughter wovde I have
We pleald, the carcasse cutting then, and liveles skynnes on grounde.
I hauce in little parcels chapt, and some of them I diswaue
In bowling cauderns,some to eyres that burnt ful low I put,
And made to droppe: their synewes all, and skinyes a twa I cut
Euen yet aluye and on the spitre,that thucht was through the same
I hauce the liuer wayle and eyre, and with my hand the same:
I oft kept in:but eyery whist the father might of this
Hauce better done, but now my wyth to lightly ended is.
He rent his connes with wicked gunne, himselfe yet watting naught,
No they thereof Th O ye eneloat'd with bending bankes abought
All leas me heare, and to this gyvt ye Gods now harken well
What euere place ye sted are to here all ye spytes of hel,
And here ye landes, and night to darke that them dost overly
With cloode so blace to my complaigntes do thou thy selfe apply.
To thee now left I am, than dost alone me milte see,
And thou art left without thy starres: I wil nor make for me
Pericions yet, noz ought for me require may ought yet bee
That me should vayle: for you that all my wishes now foresee.
Thou guyder great of eyres above, t prince of highest might,
Of heavenly place now all with cloudes ful horrible to light,
Thiestes

Enwrap the worlde, and let the wyndes on every lyde breake out
And send the dyedfull thunderclap through al the world about
Not with what hand gyftles house and undeserved wall
With letter bolt are wonte to beate, but with the which did fall
The three unheaped mountayne once and which to hills in height
Stooed equall vp, the yantnes huge; shouw out such weapons streight,
And flyng thy fires: and therwithall revenge the drowned day.
Let see thy flames, the light thus lost and hid from heauen away,
With flashes shoule: the cause (lest long thou shouldest doubt whom to hit)
Of ech of vs is ill: if not at least let myne be it.
We strike with trepyl edged toole thy bende of flaminge fyre
Beate through this breake: if fater I my children do defy prise
To lay in tombes oz couples call to fyre as doth before,
I must be burnt if nothing now the gods to wrath may move,
Noz powze from skyes with thunderbolt none strikes the wicked men
Let ye eternall night remayne, and hyde with darknes then
The world about: I Titan naught complaine as now it standes,
If stil thou hyde thee thus away, Atre. now prayle I well my handes, 
Now got I have the palme. I had bene overcome of thee,
Except thou borrow'dst so but now euyn children borne to mee
I comt and now of hyred bed chaft the causeth I do repayse,
Thy. In what offended haue my lons: Atre. In that, that thyne they were
Thy. Sefft thou the tonnes for fathers foode? Atre. I do z (which is best)
The certayne sonne. Thy. The gods that gynde all infantes I protest.
Atre. What wedlock Gods? Th. who would the gylt wy=ylt so quite again?
Atre. I know thy greese prevented now with wyng thou dost complainye;
Po z this thee pikes, that leu thou art with food of cursed kind,
But that thou hadst not it prepar'd so to it was thy mynd,
Such meates as these to let before thy brother wothing naught,
And by the mothers helpe to haue, like wyse my children caught:
And them with luch like to stay: this one thing letted thee,
Thou thought'th them thine. Thy. the gods shall al of this reuengers be
And unto them for vengeance due my vows thee render shall
Atre. But vert to be I thee the whyle, geeue to thy children all.

THE
THE FOURTH SCENE,

Added to the Tragedy by the Translatour.

Thyestes alone.

O

Kyng of Mytis dungeon darke,
and gristy Ghosts of hell,
That in the deepe and dredfull Denne,
of blackest Tartare dwell.
Where leane and pale ypleases lye
where fcare and famyne are,
Where discord stands with bleeding browes,
where every kynde of care,
Where curies light in beds of steale,and heares of crawling snakes,
Where Gozgon grimmie, where harpies are,t lothsome Lymbo lakes,
Where most prodigious byly thynges, the hollowe hell doth hyde,
It yet a monke more myhaps then all that there doe hyde,
That makes his broode his cursed soode,pee all abhoyre to see,
Noy yet the deepe Auerne it selfe,map hyde to cover mee,
Noy gristy gares of Putoes place, yer dare them seluies to sprey,
Noy gaping grounde to swallowe hym,whom Gods and day have kyd:
Yet breake yee out from cursed seates, and heere remayne with mee,
Yee neede not now to be affrayde, the Apye and Heauen to see.
Noy triple headed Cerberus, thou needest not bee affryght,
The day unknowne to thee to see or els the lothsome light.
They both be kyd: and now both dwell none other count’naunce heere,
Then doth beneath the sowleste face, of hatefull hell appeare.
Come see a meetlest match for thee,a moze then monstrous wombe,
That is of his unhappye broode,become a cursed tombe.
Flocke here yee sowleste stedes of hell, and thou O grandlyxe greate,
Come see the glutted guts of myne,with such a kinde of meate,
As thou didst once for Gods prepare.Let toyments all of hel
Now fall upon this hatefull head,that hath deterude them well.
Yee all be plagued wrosefully, your guiles be small, in sight
Of myne,and meete it were your pange on me alone should light.
Now thou O grandester glistleste are, and meeter were for mee,
With seeing loud to be beguilde,and fruite of stickie tree.
Thyestes.

Thou welst thy sonne, but I my sonnes, alas, haue made my meate. I coulde thy lampynge better beare, my pauche is now repelate
With foode: and with my children thysse, my belly is extent.
O filthy foules and gnawyling gripe, that Tyrus boleme rent
Beholde a fitter pay for you, to fill your foules appone
Then are the growing guts of him: soure woundes enwprate in one.
This pauche at once shall fill you all: if yee abhorre the foode,
Noz may your foules abide to bathe in such a culed bloode:
Yet lend to me your clincheing clawses, your pay a while fo'beare,
And with your fallons suffer mee, this monstrous made to teare.
O! whirling weelees, with swinge of which Jxion still is rolde,
Your hookses upon this gluttered gorge, would catche a fitter holde.
Thou filthy floud of Lymbos lake, and Srygian poole to dyse,
From choaked chanell belche abzode, Thou searefull create of Syze,
Spue out thy flames of Phlegethon: and overthred the grounde.
With vomit of thy stypp streame, let me and earth be diownde,
Broke by thou coyle from bottome deepe, and gree thou roome to hell,
That night, where day, ye gholles, where Gods were woor toaigne, may
Why gap't thou not? Why do yee not O gates of hell unfolde? (owlhel
Why do yee thus thinkenall bendes, so long from hence withholde?
Are you likewpse affrayde to see, and knowe to wretched wight,
From whom the Gods have wyde theyr lookes, I turne are to flight?
O hatefull head, whom heauen and hell, have thoonde and left alone,
The Sunne, the flarees, the light, the day, the Gods, the gholles be gone.
Yet turne agayne yee Skyes a while, ere quight yee goe fro mee,
Take vengenece yee on him, whase faulte ensowye yee to see.
If needes yee must your flight prepare, and may no longer hide,
But rolle yee must with you forthyw, the Gods and Sunne a styde,
Yet bowly see: that I at length, may you yet overtake,
While wandying wayes I after you, and speedy leyney make.
By leas, by lands, by woods, by rocks, in darke I wander hall:
And on your wacht, for right rewardes to due dicters, will call.
Yee scape not fro me, yee Gods, still after you I goe,
And vengenece alke on wicked wight, your thunder bolte to thysse.

FINIS.
The Argument.

LAIVS King of Thebes, hadde by his Wyfe and Queene IOCASTA, a Sonne named OEDIPVS: Who being yet in his Mothers Wombe, APOLLO his Oracle pronounced, that by the handes of that childe, King LAIVS the father should bee murthered. The feare whereof caused the King to commaund him to be put to death. The Kings heardman, who had the charge to fee this done, on thone side mouded with compaffion ouer a tender weakeling: and on the other side, afraid to incurre the King his maisters displeaure, contented himselfe onely to boare two hoales through the Infants two feete, and with certayne plyable Twiggis beinge thruft through the fame, hong him vp on a tree by the Heeles; supposing that heereby hee should comit a leffe crime in suffring the childe to perifhe by famine, then in playing the Butcher himselfe. It fortuned, that one PHORBAS heardman to POLYBIVS King of Corynth, passing by that way & hearing a yong Childe crye, went and cut him downe, and caryinge him to Corynth, it so fell out that at length hee was giuen for a pre-

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The Argument.

sent or gyft to MEROPE, Wyfe to the said King POLYBVS. This OEDIPVS afterward going to Thebes, in a certayne sedicious hurly burly in the countrey there, vnwares and vnwitting flewe King LAIVS his Father. About which tyme the City of Thebes, and Countrey there about was meruelously infefted with a monster called Sphinx: who propounding a certaine Riddle, or obscure question to such as pasied that vway, and deuouringe as many, as coulde not assoyle the fame. To him that coulde assoile it and so rid the Countrey from that so vugly and daugerous a monster, the mariage of Queene IOCASTA, and the kingdome of Thebes was promyfed as a recompence: OEDIPVS after many others, taking the matter in hand, assoyled the Ryddle, & flew the möster. Whereupo marying the Queene, not knowing her to bee his owne Mother, had by her foure Chyldren: ETHEOCLES, POLYNICES, ANTIGONE, & ISMENE. In the end, hauing knowledg, how first hee had kylled his Father, and then inceftuoufly maryed his Mother, hee forsooke his kingdome being continually infefted wyth the plague, & (as one aunted to loke any man in the face) pulled out his own Eyes, and hid himselle in corners and solitory places. His Sonnes ETHEOCLES & POLYNICES agreed to raigne enterchaungeably, that is to wit, ETHEOCLES, one yeare, and POLYNICES the other. ETHEOCLES hauing raigned his yeare, refused according to the articles of agrément, to resigne the Crowne to his brother for the next yeare. Whereupo they fel to mortal warres, and in the end meaning by combat to ende the matter, they mutually flew one the other. And note that this Tragedy, was left by the Authour unperfecl, because it neyther hath in it, Chorus, ne yet the fifth Aëte.

The names of the speakers.

OEdipus. Antigone.
Nuntius. IOCASTA.

The first
THE FIRTE
ACTE.

OEdipus. Antigone.

Eare Daughter, into Father blynde
a Staffe of steddy sty,
To weary Syre, a comfort great,
and Guide in all his way:
And whom to have begotten, I
may glad and ispli fill see:
Yet leave me now, dry haplesse Syre,
thus plungde in milyry.
Why seekst thou meanes, still to direct
my stalking steppes aright?
Let mee I pray thee headlong stye
in heaknecke tumbling plight.

I better shal and sooner synde a way my selse alone
To rid mee out of all the thrall wherein I now am thrown.
Whereby both heaven shall eated be, and earth shall want the light
Of mee vile wretch, whom, guilt hath made a most abhorred wight.
Alas, what little trimming tricke hath hitherto bene wrought
By these my hands? what feare of worth or maistry haue I fought?
In deede, they haue me helpt to pull myne eyes out of my head:
So that ne Sunne, ne Hoone I see, but life in darkneffe lead.
And though that I can nothing see, yet is my guilt and cryme
Both scene and knowne, I poynted at, (woe worth the cursed tyne.)
Leaue of thy hold, let lose thy hand, good daughter, let mee goe:
Let foulering foote light where it will, let it (this once) be so.
He trudge, and runne, Ie clkke, and raunge, Ie haste to the hill
Of craggie steepe Cytheron, there I hope to worke my will.
Where eare Aetnion lost his lyke by straunge, and vinctour death,
Whom bawling Dogges, and hunting Hounds bereft of vitall breath:
Where once Ayas (bedlemlyke) ranngd vp and downe the woode
With Sylters hers, entried all with Bacchus raging woode.
And pleasing well her selse in that her fact and mischief done,
Pichht on a Poale the gristy head of him that was her Sonne.

G. Where
Where Zethus with his ruffling Crew of Gallantes young and stout
Dagb, hald, and pull the hateful corps of Dirce, all aboute.
Where bushie bloudied hambles how which way the Bull her drew:
Here where dame Ino from a Rocke her selfe in Sea downe thow.
So that poore mother though she caused t'apoybe one fault by sight:
Yet she thereby a worse procured, while like a leely wight
She borch her selfe and eke her tone from Scyron hurled downe
Entending both her selfe and him in soaming Sea to drowe.
Oh happy, ye thryle happy they, that had to good an hap:
And whomluch mothers pitiful earnest dangled in their lap.
Ye yet there is in these same woods an other place to mee
That's due by right, and rightly may me challenge as his see.
Where I an Infant out was layed, al Fortunes to abide:
I thrythar will direct my course to try what may betrye.
He neither stop ne stay til that I be arryved there,
For guilde I recke not, nyther force by; Stumbling any where.
Why say I thus like dallard drudge to hasten unto it?
Sth wel I know it lotted is to be my grewe and Pit?
Let me myne owne Cytheron mount enjoy in quiet state,
It is myne old and auncient bower appointed me by fate.
I pray thee be not discontent that I should(aged)die,
Euen tharre, where life I shoulde have lost in pueling infancy.
I pled me heere with willing hart unto those tortures all
That earnest to me were due, and which to others haue befall:
To thee I speake O bloudy mount, fierce,cruel, steep e and fell,
As well in that thou sparet me, as that thou some doft quell.
This carion corps,this finful soule,this carcase heare of myne
Long tyne agoone by right good Law and property is thine.
Now yet at length perfourme the hell that earnest enjoynd was
To thee by thole my parents both, now bying their done to passe.
My hart even longely till I may so fully satisfie
By this my death that there beare,that glad I am to die.
Ah Daughter, Daughter, why wouldst thou thus kepe mee gaynst my
In this so bile incestuous loye? thou art but now to kind. mynd?
Oh say me not I thee delire, behold, behold, I heare
My Fathers ghost to bidde mee come apace, and not to seare.
O Father myne I come, I come, now father ease thy rage:
I know(alas)how I abud my Fathers hoary age:
Who had to name King Laius: how hee dorthe fret and sype
To see such lewd disparagement: and none to blame but I.

Thebais
The third tragedie.

Wherby the Crowne blursed is, and he by murther slayned.
And Bastardly incestuous broode in Kingly throne remayned.
And loe, dost thou not playnly see, how he my panting Ghost
With raking paws doth hate and pull, which grieues my conscience
Dost thou not see how he my face becratcher thyant wyle? (most?
Tel mee(my Daughter) hast thou seene Ghostes in such grieuous guise?
Antig.I see t marke each thing ful well, Good father leave this mind,
And take a better if you can: from this your selfe vnwynd.
Oed. O what a heasteow cowardise is in this heaste of myne?
Was I to stout and venturous in pulling out myne Even?
And hall all courage he employd agaynrt one onely part
Of Body, and from other partes hall valour wholly start?
Let none of all these pulling trickses noz any saint excuse
Thus daunt thy spirits, let no delay to bataenes thee endure:
Dispatch at once,why linger I, as one thatts loth to dye?
Why liue I? ist because I can no longer mischeuues trye?
Yes that I can, wretch though I be: and therefoze tel I thee,
Deare Daughter, that the sooner thou mightest hence depart from mee.
Depart a mayd and Virgin hence, for feare of afterclaps:
Since villany to Mother shewe, its good to doubt mishaps.
Anti. No force, no power, no violence, hall make me to withdraw
By dury unto thee my Spire, to whom I bow myne awe.
I will not be disheartned, ne pulled from thy lyde
I will attit thee, whole that breaste hal in this Breast abyde.
By Brothers spayne let them contend, and right for Princely dwayne
Of wealth? Thebes: where wyllom raignd King Labdackemany a day.
The greatest hare and portion that I do loke to haue
Out of my Fathers Kingdome, is my Fathers lyfe to laue.
Him neither shall Etheocles my elder brothor take
Away from mee, who now by force the Thebane realme doth rake.
He Polynices, who as now is Bulstring men apace
From Argos Land: with ful entent his brothor to displace.
Po,though ye world went all on wheeles:though Iowe should fro above
Hurle flaming flakes upon the Earth, all hall not quaye my Ione.
Po,though his thumping thunderbolt(when wee together stand)
Should light betweene vs, whereas we are plighted hand in hand
Yet wil I neuer thee for take, but hold my hand fast still:
Therefore its booteles father beare, to countermaund my will
In this my full resolued mynd. Forbid me if you please,
But surely I wil be your guide in weale, woe, hole, theale.

G 2. And
Thebais

And maugre all your sharpe reproches (though much against your mind)
I wil direct your steppes and gate, that you your way may fynd:
Through thick & thinne, through rough and smooth wull I be at an yne
In hill and dale, in wood and greve, Ile serve at eu'ry pinch.
If that you goe where daunger lies, and seeke your owne annoy,
You shull wel pynue, that I to leade the daunger will not be cop
Adye your selse therfore, of twayne to which I gynde shull be:
By count is cast, I am ful bent with you to live and die.
Without me perishe can you not: but with me, wel you may,
It booreth not, in other sort to moue me ought to lye.
Here is an huge Piamontoy that elboes into Sea
Let vs from thence throw downe our selues, and worke our last decay,
If that ye wil. Here also is a shiny Rockefeller helpde,
Which if you pleave that serue our turnes: Here be heauen with the ryde
Bee raggy Cliffs, let's goe to them: Here runnes a gulphy streame
With force afoye it dplying stones as bigge as mountaine beame.
What say you? shall we drench our selues within this fomy Flood?
Goe where you will, take which you list, do as you demean it good.
Conditionally that I may first receyue the wound of death:
I recke no wht, I reade stand to yeld by vitall breath.
I neither drawe you nor force: but euyn as best you thinke
So doe, so deale. Would you to layne Deathes bitter cup to drinke?
My lord, and Father, take you death to pleasure a boone to bee?
If that you dye (this I assur) die first you shall me see.
If life in shew more pleasaunt sene, if so you rather chuse,
I am to wapte upon you stil, and never wil refuse.
But chaunge this mynde wherein you rest, take hart a grace, and show
The noble manisnity that earst in you did show:
Resist these panges, subdue these dumpes by valour of the mynd,
Let mansly courage qualifie these your affections bynd.
This great disbond ye must to peele your selse to dolo thyall,
No styme of aduerse hap thus ought a Prince hast t'appall.
Oedip. This geare turmounteth far the reach of my capacity:
I am astonn'd, I seeke my selse rapt with an extasie,
Is this not wonder of so lewd, and of so curst a tree
Such fruite to growe? of graceles Syze so good a child to see?
Is it nor strange that in a house diisaynd in villany
Such noble shew of towardnes and bernous gystes should lye?
Let me come (speak to thee direct, dame Fortune:) how haps this
That here my daughter to unlike to wretched father is?
The third tragedie.

43

Degenerating from his steps, and with such vertue fraught,
As in her Fathers cured house the newer yet was taught?
Is it (I pray thee)credible, that out of me should spring
Such virtue, as should gruen be to any honest thing?
No truly, no: it cannot bee (my fates ful well I know)
None such, (unlike to doe me scan, and mischief) would be so.
Tenebrace the heape of myne annoy no strange effect hall want.
Dame Nature in her Creatures will new affects emplant.
The Kyuer shall returne his cours to Hauntes agayne,
And Phæbus Lamp shall bring the Night, and Night hall day remain,
So that my grievous miseries with surpluage may grow.
But be as tis: I foy a wholly will play my part also,
And heu some sparkes of piety, my fault to counteruyle:
With murdrous knife, my woful dares to end I will not sayle.
The onely helpe for Oedipus, the onely saftety is
To vvide himelace, and to redeeme that Vellish fact of his.
Let mee take vengeance on my felie for myges to father donne,
Whose Death is yet unexpress, by mee his cured sonne.
Why dost thou shake and tremble thus thou hand, not good sox ought?
Why staggerst thou to stabbe him in, who dyse to spoyle hath brought?
That punishment which hetherco by pulling out myne eyes
Thou haft inflicted on me, is but as a lacrype,
Of guerdon due for billany which I committed haue
With mother myne. Now Daughter forete, leau of perences haue,
Alledge no gloes: but with speede let goe thy Fathers hand:
Thou makst me die a lingering death within this loathed land.
Thou thinke? I am alive, but I am dead long while agoe:
To this my hateful Corps at length the rytes of Bucacial shou.
Thou meane well, (I know) but yet therin thou dolt offend:
Though colour for thy piety I see thou dolt pretend.
But piety it cannot be, to hangge thus up and downe
Thy Fathers Corpses unburied through City, Field, and Towne.
For see that doth enforce a man agaynt his will to dye:
And he that slayeth him that would slayne dye, most willingly,
Are both alike in equall fault, and stand in egall plight.
To hinder one that would be dead is murthyng him outright.
Yet not so great as thyster is. I would be more content
To have my death commended me, then from me to be hent.
Duel from this thy purpose (Gayd) thy lyce and death both are
To dispose at my liberty, with choyse to spill or space.
Thebais

I willingly resign the Crowne of Thebans tople: yet I
Do still retain upon my selde the enupy Soueraugnye.
If I may make accost of thee as of a trusty seere,
And true compagion at allayes: deliver euens heree
Into thy Fathars hand a Swearde: but tell me, doft thou reach
The Sword embewd in fathars blood, wherewith my Sonnes empeach
The course of Law, possessing it and kingdome all by force?
Where so it is doubt is there none, but cleane without remove
There bee the foadgates opned wyde, to al licentious lyft,
And thristelte trades: If al my Clayme therein do take in dut,
And cleane forlake. Let both my Sonnes by Legacy enjoy
The same, wherewith they surely shall continue no final annoy.
For mee pyle rather by a stacke of wood let all on fyre,
That I therein may thust my selde: that is my chiefe despye:
And make an end at once of all this carrion Tarkalle pyle.
Where is the surging wanous Sea? why lay I all this whyle?
Byng mee to some stiepe breaknecke fall: byng mee where Iamene floyd
With twyst and hozend course both runne, byng mee wyetas my blood.
With goaryng push of sauge besteles may out be let at once.
To some Gulfe byng mee, where the fall and tide may crush my Bones.
If needes thou wilt my gynde remayne, as oft thou dost me tell
Byng mee that am disposed to dy, where Sphinx that Wonders tell
With double shape appoted them that passed by the way,
Propounding Riddles intricate, and after did them lay.
There would I bee, that place I seeke: thy Fathars thyther bying
Into that Wonders Cabin dirc thy Wondrous Fathars thing.
That though that Wonders be dispachet, the place may bee supplyde
With one as badde or worse then bee: there wil I sarrow and wyde
In tearnes obscure repozt and tell my heavie luckistle lot.
The mysteries whereof the hearers understandeth not.
Gentle care to that which I had speake, marke thou Assyrian bozne,
Consider this thou Thebene, where Duke Cadmus men were toynce
And layne in wood by Serpentes rages: where Dirce feely trull
In humble sort at Aulter lies: aduert my tale at full
Thou, that in Lacedaemon dwelles, and honyst Caftors grace,
And Polyx eke, two brenthyn twynnes, fynd out this doubftful case.
O! thou that dwelst in Elis towne o2 by Parnassus hill,
O! thou that tillst in Boetia ground, there reaping gayne at wil.
Hearke, listen well, and stantly lay, if ever heretofore
That murderous monster Sphinx of Thebes that men in pieces tore,

In all
The third tragedie.

In all his riddles ask't the like, or of so strange a sort?
Or whether so insolubly his ternes he cold report?
The Sonne in Lawe to Grandfather, the Rial of his Syre:
The Brother of his little Babes: to Brethren, father dire:
The Grandmother at every byrth to Husband (graceles Else)
Brought forth a Sonne or Daughter, which was Nephew to her selfe.
How say you Sphinx in Rybble darke, who hath so good insight,
That able is the tenehe hereof unfold and tell aright?
As for my selfe, although the Sphinx I whylome put to toyle:
Yet myne owne heavy bessenie I scarcely can asfoyle.
Why doth thou (Daughter) Labour loose in blyng further speech?
To alter this my Sony hart why doth thou mee beleech?
I tel thee playne, I fully meane this blood of myne to spille.

That long with death hath struggling kept: and thereupon I will
Defend to darke internall Lake: for this came darknes blynd
Of both myne eyes is nothing such, as fact of myne should lynd.
It were my Blisse to see in Hell in deepst dungeon last:
How that which should long since haue bene, I wil perfome at last.
I cannot be debard from Death: wilt thou deny me glaue
Or sword, or knife: wilt thou no toole for mischief let me haue?
Wilt thou both watch and warke each way, where daunger lies in wayte?
Shall such a sinfull Captive wryth as I, be kepe to straite?
Wilt thou not suffer me with Coard to breake my hatefull Necke?
Cant thou kepe mee from ypoisonous herbes? haft thou them at beek?
What shall it thee preeple to take for mee such carnest care?
Death ehe where is: and wayes to death in thousand corners are.
Herein hath God good order tane, that every selfe doe,
Day take away an others life: but Death shee cannot do.
I leke not anye toole to haue: this desparate mynd of myne
Can ble the leuice of my hand, my thredde of lyke t'怨wine.
How hand, thy master at a pitch alway to worke his scare,
Help him with all thy power and strengthe, t'exploite his purpose great.
I poynte thee not in this my Corps unto one place alone:
Alas, each part of me with guilt is plaunce and overgrowne.
In which overseer part thou wilt, thy Maffacre beginne,
And seek to bring me to my death which way thou mayst it winne.
In pieces crush this body all, this hart that harbors sinne
Pluck out, out all my entrails pull, proceede, and neuer linne
To gath and cut my wezand pype, By baynes adorer scrathe,
And make the Blood come spowting out, or else that other match.

G 4.

Which
Thebais

Which heretofore thou miscd haste: digge where myne eyes eart good?
And let these woundes gush out aparc much mastry lith and blood.
Vas out of mee this loathed soule that is so hard and stout:
And thou deare father Laius stand vp and looke about:
Behold where ever that thou standst: I impyre doe the make,
And eyed Judge of all my plagues that insty here I take.
My Face so lewde, so horrible, so loathsome to bee tolde
I never thought with any pyre or tormentes manifolde
Could have full expiation: ne thought I it enough
To die this death: or in one part to be daunted through.
By piecemall I am well content to suster tormentes all
And even by piecemall so to die: so plagues to plague mee call.
Exact the punishment that's due: I here most ready stand
To larifile with any death that law and rightre hath stand.
My former sinartes, when as mine eyes I raked out with paves,
Were but as tales of larisft, some what to helpe my caufe.
Come thereforse (Farter) nearer to mee, and thrust this hand of myne
Boze nearer into every wound. It swer & deid did decline
For fear, when first it took th'allay mine eyes to ramlake out.
I heare it still in memory, my eyes then starde about
And seemed to dissuade the hand from doing of the charge
Where to it was enjoyned tho, and had Commission large.
Thou shalt well think that OEdipus dissimbleth not a whit
But what his word hath warranted, his deede hath firmly quit.
Thy stoutnes then, was not so great when eyes thou pulledst out
As was thy manhood, when thou rewevst them from thee round about.
Now, by thase Eyesales thoust thy hand into the very braine:
That part where death attempted was, let death be sought againe.
AN. Unbaunted Pyrnce, most noble Syre, with humble mynde I sue
That I your Daughter may be holde to blste some speech to you:
And that you would with patience digest my poyze advise:
My lute is not to diaw your minde to thinges, that eare in poyce
You highly held, ne to the view of glittering Pallace olde,
De baniety of your noble Realm, scarce able to bee tolde:
But that you would these yeeful lites, by tract of time now quasiule,
With patient minde sustayne and beare: this vertue never saylde
In any Pyrnce of such a spight as in your noble Grace
Appearancek byghe: it liteshy not that such should once abase
Themselves as thyallies to Sorrows cheere, or once the conquest yeelde
to aduerse hap: or courage loose lyke daftardes in the fielde.

It is
The third tragedy.

It is no praye, spy, though perhapses you to your reckoning cast
To make of lyfe to small account, and thus to bee agast
At every waggling of a leaf, and toberstome my pinchaunce:
No, no, its vertue in such case high courage to advaunce.
And when things are at worst, to shew true magnanimites:
Not lyke a Boycocke, cowardly at eche alarme to sse.
See that hath tribe all fortunes spight and worldly wealth despisde,
And constant hath boynce all bunttes that are to be deviide,
See thinks no caule hath, why he needes to ende his breathing dayes
With hinhelle in grave: to why, flaccke cruens bee such wapes.
But as so; him, thats drencht in hole and wapte in carking care,
Whose penique plight can be no worse, no talet of lower face,
That man hath caule well pleaide to be: sth hee in safety standes,
And pikes hard pat, and now is free from feare of further handes.
Put case the Gods would weane the webbe of further woe to thee,
What more can any of them doe thy grieces to amplifie?
Say, thou thy sellye, (although thou wouldst) canst adde thereto no moze,
Unlesse thou thinke thy selte, to have defered death therefore.
And yet, thou are not worthy death: my reason is, because
Through ignoanence thou didst a fact contrary to the lawes.
And therfore Father thinke your selte most guiltlese in the case,
And (maugre Gods) stand on your garde, my counself sound enbrace:
For doubtlesse you an innocent are deem'de and thought to bee,
And are in deede: what makes you thus in bumpes and dolesfull glee?
What caule to great shoulde so enchaunt your conscience, and your wits,
To selleke your owne decay and sloyle: what meanes saint hearted fits?
That this in hale you would to saine abandon this your lyfe
And goe to hell, where torment dwellles and gristy ghostes bee yse.
You would not see Sun, Moone, ne Starre: no moze you can: your eyes
Are blynd: you saine would leave your Court, and Countires mileuries.
Why so you may, and to you doe. These all are put to facke,
That now alsyue, as well as dead you feele of tislye the lacke.
You see from Mother, Wyse, and Chylde, you see no man alsyue:
What moze can death dispaire away but life doth now despue?
your lords, your knights, your courtly traine, your kingly state & crowne
Your grannid Allaces, your waigthy charge is gone: & bought adowne.
From whom, fto what, do you thus see. Edi, fto none but fto my selte
Who have a breast full fraught with guiltie: who, weighted carissile Else
Have all embuide my hands with blood, from these apace I see
And from the heauens and Gods therein: and from that villanie
Which I
Thebais

Which I most wicked wretch have wrought. Shall I tread on thys
Or am I worthy so to doe, in whom such trickes abound? (ground?
Am I to have the benefite of any Element?
Of Ayre for breath, of water moist, or Earth for nourishment?
Or Slaue for lodging, O beastly wretch, O Incestmonger byle,
Or Carter most detestable, O Paylaurte full of guile.
Why doe I wish polluted Fyr, and bloody paws presume
To touch the chalk and comely hand? I smite, I fret, I sume
In hearing any speake to mee. Ought I heare any tell
Or once of Sonne or Father speake, whyt I did Father quell?
Would God it were within my power my Sences all to stop,
Would God I could thele Cares of myne, even by the stumps to crop.
If that might bee then (daughter) I should not have heard thy boype.
I, I thy Syre, that thee begor by most insectuous choice.
Bergetting of thee, makes my crymnes noe then they were before:
Reinsole thereof doth gnaw and grype my conscience moxe and moxe.
Oblivies that which myne Eyes not see, with Cares that doe I heare,
And of my Facts afose tyme done the inward wound I heare.
Why is there stay made of my doome? Why am I spard so long?
Why is not this blind head of myne thouwne damned ghoosts among?
Why rest I on the Earth, and not among infernall Sprights?
Why pester I the company of any mortall Wightes?
What myscliefe is there moxe behind? to apprauate my care?
My Kindome, Parents, Children, Wit and Virtue qualed are
By sturdy myrnes of crooward Fate: nothing remaynde but teares,
And they bee dyde, and Eyes be gon: my hardned heat foerersees
Such ligne of grace: leaue of therefose, and make no more ado:e
A minde so mated with dispaye no leuyres will stowepe into.
I pratize some strange punishments agreeing to my deede:
But what proportion can bee found of plagues unto my meede?
Whole Fortune euer was so bad? I was no sooner borne,
But leely Infant Judge I was in peaceces to bee toyne.
My mother in whole wombe I lay, forth had not meer yet brought
And yet euen then I feared was: and straight my death was fought.
Some Babes loose after they bee borne, by stroke of death depart:
But I poore soule, before my byth adjudged was to darte
Of death: come yet in Mothers wombe, ere any light they see
Doe take the diut of halty Fate, while Innocents they bee.
Apollo by his Dacre pronounced sentence dye
Upon mee being yet unboyned, that I vnto my Syre

Should
The third tragedy.

Should heastly parricide commit: and thereupon was I
Condemned straight by Father's doome, by Feete were by and by
Launede through, through with y'6 Pins: hangde was I by y'6 Heelles
Upon a Tree: my dwelling plants the prince thereof yet leele:
As pay to Beakles, cast out also, to examine they greedy Lawes
In Mount Cytheron, and to fill the griping [U]lser's Pawes.
Such Sauce to talt full lyke was I, as others heeretice
Descended of the royall Sangue, with smart (perfoze) have boze.
But see the chance: I thus condemn'de by Dan Apollos hett
And cast to beaks by Father's doome, and every way distrelt,
Could finde no death: no death on mee durst leyze his lordly Pawe,
But fled from mee, as though I had not beene within his Lawe.
I devised the Oracle, with wicked hand I kilde
Wyne owne deere Father, and inuwares his guiltlesse bloud I spilde.
Shall any satiastion redence to bile an Acte?
May any kinde of Piety purge such a Sane onfoll fact?
I restless not contented thus. For Father beeing Blayne,
I fell in linkes of labollese Love with Mother: Oh what payne
And grudge of minde sullaynde I there? in thinking on the lame,
To tell our wicked wedlocke Poeake, I loath, I blush, I shame.
I may not well this geare conceale, Ie tell it: out it shall:
Though to my Shame it much redund, it may augment my thall.
I will display strange villanies, and them in number many,
Hest beastlike parts, most lewde attempts, to bee abhorr'de of any.
So filthy, and so monstrous, that (sure I thinke) no Age
Will them believe to have bene done: so cruel was my rage,
That even ech enqrathe Paccide thereat may be ashamed
To heare it nam'de: and with disdain straight wayes will be enslamde.
By handes in Father's bloud emblobe to Father's Bed I brought.
And hauie with Mother myne, his Wife, incestuous practice sought.
To mylesie adding mylcsie more: I wote my fault to Sire,
Is slander in comparsion: my gracelesse fond desire
Could not bee staide, till solemnely the mariage Knot was knit
Twirt mee and Mother myne, alas for want of grace and wit.
How plunde au I in mylcsie still? how is the measure fell
Of hoyses bile, which doe my minde and heart abnder pull?
And least the heape of these my woes might seeme to bee too skant,
My Mother (be my Wyfe that is) pone illue doth not want.
Can any crime in all the World noxe havous be furnishde?
If any may: by wicked Impe's the lame I hauie deuilde.

My Realme
Thebais

My Realme and Crowne I have resign'd, which I received as hyge
For murthering most unnaturally the king, my Lord, and Spye,
Which Crowne now since, twixt both my lones hath kindled mostall
And all the courteous by the ears remains at deadly saue.
I know ful wel what defences to this same Crowne belongeth.
Done without Blood the same shall weare, and most accursed wrongs.
This mynd of myne (who Father am)preseth many ills:
And gloomy daies of slaughter dyse: the ple that murther willies,
Already is contnu'd and cast: all truth of word and deed
Is quight exild, al promise broke of pacres aloze decreed.
Ethoocles, thone of my lones who now in princely thynne
Beares all the saue, meanes stil to kepe the Diadem alone.
Poize Polynices this other lonne:thys beyng disposed,
And kept by force from Kingly rule this humble sire addrest,
Unto the Gods this wrong to weake, this breach of league and oth
Tauenge and plague: he Argos coyle and Greekish Cityes both
Periwades t'aukt him in this warre, this quarcl to mayntayne:
That he in Thebes (as promife was) might have his turne to raygne.
The rynge that to wearied Thebes shall greecuously befall
And bring the pompous lare therof adowne, shall not be small.
Fire, sword, glaue, wouds, thee back'th things, that light into their thare,
And that ere long: and mischiefes worke (if any worke there are)
And this shall hap, that all the wyzde may know: it is the rase
And ylde of a curied Syze that darraynges such a cace.
Though other causes none there were to move you (sc) to live,
Yet is this one sufficient, that you by awe may hyge
Your lones my Brehzyn taising thus to knyty and peace:
For you their Father only may they: suyres caute to ceased.
You and none els may turne away thecaustions of this warre:
These hysnice youreles from further rage you onely may debarre.
By this your meanes the courtyr shall their quiet peace enjoy
And Brehzyn joyntly reconcilid hal worke no more annoy.
If you threfore this moztall life thus to your selke deny:
You many thoulandes hal under, whose lares on you velte.
Oed. What? canst thou make me to beleue, that any spark of grace
Of love to Syze, or honesty in them hath any place,
Which thrist for one an others blood, which after kingdones gape,
Whose whole delight is villany, warre, murther, guile and rape?
Such hatefull ympes on mischief se, such wicked Termagautres,
As to be lones of such a Syze with shame may make their vauntis.

At

96
The thirde tragedie.

At one bare word to tel thee all: thy brethren two are bent
Upon all mischief, waything not what loosenes they frequent.
When Kinghayne rage enflits their heads, they care not they a rush
Upon what Deuelish bile attempts them they give the delphiat push.
And as they are conceau’d and borne in most abhorred sort,
So still dewyde of Grace they thincke all villany but spoit.
They? Fathers shame and wretched state moves them no whet at all,
To Countrie they no reckning make what massacre befall.
Their mynde are raunny with despze ambitiously to raygne,
I know their disrest, and what they hope at length by mistes to raygne.
And therefore by the cafe so standes I leyker had to die
With poasting speede whyple in my house there is none worse then I.
Ahlas, deare Daughter what aye doest thou about me make?
Why liest thou prostrate at my knees; why dost thou travaile take,
To conqueyr my resolued mynde with this thy spiced phrase
Of layre entreatie: these thy wordses my lynty hart amaze.
Dame Fortune hath none other bapte to bizing me to her lure
Then this alone: til now I still vibanquishd did endure.
No Creatures words but thyne alone could pearece this hart of myne,
He from a purpose resolute my lerled mynde butwyne.
Thou conqueyr canst thaffections fond that in my brest do Boyle,
Thou teacheft grace to fathers house, and seale to natuere foyle.
Each thing to me delightful is which jumper with thy wil:
Command me (Daughter) I thy heltes am ready to fulfill.
Old Oedipus if thou enioyme, wilt palle thy Aegæan Sea:
And flashing slakes of Aetna Mount, with mouth he dare assay.
He boldly dare obiect himselfe to rampung Dragons claw
Which rag’d, & swheldand venine spit apace, when as he law
Dan Hercules away to seale his golden Aples all
In Gardens of Hesperides. At thy command, he shall
His Entrailes offer unto robbe of greedy Cultures Byl:
At thy command, content he is in life to linger still.

THE
THE SECONDE

Nuntius.  OEdipus.
Antigone.  Iocasta.

Renowned Prinse, of royall Race
and Noble lygne pyponge:
The Thebans dreading much the dist
of this your childrens thponge,
And warlike garboyle now in hand,
most humbly pray your Grace
For Countreys safety, downe to let some order in the case.
They bee not threats and menaries that thus their mindes afferight:
The mischief is more neere then so: the Enny is in sight.
For Polynices he that is your younger sonne of twayne,
Both clayme the crowne, and in his turne in Thebes requires to caigne
According unto cownaunts made: which quarrell to decide
Hec purpofeth the dent of word, and martiall force t'abide,
With him he brings a mighty Troupe from euery part of Greece,
Sir,seven Dukes,beseing Thebes are minded it to Steele.
Helle noble King,els are wee lyke to perisse man and chylde,
These bloody hylples of ciuill warre from vs protect and hyelde.
OEdi. Am I one like to stop the rage of any wicked act?
Am I one like to cause these Southes to leave their bloody fact?
Am I a maister like to teach what lawes of loue do meane?
Should I not then from former guile digresse in nature clean?
They treade their Fathers steps aright,they play my lawelesse pranke:
Like Syze,like Sonnes,like Tree,like fruite: I con the harty thanks:
By this I know them for my Sonnes,and plaise their towadnese:
I would they should by penuish partes,whose Sonnes they be,expresse.
Show forth you noble Gallante ympes, what merled minds you beare,
Show forth by deedses your valor great,let lofty spights appeare.
Surmount and dimme my pyples all,Eclypse my glowy quight:
Attempt some enterprise in which your Syze may have delight
To have till now remaynd in life: hcreof I have no doubt:
For well I know your practice is strange leares to bring about.
Your byth and ligne from whence you sponge,assures me of no leffe
Such noble Bloudes must needes archeive some doughty worthynesse.

Your
The thirde tragedie.

Your Weapons and Artillery for warre bring out with speede,
Consume with flame your native Soyle, and desolation by speede
In ev'ry houle within the Land: a hurly hurly make
Confusedly of ev'ry thinge. Make all the Realme to quake,
And in exile they days let end: make leuell with the ground
Eche fenced Foyt and walled Towne: The Gods and all confound,
And throw their Temples on their heads: Their Images deface,
And melt them all: turne up and downe eche house in ev'ry place.

Burne, spoyle, make haucke, leave no iote of City free from sype,
And let the flame begin his rage within my Chamber dye.

Ats, banish these unpatient panges, let plagues of Common wealth
Encreate your Grace, seth upon you slayeth all their hope and health.
Procure your tonnes to reconcile themselves, as brothers ought,
Establish peace betwene them both, let means of love be sought.

Ed. Oh daughter, see and well beholde howe I to peace am bent?
And how to end these garboses all I see'm full well content?
My minde (I tell thee) dwell with thee: within my entrailes boyles
Abundant store of Choller fell: such restelle rage turnpyles
My inward Soule, that I must yet some greater matter biew:
Which may the Realme enwrap in bale, and caule them all to rue.
That which my cage and heady tonnes have hitherto began
Is nothing in respect of that which must by me be don.
This euill warre is nothing like to that which I devise:
These trisling boyles for such a Sea of harmses cannot suffice.
Let brother cut the brothers throate with murtherous knife in hand:
Yet is not this ynoough to purge the mischiefes of this land.
Some hapnous Fact, unheard of yet, some detestable deede
Must praclifie bee: as is to mee, and myne by Fates decreed.

Such custome haunts our cursed race: such guise our house hath caught:
My vile incestuous Bed requires, such pageants to be wzaught.
To me your Father Weapons teach, my selfe heere let me throwe
In course of these quenchy wooddes: and let me be allowde
To lurke behinde this Craggy Rocke, or els my selfe to hyde
On backside of some thicksett hedge: where lying buseside,
I hearken may what marketfolkes in palling to and froe
Do talke: and what the countrey Clownes speake, as by way they goe.
There (tych with eyes, I cannot see) with cares yet may I heare
How cruelly my Sonnes by warre do one the other reare.

A fortunate and happy Dame Agaue may be thought,
Who (though with bloody hands) her sonne to fatall death she brought,
And from the shoulders, chopt his head, and bore the same about
In bloody hand, at Bacchus feast withall th'inspired rout
Thebais

Of carvissers, quartering poole: Pentheus mangled hymnes;
Though this her cruel fate, somewhat her commendation hymnes:
Yet even in these her phrantick sighs she mayde her selfe in time
From further harme, not adding more to aggraine her crime.
My guilt were light, if I had not some others guilty made:
And yet is this but matter light: I tooke a viler trade.
For, brother, I am unto those that in all vice excel,
And who in most abhorr'd sinnes condignely beare the bell.
To all my woes and mysteries there wanted onely this,
That I should love my Countreyes foe, who Polynices is.
Three snowy Wynters passed are, and Summer's three be gone,
Since he an eelde wretche abroade hath lead his lyfe in moane:
And sought his bread among the freeminds: till now compell'd perforce
His craving reliefe of Grecish Kings, on him to have remoyle.
Her married hath the Daughter of Adrastus, who at hecke
Rules: Argue people, staving them with awe of Princeely checke:
And he t'advauance his done in law to his most lawfulfull right
Wth with him brought from seuen Realmiues a warlike True to fight.
What doome I should in this caine geue, which lyde I wish to winne,
I cannot tell: my minde amaze'd, yet doubtfull rells therein.
The one of my Sonnes (as right it is)requiues the Crowne as due:
I knowe it to accoued was: his caule is good and true.
But in such fort, by force of Armes to redeembe the same,
Is ill and most un自然all, herein he is to blame.
What shall I doe, what may I lay? I mother am to both:
And thus my Sonnes at deadly fewdre to see I am full lory.
Without the breach of mother zcke I can no way deuice:
For what good hap I wishe to th'one, thence th'other's harme both rise.
But though I love them both alwayke, yet lye my heart enuyes
To him that hath the better caule: though wronged thus, he pynes:
As one by crowning fortune thistle from piller unto post:
His Credite, Countrey, friendes, and wealth, and treacle being lost.
The weake side I will support, and further al I can,
Vpst mercy always should be shewde unto th'oppressed man.
NV. While Madame, you waymeting here, your heavy plaints declare
And waste the time, my Lords your Sonnes in raunged batayle are:
Eche Captaine bright in Armenian standes, the Trumpeter sounds amain,
And Standard is advanc'd, amid the thronge of eynther traine.
The marshall ray full pelt to fight stand feuen worthy Kynges:
And ech of them a warlikee troupe of valiant Souldiers hynges.

Wyth
The third tragedie.

With courage not behond the bell, the Thebanes marche apace:
And like right purpse of Cadmus byood, do stely at Ennise face.
The Souldiers force and willingnes on eryther side to fight,
Appeares: in that they nothing lesse pretend them shamefull flight.
See how their traampling to and froe, the dust to Skies both rare,
And what a Cloud of Smoke in Campse the horses make t'appear.
And if my feare dismay me nor: If all be true I see:
We thinke I see their glittering glaues beyond with blood to bee.
We thinke I see the Toward thrill and shake their Pikes in hand:
We thinke I see the Cypons gay and Streamers where they stand:
Wherein is wrought by curious skill, in Letters all of Gold
The Scorthion, Poetic, Pame and Armes of every captayne bold.
Make halfe be gone, disparse,(Madame) Call Beathyen to agree:
Berwyrt them star this Quarell, lest a daughter great ye see.
So hall ye to your Children lone, to each lyde peace restode:
The mothers mediation may heale by all the Soare.

THE THIRDE
ACT E.

Antigone. Iocasta.
Nuntius.

Dast, poast, be gone, and trudge sore life:
Queen mother make no stay:
That twryt my Brothers, perfect league
And truce continue may.
You that be Mother to them both,
Vfe your autocrayy.
Out of their handes their weapons Wyse,
And make them warres decline.
Your bared Breastes which once they luck,
hold out amid their Swordes:
Beare of the hunte of all their blowes, or end this warre with wordes.
loc. Thy talke I like, I wil be gone: Ise goe with might and mayne:
This head of myne I searpard wil,betwene them to be slayne.
In thickest thronge of all the Troupes I purposed am to stand,
And try what grace, 0 euerely cenvaynes in eyther Bande.
If Brothers beare malicious invades each other to subdue,
Let them first onset gene on mee, and me to death pursue.

Q. If
Thebais

If either of them be endued with any spark of grace,
Or Nature's lawes or Skill all way dourk any whit embace,
Let him at Horest's suite lay downe his Pikes and glaues of warre,
And weapons of hostilite let him abandon warre.
And be that cancear'd stomache bares his Brother there to quell,
Forgetting Nature,let him first with me his Brother mell.
These heady youthes from further case I seele Tract wil slaye:
Wittingly will not behold such mischicke carpe sway.
Or if I like to see the same, it that not bee alone.

Ant. The Standardes are displayd in field, the Ennemyes are prone
To fall to Fight: the clashing noyse of weapons heare you may.
Such murther, death, and dreadfull dule,cannot be far away.
Their King hartes goe mollify, with sugred termes perishade
Their willest myndes O Queene,before they furiously inuade
The one the other: ponder see how they in armour bight
Betwixt themselves from place to place: (O dire and dismall Fight.)
By trickling rearees, my blubbering Eyes, may put you out of doubt
That all is true which I have sayd: looke, looke, how all the route
Of either part dourk slowly march as loth (belike) to trye
By dent of Sword so strange a case: But both my brothers hee
Apace, to grapple force to force, and ioyne with handy blowes:
This day will breede the bitter smart of ever during dores.

(aize?)
loc. What whiclewynd twist might I procure to bear me through the
What monsterous stying Sphinx wil helpe,that I were quickly there?
Of all the Bydes Stymphalides(with wingses so huge and large)
That Phoebus rapes they shadowed quickt wil any take the charge
To carpe mee to ponder place? what rauenous Harpye Bird
With blye talentes all with blyth, and dirty dung belucre,
(Which hungresatred King Phineus,that had put out the Eyes
Of children his) wil at this pinch a meane for me demyle,
That I alfoe may howsled bee, and with al syde he set,
Where ponder cruel armes two in open field be met?
Nunt. Shee runnes apace, like one of wit and senses all distract:
No Arrow twiter out of Bow: no Ship with Sayle full thwackt
With wynd at will noyse way can make:with motion such shee eyes
As gliding Star whose leames do drawe a farrow longe in Skyes.
As much agast the trottes apace: and now in Campe she standes:
Her presence and arrivaall there hath paced both the Bandes.
At mothers great entreaty made, the blody bysole is hust:
And where before with goynge Glawe the one at thother pulht,
With ful entreat to kill and slay, appeald is now their yze

And
The third tragedie.

And they well pleaded to bend to peace, as the doth them require. The Sward agayne in death is put, that lately out was drawne To pay our Hypnes or Brother's Sceul: the ceaseth not to lawne Upon them both, their strike to smite: her gray and hoary hairs, Her snow whyte lockes with tears belpint in ruthful lore the teares. She Motherlike seekes how to linke their haries in one allent, With bygnish teares she wettes the cheeks of him that is malcontent. That Child that starvynge longe doth stand, with mother to dispute, May seeme unwilling mynd to beare to yeeld to Brother's lute.

THE FOURTH ACTE.

Iocasta. Polynices.

Gaynst mee onely turne the force of wreckly Sward and hyre: Let all the Yorches with one accord repay to me that hyre, That earnde I haue by due deserte: let both the gallant Band Of them that come from Argos byyle, and them of Thebane Land Come runne upon me all at once: let neither freend ne foe Refrayne a whit his blodye blade at this my wounde to throw. This wounde, this wounde, wherein I haue these wilful Bresthen here Begot by hym that was my sonne, and eke my wedded sere. Dismembre this my Body hyre: cast all my lymines abyde: I am their mother: child wife thoues for them I once abode. You two, my sonnes, neede I to speake, to wil you leave your yze? If not your partex, in such a case t'accomplish my desye? Will you not plight the faithful league of true and perfect love? Will you not joyntly quarrel all at Brother's lute remoue? That this shalbe as I requent, come, geue me both, your handes Whyte yet they byndfreyndd be, and cleane from further standes. What eympe you heretofore haue done, agaynst your wil it was. And at that spot which saynes your fame, by Fortune came to passe.

P. 2.
Thebais

This haynous Act, this franticke coyle you can no wise excuse:
But wittingly and willingly sound counsell yee refusse.
It resteth free within your choyse:of these tace which yee list:
It peace delight foe mothers sake this babbling boyle buttwit.
If such a lewde outrage as this noxe pleasant seene to bee:
Behold, the same and greater too yee may commit on mee.
Who being mother, heere oppose my selfe hewene you twayne:
Ere you do one an other kill, I needs must first be slayn.
Take either therefore quight away this strange ungodly iarre.
Or if you will not: mee disparch, who say your wished warre?
Ahash in this my pensure plight to whom should I dyrect
My piteous plaint, and earnest spyre: to whom might I detect
Myne inward griefe, and throbbed heart? which of them were I best
To encounter first and fast embrace, to bleeve my surest rest?
I love them both euin equally, affection like I heare
To either party: mother fond and parciall els I weare.
The one of them these three yeares space hath lye'd in banishment.
But if all counaunts may be kept,as at the first was ment,
The other now as turne both fall, must trudge an otherwhile,
And learne to know what tis to lute to long in like exile.
Woe worth this haplesse heavy happe:shall I not lute the day,
To see my sones together once in one selfe place to lay?
Shall neuer I behold them bot this better concord bent?
Is all affection naturall within them both so spent?
Then, Polynices, come thou fy Arrest thy Mother deare?
Theor that falt travaile many a ycre, and languish many a ycre.
That many a storine abidden hate, and many a bunt suffaine,
And weared long with harpe exile, from Mothers light bene wainde:
Come unto mee, and neerer stand, put by thy sword against
Into thy heare: thy thywering Speare (that out of hand so faine
Would be dischargd at Mothers thwoate) within this groud sticke fast.
This Shielde of thine lay also downe. It makes mee loze again.
It is to bigge, it will not let this loving heart of myne
To joyns and debonaivly meere with that sweete heart of thine:
Take of thy helme from thine head, the Thonge thereof Put,
That I thy Village may behold, and all thy face delcyr.
Why dost thou backward turne thy head? and glauncest still thine Eye,
And takest kepe of brothers hand for scare of villany?
Thy bow all with thine myne Armes I will defend and hyde:
If bee attempt thy blood to spill, his inuicely blade hall gyde.

First through
The third tragedie.

First through these tender lydes of myne: why standst thou so amazed? Dost thou distrust thy brothre's love? thinkst thou her kindnes ralzd? Poly. I fear in deed, distrustling love, Spie, sannie & all my kinde: And thinke that ruthless reachery in harres of all hath bin.

Dame. Nature's lawes are strong at heele, and naught esteemed be: No layth in kinred planted is, ne true syncretie.

Sire. I by profe haue scene and felt what hurly hurly growes Betweene vs brethren: and from thence what Sea of milchiese growes: I may suspece no faster layth in Buther to remayne:

Its not unliketh, but she likewise wil pranke as bad mayntaine.

Loc. Thy sword in hand fast clasped keepe: On heade thy baton tye:

On Left Arme holde thy Targar fence, and on thy East velye.

At all poyntries arund prepared stand: all future doubts prevent:

Be sure to see thy Buther first t'unarue himselfe content.

And now to thee Ethnocles some speech I am to die:

Thou first walt cause of all this warre, doe not therefoe refuse

Downe first to lay thy bawling Blade, and yeld to Reason's love:

If name of peace so hateful be, if that thou any more

Entendst this warre to joyst secure, in this so savage Coy.

Let mother yet this curtey from thee (her sonne) exert.

That some small tyme of trusty truce thou wilt with willing mynd

Content your: til I my Sonne thy Buther most unkind

May after flight goe kille and col, now first or last of all.

While I for peace entreaty make, you men forunnd I call

To listen unto that I lay: thy Buther feareth thee:

And thou fearst him: and I fear both. But this my fear ye see

Is nothing for my selfe at all, but for th' amyle of both.

Why seekest thou thy naked wood to put in heareth to both?

Be glad to take the benefyres of any little lay:

In matters lewde tis wyledome good to stand upon delay.

You enter into lych a warre, wherein he speedeth best

That banqueth is: both of you fear to be by fraud distrest

Through practild meanes and subtil plots of Buther's spretfull dyist,

O' overreach by policy of some bewiled shift.

But if deceiue 03 be deceiued by him that is our Friend

Wee needs must be: in lych a case wee shall the lette offend

In suffereng wrong then delyng harme: But feare thou not a white,

You both from ambilde reachereys your Buther will acquit.

What lay you Sonnes: shall this request of myne with you preuayle,

O' Hall I curse my luckeless fate, and on my fortune rayle.

V 3.

And
Thebes

And judge your Sire an happy man, in that he lieth blinde
And cannot see the thing which I beholde with penfieve minde?
In coming vnto you, did I bring with me this intent,
To ende these hypples? or did I come to see some drie event?
Ethecocles, somewhat appealeth, hath pitcht his Speare in ground,
And not a weapon bloud to heed, in hand of his is found.
Now Polynices, vnto thee my former suie I bring,
Regard thy Mothers mournefull plight, and veele vnto the thing
That thee with teares entreates to have. O Sonne, at length I see,
I hold with hands, I kisse with mouth, I touch with ioyfull glee
This Face of thyne, the light whereof I wanted haue to longe:
And haue more often wished for, then can bee tolde with tongue.
Thou haft from naturke Spyle bene chaide to Coafe of fooyraine King,
And crost bene with scowning force of scowning Fortunes king.
Thou many a Storme, and many a hunt in many a coming Sée,
In Wandering lost and banisth guile, didst often times alway.
Thy Mother at thy Spousall feast was absent farre away,
And could not doe such nuptiall kytes as sett for such a day.
Into thy wedding Chamber thee brought thee, ne yet thy Byde,
He yet in solenne force the house with herbes and odours plide:
He yet did with a Ryband white the wedding Torches ye,
As vse and custome fyllies to bee at such solenmpnite.
Adrautus. Father to thy Wife, and father in lawe to thee,
With daughter his, hath not defraide much drove of golde oz Fee.
No Dower hath he beelowde on her, her wealth was very small,
Of Citties, Landes, and Reneweses he gaue her none at all.
Warre,Warre, is it thou onely hadst, by taking her to Wyte:
In few of other gyfts, bee helps to kindle all this Bystyle.
Thou Sonne in lawe arte vnto him, that is our Countreypes Foe:
Thy Spynke spyle thou leauest, and to fooyraine Courts doit goe.
Thou feedest now at Straungers baarde, and makes more accompt
Of new acquaintance got atzode: as though it did surmount
The friendship of thy countrey here: thou art a banisth wight,
And liyest in exile, for no fault, but though thy brothers spight.
In thee appeares resemblaunce playne of all thy Fathers Fate,
In which there lacketh not so much as choyle of wedded State.
Whom with as ill milchaunce and hap as ever Fathers was,
Thou haile in lucklesse hour and time of mariage brought to pase.
O Sonne, thy mothers onely hope, for whom such care I take:
Whose light, now after many yeares, doth mee most ioyfull make.

For whom
The third tragedie.

For whom I have full many a time to Gods devoutly praise:
Whereas in deede, thy new returne to mee, may well bee laide
To take away as great a joy, and being as great a griefe,
As it to these myne aged yeares is comfort and reliefe.
I prostrate at the Oracle, besought Apollos grace
To tell me, when I should not neede to further feare thy case.
Who flowing this my fond demand, anone did flatly tell,
And spake these words, which yet (I trow) I doe remember well.
Thou seest thy son, least harme he take, as is a mothers guise:
But thou I say more cause shalt have, to seare him otherwise.
For if this warre unrailed had bene I should thy presence lacke:
And if thou wert not, Thebane Land might free remayne from Sacke.
The light of the doth cost vs all a hard and nipping price,
Yet doth it like thy mother well: to that her sound advice
In this one thing thou follow wilt. Dispatch these Armies hence:
Even presently, where yet of blood there hath not bene expence.
So soule a Fact to bee to neere, is haynous out of doubt:
I make, I quake to thinke thereon, in evry Joynt throughout.
My hayle hands uplift even for feare, two brethren thus to bee
Aloofe, and ready one to chop at th'other, cruelly.
How neere was I (pooze Mother theirs, a bloody act th'have seene.)
Then further blind yet ever law, or ever yet would weene?
And though my seare be overseen and thy act vnhourght to passe:
My selpe yet doe I wretched thinke, that done to neere it was.
By all the throwes for tenne months space, in wombe whe I thee bare,
And by thy sisters take both twaine, which shine in benue care:
And by thosse Eyphoales of thy Spye for which with wekefull Pawe
Hew pulled his Eyes, because (unwares) she staine Natures lawre,
I thee beseech from Thebane Wallees send backe these armed Bandes,
Which th'hearting all our throwes to cut, against our Country sands:
Yea though you presently depart: yet are you much to blame,
And there is due unto you both, a blot of skuing shame:
Because this Countrye round about hath poyseth bene with powre,
And troups of Soulbious houte and baste, it ready to desowre.
With penitue hearts, in mourning minds, these Eyes of ours have seene
Your praiseing courters wth their feet, spoile Theban Wedowes greene.
Wee oft have seene your haulyt Peees in warlike Chariot ride:
And oft our houses to have bunte with wilder haue bene spide.
And last of all, an act weel lawe (which euene to Thebes is straung.)
Two Brethyn warring mortally, all Natures bonde to chauing.

V iii.

Ech one
Thebais

Ech one in th' Army sawe this sight, the people witnesse bee.
Your Systers two, and Mother I this all did plainly see.
Your Father, hee may thanke himselfe: that he did not behold
This lamentable spectacle and haunces manifold.
Call now to thy remembrance here, thy Father OEdipus,
Whose doone, did Facts(by error done) even plague, i punishe thus.
With Hyre, i word subuerit not cleane (good Sonne)thy countrey deare,
And Thebes (whereof thou wouldst be king) lurcaese with force to reare.
What Bedlem pang enchaunes thy mind? what might thy meaning bee?
Thou clappidst a Realme,which to subuerit thou greeues & licence free.
In seeking thus a countries rule: a countrey thou destroypst:
Which thou thine own would make, thou marcst, i (as twice none)an-
Hereby thou hindrest much thy selfe, in thou makest spoyle, (naplest.
And burnest by both Coyne and Erasfe,and keep'st a shamnefull coyle,
In chasling men out of their homes: (O delpate wittelle parte)
What man alue, to walse his owne, can thus, and in his harte?
These things that thou commandest thus by rage of word & flame
To bee confun'de: an other man thou thinkst doth owe the same.
If thus fo pruncely Chauce you twayne by thy faires your ftrete try:
The state of Realme and Commonwealth will totter, bone away.
Seeke it, while yet your Countrey standes bumblest by decay:
It to t'enjoy, and to t'aigne, I countt the better way.
Ah, canst thou finde in heart to burne, and spoyle these houres brave?
The lyke whereof in all the world besides, thou canst not have:
Canst thou destroy and ruinate the noble Thebane wall,
To whose selfe building stones apace at Dan Amphions call
Came dauncing of their owne accord, through tunes of warbling harpe:
And coucht themselves in other right upon the Currers harpe,
Without all helpe of workmanes hand,si Pully up to draw
Such pieces as moost waigthy were? Wilt thou by lawlesse law
Throw downe these worthy Monuments? wilt thou from hence conuay
And carie with thee all these people: wilt thou such pageants play?
Thy Fathers old acquainted mates, wilt thou by force lurpyse
And leade as captive where thou goest in proude triumphing wise?
Shall these thy curthoate Souldiers drayge and hale the mothers old?
Shall they,graid Matrons tied in chains,for husbands armes unfold?
Shall Thebane Maydes, i Dantellees chalke of creshe and lusty Age,
Bee mingled with the rakhal rout,and hampered bee in Cage?
Shall they as presents, forced bee in dabling dirt to toyle
Unto the mynfgng Pilkrells,and Trulles of Argos Soyle?

Shall
The thirde tragedie.

Shall I thy slepy Mother trudge with Pinfond hands behinde?
Shall I this triumph of my Child to furnish bee assigne?
Canst thou with grudgelesse minde behold thy Counterfokle arow.
Slane, mangled, spoyle, in peeces hewen,thus to their deathes to goe?
Canst thou bring in a deadly Foe,thy Counter to subdue?
Shall streares of Thebes ruine all with blood? Shall all p' Counter rue
Thy coming home with flame and fyre? hall thou an heart to hard?
A beast so ript with finte? a mynde to rage so well prepare?
If thus thou faire, and dwell with ye whiles let thou art no King;
What wilt thou bee in Princely trzone, if thou sholdst win the King?
Surelye therefore and qualifie this outrage of thy mynde:
In thee let all thy Country, grace and Princely mylodies finde.
PO.L. Would you me haue, my selfe to much to loyall duties yeeld,
As that I should a Pylgrimus life like wandyng Beakt in field
Skud up and downe from place to place, without both house & home,
And seeing nature tople, bee tofit in sovereigne Landes to roame?
What other plagues, could you award in justice unto mee,
If I my Fayth or sacred Oath had broken captivy?
Shall I beare all the punishment for that bile villains guile?
And shall bee falle decepfull wretch at my misfortunes spule?
Shall bee in wealth still haunt it out, and keep this sollye cople?
Shall bee for tunes rewarded bee? and I still put to cople?
Well, well, goe to, bee as bee may: you bid mee wander hence:
I am content: your hard decree today is my pretence.
But tell mee whyther shall I goe? Alligne nice to some place:
Bylike, you would that brother myne should still with shamelesse face
Poiselle my farlye Pallsaces, and rewelle in his ruffe,
And I the eat to holde my peace, and not a whit to flincke,
But like a Country House to dwell in some poore thatched Cot:
Allow mee poore Tylle such one: I rest content, God wot.
You know, such Poddyes as I am, are wount to make echange
Of Kingdomes, for poore thatched Cots, beelike this is notStraung.
Pea more: I, marcht now to a Tyse of noble ligne and race
Shall like a feelye Dottipoll live there in fertile cafe,
At becke and check of queenely Tylse, and like a kitchin dusty
Shall at Adratus lordly hecles, (my Tylses owne Father) trudge,
From Princely Port to tumble downe into poore fertile state,
Is greatest grieve that may bernde by doome of frouncing state.
LOC. If that thou gape to greedely a Kingly Crown to weare:
And that thou canst not rest content, till thou a Stepter beare:
Beholde
Thebais

Behold each quarter of the world affoordeth Kingdomes store.
No doubt thou mayst winne some of them, if that thou seke therefor.
On one lyde here, lies Tmolus mount, a soyle bethwaite with Vines:
There runnes Pactolus noble streame with golden sand and mynes.
On that lyde crookt Maender glides through midst of Phrygia fields:
On this lyde Hebrus twiste of course much fraught to Thracia yeldes.
Pere thereunto lies Gargarus, renowned eache where for Coyne,
And Trojan Xanthus dwelling howd, that pike and pike harre boyne.
There Seftos and Abidus stand in mouth of Ionian Sea,
Which now is called Hellespont: and here an other way
Are countreys, which moze Eastward lyce. There Lycia full of GREEKES
And Lycians strong is sittate: these kingdoms, he that seekes,
Is like to winne: these would I have thee conquer with thy Swoord:
These, these to winne let King Adrast to thee his assafoode.
In some of these, let him thee make a King: in Thebes as yet,
Suppose thy father Oedipus in seat of King to sit.
Thy banishment much better is to thee, then this returne,
Sith all thy dist is cruelly to walk, to lepole, and burne.
Thy banishment reputed is to grow through others crime:
This thy returne, in such a sort to Kingly state to clyme,
Is ill and faulty every way: with this thy warlike crime
Thou halt do better Reallize to secke, where bloody gilt ne grue.
Yea, this thy Brother, whom thou dost pursue with deadly hate,
Whose life, whose health, whose house thou dost with cruces dire rahate
Wilt avde thee with all powre he canne: himselsse will also goo
And serve in field for thyne avare, gaynsh him that is thy foe.
Advance thy powre, march boldly forth to take this warre in hand.
Wherein thy parents wish thee good, and wilt thy helpers stand.
A Kingdome got unlawfully, and snatch with grudge of mynd,
More greuous is then exile al, of what soever kind.
Of warre, the doubtfull hazards all let downe before thy lyght,
And thorougly waight thuncertayne chauce, that longes to martial lyght.
Though at the power of Greece thou bring thy quarel to maynayne,
And through great armer multitudes of Scourdouts thou retayne:
Per chauce of warre still doubtful hanges, and hard it is to know,
Who cary that the victory, thou or thy bowed foe.
Mars to no party tryed is: what he decrees, hal he,
As chauce allots, so falles it out: this done abydereth free,
Swoord, hope and feare makes equall thofe, both one whom other wyse
Great oddes there is: bynd Fortunes lot the case betweene them tryes.

Thy
The thirde tragedie.

Thy rash attempt with cryme begonne, grappes after doubtful gayne:
And fond dewles entereystd oft reape defiered payne.
Admit that all the Gods in heaven did further thy request,
And to promote thy soar delight both willing were, and seek:
Yet al thy frendes are sped away, and al recyled backe,
And Souldiers here and there in Fieldes are come to deadly wyacke.
Although thou op hereat receyue, although the spoyles thou take
Of banquishth Brother, yet the paine of victoy must flake,
And not to thee be gven whole. What kind of warre (alas)
Is this, thinkst thou? is not more strange then ever any was?
Wherin if he that victor is, joy therein any whyt,
Most execrable wickednes he (doubtes) doth commit.
This Brother thyne, who now so laine thou wouldst bereave of breath,
Iwis, if he were once distpatch, thou wouldst bewale his death.
And therefore make no more adoce, but cale from wicked hal,
Ride country out of trembling feare, and parentes doe foelstal.
Poly. What, shall my Brother fo this byle and hauefull breache of pate
Goe shotfree thus? hal he receyue no guerdon for his fact?
Ioc. Fearn not my Sonne, he shal be payd, and payd agayne, I trow:
He shalbe King and reapgne in Thebes, hispayne hal even be to.
A payne in reapne I warrant him. And if thou doubtefull be,
Let Grandslye Laius and thy Sye examples be to thee.
Sir Cadmus wil the same diplay, and Cadmus offlyng all
Can witnesse that none in Thebes yet reapnde without a fall.
None yet the Theban Scepter stawe, that hath not felt the whippe.
And poynscte breache made most of them from regall Crowne to skipphe.
Now if thou wilt, thou mayst insert within this bedroll here
Thy Brother. POLY. Nay, that I wil, in shame hath hee no peeere.
And unto mee it seemes a world of blissfe to bee a king
And dye with Kings, IOC. Thy case doth thee in rank of exiles byng.
Rapgne Kinge, but yet a loafthyd wight unto thy Subiectes all.
Poly. For that I neither recke ne care what shal to me befall.
That Prince that feares tiddaynt ful hate, unwilting loomes to reapgne.
The God that twaues the Golden Globe, together hath these twayne
Conjoynd and coupled Hate and Rule: and him do I supposse
To be a noble King indeede, that can supplanst his toes,
And Subiectes canceld hate supplisse. A King is often stayed
From dowyng many thynge he would, when Subiectes love is wayed.
But unto them that do repynge to se him sit aloft,
He may more rigour boldly shew, and pare their pates more oft.

See
Thebais

He that will love of Subiectes winne, with Clemency must raigne:
A King that's hated,cannot long in Kingly Scare remayne.
For Kingdomes Kings can best describe, what preceptes needfull are.
Well thou in cases of Erile: for Kingdomes take no care.
Pol. To be a King, I would engage to force of flaming Fire,
Both Countrie,house,land,Uske, and Chylde, to compasse my deyse.
No Fee, to purchase Princely Scare, ne labour counter I lost:
A Kingly Crowne is never deare,what euery price it cost.

Thomas Newtonus, Cestrefshyrius.

FINIS.
THE FOURTH, AND MOST RUTHFUL TRAGEDY OF L. AN-
NAEVS SENECA, EN-
tituled HIPPOLYTVS, tran-
slated into Englishe, by

Ihon Studley.

The Argument.

HIPPOLYTVS, the Sonne of THESEVS & ANTIOPA Quene of the
Amazons, renouncing al Worldly plea-
sures, and carnall delightes, lyued a Bat-
cheler, forbearing all Womens company, 
and amorous allurements: and only vow-
ed himselfe to the service of chaste DIA-
NA, pursuing the Gentlemanly pastime 
of hunting. In the absence of THESEVS his Father, it 
chaunced that his Stepmother PHÆDRA ardently ena-
mored with his beawty and lustly age, enueigled him by all 
meanes shee coulde, to commit wyth her filthy, and mon-
struous adultry. Whych her beastly, vnchaste, and vndu-
tifull practife, hee dutifully loathinge, shee turned his for-
mer loue into extreame hatred, and told her husband THESE-
SVS at his returne home, that his Sonne HIPPOLY-
TVS woulde haue vnlawfully layne with her. THESE-
VS believing his Wyues most vntrue accusation, meant to 
haue put
The Argument.

haue put his sone to death. HIPPOLYTVS vnderstanding thereof, got vp into his Chariot and fled. THESEVS being therewith tickeled, and after some pursuite, not ouertaking him, went to his Father ÂEGÆVS beeing a God of the Sea, desiring him to graunt him three Wishes: the last whereof was, the destruction and Death of HIPPOLYTVS: whereupon ÂEGÆVS sent out certaine great Sea-monsters, or Whirlepooles, which affrighting the Horses in HIPPOLYTVS Charyot, made them to ouerturne the Charyot, and to runne through thick and thinne till they had dismèbred true HIPPOLYTVS in pieces. The remorse of which villany so strake PHÆDRA in Conscience, that with a Sword shee stabbed herfelfe into the Entrailes, & died vpnon the body of HIPPOLYTVS.

The Speakers names.

Hippolytus. Chorus,
Phædra. Theseus.
Nuntius. Nutrix.
THE FIRSTE

ACTE.

HIPPOLYTVS.

De rauenge about the stady Woods,
belet on every tide
With Herts, with Hounds, t toyles, t ruin-
ing out at random ride
About, about, the crauggy crefts
of high Cecropes hill,
With speedy soote about the Rockes,
with courting wander still,
That under Carpanetys Soyle,
in Dale below both lurke,

Whereas the Rivers running swift, their flappynge waues doe worke,
And dahe against the beaten Banks of Thrias valley low,
And clamber up the smy elues, helmeard with hony Snow,
(That callyth, when y Westernene winde stooRiphes Horses doth blow.)
Here, heres away, let other wend, whereas with lofty head,
The Elue displays his brounched armes, the wood to overspread.

Whereas the Headowes greene doe ly, where Zephyrus most wilde
Out brawes his baunpy breadth so sweete, to garnish up the field
With lusty springtide flowers fress whereas Elyfuus slow
Doth fleete upon the Phe stakkes, and on the Pastures low.
Maender sheds his stragling streame, and sheares the fruitleste land
With wagckfull waue: yee whom the path on Marathons left hand,
Doth lead unto the leauened launds, whereas the heide of heast
For Evening forrage goe to graze, and flalke unto their reft.

The rascal Deare trip after fast, you thither take your way,
Where cloattered hard Acarnan foft warme Southerne windes t'obay.
Doth flake the chilling colde, unto Hymetus Phe elue
To Alphids litlle Villages, now let some other dyue:
That plot where Sunion burses high doe beate the landy bankes,
Whereas the marble Sea both fleete with crookedcompakt crankes,
Unhaunted lies too long, withouten race of any wight.
Who set agog with hunting bvaue, in woods both take delight,
Philippis him allures: her hauntes a fome bristled Bose
That doth annoy with galsly breae the husbandmen full soe:

Wee know
Hippolytus

We know him wel: for he it is soyled with so many woundes, 
But ere they do begin to ope, let slip, let slip your houndes. 
But in your leashes yous keepe up your eigers Mastiffes yet, 
Keep not their Collers still, that doe their galled neckes pletter: 
The Spartayne Dogges eiger of pay and of courageous kynd, 
That lone can single out their game, where to they be allynd, 
The spoizer: by within your leash: to passe tynde shall it byng, 
That with the poulinge noble of houndes the hollow rockes halving, 
Now let the Houndes goe kynd of it with Poffyrell good of sent, 
And trace unto the blye den ere dawning day be spent. 
Whyle in the dewyth stabby ground the picke of cleaze doth stick. 
One bear the toyle on cumbled necke, and come with nettes ful thicke 
Make speede: come with the arming coard by penzell paynted red 
By sleight, and stubbl yulepful fearce shall make the Bealstes dyed: 
Looke thou to pitch thy thirling darr, and thou to trepe thy might, 
Shalt cope him with broad Boarelpeare: thrust with hand both letters & 
Thou standing at receipt shalt chale the rouled bealstes amayne (eighe) 
With hallowing: thou with limere sharpe under him beying slayne. 
Graunt good lucelle unto thy mate, Virago, thou Diynye, 
That secreet detarres cholen hale for noble Empire thyne: 
Whole thirled Dartes with leaul rich do gose the Beall with Bloud 
That lappes the lukewarme licour of Arexis fleeting Floud. 
And eke the Beall that spozetis it helce on frozen ister sbrand, 
The ramping Lyons cale of Geate are chaled by thy hand. 
And eke the wyndy heeled hart in Candie thou doth chale. 
Now with more gentle launce thou strikst the Doe that tripes apace. 
To the the Tygar ferc at his divers sported beall doth yeald, 
The rough shaghyaird Bugle turnes on thee his backe in field, 
Eke launge Busses with braunched hones: all things thy quarelles 
That to the needy Garamas in Affrickedboth appeare. (feare, 
O els the wyld Arabian enriched by his wood, 
O what the British roches of Pyrene understood, 
O els what other Bealstes do lurcke in wyld Hyrcanus grove, 
O else among Sarmatians in desert fieldes that roce: 
If that the Ploughman come to field, that standeth in thy grace, 
Into his nettes the rouled beall full lure he is to chale. 
Po seete in sunder breake the coardes and home he bringes the Boze 
In sorting wayne, when as the houndes with guts of clottered goze, 
Belineared haue their gryned snoutes: and then the Countrey rout 
To Cottages repayze in rankes, with triumph all about. 

Lo
The fourth tragedy.

Lo, Goddess graunt vs grace: the hounds already opened haue,
I follow must the Chace: this gaines way my paynes to saue,
I take into the woods.

THE SECOND
SCENE

PHÆDRA. NVRTRIX.

Country Crete that bears the sway,
upon the Seas so vast.
Whole Ships so thicke in every Shore,
the Seas doe overcast,
What euer coast as farre as is
Assyria lande doth lye,
Where Nereus doth the piked Stemme
to cut his course deny,
Why force ye mee that yeelded am, a pledge to those I hate?
And givoen in Bydall bed to see my enmies Spoulall mate,
To languish out my time in teares, in woe to leade my lyfe?
My husband lo, a runnagate is gon from mee his Wyke.
Yet Theseus still persouynes his Orthe alike unto his Spoule.
As earst to Ariadne, when shee saluade his Vowes:
Her champion stoute dare enterpryse the darkenelle deepe to passe
Of losomne Lake, where vnto found out, no way returning was.
A loudier of the Woore holde Proserpin home to bying,
Our pullde persouye from gristy thorne of Dire infernall King.
Accompanide with fury fierce shee marcheys forward still,
Who neither dread nor name could force tobears his wicked will.
With lawlesse wedlocks nauishments Hippolytus his Sire
Both in the byslinge bottom deepe of Acheron require,
But yet another greater grieve bwave on my penitue bresef,
No silent night, no slumber deepe can set my heart at rest.
Hippolytus

My sorrow still is nourished, and still increaseth it,
And rankleth in my boylings breath, as out of Etnaes pit.
The stinking vapour byward sties and Pallas Web, it standes
At rest, my dropping distaffe downe both drop betwixte my handes.
My luckith minde it hath no lust my bowed gifts to pay
Unto the Temples of the Gods that liue my Theseus may:
No: rigging with Th'Athenian Dames among the aucters proude
To tolle the siery hands, unto the sacrifice alonde;
No: yet devoutly praying at the Aares with godly guise
To Pallas presidend in earth to offer sacrifice:
It doth delight me to pursue the chained beautes in sight,
And tolle my flaming Fauncion fierce with nimbde hand full light.
What ayles thou minde this mad to take concepyte in freights and tell?
By wretched mothers fatall vice a breeding now I smell:
To cloake our crime, our lust doth knowe, woods are the fittest place,
Alas good Mother, I lament the heavy lucklesse case:
Thou caine attaint with lothsome lust enamoured is thy beast.
Even with the cruel head of at the herd of calage beast,
That churlish angry roaring Bull no yoke can hee lustayne,
And hee among the wilde, and eke untaneed heat both raygne.
Yet was enclin to love: what God can graunte mee my desire?
O! Dedalus with curious craft can case my flaming fire?
Not if hee might returne, whom Ariadne hath instruct
From crooked compass Laberinth by thr'd that our hee pluckt
Among the lurking corners close, and wip winding way,
To grope his footing backe agayne, and did deprevie of day
Our monstrous Minotaur enclose in Haze and Dungeon blinde:
Although hee promis to our foes, no value yet can hee finde:
Through mee Apollos Progeny both Venus quite agayne,
The filthy thame that hee and Mars together did lustayne,
Whom Phoebus taking at their talke all naked in the Sike,
Hung vp in Pers, a laughing stokke to every galing Eye:
For this all Phoebus stokke, with vile and foule repynche hee stynes,
In some of Minos family still lossthame lusting raynies:
One mischiece bringes another in, NV. O Theseus wyse, and Chylde
Of Ioue, let yee he loone out of thine honest breast exilde:
And quench the raging heat: to drie distayne doe not by peeld,
Who at the first repulsthe love, is false and winnes the field,
Who doth by slatttning fancy fonde seede on his vitious bayne,
To late doth grudge agaynst the poake which early hee did lustayne:
No: yet
The fourth tragedy.

Not yet doe I forget how hard, and voyde of reason cleane:
A Prince lately stomack yeeldes unto the golden meane:
PH. That end I will accept, where to by Fortune I can leade
The neighbors weale great comfort brings unto the house heade.
NV. The first redresse is to withstand, not willingly to slide,
The second is to haue the fault by meane and measure triede:
O wicked wretch what wilt thou doe? why doth thou burden moze
The layned flocke and doest excelle thy mothers fault afore?

But among thesefixelat, great griefs fore.
But let the cause of sinne, to blame of maners lewde redounde:
And if because thy husband doth, not breath above the grounde.
Thou thinkst thou mayst defend thy fault, and make thy matter good
And free from feare: thou art beguilde, yet thinke the Stygian flood
In grieul; gaping gulfe for are hath drenched Thefeus deep,
But yet thy Syre, whole kingdomes large the Seas at will do keepe:
Whole dreadfull doome pronounced panges, and due described payne,
Two hundred wayling soules at once. Will he thinkst thou mainayne
So haynous crime to couehe? the care of tender Parents heast
Full wise, and wary is to bring their children to the belt.
Yet shall we thinke by subtil meane, by craft and diuelsish guile,
In hugger mugguer close to kepe our rechery to vile.
What shall thy mothers father, Phoebe, whole beames to blasingbyght,
With fiery gleede on every thing, both shed his golden light?
O I love the Grandeur great of Gods that all the world both shake,
And brandisbeth with flaming frist, his fiery lightnings flake:
That Vulcane both in Fornace hoare, of buky Ætna make
Thinkst thou thyrs may be bought to palle, so haynous crime to hide?
Among thy Grandeur all that have eche prouy thing elspide?
But though the fauo of the Gods conceale the second time
Thy lossthome luit (unworthy name) and to thy baupy crime,
Sure faithfulness he annered be, that ever barred was.

Ech great offence, what will this worke? a present plague, alas
Suspicion lett the guilty night beway thy deede vn蛊:
And conscience burnded lote with saue that doth it selke mistrust.
Some haue commit offence full safe from any bitter blame,
But none without the stinging prickes of conscience did the same:
Allwage the boiling flames of this thy lewde ingratiations lour,
Such monstrous mischiefe horrible from modest minde remove.

III. Which
Hippolytus

Which never did Barbarian commit unto this day,
No not the Gadding Gothes that up and downe the eyeldes do stray.
No craggy crested Taurus mount whole hoary and frosty face
With numming cold adandons all inhabitors the place.
No yet the scattered Scithian, thy mother haue in mynd,
And heare this forrayne benery, so strange agaynst thy kind:
The Fathers wedlocke with the connes thou seekst to be despyde,
And to conceiue in wicked wombs a Bastard Hungred Child:
Go too, and turne thy Nature to the flame of burning hest.
Why yet do Monsters ceafe? why is thy Brothers ceafe in reaft.
That Mynotaurus hideous hole and ugly couching den
Without an other greedy spend to mouche up stel of men?
Hshapen, lothly monsters bynse to oft the world hall heare,
So oft rebels agaynft her selfe confused Nature deare,
As loue entangles Nymphes of Crete. Ph. I know the truth ye teach
O Pyrre, but fury louer mee at woother thinges to reach:
By mynd even wittingly to byce falles toward prone and bente
To holsome counsell backe agaynse in bynse it doth relente:
As when the Poynman tugges and toyles to bringe the strifeadt Barke
Agaynst the struing streame, in bynse he losteth at his cark.
And downe the hollow streame perforce the Shyp both hedlong yeeld,
Where reason races forth, there fighting fury winnes the field,
And beares the the wauing sway, and cranke Cupiodes puissant might
Triumpheth over all my breath this lightey winged wight
And puissant potestate throughout the world doth bele the stroke,
And with unquenched flames doth forse Ioues kindled breath to smoke,
The Battelbeaten Mars hath felt these bitter burning bandes,
And eke the God hath talfed these whole feruent fierce handes,
The thumping thunder bouncing holoes three forke wyte doth crame,
And he that ever bulled is about the furious flame,
In snoltring Fo:nnace raging hoot on dukly top so he
Of foggye Aetna mount: and with such slender heat doth frie,
And Phoebe himselfe that welds his dart upon his twanging string,
With aymed shaft directlie driven the wimpled Ladde dothking.
With powze he scours along the Earth and Marble Skye amayne.
Lust fauring solly fistly did falsely forge and fryne
Lowe for a God: and that he might hys freedome more attayne.
Ascribes the name of fryned God to shittel bedlame rage.
Erycina about the world doth send her rouing page,

Who
The fourth tragedy.

Who gliding through the Azure skyes with slender jointed arme
His pellous weapons welldes at will, and working precious harme.
Of bones and stature beyond least great might he doth display
Upon the Gods, compelling them to crouch and him obey.
Some Brauncetke head did attribute these things to himselfe,
And Venus Godhead with the bow of Cupid little else.
Who cocked is, triumphing much in making fortunes lap.
And Fates in welch, or sekes and lues to things that seldom hap,
Lust (mighty fortunes mischevous mate) assaulting straight his beat,
His tooth contemptuously wonted care and vistas homely drest.
No three handsome houses pleaseth him, why doth this plague refuse.
The simple lot, and to annoy doth stately bowers chuse?
How haps it marriage pure to hyde in Cottage halfe?
And honest love in middle lot of men doth purchase place?
And things that be of meane estate themselves restraine still well,
But they that wallow in their lust whose stately comackes dwell,
Put by and boldred bigge with crust of Kingly scepter poudre
Do greater matters enterprise then may be well alowe.
Vee that is able much to do, of powre will also bee
To do these things he cannot doe. Now Lady dost thou see
What things do thee becomme thus stald on stately throne on hie?
Distrust the scepter of thy spouse returning by and by.
Ph. In me I heare a violent and mighty page of love,
And no mans comming home againe to terror may me move.
He never stepped backe againe, the welkin like to touch,
That swallowed once and binke in gulfe and glummy cave didouch
Shut up in thimpering shade for ay. Nu. Yet do not thou suppose,
Though dreadfull Ditis lock with barres, and bolt his dungeon close:
And though the hideous hellske hounde do watch the greedy gates.
Not Theseus alone that have his pallasges stopp by fates,
Ph. Perhaps he pardon wil the cyme of loues poycuring heate
Nu. Pay euclidly hee would of old his honett wyse entreat.
Antiope his bobbing bullers felt and heavie ruffe:
Suppose, yet thou can qualifie thy husbandes raging ruffe:
Yet who can mone Hippolytus most stony stubboynne mynd?
Ye wil abhorne the very name detestign woman kind,
And facing franticly, will gyue himselfe to single life,
And shunne the hated spoufull bedde of every marrie wife,
Then hal ye playntly understand his brutish Scithian blood
Ph. To follow him even through the hilles, the Fowrelt thyeke & wood,
That
Hippolytus

That keepest among the clottred clives belinear'd with siluer Snow,
White nmble heelees on craggy rocks are strikking to and tree:
I wyth, Nu. He will resile and not be dalved with noy cypd,
No, changethe his chaff estate, so; lyfe of chastity devised,
And turne perhaps his rankred hate to light on thee alone,
That now he heares to all, Ph. will not he moued be with none?
Nu. Stark wilde he is, Ph. and I have learnt wilde things by love to
Nu. Hee'le runne away,Ph.is by the seas he lie, I on the same (tame
Will follow him, Nu.Remember then thy father may thee take.
Ph. I may remember myne offence, my mother eake will flake.
Nu. Defecting womanhinde, he dries and counceth them away.
Ph. No strippers baishful peace against my breast dorth hold at bay;
Nu. Thy husband will be here, Ph. I wis he comes I warrant him
Pyrothous companion in hellicke dungeon dimme.
Nu. Thy father also he will come, Ph. A gentle hearted Spye
Forgiving Ariadnes fault, when she did him require,
Nu. For these my siluer shining lockes of hoyle drooping age,
And breast beوذd with elaping racees restrayne thy furious rage.
I humbly thee beseech even by these tender tears of myne,
Succour thy selke, much health it is, if will to health encline.
Ph. Not every soe of honestly exiled is my beast,
I yeeld me Purle,love that denies thus under rule to rest
In quisters, let him, let him pertoyle be battered downe.
I wil not let my fleeting name and glorious bight renoume
With stoppe to be dishonoure, this onely is the gap,
To munie the perilous path that leades to vices traving trap.
By spouse let mee ensue with death with since I hall subvert:
Nu. Beare daughter take the ramping rage of thy brouny heart.
Plucke downe thy monacke flour, for this I judge thee worthy breath,
In that thou dost confesse thy selke to have deserted death.
Ph. Condemne I am to die, what kind of death now would I know,
As eather strangled with a rope that I my life losgoe?
Or runne upon a bloody blade, with gow wound to dye?
Or tiple turly headlong hurld downe Pallas turret hie,
In quarrel jult of Chastitie. Nu. Now strengthen we our hand,
Alas that not my seble age thy detpreter death withstand,
Forbeare the cway of strype fierce. Ph. No reason can restrayne
him that desirith death, when death he hath determind playne
And ought to die. Nu. Sweete Lady myne (thou comfort of my age
And seeble yeares) if in thy breast pucvapes such mighty rage

Hawe
The fourth tragedy.

Have not regard what sounding blast in trompe of fame be blowne
Whereby thy name in stayned stock of blakke reproch be bowne,
Cd graft in spotlesse honesty: for fame doth favour small
The most upright, to better wyse, to wyse shee’s best of al,
Let vs allay the croward mعد of yonder stubboynce Child
It is my part to let vppon the clubbhye youngman wilde
And to compell the sturdy lad with stony hart to yeeld.

Chorus.

Goddesse great that art the wondrous seede
Of frothie surge in stormy raging seas
Whő flamy Cupid armd with scorching gleed,
And Shaftes, to call his Mother it doth pleafe:
This wanton Elfe forth putting fappy might
From stedsaft Bowe how surely doth he throwe
His venimd shaftes, through all thy marrow right
The foystring syre doth rankle in and glovve
The secret flame that boyleth in each vayne
The strype layd on shevves not in open marke:
But invvard marrovv he sucketh out amayne,
This boy to found of peace doth neuer harke.
His scattered shaftes ful nimble every vwhere
He dartz aboute, the Eaft that doth behold
The davnning funne himfelfe aloft to reare,
From purple bed, and vvether late he rold.
With ruddy lamp, in Western wade doth glyde:
If any coaft lye vnder scorching clavves
Of burning Crab, or people do abyde,
Beneath the clyme of Izy frofen pavves,
liiiij.
Hippolytus

Of ougly gargle faced bigger Beare,
That wandring still from place to place doth goe
The fervent Fumes, and frowning heate eche vwhere
That issues out from CVPID S burning bow,
The flashing flames of Yongmens burning breft,
Hee stirreth vp, enkindling new the heate
Of quenched coales, that vvounded vvas to reft
In drooping age : and virgins hearts doe beate
Wyth strange vntafted brandes: and doth compell
The Gods descending downe from starry Sky
Wyth counterfeited Vyfages, to dwell
Vpon the Earth to blinde the Louers Eye.
Sir P H O E B V S wvhilome forst in Thesfail Land
To Sheepeherds state ADMETVS Heirdes did drive,
His mourning Harp deprivde of heauenly Hand
With ordred Pipe his Bullockes did reuiue.
Euen hee that trayles the dusky riding rack,
And wields the swaying Poles with swinging swift
How oft did hee faynde fourmes put on his back
And heauenly Face with bafer countenaunce fhift.
Sometime a Byrde with filuer shining wings,
He fluttering fluft, and languishing the death
With sweete melodious tuned voyce hee sings,
When filly Cygnus gaue vp gasping breath.
Sometime also wyth curled forhead grim
A dallying Bull, he bent his fhowing backe
To maydens fport, through deepeft Seas to swim
Whyle horny houe made fhift like Ore flacke
Through waters wyld his brothers perlous cost
Wyth forward glauncing breeft the stream he brake,
And leaft he shoule his tender pray haue loft,
Her troublus thought did caufe his heart to quake
DIA N A bright that sways in circle murke,
Of darkened Sky, with frying fits did burne,
And leauing of the Euening watch her worke

Her ful.
The fourth tragedie.

Her fulgent Chariot bright, eke did shee turne.
To PHOEBVS charge, to weelde it otherwise
Her Euening Wayne APOLLO learnde to guide,
And take his turne in lesser compaft sife:
The dapiih nights vwatcht not their vvonted tyde
And late it vvas ere that AVROA fayre
Set forth the morning Sunne vvith golde aray,
Whytle that the Marble axell tree in th'ayre
The fhogging Carte made crake vvith swagging fway,
ALCMENAS boyftrous Impe did lay aside
His clattering shafts, and also did refufe
To vvcare the ramping Lyons hairy Hyde
And Emraudes for his fingers did hee chufe,
And brayed kept his rufled flaring Locks,
Ware Garters vvrought on knee vvith fames of Golde
And on his feete his durty dabled Socks,
And vvith the hand vwhere vwhilome hee did holde
His Clubbish bat, a thred hee nimbly fpun:
Both Pefia and fertile Lidia knew
(Where golden fanded Paololus doth run)
ALCYDES bid the Lyons cafe adew
And thunder propping brawny fooulderd fier
That heaued and bolftred vp the Welkin throne,
In flender Kirtell vvrought by Web of Tyre
Did ilet about to pleafe his Loue alone.
This flame (beleue the heart that feeles the vvound)
Enspird vvith holines excels in might,
Whereas the Land by Seas embraced round,
Where twinkling Starres doe star in Welkin bright
This peeuifh Elfe the Conntreyes all doth keepe,
Whose quarrels fting the Marble faced rout
Of vvater Nimphes, that vvith the Waters deepe
The brand that burnes in breafť cannot quench out,
The flying fowle doth feele the foyftring flames.
What cruell Skirmifh doe the Heyffers make?

Prickt vp
Hippolytus

Prickt vp by luft that nice Dame \textit{VENVS} frames
In furious forte for all the Cattels fake?
If searefull Hearts their Hindes doe once mistrust,
In loue disloyall then gladly dare they fight,
And bellowings out, they bray to vvitnesse iuft
Their angry moode, conceyu’de in irefull spright.
The paynted coast of \textit{India} then doth hate
The spotty Hyded Tygar, then the Bore
Doth vvhet his Tuskes to combat for his mate,
And fomes at mouth : the ramping Lyons rode
And shake their Manes, when \textit{CVPIDS} corsies moue
Wyth grunts and grones the howling frythes doe murn
The Dolphin of the raging Sea doth loue:
The Elephants by \textit{CVPIDS} blaze doe burn:
Dame nature all doth challeng as her owne,
And nothing is that can escape her lawes:
The rage of wrath is quencht and ouerthrowne,
When as it pleaseth Loue to bid them pawes:
Blacke hate that rusting frets in cankred breast,
And all olde grudge is dasht by burning loue.
What shal I make diſcourſe more of the rest
Stout Stepdames doth this gripe to mercy moue.
Eclare what tidings bringst thou Purce,  
where is Hippolitus?  

NV. To cure this puissant breach of ills  
no hope there is in vs:  
Noz yet to quench his burning flame:  
his furies fretting ire,  
Both fry in secret boiling breast,  
and though the smothering fire  
Be couert close,yet bursting forth in welked face it cries:  
The sparkling flakes doe glowing flashes from bloodied rowling eyes  
She hanging downe her pouched groyn, abhors the lothsome light,  
Her skittish wits and wayward minde can fancy no thing right:  
Her faltering legs doe fayle her now, downe squattting on the ground  
With sprauling limbs her shittell griece doth cast her in a wound:  
Now scant shee on her litye necke holdes up her giddy hed,  
Noz can commit her selfe to couche in rest upon her bed.  
Noz harbyng quiernes in heart wyth dyrye dewle and plaint  
She languished through out the night,and now her body laynt  
She bides them up to list:and now her downe agayne to lay,  
And now his crispden locks undone abysade thee bides dispaly:  
And strapt to wrap them by agayne. Thus tickle fantas still  
Both cleere,noz is contented with his wayward wandying will,  
No care the calesth on her health noz eates one crum of breade,  
With feeble stumbling boore upon the flooze eke doth she tredae,  
Her strengith alas is quight conlunde,her faues tweete doth laynt:  
Noz ruddy languine purple depe her cherry cheekes doth paynt:  
Wyth greedy gripes of gnawing griece her pinched limmes doe pyne:  
Her soltring legs doe stagger now:the gloffe of beauty syn  
In body Alabaster bright is shoneake away and wait.  
Those Cristall Eyes that wonted were resemblance cleare to cast

Of radiant
Hippolytus

Of radiant Phoebus gold arayes, now nothing gentry hyne:
No: beare a sparke of Phoebus blyght her fathers beams dewyne:
The trickling tears roll down her cheknes, dew dampish dropping still,
Both wet her warrie plankes, as on the toppe of Taurus hill
The wary snowes with lukewarme shoures to moisture turnd to drop
But to the Princes pallace is let open in the top:
She lying downe upon her golden bed of high elate
Purles of his woned royal robes which wounded hart doth hate:
Ph. Hayes, hauze our purple garmentes hence, 7 bellures wrought wc
These crimbo robes of scarler red let nor myne eyes behold
And damask weedes, when on the Seres embraender brouches braye,
Whole Silken substaunce gathered of their trees aloofe they have,
My holome habbe twaddled in with cutried gaberding,
No golden coller on my necke nor Indian jewells hyne.
The precious pearles so white that hang no more now at myne eares,
No: trowere perfumes of Siria hal poulser nowe my heares.
My slaving ruffled lockes that dabling hang my necke aboute
And shoulder poyntes. then then apace it hartring in and out.
Let wyndes even blow it where it list, in left hand wil I take
A queties of haftes, and in my right a Boarspere wil I shake,
To cruel child Hippolitus such one his mother was,
As sleeting from the frozen Seas those countrey costes did palle,
And daire her hierbes that bet with trampling feete Th'Athenian coyle
O: like the trull of Tanais, O: like her wil I royle,
Of Meotis that on a knot wounde vp her crilpen lockes:
Thus wil I frot with moonelike targe among the wobes and rockes.
Nu. Leave of thy bitter languishing unto the fire cost
(That walter thus in waues of woe) griefe grievest not resting poct
Is any measure to be found in thy tormenting fire,
Some grace at wyld Dianaes hand with sacrific ye require.
O Goddelle grease of Woods, in hilles that onely set thy throne,
And Goddes that of the craggy cluyes at worshipped alone,
Thy wayerful threatnings on vs all now turne to better plight
O Goddelle that in forrestes wyld and groves obraynelt might,
O thyning lampes of heauen, and thou the Dianen of the Night,
O threecold shapen Heccate that on the wyld his face
Dissip render light with torch by turnes, bouchçake to grant thy grace
To further this our enterpiss and helpe our piteous case,
O mollify Hippolytus his stubborne hardned hart,
And let him learne the pangues of loue and tatt like bitter smart:

And
And yeeld his light allured eares: entreate his brutish breake,
And chaunge his mynd, in Venus boundes compel him once to rest.
So stroward and untoward now to crabbed turk and mad:
So shalt thou be with blanishing and snyping countenance clad.
 Thy shimmering clowde cleane fading hence then hightly shalt thou bear
 And glisteryng hoznes, then whyle by night upon the whirling sphere,
 Thy cloudy heede heedes thou guides, the raging witches charme
 Of Theffal, that not draw thee from the heavens nor do thy harne
 No Shepherd purchase hal renowne. Thou comst at our request:
 How fauour dolt thou grant unto the players of our Blest:
 I do eçpise him worshipping the solemnne Sacrifice,
 Both place and tyne convenient by Fortune doth arise:
 We must go crately to worke for feare we quaking stand,
 Full hard it is the buy'd charge of guyst to take in hand:
 But who of Princes handes in awe, let him before all right,
 Cast of the care of honesty from mind exiled quight,
 A man what is for the best of King a baulfht night.
 Hip.O Purce, how chauce thy limping limnes docrepe into this place?
 With blubbred Cheekles, t'leadens lookes with lad and mourning face?
 Doth yer my Father Thefeus with health enjoy his life?
 Doth Phaedra yer enjoy her health my stepdam and his wyse.
 No, Forgoe these feares, and gently come thy blessed hap to take,
 For care contrayneth me to mourne with sorrow for thy sake,
 That hurtfully thou loudest thy selve with panguies of plugging payne:
 Let him rubbe on in misery whom destiny doth contrayne:
 But if that any yeld himselfe to waues of wilful woe,
 And doth rayonment himselfe, descretes his weale for to forgoe
 The which he knowes not how to bse: rush, be not so demure,
 Considerync how thy peares do runne, take part of sport and play,
 Let mighty Bacchus caule thee cast these clogging cares away,
 And reape the fruite of sweete delight to thy peares,
 For lusty youth with speedy course full fast away it weares.
 Earl tender love, earst Venus feedes the young mannes appetite,
 Be blthy my Boy, why Widow like liest thou alone by night?
 Shake of thy sollem ladynesse man that harty youth doth spill:
 Hush, royst it ou courageously, take bridle at thy will.
 Let now the floyze of plooming peares all fruitles fade away.
 God pounteth every tune his talle, and leades in due aray
 Each age by order lust, as mirch the lappy youthfull peares,
 A fozechd strypte with grauity becommeth hoary hayzes.
Why dost thou bridle thus thine selfe, and dulles thy pregnant wit? The coyne that did but lately suspend above the ground, if it be ranke of roote, yet in the huske, with enterlet at large Unto the hoping wildeman shall travel all discharge. With braunched bough above the wood the tree shall raise his top, Whom restless hand of canekred hate did never spill nor stop. The pregnant Witches are evermore more prone to purchase payse, If noble heartes by freedome hancke be nourished from decaues, Thou churlish country Cutowne Hodgelike nor knowing Courtly life, Delight in dually doting youth without a loving wyse. Dost thou suppose that to this end Dame Nature did vs frame, To suffer hardines in this world and to abyde the same? With courleses and keereyes fat the panncing Steedes to tame? Di bicker els with bartsels sterce, and hoplys of bloody warre? That souraygne syre of heaven and earth, when fates do vs detarre, With signes and plagues prognosticate provided hath with heede, For to repayse the damage done with new begotten seede. So to, let bedding in the world be dide once no more (That still mankind from age to age upholdes and dott restore) The filthy world defound would lie in ymone ugly lay, No stoting ships on wambling seas should hopted Sarples display. No foule should skoare in azyr skie, ne Bealt to woods repaye, And oney whitking windes should whirle amid the empty ayre. What diuers deecy deathes dzyue one mankind to dumpyth graue? The seas, the twoo and trayterous traynes whole countries walked Yet for to limit forth our league there is no delkty thincke, (haue: So downe to blackelasse Stigian dampes we of our celues do stynke. Let youth that never felt the loyes, in Venus lap which lie, Allow the solitary life, what ever thou clype, An hurlyburly shal become for teame of one mans life, And woxe it one destruction by mutuall hate and strife. Now therefore follow natures course, of life the souraygne guyde, Restor unto the town: with men delight thee to abyde Hit. No life is more devyoyd of linne, and free from grievous thales, And keeping fashions old, then that which leaving Townish walles, Both take delight in pleyant Woods, he is not let on lyre, Enraged soure with burning lyre of courtoys delyne. Who hath adicte himselfe among the mountaynes wilde to lue, Not prickt with pardon peoples rynte, no credit doth he gee.
The fourth tragedie.

Toth Vulgar for dissolull still, unto the better part
Po; cannoned rancour pale both gnaw his blanke and fretting hart.
Po;ickle favour forsooth he, he bound doth not obey
The payle of Scepter proude: but weildes the mally Scepter sway.
At ebbing honoures gaps he not, nor morles for fretting mucke,
Remoued face from houering hope and dread of backward lucke,
Po; bitter gnawing Envy ranke teares him with tooth unkind,
Po; quantuned with the milchise that in Citvyes and in mynd
Of people prissely thicke: no; quakes at everly blast that flies
With guilty conscience to himself, no; framces himselfe to lies.
Po; courtes rich with thousand pillers close his head to knoude,
Po; guides his beams with glittering gold for fancy fond and pioode
Po; gulbing streames of blood upon his innocent Alters flow.
Po; Butlockes bright their hundred heads as whyte as flakie Snow.
Do yeeld to Are, whyte scaterred is on shaufler faced grayne,
But all the quiet countrie round at wil he both obtayne.
And harmes walketh too and false amid the open ayre,
And onely for the brutish Beast continuies a trapping snare.
Another while uppon the twist Alpheus banckes he walkes
How by and downe the hearey Blakes of bushy woods he stalkes
Where lookewarme Lernas chyllall fould with water cleare doth shine,
And chaunging course his Channell out another way doth rwayne:
And heare the pitreous plaining Birds with chirping charmes do shide,
And Bunches trembling shake whereon loft windye pillers do glyde.
And spreading Beches old do stand, to lant and make my thankes:
To stampe and dancse it doth me good on running Rivers banckes:
O; els upon a wished clod to steale a nap of sleepe,
Whereas the countayne owlowes amayn with gulbing waters deve,
O; els among the baulny flowyes out haying favour sweete,
Whereas with pleasant humming noile the bubbling brooke doth liete.
The Apples beaten of the tree do cauening hunger stauench,
And Strawberries gathered of the bush soone till with hungry paunch.
He stoons attaqueth, that doth himselfe from regall royall hold.
Estates do quake theyr dreadfull drinke in Bolles of mallye Golde:
How triumne it is water to lap in palme of naked hand:
The souner drowlye Morpheus byndes thy Browes with steepy bande:
The carelessie couplae doth rest at eale upon the hardest Couch:
The Cabin bale hauntes not by Pookes, to prig and sith a pouche:
In house of many corners bynd his head he doth not hyde,
He loves to come abypad and in the light to be cypye:

The
Hippolytus

The Menouns beare witnesse of his life, they liued in this wise.
I think, that scattered did of Gods in alder time arise.
No doting courious blinde desire of Golde in them was found:
No bones no: stakes let up in field did stirr the parted ground:
The layling Ship with brazen stem cut not the waltring wave,
But every man doth know his coast and how much he could have.
No higly Kambus rayed were, no: Ditches delued deepe,
No countermured Castle strong the walled Townes to kepe.
The Souldier was not busied his blunted tooles to whet,
No: rapping Pellets, Cannon shot the barred Gates downe heet,
No: tople with yaked Ore was steaine to beare the cutting hare,
The field even terrill of it faile did seede the World with bare,
The plentiful abundent Woods great wealth by nature gaue:
A house of nature eake they had a dimme and darkbome Caue:
The courous minde to scape by wealth, and desper furious ice,
And greedy Lust (that eggeth on the minde all let on fire.)
First blake the bands, and eger thicket of bearing sway kept in,
To be the stronger taunening pay the weake did begin,
And might went to opprised right: the naked fist found out
To scratch and cut, to baze and bane, with dealing blows about.
The knarrie Loges, and nagglie shine were framed weapons strong,
The garten Tree ungrownne was with Pikes of Iron long.
No no: the rustie Fawchon then did hang along the side,
No: Helmet erect upon the head good pricking up for pride,
Pale lightfull grizelle invented tooles, and warlike Mars his baine
Contnu'de new sleights, a thousand kindes of deatthes he did ordaine:
By meanes heros of the Land is slied with clattered gare yshed,
With breames of blood the Seas are dyde to hue of sanguine red,
Then Mischiefe wanting mesure gan through every house to palle,
No kind of vitorious villany that practise wanted was.
By Brother, Brother rest of Breath, and eake the Fathers Life
By hand of Childe, eake munrick was the husband of his Wyse.
And Brother lewele on mischiefe let destroype their bodies seede,
I overpaitle the Stephane with her guilt and haynous deed,
And no where pity planted is, as in the brutish heast:
But womankind in mischiefe is vingleader of the realt,
The instrument of wickedneite enkindling first desire,
Whose vile unclesseous whomedome let so many Townes on fire.
So many Nations fall to warre, eake Kingdomes overthrowne,
And rayed from the ground, to cruhe so many people downe.

Let other
The fourth tragedie.

Let other passe: by Iafons Wyse Medea may we finde
By her alone, that Wommen are a plaguy crabbed kinde.
NV. Why, for one womens fault of blamie shall every one have part?
HIP. I hate, detest, abhorr, I loath, I curse them from my heart.
See the reason, right, : Natures law, or vengeance fury fell,
It liketh me to abhorre them still: the burning fire shall dwell,
And hide with quenching water first, the daungerous quick Sand
Shall promise ships with factinesse upon the hold to land,
And Western Thetis soonke aliose and drenchet in depeft nooke,
Shall force the ruddy Morning Sunne from scarlet Skies to looke,
The Woolse hall yeilde his fleeting Chaps to leck the Ter of Do
Ere soon by womans love, to her I crouch and koupe alow.
NV. Love bydes oft with snatching hirits the subboine wayward heart,
Behold thy Mother's native land in Scythia every part,
The saluage women feel the force of Venus yoaking hand.
Thou onely Child thy Mother had doht this well understand.
HIP. This onely comfort of my Mother must I kepe behinde,
That lesfull unto me it is to hate all Womankind.
NV. Even as the stile and sturdy Rocks have warling waves wyth-
And daitheth backe from those aloose the tony flapping floode:
So lightly he contennes my talke: but Phaedra runneth mad
Because of this my long delay with cruishine cares ylad:
What will the doe? Ave me alas how shall she now be spead?
Her breathlesse body to the ground drops lovely downe dead.
A fally hue like gally death overstrikes her frenzy Face,
Looke up and speake beholde thy deare sweete heart doth thee embrase.

K. PHÆDRA
Las to sote in Woves of woe
who me reuiues agayne?
To pinch my minde wityh pinings pangues
and bitter huntes of payne.
What eake to me it was, when as
I lay in traunce at rest?
Why dost thou thus the pleasure of
renued lyce detest:
O heart be holde, allay and secke thy purpose to attayne,
Be not abash, not faced out with churlish wordes agayne.
Who faintly cauterh any Boone, giues courage to deny:
The greatest portion of my crime diptacht ere now haue I:
Shame sekes to late to purchase place within our balsful Brow,
Sith that in foule and lothsome love wee haue delight ere now,
If I obtayne my will, then shall our wedlocke cloake the crime:
Successe corrupeth honestly with wickednisse sometime:
HIP. Behold this secret place is byde from any witsneffe bye.
PH. By tollerling tonge the in my mouth my tale begun denye.
Great forse contraynerth mee to speake, but greater holde my peace.
O heavenly Ghostes if you protest, ris this that doth me please.
HIP. Cannot the minde that coures take in wordes at will our blyst?
PH. Light cares haue words at will, but great doe make us love agast.
HIP. Mother the griesse y*galles your heart some whilsper in mine eare.
PH. The name of Yourget is to proide a name for me to beare,
Impoizing puissant power too much: the fancy of my minde
It doth behoue, a bafer name of lesse renowne to finde.
See (if thou please) Hippolytus thy Loning Sister call.
O2 wapting Haide, and rather so: no drydry space I shall,
If thou through thicke and thin in knowes to tranaille me desire,
O2 else commaundye mee so: to runne through Coales of flaming fire,
O2 let my foote on Pindus sroten Rocks, it ykes mee not.
O2 if thou will me rashly runne thow scorching fire hot,
O2 rauning routes of saluage beastes I will not slowly rest,
With goy Launce of naked blade my bowels to unbrest.
The fourth tragedie.

These Kingdomes left to mee in charge weill thou of them the sway,
And take mee as thy humble Mate, it fits mee to obey,
And thee to give commandement, it is no womans feate,
To claint her Title to the Crowne, to raigne in Parents seate.
Thou nourishing amid the pyde of lusty youthfull race
Supply a bllaint Prynces room with Fathers golden Mate,
Protect thy humble suppliant, defend thy lowly Maide
Entwist in mercies bosome, at thy Feet so meekely layde.
Take pitty on a silly Widdowes wo, and wretched plight.
HIP. The God that raignes aloft, forbid such Lukelesse lot to light.
By Fathers Thefeus sake in health will straight returne agayne.
PH. The lowing Lord that depe in strog internall Gaile doe raigne,
And damned by awayses to pale from Stygian Puddle glum,
Whereby to breathing bodies left alone the ground to cum,
Shall he yet scape the Clopner of his ioyes from spoufull bed,
Unleste that Plutos fancy fond by doring love be led.
HIP. The righteous Gods will make to; him a right returning way,
But while though seare our wauring wils in howering Ballace swyn,
Upon my brethren will I cast a due and earnest care,
And thee defend: beleue not that in Widdowes plight yee are:
And I my selfe will unto the supply my Fathers place,
PH. O Love (alas) of credit light, O Love of stinking Face,
Is this enough that hee hath laide; entreatance will I try,
Deare chyldue rue on my wretched woe, doe not my suite deny,
That lucking close doth touch in seeret mourning breast of mee, (hee?
Faine would I speake: yet loth I am, HIP. What milchieue may this
PH. Such milchieue as ye would not think, could light in Fathers minde.
H. With milbling bouse perplent yee walke your words against ywinde.
PH. A vapo, hoate, and Love doe glow within my bedlem brest:
It raging ranke no inwarde ioye undised leaves in reel:
The seer lync in skalde guts through every banev doth flie,
And smothering close in seething bloud as flashing flame doth flie,
With ege sweeping swyn along by burning beames on hie.
HIP. Edamode thus with Love entiere of Thefeus doth thou rage?
PH. Even to it is: the lovely lookes of Thefeus former age
Which hee a sweete welcomode Boy did heare with comly grace,
When pretie dapper eured Beard on cleare compercionde face
Can spoynte, on naked Chin, when hee the kennels clertred bloode
Beheld of mongrell Minotaur, and crooking Haze with stooode

K 2.

By grog:
Hippolytus

By groping long untwined thydedes the beames of beaupy bright
That shone then in his Face, his crilken lockes with labels sight,
Smooth strocked lay, his scarlet Cheekes by nature painted bright
Poulded with spots of golden gloffe,and sharpe affaults of Love
Preuaded in his fleshly armes: what grace doth shine above
In the Dianas Face, oz keep criled Phoebus myne,
O; else in comely count'naunce of this lovely face of thine,
Such Theseus had when Ariadnaes Eye he did delight:
Thus popty paching bid he beare his noble head upright.
It is no counterfeited glosse that thineth in thy Face,
In thee appears thy manly Fathers sterne and laying Grace.
Thy Mothers crabbed count'naunce cake resembled in some part
Purs in full well a sternelynelle, to please the Lookers hart.
The Scythian awfull Malely with Creekely favour sweete
Appeares: if thou had with thy Syze attempt the Seas of Creete,
(One of those feaven from Athens sent elect by luckelte lot
To pay tych bloody tribute, which King Minos of them got.
The raving and bloudhirly Minotaurus sowle to feede)
By Sister Ariadne would, for thee haue spunne the threede.
Therewith in crafty compaft Base to leade thee to and fro,
In ugly Laberynthus long returning from thy Fa.
Thee, thee O Sister deare where to in all the Heauen thou are,
And thineth bright with blasing beames transform'de into a Starre,
I thee beleech come succour mee with like distresse now cloyde:
Alas vs helly Sisters twaine one kinred hath destroyde.
The Site thy sinace, the tonne hath byvod the bane that mee doth lees.
Beholde an Impe of royall race layde humbly at thy Knees,
Per neuer staynde, and undelse, an harmelesse innocent,
To thee alone of all the Worde my crowching Knees are bent,
And f0 the none's my hayre heart, and Princely courage stout
I did abate, that humbly thee with teares entreat I wonght.
HIP. O loueraygne Site of Gods, dost thou abide so long to hear
This vile abjimation? so long doth thou so baveare
To see this haynous villany? if now the Skies be cleare,
Wilt thou henceforth at any time with furious raging hand
Dar out the cracking thunder din, and deadfull lightnings brand?
Now barred downe by bouncing holes the rumbling Skies let fall
That foggy Cloudes with ducky drouping day may cover all,
And force the backward starting Kares to slide a slope wythall
Thou Star-
The fourth tragedie.

Thou starry crested crowne, and Titan plante with heamy blade
Come out, with staring bush upon thy kindreds guilt to gale.
Dath out and crowne thy learning lampe cellide in glummy Skyes,
To think in thunrming shape: why doth thy right hand not aryce
O guide of Gods and men? how haply the wondye yet doth not burne,
Enkindled with three forcked braidz? on me thy thunder turre,
Dath out on mee thy bobbing bolt, and let thy very flake
Whistle out with foorce, burnt Tinders of my walked Carcalle make:
For guilty (Iowe) I guilty am, deserted death I haue,
My Stepdaines Fancy I haue fed: wall I most unfell slave,
Be worthy thought to blot my Fathers honyable Bed?
Canst thou for milchise luch through mee alone be lightly sped?
O Cairene thou of womankinde fo' guilt that beares the bell,
Whole enterprized hainous wull both pallingly excell,
Thy Wonder breeding Worthers fault with whosedom thee alone
Deside her selse, when storming Sihges with forrow gan thee groane,
Though healtly lust of Bull: till it the Minotaurus lert
In act of generation, had quencht her soule deser:
And yet the time concealed long, the grim twishaped sese
At length bewayd with Bulllike howes, thy Worthers naughty deede,
The doubted Infant did disclose: that widdow wunde thee bare,
With thistle, pea, souse times blessed Fare of lyfe deplin'd thee are,
Whom twoline of waltring Seas have lonck, me tankred hate of breath
Dilpoded hart, and raprous trapnes have quelse by daunting death.
With Stepdaines banes and lostery O Father, Father myne,
I rue thy lot, not to be shayne of wnder Stepdaine thynue.
This milchise greater, greater farre the widdownelle both palle
That by Medea desper Dame of Colchis practised was.
PH. And I doe know, what uncountluy luck upon our Stock hath light,
The thing that we shoulde thun, we seek', it is not in my might
To rule my selfe: though burning ffe runners after thee I shall,
Though raging Seas, I craggy Rocks, throug cleeting Ryuers all,
Which bolling waters rustling rapyle, what way so goe thou will,
I blemish might with frantick flies will follow, follow still.
O scarce Lode before thy fete yet fall I once agayne.
HIP. Doe not with shamelesse sawning Paves my spotlesse body skaine.
What meaneth this? with hawling mee t'imbace the doth begin:
Draw, draw my sword, with stripes deteru'de Ie pay her on the skin:
Her huye about my left hand wound, her head I hartward wyde,
No bloud Diana better spent thine Aulter yet hath dye.

3. PH. Hip
PH. Hippolytus, now dost thou graunt to mee mine owne desire,
Thou cooles my ramping rage, this is much more than I require,
That sauving this mine honesty I may be geuen to death,
By bloody stroake receaved of thy hand to loose my brest.
Hippolytus, notof thy hand nothynig craue,
This filed Sword that thou haft toucht no longer will I haue.
What bating likebarme Tanais may I desilde obtaine,
Whose cleansing watry Channell pure may waiste mee cleane agayne?
O! what Meotis muddy meare, with rough Barbarian waue
That boardes on Pontus roying Sea? not Neptune groutsire graue
With all his Ocean sounding loud can purge and whash away
This dunghill soule of sinne: O woode, O Laluge heast I lay:
NVT. Thy crime detected is: O soule, why dyopes thou all agast?
Let vs appearch Hippolytus with fault upon him cast:
And let vs lay unto his charge, how he by might unuilt
Deslowe would his Fathers Wyse with mistiefe,mistiefe must
Concealed hee: the best it is, thy foe first to invade,
Sith that the crime is yet unknowne who can be witnessse made,
That either first wee enterprisse, or suftred of him then?
Come,come,in halp Athenians, O troupes of truthe men
Help, help, Hippolytus doth come, hee comes, that Villaine bile,
That Rauisher, and Lecher soule, pereforce woulde vs behile.
Hee threatens vs denouncing death, and glittering Blade doth shake,
At her who chalstly doth withstand, and doth for treuor quake:
Lo headlong hence for life and death hee tooke him to his flight,
And leaves his Sword in running rash, with galtly feare aligst:
A token of his enterprisse detestable wee keep,
Sits chearish her, that stonning lightes with pensue brest doth weepe.
Her ruffled hayre, and shartred Locks still let them daggel downe,
This witnesse of his villiue to beare into the Towne.
(O Lady mine he of good cheare. Plucke by your spights againe,
Why dost thou tearing thus thy selfe abhore all peoples light?
Not blinde Witschaunce but fancy wont to make alhameletelle Wight.

Chorus.
The fourth tragedie.

Chorus.

HIPPOLYTUS even as the rage-
ing storme away both fly,
More swift than whirling Western wynde
Bptumbling cloudes in sky,
More swift then flashing flames,that catch
their course with Sweeping braw,
When Stars proft with whikling windes
long sery Drakes display.
Fame (wandering at of albertime our Auncelours renowne)
Fare well with thee,and beare away olde worship from our Towne.
So much thy beauty brighter shines,as much more cleare and lyeze,
The golden Moone with glorions Globe full furnisht in the Axe
Both shine,when as her stery tips of warning hones doe close.
When listing by her fulgent face in ambling Waine the goes,
Upon her nightwatch to attend,th' Starres of lesser light
Their backned Faces hide,as hee the Wellenger of night
That watchword gernes of th'evening ride and Heesperus hee hight,
That glading earth was bathde in Seas, and hee the same agayne
When Shades be shunch, doth then the name of Lucifer obtayne.
Thou Bacchus blessed barne of Ioue in warlike India borne,
Thou Lad that evermore dost weare thy happy bush vnshyne,
Whole Jewelinge tuft with Iup bunc, the Tylges makes adzed,
And dost with labelde Bryer vie to paneck thy hopny hed,
Hippolytus his staring Locks thou Bacchus shalt notayne,
To woonder at thy loving lookes too much doe thou refrayne,
Whom (as the people doe report) the Ariadne bright,
For beauties name prefere before Bacchus that Bromius hight.
A jytte Jewell beauty is on moztall men employde,
Thou gift that for a seacon shot of Mankinde are enioyde,
How soone alas with feathered loote hence dost thou lading flide?
The partching Sommers vapour hoare in Uers most plealaute pride
So withers not the Meadowes greene,(when as the croeching Sune)
In Topick ligue of burning Crab full hoare at Poone doth runne,

K iii.

And on
Hippolytus

And on her shorter cloudy Wheelees unhoisteth soone the night,
With wanny Leaves downe hang the heads of withered Lilies whight
The balmy bloomes and sprouting Sower do leave the naked bed
As beauty bright whose radiant beams in coaule Chekes is lyed,
Is dathed in the twinkle of Eye: no day as yet did aitte,
In which not of his beauty rest some pearles person was,
For Favour is a sleepping thing: what wight of any wit
Will unto frable and hekle ioy his confidence commit?
Take pleasure of it wyle thou mayst, for Tyne with stealing steps
Will undermin, on howre past straightly in a wyster leps:
Why speyt thou to the wildernes, to seeke thy succour there?
Thy beauty bydes not safer in the waylesse woods then here.
If Tytan hoyst his totterying Cart on poynct of sul midday,
Thee thyohed cloie among the bricks the Naides wil allay,
A gadding troupe that beautyes Wayes do locke in fountaynes sayre,
To frame their seate then dito thee in senseles sleepe repayre,
Shal wanton Fayzies,Nymphes of Feithes,y' on the Hilles do walke,
With Dryads mountainie Goblins haunt,that dte on hilles to stakke:
O! when from high Starbearing poale Diana downe did looke
On thee that next old Arcades in heauen thy seate half tooke,
Shee could not weilde her werting wayne, and yet no foggy cloude.
Eclispt her gleanning Globe, but we with tinkling Pans aloude,
Can make a noyle,agritled at her dead and glowing light
We decend his charmed with Hagieke becle of Theffant witches spight
But thou didst cause his busines, and madest her in a maze,
Whyte at thy pleasant lovely lookes the Goddesse stooode in gaze,
That rules the rayne of cloudy night she stopt her running race
God grant that souldome byting frost may pinch this comely face.
Let souldome scorching Sunny beams thy Chekes with tearles die:
The Marble blue in quarly pittes of Parius that dote lie,
Beares not to hyae a glinyng gloffe as pleasant seems thy face
Whose bouses with manely maeistly suppoct an awful grace.
And fochead fraught with graveny of Fathers countenance old:
His Fuyzy coloured necke although compare to Phoebe ye would,
His lockes(tha never lacking knew) it selfe displaying wyde
On shouder poynes both set them out, and alo bothe them hyde.
 Thy curld fochead seams thee well, and eake thy notred hayze.
That crumpled lies unight in thee a manly grace dote beare.
Thou Gods (though fierce and valiant)perfoze dote chale, and farre
Dote ouermatch in length of limmes, though yet but young thou aree,
The fourth tragedie.

 Thou beares as big & boystrous brawnnes as Hercules: thy breast,
 Then Champion Mars more hourly bolstered out with broader chest:
 On back of boynlehooked Steedes it bawling thou do ryde,
 With Hydile in thyne active hand more handsome cank thou guyde.
 The trampling Cyllar horse of Spart, then Princeely Castor could,
 Thy Letherne loope amid thy dart with soynier fingers houled,
 And drue thy launce with all thy pite, the active men of Creete,
 That with their pitched dartses afarre do learne the marke to hit.
 They hall not hurle a slender Reede, but after Parthian guylde
 To chooze an arrow if they list into the open Skies.
 Unsped without some Bird attaynt it hall not light on ground,
 Unbark'd with lukewarme blooud of guttes in gozy smoking wound,
 And from amid the lofty Cloudes downe hall thou fetch thy pray:
 Few men (marke well the syrue) have bozne beauty unplaguid away.
 God lend thee better lucke & grant thy noble perlonage
 May passe unto the happy steps and stretch to punpish age.
 What methese sharte ept escapes a Womans wirtelle cage?
 Holte haynous caprues she means to lay to guitlees youngmas charge
 And thinkes to make her matter good with hayze thus rent at large;
 She towsereth eke the planking of her head with wareted plantes,
 Her lye demyse no crafty kind of womans fetches wants.
 But who is this that in his face such princely port doth beare?
 Whole lofty lookses with stately pace his baunit his head doth reare?
 Lyke luckie young Pyrithous, he looketh in the face,
 But that a ravning fallow pale his bleakish Cheekes disgrace,
 And filthy baggage hangeth on his hath hayze raptide upright,
 Lo Theseus, it is agayne reftoared to earthly light:

The
Hippolytus.

THE THIRDE
ACTE.

Theseus, Nutrix,

T length I scapt the glowinge glades
of grim eternall Night,
And eake the underpropping poale,
that each infernall Spright
Doth muzzle in, shut up in shades
loc how my dazelled eyes
Can scant abide the long dea-
red light of Marble Skies.

Eleusis now some offerings of Triptolemus deuydes,
And counterpaysd Lay with Night now soure tymes Libra hydes.
I earnest in my Parlous toyle in doubt what lucke to haue
Twitt dread or gaskly Death and hope my seeble life to laue,
Some sparke of life stil in my breahles limmes abyding was,
When as embarkt on erkelome Stix Alcides downe did palle,
To succour me in dire distresse, why when the hellicke hound
From Tartares graelie gates in Thyneys he drayd abowe the ground,
And also me he carped up into the World agayne
By tyed limmes doth lappy pith of corner strengte restrayne,
By seeble faltering legyes do quake, what lugging toyle it was
From bottom deep of Phlegethon to world aloofe to palle?
What deary dole x mourning noble is this that beares myne cares?
Let some declare it unto me: who blubred so with teares
Lamenting loud and languishing within our gates appears?
This entertainment fit is for a guest that comes from hell.
Nu. A stubborn heart and obstinate in Phaedras breast both dwell,
With desyret mind to lay her selfe our teares she doth despyse,
And giuing up the gasping Choast, alas my Lady dyes.
Th. Why shoule she keill her selfe? why die, hit spouse being come againe?
Nu. For this(my Lord) with hasty death he would her selfe have slaine,
Th. These troblesous wordes some perlous thing I wot not what to tell.
Speake plain, what lumpe of glutting griece her laded heart doth quel?
Shee
The fourth tragedie.

She doth complayne her case to none, but pensively and lad
She keepes it secrete to hit selfe,determine thus shee had,
To heare aboute with her the bane,wherewith the meanes to die.
Die,gie the salt, I pray thee now,now haue wee neede to ype.
Our Pallece lockt with stately stolpes let open by and by.

Theseus, Phaedra.

Madame Mate of Spousall bedde
thus dost thou enterpayne
The comming of thy loving Spouse?
and welcom home agayne
Thy long desyred husbandes face?
why takes thou not away
By Sword out of my hand, and dost not chere my Spites (I saye)
No, newest me what dost the breath out of the body chace?
Ph. Alas my valiant Theseus euen for thy royall mace,
Wheerwith thy Kingdome thou dost wield, and by the noble raggne
Of thy belaund potterity,and comming home agayne,
And for the worship that is due unto my fatall graue,
O let me die and suffer me, deferred death to haue.
Th. What cause compellith thee to die? Ph. If I the cause of death
Discover,then shall I not obtayne the looking of my breath:
Th. No worldly wight (save I my selve alone)the same shall heare,
Art thou alreadie to tel it in thy husbandes baffull care?
Speake out, thy secretes shewd I shall within my faithfull brest.
Ph. What thou would other to conceale, kepe thou it first in rest.
Th. Thou haile not sufferde be to die: Ph. From him that wisheth Death,
Death never can be separate. Th. The crime that losse of breath
Dought to revenge, shew it to me. Ph. Forsooth because I liue.
Th. Alas do not my trilling teares thy sony stomache grieue?
Ph. It is the sweetest death, when one doth loslyome life to take,
Bereft of such as should for him most wodul weeping make.
Th. Still standes the mum? ye croked, old, illaued, holblinge Trotte,
Sir Nurele for stripes and clogging bandes hall viter every lotte,
That shee forbid her hath to tell: in byron chaynes her bynd,
Let tawing whips wying out perfoice the secrets of her mynd:
Ph. Now
Hippolytus.

PH. Now I my selfe will speake: stay yet. TH. Why doste thou turne aside from me thy weeping Countenance? thy teares why doste thou hide That gushing sobaine frothine eyes streame downe thy cheeks apace? Why hiddest thou thy flowing fnowes with Coare before thy Face?

PH. Thee, thee, Creators of the Heavens to witnesse I doe call, And thee O glittering fiery glebe of Christall Sky with all, And Phoebus thou from whom at first our royall Race hath roone.

With fawning face & flattering words in suife I was not soon, For naked sword, & thundering threts, appauled was I not:

By bruised bones abode the blowe, and stripes when loze he lornote: This blemish black of toole decame my blood Hall purge agayne.

TH. Declare what villaine is he your honour to doth stayne? (long.

PH. Whom least yee would mistrust. TH. To know who is, full loze I PH. This sword will ret, which loze alright when people thick in thogy Refored fast, the Leacher vise so fast did leave behinde,

Because the people prighting fast he dreeded in his minde:

TH. Ah our alas, O woe is me, what villany see I?

Alas what uncouth Monster howle of mischiefe I espie?

Beholde the royall Juyz engrau'de and purrred fine,

Emboast with golden huedes, upon th'enameled Vaild dorh shine,

(The Jewell of Aetna lande) but whyther fled is hee? 

PH. With light Heele running loze dilinaide these servaunts did him see:

TH. O sacred holinesse, O love betweene whole mighty hands

The Marble Poale with weltring Sway in cource directed landes,

And thou that second Sceptre weilds in sony fighting wane,

Why doth this curled hzyode with such this wicked vengeance raue?

Hath he bene foltred by in Greece? or craggy Taurus wild?

Among hard rugged Rocks, and Caves, some launge Scythian Childre?

O else in brutish Colchis Ile by Declar Phasis fload?

Car after kinde hee is, and will th'unkindly Bastard blood

Returne unto his kinreds cource, whence first his ligne hee clames,

This frantick fury vp and downe comes of the warlike Dames,

To hate the loyall leagues of love, and shunning long the ble

Of Cupids campie, with tag, and tag, her body to abuse,

Become as good as ever twangd: O destakable kinde,

No better Soyle by any meanes can chaunge thy filthy minde.

The brutish beasts themselues doe loath th'abuse which Venus dyaves,

And simple thanestaknelse it selfe obtuercr Natures lawes: 

Where is the brag of Maiesty, and layned postyle grace

Of manly minde, that hateh new, and olde things doth embrace? 

O dubble
The fourth tragedie.

D double dealing life, thou clokes deceitful thoughtes in breaf, 
And lettost out a fothead laye where crowneed mynd both rest: 
The laucie Jacke with bashful brow doth malipiertrnes hide: 
The rashnes of the deipert Dicke by skilnesse is unspide. 
With show of right religion knaues villany mayntayne, 
And guilesful mealemouthd Gentlemen do hold with speaking playne: 
The dauntly wanton Carper Knights of hardnes boast and pate, 
That Woodraunger, that brainsicke beast who liud' in chast estate 
An undesiled Bachelor thou rude and homely clownne, 
Thus dost thou watch thy tyne, to brede this blot in my renowne? 
To make me Tuckold first of all did it delight thy mynd, 
First calling to thy spoucall spot with mischicke most unkind, 
Now, now, to thee Ipernal Ioue most hearty thankes I yeeld, 
That with my first Antlope to deare death I quellde, 
That gone to damphis Stygian Dennes I left thee not behynd 
Thy Hotherapy: go, go Utagbund rawnge, rawnge, about to finde 
Strange sorneine soyles, and outcast landes aloofe at world his end, 
And Iles encloed with th'Ocean fplod to hell thy soule hall send: 
Beneath among th'Antipodes thy lecke of harchyng sped, 
Though in the bmost lucking nooke, thou hyoude thy miching heade, 
Above the gristy Pallaces thou clime of lofty Poale, 
O, maist above the cloetting Snow aduance thy cursed soule, 
Beyond the hunt of Winterlawes and threatening rigour passe 
And stompy wyath with rumbling rough of yse Boreas, 
With vengeance, vengeance violent fast hurling after thee, 
With daunting plagues and pestilence thy sinnes hal scourged bee. 
For life and death, about the world in every lucking hoale. 
O fugitive I shall not cease still to pursue thy soule. 
But lecke and search for thee I Hall in landes that lye a farre, 
At corneres bylynd and caues but by Dennes lockt with bolt and barre, 
A thousand waves unpassable no place that me withstand 
My cursinges blacke hal light on thee there where reuenging hande 
With weapon can not woake ye harme: thou knowest that Neptune great 
By Syre who stotes on houndes, 3 waues, with forcked Mac doth beat 
Gue licence freely unto me three boonies to chule and euae, 
Which willingly the God hath grantt, and twozne I hal it haue 
Protecling by some Stygian Lake, and hallowed hath his bow: 
O breaker of the wiskling waues, ampuch thy promise now 
Let neuer more Hippolitus behold th'ecliped light, 
And for the Fathers wrathful rage the cursed child downe smight.
Hippolytus.

To waile among the gasly sprites o Father bend thy might,
To grie (alas) this lothsome ayde unto thy needy Sonne,
I of thy Hauelie deuynge exact not to be done.
This chiefeft bone, til puissant payse of ylles do be oppresse:
In bottom depe of boyling Tartar pit and soze distrelle,
In grisly Lymbo Javnes high garglefaced Ditis dimme,
Amsid the crumpled threatening browes of Hellick Pluto grim,
To claine thy promise made to mee, as then I didde refrayne,
Now Syze thy lawth by promise due perduerne to me agayne.
Yet doft thou stay; why rumble not the waltrong waues yet busht,
Through foggy cloude in ducky skies with toomy blaktes outruht.
Unfold the mantel blacke of Hight, and roll away the Skies,
Enforce the fighting floodes hakt out with mounting waues to ryse.
And conjure by the water haggles that in the Rockes do kepe,
The Ocean surges swellsing hie call by from bottom depe.

Chorus.

Nature Grandame greate of Heauenly Sprites,
Eake Ioue that guides Olimpus mighty sway,
That rakes the race of twiickling heauely lightes
On spinning Spheare and order doft for aye
The stragling course of roaming planets hie,
And weildes about the whirling Axeltree
The weltring Poales, th'eternal course of Skie
To keepe in frame, what workes such care in thee
That earst the cold which hoary winter makes
Vnclothes the naked wood, and now agayne
The shades returne vnto the breary brakes
Now doth the fтарre of Sommer Lion raygne,
VWhose scalded necke with boyling heate doth frie,
Perbraking flames from fiery foming iawes:
VWith scorching heate the parched corne do drie:
Ech season so his kindly course in drawes.
But thou that weildes these things of massy might,

By
The fourth tragedie.

By whom the hugy world with egal payse
Euen Ballanced doth keepe in compasse right,
Each Spheare by measurd weight that iustly swaife,
Alas why doft thou beare a retchles breasft
Toward mankind? not casting any care
That wicked men with mischiefe be opprest,
And eake to see that goodmen wel do fare
Dame Fortune tospeturuy turns at wil
The world, and deales her dole with blinded hand,
And softers vice mayntayning mischiefe ill.
Fowle luft triumphes on good men brought in band
Deceipt in stately Court the sway doth weild,
In Lordinges levvde the vulgar fort delight,
With glee to such the Mace of might they yeeld.
Some magistrates they do both loue and spight,
And penfiue vertue brought to bitter bale,
Receyues revvard that doth of right aryfe,
The continent to Prisone neede doth hale,
The Leacher raygnes enhauenced by his vice.
O fruitles shame, O counterfayted port.
But what newes may this messenger now bring,
Who vvith maine pace comes poafting in this fort,
And stays vvith mourning countnance at the Kinge.
THE FOURTH

ACTE.

Nuntius, Theseus,

Heavy happe and cruel chauncce
of Servantes nauith state,
Why am I soakt to bring the newes
of this ill cauloue state?
Th. He not abashst the rughtful wazzke
with courage to declare:
My breast agaynst the hunt of byoyles
til avinnt I prepare,
Nun. My solerling tongue doth speach unto
my glutting grisse denye.

Th. Our stocke with sorowe shaken lose what cares do crush escrie.
Nun.Hippolytus(sor woe is mee)is slayne by doletful death.
Th. Now Father do I know my Sonne becaused of his breath,
For why the Leacher life is lost:shew in what lost he dide.
Nun. In all poast half as fugitive to monne the Towne he hyde
Once hauing caught his cutting course apace he stedes away,
His pouncing Palfrayes straite he doth with Collers close araye:
With curbed bittes their snaffled heads at wil he byyles in,
Then talking much into himselfe to cruse he doth beginne
His native soyle:alas deare Father, Father til he cryes:
And angry lafterth with his whip, whyle toote his Bible lies:
Then soludenly a huyg twoule gan sweel amid the depe,
And starret by into the starres no pipling wind dorc swepe
Along the Seas in Heauen so litch no noyle at all there was:
The Seas ful calme even as their kindly Tyde doth drie them, passe.
No yet no hoysterles Souterne wynd the Sycill land turnopleces.
No yet with some ramping surge the raging gulph by byoyles,
Heaude by by Wytererne puffes:when as the rockes with happyng dash
Do shake and dround Lucates cliere the hoary stone dorth day.
The tumbling waves togethers rolst on hills are heaped sic,
The swelling twoule with Monser mouch to land aloe doth flye,
No only shaken ships in Seas do suffer wazzke hereby:

The
The fourth tragedie.

The land in hazard lyes of hoymes a waltring waue is rold
In totering wife a wallowing gulph with winding compas fold,
Drives downe I know not what withall: a flat upstitching new
An head above the water hym doth raple the Startes to vew.
In toogie cloud eclipsed is Apollos ducky gleede,
And Scyros Rocks whom Trompe of Fame aduaint by dreary deede
Corythus eake whom double Sea on eyther side attaye:
While greatly we agrieved, thele things do languishing bewayle,
The helking Seas yell out the grunting Rockes with all do roze:
The slabby Clue doth reke, fro whence the water ede before,
It frothes, and keping coulde by courte it lpevies the waters out,
As doth Phyfeter hid (that stittes the Ocean Coast about)
And gulping dote from yawning throat his fluids of water spoute.
The shaken surge did totre strayte and brake it selfe in twayne:
With waure(more violent then wee did feare) it ruhte amaynne
Agyanft the sho, beyond the bankes it breaks into the land:
And hideous Monster followes; these so: seare did quaking stand
Th. What shape that bocouth Monster had and body balt declar.
Nu. A boothing Bull, his marble necke advancned ype that hate,
Upayld his lofty hystled Bayn on curled tohead green
With haggy eares prickt by his divers speckled hoymes were scene.
(Whom Bacchus eart posselved had, who tames the Carrell wpd,
And eake the Ed that boyne in fluids was bred a water Child)
Now puppet he perbaken thames, and now as leaming light
With sparckling beams his gogle eyes do glace and glitter bright.
His grealy larded necke (a marke so: to be noted well)
With rough and knobby curnels hie out bumping big do swell.
His loxning postilles wyde drgrunt and yawning gulphes they losse.
His brast and thotrebag greenithly are dawdb with clammy molle
His side along begrymed is with Lactule red of hue,
On snarling knots his wrinkled rumpe toward his face he dyue,
His scaly haunch, and lagging raple most ugly drages hee up,
As Priftis in the deepe of Seas the swalowed Kele doth sup,
On else perbaken out agayne the undigellet pup.
The earth did quake, the Cartel fared about the field do rampe,
The hunter Starke with chilling seare beginnes to stare and stampe,
The heirdman had no mynd his leatrynge Hefpers to pursue,
The Deere amazed brake the pale and had the Laundes adue.
But onely yet Hippolytus. deuopde of sapning seare
His neypg hoyles with the raynes of Bydles hard doth heare,
Hippolytus

With wonted woodes he cerceth by his nymphe Pagges afrade:
A stepe his way at Argos lies with stony cliftes decade,
That nodling overhangs the Sea which understeeps that wayes:
That delye Royle heere heares him selfe,and raging wrath doth raple,
And kindling courage hoate,him force with burning haste allyes,
And chanting elf himselfe before gan free with angry hart.
To then into a couring course on todayne both hee start,
With whirling pace he girding forth doth fearcely touch the ground,
Lighting a front the trembling Cart with glaring Eyes hee glownd.
Then also doth thy threatening Son with lowing hrowes uplift,
Nor changeth Countenaunce,but speakes with stout couragious hart.
This foolish feare doth not appaule my bold and hardned brest,
It comes to mee by kinde, that Bull by mee should bee opprest.
His Steedes detying strait the Raynes plonge toward with the Cart,
As rage did pick them,soe aライト beide the way they start.
This bias way among the Rocks they raunge,and wander wyde,
But as the Pylor (least the Barke should totter to one syde)
Doth heare it even in wraftling waues: so while his hrose skip,
He ruleth them,now raines them hard,and now with wending whip
Free lades on their buttocks laves: his Foe doth him pursue,
Now step by step,now meeting full against his face hee stie.
Hounding terror: every where. No further fly they might:
The hozned beast with butting Browes gan run upon them right.
The trampling Gennets straught of wits doe straung way brake their
The struggle straining hard to slip the Collar if they may.
And pouncing on their hinder Feere, the burden hurle on ground: (ray,
Thy Son flat falling on his face,his body fell was bound,
Entangled in the wanding ropes, the more he strives to loose
The flapping knots, he faster licks within the sliding nooke.
The horses doe percewe the bower: and with the Waggon light
While none there is to rule the Raynes,with skittish feare aライト At randon out they ramping runne, (even as the Welkin hye
The Cart that mill his woonted weight,disbayning in the Skye
The dcevy day that falsely was commit unto the Sun,
From off the very Marble Poodle that downe a skew doth run,
Flang Phaeton toppe towey toll! his bloud begores the ground:
And dingd against the rugged Rocks his head doth oft rebound:
The bzaimbles rent his haled hayze: the edged stiny stones,
The beauty batter of his Face,and brake his cracking bones:

At Mounth
The fourth tragedie.

At mouth his blaring tongue hangs out with squeaked eyne out dash,
His Javies & Skull doe crack, abide his spurring Baynes are palest,
His curled beauty thus be splayde with many wounds is spent:
The lottting Wheelees doe grinde his guts, and drenchen limbs they rent.
At length a Stake w'b Truchion burnt his ripp'd Paich hath caught,
From rued Erine toth' Pauell head within his wounde it raught:
The Cart upon his Waist' pawlde agaynst the ground yeerish.
The Felles stuck within the woundes, and out at length they rush:
So both delay and Waister limbs are break by strelle of Wheelees:
His dangling guts then trapse about the wincing hoylees heeces.
They thumping with their hokey Hooves agaynst his Belly kick,
From bucklen Paunch on heapes his blooddy bowells tumble thick:
The scratting Bypecs on the Brakes with needle pointed pickes
His gory Carke all to race with spelles of hokey kicks
And of his flesh ech cagged thrub a gub dory snatch and rent,
His men(a mourning troupe God knowes) with backish teares belpet
Doe stray about the field, whereas Hippolytus was toxe:
A pitious signe is to bee scene by tracing long of gore:
His howling Waggis their Paisters limmes with licking follow still:
The carnell toyle of woeful Wights can not the coars by still,
By gathering by the gobbets spark and broken lumps of flesh.
Is this the haunting brauey that comes of beauty freed?
Who in his Fathers Emprye earle did raigne os prynccely Peace
The Heyze apperant to the Crowne, and thone in honour cleare.
Lyke to the glorious Stars of Heauen, his Limmes in pieces small
Are gathered to his fatall Grave, and swept to funerall.
TH. O Nature that preuaylde too much, (alas) how dost thou binde
Wbury bonds of bloud the Parents brest: how love we thee by binde?
Maigne our Teeth whom guilty eke we would have rest of brest.
And yet lamenting with my teares I doe bewaple thy death.
NVN. None can lament with honesty that which he witht dekroyde.
TH. The hugiest heape of woes by this I thinke to be eniodye,
When tickering Fortunes cuket wheele doe cause us cry alas,
To rue the wrycke of things which earst wee wished brought to passe.
NVN. If stil thou kepe thy grudge; why is thy Face w'd teares belpet?
TH. Because I lye him, not because I lost him, I repent.

L 2. Chorus.
Hippolytus
Chorus.

Hat heape of happes do tumble vpfyde downe
Th'eltate of man? lesse raging Fortune flies
On little things; lesse leaming lightes are throwne
By hand of Ioue,on that which lower lies.
The homely couch safe merry hartes do keepe:
The Cotage bafe doth giue the Golden sleepe.

The lofty Turrets top that cleaues the cloude
VVithstandes the sturdy stormes of Southren wynde,
And Boreas boyfterous blastes with threatning loud
Of bluteryng Corus shedding showres by kinde.
The reking Dales do seldome noiance take,
Byding the brunt of Lightninges flashing flake.

Th'aduaunced creft of Caucaucus the great
Did quake with bolt of lofty thundring Ioue:
VVhen he from cloudes his thunder dintes did beat,
Dame Cybels Phrygian fryth did trembling moue:
King Ioue in hawty heauen ful fore affright
The nigheft things with weapons doth he zmyght.

The ridges low of Vulgar peoples house
Striken with fstormes do neuer greatly shake:
His Kingdomes coast Ioues thundring thumpes do soufe:
VVith wauering winges that houre his flight doth take
Nor flitting Fortune with her tickle wheele
Lets any wight assured ioy to feele.

VVho in the VVorld beholds the Starres ful bright,
And chereful day forfaking gaftly Death,
His sorrowfull returne with groning spright
He rewes, fith it depriude his Sonne of breath
He seeth his lodging in his court agayne,
More doleful is then sharpe Auernus payne.

O Pal
The fourth tragedie.

O PALLAS vnto whom all Athens land
Due homage oweth,because that THESEVS thine
Among vs worldly Wights againe doth stand,
And seeth the Heauens vpon himselfe to shine,
And passed hath the parlous myrie Mud
Of stinking Stygian Fen, and filthy Flud.

Vnto thy rauening Vncles dreery Gaile
O Lady chafte not one Ghost doft thou owe,
The Hellick Tyrant knovves his perfect tale,
Who from the Court this shriking shrill doth throwe?
What mischiefe comes in frantick PHÆDRA S brayne
With naked Svvord thus running out amayne.

THE FIFTE
AC T E.

THESEVS. PHÆDRA.
CHORVS.

Though pierct with punges of peniueneffe
what fury prickes thy brayne?
What meanes this bloody blade? what meanes
this shriking out amayne?
And langishing upon the Corps
which was thy mallasce made?
PH.D tamer of the waitress vwaues
mee,mee,doe thou invade.
The Monstrous hags of Marble Seas to ramp on mee send out,
What euer Thetis low doth kepe with folding armes about,
O what the Ocean Seas afooke embrace with winding waue:
O Theseus that to thine alies doft still thy selle behaue
So Curriously,O thou that for thy louing Friends amapple
Dool never yet returne: thy Sonne and Father doe bewaile

L 3.  Thy pac.
Hippolytus

Thy passport brought by death, and blood, thy cocke thou dost destroy,
By love of hatred of thy wife thou workst still annoy:
O sweete Hippolytus thus I behold thy hatred face,
And I it is, I wretch (alas) that brought thee to this case.
What Scinis took thy limbs to zone his snatching boughes to seele?
O what Procrustes rackt and rent thee straight on bed of Steele?
O else what Minotaur of Crete that grim twishted Bull
With hoyn head (that Dedalls dennes with lowing siller hul)
Hath thee in sitters zone: (aie me) where is thy beauty fed?
Where are our twincckling stars thine eyes? alas and art thou fed?
Appeare a while, receive my words, for speake I hall none yll:
This hand that strike the stroake, wherewith thy vengeance quite I will.
And tht that I, I Cauife, I, abridged have thy life,
Lo here I am content, to yeelde thee mine with bloody knife.
If ghast may here be gien for ghast, and beare may Lucrue for beare,
Hippolytus take thou my soule, and come againe from death.
Behold my bowels yet are safe my lims in lusty plight,
Would God that as they Lucrue for me, thy body Lucrue they might,
Mine eyes to render kindly light bare thy Tarkkalde bed,
Lo for thy vse this hand of mine shall pluck them from my hed,
And let them in these empty cells and vacant holes of thine.
Thy weale of me a wicked Wight to win, do not repine.
And if a womanes woelull heart in place of thine may rest,
My bosom straight breake by I shall, and teare it from my byest.
But courage stout of thine doth lust faint womanes heart to haue
Thy Poble minde would rather go with manly heart to graue.
Alas be not so manly now, this manlinesse sotheare,
And rather choose to live a man with womanes spite and seare,
Then as no man with manly heart in darknesse depe to sit:
Have thou thy life, give me thy death that more deserveth it.
Can not my poore purchase place? yet vengeance that thou haue
Hell hall not hold me from thy lyfe noy death of dumanish graue.
Sith bases will not permit thee live, though I behelst thee mine,
My selke I shall in spite of fate my fatal twist untwine.
This blade hall vise my bloody breake, my selke I will dispoile
Of soule, and sinne at once; though floods and Tartar gulfes yebole,
Through Styx and through the burning Lakes I wil come after thee:
Thus may we please the towning shades, receive thou heere of mee
The parings of my Poll and Locks cut off from forehead zone,
Our hearts we could not ionye in one, yet wretches now toioyne

We
The fourth tragedy.

We shall together in one day our fatal hour close:  
If thou be loyal to thy spouse, for him thy life then lose:  
But if thou be unconstant, dye for thy lover's sake.  
Shall I into my husband's bed agayne my corps betake,  
Polluted with so hayious crime? O death the chiefest joy  
Of wounding shame: Death only ease of stinging Louses annoy:  
We runne to thee: embrace our soules within thy gladsome breast:  
Darke Athens, harke unto my tale, and thou above the rest,  
Thou fater wrote unto thy Child than bloudy Stepdame I.  
False forged tales I told with shame, I layning that did lye,  
Which I of sptie imagined, when raging beast did swaue:  
Thou father fallly punish hast him that did not desirue.  
The youngman child is call away: for myne unconstant svice,  
Both badful he and guiltles was, now play thy wondred guyle.  
By guilty beast with bloudy Lauce of Swood deforud is viven,  
The Dirge toth dead to purge my spouse hath with my bloud be genen.  
Thou father of the Stepdame learne, what things thy Soneshould haue  
Of life depuied, and to lay his carkasse in a grave.  
Th. O wanny Lawes of blacke Auerne, eake Tartar dungeon grim,  
O Lethes Lake of woful Soules the joy that therein swimme,  
And eake ye glummy Gulphes destroy, destroy me wicked wight  
And stil in pit of pungues let me be plunged day and night.  
Now, now, come by ye Goblins grim from water creekes low,  
What ever Proteus hughie twolde afoole both overflow,  
Come bowse me dro withdrawing in Swallowes depe, that triumphe in my Sinne:  
And father thou that evermore sul ready prest hath binne  
To wazeke myne ye, aduentring I a deede deforudng death  
With new found slaughter have bereft myne onely Sonne of breath.  
His tattred lims I slearned haue the bloudy held about,  
Whyle th'innocent I punish doe, by chaunce I haue found out  
The ruth of al this wickednes: heaven, scarres, and spisteres of hell  
I peker with my treachery that I bore overquell.  
No milchifes hap remayneth more: in kingdoms know mee well:  
We are returned to this Word, For this did Hell unfold  
His gates that burials twayne I might and double death beholde?  
Wherby I both a woueles Wight and eake a Soules Sire,  
May with one hand to wyse and Sonne enflame the funeral fire. 
O tamer of blackefaced light Alcides, now reslue  
Thy bootie brought from Hel, redeeme to mee, to mee thercofe  
K.4.  

These
Hippolytus

These Ghostes that now be gone, ah sinful wretch to death in bayne
I sue, most undiscere by whom these wretched Wights were slayne.
Imagining destruction loze aboue it will I goe,
How with thyne owne handes on thy selfe due vengeance do bestow:
A Pine tree hough downe (rained perforce) unto the ground alow,
Let slip into the open ayre hal cut my coppes in twayne.
From top of Scyrions Rokkes I wil be tumbled downe amayne,
Most grievous vengeance yet I haue in Phlegehton River found,
Commenting guilty Ghostes encloed with fiery Channel round.
What pit and pangues thal plunge my soule already haue I known,
That tyng royle of Silphius that retchles rolling stone.
Let yeelde unto my guilty Ghost, and begin layed on
These shoulders, these lifting handes of myne downe let it sway:
And let the fleeting floure aboue my lips deluded play.
Yes let the taunening grepe come heare and Tytius paunch fo'lake,
Foggluttung foode with grasping Cleaze my liuer let him take,
Encrouching stil to feede the foule, and so my tormentes take.
And paule thou my Pyrothous Syre, and eke the snackle Wheel
That whitch shal enforce my limmes thy swinging swift to seele.
Gape, gape, thou ground and swallow me thou cruel Chaos bynd,
This patiage to thinkernall Sprightes is hit for me to find:
My Sonne I wil entice, thou Prince of ghastly ghostes in hell,
Dread not for that wee come to thee: gene thou me leave to dwell
Among thy dreadful dennes fo'aye, and not to passe agayne.
Alas, my prayer at the Gods no favour can obtayne,
But if that mischiefe craue I should how ready would they bee?
Ch. O Thefeus to thy plaint eternall ryne is granted thee:
Prouyde thy Sonne his Dibl ypes, and bryde in domplish grave
His broken lims, which Monste's soule dispersed and scattered haue.
Th. The threadings of this deare beloved carkasse bring to mee,
His mangled members herter bring on heapes that tumbled be:
This is Hippolytus, I do acknowledge myne offence,
For I it is, that haue deprived thee of life and sense.
Least that but once, o3 onely I should be a guilty Wight,
I sitre attempting mischiefe haue besought my Fathers might.
Lo I enjoy my fathers gift, O folitarinelle,
A grievous plague when feeble yeares haue brought vs to discreell,
Enbrace these lims, and that which yet doth of thy Sonne remayne,
O woeful wight in baleful brast prefere and enterayne.
The seattered scratps of body toigne O Syre in order set,
The fourth tragedy.

The straying gobberets being aganue, here was his right hand set:
His left hand here instructed well to rule the raynes must be.
His left lyde rybbs (sul wel I know to be bewapyd of mee
With bitter teares) as yet alas are lost and wanting still,
O trembling handes behold this woful busines to fulfil,
And withered Cheekes forbid your streams of flowing teares to runne
Whyle that the father do appoint the members of his Sonne.
And eke patch up his body rent, that hath his fashion lost,
Disfigured Soule with gozye wounds, and all about betolft:
I doubt, if this of thee be peace, and peace it is of thee:
Here, lay it here, in th'empty place, here let it layed be,
Although perchap it lye not right: (aye me) is this thy face?
Whole beauty twinkled as a starre, and eake did purchase grace,
In sight of Foe procurd to ruth. Is this thy beauty lost?
O cruel will of Gods, O rage in unne prouayling most.
Both thus the Sye that great good turne perhouse bnto his Sonne?
Lo let thy fathers last farewell within thyne eares to runne,
My child whom oft I bid farewell: the whilst the fire shall burne
These bones, let epe his buriall bower, and let vs fall to mourne
With loude lamenting Mopsus wise foe both the coarses sake:
With Princey Pompe his funerall fire see that ye ready make.
And secke ye by the broken parts in field dispersed round,
Stop hir by hurlde into a Pit, let heavy clodds of ground
lie hard upon hir cursed hed.

FINIS.
OEDIPVS.
THE FIFTH TRAGEDI
OF SENECA, ENGLISHED
The yeare of our Lord
M.D.LX.

BY
ALEXANDER NEVYLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, MAISTER DOCTOR WOTTON: ONE OF THE
Queenes Maiesties privity Counsayle: Alexander Neuyle witheth Helth, vvith encreafe of
Honor.

His sixtenth yeare of myne age (righte honorable) reneweth a gratefull memo-
ry of your great goodnes towards mee: (for at Baptisme your honor vouchsafed
to aunswere for mee): and causeth mee thus boldly to present these greene and
unmelowed fruicfts of my first travailes vnto you: as signes and testimonies of a well disposed minde vnto your honor.
Albeit when first I undertoke the translation of this pre-
sent Tragedy, I minded nothing lesse, than that at any
tyme thus rudely transformed it shoulde come into the
Printers
Printers hands. For I to none other ende removed him, from his naturall and lofty stile, to our corrupt and base, or as some men (but vntruly) assurme it, most barbarous Language: but onely to satisfy the instant requests of a few my familiar frends, who thought to have put it to the very same use, that SENECA himselfe in his Invention pretended: Which was by the tragical and Pompos shewe upon Stage, to admonish all men of their fisckle Estates, to declare the vnconstant head of wavering Fortune, her fodayne interchaunged and foone altered Face: and lyuely to expresse the iust revenge, and fearefull punishmentes of horrible Crimes, wherewith the wretched worlde in these our myserable dayes pyteously swarmeth. This caused me not to be precise in following the Author, word for word: but sometymes by addition, sometimtes by subtraction, to use the aptest Phrases in gowing the Sense that I could invent. Whereat a great numbre (I know) will be more offended than Reason or VVysedome woulde they should bee. Thus as I framed it to one purpose: so have my frends (to whom I can not well deny any thyng that Frendshyps ryght may seeme iustly to requyre) wrested it to another effect: and by this meanses blowen it abroad, by ouerrash and unaduised printing. By whych fond deede I know undoubtedly I shall receyue the poysned infamies, of a number of venemous tonges. Wherefore (ryght honorable) as I geue these the first Fruites of my travayle unto you: declaring therein the great good-wyll and duety that I owe unto your Honor, for the noble disposiotion of your vertuous mynde: so am I driuen humbly to require your strong ayde, and assured defence a-gaysnt the
The Epistle.

gaynft the sclaundorous assaults of such malicious mouths, which obtayned: I shalbe the better encouraged gaynft an other time, to bestow my travaile in matters of farre greater weighte and importaunce. In the meane seafon (desiring your Honour to take these simple Attempts of myne in good part:) I leave you to the tuitio of the right high and mighty God: VVho keepe you long in health, & graunt you many happy yeares: with encrease of Honor.

All your Honours to commaund.
Alexander Neuile.

THE PREFACE TO

BEHOLD HERE BEFORE THY Face (good Reader) the most lamentable Tragedy of that most Infortunate Prince OEIdipus, for thy profit rudely translated. Wonder not at the grofenesse of the Style: nether yet accounte the Inuentours Dylygence dygraced by the Transflators Neglygence: VVho thoughhe that he hath somtimes boldly preumed to erre from his Au-thor, rouing at random vwhere he lift: adding and subtraafting at pleasure: yet let not that engender disdaynefull suspition with in thy learned breast. Marke thou rather vwhat is ment by the vwhole course of the Hiftory: and frame thy lyfe free from such mischiefes, vwherevwith the World at this present is vniuerfally ouervwhelmed, The vvrathfull vengeaunce of God prouoked, the Body plagued, the mynde and Confcience in midft of deepe deouoring daugers most terribly assaulted,

In such
To the Reader.

In such sort that I abhorre to write: and euin at the thought thereof I tremble and quake for very inward griefe and feare of minde: assuredly perfwading my felfe that the right high and immortall God, will neuer leaue fuch horrible and de-teftable crimes unpunifhed. As in this present Tragedy, and fo forth in the proceffe of the whole hyftory, thou maift right well perceyue. Wherein thou shalt fee, a very expresse and luely Image of the incoftant chaunge of fickle Fortune in the perfon of a Prince of paffmg Fame and Renown, midst whole fluds of earthly bliffe: by meare miffortune (nay rather by the deepe hidden secret Iudgemêts of God) piteoufly plunged in moft extreame miseries. The whole Realme for his fake in ftraungeft guife greuoufly plagued: besides the apparaunt de-ftruction of the Nobility: the generall death and spoyle of the Côminalty: the miserable tranfformed Face of the City, with an infinite number of mischiefes more, which I paffe ouer vn-reherfed. Onely wish I all men by this Tragicall hyftory (for to that entent was it written) to beware of Synne: the ende whereof is shamefull and miserable. As in the moft infortu-nate fall of this vnhappy Prince right playnely appeareth. Who by inward gripe of fearefull cofuming Coscience wret-chedly tormentede: beholding the lamêtable state of his vile infected Realmes, wafted by the burning rage of priuy spo-yling Peftilence, finds himfelfe in tracft of time, to be th'onely plague & misery of the almoft quight deftroied City. Where-vpon calling together his Priests and Prophets, and asking coû-faile of the Gods by them, for present remedy in those euils, wherewith the Realme was than vnuerfally ouerflowen: aü-fwere was made that the Plague shoulde neuer ceaffe, till king LAIVS death were throughly reuenged: and the bloudy Murtherer druen into perpetuall exile. Which auns were re-ceiued, OEDIPVS, farre more curious in bowltng out the truth, than carefull of his own Estate: sodainly slides into an innumerable company of dredfull miferies. For as soone as he had once the perfect vewe of his own deteftable deedes, and wicked mifdemeanour caft before his eyes, together with the

\[ \text{...} \]
To the Reader.

unnaturall killing of his Father LAIVS, the inceftuous Marriage of his Mother IOCASTA, the preposterous order of his ill misguided lyfe, vvith a hundred moe like mischieses, vvhich chast & vndefiled eares abhorre to heare: fretting Fury cémon enemy & tormetor to corrupted côsciêces pricking him forwvrd, all inflamed vvith Phrensie and boyling in in-vvard heate of vile infected minde, hee rooteth out his wret-ched eyes unnaturally, bereaueth his Mother her life (though earneftly requested thereto) beastly, & in the ende in moft ba-seft kind of flauery, banisht, dieth miserably. Leauing behind him vnto all posterities, a dredfull Example of Gods horrible vengeaunce for smne. Such like terrors as these requireth this our present Age, wherein Vice hath chiefeft place, & Vertue put to flight, lies as an abieçt, languifhing in great extremity. For the vvhich caufe, so much the rather haue I suffred this my base trâslated Tragêdy to be published: frô his Author in word & verfe somewhat trâsformed, though in Senfe litle altered: and yet oftentimes rudely encreased vvith mine owne simple inuention: more rafhly (I côffe) than wisely, vvishing to please all: to offend none. But vvhereas no man liues so vprightly, vvhom flaudring tongues leaue vnaffamed, I re-ferre my selfe to the Iudgement of the vviseft, litle esteeming the preiudiciall mouthes of fuch carping Marchaûts, vvhych suffer no mens doings almost to scape vndefiled. In fine, I be-seech all to gether (if so it might be) to beare vvith my rude-nes, & consider the grofenes of our owne Countrey language, which câ by no meanes aspire to the high lofty Latiniotts stile. Myne onely entent vvas to exhorte men to embrace Vertue and shun Vyce, according to that of the right famous & ex-cellent Poet Virgil

Disce infficiam moniti, & non tenmner e diuos.

This obtayned: I hold my selfe throughly cotented: In the meane seafon I ende: wishing all men to shun Sin, the plaine (but moft perilous) pathway to perfect infelicity.

A. Neuile.
THE FIRST ACTE.

OEDIPVS the King. IOCASTA the Queene.

He Night is gon: and drefully day begins at length t'appeare:
And Phoebus all bedin'de with Cloudes,
himself aloft doth recee.
And glyding forth with deadly hue,
a dolefull blace in Skies
Both beare: Great terrore and dismay
to the beholders Eyes.

How shall the houses boye bee scene, with Plague benoured quight?
And slaughter that the night hath made, shall day bying forth to light.

Both any man in Princely throne reioyce? O mickle Joy,

How many ills? how sayre a Face? and yet how much annoy
In thee doth lurke, and hidden ies: what heapes of endless strife?
They judge amisse, that brewe the Prince to have the happy life.

For as the Mountaynes huge and hie, the blustring windes withstand.
And craggy Rocks, the belching floods do dath, and dyee fro land:
Though that the Seas in quiet are, and calme on every side:
So kingdoms great all Windes and Waves of Fortune must abide.

How well shuld I my Father deare Polybius Scepters late?
Exil'de, bereft of cairfull seare, in Pilgrims happy state:
I call the Gods to witness this, and Stars that glide in Skyes.
A kingdome is belaunl to mee, I seare leaft thereof yse
A mischiefe, (mighty Ioue,) to great I seare, alas I seare
Leaft these my handes haue reft the life, of thee my Father deare.
Apollo hyps mee this beware, and yet a mischiefe more
Foyetels, IOC. Can any greater bee than that you tolde before?

Of Fa:
Oedipus

Of Father layne by sonnes own hand: OE. (O thrice unhappy state.)
With horror all bitmaide I stand in dredd of threatened fate.
I am abanied my destinies bowle (O Queene) to thunder out,
And openly to backe my feare my trembling minde dorth dour:
Yet out it goes. Phœbus me bids my Mothers Bed to fly,
As though that I her Sonne, with her incestuously should ly.
This feare, and only this me caute me fathers kingdome great
For to forlaxe. I fled not thence when feare the minde dorth beat.
The resteslefe thought still dyes the thing, it knows can newt chaunce.
Such fantasie now toyment my heart, my lafety to advaunce,
And eke thyne euer terrorfull lawes (O Nature) for to keepe
A latey Scepter I fortooke, yet secret feare dorth cressepe
Within my beate: and fress it still with doubt and discontent,
And inward pouncies which secretly my thoughts a sunder rent.
So though no caute of dyed I see, yet feare and dyed I all,
And scan in credit with my selues, my thoughts my minde appall
That I cannot perstocked be though reason tell me no,
But that the Web is weareing still of my decreed wo.
For what should I suppole the caue: a Plague that is so generall,
And Cadmus country whole lyoples, and spredes it selfe through all?
Should me, amongst to huge a heape of plagued Bodies spare?
And we alone amongst the rest referude to mischiefes are?
O heavy hap. And bide I still alone the lyople to see?
Of Cities great, of men, of heales, by plague that wasted bee?
And thou amongst so many ils, a happy lyce to lead,
Couldst once pertwade thy selfe (O witch) withour all feare oz dreed.
Of Phœbus secret Judgements to, and that in Kinges estate?
Thou, thou, infected half the ayre, in such a filthy rate.
Thou art the onely cause of wo: by thee these evils rise,
By thee to graue on such a forse, these wretched people lies.
The dyr fameing frying heate, afflicted hearts that waites,
Is not relisceu as wont it was by cold and pleasaunt blasts.
The gentle western winde have left with healthfull pusses to blow,
And now the dyr Dog with blace of boiling heate dorth glow.
The Sunne in Leo burns to hoate, and to the earth dorth broyle,
That luds and hearthes are dyed bpost, and nought remaynes but loyle,
So throughly schorect and dyed with heate, that moisture all is gone,
And now amongst to many luds, remaynes alas not one.
The places dry are onely seen the streams are drunken by.
And water that dorth yet remayne: the soaking Earth dorth sup.

The Moon
The fifthe tragedie.

The Moone with cloudes quight over east, all ladly forth the glides, 
And dolesfull darksome shades of night, the whole worlde overhides. 
No Star on high at all both shine, but black and hellike hue 
Hath overhaded all the Skyes, whence deadly mils entlike. 
The corne that wondrous was to growe and fruitfuly to sprying, 
Now to the boyled Barnes nought els, but empty falkes both lying. 
No part of all our kingdoms is free from destruction: 
But all together run and rush, to bitter confusion. 
The old men with the yong (alas:) the Faather with the chylde 
The plague consumes. Both man wise, all beasts both same wyde 
Are spoyled by the Pestilence. No pompe at all remayne, 
That wondrous was in Funeralles, to sake the mourners paynes. 
Alas this spoile of people made, by plague hath dyde myne eyes: 
And secretly within my breast, the grieue it howling gryyes. 
And that, that wondred was to hap, in most extremest ills: 
By tearres are dry and glutting grieue my wretched beast it kills. 
The crazed father beares the cons, into they dampeish graues: 
And after him with burden like, the Mother comes and caues: 
And even lamenting as they stand, stark dead downe both they fall, 
And mourning new in like estate, for them and theirs they call. 
Who likewise in the midst of all their toyle and paynsfull payne 
Do drop into the grave they die, and to the place doe payne 
That was preparde for others erst. A hell it were to heere 
The horro, and the miseries that every where apperec. 
A Tombe is made for noble men, fall on the people hie, 
And in their burdens slie. Great Pieces all unregarded ly. 
For lack of Graues, to Ashes cleane their bodyes some doe vaile: 
And some halfe burnt doe leave them there, and home away for halfe 
They run, six more they seach, and then wood, ser, graue, and all 
Both want. And downe for very grieue the wretched mylers fall 
No prayers availe. No Arte can help this raging Plague t'appease, 
For none almost is left alive each others woe to eale. 
Before thine aulters heere O God my feeble handes I hold, 
Requiting all my destynes, at once with courage bold. 
And that by death I may prevent, my Countrey prect to fall. 
For this, and only this (O God) upon thy name I call. 
Let none not be the last that dies: The last that goes to Graue. 
Graunt this, and then (O mighty Ioue) my full request I have. 
O cruell Gods unkinde: O more than thistle unhappie Fates: 
That onely mee denied is, that lyghtes on all Estates. 

I meanes
OEdipus

I meane a speedy death (alas) these evils to prevent,
And deadly woes that doe my heart with restless rage torment.
Leaue of thy blubering teares (O fool,) by these kingdoms soyde
With rotten plagues & Borches bile, and graves ech where dispoyde.
All which diseaces thou unhappy guest didst bring with thee
Dispatch. Away. Go hence. At least, unto thy parents see.

10. What bootes it Sir, there mishiefes, great woe pircous plaints to ag-
Stoutly to beare adversity, is firste for Kings estate. (greateate.
When dead and daunger most allayle; when cruel Cares doe crush
Thy princely heath. The oughest thou most to beare and hide the push.
It is no poinder of courage, to soude to yeeld to fortunes browm. (down.
OED. Nay. Feare could neuer caufe mee (oue no? Fortune cast mee
By manly minde was neuer thy saule to bain: and pnauth teares,
But euermore in each assault, it pyncely courage heares.
Do not a thousand glistering swords, no? Mars himselfe in fielde,
Can once dismay my Countenaunce, no? caufe my heart to yeeld.
The very Giants fierce and huge in fight withstand I dare.
That Monster Sphinx whose riddels through the world renowned are,
Could not dismay my dreedles heart, no? caufe my courage slide
For all the terrois I beheld, I did that Fury hyde.
I saw him beathing Guts of blood, I viewde full well the fielde
That all to spattered lay with blood, and bones quight overcheelde.
And when ye be on Mountaines top with mouth full huge to see.
Stoode gaping all with greedy jawses to feede and pay on mee,
Ofte quomfing with his treaful wynes and making off his tayle,
Began full like a Lyen fierce with thraetes mee to attayle.
Of whom straight way the Riddell I, it rubb into myne eares
With roaring sound his wingses he claps, the Rock for; half hee teares.
Debating with my Bobels till his greedy Jawes to glut:
But I full toome accoyled had the question that he put.
And ech the subtle pointsers thereof, and twisted knots vntwine.

10. What makes you with for? death to late, and waale your wrodes in
You might haue died than (you know) for Sphinx to nobly slaine. (wind.
This kingdom unto you, and yours for ever shall remain.
OED. The ashes of that Monstre bile, agaynst vs doth rebell.
That bile mishappen lothome Beast, that raging Feend of Hell.
Is cause of the plague that doth this nourful City smite.
Now only this remaynes alone, if Phoebus heavenly might,
Can any meanes inuent for vs, o? way of mercy make:
Whereby these burning Plagues at length may haply chauce to flake.

Chorus,
The fifthe tragedie. 80

Chorus.

O nowe then thysse renowned Stock
of auncient Cadmus Race.
O mighty Thebes City great,
O heavy ruthfull Case.
Loe now you lye all desolate,
with Plague devoured quight.
Both you and all your Husbandmen.
(Oh miserable sight.)

O lowe and fearfull Fate (alas) what causeth all this wa?
O God whence springs this Pestvence that do tormenteth so?
No age, no shape, no foure is spare, but all confounded lye.
Thus happiest now ye man I count, whose chaunce was sick to dye.
For hee hath thund a thousand ills, which wretched Eyes have seen:
And mischieues great that do doe presse from him are taken cleane.
O God withhold thy fury great, thy Plagues from vs remove.
Teale of afficted Soules to scourge, who thee both sere and lobe.
Powre downe on them diseales powle, that them deliverd haue.
A Guerdon lust sox sinne (Oh God) this this of thee wee craue,
And onely this. We akke no more, the caufe and all is thynge,
A thing not bile of Gods it is, from pity to declyne.
By heart both pant, and trembling cold through all my lims doth run,
As oft as I rememb're count the noble Stockes unwin,
By death and dolfull destenies that overwhelm'd lye,
And yet alas the people stil to Graue doe falke lyfe.
In long Arap all in a tanke by thounsndes on a toe,
On every side, in every streate to buriall fall they goe.
The seuen bynde wyde open Gates, are not enoughe for way,
But thyngd the people peltered stand still in a fearfull stay,
And in the mynst all theye tople with coles on their backes,
The number that before both poalt the hinder number staches.
The coles in the streates doe lye and Graue on Graue is made,
But all in bayne. For nought it boots the plague cannot bellaye.
The lacerices don to Gods haue to to ill successe,
And such strange signes doe rise that nought els I can gelle,
But that at hand with gasly paws, is bitter destruction,
With thounsnd ills accompanied and extreme confusion.
The sheepe of rot by heapes as thick, as dogges doe fall and dye,
And belching out their walled lungs, on grounde doe sprawling lye.
And I my selfe of late did see: (a sight unseeene before.)

M 2.

As our
OEdipus

As our high priest stoooe lacristing at the Temple doze,
And strake with grienous bloody wound the golden hoigned Bull
When downe with lueles lump he dops and members made full dull.
And all the wounde wide bleeding gapes & black goard bloody out spues.
And yet the blade wantprickled was. The blood it booping stues
And bubbles on the ground. Alas what do these things poteind?
Oh mighty loue at length vouchsafe some good and happy end.
At length withhold thy hand (O God) and health unto vs send.
Nothing (alas) remayne at all,in wonded old eate,
But all are turned topset downe,quight boyd and decole
The fainting boyle for todayne paine from back his burden rats,
And after on his maisters beth his lueles lyms he sqaure;
Who cries for help: but all in bain the beaftes in field that bide
Unkept: unknownen wayes and paths do raunche and overstride,
The Bull for lacke of soode and meare in field all faintyng lyes,
And all his flocke disperea quight, the seli Shephard dyes.
The herdman eke amongst his beaftis his fatal breath expiers
And to the heuens with piteous cries,commends his last desiers.
The Harts without all fear of wolves do lyue in wretched peace.
The rage,and wrathful roring sounds of ramping Lions cease.
The vengeaunce wyld outragious Beares are now as tame as sheepe
The vely Serpent that was vont, the Rocky Dennes to keep.
Oft quaffing poisoned Venom lups in inward heat thee boyles.
And all infaund and schozch, in bayne for lenger lyke the toyles.
The woods are not adourned now,with fresh and lively hue,
The wonded thades are gon. All things are quight out of their Due:
No greenish grasse on ground both grow, the earth no moisture loupes,
The Vine withoaten any sap,his drylys head down drywipes.
What that I say: all things (alas) are wythen out of course,
And as they seeme to me,are lyke, to face still worse and woyle.
O mighty God above: when ende these everduryng yrs?
When eate these plages: that gilrles blood thus fierce and raging spils?
I think but we almost alyue,there do no men remayne:
Whom dolful Darce of Deltenies, on earth haue left builayne.
I thynke the darksome thades of hell where filthy huds do sow,
Where plages and vile diseales too, where redfull hordes grow,
And all the kuries hzalen loote do milchickes on vs throw,
With Botch z blane of hundy blodnes which sothern blakts do blow,
And weysful vexed hagges of hell do breth and on vs hinge:
The angry tendes of hell I thynke their vengeaunce on vs stinge
And
And out their mostall poiison spue which they agaynst vs beare, 
Lo fee how greedy death on vs with crowling eyes doth leare. 
See,see.Oh love how falt hee throwes his Darres.Not one he spares 
But all confounds his threning force,withstand no Creature dares. 
Do doubt the lothsome Ferman the unsoul soules that travyes 
Through hinking fuds, his labour lotts that he foz vs sustaynes. 
Such plette by pluys to him is made which still renewes his paynes. 
But harke yet misteres more the these, the Fame abroade both fly 
That hilleside Dogges w' bawling fround were heard to howle and cry, 
And p't the ground with trembling booke,and under ferte did move. 
And dreadfull blasing Comets hight were leene in Skies aboue. 
And gally hapes of men besides, to wander on the ground. 
And wood, and trees on every fyde, bid fearfully refound. 
Besides all this strange Ghosts were leene in places where they ftoode. 
And Kyuers were then one or two, that ran all blacke good bloode. 
O cruel plague, O vile disease, farrce worfe then speedye death. 
O wee unhappy thyle and more, who doe prologue our breath. 
In these accursed hapes and tymes. But harke to mee a while. 
When first this lothsome plague begins thee Kyyers to deile, 
It takes them thus. A fearefull Cold through al their bones doth run, 
And Cold and Heare togetheer mixt, their fenes all benome. 
Than little lothsome markes appeare, and all their bodies spot. 
And all their members flaming grow, and burning falt doe rot. 
The Lights, the Lungs, the heart, the Cuts, and all that inwarde lies. 
And all the secret partes leszvght, with deadly fyer fries. 
The bloud all clotted in their Cheekes, in cluster lies by lumps, 
And it and heate together makes, great, strang, and ruddy bumps. 
And bloud and flesh congeled fands, in Face as fitte as flake. 
And Eyes in head falt hred fer, and often trickling make. 
And bowne apace where fuds they fteame, and clots 2 drops doe trill, 
And all the thin from of their Face, by flakes and scales doth pill. 
A thousand fearefull sounds at once, into their eares doe rush. 
And lothsome bloud out of their Nose, by stilling streames doth yush. 
The very anguity of their heart doth caufe them foz to flake. 
And what with payne 2 heate, and feare, their weried lims doe quake. 
Then come the raving Kyuers haunt, and come on ground doe wallow. 
And come agayn their thirek to flake, cold water gulping 2wallow. 
Thus all our country rott with plague in Creke it waltering lies. 
And still defiring foz to dye, a thousand deatthes it dyes. 
But God to heare them then is pret: and death to none denyes. 

The fifthe tragic. 81

Besides
OEdipus

Belydes al this, the church some do frequent: but not to pray,
But onely so to glut the Gods, with that that they do say.
But who is this that comes to Court in haste with wanting pace?
What; is it Creon that noble Prince (for deeds and courte rate?)
O2 doth my mynd opprest with care thinges false for true continue?
Creon it is long looked for, his sight doth me renue.

THE SECONDE

AC T E.

The first Scene.

OEDIPVS. CREON.

O2 feare my body chilles, alas,
and trembling all I stand
In quakinge dread. I feke and toyle,
these mishieles to withstand.
But al in bayne I expend my thoughtes
it wil not be, I see,
As long as all my fencers thus
by cares distracted bee.

My mynd despyous stil (Oh God,)the truth so to unsold,
With doubtful Dread is daunted so, that it can scarce bpholde
It selfe. O Brother beare, if way ou meane of health thou know,
Declare it out and stike no the truth to me to shew.
Cre. The Oyacle (most noble king) ys dark, and hidden lies.
Oed. Who doubtful health to stike men brings, all health to the denies.
Cre. Apoloees the yt is the troth in darkelome dens to hold,
Oed. And Oedipus of Gods it hath thinges hidden to unsold:
Speake out, tell all, and spare not man: all doubtes I can discus.
Cre. Apollo then (most noble King) himselfe commannder thus.
By exile purge the Princes feat, and plague vwith vengeance due
That haples vvretch, vwhose bloudy handes of late King Laius flye:
Before that this perfourmed bee, no hope of milder ayer:
Wherefore doe this (O King)oz elle All hope of helpe dispayne.

Oe.Durk
The fifthe tragedie.

Oe.Durst any man on earth attempte,that noble Prince to slay?
Show me the man that I may him dispatch out of the way.
Cre. God graunt I may it falsely tel: the heavyng was to terrible,
By lenses all ailed are:it is a thing so horrible,
That I abhoyse to utter it(oh God)for feare I quake
And even at the very thought my lims beginne to shake.
Altdone as I Appollos Church,had entred in affrayd,
Uppon my face flat downe I fell, and thus to him I prayd.
Oh God if eu e thou didst rye,on wretched wikers steate,
If eu e men opprest thou eald,or didst their cares abate,
If eu e thou in present neede didst present helpe declare,
If eu e thou afflicted Harres with cares confund didst spare:
Shew now thy wanted clemency and pitty knowne of yore.
Seant had I sayd: Refounding all the mountaynes thondring toye:
And thisty cendes spurt out their flames out of their darksome caues.
And woods do quake, and hilles do move, and by the surging waues
Do mount unto the skies aloft, and I ailed stand,
Still looking for an aundwearer at Appollos sacred hand.
When out with ruffled hawe disguild the Prophet comes at last:
And when that thee had felt the heart of mighty Phæbus blast.
All putnyng out the swelles in rage, and panting stilt the caues,
And feant he entred had into Appollos thyning caues,
When out a thundring voyee doth burst that's farre above mans reach.
So dreadful seemed then to me the mighty Phæbus speach.
Than thy speake and thus at length into myne cares he right
Whyle spawling stil the Prophet lay before the doozen in dust.
The Thebane City neuer shal be free froplagues (quoth he,)
Except from thense the Kingkiller forthwith expulsed bee:
Vnto Apollo knowen he was, or eu e he was borne.
Do this:or else no hope of health,to this, the gods haue sworn.
And as for thee, thou shalt not long in quiet steate indure,
But with thy self wage war thou shalt & war thou shalt pro-
Vnto thy children deare: & crepe agayn thou shalt into (cure
thy mothers wombe.
Oed. Loke what the Gods commaunded have accomplished halbe.
Vnto neuer shal these eyes of myne abyde the day to see,
A King of kingdome iypoed by force,by guyle or craft supplieck.
A kinge to kinges the prop ought he, and chiefeck caufe of reft:
No man regards his death at all whom living he doth feare,
OEdipus

Cr. Great cause makes mee my Princes death conceale and closly beare
Oed. Ought any cause of feare or grieues, thy dutie for to let?
Cre. The threatning of the prohpetes, do stil my breast belet.
Oe. Let vs (thou God commands) forthwith some good attornment make
If any way, or means there be their wathful cage to frame.
Thou God that sitst on seare on high, and al the world doth guide,
And thou by whose commandement the Starres in Skies do glide:
Thou, thou that onely rulst art of Seas, of Floods, and all.
On thee and on thy Godhead great, for these requestes I call,
Who so hath laine king Laius, oh Ioue I do thee pray.
Let thousand ills upon him fall, before his dying day.
Let him no health or comfort haue, but al to cruith with cares,
consume his wretched yeares in grieues, though that death him spares
Awhyle. Yet mischiefes all, at length upon him light.
With all the evils under Sun, that ugly monster litigne.
In exile let him live a Slave, the rated coule of life.
In shame, in care, in penury, in daunger and in strife.
Let no man on him pity take, let all men him treate.
Let him his Mothers sacred Bed incendiously defyle.
Let him his Father kill. And yet let him do mischiefes more.
What thing more haynous can I wish then that I wist before?
Let him do all those ills I say, that I have thund and salt.
All those and more (if more may be) oh God upon him cast.
Let him no hope of pardon haue: but sue and all in bayne.
All bellsh Furies on him light, for to encrease his payne.
O Ioue powre downe thy fury greate, thy thudding thumpes out throw
Let Boreas hystorous blakes and stony plagues upon him blow
consume him quight. Fret out his guttes w' pockes and borches bile
Let all diseases on him light that wretched boothes bile.
Let these and more (if more may be) bypon that Monster fall.
Let Harpies pawses and greedy paunches beware his members all.
Let no man him regard: or seeke his limmes in grave to lay:
But let him dye ten thousand deaths before his dying day,
By this my Kingdome I do sweare, and Kingdome that I left
By al my Countrey Gods that bene in Temples closely kept,
I sweare, I bow, I do protest, and thereto witnesses take:
The Starres, the Seas, the Earth and all that ere thy hand did make.
Except that I my selfe forthwith this bloudy monster find,
To wreake the wrath of God some way with solemne ort I hynde.

And
And to my father, Polybius his happy days continue.
And to my mother Merope, her marriage new continue:
As he shall dye that did this deed, and none shall him excuse.
What so he be here I protest for that he shortly cues:
But where this wicked deed was done Creon now tell me playne:
Both by what meanes? I where? and how King Laius was slayne.
Creon. Passing through Castalia woods and mountayns steep with stone
Where groves and scrubs, and bushes thicke the hainbles sharpe do groe.
A threepathd crooked way there is that diversely doth goe.
One unto Bacchus city bends that Phoce doth hight,
The other to Olenius, both stretcheth out aight:
The third that reacheth through the bales and by the rivers lyes
Tends downe unto the Bankes whereby Eleia water lyes.
There unaware(D pireous chaunce) a troup of thieves entraps
The noble prince, and murders him hence spring these great mishaps
Which heape you realms with hideous woes and plagues on every side,
By just decree of heavenly powers which can no murder hide.
But see Tirestias where he comes with old and trembling pace.
I thinke Apollos heavenly might have brought him to this place.
See where he comes, and Manto too, his steps directing stapes
Tis he who for your grace(D king) and for your countrie stapes

The fifth tragedie.
THE SECOND

ACTE.

THE SECOND

SCENE.

OEDIPVS. TYRESIAS.

MANTO.

Come holy priest (to Phoebus nert)
these doubstfull answers lose:
And whom that destines will to dye,
Straightways to me disclose.
TY. Renowned Prince, though still I stand
in silence divine divinayde:
And though by inwarde teare of mynde
my lingering tongs is stayde:
Yet pardon me (O noble Prince,) and give me leave a while.
From lack of light springs Ignorance which powre hath to exile
Unspotted Truths to doubstfull breaks. This thing ful well you knoe,
But whither God and Countrey calles, with willing minde I goe.
Let deadly fatal destenies, be hould out at length.
O King if I of greener yeares had now my wanted strength:
This matter soone difficult should be, and I would take in hande,
My selfe in presence of the Gods, in temple by, to stande.
A mighty Dre all couloured white, by on the Aulters reare,
Which never yet on woried nekke, the crooked yaake did beare.
And Manto thou, O daughter mine, mine onely prop and stay:
The secret hidden misteries, and carked signes our lay.
MA. The heakt before the Aulters stands. TY. To Gods a prayer make,
And on the holy Aulters eke, come plesanta udas shake.
MA. Tis done. And all the fiers fierce, with incence hight doe flame.
TY. O Manto now what signes leest thou? how doe thy matyre's flame?
What? doe the fire, the Sacrifice encompass rounde about?
MA. Not so. But first it mountes aloft, and streight it nathereth out.
TY. Well yet, how doe the sacred flame all shining hight and cleare
It felse on high unto the Skies, with sparkling flakes bypearce?
O? doe it oft rebounding backe, it felse, from Skyes unfould?
O? all with rumbling roving noyle, about the place ist roule?
O? dim'de
The fifth tragedie.

O! dim'd with smoke, isk rost from place, to place, now here, now there?
MA. Not one. But ducet, colours mix't the flame both with it beare.
Such like into the Rainbow, which with sundry pavnred hies
Foreheaves into the husbandmen the weather that enflues.
What colour it wants, or what it hath, to me is like uncertayne.
Now is it black, now blue, now red, and even now agayne
Quight out it is. Yet once again, all firece it flashing flames:
But lo, yet misch'tere more then this, unluckily it frames;
The her quight a sunder parts, and flame with flame both light.
O father I abhore to see, this ugly lotthome light.
The Wyne to blind is turned quight, and all the Princes hed,
With thick black clouds encopact is, with smoke all overclipt.
O father tell what this portends? TY. What should I tell alas?
By mynde for fear of agony, and trembling cold doth pas
Through all my limbs. What shall I say? or where shall I begin?
O cruel Plagues, O wrackfull Gods, O vengeance due for sin.
Some dye and bloodly deed (Alas) these hydevous signes declare.
What's that the Gods would have revialde, and yet doe bid beware
To trer it? By certain signes their wrath is oft descry:
Such signes appeare, and yet they scarce their fury great to hide.
They are at hande: I not more what. Come hither, quickly bring
Some salt with thee, and it upon the sacrifice goe sling.
What? are their lookes pleasant and mild, and doe they gently bide
The touching of thy fameth hands? MA. What may this thing betide?
The Bull (a wonder great to see) his head on his he lifts
And turned still unto the Cast, from thence it alway shifts,
Still lothing as he seeming to me, of heaven to see the light,
Of tearle with his blearing eyes with gasketly ruthfull light.
TY. But both one blow the dye to ground, or more the one they haue?
MA. The Heifer as it leamnde, enland with courage stout and haue
Upon the mortall Blade did rush, and there hirselle dektries:
When out the bloud it coming spoutes, and mounts unto the Skies.
The bloudly Bull twice stroke his thigh, with growling groyning ypes,
And toying up and down he mooples. And still to lie dekries.
And yet at length with much ado, his hystish breath expiers.
TY. What? both the wounde wide open gate, or is it closed up?
O! both the deepnes of the hole, the bloud in soking slip?
MA. Out of the wounded Heifer's beastr Black blusht waters rush.
As for the Bull, but little bloud, out of his wounds both gush.

It back
OEdipus

It back rebounds, and from his Mouth 2 Eyes by Creames both how
But what these dreadfull lignes porrend the Gods aloane doe know.
TV. By this unhappy Sacrifice, great feares within mee rise.
But tell mee now: In the inner parts, what secret hidden lies?
M A D Farther what means this (alas) that move then wanted guise
The Inwards live: and make my hands, and heaving off arise,
The blood by Streams out of the veins, full strangely skips aloft.
The heart all shockt and hidden lies, and strykes are scene full oft,
Of Colour very wan and pale: The chiefer parts doe want.
The Lyper blackish gall out spurs, and somewhat ryting pants.
And that, that myslfes great, to kingdoms both foelabow:
Two heads are scene, and yet both heads one skin both overgrow
And overheales them quight, But yet the skin, it is so thin
That easely one may dilcere what lieth hid therein.
And that which hob: doth encracle, a man may plainly see
How both the heart, the Lights, and Lungs, and all disturbed bee.
The fearfull noytle and sound here yeere is not of beakts, but fer
That roaring on the Alters makes, predicting wekefull ye
Of angry Gods who doe foerell some purpofe that they haue,
Fo: to revenge some soule wildeede that vengeance just doth crave.
No part his proper place obserues, no: keepes his order due:
But altogether quight disguide, with an unwonted fue.
Hisbapen, out of frame, transfoimnde, displaced quight(alas)
What thing is that the Gods entend ere long to bring to pas?
OEd. Why than declare from where, and why these deadly lignes arise,
With courage fount I will it hear, it shall not once aggrise.
My valiant mynd, Extremerge its haue power to banish feare.
TV. You will wise that vnward which you so much deprive to hear.
OEd. Pet fencne the Gods wil haue him known tell me(I lay)his name
That lue your King. TV. No: wing, no: womb of Bird 0z beth y fame
Can tell (O king) new Sacrifice, new meanes we must invent.
From dreffull daeke infernall damps some Fury must be sent
These mischifes great for to unfolde. Oi els King Ditis hee,
That Empeze keepes on grievly Gholts, entreated needes must bee
These things sort by with fo: to disclose. Tell who shall haue the charge,
A King thou art, than maist not thou go through those kingdoms large.
OEd. Than noble Creon thou shalt goe, this payne is first for thee:
Who maist this crowne and kingsome great enjoy after mee.

THE
Oedipus. Creon.

Though that thy face where sadness sits
In heavy mourning guise,
Though else pretend, but deadly grieves,
And mischiefes stil to ryle:
Yet tell some means whereby at length
The Gods we may appease,
And purchase to our Kingdomes walk,
Some hope of health and ease.

Cre. Alas you byd me that disclose which feare both byd me hyde.
Oed. If that the Thebans Cit ries great, by doleful plagues destryde.
Perce not thy hart: yet oughtest thou, these Kingdomes so to rue,
Which were into thy brothers house, of auncient title due.
Cre. You wish y'thing to know, which you wil with unknown at length.
Oed. Why so? a simple remedy of little force and strength
Is ignozaunce of our estate when daungers do byde.
But what? wilt thou so great a good for common [a]tery hide?
Cre. Ickelome medicines and perilous in sicknes I abhore:
Oed. And I likewise at Subjects hands disdayne to take a doore,
Speake out with speed, or else by proofe of torment thou shalt find
How dangerous a cale it is to gable a Princes mynd.
Cre. Kings often dole to wish untolde, which they had tel before.
Oed. Go to, dispatch and cease in time to bere me any more.
Except that thou forthwith to me this [A]inous dere disclose:
The gods I do protest, to death for al thou onely goes.
Cre. O pardon me most noble king. O let me hold my pes,
Of all the grace Princes graunt, what favour may be lisse?
Oed. As though silence hurst not more both king and countries weale:
Then spech ofr tymes: which subjects thoughts to Prizes doth reveale?
Dispatch
OEdipus

Dispatch at once, stir me no more thou knowst my guise of olde.
CRE. Silence denied, what priviledge may silly Subject hold?
OED. A travesty he is, who shilke keepest, the king commaunds to speake.
CRE. Then pardon my constrainede speach, sth silence for to bryke
You me compell. A dolesfull tale(O king)my tongue must tell,
And which I fear your majestie will not interprzet well.
OED. Was euer man rebuket for that, that he was bid to say?
CRE. Well than since needes I must: I am contented to obey.
A wood there is from Cty farre, enjaunst with fately trees:
Where many a plant, and herbe doth grow, which Phoebus neuer sees:
With euerdying bulhes greene, the Typpelle there doth ryle,
And puts his olde and lowr head within the cloudy Skyes.
The ancient Time-eaten Oke with crooked bended limbs.
The Teyl tree fine: The Alder which in Neptunes kingdoms swims,
The Bapes with bitter berres eke the Elmes deere friends to Uynes,
And many a noble tree besides, as Birrels, Firres, and Yynes.
Amidst them all,one tree there is with large ou t streched armes,
Whole roying sound, & creaking noyle the lesser woods charmes,
And overbades them all: A tree of monstrous huge estate,
Beset with searefull woods: there is that dyre,and dreadefull gate,
That leades to lostlyome Lymbo Lake,and yts that euer floue.
Where choked miry mud doth streame with limy course full floue.
Here when the pietst was entered in,with comely aged pace,
He stayed not: No neede there was,foz night was still in place.
Than all the ground wyde open gapes, & smothering vapours ryle,
And pyre and smoke, & Indianapolis, mounts up into the Hypes.
The Piest with wayling weede iclead, his fataell rod out cooke:
And entering in, in blake Aray, full often times it hooke.
With heavy cheere and dolesfull pace: his haue haire was tywnde
With bowes of mortall Ewe,A tree wherewith the mourners winde,
The mourning heads, & Garlands make. In this guise all arayde,
The sacred Piest doth enter in, with tremeling lins dismayde:
Than in the Sheepe, and Oxen blacke, by backwarde course are drawne.
And odourous sweete, & Frankencence, on flaming fypes are thown.
The beasts on burning Altars call, do quake with seareched lins:
And bloody streames with pyre mirt, about the Altars swins.
Than on the darke infernall Gods, and him that rules them all:
With deadly thiking boype aloude, the Prophet gins to call.
And rouls the Magick verse in mouth, and hidden Arres doth pyrone:
Which eyther power have to appease or els the Gods to moue:
Than bloody streameing Lycours black, with bryling heare doe boyle:
And all
The fifth tragedie.

And all the Beasts consume and burn. The Prophet than to toyle Begins. And mixed wyne and Mylke upon the Altars shrowes. And all the Dungeon darke, and wyde with streaming bloud it flowes. Than out with thundring voyce agayne the Prophet calleth and cryes. And straight as much w'numbling mouth he champs in secret wyse The trees do turne. The Rivers flad. The ground with roaring shakes. And all the word as scenes to mee, with fearfull trembling quakes. I am heard, I am heard, than out aloude the Priest began to cry:

When all the dampned soules by heapes abzode outcrushing ly.
Then woods with rumbling noyse, doe oft resounding make.
And Heaten, and Earth together goe. And bowses and trees do crate.
And Thunders roose. And Lightnings flash. And waues alost doe fly.
And ground crepites: and Dogs doe howl: and Beastes are heard to cry.
And whyther long of Acheron, that lothsom Flue that flowes
All stinking streames: oz of the earth, that out her Bowels shrowes,
Free place to Spightes to gene: oz of that fierce internall Hound,
That at each times both hulking make w'chaps, x catling sound.
The Earth al wide it open gapes. And I did see on ground,
The Gods with colour pale and wan, that those dark kingdoms kepe.
And very night I saw in deede, and thoulond Shapes to crepe,
From out those filthy stinking Lakes, and lothsom pits of Hell.
Where all the evils under Son, in darksom shades doe dwell.
So quaking all to feare I wrode with minde right close apalbe,
Whilst on those Gods w'trembling mouth the Priest full often calle.
Who all at once, out of then dens did skip with gredly Face.
And Monsters grim, and flinging Snakes leem and wander in that place.
And all the howlext Feendes of Hell, and Furies all were thare.
And all trasformed Ghosts x spightes, that ever Hell did beare.
With Cares, and all Diseases byle, that moxtall mynds doe crush.
All shote, and more I sawe out of those Dungeons deepe to rusb.
And Age I sawe, with rilled Face, and Neede, x Fear, and Death.
And fyre and flames, x thoulond ills out fro those Pits to breath.
Then I was gon: and quight amazd. The wenche in weyler cafe.
And yet of olde, acquainted with her Fathers Artes she was.
The Priest himselfe unnoosed loode, and boldly cited owt.
Whole Armies of king Ditis men, who clustring in a Rowl: All glittering thin like Cloudes, dispersed abzode in Ayre doe fly.
And beating sundry Shapes and foernes doe scud about in Sky.
A thoulond woods I thinke have not so many leaues on trees.
Ten thousand medowes fresh have not so many flowers for bees.

Ten hun:
OEdipus

Ten hundred thousand ruers not so many foule can show:
Nor all the drops and streams, and gulphyes that in the seas do soow,
If that they might be wayed, can sure to great a number make
As could those shapes and fommes that faw from out of Limbo lake.
Both Tantalus and Zetus too, and pale Amphions Ghost:
And Agaue, and after her ten thousand Spightes do poft.
Than Pentheus, and more and more, in like efface entife:
Till out at length comes Laius with soule and grisly hue:
Uncomly dyed in wingered plight with lyth all overgrowne:
All perft with wounds, (I loth to speake) with blood quight overfown
A rifer righst as seemd to me, and most of Miferes all:
Thus in this cafe, at length he spake, and thus began to call.
O Cadmus cruel Tyrny byle, that stil delighte in blood,
O Cadmus thou, which kinblemens death, accountst as chiecest good.
Trace out the bloody Bowels of your Children, learne of me.
Do that, and rather moore, then you would byde the day to see
Like ills as late on mee are light. Loe mothers loue (alas)
Harry cauld the greateest mislery that ere in Theba was,
The Countrie with the wrath of Gods at this tym is not roft.
No pearth noz aye infect is not the cause that all bene loft.
No No. A bloody King is caufe of all these mischielles great:
A bloody wyrch. A wingered child that sirs in Fathers Seate:
And Mothers bed desciles (O wyrch) and entryst in agayne,
In places whence he came from once and doublethy to her payne,
Whilest that he ells the haples wombe wherin himselfe did lie
With graceles seede and caufeth her twice childbirthes pangues to try:
Unhappy Sonne, but Father woles and most unhappe hee,
By whom the lawes of Sacred Name to loxe confounded bee.
No: that that very belles (almost) do all abyoye to do,
Gien of his mothers body he hath brothres gotten two.
O mischiefe great: O dyedful deede, then Sphinx, O mister moze:
Example unto ages all of Gods foerold before.
But I thee, thee, that Scepper holdst, thy Father will pursue,
And wyrecke my selfe on thee and thyne with plagues & vengeance due.
All restles rage of spite and paine I will bypon thee blow,
And all the stires soule of hell bypon thee I will throw.
I will subuer thy Houses cleane, soz this thy lothsome luft:
I wil do this thou wyrch: And thee, and thyne consume to dust.
Wherfore dispatch at once (I say) into exile dyue your King.
That ground y first of all he leaues, with fresh grene grassse shall spryng,
The fifth tragedy.

And sweete, and pleauenta Ayre, and healthfull bluffs hall ryle,
And all the cuills under Sun, that mortall men surprise:
The Pocks, the Piles, the Borch, the blaine, \(\frac{3}{4}\) death with him shall fly,
And with him mischief's all hall passe, and Monsters under Sky.
And as for him I know hee would depart with willing mynde:
But I will clog his Feete, and hands, his way he shall not finde.
But grooping with his aged state, shall passe from place to place.
This Hall he doe. And none shall rye upon his ruthfull case.

Kid you the Monster from the Earth, sox Beauen let mee alone.
No sooner sayd, but straight away, his dreadfull Ghost was gone.
And fall by thousands after him, th'other Sprights in hyde:
Than Cold trembling feare began through all my bones to gyde.
OED. The thing I alwaies feared, I see upon mee now is layde:
But slender props they are (God wot) whereby your Treason is layde.
Meropa my Mother deare, shall mee from this defend:
Polybius eke shall purge mee quight, from Actions all, that tend
To murder, 0 to inceit bile, they both hall mee excute.
In such a cafe no meanes at all of cval I refuse.

Lay what you can unto my charge. No fault in mee remaysn.
The Thebaines long 01 I came heere, of Laius death complayns.
My Mother yet aleue, my Father still in like estate.
No, no, this is some dolittis dist, of pan false Propheys pate.
O ellesome mighty God aboue, both heare me no good will,
And lekes by Plagues on mee to wyke, his wrathfull vengeaunce stif.
Al Sir I am glad at length I smell your dists and fetches fyne.
I know the whole confederacy your sleights I can untwye.
That deathly Priest, that beareped weere heepeys the Gods and mee:
And thee thou Travtours in my place hath promist king to bee.
CRE. Alas would I my Syster of, her lawfull kingdome (souple?
Thynke you luch treason may have place in brothere s yeaste to boyle?
Ye that myne Doy could me not keepe content with my degree:
But that contenning meane estate, I would clime afoft to bee.
Yet should ill Fortune mee dater, from such attempts I trowe:
Whole guile it is on Princes heads, huge heapes of Carese to thowe.
I would advise your grace betimes this charge from you to cast:
Least lingering long all vnawares, you bee oppielt at last.

Allure your selfe, in baser state, moze later you may live:
And shun a thousand Carese, \(\frac{3}{4}\) Griefs: which Princes hearts doe rive.
OED. And doth thou me exhort thou have my kingdome for to leave?
0 bythlese head. 0 shamelesse heart, \(\frac{3}{4}\) could such treasons weare?
Oedipus

Dark thou attempt thou villayne bile this thing, to me to speake? And fear st thou not in such a cause to boldly so to speake.
CRE. I would persuade them to (O King) who freely might possesse Their Realines (such piteous cares I see) do Princes hearts oppose: But as so you of foze you must your Fortunes change abide.
OED. The surest way for them that gape for kingsome large, is wcpde, Is first things meane, and rest, and peace, and base estate to praise: And yet with Tooth and Nail, to tople to mount aloft alwayes. So often times, most restless ballest doe chiefly rest commend.
CRE. Shall not my service long suffise my truth so to defend? OED. Time is the onely meanes so such as thou to wotke theye will. CRE. It is so ly, but as so mee, of goods I have my till.
A great rel兮. A pleataunt life: from Princep cares exempt.
All these might (surely) mee disswade from such a foule attempt.
There is no day almost (O King) the whole yere thow do out, Where in some rovell gifts are not from countreys round about Unto mee sent, both Golde, and pearles, and things of greater cost, Which I let passe, leaft I should seeme but vainly so to bolt. Besides the life of many a man hurt bin yeillende by mee.
In such a blissfull state (O King) what can there wanting bee? (OE. Good Fortune can no meanes obserue, but still the pleaeth higher.) CRE. Shall I than gunless die (alas,) my cause and all brynde? OED. Were unto you at any time my life, my deedes diecide?
Did any man defend mee yet? or els my caules pleade? And gunless yet I am condemnde to this you doe mee leade, And mee express example give, which I intend to take.
What measure you doe meate to mee, lyke measure must I make.
CRE. The minde which countless dyed appews, true cause of feare be: That coftiice is not gunless sure, which every blatt distaines. (waies OED. Hee that in midst of perilles deepe, and dangers hath bene cast, Doth seeke all meanes to shun like ills as he hath ouerpast.
CR. So harreds ryse. OE. Hee that to much doth ye ill will to seare, Unskilfull is: and knowes not how, hee ought him selfe to bære
In kings estate. For feare alone doth Kingdomes chiefly keepe.
Than hee that thus doth arme himselfe from seare all free may sleepe.
CRE. Who so the cruel thyant playes, and gunless men both knight, Hee dreadeth them that him doe dread, so seare doth chiefly light On caulers chiefe. A sulk revenge for bloody mindes at last.
OED. Come take this traytor bile away, In dungeon deepe him cast Enclofe. There for his due deserts, let him abide such payne
And scourge of minde (as meete it is) false traytors to suffixe.

Chorus.
The fifth tragedy.

Chorus.

See, see, the myserable State,  
of Princes carefull lyfe.  
What raging storms? what bloody broyles?  
what toyle? what endless styke  
Doe they endure? (O God) what plagues?  
what grieve do they sustayne?  
A Princely lyfe: No, No, (No doubt)  
an evr e duringe payne.

A state ene fit for men on whom Fortune woulde wyke her will.  
A place for Cares toouch them in. A doze wyde open shill  
For griefes and daungers all that ben to euer when they list.  
A king these Hares must euer haue, it boores not to resist.  
Whole buds of pryuy pinching feare,great anguishe of the minde:  
Apparant plagues,dayly griefes. These playladies Princes finde.  
And other none,with whom they spend,and palse they wretched dayes.  
Thus hee that Princes luyes,and bale Elate together wayes:  
Shall finde the one a very hell, a perfect inselicity:  
The other eke a heauen right, exempted quight from mystery.  
Let OEdipus example hee of this unto you all,  
A Mivrour meere. A Patern playne,of Princes carefull thall.  
Who late in perfect Joy as leemde, and euerlasting bliss,  
Triumphantly his life our led, a Hyler now hee is,  
And most of wretched Mislers all,euen at this present ryne,  
With doubtfull waues of feare Isto, subject to such a Cryme  
Whereat my tongue amased dayes, God graunt that at the last,  
It fall not out as Creon tolde. Not yet the woollt is palt,  
(I feare.)

N 2. THE
THE FOURTH ACTE.

THE FIRST SCENE.

OEdipus. Iocasta.

My mynde with doubtfull waues of dyead,
is tolled to and fro,
I wot not what to lay (Alas)
I am tormentted to.
For all the Gods on me doe cry,
for paynes and vengeaunce due.
They lay that these my guyltlesse hands,
king Laius lately due.
But this my conscience boyde of crime
and mynde from milchiece free:
To Gods untried, to mee well known denieth it so to bee:
Full well I doe remember once, by chounce I did dispatch,
A man who fought by force with mee prelumprously to match.
His purpose was (a sond attempt) my Chariot for to stay,
This I remember well enough, the strife was in the way.
And he a man well slept in peares, and I a lusty bloud,
And yet of meere dildayne and pride in payne hee mee withstood.
But this from Thebes farre was done, a crooked thee pathd way,
That was the place in which we fought: it hard by Phociis lay.
Deare Wyfe recolue my doubts at once, and mee expressly tell.
How old was Laius the King when this mischaunce bescell?
Was he of freh and lusty peares? or stricken well in age
When he was kilde? Deace my thoughts of this tormenting rage.

Ioc. Betwixt an old man an a yong: but neerer to an olde.

OEd. Were these great bands of men wi' him his Person to upholde?

Ioc. Some by the way deceived were, and some deterd by payne.

A sewe by toyle and labour long, did with their Prince remayne.

OEd. Were any slayne in his defence? IO. Of one report is rite,
Who constant in his princes cause full stoutly lost his lyfe.

OEd. It is enough, I kowte the man that bath this milchiece done.
The number and the place agrees. The time benried alone
Remaynes: Than tell what time hee died, and when that he was slaine.

Ioc. Tis ten yeares since: you now requie my chiefest cares againe.
THE FOURTH

ACTE.

THE SECOND

SCENE.

Senex. OEdipus.

The Corinth people all (O King)
in Father's place to rayn
Doe call your Grace: Polybius doth
erneall refk obtayn.
OED. O God what Fortune byle doth mee
oppelle on every side?
How doe my sorroves still encreas?
Tell how my Father dye.

SEN. No lcknestle (Sir) but very age did of his life him reave.
OED. And is hee dead? in deede? not slayne? what joy may I conceaue?
How may I now triumph? the Gods to witneffe I doe call,
To whom are known my hidden thoughts and secret workings al:
Now may I liift to skyes my hands,my hands from mischief free.
But yet the chiefeft caufe of feare remaineth still to me.
SEN. Your Fathers kingdom ought al dide out of your mind to dyne.
OED. That I coseelle. But secret thoughts my trembling heart doe riue
With inward doubt of deepe distresse, my Father I do feare.
This grudge is that continually my heart both rent and teare.
SEN. Do you your Father feare? on your return that onely slaves.
OED. I finde not her: but from her sight,a godly zeale mee slaves.
5. What will you her a Widow leaue?OE. Now,now, thou wouldst my
This,this,and onely this (alas,) is cause of all my smart. (heart.
SEN. Tell me (O king) what doubtfull seare? both preffe thy princely
Kings counells I can well coseale that ben with Care's oppesel. (heft:
OED. Least as Apollo hath forsetolde, I should a Mariage make
With myn owne Mother: only this bowle seare doth make me quake.
SEN. Such bowle spreyth seares, at lengthe from out your br utmost exyle,
Meropa your Mother is not in deede,you do your selfe beguile.
OED. What bavantage should it be to her adopted Sonnes to haue?
SEN. A kingdom he shall gayne thereby. Her Husband layde in graue.
The chiefeft prop to stay her Realmes from present confusion,
Is children doz to haue: and hope of lawfull luccession.

P 3. O.E. What
Oedipus

OED. What are the meanes whereby thou dost these secrets understand?
SEN. By seelce (your grace) an Infant gaue into your fathers hand.
OED. Dost thou me to my Father geue? Who than gaue me to thee?
SEN. A Sheparde sir, that warant on Cytheron Hills to bee. (do?)
OE. What made thee in those woods to raise? what hast thou there to
SEN. Upon those Hills my Beasts I kepe, sometime a Shepheard to.
OE. What nor, what pliue marks haft thou whereby thou dost me know?
SE. The holes y' through your seelce are bozde fro where your name did
OE. Declare forthwith what was his name y' gaue me into thee. (pro)
SE. The kings chief Shephard than that was, deliered you to mee.
OE. What was his name? SE. O king old mens remembrance looneboth
Obliuion for the chiefest part, doth hoary heads allayle, (sayle:
And downes theree former memory of things long out of mynde. (inde,)
OE. What? canst thou know y' man by sight? SE. Perhaps I should him
And know by face. Things once wondring by time, and quight opprest.
A small marke oft to mynde engraves, and fresh venues in brest.
OE. Sirs bid the Herdmen forthwith drive they? Beasts to Aulters all.
Away with speede, make halt, the Master Shepherds to mee call.
SE. Sirs that your deffny this doth hyde, and Fortune it betayne
And closely keep, let it be so, from opening that refrayne.
That long conceale hath hidden lyen, that secketh not to discloze:
Such things outterchyt and foule oftimes agaynst the secker goes.
OE. Can any witschief more greater bee? than this that now I seare.
SE. Advise you wel remembe the lyft what weight this thing doth beare:
That thus ye goe about to search, and dit with Tooth and Naye,
Observe the golden meanes: beware beare still an equall sayle.
Your Courteys wealth (O King) your lyfe, and all upon this lyes.
Though ye uir not, bee lure at length your Fortune you eayyes.
A happy tare for to disturb doth nought at all byeowe.
OE. When things be at the worst, of them a man may safely moue.
SE. Can you have ought more excellent? than is a Princes stak?
Beware least of your Parents found it you repent to late.
OE. No (father) no I warrant that: repent not I (I trow,)
I secke it not to that entent. I have decreed to know,
The matter at the full. Wherefore I will it now pursue.
To Phorbas: where hee trembling cometh, with comely aged hue.
To whom of all the kingses stock than, the care and charge was due.
Dost thou his name, his speach his face, or yet his person know?
SE. He thinks I should have seen his face, and yet I cannot how
The places where I have him scene, small time bringings such a chainge,
As well
The fifth tragedy.

As well acquainted faces oft, to vs appeare full strange.
This looke is neyther throughly knowne, nor yet unknowne to mee,
I cannot tell: I doubt it much, and yet it may bee bee.
In Laius time long since when these Kindomes great did kepe:
Wilt thou not on Citheron hills chiefe Shepard to his sheepe?

THE FOURTH ACTE.

THE THIRDE SCENE.

Phorbas. Senex. OEdipus.

Oertime a charge of shepe I had, 
unworthy though I weare.
And did upon those hills chiefe rule
on other Shepards beare.
SE. Knowest thou not me. PH. I cannot tell.
OE. Didst thou once geue this man
A Childe. Speake out, why dost thou stay?
if so, declare it than.
Why dost thou blushe and doubting stand,
troth seeketh no delay?
PH. Things out of minde you call agayne, almost quight wyne away.
OE. Confeile thou name, or els I sweare, thou that constrayned bee
PH. In deede I doe remembre once, an Infant yong by ince,
Dispyered was unto this Man: but well I wot in hayne,
I know he could not long endure, nor yet alwaye remayne.
Long since he is dead (I know it well) hee lyes not at this day.
SE. No? God forbid, he lyes no doubt, and long may I pray.
OE. Why dost thou say the child is dead, that thou this man didst give?
PH. With Irons harp his seere were boarde, I know he could not lye,
For of the sore a swelling rote, I saw the bloud to guth
From out of both the wounds: and down by pouzing streames to blushe.
Oedipus

SEN. Now say (O king) no farther now, you know almost the truth.
OE. Whole child was it? tell me forthwith. PH. I dare not for mine Ode.
OE. Thine Ode thou flaine? some true here. He charme thine Ode and
With true flanes: excepte forthwith thou tell the truth to mee. (thee.
PH. D pardon mee, though rude I leisme. I lecke not to withstand
Your graces minde: (most noble king,) My life is in your hand. (name?
OED. Tell me ye trough, what child, & horse, What was his Mothers
P. Bohn of your wyke. O. D gaping earth devour my body quight:
D. elle thou God that ruler art of houles bayde of light,
To Hell my Soule with thunder holtes to Hell my Soule down dyue,
Where grieu Ghosts in darkeneffe deepe, and endleffe payne do lyue.
F. thee alone, these Plagues doe rage. F. thee these milchiefes ryde.
F. thee, the Earth lyes delocate. F. thee thou wretch the Skies
Infected are. F. thee, for thee, and for thy filthy lust,
A hundred thousand milchiefes men, consumed are to dust.
D. people thereof: eat heapes of stones upon this harsefull Hed:
Bare all your woods within my flesh: you furies overed.
My restless thoughts, with raging woes: and plungd in fear of pain.
Let me those horroos still endure, which damned soules sustain.
You citizens of Starely Thebes beth me with tormentes due.
Let Father, Son, and Wyke, and all with vengeance me pursue.
Let those that for my sake alone with plagues roimented bee
Thow dart, cast stones, slng her and flames, and torughters all on mee.
Confounder O of Nature thou to lawes of sacred love,
Even from thy birth an open Foe. Thou didst decreas to dye
As loone as thou walt boun. Go, go, into the Court thee hye,
There with thy Mother (ilate) triumph rejoyce as thou maist do,
Who hath thy house encreased with unhappy children so.
Make haste with speede, away, some thing thy milchiefs worthy finde.
And on thy felte wrecke all the spight of thy reuenging minde.

Chorus.
The fifth tragedy.

Chorus.

If dverse the guide of humaine lyke doth al things chaunge at will.
And stiring stil, w'testes thoughts our wretched minds doth fill.
In dayn men stire their stars to kepe whe hideous repells rife:
And blustering windes of daungers deepe lets death before their
Who saith he doth her sauning seele? chaugeth not his minde. (eyes.
When sickle sight of Fortunes whelle doth turne by course of kinde.
These grevous plagues for pricit hous to princely Thones do slow,
And oft their minds with cares they soule and thick upon the strow.
Whole heapes of griece and dyse debate, a woffull thing to see:
A Princesly lyke to mylare sake, converted for to see.
O OEdipus thy fatall fall, thy dreadfull mischiefes ryght.
Thy doallure fate,thy mystery,thy tisile unhappy plight:
These things shall blate thorough all v' world: what heart may the recovery
At thy distresse? I can no more: my tears doe stop my voyce.
But what is he that ponder lumps? and raging pulls and blowes,
And often makes his bened head, long mischiefer great he knows.
Good sir your counnance doth import some great and carefull thing,
Tell vs therefore (if that you may) what newes from Court you bring.

THE FIFTE

AC T E.

NVNTIVS.

When OEdipus accursed wretch,
his fatall falls had spied,
To hell he danno his wretched soule
and on the Gods he cried
For vengeaunce due. And poyson fall
with scanticke moode & grievly hue,
Unto his doallure Court he went,
his thoughts foz; to pursue.

Much like a Lion ramping wyde,his furious head that shakes.
And roares with thundring mouth aloowed,and often gnashing makes,
Done otherwise this mifer farde. A lorysome sight to see.
Besudies himselfe foz very rage,he still desyres to dye.

And rowl:
Oedipus

And crowling round his wretched Eyes with byillage pale and wan:
Ten thousand Curls out he powres. Himselfe the unhappiest man
Of all that live, he doth account: as wittily he may doe.
A wretch, a slave, a caitiff byle. The cause of all our woe.
And in this case enflaming with spight he cries, he stumps, he raves.
And boiling in his secret thoughts, he still doth yezes to have
AllBruises under sun that may his Cares conceiue encr ease.
O wretched wyght, what should hee doe? What man may him release?
Thus coming all for rage at mouth, with sighes, and sobs, & groanes,
His damned head ten thousand times, as oke his werped bones
He beats. And often pulling makes, and roares, and sweats, & sweats.
And on the Gods for death his callees, for Death hee still entreats,
Three times he did begin to spake: and thynke his tong did stay.
At length he cried out aloud: O wretch. Away, away.
Away thou monstrous Beast (he said;) wilt thou prolong thy lyke?
O say rather some man strike this beast with stroke of bloody knyfe.
O all you Gods above on mee your flaming fires outcall:
And dints of Thunderbolts down throw. This is my prayer last.
What greedy, vile devouring Gipe, upon my guts will gnaw?
That Tige fierce my hatefull slummes will quight a sudden draw?
Loe, here I am you Gods: Loe, heere, wreke now on mee your will:
Now, now you syp Feendes of Hell, of vengeaunce take your fill.
Send out some wilde outragious beast send Dogs mee to devoure,
O els all its you can devise, at once upon mee powre.
O mostfull loue. O sinfull wretch. Why dost thou spare to dye?
Dearth only rids too wares thou knowest. Than scurly Death desse.
With that his bloody fatal Blade, from out his heare he drawes.
And lowd he rozes, with dizyning voice. Thou beast why dost thou pawle?
Thy Father cursed caitife thou, thy Father thou hale layne
And in thy Brothers bed hale left an ecarturing strake.
And Brothers thou hast got: nay Sons thou liest: thy Brothers all
They are. Thus loy monstrous lust thy Countrye down doth fall.
And thinkst thou than loy all these its enough to hote a payne?
Thynke thou the Gods will be appeale, if thou forth with be layne?
So many mischieses don: and ist enough one stroke to bydte?
Accountke thou it sufficient paynes, that once thy swoyd should glide
Wight through thy guilty beast for all? why than dispatch and dye.
So maist thou reconspence thy Fathers deary sufficient.
Let it be lo: what mends unto thy Brother wilt thou make?
Unto thy childdren what? these plagues(O wretch)how wilt thou flake?
That thus
The fifth tragedie.

That thus for thee thy countrey waits? One push thall ende them all.
A proper fetch. A line devise. For thee a worthy fall.
Inuent thou monstrous beast forthwith: a fall even worthy so?
Thy selce inuent: whom all men hate and loth, and doe abhoy.
And as dame Natures lawsfull course is broke (O wretch) by thee.
So let to such a mischiefe great, thy Death agreeing bee.
O that I might a thousand times, my wretched lyfe renewe.
O that I might reuynue and dye by course in order dwee.
Ten hundred thousand times & more: than should I vengeance take
Upon this wretched head. Than I perhaps in part should make
A meete amends in deede, for this my sowle and louksum Sin.
Than should the prooofe of payne reproue the life that I live in.
The choyse is in thy hand thou wretch, than be thine owne discretion.
And finde a meanes, whereby thou mayst come to extreme confusion.
And that, that oft thou maist not doe, let it prolonged bee.
Thus, thus, maist thou procure at length an endless death to thee.
Search out a death whereby thou mayst perpetuall shame obayne:
And yet not dye. But still to live in everlasting payne.
Why sayst thou man? Go to I lay: what meane these blubbing teares?
Why weepest thou thus? Alas to late. Leave of thy foolish teares.
And ist enough to weepe thinkst thou? shall teares and wailing serue?
No wretch it shall not be. Tho dost ten thousand deaths delivere.
Byne eyes doe dally with mee I see, and teares doe still out powre.
Shall teares suffice? No, no, not so I shall them better crowe,
Our with thine Eyes (he layd:) and than with fury fierce enlam’d.
Like to a bloody raging Feend and monstrous beast unnam’d.
With fiery flaming spotted Cheekes his breast he often beats.
And scratch, and tear his Face hee doth and Skin a sunder teares.
That tearce his eyes in head could stand to loze he them behers.
With furious fierce outrageous minde hee flams and cries aloud:
And roares & rayles, with ramping rage. Thus in this case he fويد.
Perplext, and hered loze in minde, with deadly sighs and teares.
When looely all franticlike himselfe from ground hee teares.
And roosteth out his wretched Eyes, and sight a sunder teares.
Then gnasheth hee his bloody Teeth, and bites, and gnawes, & champs,
His Eyes all bathed and brude in blood, for fury fierce he flams.
And raging more than needes (alas,) his Eyes quight tount out:
The very holes in payne hee scrapes to loze the wretch doth dout:
Leafe light should chaunce for to remayne he rents and mangels quight
His Face, his Nose, his Youth, and all wherein his hands do light.
Hee cygs

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Oedipus

Hie rygs and ryues. Thus lowly rapyd (alas) in piteous plight:
At length his head aloft he lifts, and therewith genes a sight.
And when hee sees that all is gone, both light, and light, and all.
Than cherishing out: he thus begins upon the Gods to call.
How spare you Gods, how spare at length my countrey press to fall.
I have done that you did comand: Your wrathes reuenged bee.
This wretched looke, this mangled face, is fitted now for mee.
Thus speaking, down the blackish blood by streams both gushing now
Into his mouth. And clotted lumps of flesh the place doth crow
Wherein bee standes.
Beware betimes, by him beware, I speake unto you all.
Learne Justice, truth, and feare of God by his unhappie fall.

Chorus.

Mans lyfe w'tumbling fatal course of fortunes wheele is royled,
To it gue place, for it both run all swiftly uncontroll'd.
And Cares & tears are spent in dayes, for it cannot be stayed:
Syth his decree of heavenly powres perfoce must be obeyed.
What mankind hydes or does on earth it cometh from above,
Then wapling grones pownd out in grieoe do nought at all behoue.
Our life must have her pointed course, (alas) what shall I say.
As cates decree, so things do run, no man can make them stay.
For at our byth to Gods is known our latter dying day.
No Paper, no Arte, not God himselfe may fatal laces tryst.
But fastned all in fixed course, unchaunged they persist.
Such ende them still enlues as they appointed were to haue,
Than by all fear of fortunes chaung, seeke not to lyue a daue
Enthyl'd in bondage byle to fear. For feare both often hying
Destynes that dreaded ben and mischiefs heard upon vs sluing.
Hea many a man hath come into his fatal end by fear.
Wherefoe for peish feare aside, and worthy courage beare.
And thou that lubiect art to death. Regard thy latter day.
Thinke no man blest before his ende. Advise thee well and stay.
Be sure his lyfe, and death, and all, be quight exempt from mystery:
Ere thou do once presume to lay: this man is blest and happy.
But out alas, see where hee com's: a wretched withouten Guide,
Bereft of light. Halse fproved of lyfe: without all Pomp, and Pride
(That unto Kings Estate belongs.)

THE
The fifth tragedie.

THE FIFTE
ACTE.

THE SECOND SCENE.

OEdipus. Chorus, Iocasta.

Ell, well, tis done: more yet? No, no, no mischief's more remaines. By Father's Hyres perfooned are. What God on Nysters paynes That rues within this Cloud hath rolde, and waapt my wretched Pate. Ah sir: this is a life alone. This is a happy State. This is a cause cne fit for thee, for thee thou wretch, for thee. From whose accursed light the Sun, the Stars and all doe see. Yet mischief's more, who gu'ues to doe? The dreadful day I haue Except. Thou filthy Paracide: thou vile mischiefous Slave. Unto thy right hand nought thou owst, all things perfooned bee. O woe is mee that ever I liu'de this lucklesse day to see. Where am I now? Alas, alas, the light and all doth mee Abhorr: O wretched OEdipus this looke is first for thee. CHO. See, see, where Iocasta comes, with fierce and furious moode, Quight palt her face. For very rage shee tears and wareth woode. Such like to Cadmus daughter mad, who late his Sonne did kill. Fayne would she speake her mynde: for teare (alas) he dares not: still Shee stapes, and yet from out her breast these ills have quight exile All shamefullnes. See how shee looks, with countenance fierce and wild. I0. Fayne would I speake, I am aeraide. For what shoulde I thee call By Son? doubt nor. Thou art my Son. By Son thou art for all These mischiefes great: alas, alas I blame my Son to see. O cruel Son, Where dost thou turn thy face? Why dost thou see From me, from thy Mother beare? Why dost thou shun my light? And leave me thus in misery, with Care's consumed quight. OE. Who troubles me? Let me alone. I thought not to be founde: Who now restroes myne Eyes to mee, Mother? or Mothers founde? Our la-
Oedipus

Our labour all is spent in bayne, now may wee meete no moze. 
The seas deuide those meetings bile that wee have had before. 
The gaping earth deuide vs both, th' one from th' other quaint. 
Still let our seere repugnant bee. So shall I thin the light 
That most of all me grieues. So shall I space obtaine to wayle 
These bleeding woes on every side, that doe my thoughts attaye. 
IOC. The Delthenies are in fault. Blame them. Alas, alas, not wee. 
OED. Space now, Leave of to speake in bayne, space now O Mother 
By these Reliques of my dismembred body I thee pray. (mee, 
By myne unhappy Children pledges left. What shall I say? 
By all the Gods I thee beleech. By all that in my name 
Is good or bad, let mee alone. Alas you are to blame 
To trouble mee. You see what hell my haplesse heart both payne. 
You see that in my Conscience then thoulant horroyes raine. 
IOC. O dying heart: O lindwom soul. Why dost thou faint alas? 
Why dost thou lecke and toyle in bayne these ills to overpas? 
What meanes these sighes, these falling teares? why dost thou death refuse? 
Thou make of all his mischiefes thou, by whose meanes onely nues 
The law of nature all: by whom, Ay, Ay, confounded lies, 
Both God, and man, and beast, and all that euer livens or dies. 
Die thou, dispatch at once thy self through thy bile incestuous brest: 
Thou hast none other meanes (alas) to let thine heart at rest. 
Not thou, if God him selfe, if he his flaming fers should thow 
On thee, or mischiefes all by heapes upon thy body drowe 
Couldst once for thy defeated ills due paines or vengeaunce pay: 
Some meanes therefore to wreak Gods wrath upon thy selfe atlay. 
Deare, dearg now best contente thy mee. then lecke a way to dye. 
So maist thou yet at length finde end for all thy misleap. 
O Son lend mee thy hand: sth that thou art a Paraclyde, 
This labour last of all remaines, this labour thee doth byde. 
Dispatch vid mee thy mother deare from all my deadly woe 
It will not be: no prayers availe. Thy selfe this deede must doe. 
Take by this word. Go to, with this thy husbande late was slayne. 
Husband? thou terrist him calle: hee was thy lye: O deadly payne. 
Shal I quight through my breast it dieze? or through my throte it think? 
Canst thou not choose thy wound? away: die, die, (alas) thou must. 
This hateful wound then would (O wretch) this, this to thine owne hand 
Strike, strike it hard: (O spare it not) sth forth both a husband and (The came a Son it bare.) 
CHOR. Alas, alas, see is slaine, she is slayne, dispatched with a push: 
Who ever came the like to this: see how the bloud both gulph. 
O heavie
The fifth tragedie.

O heavy doufull case: who can this dyrefull light endure
Which for the hideousnesse thereof might reaeres of stones procure.
OED. Thou God, thou teller out of Fates. On thee, on thee, I call,
My Father onely I did owe, unto the Destynes all.
How twice a Paracide, and woe, se than I did seare to bee:
By Mother I have layne. (Alas) the fault is all in mee.
O OEdipus accursed wretch, lament thine owne Calamity,
Lament thy state, thy grievous lament, thou Catiife boigne to mistery.
Where wilt thou now become ( alas?) thy Face where wilt thou hyde:
O myterable Slaue, canst thou such miserfull tormentes hyde?
Canst thou which hadst thy Parents slaine? Canst thou prolong thy life?
Wilt thou not dye? deltering Death; thou cause of all the griefe,
And Plagues, and dreadfull mischiefes all that Thebane City praise.

Why dost thou seeke by longer life, thy sorrows to encrease?
Why dost thou tople and labour thus in bayne? It will not bee.
Both God, and man: and beast, and all abyound thy Face to see.
O Earth why gapst thou not for me? why doe you not unsolde
You gares of hell mee to rearea? why doe you hence withholde?
The fierce Infernall Feends from me, from me to wrested wight?
Why brake not all the Furies lose this hatefull head to finight
With Plagues? which them delereved hath ( alas) I am left alone,
Both light, and sight, and comfort all from mee (O wretch) is gone.
O curfed head: O wicked wight, whom all men deadly hate.
O Beast, what meanes thou still to live in this unhappy state?
The Skies doe blush and are ashamed, at these thy mischiefes great
The Earth laments, y' Heavens wepte, the Seas for rage doe fear.
And blustring rile, and hoynes doe stir, and all thou wretch doe see.
By whole incel, and bloody decrees all things disturbed bee.

Might out of course, displeased quight, O curbed fatal day,
O mischiefes great, O dreadfull times, O wretch, away, away.
Exile thy selfe from all mens sight, thy life halfe spent in mistery,
Goe end contente it now outright in typle as great calamity.
O lying Phoebe shine Oacles my sin, and shame turneout:
My Mothers death amongst my deedes, thou neuer didst recount.
A meeete Er pist for me that am to Nature deadly foe.
With trembling carful pace goe forthe, thou wretched monster goe,
Goe out thy wayes on knees in daark thee miserable Slaue.
So maist thou yet in tract of time due paynes, and vengeance haue,
For thy mischevious lyfe. Thus, thus, the Gods themselfes deeree.
Thus, thus, thy Fates: thus, thus, the lykes appoint it so to bee.

Then
Oedipus

Then headlong hence, with a mischiefe hence, thou castife byle away.
Away, away, thou monstrous Beast. Go, Run. Stand, stay,
Leaft on thy Mother thou doe fall.

All you that wearyd bodies have, with sickeneffe overprest.
Loe, now I fly: I fly away, the cause of your barest.
Lift up your heads: a better state of Ayre shall straught ensewe
When I am gone: for whom alone, these dreadfull mischiefs grewe.
And you that now, halfe dead per line in wretched miser's case.
Help those who present present praise ye forth, hve you on apace.
For loe, with me I carry hence, all mischiefs under Skyes.
All cruel Fates, Diseases all that for my sake did rule,
With mee they goe: with mee both griefe, Plague, Pocks, Borch, and all
The ills that eyther now you praise, or ever after shall.
With mee they goe, with mee: these Fates bin wretched of all for mee.
Who am the most unhappiest wretch that ever Sun did see.

FINIS.
THE SIXTE
TRAGEDIE OF THE MOST GRAVE
& prudet Author LVCIUS ANNÆVS SENECÆ,
entitled TROAS, with divers and
fundrye Additions to the same,
by IASPER HEYWOOD.

To the Reader.

LTHOUGH (GENTLE Reader) thou mayst perhaps thinke mee arrogant, for that I onely among so many fine wittes and towardly youth (with which England this day florisheth) haue enterprised to set forth in english this present piece of the flowre of all writers, Seneca, as who say, not fearing what grauer heads might judge of me, in attempting so hard a thing, yet upon well pondering what next ensueth, I trust both thy selfe shalt cleare thine owne suspiccion, and thy chaunged opinion shal judge of me more rightfull sentence. For neither haue I taken this worke first in hand, as once entending it should come to light (of well doynge wherof I utterly dispayred) and beyng done but for myne owne priuate exercize, I am in myne opinion herein blameles, though I haue (to prove my selfe) privately taken the part which pleased me best of so excellent an author, for better is tyme spent in the best then other, and at first to attempt the hardest writers, shall make a man more prompt to translate the easiier with more facility. But now since by request, & frédship of those, to whom I could denye nothinge, this worke agaynst my will extorted is out of my hands, I needes must O. crave
To the Reader.

crave thy patience in reading, and facility of judgement: when thou shalt apparently se my wiles lacke of learning, prayng thee to consider how hard a thing it is for mee to touch at ful in all points the authors mynd, (beyng in many places verye hard and doubtfull, and the worke much corrupt by the default of euil printed Bookes) and also how farre above my power to keepe that Grace and maiestye of stile, that Seneca doth, when both so excellent a writer hath past the reach of all imitation, and also this our English toung (as many thinke, and I here fynd) is farre vnable to compare with the Latten: but thou (good Reader) if I in any place have swerne from the true fence, or not kept the roialty of speach, meete for a Tragedie, impute the one to my youth and lacke of judgement: the other to my lacke of Eloquence. Now as concerninge sondrye places augmented and some altered in this my translation. First forasmuch as this worke seemed unto mee in some places vnpertite, whether left so of the Author, or parte of it loste, as tyme deuoureth all things, I wot not, I haue (where I thought good) with addition of myne owne Penne supplied the wante of some thynges, as the firstre Chorus,after the firstre acte begynninge thus. O ye to whom &c. Also in the seconde Ate I haue added the speache of Achilles Spright, ryfying from Hell to require the Sacrifyce of Polyxena begynnning in this wyse. Forsakinge now. &c. Agayne the three lafte staves of the Chorus after the same Ate: and as for the thyrde Chorus which in Seneca beginneth thus, QVE VOCAT SE-DES? For as much as nothing is therein but a heaped number of farre and straunge Countries, considerynge with my selfe, that the names of so manye unknowen Coun-
To the Reader.

Countreyes, Mountaynes, Defertes, and VVoodes, shoulde haue no grace in the Englishe tounge, but bee a strange and unpleasant thinge to the Readers (excepte I should expound the Histories of each one, which would be farre to tedious,) I haue in the place thereof made another beginninge, in this manner. O Iowe that leads. &c. Which alteration may be borne withall, seynge that Chorus is no part of the substance of the matter. In the rest I haue for my slender learninge endeavored to kepe touch with the Latten, not worde for worde or verse for verse, as to expounde it, but neglegelynge the placinge of the wordes, observd their fence. Take Gentle Reader this in good worth with all his faultes, fauour my first beginnings, and amende rather with good will such things as herein are amisse, then to depraue or discommende my labour and paynes, for the faultes, seynge that I haue herein, but onelye made waye to other that canne farre better doe this or like, desiring them that as they can, so they would. Farewel gentle Reader and accept my good will.

O 2
The Argument.

The ten yeares siege of Troy, who lift to heare,
And of thaffayres that there befell in fight:
Reade ye the workes that long since written were,
Of all Thassaultes, and of that lateft night,
When Turrets toppes in Troy they blased bright
Good Clerkes they were that haue it written well
As for this worke, no word therof doth tell.

But Dares Phrygian, well can all report,
With Dictis eke of Crete in Greekifh young
And Homer telles, to Troye the Greekes refort
In scanned verse,and Maro hath it fong
Ech one in writ hath pend a stoary long,
Who doubtes of ought, and casteth care to knowe
These antique Authors, shal the story showe,

The ruines twayne of Troy, the caufe of each,
The glittering helmes, in fields the Banners spread,
Achilles yres, and Hectors fightes they teach.
There may the ieftes of many a Knight be read:
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Aiax, Diomed,
With Troylus, Parys, many other more,
That day by day, there fought in field full fore.

And how the Grekes at end an engine made:
A hugie horfe where many a warlike Knight
Enclofed was: the Troians to invade
With Sinons craft, when Greekes had fayned flight,
While close they lay at Tenedos from fight,
Or hovv Eneas els as other fay,
And false Antenor did the tovvnue betray.

But as for me I naught therof endight,
Myne Author hath not all that story pend:
The Argument.

My pen his wordes in Englishe must refight,
Of latelye woes that fell on Troy at end,
What finall fates the cruell God could send.
And how the Greekes when Troy was burnt gan wreake
Their ire on Troians, therof shall I speake.

Not I with spere who pearced was in feldre,
Whose throate there cutte, or head ycorued was
Ne bloudshed blowes, that rent both targe and shield
Shal I refight, all that I ouerpasse.
The worke I wryght more woeful is alas,
For I the mothers teares muft here complayne,
And bloud of babes, that giltles haue bene flayne.

And such as yet could neuer weapon wreast,
But on the lap are wont to dandled bee,
Ne yet forgotten had the mothers breaft,
How Greekes them fled(alas)here fhal ye fee
To make report therof ay woe is mee,
My fong is mifchife, murder,miferie,
And hereof speakes this doleful tragedy.

Thou fury fel that from the deepeft den
Couldst caufe this wrath of hell on Troy to light,
That worckeft woe guyde thou my hand and pen,
In weeping verfe of fobbes and fighes to wryght,
As doth myne author them bewayle aright:
Helpe woefull muse for mee befemeth wel
Of others teares,with weeping eye to tell.

When battered were to ground the towres of Troy
In writ as auncient authors do refight,
And Greekes agayne repayrde to Seas with ioy,
Vp rifeth here from hel Achilles Spright,
Vengeance he craues vvith bloud his death to quight.
Whom Paris had in Phæbus temple flayne,
With guile betrapt for loue of Polyxeine.

O iij

And
Troas

And wrath of hel there is none other pryce
That may asswage: but bloud of her alone
Polyxena he craues for sacrifyce,
With threatninges on the Grecians many one
Except they shed her bloud before they gone.
The Sprigntes the hell, and depeft pittes beneath,
O Virgin dere, (alas) do thruft thy death.

And Hectors sonne, Astyanax (alas)
Pore feely foole his Mothers onely ioy,
Is iudgd to die by sentence of Calchas
Alas the whyle, to death is led the boy,
And tumbled downe from Turrets tops in Troy.
What ruthful teares may serue to wayle the woe
Of Hectors wyfe that doth her child forgoe.

Her pinching pange of hart who may expresse,
But such as of like woes, haue borne a part?
Or who bewayle her ruthful heauines
That neuer yet hath felt therof the smart?
Ful well they wot the woes of heauy hart.
What is to leefe a babe from mothers breast,
They know that are in such a case distreft.

Firft how the Queene lamentes the fall of Troy,
As hath mine author done, I shall it wryght
Next how from Hectors wyfe they led the boy
To die, and her complayntes I shall resight,
The maydens death then I must last endight.
Now who that lifte the Queenses complaint to here.
In following verfe it fhall forthwith appeare.

The
The Speakers names.

HECVBA Queene of Troy.
A company of women.
TALTHYBIVS a Grecian.
AGAMEMNON King of Greeks.
ASTYANAX.
NVNCIVS.

CALCHAS.
PYRRHVS.
CHORVS.
ANDROMACHA.
An old man TROYAN.
VLYSSES.
HELENA.
The Sprihgt of Achilles.

THE FIRST

Acte.

Hecuba.

Ho so in pompe of prowde estate,
Or Kingdome lets delight:
Or who that loyes in Princes courte
to beare the sway of might.
He dreads the fates which from above
the wavering Gods downe slinges:
But falt alliance fired hard,
in frayle and sickle thinges:
Let him in me both se the Face,
of Fortunes flattering joy:

And eke respect the ruthful end of theer (D ruinous Troy)
For never gaue thee plainer proofe, then this ye prwnt lee:
How frayle and hytle is the fate of pride and high degree,
The flower of flowzing Asia, loe whole fame the heavens resound,
The Worthy worke of Gods averse, is batered downe to ground.
And whole assailtstes they sought afar, from West with Banners spred
Where Tanais told her branches leven, abroad the world both shed.
With hugie holt and from the East, where spinges the newest dea,
Where Lukewarme Tygrischannell runnes, and meeters the ruddie sea.

And
Troass

And which frō wandring land of Scylye, the hand of widowes sought:
With ire and twoze thus baterred be her Turrets downe to nought.
The walles but late of high renowne to here their ruinous fall:
The buildings burne, and fashyng flame, sweepst through the pallas al.
This every house ful hie it smoakes, of old Alesackes lande:
He yet the names withholds from people, the greedy Urcros hand.
The surging smoake, the floure lyke, and light hath hid away:
And (as with cloudes beire) Troyes Aleshaynes the dully day.
Though pearly with ice and greedy of hart, the victroy from a farre.
Both view the long assautred Troy, the gaine of ten yeres warre,
And eke the miserpes thereof abhoyres to looke uppon,
And though he se it yet count himselfe, believes might he wonne,
The poppies thereof with greedy hand, they snatch and bear away:
A thousand Hippi should not receive aboide so huge a pray
The yeeful might I do protest of Gods aduerce to mee,
By countries dust, and Trovan King I call to witnes thee,
Whom Troy nowwhydes, and underneath the stones art overrode:
With al the Gods that guides the Ghost, and Troy that lately soothe.
And you also you flocking Ghostes of al my children dere:
Ye letter Spightes what ever ill, hath hapned to us here.
What euer Phoebus warthi face, in fury hath foyelaye:
At raging rise from east when eart, the monstres had him frayde.
In childbed bandes I law it yore, and will it should be so:
And I in bayne before Cassandra told it long agoe.
Not tale Vlysses kindled harty these fires, noz none of his:
Noz yet decyptful Sinos craft, that hath bene cause of this.
By lyke it is wherewith ye burne, and Parys is the hand
That lmoakey in thy towzys (O Troy) the flowe of Phrygian land.
But aV(alus)unhappy age, why douz thou yet to soxe,
Beware thy Countries faltar fall thou knewest it long before.
Behold thy last calamities, and them beware with treares:
Account as old Troys overturne, and past by many yeares,
I law the slaughter of the King, and how he lost his life:
By Th'auiter lide (more mischiete was) with stroke of Pyrhus knife.
When in his hand he wondred his lockes, and drew the King to ground,
And hid to hilles his wicked word; in depe and deadly wound.
Which when the greed King had tooke, as willing to bee flayne,
Out of the old mans thereate he drew his bloody blade agayne.
Not pitty of his yeares (alus) in mans extremest age:
From slaunder might his hand withhold, ne yet his pay allwage:
The
The fixt tragedie.

The Gods are wintres of the fame, and eake the Sacrifyes,
That in his kingdom holden was, that flat on ground now lies.
The father of so many Kings Pryam of amienent name,
Untomb'd lieth and wants in blaze of Troy: his sunetall fame.
He yet the Gods are w'zak't, but loe his Soones and daughters all,
Such Loydes they serve as doth by chance of lot to them befall.
Whom shall I follow now so? prey? o? where shall I be led
There is perhaps amonst the Greekes that Hectors wyke wil wed.
Some man deceiveth Helenus spouse some would Antenous haue,
And in the Greekes their wantes not some, that would Cassandra charge
But alas) most woeful wight whom no man seekes to chuse,
I am the only refuge left, and me they cleane refuse
Be careful capture company, why shint your woeful crye?
Beate on your breathe and pireously complaine with bovye to hye,
As meere may be for Troyes estate, let your complayntes rebound
In toppes of Trees: and caufe the hills to ring with terrible sounde.

THE SECOND
SCENE.

The VVoman, Hecuba.

Ot folke vnapt, nor nevv to vveep (O Queene)
Thou vvilst to vvyale by praftife are vvee taught,
For all these yeares in such cafe haue vvee bene,
Since firft the Troyan guest, Amiclas soughte
And sailest the Seas, that led him on his vway
With sacred ship, to Cibell dedicate
From whence he brought his vnrepyning pray,
The cause (alas) of all this dire debate,
Ten tyme now hydde the hilles of Idey bee,
With snowe of Syluer hevv all ouer layd.
And bared is, for Troyan rages each tree,
Ten tyme in field, the haruest man a frayd,
Troas

The spikes of Corne hath reapt, since neuer day
His waylyng wantes new cause renewes our woe
Lift vp thy hand,(O Queene)cre well away:
We follow thee, we are wel taught thereto.
HEC. Ye faithfull fellowes of your casualty,
Vntie that tyre, that on your heads ye weare,
And as behoueth state of misery,
Let fall aboue your woeful neckes your hayre.
In duft of Troy rub all your armes about,
In flacker weede and let your breaftes be tyed
Downe to your bellies let your limmes lye out,
For what wedlocke should you your bosomes hyde?
Your garmentes loose, and haue in readines
Your furious handes vppon your breaft to knocke
This habite well becemeth our diffffffe,
It pleafeth me, I know the Troyan flocke
Renew agayne your longe accuflomde cryes,
And more then earft lament your miseryes.

We bewayle Hector.

WO. Our hayre we haue vntide,now euerychone,
All rent for sorrow of our cursed case,
Our lockes out spreeds, the knottes we haue vndone
And in these ashes stayned is our face.
HEC. Fill vp your handes and make therof no fpare,
For this yet lawful is from Troy to take
Let dovnve your garmentes from your shoulders bare.
And suffer not your clamour fo to flake.
Your naked breaftes wayte for your handes to fmight
Now dolor deepe now sorrow flievv thy might:
Make all the coaftes that compas Troy about
Witness the fouude of all your careful crye
Caufe from the Caues the eccho to caft out:
Rebounding voyce of all your misery:
Not as she wontes, the latter word to found

But
The sxt tragedie.

But all your woe from farre let it rebound
Let al the Seas it heare, and eke the land
Spare not your breastes vvith heauy stroake to strike
Beate ye your selues,ech one vvith cruell hand
For yet your vvonted crie doth me not like

VVe bevvayle Hector.

VVO.Our naked armes, thus here vve rent for thee,
And bloudy shooulders,(Hector)thus vve teare:
Thus vvith our fiftes,our heads lo beaten bee
And all for thee,behold vve hale our heare.
Our dugges alas,vvith mothers hands be torne
And vvhere the flesh is vvounded round about
VVhich for thy fake,vve rent thy death to morne
The flowvving fstreames of bloud,they spring therecicut.
Thy countres shore,and destinies delay.
And thou to vvearied Troians vvaft an ayde,
A vwall thou vvaft,and on thy shooulders Troy
Ten yeres it flode,on thee alone it ftaide,
VVith thee it feld:and fatall day alas
Of Hector both,and Troy but one there vvas.

HEC. Enough hath Hector:turne your plaint and mone
And shed your teares for Pryame every chone.

VVO.Receive our plaintes,O lord of Phrigian land
And old tvvise captiuie king,receive our feare,
VVhile thou vvert king. Troy hurtles then could ftaand
Though shaken tvvise,with Grecian sword it weare,
And twise did shot of Hercles quier beare,
At latter losse of Hecubes fonnes all
And roges for kings,that hgh on piles we reare:
Thou Father shuft our latest funerall.
And beatevn downe,to Ioue for sacrifies,
Like lueles blocke,in Troy thy carkas lies.
HEC. Yet turne ye once your teares, another way,
My pryams death,should not lamented be.

O Troians
Troas

O Troyans all, full happy is Pryame say,
For free from bondage, downe descended hee,
To the lowest Ghoste: and never shall suftayne
His Captive necke with Grecians to yoked bee.
Hee never shall behold the Atrids twayne
Nor false Vliisses euer shal he see.
Not hee a pray for Grecians to triumph at
His necke shall subject to their conquestes bear.
Ne geue his handes to tye behynde his backe,
That to the rule of Scepters wonted weare,
Nor following Agamemnons chare, in bande
Shall he bee pompe, to proude Mycenas land.

WO. * Ful happy Pryame is, each one wee say
That toke vvith him his Kingdome then that floode
Now safe in shade, he seekes the wandring way,
And treads the pathes of all Elizius wood,
And in the blessed Sprightes, full happy hee,
Agayne there seekes to meete with Hectors Ghost.
Happy Pryam, happy whofo may see,
His Kingdome all, at once with him be loft.

Chorus added to the Tragedy by
the Translator.

Ye to whom the Lord of Lande and Seas,
Of Life and Death hath graunted here the powre
Lay downe your lofty lookes, your pride appeas
The crovyned King fleeth not his fatall howre.

Who so thou be that leadst thy land alone,
Thy life was limite from thy mothers vombe,
Not purple robe, not Glorious glittering throne,
Ne crovyn of Gold redeemes thee from the tombe:
The fixt tragedie.

A King he was that wayting for the vayle,
Of him that flew the Minotaure in fight:
Begilde with blacknes of the wonted faile
In feas him fonke, and of his name they hight.
So he that wild, to vvin the golden fpoyle
And firt vvith ship,by feas to seeke renovvne,
In lefer vvuae,at length to death gan boyle,
And thus the daughters,brought their father dovvne:
Whose songes, the vvoodes hath dravven, and riuers held,
And birdes to heare his notes, did theirs forfake,
In peece meale throughvne, amid the Thracian field,
Without returne hath fought the Stigian lake.
They fit aboue, that holde our life in line,
And vvhat vve suffer dovvne they fling from hie,
No carke, no care, that euer may vntwine
The thrids, that vvouen are aboue the skie,
As vvitnes he that fometyme King of Greece,
Had Iafon thought, in drenching feas to drovvne
Who scapt both death and gaind the Golden fleece,
Whom fates aduaunce, there may no povvre plucke dovvne
The higheft God fometyme that Saturne hight
His fall him taught to credite their decrees
The rule of heauens: he loft it by their might,
And Ioue his fonne novv turns the rolling Skies.
Who vveneth here to vvvin eternall vvelth,
Ket him behold this prefent perfite prove.
And learne the fecrete stoppe of chaunces ftelth,
Moft nere alas, vvhen moft it seemes aloofe.
In flipper ioy let no man put his truft:
Let none dispayre that heaue haps hath paft
The fvvete vvith fovvre the mingleth as the luft
Whose doubtful web pretendeth nought to laft.
Frailtie is the thride, that Clothoes rocke hath fponne,
Novv from the Diftaffe dravvne novv knapt in tvvaine

With
Troas

With all the world at length his end he wonne,
Whose works haue wrought, his name shoule great remaine
And he whose travaels twelue, his name diplay,
That feared nought the force of worldly hurt,
In fine (alas) hath found his fatall daye,
And died with smart of Dianyraes flurt,
If proves might eternity procure,
Then Priam yet shoule liue in lyking luft,
Ay portly pompe of pryde thou art vnfure,
Lo learne by him. O Kinges yee are but duft.
And Hecuba that wayleth now in care,
That was so late of high eftate a Queene,
A miron is to teach you what you are
Your wauering wealth, O Princes here is seene.
Whom dawne of day hath seene in high eftate
Before Sunnes set,(alas) hath had his fall
The Cradels rocke,appoyntes the life his date
From setled ioy,to todayne funerall.

THE SECOND
ACTE.

The Spright of Achilles added to the tragedy by the Transflator.

The first Scene.

Orfaking now the places tenebroufe,
And deepe dennes of thinfernall region
From all the shadowes of illusious
That waeder there the pathes ful many one
Lo, here am I returned al alone,
The same Achil whose fierce and heauy hande
Of al the world no wight might yet withstand.
What man fo stout of al the Grecians hoft,
That hath not sometyme cruad Achilles aide,
And in the Troyans, who of prowes most
That hath not feared to see my Banner splaide
Achilles lo, hath made them all affrayde.
And in the Greekes hath bene a pilier poft,
That stvrdy stode agaynst their Troyan hoft.

Where I haue lackt the Grecians went to wracke,
Troy proued hath what Achills sword could doe
Where I haue come the Troyans fled a backe,
Retyring faft from field their walles vnto,
No man that might Achilles stroke fordoe
I dealt such stripes amid the Troian route,
That with their bloud I staynd the fieldes aboute.

Mighty Memnon that with his Perßian band,
Would Pryams part with all might mayntayne,
Lo now he lyeth and knoweth Achilles hand
Amid the field is Troylus also slayne.
Ye Hector great, whom Troy accompted playne
The flowre of chiualyry that might be found,
All of Achilles had theyr mortall wound.

But Paris lo,fuch was his false deceipt ,
Pretending maryage of Polixeine,
Behynd the aulter lay for me in wayte
Where I vnwares haue falne into the trayne
And in Appolloes church he hath me slayne
Wherof the Hel will now iuft vengeance haue,
And here agayne, I come my right to craue.

The deepe Auerne my rage may not fustayne,
Nor beare the angers of Achilles sprites
From Acheront I rent the spoyle in twayne,
And though the ground I grate agayne to fight :
Hell could not hide Achilles from the light,
Troas

Vengeance and bloud doth Orcus pit require,
To quench the furies of Achilles yre.

The hatefull land, that worfe then Tartare is
And burning thruft excedes of Tantalus,
I here beholde againe, and Troy is this
O, trauell worfe, then stone of Sisyphus
And paines that passe the panges of Tityus
To light more lothsome furie hath me sent
Then hooked wheele, that Ixions flesh doth rent.

Remembred is alowe where sprites do dwell
The wicked slaughter wrought by wyly way.
Not yet reuenged hath the deepest hell,
Achilles bloud on them that did him slay
But now of vengeance come the yrefull day
And darkest dennes of Tartare from beneath
Conspire the fautes, of them that wrought my death.

Now mischiefe, murder, wrath of hell draweth nere
Aud dyre Phlegethon floud doth bloud require
Achilles death shall he reuenged here
VVith slaughter such as Stygian lakes defyre
Her daughters bloud shal flake the spirits yre,
VVhoso sonue we flew, whereof doth yet remayne,
The wrath beneath, and hell shalbe their payne,

From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,
And fire that nought but streames of bloud may flake
The rage of winde and seas their shippes shal beate,
And Ditis deepe on you shal vengeance take,
The sprites crie out, the earth and seas do quake
The poole of Styx, vngratefull Greekes it feath,
VVith slaughtred bloud reuenge Achilles death.
The fixte tragedie.

The foyle doth shake to beare my heauy foote
And fearth agayne the sceptors of my hand,
The pooles with stroake of thunderclap ring out,
The doubtful starres amid their course do stand,
And fearfull Phoebus hides his blasing brande
The trembling lakes agaynft their course do flite,
For dread and terrour of Achilles spright.

Great is the raunsome ought of due to mee,
Wherwith ye must the sprightes and hell appease,
Polyxena shal sacrified be,
Vpon my tombe, their yreful wrath to please,
And with her bloud ye shall affwage the seas
Your ships may not returne to Greece agayne
Til on my tombe Polyxena be slayne.

And for that she should then haue bene my wyfe,
I wil that Pyrrhus render her to mee,
And in such solemne form bereaue her life,
As ye are wont the weddinges for to see,
So shal the wrath of Hel appeased bee,
Nought els but this may satiffy our yre,
Her wil I haue and her I you require.

P.  The
Las how long the lingering Grekes
in hauen do make delay,
When eather ware by least they seeke
of home to passe theyr way.
Ch. Why shew what cause doth hold your
and Ercian naue slaves, ships
Declare if any of the Gods
have stopt your homeward wayes.
Tal. By mynd is maide, my trembling sin-
newes quake and are aeraed,
For strangers newes of truth then these
I thynke were never heard.
Lo I my selfe have playnty scene in dawning of the day,
When Phœbus first gan approach and drue the starres away.
The earth all taken todayly and from the hollow grounde:
By thought I hard with doating cye a deepe and dreadful sound:
That shoke the woods, and all the trees rong out with thunder stroke,
From Ida hills downe fell the stones, the mountayne toppes were byke.
And not the earth hath onely quak't, but all the Sea likewise.
Achilles presence felt and knew, and high the surges ryse.
The clouen ground Erebus pittes then heawd and deepest dennes,
That downe to Gods that gypte beneath, the way appeared from hence.
Then shoke the tombe from whence anone in flame of very light,
Appearance from the hollow caues Achilles noble spight.
As wonted he is Thracian armes and bannars to disploy
And weild his weighty weapons wel against thallautres of Troy,
The saue Achilles leicnde he than that he was wont to bee
Amid the holles and eazy could I know that this was hee.
With cockse flampe in furious light, that stopt and sile each floude.
And who with slaughter of his hand made Xanthus runne with blood.
As when in Chariot high he late with lotty Homacke floute.
While Hector both and Troy at once he drow the wallaces aboute.
Alowed he eide, and every coast rang with Achilles sound,
And thus with hollow voyce he spake from bottom of the ground.

The
The sixte tragedie. 104

The Greekes had not with little pyee redeeme Achilles yse,
A princely ransome must they geue, so to the fates require
Unto my ashes Polyxene spouled shal here be slayne
By Pyrrhus hand, and at my tombe her bloud shal ouerlayne.
This sayd, he straught lanke dawne agayne to Pluotes deepe region,
The earth then cloald, the hollow caues were vanished and gon
Therwith the weather wared clee, the raging wyndes did flake,
The rumbling seas began to rest and al the tempest brake.

THE THIRD SCENE.

Pyrrhus, Agamemnon, Calchas.

But tyeme our sayles we shoule have spread,
Upon Sygeon Seas,
With swift returne from long delay,
to seeke our homeward wayes.
Achilles rose whose onely hand,
hath geuen Greekes the spoyle,
Of Troia soe annoyde by hym,
and leuell with the spoyle,
With speede requiring his abode
and sooner long delay,
At Scyros yle, and Lefbos both amid the ægeon sea.
Til he came here in doubt it stooode of fall or fure estate,
Then though ye haile to graunt his wil ye shall it geue to late.
Now haue the other captaynes all the pyee of their manhood,
What els reward fo his prouewe then her al onely bloud?
Are his deserres thinke you but light, that when he might haue led,
And passinge Pelyus peaces in peace, a quiet life haue led,
Detected yet his mothers crafte, toooke his womens weede,
And with his weapons you'd himselfe a manly man indeede:
The King of Mylya, Telephus that woulde the Greekes withstand,
Comming to Troy, forbidding vs the passage of his land:

To
Troas.

To late repenting to have felt, Achilles heavy stroke
Was glad to crave his health agayne where he his hurt had tooke
For when his lofe might not be salu'd as told Appollo playne,
Except the peace that gane the hurt, restored help agayne.
Achilles plasters cur'd his cuttes, and sau'd the King alioe:
His hand both might and mercy knew to lay and then reyne.
When Thebe's fift-Ecction saw it and might it not withstand,
The captiue King could nought redeeke the ruin of his land.
Lyrnefus little likewise felt his hand and downe it fell,
With ruine overturned like from top of haughty hil.
And taken Bypleys land it is and prisoner is the caught.
The cause of strike betwene the Kinges is Chryses come to naught.
Tenedos ple well knowne by fame and fertile lytle he tooke
That softrench lat the Thracian flockes and factred Cilla hooke
What boorees to blase the biure of him whom trumpe of fame doth shew,
Throught all the coastes where Caicus floyd with dwelling stream doth
The ryeful ruine of these realines so many towne's bet downe, now?
Another man would glory count and wovery great renowne.
But thus my father made his waye and thoro his journee's are,
And barteles many one he fought whyple warre he both prepare.
As whyt I may his merits move shall yet not this remayne.
Wel knowne and counted praye enough that he hath Hector layne
Durying whole lyfe the Grecians al might never take the towne,
By father onely banquift Troy, and you have pluet it downe.
Rejoyce I may your parentes praye and hure abroade his actes,
It seemeth the sonne to follow well his noble fathers factts,
In light of Pria Hecor layne, and Memnon both they lay.
With heavy cheere his parentes wayde to mourne his dying day.
Himselfe abhord his handy worke in light that had them layne,
The Sonnes of Goddes Achilles knew were bozne to die agayne
The woman queene of Amazons that greue the Greeks ful loze.
Is turned to flight then cast our feare wee dread their bowes no more.
If ye wel warne his worthynes' Achilles ought to haue
Though he from Argos of Mycenas would a Virgin crave,
Doubt ye herein; allow ye not that straight his wil be done.
And count ye cruel Pryams blood to gane to Peleus sonne?
For Helen take your owne childes blood appeald Dianas yre
A wonded thing and done ere this it is that I require.
Ag. The onely fault of youth it is not to retraigne his rage
The Fathers blood already flurers in Pryams wanton age:
Some-
Somtyme Achilles grievous checkes I bare with patient hart,
The more thou mayst the more thou oughtest to suffer in good part
Wherto would pce with slaundered bloud a noble spirit layne?
Thinke what is meete the Greekes to do, and Tropy's to suffer.
The proude estate of tyrannye may never long endure.
The King that rules with modest meanes of safety may be sure.
The higher step of princely state that fortune hath by signd
The more behou' th a happy man humility of mynd
And dread the chaunge that chance may bring, whose gifts so long be lost
And chiefly then to leave the Gods, while they the favour most.
In beating downe that warre hath wonne, by proue I haue ben taught,
What poma and pride in twinkle of eye, may fall and come to naught.
Troy made me fierce & proude of mynde, Troy makes me scapd withal:
The Greekes now stand where Troy late fel, e'ch thing may have his fal.
Sometyme I graunt I did my selfe, and Scepters proudly bare,
The thing that might advance my hart makes me the more to leave.
Thou Priam perfit prouo fennent thou art to mee esstones:
A cause of pride, a glasse of feare a mirroure for the nones,
Should I accoumpt the Scepters ought, but glorious vanity
Much like the bowwed brayped hayre, the face to beautify,
One sodain chaunce may turne to naught, and mayne the might of men
With fewer then a thousand hippes, and peares in lesse then ten.
Not the that guydes the upper wheele of fate, both to delay:
That the to al possession grauntes, of ten yeares setled stay.
With leaue of Greece I wili confeffe, I would haue wonne the town.
But not with ruine thus extreme to see it beaten downe.
But loe the barrel made by night and rage of fercuent mynd,
Could not abyde the byrdling hitte that reason had assignd.
The happy fwood once taint with blood unfaire lyt,
And in the darke the fercuent rage both strike thee more amiss.
Now are we wezekt on Troy so much let al that may remayne.
A Virgen boyne of Princes bloud to offering to be layne
And geuen he to layne the tombe and ashes of the dead,
And under name of weblocke lee the guiltes bloud be shed,
I wil not graunt for myne should bee thereof both fault and blame,
Who when he may, forbideth not offence: doth wil the same.
Pyr. And shall his livestights have no reward their angeres to appease?
Aga. Yes very great, for all the world shall celebrate his payle,
And landes unknowne that never loue, the man to payd by fame,
Shall heare and kepe for many yeares the glory of his name.

Thesixte tragedie.

Somtyme Achilles grievous checkes I bare with patient hart,
The more thou mayst the more thou oughtest to suffer in good part
Wherto would pce with slaundered bloud a noble spirit layne?
Thinke what is meete the Greekes to do, and Tropy's to suffer.
The proude estate of tyrannye may never long endure.
The King that rules with modest meanes of safety may be sure.
The higher step of princely state that fortune hath by signd
The more behou' th a happy man humility of mynd
And drea...
Troas

If bloudshed vapyle his ashes ought strike of an Ores hed,
And let no bloud that may be caule of mothers teares, be shed.
What furious frantic may this be that both your will to leade,
This earnest carefull suite to make in traumaple for the dead?
Let not such enuy toward your father in your heart remayne,
That for his facrifice pcr would procure an others payne,
Pyr. Provide tirant,while prosperity thy somache doth advance,
And cowardy wyrech that thinks for feare in case of fearefull chance.
Is yet agayne thy breast enflande,with hand of Venus might?
Wilt thou alone to oft depuie Achilles of his right?
This hand shall give the facrifice, the which if thou withstand
A greater slaughter hall I make, and worthy Pyrrhus hand.
And now to long from Princes slaughter doth my hand abide,
And meete it were that Polyxene were layde by Priams side.
Aga. If not beny, but Pyrrhus chiefe renowne, in warre is this,
That Pryam slaine with cruell swoode, to your father humbled is.
Pyr. By fathers foes we have them kown, submit themselues humbly,
And Pryam presently pce war, was glad to crave mercy.
But thou for feare not shou to rule, liest close from foes by hit:
While thou to Ajax, and Vlysles, dost thy will commit.
Aga. But neces I must, and will contend, your father did not feare:
When burnt our fleete with Hectors hands, Greeks they slaughtered
While loytring then a loose he lay, unmindfull of the fight. (weare.
In fleete of armes with scratch of quill, his sounding harp to light.
Pyr. Great Hector then despising thee, Achilles songes did feare:
And Theifale ships in greater dread, in quiet peace yet weare.
Aga. For why also the Theifale fleete, they lay from Troyans handes,
And well your father might have reft, he felt not Hectors handes.
Pyr. Well seeems a noble king to give an other king reliefe.
Aga. Why haft thou then a worthy king bereuued of his life?
Pyr. A point of mercy sometime is,what lives in care to kill.
Aga. But now your mercy moueth you a virgins death to will.
Pyr. Account pce cruell now her death whose facrifice I crave.
Your own deere daughter once yee knewe, your lette to th'aulters gave.
Aga. Naught els could lave the Greeks firo seas, but th'only bloud of
A king before his children ought, his country to prefer. (her.
Pyr. The law dorth spare no captures bloud no; wilth their death to slay
Aga. That which the law dorth not forbid, yet thame dorth off lay nay.
Pyr. The conquerour what thing he list, may lawfully fulfill.
Aga. So much the lette he ought to list, that may do what he will.
Pyr. Thus
The fixte tragedie.

PYR. This haste ye these as though in all ye onely bare the stroke:
When Pyrrhus looked hath the greekes,from bond of ten yeeres yake.
A.Hath Scyrus ye such stomaks bred? P.No hetherms warch it knows.
AG. Better about it is with waue. PYR. The seas it do enclose.
Thyestes noble stoke I know and Arceus eke full well,
And of the hetherms dice debate,perpetuall same doth tell.
AG. And thou a bastard of a maybe,desloured pruely.
Whom (then a boy) Achilles gat,in filthy lechery.
PYR. The name Achill that doth polstelle, the raigne of Gods above,
With Therys sea:with Æacus lyghtes, the garred heavene with Ione
Aga. The name Achilles that was slaine,by stroke of Paris yande.
PYR. The name Achilles whom no god,diest ever yet withstand.
Aga. The stoutest man I rather would his chekes he should retaine
I could them taine, but all your bragges, I can full well sustaine.
For euenge the captynes spares my sword:let Talchas called be.
If detlynys require her bloud, I will theroo agree
Talchias whole counsell rulde our ships, and nauy hither brought,
Unlookt the poale and halt by arte the secretes thereof lought,
To whome the bowelles of the beast, to whom the thunder clap,
And blasing starre with flaming raine,berokeneth what shall hap.
Wholes words with dearest price I bought,now tell vs by what meane
The will of Gods agreeth that we returne to Greece againe.
Cal. The fates apoint the Grekes to buy their waies with wonedt price.
And with what cost ye came to Troy,ye shal repaye to Greece
With bloud ye came, with bloud ye must from hence returne againe,
And where Achillesakes lieth, the virgin shal be slaine,
In teemely sort of habite, such as maydens want ye see,
Of Thessalie, of Hyrcanis els,what time they weeded be,
With Pyrrhus hand the shal be slaine,of right it shalbe so
And meer is it that he the conie,his fathers right should do.
But not this onely stapeth our shipples,our layles may not be lyved,
Before a worthier bloud then thine,(Polyrene) be shed,
Which thick thicken the fates,to Ilians nephew,Hectoys little boy:
The Grekes shal tumble hedlonge down, from higles towre in Troy.
Let him there die,this onely way ye shal the gods appeas,
Then lysead your thoulant layles with toy ye neede not feare the seas.

P 4. Chorus
Troas

Chorus.

Ay this be true, or doth the Fable fayne,
When corps is deade the Sprite to liue as yet?
When Death our eies with heavy hand doth ftrain,
And fatall day our leames of light hath fet,
And in the Tombe our afhes once be fet,
Hath not the foule likewyfe his funerall,
But ftul (alas) do wretches liue in thrall?

Or els doth all at once togeather die?
And may no part his fatal howre delay.
But with the breath the foule from hence doth flie?
And eke the Cloudes to vanish quite awaye,
As danky fhade fleeth from the poale by day?
And may no iote escape from defteny,
When once the brand hath burned the body?

What euer then the ryfe of Sunne may fee,
And what the Weft that fets the Sunne doth know.
In all Neptunus raygne what euer bee,
That restles Seas do wash and ouerflow,
With purple waues ftul tombling to and fro.
Age fhal confume: each thing that liuth fhal die,
With swifter race then Pegafus doth flie.

And with what whirle, the twyfe fixe signes do flie,
With courfe as fvvift as rector of the Spheares,
Doth guide thofe glittering Globes eternally.
And Hecate her chaunged hornes repeares,
So drauth on death, and life of each thing vveares,
And neuer may the man, returne to fight,
That once hath felt the stroke of Parcas might.

For
The fixt tragedie.

For as the fume that from the fyre doth passe,
With tourne of hand doth vanifh out of sight
And swifter then the Northren Boreas
With whirling blaffe and storme of raging might,
Driuth farre away and puttes the cloudes to flight,
So fleeth the sprighte that rules our life away,
And nothing taryeth after dying day.

Swift is the race we ronne,at hand the marke
Lay downe your hope, that wayte here ought to win,
And who dreads ought,caft of thy carefull carke:
Wilt thou it wot what state thou shalt be in,
When dead thou art as thou hadst neuer bin.
For greedy tyme it doth deuoure vs all,
The world it swayes to Chaos heape to fall.

Death hurtes the Corpes and spareth not the spright,
And as for all the dennes of Tænare deepe.
With Cerberus kingdome darke that knowes no light,
And streightest gates, that he there sittes to keepe,
They Fancies are that follow folke by sleepe
Such rumors vayne, but fayned lies they are,
And fables like the dreames in heauy care.

These three stances following are added
by the translatour.

O dreadful day, alas, the fowy time.
Is come of al the mothers ruthful woe,
Aftianax (alas) thy fatal line
Of life is worn, to death strayght shalt thou goe,
The sifters haue decreed it shoulde be so,

There
Troas

There may no force (alas) escape there hand,
There mighty Ioue their will may not withstand,

To see the mother, her tender child forfake,
What gentle hart that may from teares refrayne
Or whofo fierce that would no pity take,
To see(als) this guiltles infant slayne,
For foyre hart the teares myne eyes do slayne
To thinke what forrow shall her hart oppresse,
Her little child to leefe remedileffe,

The double cares of Hectors wife to wayle,
Good Ladies have your teares in readines,
And you with whom should pity most preuayle.
Rue on her griefe: bewayle her heauines.
With sobbing hart, lament her deepe diistresse,
When she with teares shall take leave of her son,
And now (good Ladies) heare what shall be done.

THE THIRD ACT.

Andromacha. Senex.
Vliffes.

Las ye careful company,
why hale ye thus your hapyes?
Why beare you to your boylsing breasts
and slayne your eyes with tears?
The fall of Troy is new to you
but unto me not so,
I have fooleseen this careful eale
ere this tyne long agoe
When fierce Achilles Hector new and drew the Torpes aboute
Then then me thought I will it well, that Troy should come to naught
In sorrowes sonke I fenneles am and wyapt (alas) in woe,
But lone except this bade me held, to Hector would I goe
This seely foole my stomacke tames amid my misery,
And in the howze of beauleft hapnes permittes me not to die,

This
The sixt tragedie. 108

This onely cause constraynes me yet the gods for him to pray
With tract of tyne prolonges my payne, delays my dying day:
He takes from me the lacke of seare the onely fruit of ill.
For while he lives yet have I left wherof to seare me still.
No place is left for better chaunce with worst we are opprest
To seare (alas) and see no hope is worst of all the rest.
Sen. What todayne seare thus moves your mynd, is breeth you so longe?
And. Stil stil (alas) of onely mislap there vpstey more and more,
Noz yet the doleful destenies of Troy he come to end.
Sen. And what more grievous chaunces yet prepare the Gods to send?
And. The cases and dennes of hel be rent for Troyans greater seare
And from the bottoms of their tombs the hidden spightes appeare.
May none but Greekes alone from hel returne to life agayne?
Would God the fates would finishe loone the foayrowes I listayne.
Deaith thankful were, a common care the Troyans all oppytelle,
But me (alas) amaseth most the seareful heaunines.
That all alstoned am for dyrade, and hoyrour of the light:
That in my sepe appeared to me by dreame this latter night. (seare
Sen. Declare what lightes your dreame hath thewd, & tell what doth you
And. Two parts of al the silent night almost then passed were.
And then the seare seuen clustered beams of Starres were fallen to rest
And first the sepe so long unknowne my weapred eyes opprest,
If this be sepe the alstoned male of mynd in heayn moode,
When todayne before myne eyes the spight of Hector stooke.
Not like as he the Grecians was wont to battaile to require:
O when amid the Grecians hippes, he threwe the brandes of lyre.
Noz such as raging on the Grecs, with slaughtring stroak did slayne
And bare indecrye the spoyles of him that did Achilles slayne.
His counenaunce not how so lyght, noz of so luyly cheere,
But sad and heayn like to drowes, and clad with ugly hayre
It did me good to see him though when making then his head:
Shake of thy sepe in hale he layd, and quickly laye thy bed:
Conuay into some secret place our lonne (O faithful wife)
This onely hope there is to helpe and meane to laue his life.
Leafe of thy piteous tears he layd, doth thou yet waple for Troy?
Would God it lay on Ground full flat to ye might laue the boy.
Up here he layd thy selfe in hale conuay him priuyly.
Saue if ye may the tender bloud of Hector's progeny
Then straight in trembling seare I wake and told myne eyes aboute
Forgottynge long my child poxe wretch, and after Hector sought.

But
Troas

But stragght (alas) I wist not how the Spight away did passe,
And mee forlooke before I could my husband once embatle.
O childe, O noble fathers broode and Troians only joy,
O worthy seede of thaineceint blood, and heare house of Troy.
O ymage of thy father loe, thou liuely heare his face,
This countnaunce to my Hector had, and even such was his pace.
The pitch of all his body such, his handes thus would he beare.
His Shoulders high his threatning browes even such as thine they were
O sonne: begot to late for Troy, but boone to soone for mee,
Shall ever tyne yet come agayne, and happy daye may be,
That thou mayst once revenge and build agayne the towres of Troy,
And to the towne and Troians both restor their name with joy?
But why do I (forgettynge late at present delsene),
So great thinges with? enough forz captures is to liue only:
Alas what pley place is left my little childe to hide?
What seate to secrete may be found where thou mayst safely hide?
The towre that with the walles of gods so balsaunt was of night,
Though all the world so notable, so flourishing to sight,
Is turnde to dust: and fire hath al consundede that was in Troy,
Of all the towne not so much now is left to hide the boy,
What place were best to choose for guile, the holy tome is here,
That then nies sword will spare to spoile wher lythe my husband deere.
Which costly worke his father bulste, king Pyrame liberall:
And it by railde with charges great, so Hecto's funerall.
Herein the bones and ashes both of Hecto (tey) they lie,
Best is that I commit the sonne to his fathers cultodie.
A colde and fearfull sweat both runne, through out my members all,
Alas I carefull wretch do seeare, what chaunce may thee befall,
Sen. Hide him away: this onely way hath saued many more,
To make the ennies to beleue, that they were dead before.
He will be fought: scant any hope remaineth of lakenes,
The paile of his nobility both him to soze opprys.
Andr. What way war best to worke: that none our doings might bewray
Sen. Let none beare witnes what ye do remoue them all away.
Andr. What is the ennies ake me: where Antianar doth remaine?
Sen. Then shall ye boldely and wone make that he in Troy was slaine.
Andr. What shal it helpe to have him hid? at length they will him finde.
Sen. At first the ennies rage is fierce, delay doth flake his minde.
Andr. But what presailes, since free from seeare we may him never hide?
Sen. Let yet the wretche take his defence, me careless there to hide.

What

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THE
TENNE TRAGEDIES
OF
SENeca.
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

PART II.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.
1887.
The fixt tragedie.

And, What land unknowne out of the way what unfrequented place
May keepe thee safe? who ayds our feare? who shall defend our case?
Hector, Hector! that evermore thy friendses didst wel defend
Now chiefly ayde thy wyse and child and by some succour lend.
Take charge to keepe and ouer close the treasures of thy vyse,
And in thy Ashes hyde thy soune pretence in tombe his life.
Dew nearc my Childe unto the Tomb, why sild thou backward so?
Thou talkest great learnes to luke in dens thy noble hart I know.
I see thou art aham'd to feare shake of thy princely mynd,
And see thy breaft as thee behooves as chaunce hath thee affynd.
Behold our case: and se what Aske remayneth now of Troy
The tombe: I woeful captute wyrly and thay a seely boy,
But yeele we must to copy fates thy chaunce must bryeke thy breaft,
So to,crepe underneath thy fathers holy seats to set.
It ought the fates may wrettehes helpe thou halst thy lavegard there.
If not: already then poire coole thou halst thy feulpher.
Sen. The tombe him closely hides: but least your seare should him betray
Let him here lie and farre from hence goe ye some other way.
And. The lefte he seares that leares at hand, and yet if neede he so,
If ye thinke meeete a little hence for safety let by goe.
Sen. A little whileke kepe silence now retayne your plaint and erie,
His curled loore now hereth mowes the Lord of Cephalie.
And. Now open earth, and thou my Spoule fryst rend by y ground,
Depe in thy bolome hyde thy soone that he may not be found.
Vlyffes comes with doubltful pace and chaunged countenaunce
He knittes in hart deceiptful craft for some moare grievous chaunce.
VI. Though I be made the mesteller of heauie newes to you,
This one thing first I hal desype that ye take this for true.
That though the wydes come from my mouth, and I my meullage tell
Of truthe yet are they none of myne ye may beleve me wel.
It is the word of al the Greeces, and they the authys he,
Whom Hector blood doth yet forbid their countries for to see.
Our carefull trust of peace unture doth stil the Greeces detayne,
And evermore our doubltful seare yet drawth vs backe agayne.
And suflfeth not our wearyd handes, our weapons to so take,
In child yet of Andromach, while Troyans comfort take.
An. And sayth your Augure Calchas so? Vili. Though Calchas nothing
Yet Hector telles it by himselfe, of whose seere are we fraynde. (sayde
The worthy bloud of noble men oft tymes we se it playne,
Doth after in their heires succede and quickly springes agayne.

For
Troas

For so the homely youngling yet, of high and sturdy heele,
With lofty necke and biaunced brow, doth shortly rule the rest.
The tender twig that of the lopped thocke doth yet remayne,
To match the tree that bare the bough, in time startes by again.
With equall top to forser wood the rame the doth supply,
And spreads on loyle alow the bade, to heauen his biaunces hye.
Thus of one sparke by chance ye let it hapnethe fro ful off.
The lyce hath quickly caught his foce and slanthg agayn aloft.
So feare we yet least Hectors bloud might rife er it be long,
Feare castes in all therteemony and oft interpjets wrong.
If ye respect our case ye may not blame these old soldiars
Though after years and months twice fure, they feare again the wars.
And other traullies dreading Troy, not yet to be wel wonne,
A great thing doth the Greevans inuo, the seare of Hectors son.
Kid vs of feare, this laypeth our necte, and pluckes vs backe agayne,
And in the hauen our nayu sticks, til Hectors bloud be layne.
Count me no seere for that by lates I Hectors sonne require,
For I as wel if chance it would Orestes should defye.
But since that needs it muste be so, beare it with patient hart:
And Suffer that which Agamemnon suffred in good part.
And Alas my child would God thou were yet in thy mothers hand.
And that I knew what belliencies thee held oz in what land.
For never shoulde the mothers layth her tender child toylke:
Though though my brest the enimies al, their cruell wepons strake.
Noz though the Greekes with pinching banedes oz yon my handes had
Oz els in feruent flame of lyce belet my body ronde.
(bound, But now my little Child (pox wgorith alas) where might he bee?
Alas, what cruel lusenly what chaunce hath hapt to thee?
Art thou yet ranging in the fields and wand'rest ther abroad?
Oz smotherd else in dusty lmoake of Troy oz overroad?
Oz have the Greekes thee layne (alas) and laught to see thy bloud?
Oz toane art thou with jawes of beastes oz cast to soules oz foode?
VI. Dissemble not, hard is oz thee Vlisses to deceave,
I can ful wel the mothers craftes and subtilty perceave.
The pollepy of Goddeses Vlisses hath undone,
Set al these layned wordes allyde, tel mee where is thy sonne?
An. Where is Hector? where at the reft that had with Troy their fall?
Where Priamus? you atke for one but I require of all.
VI. Thou halt conftrayned be to tel the thing thou dost deny.
And. A happy chance were Death to her that doth delye to dye.
VI. Who
The sixt tragedie.

VII. Who most desires to die, would paynest line when death draweth on, These noble woordes with present fear of death woulde be gone. And. Vlffes if ye will contrayne Andromach with fear, Threaten my life of now to dye my cheele delyre it were. VI. With stripes with lyce tormenting death we wil the truth out wrest And danger that these fojje to tell the secrets of thy lyfe. And what thy hart hath depelt hid for payne thou shalt express, Oft tymes the tremeny preuayles much more then gentlenesse, And. Set me in midst of burning flame with wounds my body rent, Use all the meanes of cruelty that ye may al invent. Prove me with thirst and hunger both, and every torment trye, Peace through my des with burning yrons in prison let me lie. Spare not the wojsf ye can devise (if outh be worse then this) Yet never get ye more of me. I wot not where he is. VII. It is but payne to hyde the things that strayght ye wil derelect No feares may inue the mothers hart, the doth them al neglect. This tender love ye beare your child, wherin ye stand so foute, So much more circumstancy warmth, the Greekes to looke about. Leafe after ten years tracht of yme and barteall bozne so farre, Some one should liue that on our children might renew the warre, As fo; my selfe, what Calchas sayth, I would not fear at all But on Telemachus I dread, the smert of warres would fall And. Now will I make Vlffes glad and all the Greekes also, Predes must thou woeful wyse wyse confesse declare thy hidden wor. Reioyce ye sonsnes of Atreus there is no caufe of dread. Be glad Vlffes tell the Greekes that Hectors sonne is dead. VI. By what assurance proves thou that; how shall we credite thee: And. What euer thing the ennies hand may threaten hap to me Let speedly fates me flay forthwith, and earth me hyde at ones And after death from toombe agayne, remoue yet Hectors bones, Except my sonne already now, do rest among the dead. And that except Aftianax into his tomb he led. Vlff. Then fully are the fates fullid with Hectors childes diseare, Now that I heare the Greeeks word, of liue and certayne peace. Vlffes why what doest thou now? the Greekes wil euer chone, Belieue thy woordes, whom credite thou? the mothers tale alone. Thinkst thou fo; laugard of her child the mother wil not lye? And dread the more the wojsf mischance to gene her sonne to die? Her faith the byndes with bond of oth, the truth to verify, What thing is more of weight to feare, then to to sweare and lye?

Now
Troas

Now call thy craftes togethers al, bethirre thy witnes and mynd,
And shew thy selfe Vllisses now, the truth herein to find.
Search wel thy mothers mynd: behold shee weepes and wayleth out,
And here and ther with doubteful pace, shee raunge thy al aboute,
Her careful ears the doth apply to harken what I say,
Soe crayd shee seemes then sorrowful. Now wayke some wily way.
For now most neede of wit there is and crafty pollicy,
Yet once agayne by other meanes I will the mother trye.
Thou wretched woman maist rejoyce, that dead he is: (alas)
Doleful death by detente for him decreed the was.
From Turrets top to have bene cast and cruelly bene layne.
Which onely towel of all the rest both yet in Troy remaine. (founde)
And my spight failth me, my limnes do quake, fear doth my wits co-
And as the Ice congeals with frost, my blood with cold is bound.
VI. She trumbled loc; this way, this way I will the truth out wraekte,
The mothers fear aganere all the secrets of her breast:
I will renew her fear as hers bestir ye speedely
To sekke this enyme of the Greeks where ever that he lie.
Well done he will by found at length, goe to stil seke him out,
How that he die, what dolt thou feare why dolt thou looke about?
And would God that none there were yet left that might me fray,
By hart at last now all is lost hath laid all fear away.
VIII. Sins that your child now hath ye lay already suffered death,
And with his blood we may not purge the hostes as Calchas layth.
Our fleere palle not (as wel inspired both Calchas prophecy)
Till Herectors ashes cast abroad the waues may pacify,
And tombe he rent now sins the boy hath chapt his desteny.
Necess must we breake this holy tombe wher Herectors ashes lie,
An. What shall I doe; my mynd distracted is with double seare.
On thine my sonne, on another lyde my husbandes ashes deare,
Alas which part should move me most, the cruel Gods I call
To witnes with me in the truth, and Chalates that guide thee all
Hector that nothing in my sonne is else that pleasure me.
But thou alone God grante him life he might resemble thee:
Shal Herectors ashes dywound bee? hide I such cruelty,
To see his bones cast in the Seas? yet let Astyanax die,
And canst thou wretched mother hide, thyne owne childes death to see?
And suffer from the hie towes top that headlong thouwine he be?
I can and wil take in good part, his death and cruel pynie,
So that my Herctor after death be not remou'd agayne.

The
The six tragedie.

The boy that lide and fences hath may seele his payne and dye,
But Hector to his death hath plait at rest in tombes to lie
What doth thou stay? determine which thou wilt preserve of twayne,
Art thou in doubt? cause this: loe here thy Hector doth remayne,
Both Hector's be, thone quicke of sphight & drawing toward his streng,
And one that may perhaps revenge his fathers death at length.
Alas I cannot see them both: I think that best it were,
That of the twayne I fauend him that doth the Grecians feare.

VI. If halfe done that Calchas words to vs, both prophetic,
And now hal all the sumptuous worke be thowne downe utterly
An. That once ye sold? VI. I wil it all from toppe to bottome rend.
An. The layth of Gods I call bypon Achilles by defend,
And Pyrrhus and thy fathers right. VI. This tombes abroad shall yce:
An. O wilfulie, never durst the Greekes howe yet such cruelty.
Ye straine the temples and the Gods that most have fauored you,
The dead ye spare not, on their tombes your fury ragerst now.
I wil their weapons all restit my selue with naked hand,
The yce of hart hal geue me streng their armour to withstand.
As fierce as did the Amazones beate down the Greekes in sight,
And Menas once enspierd with God, in sacrifice doth sighted,
Wicht speare in hand, and while with surpous pace she treads the groud
And wood as one in rage the styrkes, and seeth not the wound:
So wil I runne on midst of them and on theyr weapons yce,
And in defence of Hectors tombes among his ashes lie.

VI. Cease ye: doth rage and furyayne of women moue ye ought?
Dispatch with speede what I commaund, plucke downe al to naught.
An. O lay me rather here with swoord rid me out the way,
Bake up the deepe Auern, and rid my defencies delay.
Rise Hector and bele thy foeys, bake thou Vlisses yce,
A sphight art good enough for him, behold he casteth lire,
And weapon shakes with mighty hand do ye not Greekes him see?
O els doth Hectors sphight appear but onely unto me
VI. Downe quight withal. An. What wilt thou utter both thy sonnes be
And after death thy hul bandes bones to be remou'd agayne? (layne,
Perhaps thou mayst with payrer yet appease the Greekes all
Els downe to ground the holy tombe of Hector, streight shall fall.
Let rather die the childe poze worch and let the Greekes him kil,
Then father and the sonne should cause the tone the others yll.
Vlisses, at thy knees I fal, and humbly alke mercie,
These bandes that no mans seele els knew, first at thy seele they yce.

O. Take
Troas

Take pity on the mothers case and sorrow of my breast,
Touchtake my prayers to receive and grant me my request.
And by how much the more the Gods have thee advanced he,
More eaily sryke the poze estate of wretched mility.
God grant the chalk bed of the godly wyfe Penelope,
May thee receive ,and to agayne Laerta may thee see.
And that thy conn Telemachus may meete thee joyfully,
His groundlifes yeares,and fathers witre,to passe ful happily.
Take pity on the mothers tears her little child to saue,
He is my onely comfort left, and th'only joy I have.

VI. Syng forth thy conn and ake.

THE SECOND
SCENE.

Andromacha,

Ome hither child out of the dennes to mee,
Thy wretched mothers lamentable store,
This Babe Vlisses (loe) this Babe is hee,
That slayeth your ships and feareth you so fore.
Submit thy selfe my sonne with humble hand,
And worship flat on ground thy maysters feete,
Think it no shame as now the case doth stand:
The thing that Fortune wilth a wretche is meete,
Forget thy worthy stocke of Kingly kynd,
Think not on Priams great nobility,
And put thy father Hector from thy mynde,
Such as thy Fortune let thy stomacke bee,
Behaue thy selfe as captiue bend thy Knee,
And though thy griefe pearce not thy tender yeares,
Yet learne to wayle thy wretched state by mee,
And take ensample at thy mothers teares.

Once
The fixt tragedie.

Once Troy hath scene the weeping of a child,
When little Priam turnde Alcides threats,
And he to whom all beasts in strength did yelde,
That made his way from hel, and brake their gates
His little enmies teares yet overcame,
Priam he sayd receive thy liberty,
In seat of honor kepe thy Kingly name.
But yet thy Sceptors rule more faithfully.
Lo such the conquest was of Hercules.
Of him yet learne your hartes to mollify,
Do onely Hercules cruel weapons please,
And may no end be of your crueltie?
No lesse then Pryam, kneeles to thee this boy,
That lieth and asketh onely life of thee.
As for the rule and gouernaunce of Troy
Where euer Fortune wil ther let it bee.
Take mercy on the mothers ruthless teares
That with their streames my cheekes do overflow,
And spare this guiltles infantes tender yeares
That humbly falleth at thy feete so lowe.
Troas

THE THIRD
SCENE.

Vliffes, Andromacha,
Aftianax,

If truth the mothers greate sorrow,
don't move my hart full sore.
But yet the mothers of the Greekes,
of neede must move me more,
To whom this boy may cause in time
a great calamtie.
\[Andr.\] May ever he the burnt ruines
of Troy reedifie?
And shall these handes in time to come,ereck the towne againe?
If this be th oneely helpe we haue,there doth no hope remain
For Troy,we stand not now in case to cause your feare of mynde,
Doth ought anapple his fathers force, or force of noble kinde?
His fathers heart abated was,he drawen the walles abought.
Thus euel haps, the haughtie heart at length they lying to nought,
If ye wil needes oppresse a worthy what thing more grievous were
Then on his noble neck he should the yoke of bondage beare?
To serve in life doth any man this to a King denye?
\[Vl.\] Not Vliffes with his death, but Calchas prophecy.
\[An.\] O false inuention of deceipt and hainous cruelty,
By manhode of whose hand in warre no man did euer dye.
But by deceipt and craftie trayne of mynd that mischiefe seekes,
Before this tynde ful many one dead is, yea of the Greekes,
The Prophets wordes and guiltes Gods saith thou my sonne require,
\[Pay:\] mischiefe of thy breast it is,thou doth his death delyse.
Thou night louddier, and shout of hart a little child to lay.
This enterprize thou take alone and that by open day.
\[Vl.\] Vliffes manhood wel to Greekes to much to you is knowne,
I may not spend the tynde in wordes,our Paye will be gone
\[Andr.\]
The sxt tragedie.

And. A little stay, while I my last farewell give to my child,
And have with oft embracing him my greedy sorowes slid.
Vii. Thy grievous sorowes to redresse, would God it lay in mee,
But at thy will to take delay of tyme I graunt it thee.
Now take thy last leave of thy Sonne, and til thy selfe with teares,
Oft tymes the weeping of the eyes, the inward griev lye out weares.
An. O deere, O sweeet, thy mothers pledge, farewell my onely soyle,
Farewel the dowe of honoe left of beateen house of Tropy.
O Tropyans last calamity and fear to Grecians part
Farewel thy mothers onely hope, and bayne comfort of hart.
Oft wiste I thee thy fathers strength and halfe thy ground-sires peares
But all to naught the Gods have all dispoynted our desires.
Thou neuer shalt in regal court thy seopros take in hand,
Nor to thy people gene decrees no leade with law thy land.
Nor yet tyne enimies overcome by might of haunc stroke,
Nor lend the conquerde nations all under thy fertile yoke.
Thou neuer shalt beat downe in sight, and Grecians with sword purlew,
Nor at thy Charyot Pyrrhus plucke, as Achill Hector dyew
And never shalt those tender handes thy weapons wield and wield,
Thou neuer shalt in woods pursue the wyld and mighty beast.
Nor as accustome'd is by guise and laticifice in Tropy,
With measure &wift betweene the alturts shalt thou daunce with joy.
O grievous kind of cruel death that dowe remaine fo2 thee,
More woeful things then Hector's death the walles of Tropy shall see.
Viii. How breake of al thy mothers tears I may no more tyne spende.
The grievous sorowes of thy hart will never make an end.
An. Vliisses spare as yet my teares and graunt awhole delay,
To close his eyes yet with my handes er he depart away.
Thou diest but young: yet seek thou art thy Tropy dowe wayte fo2 thee,
Give noble hart thou shalt agayne the noble Tropyans see.
As kt. Helpe me mother? An. Alas my child why tak'ft thou holde by me?
In bayne thou calst where helpe none is I can not succour thee.
As when the little tender beast that heares the Lyon crye,
Straight for defence he seekes his damme, crouching downe doth lye,
The cruel beast when once remoued is the damme away,
In greedy saw with rauning hit doth snatch the tender pray
So straught the enimies wil theye take, and from my side theye beare.
Receive my kisle and teares poze child, receiue my rented hayze.
Depart thou hence now full of mee, and to thy father goe,
Salute my Hector in my name and tel him of my woe.
Troas

Complayne thy mothers grieue to him if former cares may move,
The [pightes: and that in funerall flame they lefte not all their loue.
O cruel Hector suffret thou thy wyse to be opprest?
With bond of Grecians heavie yoke and liest thou still at rest?
Achilles rose: take here agayne my teares and rented heare,
And (al that I haue left to tend) this kisse thy father heare.
Thy coat yet to my comfort leaue, the tomb hath touched it
It of his ashes ought here lye Ile lecke it everyday.
VI. There is no measure of thy teares I may no longer stay,
Deferre no further our returne breake of our shippes delay.

Chorus altered by the
translatour.

Ioue that leadst the lampes of fire,
and deckst vvith flaming starres the skye.
VVhy is it euer thy desyre
to care their course so orderly?
That novve the frost the leaues hath vvore,
& novv the sprig doth close the tree.
Novv ffery Leo rypes the corne,
and stil the foyle shoulde chaunged be?
But vwhy art thou that all doft guide,
betwene vvhose hands the poale doth fvway,
And at vvhoce vvil the Orbs do flyde,careles of mans estate alvway?
Regarding not the goodmans cafe, nor caryng hovv to hurt the yll.
Chaunce beareth rule in euery place and turneth mans estate at vvill.
She geues the vronge the vupper hand the better part she doth oppress,
She makes the higheft lowv to fstand,her Kingdome all is orderlesse.
O parfite profe of her frailty, the princely tovvres of Troybead dovwe,
The flouvre of Asia here ye fee vvith turne of hand quight ouerthrovwe.
The ruthless ende of Hectors fon,vvhoo to his death the Greekes haue led,
His fatall hovvre is come and gone,and by this tyme the Child is ded:
Yet stil (alas)mores cares encreafe, O Troyans dolesful destenie,
Faft doth approach the maydes deceafe,and novv Polixena shall die.

The
The fixt tragedie.

The FOURTH
ACTE.

Helena, Andromacha,
Hecuba

What ever woeful wedding yet, 
were cause of funerall, 
Of wayling, teares, bloud,slaughter els 
or other mischieues all, 
A worthy match for Helena, 
and meete for me it ware, 
My wedding trow hath bene the cause 
of all The Troyns care. 
I am contraynd to hurt them yet, 
after their overthrow, 
The false and layned mariages of Pyrrha must I shewe. 
And gene the mayde the Greekes attyme and by my pollepy: 
Shal Paris sile be betrayd and by discepyt shal die. 
But let her be beguised thus, the leve should be her payne 
If that unaware without the feare of death: the might be slayne. 
What ceast thou the wil of Greekes,and messuage to fullfill? 
Of hurt contraynd the faulte rerunth to th'alter of the ill. 
O noble Virgin of the famous house and stocke of Troy, 
To thee the Greeks have me sent I bring thee newes of joy, 
The Gods rue on thy afflicte state more merciful they bee, 
A greate and happy marriage loe, they haue prepard for thee. 
Thou never shouuld if Troy had stoode, to nobly wedde be, 
Noe Priam never could prefer thee to so his degree. 
Whom showe of all the Greeks name the prince of honour hie, 
That beares the Scepters ouer all, the lande of Thessaly 
Doth in the law of wedlocke chole, and soe his wyfe require. 

To sacred
To sacred rightes of lawful bed, doth Pyrrhus thee despise:
Lor Thecis great wits at the rest, of Gods that guide by sea.
Each one shall thee accompt as theirs and joy by wedding day.
And Peleus shal thee daughter call when thou art Pirrus wyke,
And Nereus shall accompt thee his the space of all thy life.
Put of thy mourning garment now, this regall vesture weare
Fogzet hencefor thy captive state and see my bryd thy hayze.
Thy fall hath list thee higher up, and doth thee more aduance
Ofr to be taken in the ward doth bring the better chance.
An, This ill the Taryans never knew in all their grieves and Payne
Before this tympe pe neuer made vs to reslove in bayne.
Troy towes gene light, O seemely tympe for marriage to be made.
Who would refuse the wedding day that Helayne doth perfwade?
The Plague and ruine of each parte behold doth thou not see,
Thele tomes of noble men, and how their bones here scattered bee?
Thy brydebed bane bene caus of this for thee all these be wed
For thee the bloud of Asia both and Europe bane bene thed.
When thou in joy and pleasure both the fighting folke from carre,
Halt vievwe: in doubt to whom to with the glory of the warre.
Goe to prepare the marrages, what neede the Taryes light?
Behold the Towes of Troy do shine with brands that blace ful bight.
O Taryans all let to your handes, this wedlocke celebrate:
Lament this day with woefull cry and tears in seeonly rate.
Hel. Though care do caule the want of wit, and readings rule denye,
And heayn hap doth ooftymes hate his mates in misery.
Yet I before most hateful judge dare well defend my part,
That I of all your greeues cares fullate the greatest smart.
Andromachas fo. Hector weeps, fo. Priaume Hecuba,
For only Paris prussia bewaypeth Helena.
A hard and grieved thing it is captivity to heare,
In Troy that yoke I sufferd long a prisoner whole ten yere.
Turnd are the fates, Troy beare downe, to Greece I must repeare,
The native country to have lost is ill, but woxe to fearre.
For dread thereof you neede not care your euilles all be past,
On me both partes wil vengeance take at lightes to me at last.
Whom each man prisoner takes God wot hee standes in shippe stay,
And me not captive made by lot yet Paris led away,
I have bene cause of all these wars, and then your woes were wrougth,
When first your shippes the Spartaon Seas land of Grecia sought.

But
The fixte tragedie.

But if the Goddesse wild it so that I their pray should be,
And to reward to her beayyes judge thee had appoynted me,
Then pardon Paris: thinke this thing in wraithful judge doth lie,
The sentence Menelaus genes, and he this calfe shall tye.
How turne thy playntes Andromacha, and wepe for Polyxeyne
Wine eyes so torrodes of my hart they tears may not refrayne.
An. Alas, what care makes Hecleyn wepe? what griefe doth the lament?
Declare what earnest VIILses castles, what mischiefe hath he lent?
Shall thee from height of Ieey hil he hedlong tumbled downe?
Or else out of the turrets toppe in Troy hal the be throwne?
Or will they call her from the clieues into Sygeon seas?
In bottom of the surging waues to end her rousful days?
Show what thy countenaunce hides and tell the secrets of thy breast:
Some woes in Pyrrhus wedding are farre woole then all the rest.
Go to, geeu sentence on the mad, pronounce her deseny:
Delude no longer our misappes, we are preparde to die.
I. Would God the’rpounder of the Gods would geue his dome so right
That I also on point of ywoy might leece the lothsomue light,
Or at Achilles toynbe with fioake of Pyrrhus hand be layne:
And beare a part of al thy fates O wretched Polyxeyne.
Whom yet Achilles worthe to wed, and where his ashes lie,
Requireth that thy bloud be shed, and at his tombe to die.
An. Behold loe how her noble mynd of Death doth gladly heare,
She dekes her selke: her regal weede in feeneey wyse to weare,
And to her head the fettes her hand the broyled hayve to lay,
To wed the thought it Death, to die she thinckes a weddung day
But helpe(alas) my mother touns to heare her daughters death,
Astyle plucke by your heart and take agayne the panting breath.
Alake good mother how slender day, that doth thy life kypeayne?
A little thinge shall happy thee thou art almost palt payne.
Her breuth returns: the doth revynue, her lims their life do take.
So see when wretches layne would die, how death doth them to take.
Hec. Doth yet Achilles liue (alas) to work the Troyans light?
Doth he rebell agaynst vs yet? O hand of Paris light.
The very tombe and athes doe yet thistleth for our bloud,
A happy heape of children late on every lyde wee stooode,
It weared me to deale the mothers hille among them al,
The rest are lost, and this alone now doth me mother call.
Thou onely child of Hecuba, a comfort left to me.

A slayer
Troas.

A slayer of my sory state and shall I now release thee?
Depart O wretched soule, and from this carefull carcasse lie,
And ease me of such ruthfull cares, to see my daughter die.
My weeping wets(als) my eyes, and staines thee over all,
And downe my cheeks the dolefull streames and showres of tears do fall.
But thou beare daughter maist be glad, Callandra would rejoice,
O Hectors wife thus wolt to be if they might haue their choyse.
And. We are the wretches Hecuba in cursed case we stande,
Whom straight the hooke hal rote by teas into a foraigne land.
But as for Helyns griefes be gone and turned to the best,
She shal againe her natuyre countrey se and live at rest.
Hely. He would the more enuy my state if ye might know your owne,
Andr. And growe there yet more griefe to me that evil I have not known?
Hely. Such matters must ye serue as doth by chance of lots befall.
Andr. Whole remaunt am I then become whom shall ye master call?
Hely. By lot ye fall to Pyrhus hands you are his pslicer.
Andr. Callandra is happy, fury lawes perhaps and Phaeus her.
Hely. Thiche kinge of Greces Callandra keepes and his captiue is thee.
Hec. Is any one amongeth them all that pslicer would haue me?
Hely. You chaunsest to Ulysses are his pay ye are become.
Hec. Alas what cruellest, dyce and yeftull dealer of the dome.
What god by such lot to devide, the captiues to their lodes?
What grieuous arbiter is he: that to such choyse accordes,
What cruel hand to wretched folke, to evil fate's hath calke?
Who hath amongeth Achilles armour, Hectos mothers plaide?
Now am I captiue, and belest with all calamittie.
My bondage griefes me not, but him to serue it shameth mee.
Hec. That Achilles sployles hath won, shall Hector's also haue:
Shall paraine lande enclose with teas receive my boanes in graue?
Leade me Ulysses where thou wylt, leade me I make no stay.
My master I, and me my fates, shall follow every way.
Let never calme come to the seas, but let them rage with winde,
Come fire and sword, mine owne mishannoce and Pyrians let me finde.
In meane time haps this deepe distres my cares can know no calme:
I ran the race with Pyamus, but he hath won the Palme,
But Pyrhus comes with twisted pace & threnning howes doth wrest,
What stayle thou Pyrhus? strike thy sword now through this wofull
And both at ones the parents of thy lathers wife now slay, (wolst.
Murderer of age, likes thee her bloud: he draw my daughter away
Desile the gods and staines the spights, of hel with naughtred bloud,

To
To ask your mercy what annoyles? our prayers do no good.
The vengeance ask I on your ships, that it the gods may please,
According to this sacrifice, to guide you on the seas.
This wish I to your thousand layles, Gods wrath light on them all,
Even to the ship that beareth me, what euer may befall.

Chorus.

Comfort is to no mans calamity
A dolefull flocke of fellowes in distres.
And sweete to him that mournes in miserie
To here them wayle whom forowes like oppres
In deepest care his griefe him bites the les,
That his estate bewayles not all alone,
But seeth with him the teares of many one.

For still it is the chiefe delight in woe,
And joy of them that sonke in sorrowes are,
To see like fates by fall to many moe,
That may take part of all their wofull fare,
And not alone to be opprest with care.
There is no wight of woe that doth complainye,
When all the rest do like mischaunce suftayne.

In all this world if happy man were none,
None (though he were) would thinke himselfe awretch,
Let once the ritch with heapes of Gold be gone,
Whose hundred head his pastours overretch,
Then would the poore mans hart begin to stretch.
There is no wretch whose life him doth displease,
But in respect of those that liue at ease.
Troas.

Sweete is to him that ftandes in deepe diftreffe,
To see no man in ioyful plight to bee,
Whose onely vessel wind and waue oppresse,
Ful fore his chaunce bewayles and weepeth hee,
That with his owne none others wracke doth fee
When he alone makes shipwracke one the land,
And naked falles to long defyred land.

A thoufande fayle who feeth to drench in Seas,
With better will the ftorne hath ouerpaft
His heauy hap doth him the leffe difpleafe
When broaken boardes abroade be many caft,
And shipwrackt fhippes to shore they flit ful fat,
With doubled waues when stopped is the floud,
With heaps of them that there haue loft theyr good.

Ful fore did Pirrus Helens loffe complayne,
What time the leader of his flocke of shepe,
Vppon his backe alone he bare them twayne,
And wet his Golden lockes amid the deepe,
In piteons playnt(alas) he gan to weep.
The death of her it did him decpe displeafe.
That fhipwracke made amid the drenching feas.

And piteous was the playnt and heauy moode
Of woful Pyrrha and eke Deucalion
That nought beheld aboute them but the flould,
When they of all mankynd were left alone
Amid the feas ful fore they made their mone
To see themfelues thus left aliue in woe
When neyther land they saw,nor fellowes moe.

Anone thefe playnts and Troyans teares shall quaile,
And here and there the ship them tossie by feas:
When trompets found shal warne to hoyfe vp fayle.
And through the waues with wind to seeke their waies

Then
Then shall these captiues goe to ende their dayes
In land vnknowne: when once with hafty ore
The drenching deepe they take and shunne the shore.

What state of mynd shal then in wretches bee?
When shore shall finke from sight and seas aryse?
When Idey hill to lurke aloose they see?
Then poynct with hand from farre wher Troia lies,
Shall child and mother: talking in this wyse:
Loe yonder Troy, where smoke it fumeth hie,
By this the Troyans shal their countrey spie.

THE FIFTH
ACTE.

Nuncius, Andromacha.
Hecuba.

Dyre, fierce, wretched, horrible,
Cruell fates accurtle,
Of Mars his ten yeares bloudshed blows
the wofull and the wost.
Alas which should I first bewayle?
thy cares Andromacha?
O! els lament the wretched age
of wofull Hecuba?
Hec. What euer mans calamityes
pe wayle sox myne it is.

I heare the smart of al their woes each other feelest but his
Who euer be, I am the wretch all happes to me at last.
Nun.Slayne is the mayd, and from the walles of Troy the child is cast.
But both(as them became)they toke their death with stomacke stout,
And Declare the double daughters then, & tell the whole throughout.
Nun. One towzce of all the rest ye know both yet in Troy remayne,
Where Pryam wonted was to sit,and view the armies twayne.
His little Nephew eke with him to lead, and from a farre,
His fathers sightes with fire and sword to show on scarts of war.
This towzce,sometime wel knowne by name,and Troyans honoz most.

Is
Troas.

Is now with captaynes of the Greekes, belet on every coaste.
With swift recourse and from the whippes, in cluistered heaps anone.
Both tagge and ragge they runne to gase what thing should thersbedone.
Some clime the hilles to seeke a place where they might see it belt,
Some on the rockes a tip toe stande to overleke the rite.
Some on their teples weare the pine, some beech, some crownes of bay,
For garlandes towne is every tree, that standeth in their way,
Some from the highest mountayne top afoose beholde all.
Some scale the buildings halfe iburnt, and some the ruinous wall.
Yea some there were (O milchehe loe) that for the moore despighte.
The tome of Hector fits upon beholders of the light.
With pricely pace Vlifses then palt through the praced band
Of Greekes, King Priams little nephew leading by the hand.
The Child with uncepyning gase palt through his enimys handes,
Up toward the walles, and as anone in turrets to he standes,
From thence adowne his losty lookes he cast on every part,
The neere death more free from care he seend, and seare of hart,
Amid his foes his stomache swelles, and fierce he was to sight,
Like Tygers whelpe, that the jars in dayne wt tothles chap to bight.
Alas, for pity then each one,rew on his tender yeares,
And at the route that present were, for him they shed their teares,
Yea not Vlifses them reftaynd, but trickling downe they tal,
And onely he, wept not (poore loole) whom they bewrayd al.
But whyle on Gods Vlifses cald, and Calchas wordes expound,
In midst of Pryams land (alas) the child leapd downe to ground.
And what cruell Calchas could 0t fetch such daughter take in hand?
O by the hore of Caspyan Sea, what barbarous lawles land.
Bulydis to thaulcers yet no infantes bloud hath shed
Poz, neuer yet were children slayne for scall of Diomed.
Who that alas in tome thee lay, or hyde thy limmes agayne?
Nu,What limmes from such a headlong fall could in a child remayne,
His bodies palle throwne downe to ground, hath barded all his bones.
His face, his noble fathers markes are spoylet agayn the stones.
His necke unjoynted is: his head so daish with sitt stoane stroake:
That scattered is the brayne about, the soul is al to broake.
Thus lyeth he now dimembred copes, deformed and all to rent.
An. Loc herein doth he yet likewyse, his father represcnt.
Nun,What time the Child hart healdong falne thys from the walls of
And at the Greekes theelues bewailde ye daughter of the Boy, (Troy,
Yet stragght returne they bace, and at Achilles tome agayne

The
The fixte tragedie.

The second mischiefe goe to worke the death of Polixeine.
This tombe the waues of surging seas, betet the utter side,
The other part the fields encloased aboute, and pastors wyde.
In vale enypzoned with hills, that round aboute do ryle,
A slope on height erected are the bankes in Theate wyse.
By al the hose then swayne the Greckes, thicke on heaps they prease
Some hope that by her death they Hall they shippes delay release.
Some other top their enemies stocke thus beaten downe to bee:
A greater part of the people, both the slaughter hate, and see.
The Troynans eke no lette frequent their owne calamityes
And all affrayd, beheld the last of all their miseryes.
When first proceeded torches bright as guile of wedlocke is.
And author thereof led the way the Lady Tindaris.
Such wedlocke pay the Troynans then, God send Hermiona
And would God to her husband so, reliefed were Helena.
Feare made each part, but Polixeine her halfe safe looke downe cast:
And more then eare her glittling eyes and beauty syn'd at lath.
As sweetest seems then Phoebus light, when downe his beams do swaye,
When scarres agayne with night at hand opprest the doubtfull day.
Astonned much the people were, and all they her commende,
And now much more then eare eare, they past'd her at her end.
Some with her beauty moved were, lone with her tender yeares:
Some to behold the turnes of chaunce, and how each thing thus wears.
But most them moves her valiant minde, and lofty stomacke hie,
So strong, so stour, so ready of hart and wel prepar'd to dye.
Thus palle they toth and bold before King Pirryus goeth the mayde,
They pitty her, they marvel her, their harts were all affrayde.
As lome as then the hard hil top (where die she shou'd) they trode,
And he uppon his fathers tombe the youthful Pyrrhus stoode.
The manly mayb she seuer shoneke one looer, no backward dwe,
But boldely turnes to meete the stroke, with dwe unchange d hew,
Her courage moves eche one, and loe a strange thing monstrous like.
That Pyrrhus even himselfe stoode stil, so dread and dure not strike.
But as he had, his glittling sword in her to hills up doun,
The purple bloud, at mortall wound, then gushing out it spoon.
Ne yet her courage her cozook, when dieng in that sounde,
She fell as the' rh should her revenge with ireful rage to groud;
Each people wept the Troynans first with piny fearfull eye,
The Grecians eake, each one bewayld her death apparently.

This
Troas.

This order had the sacrifice, her blood the tombe by dronke,
No drop remayneth above the ground, but downe forthwith it sonke.
Hec. Now go, now goe ye Greekes, and now repayre ye safely home.
With careles shippes and hoised sailes now cut the salt sea come.
The Child and Virgin both be slaine, your barrels finisht are.
Alas where hal I end my age? o2 whether beare my care?
Shal I my daughter, o2 my nephew, o2 my husband mone?
My countrey els, o2 all at once? o2 else my selfe alone?
My wish is death that children both and virgins fiercely takes
Where euer cruel death doth halt to strike, it me forlakes,
Amid the enmies weapons all, amid both sword and lyre,
All night sought for, thou fleest from me, that do thee most deflyre.
Not blace of lyre, not call of towne, not cruel enmies hand
Hath rid my life, how neere (alas) could death to Priam stand?
Nun. Now captures all with swift recourse repayre ye to the sailes,
Now spread the ships their layls abroad, xfoorth they seeke theyr waies.

FINIS.
THE SEVENTH TRAGEDYE OF L. ANNAEVS SENECA,
Entituled MEDEA: Translated out of Latin into English, by
JOHN STVDELEY.

The Argument.
To the Tragedy, by the Translator.

Are fore did grype Medea's heart to see
Her Iason, whom shee tendred as her lyfe,
And rescued had from plunge of perills free,
Renouncing her, to take another wyfe.
Loue spent in vayne breedes hate & malice rife
Enkindling coales, whose heate and greedy flame
(Saue streames of bloud,) nought els can quench the same.

Medea mad in troubled mynde doth mufe,
On vengeaunce fell, to quit her grieuous wrong.
Rough plagues at length entendeth shee to vfe:
Yll venemous thinges shee charmes, with charming song
Seekes out a Bane made of their poyson strong,
In Trayterous gifts a Robe, and chayne of Golde,
Nycely shee doth the hidden poyson folde.

Sent are the Gyfts to Creuse and her Syre,
They taking them that brought their dole to passe,
Vnware are burnt by meanes of charmed fyre,
Due vengeaunce yet for Iason greater was,
Lyfe firft on chylde by Mothers hande (alas)
Expired hath, which though it him aggryfe,
Yet his other chylde shee slayes before his eyes.

R. The names
The Speakers names.

**MEDEA.**  
**CREON.**  
**CHORVS.**  
**IASON.**  
**NVTRIX.**  
**NVNTIVS.**

**THE FIRST ACTE.**

Medea,

God's whole grace doth guide their ghosts that joy in wedlocke pure,  
O Iuno thou Lucina hight,  
on whom the chary cure  
Alotted is of those, that grone in payntfull esplabe bandes,  
O Pallas by whose heavenly arte,  
Sir Typhis cunning bandes

Hauue learmed to hiddle with his helme his newly framed boate,  
Wherewith the force of fighting ships hee breaking rides a flote.  
O God whole forked face doth loymes in rigour rough appare,  
And cause the ruffling surges couch amid the rampinge Seas:  
O Titan who upon the swift and weleling Hemisphær

Desides the chearefull day and night by egall turns t'appere,  
O threefolde shapen Hecate that tendest forth thy light,  
Into thy silent Sacrifice that offered is by night,  
By whom my Iafon sware to mee O heavenly powers all,  
And yee on whom Medea may with safer conceiue call,  
O Dungeon darke, most dreadsfull den of everlasting night,  
O dampned Ghosts: O kingdome let against the Gods aright:  
O Lord of sad and lowing lakes, O Lady drye of Hell,  
(Whom though that Pluto stale by force yet did his truth excell  
The scele fayth of Iafons love,that hee to mee doth beare,)  
With curled thzodate I conjure you, O grisy Ghostes appeare.

Come out,
The feuenth tragedy.

Come out, come out, yee hellish haggese, revenge this deed to dye, 
Blying in your scratting paws a burning hand of deadly lyse. 
Rise vp yee hideous diuellish Feenese, as dreadsfull as yee weare, 
When vnto me in wedlocke sake yee did sometime appeare. 
Worke yee,worke yee, the dolefull death of this new wedded Wyse. 
And martyr yee this Father in lawe: depynge of breath and lyse 
King Creons rutsfull family: in plunye of falling payne 
To ment ye mee, that on my spouse doe wishe this woe to capynge: 
Preserue my Iafons life, but yet let him be baryed out 
A myching, roging,runagare, in frozen townes about. 
To palle from doe to doe, with care to begge his necey bread, 
Nor knowing in what harbyng place to couch his curltled head: 
A banishd wretch, disdaynde of all, and still in scare of lyse, 
Then let him with ten thouand times soo mee agayne his Wyse: 
This famous gelt whom every man will entertainye and haue, 
Let him do dyne at freangers gates the table crimes to enyne. 
And that my bytter bannings may with mitchief most abonde, 
God grant in guly of like distresse his chyldeyn may be bounde, 
To synke in sorrowes stomaces, that doe their mother oversowe: 
Now,now, I haue, I haue the full reveng of all my wor, 
I haue dispatchd: my pyrceus playnt and worde in payne I lose: 
What shal not I with vyolence get vp agaynst my foes? 
And wzing out of theyr wrested hands the wedding torch to hynget? 
Shall I not forse the ornament to lose his thinking lyght? 
What doth my Graundhers Phoebus face this heayn hap beholde? 
And standynge gallyng at this grace yet westwarde is he rolde, 
On gripinge chariot hoppted hyghe,and keepes his beaten Lace, 
Amid the chyllfull coloure hye, why turnes he not his Face, 
Ryvynge falt into the East backe vp the day to twyne? 
O Father Phoebe to me, to me,thy Chariot reynes resigne, 
That I advanceed vp,about the marble sckyes may ryde, 
Bequeath thy hyble vnto mee,and give me grace to guide 
Thy poked prauncing teame, with yerking lattice of burning whip, 
That with thy seruente syppe beames on purple poale doe skip. 
Let Corynth country burnt to dust by force of flame and lyse 
Gyue place,that both the tumbled seas may ioyne:whom to ryngye 
It doth compell, and danbeyd of from banke on ryther lyse, 
Least meete in one their chanels might, whole streames her doth deuide. 
So way to worke theyr deadly woe I haue but this at hande, 
That to the wedding I should breare a rutsfull bydall byande,
Medea

Anoying Creons carelesse Court: when finished I have
Such solemn service, as that rught of sacrament both crave,
Then at the Aulters of the Gods my chylde is haile nayne,
With erinent colours blood of Babes their Aультers will I layne.
Though Luyers, Lungs, the Lightes & Heart, through every gult, gal,
For vengeance breake away perforce, and spare no bloude at all:
If any lucky lyfe as yet within thy soule doe rest,
It ought of auncient courage till doe dwell within my breest,
Erile all dooleth female feare, and pire from thy mynde,
And as the untamed Tygers bte to rage and rauo buckynde.
That haunt the crooking tombous Caves, and clumped frozen clues,
And craggy Rockes of Caucasus, whose bitter colde depyeues
The soule of all Inhabitours, permit to lodge and rest,
Such saluage brutish tyranny within thy haucen breest.
What ever hurly burly wrought both Phasis understantd,
What mighty monstrous bloude seare I wrought by Sea or Land:
The like in Corynth haile scene in molt outrageous guise,
Most hyddious, hatefull, horrible, to heare, or fee wyth eyes,
Most diuelish, deesperate, dreadful daring, yet never knowne before,
Whole rage shall force heaven, earth, and hell to quake and trembleore.
By burning breaste that rowles in wrath, and both in rancour boyle,
Soe thyterly after bloude, and wounds with slaughter, death, & spoyle,
By rending racked lynns from lynns to diuie them downe to graue:
Thus, these be but as Fleabytings, that mentioned I haue:
As wepyghty things as these I did in greener girtishe age,
How sozowes smart both rub the gall and freets with sharper rage.
But sty thy wombe hath yeldeed fruit, it doth mee well behoure,The strength and parlous puissance of weightier illes to poue:
Be ready wrath, with all thy might that fury kindle may,
Thy foes to their destruction bee ready to allay:
Of thy devotion let the Pyce to match and counterpayle
The pould & precious pyneely pomp of these new wedding daues.
How wilt thou from thy spoile depart, as him thou followed halt
In bloude to bath thy bloudy handes and traytous lyues to wait.
Breaue of in time these long delapes, abandon now agayne,
This lewd alliaunce, got by guilt, with greater guilt refrayne.

Chorus.
Chorus altered by the Translatour.

Ho hath not wift that windy words be vayne,
And that in talke of truft is not the grounde,
Heere in a mirrour may hee see it playne,
Medea so by profe the fame hath founde.
Who being blind by blinded Venus Boy,
Her bleared Eyes could not beholde her bliffe:
Nor spy the prefent poyfon of her Ioy,
While in the graffe the Serpent lurked is,
The shaft that flew from Cupids golden bowe,
With feathers so hath dyled her dafeld Eyes,
That cannot see to shun the way of woe:
The ranckling head in dented heart that lyes,
So dulles the fame, that can not vnderstand
The cause that brought falfe Iason out of Greece,
To come vnto her fathers fertile Land,
Is not her loue, but loue of golden Fleece.
Yet was his speache fo pleafaunt and fo milde,
His tongue so filde, his promises fo fayre,
Sweete was the fowlers Song that hath beguilde
The feely byrd, brought to the limed snare.
Faith, in his Face, truft shined in his Eyes,
The blushing brow playne meaning feemde to showe,
In double hearte blacke treason hydden lies,
Difsembling thoughts that weaue the webbe of woe.
The honied Lyppes, the tongue in fuger dept
Doe dweete the poyfon rancke within the breaft,
In subtile shew of paynted sheath is kept,
The rufty knife of treason deemed leaft:
Lyfe feemes the bayte to fight that lyeth brim,
Death is the hooke that vnderlies the fame,
The Candell blafe delights with burning trim,
The Fly, till shee bee burned in the flame.
Medea,

Who in such showes leaft deemed any ills.
The hungry fyfhe feares not the bayte to Brooke,
Till vp the lyne doe pluck him by the gylls,
And faft in throate hee seeles the deadly hooke.
Woe Iason, woe to thee moft wretched man,
Or rather wretch Medea woe to thee,
Woe to the one that thus diffuse can,
Woe to the other that trayned so might bee.
Thoughtft thou Medea his eyes to bee the glasse.
Wherein thou might the Face of thoughts beholde?
That in his breat with wordes so couered was,
As cancre brasse with gloffe of yealow golde?
Did thou suppofe that nature (more then kinde)
Had placde his heart his lying lyppes betweene,
His lookes to be the mirrour of his minde?
Fayth in Fayre Face hath sildome yet ben seene.
Who liftneth to the flattering Maremaides note,
Muft needes commit his tyred eyes to sleepe,
Yeeding to her the taking of his boate,
That meanes vnware to drowne him in the deepe.
What booteth thee Medea to betray
The golden Fleece, to fawning Iasons hande,
From Dragons teeth him safely to conuay,
And fyry Bulles the warders of the lande?
Why for his fake from father haft thou fled,
And thruft thy felfe out from thy natuie foyle?
Thy brothers bloud what ayled thee to fled,
With Iason thus to trauell and to toyle?
Beholde the meede of this thy good defarte,
The recompence that hee to thee doth gyue.
For pleasure, payne, for ioy, moft eger smarte,
With clogging cares in banishment to liue.
Thou, and thy Babes, are like to begge and starue.
In Nation sraunge,(O myferable lyfe)
Whyle Iason from his promyfes doe svarue,

And takes
The feuenth tragedy.

And takes delight in his new wedded Wyfe,
O Ground vngrate, that when the husband man
Hath tilled it, to recompence his toyle
No Corne, but Weedes, and Thystles render can,
To stinge his handes, that Fruiet seekes of his Soyle.
Such venome growes of plesaunt coloured flower:
Loe, Prynces loe, what deadly poyson sup
Of Bane, erft sweete, now turned into fower,
Medea dranke out of a goulden Cup,

THE SECOND
ACTE.

Medea. Nutrix,

He mee, (alas) I am undone,
For at the Byball chere,
The warble note of wedding longe
resounded in mine eare.
Yet for all this scant I my selfe,
Yet scant beleue I can,
That Iason would play such a pranke,
as most vouthackfull man,
Both of my Countrey, and my Syre, and kindforme me to spoyle,
And yet toylake mee wretch foyleone, to stray in forrein foyle.
O hath he such a stony heart, that doth no more esteeme,
The great goode turnes, and benefits that I imploide on him?
Who knowes, that I have lewdly bled enchantments for his sake,
The rigour rough, and stormy rage, of swelling Seas to flake.
The grunting fury coming Bulles, whole smoking guts were stoute,
With smoltring fumes, that fro they? Javies, & nothyils out they put.
I stopp their gnashing mouthing mouthes, I quench their burning breath,
And vapors hot of seewing paunch, that els had wrought his death,
O sees hee thus his rancie fond, to thinke my skill of charme
Abated is, and that I have no power to doe him harme?

Beltracce
Medea,

Beltraunt of wits, with waurering minde perpleert on every part,
I toled, and turmoyled ami, wyth wayward crazy hart.

How this, now that, and nether now, but now another way,
By divers meanes I toyle, that so my wrong reueng I may.
I would thee wretch a brother had: but what? he hath a Wyfe.
Goe cut her thzechare, with hastily wounds bereue her of her lyke.
On her ile wokke my deadly spight; her, her alone I crane,
To quit such bitter lowing stoumes, as I sustayned hawe.
If any ground nozous guilt in all Pellas Land
Be put in practise, yet unknowne unto thy harming hand,
Thereof to get experience the time doth now begin:

Thy former seates doe byd thee take good hope, to thynue herein:
Let all thy guiltes with thonging thick assemble thee to ayde,
The golden Fleece (the chiefe Pouell) of Colchis Ie berrapye.
My tender Brother eke, that with my Sver did me pursue,
Whom with his leeter partes cut of, I wicked Virgine slowe,
Whole headed and dilsimemberd corps, with sword in gobites hewed,
(A wosvull Coarce roth: Fathers heart) on Pontus ground I strevd.

How hoy headd Pellas his wythred age to styfle
To greener years, for longer lyke: his daughters by my dyste
His members all and mangled flesh with licour sealding hot
Mlodden, and perboyled hawe, in leething bsalen pot.

How oft in haynous blood hawe there my cruel handes bene dyed?
And neuer any guilt as yet by warh inflamde I tryed.

But now the patulous poylning wound of Cupids pecting dart,
Both boyle and rage within my hbra, it ranckles at my hart.
But how could Iason it reyefle, whom Fortune traward wyll
Dath yelde unto another hande, at last to lave or spill?

O rage of ruffy cancelde minde, this felaundous talke amende,
If Fortunes grace will graunt it thus, let him into his ende
Lyse still my Iason as he was: but if not Iason myne,
Yet captife tudder Iason lute, though Iason none of thynne:

Who being mindful still of vs some favour let him showe,
For these good turnes that our good will could eart on him bestowe:
King Creon is in all the fault, and onely worthy blame,
Who putted up with Sceptr proud, unble for to frame
His tickle minde to modesty, made yreach twist vs agayne,
Whom Hymens bands, and link of love had made but one of twayne,
By whom eke from her tender brats the mother (wretch) is drawne,
Hee breaks the dowe, that gaged is with such a precious pawne.

Seeke al-
The feuenth tragedie.

Seeke after such a villaynes blood, in daunting pangs of smart,
Let him alone bee surely dowst, such is his due dela t,
A dungell hept of Cinders burnt his Pallayce make I hall,
That Malea where in winding Strights, the lingring chips doe crall,
Shall gase on smolthryn turrets tops tumemide in crackling flame.
NV. For godlake (Madame) I you pray your tongue to silenced frame.
Eke hyde your pruy languishing and greefe in secret bayne:
Who with a modest minde abides the Spurs of pickling payne,
And suffereth lowdes patiently, may it repay agayne.
Who beares a pruy grudge in breast, and keepes his malice close,
When least suspicion is thereof, may most annoy his foes.
He leceth opportunity who vengeunce both require,
That thewe by open spackes the name the heart of kindled lyre.
ME. Small is the gyre of greefe that can to reasons lose obey,
And sucking downe with healing steps can styly slip away.
But they that throughly bowed are with showers of greater payne,
Can not digest such cokes harpe, but call it up agayne:
(Allwage 
Fayne would I give them trouncing gibes, NV. God daughter beare
Th'unhydled boye, and boyling heare of this thy gyddy rage:
Scant maile thou purchase quietette, although thou hold thy tongue.
ME. The valiant heart daile Fortune yet burst never harne w'w'w'g,
But dreading dastards downe the skies, NV. If any coysage dure,
And harkned be in noble breast, now put the same in ly.
ME. The how of sturdy valiant heart, at any time both lyne.
NV. No hope doth in adversity thy way to scape alllyne.
ME. See that hath none assaunce left, noz any hope at all,
Yet let him not myshtrut the luck of ought that may befall.
NV. Thy Country cleane hath cast thee of, to let thee sinke oz Swin,
As so thy husband Iason here, there is no trust in him:
Of all the wealth, and worldly mucke wherewith thou didst abounde:
No portion remaynes at all, whereby some help is founde.
ME. Medea yet is left, (to much) and here thou mayst espy
The Seas to succour vs in flyght, and landes aloofe thy ly:
Pea yon tooles, with burning brands we have to worke them woe,
And Gods that with the thunder bint shall overquell our foe.
NV. Who weares y goldercovet crowne him dyed with awe yee should.
ME. By Father was a King, yet I betrayed his Fleece of gold.
NV. Can not the deadly violence of weapons make thee fere?
ME. No, though such grisly Lads they were, as whilom did appeare.

That
Medea.

That byd of gargell Dragons' teeth in hollow gaping grounde,
When mutually in bloody sight each other did confounde.
N. The wilt thou cast thy self to death. M. Would God if I were dead.
NV. Fly, by to tae thy life. ME. Woe worth the time that once I fled.
N. What O Medea. M. Why shall I fly? N. A mother deere act thou,
Fly therefore for thy childreens sake. ME. See see by whom, and how,
A wretched Mother I am made. NV. Thy lyfe by right to tae
Dost thou mistrust? ME. Nay, by I will, but bengeaunce first ile haue.
NV. Then some shall thee at heeles pursiue, to wrecke the same agayne.
ME. Perhaps ile make his coming short. NV. Be still, and now reftrayne
O despriet dame thy thundring threats, and flake your raging ice.
Apply, and frame thy browward will as time and tides requyze.
ME. Full well may fortunes welting wheele to begging bying my state,
As for my worthy coage, that thee, neuer shall abate.
Who bowning at the Gates, doth caufe the creaking dozes to Jar?
It is the wretch (Creon his selfe,) whom princely power far
Hath list aloft, with loydy looke, pust by with pouncing pyde,
That hee may Corinth countrey, with the Sway or Scepter guide.

Creon. Medea.

Edea that ungracious Imp, king Etas wicked chylde,
Yet hast not fro our careful realme her lingring coote exilde.
Some naughty drift she goes about, her knacks of old we know
Her iugling arts, her harring habs are known wel long ago.
From who will shee withhold her harme? whom will this cruell beast
Permit to live, from perrill free, in quietnese and rest?
Cleane to cut of this parlous plague it was our purpose bent,
But Iason by entretting hard, did cause vs to relent.
At his request we grunted haue, her life he shall enjoy,
Let her acquit our countrye free from feare of all annoy:
Pea laufely let her pack her hence, in eger giddy fit,
With lumpish lowing looke shee comes in talke with me to knit:
Shes keepe her of and let her hence, least vs the touch perhap,
And drue her backe from coming nigh commande her keepe her clap.
And let her learne at length, how that her selfe submit the may,
The puli-
The feuenth tragedie.

The puillant payse and majesty of Princes to obey.
Run, tie thee quickly, trudge apace, hate hence out of my sight
This horrible, most obious quean, this monstrous wicked wight.
ME. By soueraigne liege, what greater crime haue I oz l esse offence
Commit against thy majesty, to be exiled hence?
CR. Alas, the guiltlesse woman doth demande a reason why:
ME. If thou be Judge indifferente, odaynde my caufe to try,
Consider then my doubtfull case, and way the ground of it:
If thou be king, commaund a Judge for such a matter fit.
CR. The princes powere thou shalt obey, it ethere right or wrong.
M. The prosperous pyde of wronging crownes cannot endure long.
CR. Auaunt, yeu out thy complaintes at Colchis, get thee hence,
ME. Full gladly will I get mee home, if he that brougthe thence,
Wotlhe to beare mee back againne.
CR. Alas, to late age
Entreatyng wordes, when as decree is taken otherwise.
ME. He that not hearing euyther part, pronouceth his decree,
Unrighteous man accounted is, though ryght his sentence bee.
CR. Whyule Pelias trusted to thy talke, from lyke to death hee fell.
Go to, begin, we gyue you leaue your goodly tale to tell,
ME. That type of Regall majesty, that eek by Fortunes hand,
Advauuued to I dyb attayne, haue taught mee understand,
Now haue a thing it is of warth the rygour to allwage,
When burning heate of boylinge heate in flames begins to rage.
The for th'advauuement of their power more to display in light
They, kingly courage bolsterd out with majesty of might.
They deeme it both import alway, and hath a greater grace,
Whome startly steepre caulfde to clime aloft to prouder place.
To perpetuer with lankhe fonde, in that to reasons syght,
Whole greedy choyce attaunted fynt his minde with dayne delight.
For though in pitious syght I ly, thbrownne downe to great decay,
With heavy hap, and ruthfull chaunce, to mysterable stay.
This hunted out from place to place, for Coke and left alone,
A wyddow whyle my husband live, with caufe to wepe and mone,
Perplex in mage of milerie, with clopping cares to rytle,
Yet whylom I in golden trone haue led in happy lye.
By high and noble parentage my hyghte renowne doth thyne.
From Phoebus take my Grandaure great despned is my ligne.
Wheat Phuer streamed Phaflis flood his walking waues doth shed,
& with contrary croukning waues his bathing channell spred,
What e-
Medea.

What euer wandring coast stretcht out is left aloofe behinde,
From whence the roaming Scithyan Sea his channell forth doth synde,
Where as Maeotis senny plashe with pure fresh water sprynges,
Doth lealon sweete the byny Sea, that tyde in thyther bynges.
Eke all the coastes enuproned and kept within the bankes
Of Thermodon, where warlike troupes, t armed wyddowes ranckes,
With payntred bucklers on their armes holde all the land in feare,
With rigour rough of threatening wood, with force of denting speare.
So farre to all these wandring coastes and countreyes round about,
By Fathers ample regiment at large is stretched out.
I being thus of noble Race,and in an happy plight,
With glorious gloss of pyncey pomp in honour shining bright,
Then pearelelle Peares my Spoufall bed did secke and lye to haue,
But those to be theyre louing Peeres,now other Ladies crave:
Rathe, sole, peulth,indiscreee, and wavering Fortunes wheele,
Hatc cast vie out, the crutching cares of banishment to seele.
In Specter proude and hauy Crowne fir thine asyankaunce fast.
Sich upshodowise with welkin wheele, whole mounts of wealth is cast.
This Pynces doe posselle, that should they tallony display,
Whole fame shall never razed be, with storte of lowing day,
To suuccour those whom milcry in pit of paynes doth soule,
To shield and harber supplianteis in rooke of loyall houte.
This onely brought I from my Realme, the precious golden Fleece,
That Jewell chiefe, and eke the flower of Chrysalte in Greece,
The sturdy pop, the Rampier strong the bulwarke of your wealth,
And Hercules the boykrous Imp of Ioue I kept in health.
It was by meanes of my good will that Orpheus did escape,
Whole harmony the litlelle Rocks with such delight did rape,
That forced even the clottred lumps with holling pricht to prance,
And eke the second nodding woods with sooting line to daunce.
And that those heavenly twins Caftor, and Pollux did not dy,
My dwelart is doubled twice, hit them preferred I.
Of Boreas blustering out with poufed Chekes, his blastinge Breath,
His winged Sons I kept alike both Calais, and Zeath.
And Lidceus that with pearcing beames and sharper light of Eye,
Could Pauies on the farther banke of Sicill shine elspe.
And all the Mynians that did come the golden Fleece to win.
As for the Prince of Princes all, I will not bying him in.
With silence Iafon will I passe, for whom though him I saue,
Yet is not Greece in debt to me, no recompence I craye.

To no

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The feueth tragedie.

To no man him I doe impite, the rest I brought agayne
For your anayle, that you thereby some profit might attayne.
But onely on my Iason beare, sune for my owne loyes sake
I kept in store that hee of mee his wedded Wyfe should make.
None other fault (God wot) pee have to charge mee with but this,
That Argo Ship by meanes of mee returned saucely is.
If I a hamlet cast maybe had not with Cupids have bene caught,
If more my Fathers health to have then Iasons I had bought,
Pelagia land had bene undone, and salue to great decay,
The lusty valiaunt Capiraynes, had cleane bene cast away:
And soy Iason spyt of all this now thy sonne in lawe,
The Bulls had rent his swallowed lims in sevy chomping lawe.
Let Fortune fight against my cause as lift her elish will,
Yet never shall it griewe my heart, repent my deede I will,
That I should so to many kings their reliing honoure take,
The guerdon due that I for this my crime commit must have,
It lyeth Creon in thy hande, if thus it lyketh thee,
Condemne my guilty ghost to death, but render spyke to mee,
My fault that forced mee offend, then Creon graunt I this,
Receaving Iason (caufe of cryme) I guilty did annulle.
Thou knowest that I was such an one when couring low I lay,
Before thy feete in humble wise and did entreatyng pray,
Thy gracious goodness mee to graunt some succour at thy hande.
For mee a wretched and wretched Babes I akke within this lande
Some cotage bale, in outcast hole, some couching corner bale,
If from the towne thou drue vs out to wander in exile,
Then come by place aloofe within this realme let vs obtayne.
CR. How am I none that tyrant like with churlith Scepter raygne,
No proudly of disdaynfullly, with hawte coaze he,
With bauing foote doe kamp them downe that undertroden lye,
And daunted are in caresfull bale, thyse playnly doth disclose,
In that to mee of late I such a sonne in lawe haue chose,
Who was a wandzing pilgrim poze, with sore afflicions straight,
Ditnayde with terror of his foe, that lay for him in wyght.
Because Acastus hauing got the crowne of Thessail lande,
Requyret in thy guilty blonide to bath his wreckfull hande.
He doth bewayle that good olde man his feeble father flayne,
Whom wyght of yeris with bowing back to soupe alow contrayne
The godly mynded lysters, all blinde with misty bale
And cloakeing colour of thy craft duret ventfully allayle.
Medea.

That mount of myschiefe marueulous, to mangle heaw, and cut
They? Fathers bee unioyned limmes in boiling Calbyan put.
But for thy open guiltynesse if thou can purge the same,
Strayght Iason can discharge him selfe from blot of guilty blame.
His gentle handes were never stayede with goare of any bloude.
Aloofe from your consparyace retaping faire bee ftoode.
His harmelesse handes put not in hie with goary tooles to melle.
But thou that sett on lyse Syal there mighty mischieues fell
Whom harmelesse womans wily baune and manly homack houre
Doe set a Gog, for to attempt to bring all ills about.
And no regarde at all thou hast; how sounding trumpe of fame
With ringing blast of good or ill doe bloue abrode thy name:
Get out and clente my fyled realme, away together beare
Thyne hearcbe binneide of soercery, my Lyges ryd fro feare.
Transporte thee to some other lande, whereas thou may at case
With odious noype of dinesith charme, the troubled Gods disease.
ME. If needes thou wylt have mee avoide, my hpy to mee reslope,
Or els my mate with whom I first argued on this torch:
Why dost thou bid that by my felle I onely should be gone?
I came not heather at hyst without my company alone.
If this doe accygle, that byont of warres thou shalte sustayne,
Commaund vs both the cause the reaft to hun thy realme agayne:
Sith both are guilty of one art, why dost thou part us twayne?
For Iasons sake, not for myne owne, pouze Pelias was payne.
Anner unto my treayrous flight the conquerde boory baune,
By hoary headder naturall ser, whom I forstaken haue,
With byoders bloody flesh that mangled was with carving kniue,
Or ought of Iasons tooked lies he gabhese unto his wvpse.
These dreary decrees are none of myne, so oft as I offend,
Not for myne owne commoditie, to come thereby in thende.
CR. Time is expired, by which thou ought to have bene gone away,
Wyrth keeping luch a chat, why dost thou make so long delay?
ME. Yet of thy bounty ere I goe, this one boone will I grave.
Although the mother banished, to sofe offended haue,
Let not the vengeence of my fault through wartzfull deadly hate,
Hyne innocent and guilelesse Babes comyent in wretched state.
CR. Away; with loving friendly gypphe thy childzen I emblyaze,
And as a fater naturall take pity on theyz case.
ME. Even for the poulprous good encreace of fertill spoufall bed,
Of Glauc beight thy Daughter deare, whom Iason late hath wed.
And by
The feuenth tragedie.

And by the hope of fruitfull seede, whose flowre in time shall bloome.
By th’out of thy glystring crowne,prayde to fortunes doome,
Whych thee so full of choy and chaunge,with ticle turning wheel
Whirs up and downe,in staggering state makes to and fro to reele.
I thee beseech, sithe to exile I am departing now
O Creon but a little pawde for mercy mee allow,
Whyle of my mourning byts with kyffe,my last farewell I take.
Whyle galpe of sayling breath perchap my saynering lyms forlake.
CR. With craft entending some deceipt thou cruelst this delay.
ME. What falsheode for to little time be cause of terror may?
CR. No iot of time is short enought displeasure to preuent.
ME. Can not one iot to weeping Eyes, and crelling teares be lent?
CR. Altho’ugh agaynst thy cruelst line unhappy heed do stryue,
One day to settle thee away,content I am to gyue.
ME. This is too much, and of the same somwhat abydgye yee may.
CR. Make speede apace it from our land thou get thee not away,
Ere Phoebus horse with golden gleede thry, streaminge beams doe yed.
Of dawning lampe, thou art condemnde to leele thy wrenched yed.
The holy day, and byseall both doe call me hence away:
And wils mee at the sacred aare of Hymeneus to pray.

Chorus.

Auish of life and dreadlesse was the wyght,
Attempting syrst in slender tottring Barge
Wyth fluing Ore the flyced waue to smyte,
And durst commit the dainty tender charge
Of hazered life to inconstant course of wynde,
That turns with chaunge of chaunces euermore,
To vew the land forsooke aloofe behynde,
And shouing forthe the Ship fro safer shore,
And glauncing through the somy Channell deepe
On funder cut with slender Stemme the waue,

Twyxte hope
Medea.

Twixt hope of lyfe, and dread of death to sweepe,
In narrow gut him selfe to spill or saue:
Experience yet of Planets no man had,
They needed not the wanding course to knowe
Of Starres, (wherewith the paynted sky is clad,) Not Pleiads, (which returne of sayling show)
Nor Hyads (that with showrs the Seas doe beate)
No nor the sterne Amaltheas horned head (Who gaue the lyppes of fucking love the Teate)
Were wont to put the blundering ships in dread. They feared not the northerne Ify wayne,
Whych lazy olde bootes wieldes behinde,
And twynes about, no name yet could they sayne
For Boreas rough, nor mother western wynde.
Yet Typhys bould on open seases durft shaw
His hoyfted sayles, and for the wyndes decree
New lawes : as now full gale aloofe to blow,
Nor tackle turnde to take fyde wynde alee,
Now vp to farle the crosfayle on the maff,
There safe to hang, the tofpayle now to fprede,
Now missel fayle,and drabler out to caft,
When dagling hanges his hittring tackle red
VWylye stearsman furer,and bufe ye neuer blin,
VWith pyth to pull all sayles eke to difplay,
VWith tooth and nayle all force of winde to wyn,
To fhare the seases, and quick to feud awaye.
The golden worlde our fathers haue posseft,
VVhere banyfht fraude durft neuer come in place,
All were content to liue at home in rest,
VVith horye head,gray beard,and furrowed face.
VVych tract of time within his countrey brought.
Riche hauing lytle,for more they did not toyle,
No vente for wares,nor Traficque far they sought,
No wealth that sprange beyond theyr natie foyle,
The Thessail shypp together now hath fet,
The Theffail ship together now hath set, 
The Worlde that well with Seas difseuered lay, 
It biddes the flouds with Oares to be bet, 
And freames vnnownen with shipwrack vs to fray 
That wicked Keele was loft by ruthfull wrack 
Ytossed through fuch perylles paffing great, 
Where Cyanes Rocks gan rore as thunder crack, 
Whose bouncing boulte the shaken foyle doth beat. 
The fowfing Surges daffhed every starre, 
The pefterd feas the cloudes aloft berayde, 
This fculfing did bould TYPHIS minde detarre, 
Hys helme did flip from trembling hande difmayde. 
Then ORPHEVS with his drowping Harp was mum 
Dead in her dumpes the flaunting ARGOS glee, 
All huftt in reft with silence waxed dum, 
What hardy heart aftound heere would not bee? 
To fee at once eche yawning mouth to gape, 
Of Syllas gulph compact in wallowing paunch, 
Of dogges, who doth not loth her mongrell shape, 
Her vifage, breaft, and hyddeous vgly haunch : 
Whom erketh not the fcoulde with barking ftil? 
To here the Mermaydes dyre who doth not quayle, 
That lure the Eares with pleafaunt finging shrill 
Of fuch as on Aufonius Sea doe fayle : 
When ORPHEVS on his twanckling Harpe did play, 
That earft the Mufe Callion gaue to him 
Almoft thofe Nymphes that wonted was to ftyay 
The fhyps, he caufd faft following him to fwan. 
How deerely was that wicked iourney bought? 
M E D E A accurft, and eke the golden Fleece, 
That greater harme then ftorme of feas hath wrought 
Rewarded well that voyage firft of Greece. 
Now feas controule doe fuffer paffage free, 
The Argo prowde erected by the hand 
Of P A L L A S firft, doth not complayne that fhee, 
Conueyde hath back, the kynges vnto theyr land. 

S. Eche whir-
Medea

Eche whirry boate now feuddes aboute the deepe,
All stynts and warres are taken cleane away,
The Cities frame new walles themselues to kepe,
The open worlde lettes nought rest where it lay:
The Hoyes of Ind Arexis lukewarme leake.
The Perfeans ftoat in Rhene and Albis streame
Doth bath their Barkes, time shall in fine out breake
When Ocean waue shall open everie Realme.
The wandring World at will shall open lye.
And TYPHIS vwill some nevve founde Land suruay
Some trauelers shall the Countreys farre escrye,
Beyonde small Thule, knovven furtheft at this day.

THE THIRD
AC T E.

Nutrix. Medea.

Up trotc thou stinking in and out
to rash from place to place?
Stand hyll, and of thynre eger wyath
suppysst the ruthfull race,
The rigour rough of ramping rage
from burning heate out call,
As Bacchus bedlein piettes that of
his spytte haue felt the blatt,
Run franticke, hoping by and downe
with seithy wayward wits,
Not knowing any place of rest, so pichet with srowarde fits,
On cloudy top of Pindus Mounte all hyd with Snow to chyll:
Or els upon the lofty riddle of brawnded Nida hyll:
Thus starting still with trounced mynde the walters to and froe,
The signes pronoouncing proofoe of paungues her frenly Face doth how
With glowing chekke, and bloue reb Face with short galping breath,
Shee letheth depeee ascending sighes from lobbing heart beneath,
Hew blyth she smiles, ech tylde thought in pondzing braine the beats,
Hew standes she in a mammering, now myschiefe toge the threats.
With chaf.
The seuenth tragedie. 128

With chafing flame the burnes in wrath, and now the doth coplayne, With blubering teares a fresh bylie she weepes & wayles againe. Where will this lumpish load of care with headlong sway alight? On whom entender she to worke the threatres of her delignt? Where will this huge tempestuous surge flake downe it selfe againe? Enkindled fury new in breast begins to boyle a mayne. Shee secretly entendes no mischiefe small nor meane of life To passe her selfe in wickednes her bully byaynes dese. The token olde of pinching ice full well ere this know I: Some haynous, huge, outrageous great, and dyedfull shorne is nye: Her spy, scowling, streaming Eyes, her hanging Croyne I see, Her pawing, pulsed, crowning Face, that signes of creating bee. O myghty lowe beguile my feare. ME. O wretch if thou desire, What measure ought to pavye thy wrath then learne by Cupids fire, To hate as lowe as thou didst lowe, hall I not them anoy That doe unite in spoutall bed, they? wanton lust t'enioy? Shall Phoebus fiery footed horse goe lodge in western waue The dywpping day, that late I did with humble crowching craine, And with such eriest bulk suite to hardly granted was? Shall it depart ere I can bring my dewlysh dyst to passe? Whyle howering heauen doth counterpavled hang with egall space, Amid the marble Hemisphareas, whyle rounde with stinted race, The goryseous Sky about the Earth doth spinning roll about, Whyles that the number of the landes, Iyes did unlerched out, Whyle dawning day doth kepe his course with Phoebus blate so blyght, Whyle twinkling starres in golden traynes doe garde the orby nyght, While Ihe under propping poale with whysling swyng to twist, The hyming Beares unbarthe about the stolen Sky doe lift, Whyle studding houdes the frothy Dreameres to rulling Seas doe send, To girt them gript with plonging pungers my rage shall never end. With greater heate it hall rebotle, lyke as the hurtishe beast, Whyle tyannny most horible, exceedeth all the rest, What greedy gaping whyple poole wide what parulous vulph vnusilde, What Sylla coucht in roving Rockes,02 what Charybdes wynde, (That Sicill, and Ionion Sea by frothy waues doth sup) What Ætna bolting stisling flames, and ducky vapours vp, (Whose heavy payle w& stwing heare doth smoldring cruith beneath Encelades, that fiery flakes from choked thyore doth breste) Can with such dreadfull menaces in sweeting fury fry? No ryuer twiist no troubled surge of foamy Sea to yse,

Noz lur-
Medea

Noe sturdy seas (whom ruffling winds with raging force to roze)
Noe puffaunt sall of fire, whose might by boystrous blast is more,
Hay hyde my angeres violence: my fury shall it cope:
His court Il euer houre, and lay it leavell with the soyle.
By Iafons heart did quake fro fear of Creon cruel king.
And least the king of Thebaly would warre upon him bring.
But loyall love that hardens hearts makes no man be afoight.
But heere, that he couer'd hath yeelded himselfe to Creons might.
Yet once hee might have visiterd, and come to me his wyfe,
To talke, and take his last farewell, if daunger of his life
In doing this (hard harted wretch most cruel) he should feare,
He being Creons Conne in law, for him it lesfull were,
To have prodiged somwhat yet my heavy banishment,
To take my leafe of chyldezen twayne one onely day is lent:
Yet doe I not complainne, as though the time to short I thought,
As proofe hall playne pronounce, to day to day, it shall bee wrought,
The memory whereof no traxe of time shall wype away.
With malice bent agaynst the Gods my wyth shall them assay:
And rislyng every thing, both good, and bad, I will turmiple.
NV. Madame thy minde that troubled is, and rost with lych abroyle
Of swarming ills, thy herd beakst now set at rest agayne,
The peyth fond affections all of troubled mynde retayne.
ME. Then onely can I be at rest, when every thing I see
Throwne headlong toppie turrey downe to rushfull ende with mee.
With mee let all things cleane decay: thy selfe if thou doe spill,
Thou maist diue to destruktion what els with thee thou wilt:
NV. If in this folly tyme thou stande, beholde what after clappes
Are to bee searde, none dare contrive for Pynces trayning trappes.

Iafon. Medea.

Lukeless lot of frowarde Fates, O cruell Foyrunes hap,
Both whe the list to finire, o2 space, in woe the both vs wrap
A like, the salue y' God hath genen to off, to cure our griece,
Hope noyeth then the soze it selfe, and sendeth selfe reliefe:
It for her good delerets to me, amendment I should make,
I hazard shoulde my bentlys lyfe to lefle it for her sake.
If I will shun my dismall day, and will not for her dy,
Then want the laue of loyalty, O wretched man must I.

No dalt-
The seuenth tragedy. 129

No daidards dreed my sonnace stoute can cause to droupe & thynke,
But moere remote appallere me, when on my babes I thinke.
For why? when carefull parents are once rest of lyke and breath,
Sone after them their wretched seede are drewne to dosesful death.
O Sacred righteousnelle (if thou enjoye thy worthy place
In perfect blisse of happy heauen) I call upon thy grace,
And thee for witnesse here allledge, how for my childrens part
With pity pynct I have committ these things agaynst my hart.
And so I thinke Medea her selfe the Mother rather had,
(Though straitlyk as now she carres with rage of heart so mad
And both abjox with painfull yoke of combersome cares to tople)
Her spoufalt bed, then that her seede should take the plunging toyle.
I did determine in my minde, to yoe her to entreate
With gentle wordes, I pray her reas, in sequent wyth to create.
And loe, on when once she calle the beames of glauing Eye,
Full by the shee leaves, she ympes for joy, in vs the ginnes to prye.
Deep deadly blackish hate the scenees in outwared how to heare,
And wholly in her crowning face both glistening griefe appeare.
MEI packing, packing, Iason am: this still to chopp, and change
The fleeting toyle of my abode, to mee it is not strange.
The cause of my departure yet (to me is strange) and new.
I wonted was in followinge thee all places to eithe: 
I will depart, and get me hence, to whom so helping hande
Entendest thou to lende us both, whom hence to fly the land
Tou dost compell with thinne alies: shall I repaye agayne
To Phafs flood, to Colchis Ile, or, to my fathers raygne?
Oz goary swareing fieldes; that with my brothers blood do reche?
What harbyng Lands alfoe dost thou command vs out to lerce?
What least appoint pee me to palle: shall I my Journey dyeue,
Upon the parous halefull Iawes of Pontus to arriue,
By which I did lafte conduct home kines balaunt armyes grent,
Where roaing rocks with thundring noyse the happing waues do beate
On the narrow wackfull hoare, of Simplegades wayne?
Oz els to small Hiolcos towne can I retourne agayne?
Oz tople, the gladsome balaunt lands of Tempe to attayne?
All places that I opened have unto thy passage free,
I shut them up agaynst my selfe, now whether sendike thou mee?
A banisht wretch to banishment thou wouldest have encline,
Yet to the place of her exple, thou canst not her allynge.

Yet soz.
Medea

Yet for all that without delay I must depart and go:
And why? forsooth the king his sonne in law commandeth so.
Well: nothing will I stand against, with grypes of palling payne
Let me be scourg'd, of my defects such is the gotten payne.
Let Creon in his pyntekly tasse lay to his heavy handes,
To whypp an whose in torturtes sharpe, with iron giues, and bandes
Let her be chaynd, in hydesous hole of night for aye her locke:
Let her be cloyed with pestring payle of reffleffe rowling rocke.
Yet lesse than I desered haue, in all this Hall I finde:
O thou vncureous Gentleman, consider in thy mynde
The flamy puffes, and sry gapes of gaffly gaping bull,
And Aetas rarell eys with Fleece of gazzes gooolden wooll,
That went to graze amids to great and mightie scenes in fielde,
Of uncontrouled Nation, whose cople doth armes yeelde.
Rooke to minde the deadly darres of sodayne slating foe,
When gaffly warriour (Tellus hoxode) to ground agayne did goe,
Thugh slaughter red of mutuall launce, to this yet further paile,
The hurched Fleece of Phrixes Kamme, that all thine errand was.
And bylonne Argos humberlcle, whose fall I caute to keep
His wery watching winking eys with bnaquaynted sleepe.
My brother che, whole catall twisted of treble lyce I sped,
And guilt that wrought to many gullers when as with thee I fed.
The daughteres whom I set on woike entrapt in wily trayne,
To lay theyr, fire, that hall not yulp to quickned lyce agayne.
And how to trauell other realmes, I set myne owne at nought.
By that good hope which of thy seed conceall'd is in thought,
Take by thy stable Mansions place, and mighty monsters, that
Downe beaten for thy health, I caute before thy fere to squat,
And by thy druding hands of myne unspar'd for thy sake,
For dread of daungers ouer past that caufed thee to quake,
By heauens above, and seas belowe, that witnessse bearers bee,
To knitting of our maypage vp, thy mercy vayle to mee.
Of all the heapes of treasure great to farce of being set,
Which Aetas savage Scythians hdd trauell for to get,
From Ind, where Phæbus scorching blace doth dye the people blacke.
Of all this golde which in our bowers wee coulde not well compacke.
But tricke and trym wee garnished our grooves with golde so gay,
I banishd wretch of all this stiffe gar nought with mee away,
Except my brothers slaughtred selfe, yet I employed the same
On thee: the cares of countreyes health, my honesty and shame.

By Father
The seuenth tragedy.

My Father, and my brother both hath yeelded place to thee, This is the downe that thou hast my wedded spouse to bee, To her whom thou dost abrogate retirement her goods away. IA. When Creon in malitious mood had thought thee to have slaine, Entreated with my teares, exple and life he gave to thee. ME. I took it for a punishment, but surelie as I see This banishment is now become a friendly good reward. IA. While thou hast time to goe, be gone, for most seare, and harde The kings displeasure ever is. M. Thus wouldst thou dodge mee out? Thy hated trull call of thou dost, that please Creufe thou sought. IA. Dost thou Medea upbraid mee with the breach unkynde of love? ME. And slaughter byle, with trechery, where to thou didst mee move. IA. When all is done what canst thou lay my guiltines to slaye? ME. Even whatsoever I have done, IA. Yet more this doth remaine: That thy ungracious wickednes of harme should mee accuse. ME. Thine, thine, they are, they are all thine what ever I did bile. Who that of lewdness recest the fairest, is graver of the fame. Let every one with infamy thy wretched Spouse defame, Yet doe thou onely take her part, her onely doe thou call A lust and undexter weight, without offence at all. If any man shall for thy sake polute his hand with ill, To thee let him an innocent yet be accompted still, IA. The life is lostnome that doth wosome his shame who hath it chose. ME. The life whose wosome doth wosome thy shame thou ought againe to IA. Let reason rule thy eger mynde to beit with crabbed ire, (lose. And for thy tender childrens sake to bee at rest requyre. ME. I doe defey it, wholy I decreit it, I forswear, That brethren bred unto my barne Creusas wombe shall beare. IA. It will be trim when as a Queene of maistie and myght Hath liue, kine unto the foot of thee a banished myght. ME. So curst day shall never on my wretched children shine, To mingle base bone bastardes with the blood of noble Lygne, Shall Phæbus stoke (that heares the lamp of heaven in stjary thyme) Be macth with drodging Sisiphus that roules in hell the stone? IA. What meanest thou wretched, with thee I mee in banishment to poke? I pray then hence. ME. When humbly I my mynde to Creon dyshoke, Her gave an ear unto my suite. IA. What lyeth in my myght To doe for thee? ME. If no good turne, then doe thy wotile dispyght. IA. On this side with his sword in hand king Creon doth mee learre: On other part with armed hoale Acast doth mee betarre. § 4. ME. Medea
Medea

ME. Medea eke to cope with these, that more apauill vs may:
Go to, to skypunishe let vs fall, let lafon be the pray:
IA. I yeeldde whomsoe adversesties have tyr'd with heavy sway.
Learne thou to dree thy lucelle lot that else both thee aitay.
ME. I evermore have ruled the svinge of fortunes waterings will.
IA. Achaflus is at hand, and nygh is Creon theee to spill:
ME. Take thou thy heeles to scape them both, I doe not thee advise,
That thou agaynst thy father in lawe in traytorues armes should ryse.
No! in Achafl thy colens bloud thy wounding handes to gose,
The bowes unto Medea made, doe trouble thee to lose.
Wolde yet thou half not splitt there bloud, yet fly with mee away.
IA. When armes twayne their bannes of defance hall display,
And marching forth in ielde to fyght lecke bartayle at my hande,
Who then for vs encounter hall their puissante to withstand?
ME. If Creon and Achaflus king encampe togheter hall
Admit that there in one with them should ioyne their powers all
My Countreymen of Colchis fe, and Ætas lusty kyng,
Suppose the Seythians ioyne with Greekes, to ground I will the bing,
Cleane put to fosse. IA. The puissante power of hawty mace I feare.
ME. Take heede, leall more thou do affect the same, then for to cleere,
Thy selfe of Creons servile yoke. IA. Leall some suspicition grow,
Of this our talting long here let vs make an ende and goe.
ME. How loue hurle out thy flames, to forc thy thundring boltes to fly,
With fiery drakes bright brandishing bilpards in burning sky:
Strayne forth thy deadfull threatening arme, dispole in due aray
The tolling dint of lightning thayke, that wecke our quarrell may.
With rumbling cracke of renting cloud caufe all the world to quake,
And louell not thy houering hand to strike with sryke thayke
Uppon my pash and crushed corpes, o laasons Carcasslayne:
For wherofte of vs thou longst to death his due reward thall gayne,
Thy thumps of thwacking boltes on vs amistle they cannot light.
IA. Ye, let thy mynde on matters runne that seeme a modest wight.
And bie to have more cheerefull talke, if any thing thou craye,
Within my fathers house to case thy nyght, thou shalt it haue.
ME. Thou knowest my minde both can, eke is won, to doe no leffe,
Then to contemne the byttrell wealth that Pynnces doe pollese.
This, this halbe the onely boone that at thy hande I craye,
As mates with me in banishment, my children let mee haue,
That restig on them, lightinge heales my carefull mourning hed,
I may my chyllyall teary stremes into the bodomes shed.

But as
The feuenth tragedie.

I do grant that unto thy request I will help I wish I might obey:
But nature mee with pity poykes that needes I must deny.
For though both Creon and Achaft, in tormentes forced mee lye,
If I could not yeeld unto thy willes: on this my lyfe doch rest: 
In tymes of reaues, this is the joy of dull afflicted best
For better caree I can abyde the wante of vitall breath,
And succour of my lyynes, or looke, the light of worlde by death.
ME. What love vnto his feely Babes is deeply graft in him?
This worketh well I haue him tript, loe now there lyeth hym.
An open place whereby receave a benny stone hee may.
Let mee o? I departe,unto my seely children say.
These lessons of my last adewe, and grante to mee the space,
With tender grepe of colling last they2 loving lymnes t'embaze:
This wilde conforte to my heart: yet at the latter wooyde
I alke no more but onely that you shoulde mee this afooode.
If eger anguished caufe my tonguee to call out woodyds unkinde,
Let all thing sk,let nothing be engraved in your minde
But let remembaunce otherwhyle of mee to touch your thought,
Let other thinges be wypte away that byle of worth hath wrought.

I have forgoten every whit God graunt thou may of sake,
These surging qualines of strouced minde & milder mayste it make:
For quietenesse doth wooyke they2 ease that deunted are with woe:
ME. What is he Lilly lypte and yon? calles out the matter to?
D Iafon doth thou lineake away, not hauing minde of mee,
No? of those former great good turnes that I have done for thee?
With thee now am I cleane forgot: but I will bynyng about
That from thy carefull lighteing minde shall not bee banished out:
Apply to byng this to effect,call home thy wits agayne,
And all thy wyly sctches farce, eache artificiall trapayne.
This is the perfect fruite that may to thee of mishicke spyng,
To presuppose that mishicke is not graft in any thing.
Scaut haue I opportunity for my pretended guise,
Because wee are mistrustfed foze: but try I will the white
To set upon them in such sorte,as none can deeme my leyght:
March forth,now venture on, fall to, both what lyeth in thy myght,
And also what doth passe thy power.O faithfull nurse and mate
Of all my heauy heart breaking,and dyuers curled care.
Come help our simple meanes device. Remayning yet I haue
A robe of Pall the present that our heauenly Goundshire gaue, 
Chiect mo-
Medea.

Chiefe monument of Cholchis fle, which Phæbus did bellow
On Ætas for a pledge, that him his father he might know.
A precious sulient gozlet cake, that braely glitters byght,
And with a seeming hyming leane of golden thyps is sight,
Through wrought betwene the raw of picles doe stand in borders round,
Wherewith my golden crispen Locks is woned to be coud.
By lytle children they shall hearse these presents to the Byde,
That first with stibber Nabbar coxe of chaunments halbe croyde.
Request the ayde of Hecate in redinelle prepare
The lamentable facrifice upon the bloody Aare.
Enforce the fiers catching holde upon the rafteres hye
With crackling noyle of namy sparkes rebound in azur sky.

Chorus.

O fieres force, noz turbling rage of boistrus blushing winde,
No dart hot whirling in the skies, such terror to ye minde
Can dyue, as when ye ireful wise doth boile in burning hate
Depriued of her spoullall bed, and comfort of her mare,
Noz where the stormy southerne winde with dankish dabby face,
Of hoary winter sendeth out the gullishing howses apace.
Where weighment fiersters waumbling streaume comest wateringe downe
And forbidding both the banks to meeze, I cannot ost contayne (mayne,
Him selfe within his channels scoope, but further breaks his way,
Noz Rodanus whose rushinge streaume doth launch into the sea,
O when amid the howered spiring with hotter burning linne,
The wintors knowes disolude with heate downe to the ryuers runne:
The clottred top of Haemus hill to water thin doth twice,
Such desperate gogin flame is watcre that inwardly doth burne,
And modest rule regardeth not, noz hydels can abyde,
Noz dyinge death, both with on dinte of naked blade to abyde.
O Gods be gracious vnto vs, for pardon we do crave,
That him who tamde the scuffling waues, thoughlase ye would to laue.
But Neptune yet the Lord of Seas with crowning face will lower,
That ovr his second Shepre men to triumph have the power.
The boy that rashly durft attempt that great unweldy charge
Of Phœbus everlastinge Carte, and routyng out at large,
Not bearing in his reckelle brest his fathers warranties wyse,
Was burned with the flames which hee did scatter in the Skyes.

Done
The feuenth tragedie.

None knew the costly glimmning glades, where straggling Phaëton rode, Malle not the path, where people care in former time have trode. O fondling, willful, wanton boy, doe not dissolve the frame Of heaven, aith loye with lacerd hand hath halowe the same. Who soode with valiant Dares tough, that were for Argo made, Hath powled naked Pelion mounte of thycke compactt made. Who encread hath the fleeting rockes and lerched out the toyde And tyning tavelues of the seas, and hath on calage soyle Knit fast his stretched Cable rope, and going forth to land. To cloyne away the soare golde with greech snatching hand. Unto the seas (because that hee transgress theye lawes divine) By this unlucke ende of his, he pares his soareste line. The troubled seas of theye, bereast for vengeaunce howle and wepe. Sy? Typhis who did conquer byst the daunger of the deepe, Hath yeelded up the cunning rule of his unwelby steene, To such a guide, as for that bse hath neede as yet to learne. Who giving up his Chalk aloose from of his native lande, In soareyn more lyes buried vile with dutie lodes in lande. He stis among the flittering loutes that strangeys to him weare, And Aulis file that in her minde her masters loste doth beare, Held in the Ships, to stand and waple in eeking narrow nooke: That Orpheus Caliops conne who stade the running Broode, Whyle he recorded on heauenly harpe with twanckling finger line, The wynde layde downe his piping blakkes: his harmony divine Picturde the woods to sty them felues, and trees in trapnes along Came forth with byses that held their lapes and lystned to his song. With lims on tumber rent in helde of Thrace he lyeth dead. Up to the top of Heber house, eke haled was his head. Gone downe he is to Stygian dampe, which scene hee had before, And Tartar bowling pites, from whence returne hee shall no more. Aleydes bagnig har did byinge the Northern laddes to grounde. To Achelo of Sundy shapes he gue other mortall wounde. Yet after hee could purchase peace both unto sea and land, And after Ditis dungeon blacke rent open by his hand, He lyuing spred himselfe along on burning Oetas hill: His members in his proper flame the wretch did thrist to spill: His bloud he hrewd with Neftors bloud, and lost his lothsome lyke By tayrous gyft that poftoned thyr received of his wyfe, With tuckle of hystled growyno hoje Ancies lynes were tynne. O Melcagar (wicked wight) to graue by thee were boyne

Thy Mo-
Medea.

Thy mothers brethren twayne, and see, so; it with ruthfull hand,
Thy bowghth thy solefull desteny, to burne thy fatal hand.
The rash attempting Argonantes scarcely all the death
That Hylas whom Alcides lost bereft of ending breath.
That springall which in flowing waues of waters drowned was:
Seek now ye lusty bloude, the Seas: with doubtfull lot to passe.
Though Idmon had the calling skyll of seestenes before,
The serpent made him leave his lyke in tombe of Liby hose.
And Mopsus that to other men could well theyr fates escry,
Yet onely did deceive him selfe uncertayne where to by,
And he that could the secret hop of things to come divulde,
Yet dyde not in his country Thebes. Dame Thetis husband oulde
Did wander like an outlawde man. Our Palimedes lyse
Did headlong whelin him selfe in seas. Who at the Grecques rype
From Troy, to ruile on rockes did them alike with wily light,
Strout Aiax Oleus did sustayne the dint of thunder bright,
And cruelly byone of surging seas, to quitte the haynous guilt,
That by his country was commit, in seas he lyer spile.
Alcest to redeeme her husbands Phereus lyse from death,
The godly Wyfe upon her spouse bestowed her panting breath.
Proudhe Pelias that wytch him selfe who had them first assay
The golden Fleece that boothy braue by ship to fetch away,
Perboyde in glowing cauldron hoate with fervent heare hee lyres,
And fleeting peccenale vp and downe in water thin he lyes.
Inough, inough, revenged are O Gods the wronges of seas,
Be good to Iason, doing that hee did, his Game to please.

THE FOURTH

ACTE.

Nutrix.

By shivering minde amazed is, agast, and lye dismayde:
By chillish limes with quaking colde do tremble all arrayde.
Such plaguez and vengeance is at hand, in what exceeding wyle
Do sharp attaults of greedy grieve still more and more arise,
And of it selfe in linnenering breast enkindlesse greater heathe?
Oft haue I seene how ramping rage hath forced her to create.

With fran-
The feuenth tragedy.

With frantickke fits, mad, bedlem wife, against the Gods to rable. 
And she bewitched ghosts of heaven in plunging plagues to rable: 
But now Medea heares her husse byayne to bying to paule 
A mysticke greater, greater farre, then ever any was. 
Ere while when hence hee ript away abononshed to lore, 
And of her psyson clostel clost the eentered had the bose: 
Shes powerch out her Jewels all, abide to light thee byings 
That which the dreading looked long, most sckomie whpy thinges: 
She numbling contines up by names of ill the nade cout, 
In hugger mugger cowered long, kept close, unferched out: 
All pelient plagues she calleth upon, what ever Libis lande, 
In scotch bylosing streame both booke, or muddy belching lande: 
What tearing tayments Tauris breedes, with snowes unshowed still 
Where winter slawes, and hopy fist knit hard the craggy hill, 
She lapees her crolling hands upon each monstrous conturbde thing, 
And over it her magicke verce with charming both the sing: 
A mowsie,cowsie, ruly rout with canered Scales Iclad 
From mufli, mulfly dens where lerked long they had, 
Doe cruel: a wallowing serpente huge,his cobyous Corps out drags, 
In shery soming blaring mouth his forked tongue hee wags. 
He stares with with sparkeling eyes, if some he might elpy, 
Whom snapping at with tingling spirt he might contrayne to by: 
But hearing once the magycke verce he hust as all a gast, 
His body boalne big, wapit in lumps on twining knots hee cast, 
And wambling to and fro his nable in linkes hee cowles it round. 
Not sharp enough (quoth she) the plagues t tooses that hollow groud 
Engenders for my purpose are, to heauen up will I call, 
To reach me stronger psylon down, to frame my teate with all. 
Now is it at the very pont, Medea thou allay, 
To bring about some fardher fetch, then common Witches may. 
Let downe, let downe, that spawling Snake that doth his body spred, 
As doth a running booke abroade his mghty channell fed. 
Whose dwelling knoubs of wondrous size & hybrous bobbung bumphes 
Both thump the great t letter beare that seale his heavy lumpes. 
The hygger beare with golden gleede the greekish lettre both gypye: 
But by the lettre the Sidon ships their passage have elpyde. 
He that with pinch of griping stt with hyske the adders twayne, 
His krening hard t clasping bande, let him unknit agayne. 
And cruse the theyr eueated benoume out, come further thou our charme 
O lymp serpente Python, whom Dame luno sent to harme. 

Diana, and
Medea.

Diana, and Apollo both, (those heavenly Cyprites twayne)
With whom Latona traveling did grove with pyching payne.
O Hydra whom in Lerna poole Alcides gaine the soyle,
And all the noptome vernen ytle that Hercules did soyle.
Which when on funder they were cut with fying deadly kyfe,
Can knot agayne their lodged partes, and to recover yfe.
Help wakefull Dragon Argos, whom first magicke wordes of myne
Made Morpheus locke thy deepy lidades, and hut thy sighring eyne.
Then hauing brought aboue the ground of Serpents all the vour,
Of skiry weedes the ranckeft baine thee kycke, and gathers out,
That spyng on knotty Eryx hill where passage none is founde;
Among the ragged Rockes, 2 what on Caucasus his grounde
DOTH GROW THAT STILL IS CLAD IN COARE OF HOARY MOARY SCOTT.
That evermore bumentt alwydes, whose spattered sole is solle
With gubbs of bloud, y spowetth from Prometheus gaping maw,
Whose guts with twitching talent out the gatly gripe doth byow.
O; any other venemous herbe arrange the Medes that growes,
That with their sheafe of arowes sharp in field do scarce their toes.
O; what the light held Parthian to serve her turne can tende,
O; ells the rych Arabians, that dyp theyz arowes ende
In poxtton stronge; the inyce of all Medea out dothwynge,
That underneath the frotten poale in Syveua land doth spynge.
Whose noble face Hircinus woode doth high enhauce and reare,
O; what the pleauantte soyle doth yeilde in pyrme of smiling beare,
When nature hyddes the byrd begin her throwding nest to builde,
O; when the chutryhe Boreas black harpe winter hath excilde,
The tym praw of braunche and bough to cloth the naked tree,
And every thinge with bitter coudle of Swayne congealed bee.
In any pestilent flower on skalle of any hearbe doth grove,
O; noptome inyce doth lye in rotten wyprhen rootes alone,
Wath any force in breading bane, those takes thee in her hande.
Some plaungy hearbes did Athos yeelde that mount of Theffaly lande.
And other Pindus roches lye and some upon the top.
Of Pingeus, but tender twigges the cruell Sythe did lop.
These Tigris ryuer nozirht up, that choakes his whytlypoale deepe
With stronge streame. Danubius tho in solsting waue did keepe.
Those did Hidaspis mynister, who by the parching zone
With lukewarme fluer channell runnes, to rych with precious stone.
And Bethis sone, who gaine the name into his country great,
And with his hallowe loarde against the Spanyhe leas doth heat
This hearebe

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This hearbe abode the edge of knyfe in dawning of the day
Ere Phoebus Face gan repre, bevedt with glittering goulden spay
His slender skalke was iapered of in depe of silent nght,
His coyn was copped, wis he the w'charme her poynted napes did dight.
Shee chops the deedly hearbes, w'zings the squeased clothered blood
Of Serpentes out: and filthy bydes of ierkome mirc mud:
She temperes with the same and cake: she brays the heart of Owle
Forethowing death with glaring Eyes, and mooping Tylobe foule,
Of hyke Owle hoarse alyue she takes the durtty stinking guts,
All these the skrame of his fcape in dyuers percel puts.
This hath in it devouring force of greedly spoiling flame,
The frozen yse dunning coudhe engenders by the same.
Shee chauntes onhole the magickeverie, that wokkes no lettercharme,
With buckling frantickely she flampe, and cealeth not to charme.

MEDEA.

Flittering Flockes of grizzly ghostes
that sit in silent scat
O ouglome Bugges, O Gobblins grym
of Hell I you inreat:
O lowying Chaos dungeon bynde,
and dreadfull darkned pit,
Where Ditis mulfled up in Clowdes
of blackest shades doth sit,
O wretched wofull wawling foules your ayde I doe imploe,
That linked lye with gingling Chapnes on wavling Limbo shoze,
O mopsy Den where death doth couche his gaskly carrwne Face:
Reelle your pangues, O Eyghts, and to this wedding lyce apace.
Cawfe yee the snaggy wheele to pawse that rentes the Carkas bound,
Permit Ixions tacket Lynnes to rest upon the ground:
Let hungry byten Tantalus wyth gawnt and pynd panche
Soupe by Pirenes gulped streame his tswelling thyzt to staunche.
Let burning Creon byde the bunt and gydes of greater payne,
Let payle of flappey flaying stone type ouer backe agayne
His myoplyng Father Sisyphus, amonges the craggy Rockes.
Yee daughters dyse of Danaus whom perced Pychers myzkes
So oft
Medea.

So oft with labour lost inayne this day doth long for you
That in your lyse with bloody blade at once your husband slue,
And thou whose aares I banished haue, O torch and lampse of night,
Appoche O Lady myne with mold deformed byslage night:
O three foide IMAGE Dame that kneelt more thearning bowes then one,
According to the countrey guife with dagling locks vnande
And naked footse, the secrete grue of I halowed haue,
From ducky dry dauncyfylly cloudes the howers of rayne I crave.
Through me the chinked gaping ground the foked seas hath drunk.
And magner frame of thyceian fould beneath the earth is sunk,
That swelterh out through hollow gulph with stronger gulsing rage.
Then were hisuddy waunling waues whose power it darch allwage
The heavens with wyng disturbed course and out of order quight,
The darkned sunne,\(^a\) glimmering stars at once hath shewed they light,
And ditched Charles his straungling rayne bath dure in dashing waue,
The framed course of ranning tyme rache out of frame I hate.
So my enchantments haue it wrought, that when the flaming sunne
In sommer bakes the parched lyfe then bath the twigges begunne,
With sprouting blofcon feele to blame, and hally winter cane
 Hath out of harest cene the suetie to bernes on middein boyne.
Into a shallowe foode his dure disla-ce bath Phaflis wall, 
And Isters channell being in to many branchese caft,
Abated hath his wackfull waues, on every silent shope
He lyeth calme: The rumbled bauds with thundying noyse did roze,
Whether cloathed cloxe the windeles were not movyng pippling lyst,
With working waue the pannering seas have twolne \(^b\) leapt aloft,
Whereas the wood in alder tyme with thicke and branchede bowe
Did spred his hade on gladsome lyfe no hade remanyth now.
\\(^c\) Rolling up the magyke bertie at noone time Phoebus slay,
\(^d\) Anypd the dackned sky, when flew was light of dhowy day.
The at my charme the wary flockes of Heyaese went to glade.
Time is it Phoebe to respect the service to thee made:
To thee with cruell bloody hands these garlands greene were twynde
Which with his folding circles rayne the serpent rough did bynde.
Have here Tiphias stebe, that dith in Aetnas faunace grone,
That shoke with bawtry violent king Ioues assaulted trone.
This is the Centaures poucloned blood which Neffus villayne hyle
Who made a rape of Dianire entending her to syle,
Requesteth her when newly wounde he gasping lay for breath,

While Her-
The seuenth tragedie.

While Hercules haft slack in his Kibs, whole lusse did worke his death:
Beholde the Funerall cinders heere which vp the popson dyed
Of Hercules who in his lyfe on Octa mountayne dyed:
Loe heere the fatall brande, which late the fatall sisters three
Consyped at Meleagers byrh, such shoulde his destyn bee,
To cause alvyse his hertuing copes, while that might whole remayne,
Which caushe his mother Althea kept, till he his uncles twayne,
(That from Atlanta would have had the head of conquered Boze,)
Bad rest of lyfe whose sightfull death Althea tooke to lyfe,
That both the Hewed her sequentnelle in sisters godly fone,
When to reenge her brothers death mearre nature did her move,
But yet as mother most vnkynde, of nature most bumylde,
To haffen the vnpyntly graue of her beloued clyde,
While Meleagers fatall brande he walked in the flame,
Whose swelting gurs and bowels moult commished as the same,
These plumes the Harpyes taining bowles for hale did leave behinde,
In hidden hole whose cloase access no mortall wight can fynd.
When fall from Zetiths chasing them with speedy wight they fled.
Put unto these the fether's which the Symphal byde did fed,
Whom dul kyng Phoebus dymed lyght lyghe Hercule dyde lynge,
And galled with the haste, that he in Hydraes hyde dyde lynge,
You Ares haue yeelde a clattring noyse I knowe, I knowe of olde,
How onto mee my Oacles are wanted to bee roulde,
That when ye tremibling howze, both shake them hath my Goddess great,
Wouchrake to graunt mee my request as I did her intreate,
I see Dianas waggon swife, not that whereon thee gyldes,
When all the night in darkned Sky with face full ope thee rydes:
With countenaunce wight and blisting buht when with heavy chere,
With dulky shimmering wanny globe, her lampe both pale appear.
When theer tros about the heauens wyth hoyle heade rapned straye,
When Theffayle Witches with the threats of charming her doe bayte.
So with thy dumpe dulled blace, thy cloudy faynting lyght,
Sende out, amid the lowing sky, the heart of people lymght
Wyth agones of subdanye dead, in straung and tearfull wyse,
Compell the peryous hastily pannes with larking noyse to ryle
Throug Cornith country every where, to shielde thee fro this harme,
Leat headlong Zawone you be from heauen to earth by force of charme.
An holy solemne lacrympe to worship thee wee make,
Imbued with a bloody turpe the kindled Torche doth take

C.  Thy fa-
Medea

Thy sacred burning night hyre at the dampishe moy graue.
Soze charged with thy troubled ghost my head I maken haue,
And ducking downe my Pecke alowe w' thikke bowre haue myght,
And grouweling flat on slooze in traunce haue lyn in deadmans plight.
By rusked Locke's about myne eares downe dagling haue ben bowond,
Cuck up about my temples twayne with gladlome garland crownde
A dery b'anc'he is offer'd thee from filthy Stigis flood.
As is the guise of Bacchus pizkkes the Coribanthes wood,
With naked breast and dugges layde out Ile pizke with sacred blade
Byne arme, that for the bubling bloude an issue may bee made,
With trilling streames my purple bloude let drop on Th'aulter stones
By tender Childens crushed theebe, and broken hooke'd bones
Lerne how to brooke with hardned heart: in practise put the trade
To slozibe sreace, and kepe a coyle, with naked glittring blade:
I spinkled holy water haue, the launce once being made,
If tyed thou complayneest that my eues thee overlade,
Give pardon to my erneft sute, O Perseus after deare,
Still Iaon is the onely coute that bygeth mee to reare
With squeuekng boype thy noylsome beames, that king like shot of bo
So season thou those lawced robes to wokke Creuflas woe,
Where with when shee shall pizke her selfe the popson by and by
To rot her inward mary out, within her bones may sry,
The secrr eyer bleares their eyes with gloffe of yallow golde,
The which Prometheus gauze to mee that eyer sylcher bolde,
On whom for robbery that he did in heauens aboue commit,
With mally payce great Caucasus th'unwelby hill doth sit,
Wher under with unwalked wombe he lyes, and payses his payne,
To sceede the cramming foule with gubs of guts that growes agayne.
He taught mee with a pryty sleght of conning, how to hyde
The strength of eyer close kept in, that may not be elpyde,
This lynely tinder Mulciber hath forged for my sake,
That temped is with hyptnole quick at spyt touch and take.
Eke of my Tolen Phae'ton a wylyesyer sake I haue
His flamnes the monstrous staghard rough Chimera to mee gauze,
In head and breas a Lyon grim, and from the Rump behynde
He sweepe the floorer with lagging Tale of Serpent sreace by kynde
In Rybbes, and Lognes along his b'anc'he yshaped lyke a Goate.
These Fumes that out the Bull perbyakte from spy spewing the th'ate
I gotten haue and hybe it with Medusas bitter gall

Commans-
The seuenth tragedie.

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Commanding it in secret fojte to ducke and couer all:
Breath on these venoms Hecate with deadly myght inflyze,
Piecerue the touching poulder of my secret couert lyze,
O graunt that these my cloded craftes to may bewitch they? Eyes,
That lykelyhooode of treason none they may heerein turmysle:
So worke that they in handling it may seele no kynde of heare:
Her strewing brest, her seathing daynes, let seruent eyer create
And force her royled pyning lymnes, to drop and melt away,
Let smoke her roten brypling bones: enslame this hyde to day
To call a lyght with greater gleede on fryeled blasing heare
Then is the hyning flame that doth the wedding torches heare.
By suite is harde, thysle Hecate a dreadful harking gau
From dolefull cloude a sacred flash of flamy sparkes she drewe.
Eche poplons pyde fullfiled is: call forth my chyldezen deare,
By whom unto the curled Byde these presents you may heare:
Goe forth, goe forth my lytle Babes, your mothers curled fruites,
Goe, goe, employ your paynes with hyde and earnest humble suite
To purchase grace, and eke to earne you favoure in her light.
That both a mother is to you, and rules with Ladies might.
Goe on, apply your charge apace, and hye you home agayne,
That with embracing you I may my last farewel attend.

Chorus.

Hat sharpe assaultes of cruell CVPIDS flame
Wyth gyddie heade thus tosseth to and froe,
This bedlem Wyght,and diuelysh despret dame
What rouing rage her pricks to worke this woe?
Rough rancours vile congeales her frozen face,
Her hawty brest bumbaisted is vvyth pryde,
Shee shakes her heade, shee stalkes vvyth stately pace.
Shee threatens our king more then doth her betyde.

T 2. Who
Medea

Who would her deeme to bee a banisht wyght,
Whose skarlet Cheekes doe glowe with rofy red?
In faynting Face, with pale and wanny wyght
The fanguyne hewe exyled thence is fled.
Her chaunging lookes no colour longe can holde,
Her shifting feete flill trauaffe to and froe.
Euen as the fearce and rauening Tyger olde
That doth vnware his fucking whelpes forgoe,
Doth rampe, and rage,moft eger face and wood,
Among the shrubs and busses that doe growe
On Ganges ftronde that golden sanded flood,
Whose filuer streame through India doth flowe.
Euen so MEDEA sometime vvantes her wits
To rule the rage of her vnbraydeled ire,
Nowe UENVS Sonne, wyth busie froward fits,
Nowe Wrath, and Loue enkyndle both the fire.
What shal shee doe? when will this heynous wyght
With forwarde foote bee packing hence away,
From Greece? to eafe our Realme of terrour quight,
And prynces twayne whom shee fore doth fray:
Nowe Phobus lodge thy Charyot in the Weft,
Let neyther Raynes,nor Brydle stay thy Race,
Let groueling light with Dulceat nyght opprefst
In cloking Cloudes wrapt vp his muffled Face,
Let Hesperus the loadesman of the nyght,
In Western floode drench deepe the day so bryght.

THE
All things are topsey turvey turnd,  and walkd cleane to nought.
To palling great calamity,
our Kingdome State is brought.
The Syre, and Daughter burnt to dust
in blended Cynder s lye.
C. What trayne hath them entaunt? Nù. Such as
are made for Kings to dye,
Falce traitrous gifts. C. What pyrup guile could wrappd be in those?
Nù. And I doe inruayle at this thing and skant I can suppope?
That such a mischiefe might be wrought by any such device
Ch. Repoit how this destruction and ruine shoule aryle.
Nù. The kysing flame most egerly doth scoure with sweeing sway
Eache corner of the Prynces court, as though it should obay,
Commaunded thereunto to flar on flowe the Pallace falles:
Wee are in dread least further it will take the townishe walls.
Ch. Cast quenching water on it then to flake the greedy flame.
Nù. And this that seemeth very straunge doe happen in the same,
The water feedes the fier fast, the more that wee doe tople
It to suppeste, with hotter rage the heate begins to boyle:
Those things that wee have gotten for our help it doth enjoi.
Nut. Medea thou that doest to love king Pelops lande anoy,
Twine hence in halft thy forwarde soote, at all allayes depart
To any other kinde of coate. Me. Can I finde in my hart
To shun this lande? if hence I had stert falne away by flight,
I would have traueled backe agayne, to gale at such a light.
To stande and see this wedding new, why shalst thou doring mynde?
Apply, apply, thy joye attempt, that good successe doth finde.
What great exploit is this, that thou of vengeaunce dost enjoi?
Still art thou blynded wittlesse wench with bare of Venus by?
C 3. Is this
Medea

Is this sufficientance for the griece? is voore of rancour dud,
If Iason leave a single lyke in solitary bed?
Some netling, thorny, stinging plagues unpractised devise:
Prepare thy selfe in reynes and fall to on this wyse:
Let all bee side that commis to Pet, haue no respect of ryghte,
From mynyde on mistylete fired last let name be banisht quyte:
The vengeance they receaued at my lyke chrylbsens hand,
Is nothing worth: in earnest no ententeius must thou stand.
When haert of wrath begins to coole, cheere by thy selfe agayne:
Rayle by those touched olde that wanted were in thee to raygne,
That buried deep in breast doe lye: and as for all the came
That yet is wroght: Of godlinesse let it blurpe the name:
Doe this, and I shall teache them learne, what trybling cast it was,
And common practisde Similam trick that cest I brought to paife.
By this my raging malady a preamble hath made,
To new what howgier heapes of harms hall shortly them invade
What durst my rude unkillfull hand allay that was of wyght?
What could the malleis of a Gyple inuent her foes to bate:
Still converlaunt with wicked feates Medea am I made.
By blunt and dullel bapnes hath so ben beare about this trade.
O to I joy, I joy, that I knewe of my brothers head,
And sluste his members of: eake that from parents had I sted:
And filched have the pynp fleere, for Mars that laced was.
It glads my heart that I to hing olde Pelias death to paife:
Hauce let his daughters all on worke: O griece picke out a way
Hauce in my selfe, and vnaughtfull hand allay
Against whom wrath entendeest thou to bend thyne freuell myght?
O with what weapon dost thou meane thy traverces foes to smight?
I know not what my wrathfull minde contulred hath within,
And to bewray it to himselfe, I dare not yet begin.
O rash and unaduiled foole, I make to hastey speedes:
O that my Foe had gotten of his Harlors body Seede:
But what to euer thou by him ejoyest, suppose the came
To bee Creufas Babes, or them let her enjoy the name.
This vengenaunce this doth like mee well good reason is there, why,
The last attempt of this, thou must with stomake stout apply.
Alas yee leely fools that eet my children were,
The plaguing pride of Fathers fault submit your selues to beare.
O, hauour huge with todoyne stroke my heart doth overcom:
With ye se dulling colde congealde my members all benum.
The feuenth tragedy.

My shivering limes appalled sore for gashly seare doe quake,
And banichr rage of malice hoate begins it selfe to shake:
The barefull heart of wise against her Spoule hath yelded place,
And pitious mothers mercy milde retoreth natures face.
O shall I shed their guiltesse bloude? shall I the frame unsoilde
Of that, which loving natures hande hath wrought in mee her moule?
O doting sury chauge thy minde,concieue a better thought,
Let not this haynous savage deed by meanes of mee be wrought.
What cryme have they (poore fools) comitt,for which they should aby?
Upon them? Father I know right all blot of blame should lye,
Medea yet they? Mother I am worser farre then hee.

Tush let them frankly goe to wacke no kith noz kin to mee
They are: dispatch them out of hand:holde,holde,my babes they be
God wot,nott yarmilse lambes they are, no crime noz fault have they
Alas they bee mere innocents, I doe not this deny:
So was my brother whom I slee: O false revolting mynde,

Why doth thou flaggring to and fro such chaunge of fancies synde?
Why is my Face be sprent with teares, what makes mee falter so,
That wazth I love with struing thoughts doe leade mee to and fro?
Such figthing fancies beckvinge shoues my swarling minde detarre,
As when bertwene the wrestling windes is rapled wrangling ware,
Echewhere the tumbling wallowing waues, are hoyst and reared hype
Amid the tumbling twhoules of seas, that hot in fury hye.

Eue so my hart with struing thoughts now sinks,now swells amaine,
Wazth sometyne chalethe vertue out, and vertue wazth agayne.

O yeelde thee, yeelde, a gristing griece, to vertue yeelde thy place:
Thou onely contofte of our stoke in this afflicted cafe,
Come heathter, come dere loued Inipe,with coilling mee inbace,
While that by me your mother dere sweete Bobes ye are enjoyed,
So long God grant thy Father may you kepe from harme uncloyed.
Exile and night approack on mee, and they shall by and by
Be pulde perfoice out of nyne armes, with vapoourde weeping Eye,
Soe languishing with mourning heart, yet let them goe to grave
Before their fathers face, as they before their mothers haue:
Now rancour griece, with sryt sires begins to Boyle agayne,
The quenched coales of deadly hate do breather foyce ittyayne.
The russy rancour harched long within my canced bresl
Starts up, and stirs my hand anew in mischief to bee prest.
O that the cbleament of harts which swarmide aboute the hyde
Of Niobe that croynesfull Dame, who perisht by her pyde

T4.

Hod ra-
Medea

Had taken lyse out of his lymnes, that the sates of heaven
A fruiterfull mother had me made of chyldren seuen and seuen.
By barreyne wounde for my reuenge hast yeelded little store:
Yet for my sire and brother, twayne I haue, there needes no more:
Whom seke this ruffyng route of Frendes with gargett Vislage right
Where will they deale theys stripes, or who with whips of her night.
O whom with cruel scorching branche and Stygian faggot fell,
With mischief great to cloy,entendes this army black of hell?
A chopping Adder gan to hille with wyethings wrapped rounde,
As soone as did the lashing whippe fleete out with yerkyn sounde.
Whom bumping with thy tappyn pot Megæra wilt thou crush?
Whose ghost doth herere mishapten from hell with seatered members ruth?
By slaughtered brothers ghost it is that vengeance coms to craue:
According to his dye request due vengeance shall her haue.
But stap thou searce the herzandes full dasched in myne Eyes,
Dig,rent,scrape,burne, and squeas them out, loe ope my breast it ies,
To fighting furies bobbing strokes, O brother, brother bid
These roples,that prasse to woxrey mee, them selues away to vid.
Downe to the silent soules alowe not taking any care:
Let mee be left heare by my felle alone,and doe not spare,
To bat, and cappercleaw these armes that drewe the bloody blade:
To quench the furies of thy spite, that thus doe mee invade,
With this right hand the sacrifice on thaulter thalbe made.
What meanes this sudden trampling noife : a band of men in Armes
Come hustling towardes vs, that mee will clop with deadly harms,
To ende this slaughter set upon I will my felle compay
Up to the garrets of our house, come Purce with mee away,
Belowe thy body hence with mee from daunger of our foes,
Now thus my mynde on mischiefse set thou must thy felle dispole,
Let not the flickering flame and payple in darkenede bee extilde
Of stomack stout,that you did vse in murthering of thy childe.
Proclaine in peoples eares the payple of cruel bloody hand.
1A. If any faithfull man here bee, whom ruine of his land,
And slaughter of his Pynce doe cause in pensiue heart to bleede,
Step forth that yee may take the wretch that wrought this deadly deede.
Here, here, yee isplaye Champions lay loade with weapons heree,
Have now, hoyst by this house,from low Foundacion by it reare,
ME. Now, now my Seesper guilt I haue recovered once agayne:
By Fathers wynges reuenged are, and eke my brother shayne:

The goul:
The feuenthal tragedy.

The gouldens cattels Fleece returnde is to my native land,
Possession of my realme I have reclaimed to my hand:
Come home is my virginity, that whilem went astry.
O Gods as good as I could wish, O joyfull wedding day,
Goe showde thy selke in darknesse dim,dispacht I haue this seate:
Yet bengaunce is not done enouge, to coole our thirsty heate.
O soule why doost thou make delay? Why doost thou doubting stande?
Goe fozeward with it yet thou mayst,whyle doing is thy hande:
The wyth that might shoulde mynister doth qualety his fame:
The pykes of torow twitch my heart arraynt with blushing flame:
Though rygour of thy heynous gore, O wyght,what haft thou done?

Though I repent a caityle bife I am, to se ane my lonne:
Alas I haue committed it, impertunate delight,
Still egged on my frowarde mynde that did against it sight:
And loe the banye coniect of this delight increaseth still,
This onely is the thing, that wantes into my wicked will,
That Iafons eyes shoulde see this sight as yet I doe supposse,
Nothing it is that I haue done, my cranell all I looke,
That I empoylde in dyzy deedes, unelle bee see theSame.
IA. Loe heere shee lookeoth out, and leanes upon the house fen frame,
That pitchlong hanges with falling fway: heere heape your hers last,
Whereby the flames that hee her selke enkindled, may her wak.
ME. Goe Iafon, goe the obit rights the windinge heere and grave
Make ready for thy lonne, as last bejoyuer him to hauue,
Thy spouse and eke thy father in lawe that are entomde by mee
Recieved haue the duties that to deade mens ghstes agree.
This childe hauhe felt the deadly stroke and launce of fallall knife,
And this with wofelome murther like shall lose her tender life.
IA. By all the sacred ghstes of heauen, and by thy oft exile,
And spoufalt bed, which breac of loue in mee did not desile,
Now spare, and laue the life of him my childe and also hygne:
What ever cryme committed is, I graunte it to be myne:
Make mee a bloody lareifice to dew defered death,
Take from my finfull guilty head the bale of vitall breath.
ME. Pay sth thou wilt not haue it to as greues thy pynched minde,
Heere way to wrech my bengaunce fell,my burning blade shall finde.
Auant, now hence thou pefault powd employn thy buvy payne,
To reape the frutes of virgins bed, and cast them of agayne
When mothers they are made. IA. Let one for dew revenge suffice.
ME. If greedy thyrst of hungry handes that stil for bengaunce cryes.

Wygth
Medea.

Wyght quenched bee with bloude of one, then ake I none at all,
And yet to staunce my hungry greife the number is so small,
If onely twayne I fleast pleadge of loue lye secret made,
By bowels Ile unbreast, and searce my wombe with poking blade.
IA. Now finish out thy deadly deede, that enterprised is,
No more entertainment will I ble,pent onely graunt mee this,
Delay awhyle his dolesfull death, that I may take my flyght.
Leaft that myne eyes w' bleeding hearte shoulde biew that heavy light.
ME. Yet linger eger anguish yet to slea this chylde of thyne,
Ronne not to raibe with hastily speede, this dolesfull day is myne:
The time that wee obtained hate of Creon, wee enjoy.
IA. D bile malitious mynded wretch my lostsome life destroy.
ME. In craving this thou speakest, that I should shew thee some releefe,
Well goodinough, all this is done : O truthfull giddy greece,
This is the onely sacrifice that I can thee provide,
Unthankfull Iason hether call thy coveth looks aslyde.
Lye heare doste thou beholde thy wyke? thus euer wonted I,
When murther I had made, to sleape, my way doth open iye
That I may spred into the skyes: the slyng serpents twayne
Submitted hate they? scaly Pegkes to poake of raling wayne,
Thon Father hate thy lonnes agayne, I in the wandring skye
In nymble wheeled Waggon twytte, will ryde advauanced iye.
IA. Goe through the ample spaces wyde, infect the poyloned iye,
Beace witnisselgreace of God is none in place of thy repayze.

FINIS.
THE EYGHTHI TRAGEDYE OF L. ANNAEVS SENEC\u2019A, Entituled AGAMEMNON: Translated out of Latin into Englishe, by IO\u2019HN STV\u2019DLEY.

The Argument.

G A M E M N O N, Generall of that Noble Army of the Greekes, which after tenne yeares siege w\u2019ane Troy, comitted the entryr Government of his Countrey & Kingdome (duringe his absence) to his Wyfe C L Y T E M N E S T R A. Who forgetting all Wyuely loyalty, and Womanly chastity, fell in laweleffe loue & vfed adulterus copany with \AEGYSTHV\u2019S, fonne to THYESTES, whom afo\u2018time \u0018ATRE\u0019\u2019S being his owne naturall Brother, and Father to this AGAMEMNON, in reueng of a former adultery had, caufed to eate hys owne two Children.

At length, understandinge by EVARYBATES, that Troy was wonne, & that her husb\u00e1d AGAMEMNON was comming homewarde with a yonge Lady named CAS-SANDRA, daughter to king PRIAMVS: partly enraged with ieaolusy, & difdaine thereof, & partly loath to loose the company of \AEGYSTHV\u2019S her Coadulterer, praetized with him how to murther her husbande. Which accordingly
The Argument.

dingly they brought to passe: & not resting so contented, they also put CASSANDRA to deth,imprisoned ELECTRA Daughter to AGAMEMNON, and foughte to haue slayne his Sonne ORESTES. Which ORESTES fleeing for sauage of his lyfe to STROPHILVS, hys dead Fathers deare friend: was by him secretely kept a longe-time, till at length, comming priuely into Mycene, and by his Systers meanes conducted where his Mother CLYTEMNESTRA and AEGYSTHVS were, in reuenge of his Fathers death, killed them both.

The Speakers names.

THYESTES. EVRYBATES.
CHORVS, A company of Greekes.
CLYTEMNESTRA. CASSANDRA.
NVTRIX. AGAMEMNON.
AEGISTHVS. ELECTRA.
STROPHILVS.

THE
The eyght tragedy.

THE FIRST

ACTE.

THYESETES.

Epartinge from the darkned dens
Which Ditis low dore kepe,
Loe heere I am sent out agayne
From Tartar Dungeon deepe,
Thyestes I, that wheather coale
to hun doe stande in doubt,
Th'inferrnal sendes I ey, the coale
Of earth I chale about.

My conscience to abhors, that I shoule heather pallage make,
Appauled loy with feare and bread my trembling snewes Bake:
By fathers house, or rather yet my brothers I elpy,
This is the olde and antique porche of Pelops progeny.
Here first the Grekes on pynces heads doe place the royall crowne,
And heere in thzone aloft theye ly, that seteth by and byone,
With skately Sleepers in theye hand, cake heere theye courtes doe ly,
This is theye place of banqueting, returne therefoye will I.

 Nay: better were it not to haunte the lothlyme Limbo lakes,
Where as the Stygion pozer doth advance with lusty caokes
His rynle gorge be hong with Mane shag hairy,rufty blacke:
Where Ixions Tarkasle linked salt,th the whirling wheelo doth racke,
And rowletly still vpon him selke: where as full off in bayne
Such royle is lost, (the totring stone down tumbling backe agayne)
Where growing guts the greedy griepe do gnaw with rauening bits.
Where parched up with burning thirst amid the waues he sits,
And gapes to catch the feetering flood with hungry chaps beguilde,
That payes his paynefull punishment, whole fealt the Gods desilde:
Yet that olde man so stept in yeares at length by tract of time,
How great a part belongs to mee and portion of his crime?
Account wee all the gristy ghostes, whom guilty founde of ill,
The Gnoian Judge in Pluotes pyes dore tole in tormentes still:
Thyestes I in dyiery deedes will tare tumounte the rest,
Yet to my Brother yelde I,(though I gysde my bloody brent)

And stuf:
Agamemnon

And stuffed haue my pampred paunche euon with my chyldren thre,
That crammed lye within my Kybes and haue they? Tourne in meee,
The bowels of my swallowed Babes, dewowed by I haue,
Not sylckel Fortune mee alone the Father doth depaue,
But enterpying greater guitle then that is put in lye,
To ke my Daughters lawdy Bed, my lust free doth allure.
To speake these words I doe not spaire, I wrothe the haynsus deede,
That therefore I through all my stocke, might patent still procede.
My Daughter drone by force of Fates and delseyngs deuyne,
Both breede younge bones, ladys her wombe, unfull laced of myne.
Lye, nature chaunged upuide downe, and out of order toynde
This myngle mangle hath lye made, (O fact to be foylende)
A Father and a Grandypye lye, confutedly I am,
My daughters husband both became, and Father to the same.
These Babes Y should my Nephtwes see, when nature rightly runnes,
She being tumbled doth confounde, and mingle with my sonnes.
The chyunkall clearenece of the day, and Phoebus beames so hyght,
Are myred with the foggy cloudes, and darkenece dim of nyght.
When wickednes had weared vs, to late truce taken was,
Even when our detestable deedes were done and hyught to palle.
But valiant Agamemnon see ground captayne of the Holke,
Who bare the tway among the Kingses, and ruled all the royle,
Whose lancting flage, and Banner blace, diaprade in royall force,
A thousand capyle of towning ships did garde to Phrygian poyte,
And with their swelling hatling caples the surging seas did hide,
That heareth on the bankes of Troy, and bylwer the by lye:
When Phoebus Care the Zodiack ten times had once runne,
And wafte the battred Walles doe lye of Troy destroyde and woonne,
Returne he is to yeilde his thysate unto his tyrannicke Wyse.
That shall with force of blody blade berece him of his lyse.
The glistering Sword, the hewing Axe, and wounding weapons moe,
With bloud for bloud new fer abysche Hall make the dooe to low.
With sturdy stroke, and boystrous blow, of pitty Pollace gueen
His beaten huynes are paisht abysade, his cracked Skull is reuyn.
Now mischief marcheth on a pace, now falshoods doth appeare,
Now Butchers slaughter both appoache, and murther dywerthe neare.
In honour of thy natuere day Agithus they prepare
The sollemne feast with mucketering, and dayryn tothsome faire.
By, what doth haste abathe thee so, and cause thy courage quayle?
Why doubts thy righthand what to doe? to finite why doth it layle?
What
The eyght tragedy.

What he forsecking might suspect, why shouldst thou take aduysl? 
Why frettest thou, demaunding if thou mayst enterpyle? 
Pay: if a mother it becomme, thou rather mayst surmise. 
What now? how hapneth it that thus the smyiling sommers night, 
When Phœbus from Th'antipodes shoulde render loose the lyght, 
On sudden chaung their turnes with nights that last and lynder longe, 
When wynters Boreas bitter blasts, both puffe the trees amonoge? 
O what doth cause the glybing thares to ray still in the sky? 
Wile wayght for Phœbus: to the Worlde byng day now by and by.

Chorus.

Fortune,that doft sayle the great eslate of kinges, 
On slippery sliding feat thou placest lofty thinges 
And setst on tottring fort, where perils do abound 
Yet neuer kigdome calme, nor quiet could be foud: 
No day to Scepters sure doth shine, that they might say, 
To morrow shal wee rule, as wee haue done to day. 
One clod of croked care another bryngeth in, 
One hurly burly done, another doth begin: 
Not so the raging Sea doth Boyle vpon the Sande, 
Where as the southern winde that blowes in Africk Lande, 
One Waue vpon another doth heape wyth flurdy blast: 
Not so doth Euxine Sea, his swelling waues vp caft: 
Nor so his belching streame from shalowe bottom roll, 
That borders hard vpon the ysfy frozen poall: 
Where as Bootes bryght doth twyne his Wayne about, 
And of the marble seas doth nothing flände in doubt. 
O how doth Fortune tosse and tomble in her wheele 
The staggring states of Kynges, that readdy bee to rekle? 
Fayne woulde they dreaded bee, and yet not settild so, 
When as they feared are, they feare, and lyue in woe.

The silent
Agamemnon

The silent Lady nyght so sweete to man and beaft,
Can not beftow on them hersafe and quiet rest:
Sleepe that doth overcome and breake the bonds of griefe,
It cannot eafe theyr heartes,nor mynifter reliefe:
What castell strongly buylt,what bulwarke,tower,or towne,
Is not by mifchyefes meanes, brought topsy turuye downe?
What ramperd walles are not made weake by wicked warre?
From ftately courtes of Kings doth iustice fly asfarre:
In pryncely Pallaces, of honefty the lore,
And wedlocke vowe devout, is set by lytle store.
The bloudy Bellon thofe doth haunt with gory hand,
Whose light and vaine conceipt in paynted pomp doth stand.
And thofe Ærenys wood turmoyles with frenfyes fits,
That ever more in proud and hauty houses fits,
Which ficle Fortunes hand in twinkling of an eye,
From high and proude degree driues downe in duft to lye.
Although that skyrmifes ceafe, no banners be displayed
And though no wyles be wronghe, and pollecy be stayed,
Downe payfed with theyr weight the maffy things do finke,
And from her burden doth vnliable Fortune shrynke.
The swelling Sayles puft vp with gale of westren wynde,
Doe yet myftruft thereof a tempeft in theyr mynde:
The threatning tops (that touch the cloudes)of lofty towres
Bee foneft payde, and bet with south wynde rainy showres:
The darkefome woode doth fee his tough and fturdy Oke,
Well waynde in yeares to be cleane overthrown and broke:
The lyghtnings flashing flame out breakiu in the Sky,
First lyghteth on the mounts, and hilles that are moft hy.
The bodies corpulent and of the largest fye
Are ryfeft styll to catch diseaues when they ryfe.
When as the flocke to grafe, in pasture fat is put,
Whose Necke is larded best, his throate shall frist be cut:
What Fortune doth aduaunce and hoyfteth vp on hye,
Shee sets it vp to fall agayne more greeuously.

The things
The eyght tragedie.

The things of midle fort, and of a meane degree,
Endure aboue the rest and longest dayes do see:
The man of meane estate most happy is of all,
Who pleased with the lot that doth to him befall,
Doth sayle on silent shore with calme and quiet tide,
And dreads with bruised barge on swelling Seas to ryde:
Nor launcing to the depe where bottom none is found,
May with his rudder search, and reach the shallow ground.

THE SECOND
ACTE.

Clytemnestra, Nutrix

Drowse dreaming doting soule,
what commeth in thy dayne
To seeke about for thy defence
what way thou mayst attayne?
What ayels thy skittish waiward wits,
to waier up and downe?
The fittest shipt prevented is,
the best path ouergrown.
Thou mightest once mayntayned have
thy wodlocke chamber chalk,
And eake haue ruld with maiesly, by fayth coniouned fast:
Now nurtures loxe neglected is, all eyght doth clean decay
Religion and dignity with faith are worne away,
And ruddy shame with blushing checkes to tarre god wot is past,
That when it would it cannot now come home againe at last.
O let me now at randon runne with hydle at my will:
The safest path to mistchiefe is by mistchiefe open still
Now put in practise, seeke about, search out and learne to find

U. The
Agamemnon

The wylie traynes, and crafty guyles of wicked womankind:
What any diueller trayvourous dame durst do in working woe,
Or any wounded in her wits by that of Cupids bowe.
What euer vigorous stepdame could commit with desperat hand,
As the wench who flaming last by Venus poelening brand,
Was duiuen by leud incestuous love in ship of Theffail land,
To sit away from Colchos ple, where Phasis channel deepe.
With silver streame downe from the hylls of Armencie doth swepe.
Get weapons good, get hybdowblades or temper poison strong,
Or with some ponce trudge from Greece by theire the seas along:
Why dost thou laynt to take of theire, exile or屿ue flight?
Theire came by hap, thou therefore must on greater mischiece light.
Nutt. O worthy Queene amonse the Greekes that barest the swinginge
And boyn of Ledas royall bloud, what muttering dost thou lay? (Oway,
What fury fel intoe theere, bereaued of thy wits.
To rage and rauue with helian haynes, to fret with franticke stites?
Though madam thou do countayle keepe, and not complayne thy case,
Thyne angerd playn appeareth in thy pale and wanny face.
Reveale therefose what is thy grieue, take teasure good and lay,
What reason could not remedy, oft cured hath delay.
Citt. So grievous is my careful case which plungerh me to soze,
That deale I cannot with delay, noz linger any more.
The flashing flames and furious force of sevy fervent heat,
Outraging in my boylinge heate, my burning bones doth heate:
It luckes the lappy marow out the juice it doth conuay,
It leers, it teares, it rents, it gnaws, my guttes and gall away.
How feble feare stil egges mee on (with dole beyng yeelk)
And cankred hare with thwacking thumpes doth bounce upon my beet
The blynded boy that lovers harrtes doth reaur with deadly stoke,
Entangled hart my linked mynd with leawd and wanton yoke:
Refusing stil to take a foyle, o2 cleane to be confound:
Among these bryozes, and agonies my mynd beleging round,
Lye feble, weary, barred downe, and under roden name,
That weakeleth, striveth, strugleth hard, and fightrteth with the lame.
Thus am I duiven to divers shores and heat from banke to banke,
And tossed in the sony floodes that striues with coaze cranke.
As when here wynd, and their the treame when both their force wiltry,
From landes alow both hoyst and vee the seas with surges hype.
The waltering bawe doth staggeryn stand not wering what to do,
But (houeryng)doabtes, whose furious force he best may yeld him to

By
The eyght tragedie.

My kingdome therefore I call of, my sceptre I for sake
As anger, sorrow, hope, me leave, that way I meane to take.
At all adventure to the seas I yield my beaten Barge,
At random careless will I runne, now will I rove at large
Whereas my mynde to fancy fond dath gad and runne astray,
It is the bent to chuse that chance, and follow on that way.
Nl. This belpnat dogate both declare, and rashnes rude and blynde,
To chuse our chance to be the guve and ruler of thy mynd.
Cl. Be that is dyuen to beter pinch and furthest sight of all,
What neede he doubt his doubtfull lot or how his lucke befall?
Nl. In silent shade thou sayest yet thy treapas we may hyde,
If thou thy selfe detect it not, nor cause it be descripde.
Cl. Alas it is mole blash abysade, and further it is blown.
Then any cryme that ever in this princely court was lowen.
Nl. Thy ITomere salt with pensue hart and sorrow thou dost rew.
And fondly yet thou goest about, to set aboych a newe,
Cl. It is a very solatines to kepe a meane therein.
Nl. The thing he feares he doth augment who heapteth sinne to sinne.
Cl. But fire and scourge to cure the lame the place of value supply.
Nl. There is no man who at the first extremity will trepe.
Cl. In working mitchiefe men do take the redest way they synde.
Nl. The sacred name of wedlocke once reuoke and haue in mynd.
Cl. Ten yeares haue I bene desolate, and led a widowes life.
Yet shall I entertaine a newe my husband as his wyfe?
Nl. Consider yet thy sonne and heire whom he of thee begot.
Cl. And eake my daughters wedding bale as yet forget I not.
Achilles the my sonne in law to mynd I do not spare,
How wel he kept his vow that he to me his mother sweare.
Nl. When as our nauy might not passe by wynde nor yet by creame,
Thy daughters bloud in sacrifice their passage did redeem:
Shee sue and brake the suggath seas, whose water stil did stand,
Whose seble force might not hoyle up, the vessels from the land.
Cl. I am ashamed herewithal, it maketh me repynne,
That Tyndaris (who from the Gods doth sech her noble ligne
Should geue the ghost r'allwage the wrath of Gods and them appeale,
Whereby the Greke nauy might haue passage free by seas,
By grudging mynd stil harpes uppun my daughters wedding day,
Whom he hath made for Pelops stock the bloody rainstone pay.
When as with cruel countenance embrewd with goye bloud,
As at a wedding alter lyde th'unpitifil parent floodt,

U 2.
Agamemnon

It erced Calchas wosul hart, who did abhozre the lame,
His Dicale he revou,and eke the bace reficting flame
O wicked and bungracious stoke that winnest it with yil,
Triumphing in thy silry feats encrazyng leadnes still.
By bloud we win the waueryng windes, by death wee purchase warre
Nu. But by this meanes a thouland ships at once released are:
Cly. With lucky fate attempt the seas did not the lofted rout?
For Aulis Ile, th'ungracious steele from port did tumble out:
As with a lewde unlucky hand the warre he did begunne,
So Fortune fauroed his successe to thyue no moze therin.
Her love as captive holdeth him whom captiue he did take
Not moved with the earnest lute that could Achilles make,
Of Phoebus pylat Scnymicall he did retayne the cpyole:
When for the tared virgins love his furious heast doth boyle:
Achilles tough and thundryng threatts could not him quality.
No he that doth direct the fate: above the starry skye.
To vs he is an August lute,and keepes his promisely due,
But while he threatens his captiue trull of woys he is not true.
The savage people fierce in warre once might not move his lyght,
Who did purloyn the kindled rentes with lyer blasing byght:
When slaughter great on Grecnes was made in most extramest lyght
Without a foe he conquered,with leanes pines awaye,
In lewde and wanton chamber trickes he spends the idle day,
And freely still he fedes his lust,least that some other while
His chamber chaff should want a stews,that might the came desile.
On Lady Brifes love ag aine his Fancy fonde doth stand,
Whom he hath got,that wesled was out of Achilles hand.
And carnal copulation to haue he doth not shame,
Though from her husbands boleme he hath snache the wicked dame,
Tuthe,he that doth at Paris grudge,with wound but newly stroke
Estand with Phrygian Prophets loue, his boiling heest doth smoke.
Now after Troyan boties hauae,and Troy oerwhelm'd he law,
Retourned he is a pyssoners spouse, and Pryams sonne in law,
Now heart be bold, take cowage good, of homack now be bowt,
A field that easely is not sought,to pitch thou goest about.
In pracke mileflee thou must put, why hopst thou for a day,
While Priams daughter come from Troy in Grec do beare the swaye?
But as for the poore sey wythe,a wayereth at thy place
Thy wyddow, virgyns, and Orest his fotherlyke in face,
Consyder theyz calamities,to come, and eake their cares,
The eyght tragedie. 145

Whom all the perill of the byple both threat in thy affaynes,
O cruel captive, woful wyght why dolt thou losyer to?
Thy little hear a stepdame haue whose wrath will worke their woe.
With gathering sword (and if thou can name other way provide)
No thief it through anotheres ribsbes then launch thy gory lyde,
So murther twayne with brouned bloud, yet bloud unmurther be,
And by destroyng of thy selfe destroy thy spouse with thee.
Death is not lawll with topes of Szyrow if some man els I haue,
Whole breathlessse passe I wish to paire with me to deadly grave.
Nu Queene, byple$rhe$ affections, and wyse$ly$ rule thy rage.
Thy dwellling moode now mitigate,thy choller cake allwaige.
Way well the wapghty enterpise that thou dolt take in hand,
Triumphat victer he returnes of mighty Assa land
Auenging Europes injury with him he bringes away.
The spople of faked Pargamy a huge and mighty pay.
In bondage cakc he leads the solake of long assaulted Troy,
Yet darest thou by pollicie attempt him to annoy?
Whom with the dynt of glittering sword Achilles durt not harme,
Although his rath and desperat dices the foroward Knight did auce:
No Ajax yet more hardy man up yelding vital breath,
Whom fantike fury fell enzym to wound himselfe to death:
No Hector he whose onely life psecude the Greces delay,
And long in warre for victors enforced them to stay:
No Paris that, whole conning hand with shot to ltere did ayne:
No mighty Memnon shart and blacke, had power to hurt the lame:
No Xanthus flod, where to and fro deade earkastes did swimmie,
With armoor hewed and therewithall some maymed broken limme:
No Symois, that purple wadomes with slaughter dide both steare.
No Cygnus lilly wythe, the Sonne of Epen God to deare:
No yet the muleving Thrafan host: no warlike Rhesus kinge:
No Amazons, who to the warres did paynted Dutiers bring,
And bare they hatches in their handes with Target and with Shield,
Yet had no powde with ghyftly wound to foyle him in the field.
Syth he such scouringes hath eschapt and plundge of perilles past
Entendest thou to murther him returning home at last?
And sacred alters to popylne with slaughters to vnpure?
Shal Grece thauenger let this wyngge long unresingende endure
The gryn and scarre coagious hoyle, the battaples, shoutes, & cryes,
The swelling feas which bruised barkes by dread when storms arype,

Behold

\text{U 3.}
Agamemnon

Beholde the fieldes with streams of blood overflowne and deeply wound,
And at the chenalry of Troy in terrile bondage bounde,
Which Greekes have writ in registere. Thy subborne stomache bynd,
Subdue thy fond affections, and pacify thy mynde.

THE SECOND
ACTE

THE SECOND
SCENE.

Ægythus, Clytemnestra.

He cursed tyme that evermore
my mynd did most detest,
The dayes that I abhoyred haue
and hated in my heart,
Are come, are come, that myne estate
wil byng to bitter wracke:
Alas my hart why dost thou sayle,
and tayning stopt backe?
What doost thou meane at first allaste
from armour thus to sley,

Trust this, the cruel Gods entend my doleful desenie,
To wrap thee in with perils round and catch thee in a hand?
Endeuer ynduge with all thy power their plagues for to withstand:
With stomache stoute rebellious to syyze and sward appeale
Cl. It is no plague, if such a death thy nature destines deale.
Ae.(O partners of my perils all begor of Leda thou)
Direct thy dounyges after myne, and into thee I bow,
This doxel sluggish ringleade, this stoute strong hatred fire,
Sal pay thee to much blood agayne as shed he hath in syyze
How haps it that his trembling chequees to be to pale and whight,

Lying
The eyght tragedie. 146

Lying agast as in a traunce with sayntinge face upright.
Cl.

His conscience wedlocke bowd doty picke & bringes him home again
Let vs returne the selfe same trade a new boz to retayne,
To which at first we should have stucke and ought not to stolke,
To cownaunt continent a new let vs our selves betake:
To take the trade of honestly at no tyne is to late:
He purged is from punishment whose hart the cryme dotb hate.
Aeg. Why whither wilt thou gad(st rash and unstuppled dame?)
What doth thou cearneftly believe,and firmly trust the same,
That Agamemmons spousall bed wil loyall be to thee?
That nought doth underprop thy mynd which might thy terour bee?
His proud successe push up to hight with lucky blant of wynde,
Might make to cranke,and let aloft his hasty swelling mynd:
Among his peares he skatly was ere Troyan turrets torne,
How thinke ye then his homacke route by nature geuen to teoyne,
In haughtines augmented is moxe in himselfe to top,
Though this triumphant victroy and conquest got of Troy?
Before his voyage Dictean King most mildly did he raigne,
But now a Tyrant truculent returnd he is agoyn.
God lucke and proude prosperity do make his hart to ryste.
With what great preparation prepared solemne wyle,
A rabblement of strumpers come that clong about him al?
But yet the Prophetell of Thbe(whom God of truth we call)
Appeares about the rest: she keepest the King,see dotb him guyde:
Wilt thou in wedlocke have a mate and not fo2 it prouyde?
So would not thee, the greatest greese this is unto a wyle,
Her husbandes minion in her houte to leade an open life.
A Queene's estate cannot abyde her peere with her to raigne,
Ind icorous wedlocke wol not her companion luyayne.
Cl.

Aegist in detpeat moode again why letst thou ince a flote?
Why kindlyest thou the sparkes of yxe in imbers covered hot
If that the victors owne free will release his captuines rare,
Why may not I his Lady spouse haue hope as wel to care?
One law dotb rule in royal thone,and pompous princelye Towres,
Among the bulgar towre, another in private simple towers.
What though my grudging fancy towre that at my husbandes hand,
Sharpe execution of the law I stibberly withstand?
Recouring this that haynously offended him I haue:
He gently wilt me pardon graunt who neede the same to craue?

\[4.\] Euen
Agamemnon

Aeg. Even so on this condition thou mayst with him compound,
To pardon him if he agayne to pardon the be bounde,
The subtil science of the law, the statutes of our land,
(That long agoe decreed were) thou dost not understand.
The Judges be malicious men, they spyght and envye vs,
But he that have them partial his caules to discus.
This is the chiefest priviledge that doth to Kings belonget.
What lawes forbidden other men,they doe, and doe no wronge.
Cly. He pardned Helen, she is wed to Menela agayne

Which Europe all with Asia did plunge alike in payne.
Aeg. No Ladies Lust hath rauish yet Atrides in his life,
No prouiyly purloubond his hart betrothed to his wyfe.
To picke a quarrel he beginses and matter thee to blame,
Suppose thou nothing hast commit that worthy is of shame?
What bate then whom Princes hate an honest life to frame?
He never doth complyayne his wrong, but ever beares the blame.
Wilt thou repayre to Sparte and to thy countray trudge anyght?
Wilt thou become a ronnagate from such a worthy wight?
Deuorsement made from Kings wil not to let the matter scape,
Thou easteft feare by sicle hope, that falsy thou dost shape:
Cly. By trespass is disclosed is none, but to a trastly wight:

Aeg. At princes gates fidelity yet never enter might.
Cly. I wil corrupt and seede him to with siler and with gold,
That I by bribing bynd him shall no secrets to unfoild:
Aeg. The trust that hyed is and bought by bypbes and moncis fee,
Thy counsell to bewray agayne with bypbes entrap will be
Cly. The remnaunt left of Smaecallnes of those ungracious trickes,
Wherin of late I did deligght, my conscience trechyly pickes.
Why kep't thou such a purse secure and with thy hating speach,
Endocking me with lewd advysel doth wicked counsell preych
Shall I fosrost of royal blood with al the speeze I can
Refuse the King of Kings, and wed an outcast vanitie man?
Aeg. Why should you thinke in that Thiste was father unto mee,
And Agamemmon Atreus sonne he should my better be?
Cly. If that be but a tryple small, and nephew to the same.
Aeg. I am of Phoebus linage bozne, whereof I do not blame.

Cly. Why makest thou Phoebus author of thy wicked pedagrew,
Whom out of heauen ye beast to se when bydle backe he dywe,
When Lady Right with mantel blacke did spread her coron made,
Why
The eyght tragedie.

Why makest thou the Gods in such reproachfulnes to wade?
Whole father hath thee conning made by sleight and subtil guyle
To make thy kinman Cockold whyle his wyfe thou do defyle.
What man is he whom we do know to be thy fathers mate,
Abusing lust of Lechery in such unlawful rate?
Avaunt, go packe thee hence in haft dispatch out of my sight
This incaut, whole blemish staynes this hound of worthy wyght.
Aeg. This is no new exile to me that wickednes do haunt,
But if that thou (O worthy Queene) comamand me to avaunt,
I wil not only straght awayde the house the towne and fielde
My life on sword at thy request I ready am to yeeld.
Cli. This heynous deed permit shall I (most chirlicly cruelle dyab)
Agaynst my wil though I offend, the fault I should not blabbe:
Pay rather come apart with mee, and let vs ioyse our wittes:
To wrap our selues out of this woe and parlous threatning fits.

Chorus.

Ow chaunt it lufty laddes,
   Apollos prayfe subborne,
   To thee the frolicke flocke
their crowned heads adorne.
   To thee King Inachs flocke
of wedlocke chamber voyde,
    Brayd out their virgins lockes
    and theron haue employd
Theyr sauory garlandes greene Itwift of laurell bow.
Draw neare with vs O Thebes our dauncing follow thou.
Come also ye that drinck of Ilmen bubling flood,
VVheras the Laurell tree ful thicke on bankes doth bood.
Eake ye whom Mando mild, the Propheteffe diuine,
(Forseyng fate)and borne of high Tirefias lygne,
Hath stird to celebrate with sacred vse and right.
Apollo and Dian borne of Latona bright.

OVio-
Agamemnon.

O Victor Phæbe vnbind thy noked bow agayne.
Syth quietnes and peace anew we do retayne.
And let thy twanckling harpe make melody so shril,
Whyle that thy nimble hand sryke quauers with thy quill.
No curious descant I nor lufty musick craue,
No iolly rumbling note, nor trouling tune to haue.
But on thy treble Lute (according to thy vfe)
Sryke vp a playnfong note as when thy learned mufe
Thy lesions do record, though yet on bafer string
It lyketh thee to play the song that thon did singe:
As when from fyery heauen the dint of lightning flue,
Sent downe by wrath of Gods the Titans ouerthrew
Or else when mountaynes were on mountaynes heaped hie
That rayfe for Giauntes fell theyr steppes into the skye,
The mountayne Osfa stoode on top of Pelion layd,
Olymp(wheron the Pynes theyr budding braunches braide)
Downe paifed both: drewe nere O Iuno noble dame,
Both fpoufe of mighty Ioue and sister to the fame.
Thou that doft rule with him made ioynter of his mace,
Thy people we of Greece geue honor to thy grace:
Thou onely doft protect from perilles Argos land,
That euer careful was to haue thyne honour stand,
Moft suppliant thereunto thou alfo with thy might
Doft order ioyful peace and battails fearce of fyght
Accept O conquering Queene these braunches of the bayes
That Agamemnon here doth yeld vnto thy prayse:
The hollow boxen pype (that doth with holes abound)
In synging vnto the doth geue a solemne found:
To thee the Damfels eake that play vpon the stringes,
With conning harmony melodious musicke singes.
The matrons eke of Greece by ryper years more graue,
To thee the Taper pay that vowed oft they haue,
The Heyferd young and whyte companion of the Bull.
Vnskilful yet by proofe the paynful plow to pull.

Whose
The eyght tragedie.

VWhose neck was neuer worn nor gald with print of yoke,
Is in thy temple flaine receiuing deadly fstroke.
O Lady Pallas thou of moft renoumed hap
Bred of the brayne of Ioue that smites with thunder clap.
Thou lofty Troian towres of craggy knotty flint
Haft bet with battering blade, and fstroke with iaueling dint:
The elder matrones with the dames that yonger be
Together in myngled heapes do honour due to thee,
VWhen thou approching nighe thy comming is espyde,
The prieft vnbarres the gate, and opes the Temple wide:
By cluftring thronges the flocks thine altars haunt apace,
Bedeckte with twifted crownes so trim with comely grace.
The olde and aucent men well stept and grown in yeares,
VWhose feeble trembling age procureth hory hayres
Obtayning their request crau'de of thy grace deuine,
Do offer vp to thee their sacrifyfed wyne,
O bright Dian whose blafe sheds light three fondry waies
VVe myndful are of thee, and render thankesfull prayse,
Delon thy natuie soyle thou diddest fyrmely bynde,
That to and fro was wont to wander with the wynde:
VWhich with foudation fure mayn ground forbyds to passe
For Nauies(after which to swim it wonted was)
It is become a road defying force of wynd,
The mothers funeralles of Tantalus his kinde.
The daughters feuen by death thou vicrreffe doft accompt
VWhose mother Niobe abydes on Sipil mount
A lamentable rocke and yet vnto this howre
Her teares new gushing, out the marble old doth powre.
The Godhead of the Twins in sumpteous solemne wyfe,
Both man and wyfe adore with fauory sacrifyce.
But thee aboue the reft O father great and guide,
VWhose mighty force is by the burning lightning tryde:
Who when thou gauedt a becke and didst thy head but shake,
At once the xtremest poales of heauen and earth did quake,
O Iu-
Agamemnon.

O Jupiter the roote that of our lynage arte,
Accept these offered gifts and take them in good parte:
And thou O gransufire great to thy posteritie.
Haue some remorse, that do not swarue in chyualrie.
But yonder lo with stiuing steps the soouldier comes amayne
In all poft haft, with token that good newes declareth plaine
A Lawrell braunsch, that hangeth on his speare head he doth
Eurybates is come, who hath ben trufty to the kynge.  

THE THIRD

ACTE.

Euribates.  Clytemnestra

Dre tyred after many peaces
with tranagle and wyth tople
Scant crediting my selfe, the Gods
of thys my natyue tople,
The temple, and the alters of
the caunters that rule the skye,
In humble lort wyth reverence
deuoutly worship I.
Now pay your bowes unto the Gods:
returned is agayne
Unto his countrey court, where wont he was to rule, and reigne,
Pynce Agamemnon, vicester he, of Grece the great renowne.
Cly. The tydings of a message good unto mine eares is blowne.
Where stapes my spoule who longing for ten yeres I haue out leand?
What doth he yet tieple on the teas, or he is come a land?
Yet hath he eyrt and let his foot back stepping home agayne.
Uppon the landy shore, that longe he willed to attayne?
And doth he notl enjoy his health enbaunte in gloy great,
And painted out in pompe of prayses whose fame the sky doth beare?

Blesse
The eyght tragedie.

Eu. Bless us with burning sacrefice at length this lucky day
Cl. And eke the Gods though gracious,yet dealing long delay:
Declare to the my brotheys wyse enjoy the bytrall ayre
And tel me if that my odors wyse enjoy the byrrall aye
Glorious gracie yse beter newes then this that thou dost craye
The heawe ymple of fyghting floures forbiddes the truth to hare,
Our scattered ymple the swilling seas attemptes in such a plight,
That ship from ship was taken cleane out of each others light.
Atries in the waters wyde couymyld and straying bare
Hope ymple by ymple suftaynd then by the bloody warre
And as it were a conuqued man escaping home al ymce
Now byng euth in his company of such a myghty ymple,
A sort of hulled broken yarkes, beshaken, toye, and rent.
Cl. Shew what unlucky chaunce it is that hath our nauy spent.
What foume of ymple disperced hath our Captaynes heart and there
Eury. Thou wildest me to make report of heawy wolful grace.
Thou biddest me most greuious newes with tydings good to part:
For brewe of this woeful ymple my feeble mynd doth flone,
And horribly appalled is with this to monstrious ill.
Cl. Speake out and utter it: hymselfe with terrorre he doth fill,
Whole hart his owne calamity and earke doth loath to know:
The hart whom doubted dammage bulles with greater griece doth glow
Eu. When Troyan buildings blasing right did burne away and byppole,
Enkindled first by Grecish hand, they fall to part the byppole:
Repaying falle unto the seas agayne we come abroad,
And now the soldiers weary lynes were cased of his sword,
Their bucklers cast a肩负, bypon the hatches lie aboue.
Their warlike handes in practis cut, and Oers learne to moue:
Eny little bintaunce seemes to muche to them in hasty plight,
When of recouer the Admirall gaue watchwoord by his light,
And trumpet blast beganne to cal our army from delay,
The pained Pup with gilded snowe did first guiide on the way:
And cut the course, which following on a thousand shippes did ryse,
Then first a wynde with pipling puishes our launcing shippes did drye,
Which glyded downe upon our layles the water byng calm,
With breath of westeerne wynde to myld stent moved any valume.
The thyning seas helped about with shippes doth glister bright,
And also couered with the same lay hid from Phoebus lyght:
If doth vs good to gale bypon the naked shone of Trop:
The deart Phrygian plots to bary to bery wey hop for ioye:

The
Agamemnon.

The youth each one bestirres themselves, and striking altogether,
They rough their ears with their toyle they helpe the wynd & weather
They tug and cheerly row by course, the spitting seas up bath,
Agaynst the ratling ribs of ships the flapping floods do flath
The how froth of wrestling waves which oyes aloft doth rapte,
Do draw and trace a sorrow through the marblefaced seas.
When stronger blast with belly bowne our hoysted cayles did stil,
They row no more, but let the Pup to goe with wynd at wil,
Their haring ears layd aslyde our Piler both espye,
How farre from any land aloose our cayles recoiling srye.
Of bloody barrels doth display the threats of Hecotis houte,
Of his ratling waggings res, wherein he rode about.
How his gashed carkas snayre and cayned about the field
To funeral flames and obit rightes for cope agayne was yeid.
How Jupiter embathed was al in his royall bloud.
The staleike ship disposed was to mirth in Tyren floud,
And seching strickes both in and out playes on the warers hym,
And on his hode and snyne backe about the seas doth swim,
With gambals quicke in ringses around and side to side enclyned,
Erwhyle he sportes afront the pup, and whips agayne beyond,
How sidling on the snout before the dallyng wanton route
With sondaryd slye ryckes both skip the steele about.
Sometime he standeth galing on and eyes the vessels bright,
How every hose is covered cleane, and land is out of sight,
The parlous poynct of Ida rocke in light both open lye,
And that alone espie we could with eyrnyd fired eye,
A dutke clowde of stinking smoake from Troy did sinolter blacke,
When Titan from the weary neckes the heavy yokes did stacke.
The fading light did groueling bend,and downe the day did shrowd,
Agaynst the Starres amounting up a little misty clowde
Came bechinge out in yeclome lompe, and Thæbus galland beams
He spowed upon, beslayning them duct downe in Westerne stremes.
The Sunne set dwaruing in such sort with divers chaunge of face,
Did guee vs cause to hate mistrust of Neptunes doubted grace,
The evening first did burnish bright, and paynt with Starres the sky.

The
The eyght tragedie. 150

The wyndes were layed, and cleane so looke our layles that quiet lie. When crackinge, ratling, rumbling noyle, right down w' thundring sway From top of hills, which greater accrue both threaten and bewraye. With bellowinges, and yellinges lowde, the hoyses do grunt & groane, The craggie eyues and roaring rocks do howle in hollow stone. The bubling waters swelles spread on before the walkeing wynd. When todayly the lowzing light of stone is hid and blynd. The gleaming starres do goe to glade, the surging seas are tost Even to the skies among the cloudses the light of heauen is lost. Hoze nightes in one compacted are with shadow dim and blacke, One shadow upon another doth more darkness heape and packe, And every sparke of light confum'd the waues and skies do meete, The ruffling windes range on the seas, through every coast they flitt. They heauie it vp with violence, ozenturde from bottom low, The westerne wynd flat in the face of Easterne wynd doth blow. With hurley hurley bozeas set ope his blakking mouth, And giddeth out his boysteous birth agaynst the soomy south, Each wynd with al his might doth blow, and warketh daungers deepe, They shake the floods, a sturdy blast along the seas do sweepe. That rolles and tumbles waue on waue, a northern tempest stronge, Abundance great of slacky snow doth hurle our shippes amonse. The southwynd out of Libia, doth rage upon a hoold, And with the puissant force thereof the quicklandes vp be cold, So; bydeth in the south which doth with tempest lumpe and lower, And force the flooring floods to rose by powzing out a shower. The turbberne Eurus, Earthquakes made, and thok the counternes East, And Eos cost where Phoebus first aryleth from his ret. How violent Corus strech't and tare his pawning breaste ful wyde? A man would hauie haue thought the world did from his center styde, And that the frames of Heauen broke vp the Gods adowne would fall. And Chaos darke confudled heape would shade and cover all. The streme straue with the wynd, the wynd byd beate it downe againe. The springing sea within his bankes can not it selfe contayne, The raging shouze his trilling droppes doth mingle with the seas, And yet in all this misery the fynde not so much ease.

To see
Agamemnon.

To see and know what ill it is, that worketh they: decay.
The darknes dim oppresseth still and keepes the light away:
The blackeast night with Hellice hie was clad of Stygian lake
And yet ful oft with glimmering beamses the sparkling lyke out brake,
The clowde doth cracke, and byng rent the lightning leapeth out,
The wretches like the same so well it thynge them about,
That til they with such light to have (although God war but vll)
The nauy bewayng downe it selfe doth cast away, and spill.
One side with other side is crackt, and helme is rent with helme,
The ship it selfe the gulping leas do headlong overwhelme.
Erwhyile a greedy gaping gulph doth luf it vp amayne,
Then by and by tole vp aloft it spewes it out againe,
She with her swagging full of sea to bottome lowe doth sinkke
And drencheth deepe alde in floods her torting broken lynke,
That underneath a dolet waues lay drowned out of light,
Her broken plankses swing vp and downe, spoyle is her tackle quight,
Both lapyle and Ders cleane are lost, the mayne mait eke is gone.
That woulde was to have upright the lapyle yard therein upon,
The timber and the broken boyes lye on the waters Byrin,
When cold and miering leare in vs doth strike through every lin,
The wyflet withs entockceth dare nothing enterpryse,
And cunning practise naught annoyles when peacefull bynyles arype,
The marners lerting dutyp lift stand staring all agast,
Their leoping oxes todaynly out of their handes are wast.
To prayre then apace we call, when other hope is none,
The Greeks and Troyans to the Gods alpke do make their mone.
Alacke what succour of the fates may wee pooose wretches fynde?
Agaynke his fader Pyrrhus beares a lyfter full tankred mynd,
At Ayax grudge Vlifes both, king Menela doth hate
Great Hector: Agamemnon is with Priam at debate.
O happy man is he that doth lye layne in Trovan ground,
And hath deservide by handie striake to take his fatall wond:
Whom came pereuereth, taking vp his rombe in conquerd land
Those mones whose melting bowrdes hart durst never take in hand
O? enterpryse no noble acte, those force of floods shall drome
But faire forbearyng long, wil take route Brutes of high renowne,
Ful wel we may abhaine be, in such a loyt to dye,
If any man his lyfter ful mynd yet can not farlye,
With these outrageous plunging plagues that dowie fro Gods are set,
Appease at length thy wytyrful God agayne and eake relent.

Even
The eyght tragedie.

Euen Troy for pity would have wept, to see our woesfull case,
But if that in thy boyling heaft black ranceour still have place,
And that the Greekes to ruin run, it bee thy purpose bent,
Why doe these Troyans goe to warke? so? whom thus are wee spent?
Alwaie the vpuard of the sea that threatning hilles vp reares:
This drenched Fleece the Troyan folke and Greekes together beares.
Then from theyr prayers are they put, they fountring tongues doe stay,
The roying seas both drowne their voyce and carpes their cries away.
Then mighty Pallas armed with the lepping lightning fyre,
That ready lone doth vse to hurle prouoke to swelling ye,
With threatning Jaeling in her hand, her provostse meanes to try,
And eke her force whose boyling heaft with Gorgon fits doth cry,
O! what with Target she can doe, and with her Fathers fyre.
Then from the Skyes another force begins abroad to spyre,
But Aiax nothing yet dimuade all force withstandeth stout,
Whom when she spyed his sweling raples with Cable streched out,
She lighting downe did wyng him hard, and wrappe him in her flame,
And slung another flashing dint of lightning on the lame,
With all her force and violence her hand brought back agayne,
She toke him out, as late that feare her father toght her playne.
Both ouer Aiax and his Pup she spyth ouerthwart,
And renting man and hypp, of both she beares away a part,
His cainge nought abated yet she all to stande both seeme,
Euen like a subverne ragged Rocke amid the strining creame,
She traynes alonge the roaring seas and eke the wailing waue
By shouing on his houly heaft in sunder quite he daue,
The Barke with hand he caught, and on it vellie did type it ouer,
Yet Aiax sypeth in the flood which darkness blinde both couer.
At length attayning to a rocke his thundring crakes were there,
I conqueste have the force of fyre and rage of lighting seas,
It doth mee good, to maister thus the anger of the skye,
With Pallas wrath, the lightning flames and floods tumultyng hye.
The recour of the warlyck god once could not make me hye,
The force of Mars and Hector both at once subdue and have I.
But Phoebus darres could me contrayne, from him one foote to shoon,
All these beside the Phrygians subdued we haue, and soon.
When other Seecocks stinges his darres shall I not them withstand?
Yea, what if Phoebus came himelse, to pytch them with his hand?
When in hy's melancholy moode he boasted without meane.
Then father Neptune left his heat aboue the waters cleane.

E. The
Agamemnon

The beaten rocke with foaked mace he undermyning pluckte
From bottom loose, and sinke it downe, when downe himself he duckt.
There Ajax lay, by land, by se, and course of seas destroid
But we by suffering ypwyack, are with greater plagues annoyd.
A subtile mallow flond there is flowne on a stone hold,
Where crafty Caplar out of lyght the lurking rocks both hold,
Uppon whose harpe and ragged tops the dwelling tide both flow,
The boylng waues do beat thereon still sweaing to and fro.
A turret nodding over it doth hange with falling sway,
From whence on either side from height prospective espw wee may
Two seas: and on this hand the coast where Pelops once did raygne,
And Ithmus flound in narrow creake, reculing back agayne,
Both stop Ionian sea, lead into Hellefponit it run,
On th'other part is Lemnon flound that same by bloodyed soon.
On th'other side Calcedon towne both stand agaynst this force,
And Aulis Ie that stayde our ships that thrythre did revoyle.
This Catell heere inhabyte both our Palimedes her,
Whose cursed hand helde in the top a brand of flaming her.
That did accure our fleete, to turne on lurking rockes a ryght,
Entying them with wily blaze to come into the lyght.
All into stiers shaken are the vessels on the holde,
But other some doe swym, and some upon the rockes are roulde.
And other slipping backe agayne so to echew the Rocks,
His busked Kybs, and rattling sides agaynst eche other knocks,
Whereby the other bee doth breake, and broken is himselfe,
Then woulde they lance into the deep, so now they dred the helsfe,
This peck of troubles chaunte to hap in dawning of the day,
But when the Gods (belought of vs) began the rage to stay,
And Phæbus golden beames began a freche to render lyght,
The dolefull day diffired all the damage done by nyght.

CLX. O whether may I now lament, and weep with wayling lad?
O hall I els in that my Spouse returned is bee glad?
I doe rejoyce, and yet I am compelled to bewayle
By countreyes great calamity that both the same assayle.
O Father great whole maiely doth thundring Scepters shake,
The lowing Gods into the Grecies now favourable make,
With garlandes greene let every head reyping now he crownde,
To thee the pype in sacrifice melodiously doth Sounde,
And on thyne aulter lythayne an Heykerd lilly whight,
Before the same doe present stand with hanging lockes undight.
A carefull
The eyght tragedie. 152

A carefull Troyan company in heavy wosfull plight,
On whom soe high the Lawz tell thee with spredding launcch dorch Phyne,
Whole vertue hath inspyed them with Phoebus grace divine,

CHORVS. CASSANDRA.

Las the cruell king of loue
how sweeuely doth it talle,
A misery to mortal man
anmer whyle lyke doth last?
The path of mischeife too to aby,
now sithe there is a gap,
And wretched soules be tranckly calde
from every wosfull hap,
By deatlj, a plegaunt pest, too aye in tell them seluues to houde,
Where dreadfull rumlutes never dwell nor thames of Fortune proud,
No yet the burning frye flakes of loue the same doth doubt,
When wyongfull with thwacking thumpes he raps his thunder out:
Here Lady Peace th'habitours dorth neuer put in sight,
No yet the victors threatening wrath approching nygh to sight,
No whyzing western wynde doth bye the ramping leas to praunce,
No dusty cloude that rapsd is by savage Dimulaunce,
On horseback riding rantcke,by rantcke no scarce and cruel hoff,
No people slaughtred, with their townes cleane topsie turvey rost:
Whole that the fee with flameing lyke doth spople and waule the wall,
Untamed and unbydeld Mars destropes and batters all:
That man alone who forseeth not the sickle fates a strawe,
The bylage grim of Acheront whole eyes yet neuer lawe,
Who never vewd with heavy cleare the vyctome Limbo lake,
And putting lyce in halarde,dare to death him selcke berake.
That persion is a Pynces peare, and lyke the Gods in myght,
Who knowerth not what death doth meane is in a pitious plight
The ruthfull ruin of our natpue country wee behelde:
That wosfull myght, in which the roofs of housles ouerqueld,
In Dardans City blasing byght with aflashing fiery flames.
When as the Greekes with burning brandes enkindle did the frames,
That Troy whom war & dreedes of armes might not subdue and take.
As once did mighty Hercules, whole Dypuet rauled it quake,

Which
Agamemnon

Which neither he that Peleus scone, and scone to Thetis was,
Poe whom Achilles loued to wel, could euer hynge to passe,
When syttering bright in field he ware false armour on his back,
And counterfaying scarce Achill the Troyans draue to vack.
Po when Achilles he hyrn selue his minde from sorrow waft,
And Troyan women to the walles did sundryng leape in halfe.
In misterie he lost her proud estate, and laft renoune,
By being shouly overcon, and hardly pulld downe.
Yeares lyue t lyue did Troy reesite, that yet hereafter must,
In one nyghts space by desenie he layed in the bul.
Theyt tained gites well hawe we tried that huge and fatall gin,
We lyght of credit, with our owne ryght hand hauie haled in,
That fatall gyft of Grecian: what tyne at entry of the gap
The huyge hols did hyueryng stand, where in them selues did wap
The captaynes clole in hollow vautes with bloody war pfreight.
When lawfully we might haue rype, and sechered their deceit:
So by theyt owne contryped snares the greekes had bin confound:
The halen bucklers being hooke did gyue a clattring sound.
A privy whyspering often tyynes came yckling in our ear,
And Pyrrhus (in a murreynes name so ready fox to heare.
The crafty counsell picked out of falie Vlieseshayne)
Did tangle in the hollow Vautes, that range thereof agayne.
But fearing and supecting nought the headdy youth of Troy.
Layde handes upon the laced ropes, to hale and pull with joy.
On this lyde younge Aftyananx came garded with his trayne,
On th'other part Pollixena disponed to bee hayne.
Upon Achilles tumbe, the coms with mapes, and hee with men,
A holy flocke with equall yeares as younge as they were then.
Theyt badow obligations to the gods in holy day attyre,
The matrons byng and to to church repayreth every lyte.
And all the citty did alyke, pe Hecuba our queene.
(That wynce the wosful Hectors death o now was neutron sene)
She mery is: O giafe accruel, of all thy souwes bepe
For with that flftc t last beell entendest thou to wope?
Our bitters walles which heavenly hands erected haue and rame?
O els the burning temples which upon their Idols stamde?
Lamenting these calamities we haue not time and space,
O mighty parent Pryam we poze Troyans wayle thy caule.
The olde mans tharling thendance I lawe, (alas) I law yspode
With cruell Pyrrhus blade, that leante with any bloud was gode:
CAS. Re-
The eyght tragedie.

CAS. Refraine your teares y' down your cheeckes should tricke euermore With woefull waylings piteously your pynne friendltes deploye By mysteries resel e' are, so much accurst as I: To rewe my carefull eafe, reftayne your lamentable cry. As for myne owne distreffe to moorde, I hall sufre alone.

CHO. To mingle teares with other teares it doth vs good to none: In those the burning teare streames more ardently doe boyle, Whom secret thoughts of luring cares in prypp beast tumablo: Though that thou were a Gallop kaur, that brooke much tortuous may I warrant thee, thou nyghtest well, lament this sore decay.

Not sad and solemnne Aecon that in the woodes both linge Her ligred Ditties finely tunde on sweere and pleaunse stringe: Recording Itsys woefull hap in divers kynde of note, Whom Progne though he were her chylde and of her wounde begot, For to reuen his fathers fault, he did not spare to kil: And gane his flesh and bloude to soode the fathers faw to kill.

Doe Progne who in Swallowes shape: upon the rydges hye, Of houles urs in Bilton towne bewayling piteously, With chattering thyare, of Tereus her spouse the cruel act, (Who did by strength and force of armes a shamefull bytisfe the fact. Deile the lyster of his wyfe, saye Philomel by name, And she cut out her tange, least shee shoule blab it to his name)

Though Progne this her huchandes rape lamenting very sore Doe wayle, and wepee with piteous plaint, yet can shee not deploze Sufficiently, though that shee woule, our courtyes piteous plight: Though he binfelle among the Swans by Cygnus lilly whight.

Who dwelles in stremee of Ister flouod, and Tanais channell coulde, His weeping boye so most ernestly though uter out shee woule: Although the morninge Halcyons with doefull sighes doe wayle, At such time as the fighting fowdes their Cyex did allayle,

Doe rashly weping boyle attempt the Seas now layde at rest, Doe being very fearfull seede their broode in torring nek, Although as temepis hearted men thole pietees in bedlem rage, Whom mother Cyble being boye on high in lofty stagge, Both moore, to play on shaines, Arys the Phrygian to lament, Yet can not they this lor bewayle, though drown fro armes they rent.

Cassandra, in our teares there is no meausre to refrayne, Thole miseryes all meausre passe, that plunged vs in payne.
The seered sitters from the heads, why doth thou hate and pull? They chiefly ought to worship God, whose hearts with griece be dull.

E 3.
Agamemnon

CAS. My fear by this affliction is clean abated all,
No praying to the heavenly Gods for mercy will I call.
Although they were dispoled to chase and fret in sufficient times:
They nothing have me to displease, Fortune her force consumes.
Her spyre is wonne unto the stoppes, what countrey have I left?
Where is my Spyre? am I of all my sitters quite bereft.
The sacred tombs and alter stones our blood haue drunk and swolde,
Where are my brethren blessed knot? destroyed in the fylde.
All widows Wives of Priam's sonnes may easly now behold,
The Palace boode and cast of court of silly Priam olde,
And by so many marriages so many Wyddowes are,
But oyle Hellen comming from the coate of Lacon farre.
That Hecuba the mother of so many a pyneely wyght,
Whole fruitfull Wome did beede the hand,of Iyer blasing byght:
Who also bare the Swinge in Troy, by practise now doth learne,
New lawes and guile of desteny in bondage to discern.
On her shee rathre heart of grace with lookes so sterne and wylde,
And Barker as a bedlem bish about her strangled chylde
Beare Polidor, the remnaunt left, and onely hope of Troy,
Hector, and Priam to revenge, and to restore her ioy.

CHO. The sacred Phebus Prophet is with todayne silence hyght:
A quaking trembling shivering scare throughout her limbs hath tuft:
Her face as pale as Ashes is, her fillers stande byght,
The lost and gentle goldilockes starte vp of her allright.
Her panting breathing heate fluxt vp within doth grunt and groane,
Her glaring hyght and beaming Eyes are herther and thyther thowne.
Now glaucung vp and downe they roll: now standing stiffe they stare.
She stretcheth vp her head most streight then commonly the bare,
Bault vp she goes, her walkling lawes that walk together clinge,
She doth attempt by divers meanses, on tinder how to wringe.
Her mumbling words in gabling mouth shunt by the doth allwage,
As Menas mad that Bacchus aces doth lerne in furious rage.

CAS. How doth it hap (O sacred tope of high Parnassus hill)
That me berapt of lence, with pickes of fury fresh ye fill?
Why doe you me with ghost inspyre, that am besyde my wits?
O Phebus none of thynne I am, releaste me from the fits:
Inflamed in my burning breasts the flames extinguih out,
Who forseth me with fury fell to gad and trot about?
O for, whose late inspyre with spyre mad mumbling make must I?
Why play I now the Prophet colde, sith Troy in dust doth ly?

The day
The eyght tragedie.  154

The day doth shynke soe dread of warre, the night doth dim mine eyes.  
With mantell blacke of darknesse depe cleane couerd is the syces:  
But the two shining Sunnes at once in heauen appeareth byght,  
Two Grecian houles muster doe their armies twayne to fight.  
Amonge the mighty Goddesses in Ida woodes I see,  
The fateful shepheard in his throne as wumier plait to bee:  
I doe advise you to beware, beware (I say) of kynges,  
(A kindred in whose canered heartes olde pray grudges springes)  
That countrey clowne Aegithus he this focke hall ouerthowe,  
What doth this foolish delpret dame her naked weapons howe?  
Whols crowne entendereth thee to cracke in weede of Lacon lande,  
With Hatchet (by the Amazons inuentaed srifl) in hand?  
What face of mighty maestly bewitched hast myne eyes?  
The conquerour of fallage beatles Harmarick Lyon lyes,  
Whoso noble necke is warrant with currish lanshe and tooth  
The churlish knaps of eger Lyonelle abyde see dooth.  
Alacke yee ghostes of all my friendes why should yee say that I,  
Among the reft am onely lake, from perils lare to ly?  
Fayne father follow thee I would, Troy being lade in dust.  
O brother terror of the Greckes, O Troyans asde and trust.  
Our auncient pomy I doe not see, noz yet thy warmed handes,  
(That fearce on Grecish flaming steele did ring the spay brandes)  
But mangled members, schoched corps, and eake thy valiant armes,  
Hard piniond and bounded in hands litkynge greuous harmses:  
O Troyulus, a march vnit encountering with Achill  
(That myghty man of armes) to soone come vnto thee I will.  
I doe delight, to layle with them on stinking Stygian flood.  
To bew the churlisle malife cur of hell, it doth ince good.  
And gaping mounted Kingdome daire of greedy Ditis ragne.  
The Varge of filthy Phlegethon this day shall enterayne,  
See conquering, and conquered, and Pynsces soules with all.  
You stiffling hades I you beleche, and eake on thee I call,  
O Stygian poole (whereon the Gods theyz solemn othes doe take  
Unbolt a whyle the Bacen bars of darklome Lymbo lake.  
Whereby the Phrygian folke in hell may Micean state beholde.  
Looke vp yee silly wretched soules, the kares are backward roulde.  
The eqally stifles doe approch, and deale their bloody strokes,  
The brawlinge faggots in their handes haife byunte to ashes smokes.  
The volages to pale doe burne, with spay flaming eyes:  
A garment blacke theyz gnawed guts both yppde in mourning guise.  
F4.  Dycz dreed
Agamemnon

Dread dace of night begins to howl, the bones of body fall
With lying long doe rot corrup in miry puddle cast.
Beholde, the very aged man his burning thyrk forgot,
The waters dawing at his lippes to catch endeous not:
But morneth for the funeral, that shall entice anon.
The Troyan Prince his royall robes triumphant putteth on.
CHO. The furious rage cleare overpall begins it selfe to take,
And slippeth away, even as a Bull that deadly wounde doth take
On gashed neck against the aarcs: some let by ease at last
Her limbes, that of the lyppre of God hath felt the mighty blast.
Returning home agayne at length and cruise to with Lawyell bow
(A signe of worthy victorie) is Agamemnon now.
The Tylpe to meeke her Husband, both her speedy passage ply,
Returning hand in hand, and foote by foote most louingly.

THE FOURTH
ACTE.

AGAMEMNON. CASSANDRA.

At length I doe arryue agayne
 upon my native toyse:
God laue thee O deare Ioued Lande,
to thee to huge a spoyle
So many barbarous people yeelde:
the flowre of Asia, Troy:
To beare thy soake submitst her selfe,
that longe did liue in toy.

Why doth this Prophet (on the grounde her spawling body layde)
Thus reele and stagger on her necke, all trembling and distmayde?
Sirs, take her by, with Lycur warme let her bee cherished,
Now pepes the by agayne, with drouping eyes stonde in her head:
Plucke by thy lyppre, here is the poore withit fox in misery:
This day is fristfull. CAS. At Troy to was it want to bee.
AG. Let vs to Thalcerts worship gyue. C. At Thalcerts died my fire:
A. Pray wee to Ioue. C. To Ioue whose grace divine doth me inspire?

AG. Dost

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The cyght tragedy.

AG. Dost thou suppose that Troy thou seest? C. And Priam eke I see.
AG. Troy is not here. C. Where Helen is there take I Troy to see.
AG. Fear not as maide to serve thy dame. C. Nay frendome daweth ny.
AG. Take thou no thought how thou shalt live. C. All cares so to defy,
Death gies a courage into mee. AG. Yet lay I once agayne
There is no daunger left, whereby thou mightest hurt lustayne.
CA. But yet much troublous daunger doth hang over thy head I wot.
AG. What mistiefe may a victor breath? CA. Even y'hee dyeareth not.
AG. See trulky meny of my men come cary her away,
Till of the spyre thee ryd her selfe, leaes furi force her lay
That may be peindestall, her tongue the cannot frame.
To thee O Father singing forth the lightnings faltching flame,
That doth dispere the cloudes, and rule the course of every starre,
And gynde the Globe of Earth, to whom the booties won by warre
With triumphes victors dedicate: to thee O Iuno hight
The slyser deare of doughty Ioue, (thy husband full of might)
Both I and Greece with flesh and bloude, and eke our bowed beast.
And gorgious gypsets of Arabic, gie worchip to thy self.

Chorus.

Greece by noble Gentlemen
in honour shyning cleare,
O Greece to wathfull IVNO thou
that art the darling deare,
Some sally worthy lusty bloude
thou loofres evermore,
Thou hast made even the Gods, that were
a number oddre before.
That puissaunt mighty Hercules a noble Impe of thyne
Delivered by his trauels twelve, rapt vp in heaven to thyne.
For whom the heavens did alter course, and Jupiter with all
Did iterate the howses of nyght, when damfishe dewe doth fall.
And charged Phoebus chariot dwyghte to trot with flower pace,
And leasurely bright lady Moone thy homwarde Wayne to trace,
Bysht Lucifer that yeare by yeare his name a newe doth chaunge,
Came backe agayne, to whom the name of Hesper seamed strange.

Aurora to
Agamemnon

Aurora to her common course her reared head address'd,
And couching backward downward agayne the same shee did arise,
Upon the shoulder of her spouse, whose yearces with age are wonne
The eall did seele, so felt the welt, that Hercules was home.
Dame nature coulde not cleanse dilpatch, to utter in one night,
That boytous lad: the whylung wylde did waught for such a wight.
O babe whose shoulders underpop, the ample spacious sky,
In clasped armes thy provolue did the crushed Lyon try.
Who from his kyly yawning thioate ipewes out his byoplyng hande,
The nimble hynde in Menall mount hath knowne thy heauie hande,
The boe hath felt thy sult, which did Arcadia destroy.
The monstrous conquerde Bull hath roze that Creta did any.
The Dragon byze that breeding beast in Lerna poole he sowe,
And chopping of one head forbad thereof to yffe anewe.
With clubbed byung battring barte he crankly did lubbew.
(The behinden twins yt sewede on Teare) whereof three monsters grew.
Of tryppe forned Gerion the spoyle into the eall,
A dyue of Cattell Hercules did fetch out of the weale.
Away from ryzaunt Diomede the Thracian hoole he led,
Which nevyer with the grace that grew by Styrmon hose he fed,
Nor yet on Heber bankes, but them the villayne did refresh
His greedy mounching cramming iades with aunants bloud and flesh.
Their rawked Jawes imbyewde were with the carnmans bloud at last.
The spoyle and shaftes Hipolyte law from her boosome waft
As lone as he with clattery shaft the ducky cloude did smite,
The Stymphall byde that shadowed the sunne, did take her flight.
The fertill tree that apples heares of golde, did seare him soe,
Which neuer yet acquayntance had with Tarkers tooth before.
But whippping by with litley twiggses into the apple the apples,
And whyle the chinking plate doth sound then Agros full of eyes,
The watchman throphyng close fozure colde that sleepe yet neuer knewe,
Both heare the noyle whilee Hercules with mettall of yellow how
Well loden packs away, and left the grove beselched clean.
The hound of hell did holde his tongue dawne by in trypyte cheane,
No colde barke with any boughinge throate, noz colde abade the hewe,
O colour of the heavenly light, whose beames see neuer knewe.
When thou were captain General, and didst conduct our hoole,
(They that) of Dardans Lygne, to come they? Stocke doe fallly holke,
Were vanquished by force of armes and since they felt agayne
Thy Gray goose winge, whose bitterness to seare might the contrayne.

THE
The eyght tragedy. 156

THE FIFTE
ACTE.

CASSANDRA.

Ithin a reuell scene is kept,
as tore as euer was,
Euen at the ten yeares Siege of Troy:
What thing is this? (alas)
Get vp my soule, and of the rage
agumente worthy care:
Though Phrygians wee bee vanquished,
the victory we haue.
The matter well is brought aboute:
vp Troy thou vpset now,
Thou flat on floore hast pulde down Greece, to ly as low as thou.
Thy Conuerour doth turne his Face: my prophesying spight
Did never yet disclose to me, so notable a sight:
I see the same, and am thereat, and busied in the byple,
No vision fond fantastical my senses doth beguile:
Such face as Phrygians seaked with on last unhappy night
At Agamemmone's royall courte full daintily they light:
With purple hangings all above the blyzed Beds doe shine,
In olde Apharacks goblets glist they swincke and twill the wyne.
The King in gorgeous royall robes on chaye of State doth sit,
And panceht with pryde of Pryams pomp of whom he conquerd it.
Put of this hostile weed, to him, (the Queene, his Wyfe gan say,)And of thy loving Lady wought weare rather thys aray.
This garment knit: It makes mee loth, that shivering heere I stande.
D shall a King be murdered, by a banister wyzches hande?
Dut, shall Th'adulterer destroy the hubande of the Wyfe?
The dreadful destinies appoycht, the soode that last in lyfe
He tald of before his death, theyr maysters blyze shall see,
The gubs of bloude downe dropping on the wynde shall powred bee.
By trayvrons triche of trapping weed his death is brought about,
Which being put upon his heade his handes coulde not get out.

The stop
Agamemnon

The stopp'd poake with mouth let ope his muffled head doth hyde,
The mainkinde dame with trembling hand the sword drew from her side,
Noe to the brimolt of her might it in his flesh thee that,
But in the gauing of the stoke thee slayed all agast,
Hoe as it were a bristled saxe entangled in the net
Among the myrses in bushy woodses yet tryeth out to get.
With strugling much the whining bands more streightly he doth bind.
He stryues in wynne, and would slip of the snare that doth him blind.
Which catcheth holde on everie hyde. But yet the'rangled wretch
Doth grope about, his subtle foes with griping hand to catch.
But curious Tyndaris preparde the Pollare in her hande,
And as the priest to sacrifie at Th'alter side doth stande,
And bendes with eye the Bullockes necke, care that with Ares he smite,
So to and fro thee heavens her hand to styple and leauell right.
He hath the stoke: bi parcht it is: not quite chopp of the head.
It hangeth by a little crop: heere from the Carkalle dead.
The spouting bloude came gushing out: and there the head doth lyse,
With wallowing, bobling, mumblling tongue: no they do by and bye
Forsake him so: the breathless coarse Agist doth all to coyle:
And mangled hath the galled copes: whyle thus hee doth him spoyle,
She putteth to her helping hand: by detestable deedes
They both accorde unto the kynde, whereof they doe proceede.
Danie Helens lyster right shee is, and shee Thyestes lonne:
Loe doubtfull Titan standeth stil the day nowe being donne,
Not knowing whether best to kepe still on his wondred way,
Oz turne his wheeles unto the path of byze Thyestes day.

THE
The eyght tragedy. 157

THE FIFTE
ACTE.

THE SECONDE
SCENE.

ELECTRA.

Thou whom of our Fathers death
the onely helpe wee haue,
Fly, fly, from force of furious foes,
make halfe thy felse to saue:
Our house is topsey turvey tost,
our Stocke is cast away,
Our ruthfull realmes to ruin ronne, our kingdomes doe decay.
Who cometh here in Chariot swift thus galloping a mayne?
Brother, disguised in thy weede let mee thy person fayne.
O Buxard blynde, what dost thou meane from forayne folke to fly?
Whom dost thou shun? it doth behoue to saue this family.
Orestes now bee boulde, and set all shiurving saue a side,
The certayne succour of a truly friende I haue elspide.

THE
Agamemnon

THE FIFTE
ACTE.

THE THIRD
SCENE.

Strophilus. Electra.

If thy solemn Pompe I Strophilus
Forsoaking Phocis lande,
Bearing a banch of Paulme, that growes
At Elis, in my hand,
Returned backe I am, the cause
That will mee heather wend,
Is with these ystes to gratelye
And welcome home my friend,
Whole valiant arm in skalde, and shooke
The tattred Troyan walles,
Who wearied with the ten yeares warre, now flat on flooze thee calles.
What woefull wight is this that laynes her mourning face with tears,
And drowned deepe in druely dumpyes opprested is with tears?
I know full well this damself is of Pynces lynage bozne.
What cause Electra hath this joyfull family to moyn?
ELE. By treason that my mother wrought, my Father liethayne,
And drincking of their fathers cup the chyldezen doe complayne.
Ægist engrocer Cæsels got by fornication.
STR. A lack that of so longe a tymne, hilectry is none.
ELE. I thee request even fo the loue my father thou doest owe,
And for the honour of the crowne, whose hate abide doth growe
In every coast: and by the Gods that diversly doe deale,
Take into thy tuition, convey away, and steale,

This
The eyght tragedy.

This poype Orest: such kinde of theft is piety in deed.
STR. Although that Agamemnon's death both teach mee to take heed,
Yet will I undertake the same, and with all diligence
Orestes shall I goe about with strength to haue thee hence.
Prosperity requireth faith, but trouble exacts the same,
Hauie heere a pyece for those that doe contende and wage in game.
An Ornamment with comely grace ordaynde to deck the bow,
And let thy heade be couered with this greene and plenteous how.
And eare this victorious triumphant braunche in hand.
God graunte this Pauline that planted was in fertill Pisa land,
(Where solemne games were celebryate Ioues honour to expresse)
May both a camegarde bee to thee, and bying thee good successe.
Thou that bestryds thy fathers heedes, as he before hath done,
Goe stryke a league of amity with Pylades my sonne.
Now nimble Nagges let Greece hereof recoriding testify,
With headlong seouring course amayne this traytious country fly.
ELE. Hee is escape and gone, and with unmeasurable might
The Chariot hauze with rayne at will doe send out of my sight.
Now free from peril on my soes attendaunce will I make.
And offer willingly my head the deadly wounde to take.
The cruel conqueste of her spoule is come, whole spotted weede
With spinkles (signe of slaughter) doe heare recorde of her deede.
Her goary handes now bathde in bloude as yet they bee not dry,
Her rough and churlishe vigorous lookes the fact doe notify.
Unto the Temple will I trudge. Cassandra suffer mee,
Opprest with egall griefe, take parte of sacrifice with thee.

THE
Clytemnestra. Electra. Ægisthus, Cassandria.

Thou thy Mother's Enemy, vngracious saucy face, After what sorte doth thou a maybe appeare in publique place? ELE. I haue wryth my virginity the bowyes of Baides to looke.

CL. What man is hee, that euer thee to bee a bygin tooke? E. What your owne daughter? C. With thy mother more modest should EL. Doe you at length begin to preach, such godlines to me. (thou be. CL. A manly stomacke stout thou hast with swelling hawte hart. Subdued with sorrow learne thou shal to play a womans part. EL. A sword and buckler very well a woman doth belorne, (Except I dote.) CL. Thy selfe doth thou hapleselowe w'vs esteme? EL. What Agamemnon new is this, whom thou hast got of late? CL. Hereafter shal I tame, and teach thy gypsish tongue to pate. And make thee know, how to a Queene thy taunting to sozeare. EL. The whilst (thou Wyddow) an I were me directly to this geare. Thy husband is bereu'd knight of heart, his lyfe is donne. CL. Enquier where thy brother is, to seeke about my sone. EL. Hee is departed out of Greece. CL. Go fetch him out of hande. EL. Fetch thou my father unto mee. CL. Give me to understande, Where both he lurking hyde his head? where is he shynke away? EL. All plunge of perills past hee is, and at a quiet stay. And in another Kyngdome where no harnee bee doth mistrust, This aunsweere were sufficient, to please a Parent iuft. But one
The eyght tragedie.

But one whose breast doth Boyle in wrath, it cannot lattisefy.  
CL. To day by death thou shalt receyue thy fatall destiny.  
EL. On this condition am I pleaede, the Aulter to losse,  
If that this hand shal the deede, my death when I shall take.  
O! els if in my throate to bath thy blade, thou doe delight,  
Wotl willingly I yeelde my throate, and giue thee leave to smite.  
O! if thou wilt chop of my heade in hurtliche beastly guise,  
By necke a wayting for the wounde out stretched ready lies.  
Thou haft committted sinfully a great and grievous guilt.  
Goe purge thy hardned hands, the which thy husbande bloud haue spilt.  
CL. O thou that of my perills all dost suffer part with mee,  
And in my realme dost also rule with egall dignity,  
Ægithus, art thou glad at this? (as doth her not bejoue,)  
With checks and taunts y daughter doth her mothers mallice moue.  
Shee keeps her brotheres countell clothe conceyde out of the way,  
ÆGI. Thou malipert and wricelle wench, thyne eluise pating say,  
Refrauye those wordes vnfit thy Mothers glowing cares to her.  
EL. What shall the breeder of this Boyle controll me with his checks,  
Whose fathers guilt hath caufed him to have a doubtfull name,  
Who both is to his sister,sonne, and Neplew to the same?  
CL. To snap her head of with thy sword Ægith dost thou reffrayne?  
Let her gue by the ghost: or bying her brother straight agayne:  
Let her be lockt in dungeon darke, and let her spend her dayes,  
In Caues & Rocks, with painefull pungues, torment her every waye,  
I hope hym whom the hidden hart mee will agayne dislay,  
Through being clapt in pyson strong and suferring povertie  
With piklome and unfaoyt smells on every side annoyde,  
Enfoyl to weare a wyddowes weede, et wedding day enioyde:  
Put in exile and banishment when eche man doth her hate:  
So shall the bee by misery compelde to yeelde to late,  
Prohibited of hollosome aype frution to haue.  
EL. Grante me my dome by meanes of death to passe vnto my graue.  
CL. I would have graunted it to thee, if thou should it deny.  
Unskilfull is the wyjaunt, who by suffring wretches by  
Doth ende theuy paynes. EL. What after death doth any thing remayne?  
CL. And if thou doe deliue to dye, the same see you reffrayne.  
Lay hands firs on this wondrous wretch, whom being earped on,  
Euen to the furthest corner of my jurisdiction  
Forre out beyond Myconas land in bonds let her be bound,  
With darkisse dun in hideous holde let her be closed round.  

This cap:
This captive Spouse and wicked Ducane, the Trull of Pyrones bed
Shall pay her paynes, and suffer death by loosing of her head.
Come, hale her on, that she may followe, that way my Spouse is gon,
Whose love from me enticed was. CAS. Doe not thus hale mee on.
I will before you take the way, these tydings first to tell
Unto my coutrye men of Troy beneath in lowest hell.
How overquelled shippes eke where, are spread the leas uppon:
And Micene coutrye conquerde, is brought in subjection.
He that of thousand captaynes was grande captayne generall,
Come to as great calamity as Troy it selde did fall,
Entrapped was by treaçrous trayne, and whose some of his Wyke,
And by a gyft receawed of her, depriued of his Lyke.
Let vs not linger; on with mee, and thanks I doe you giue.
I say, that it might be my hap, thus after Troy to lume.
CL. Go to, prepare thy selde to dye thou franique raging wight.
CAS. The franke fits of fury fell on you shal also light.

**Evribates**

*Added to the Tragedy, by the Translatoer.*

Las yee hatefull hellish Hagges,
yee furious soule and fell,
Why caute yee ruyse rancours rage
in noble heartes to dwell?
And cancered hate in boyling breasts
to grow from age to age?
Could not the groundstares paynesfull pangues
the childrens wrath allwage?
Noz kamyne layt of pyning paunch, with burning thyrst of hell,
Amid the blackest streame of Sticks where pytning breathes do dwel.
Where vapors bile parthaking out from dampiste muddy mud,
Encrease the paynes of Tantalus descerude by guiltles bloud,
Could not thine owne offence lyfice Thyesles in thy Lyke,
To lye thy brothres spoufalle Bed, and to abuse his Wyke?
But after breath from body fled, and Lyke thy Lymmes hathy left,
Can not remembraunce of revenge out of thy breast be reft?

What, yet
The eyght tragedie. 160

What, yet hast thou not lappe thy lips, ta taste of Lethes floude?
How arte death why dost thou come to move thy sonne to bloude?
Couldst cruel Ditis graunt to thee thy palfpove backe agayne?
To worke this woe upon the world, and make such rigour crayne,
That Clytemnestra is become the fifty sister dye
Of Danaus daughters, that did once they? husbands death conspyre.
Loe here how tickle fortune gies but byrste fading toy.
Loe, hee who late a Conquerour triumphed over Troy,
Enduring many hurdy shoures with mighty toyle and payne
To lowe the ceede of fame, hath reaped smale fruite thereof agayne.
When as his honour budding forth with lowre began to bloume,
(Alas) the slocke was hewed downe and sent to deadly doome.
And they that of his victory and crowning home were glad,
To todayne mourning change their myrrh with heaunie belkad.
The lusty pompe of royall courte is deade: (D wolcull day)
The people mone theyz pyrones death with woe and wakle away:
With howling, crying, wizing hands, with tobs, wightyes, x teares,
And w their tobs they beare their breasts, they pull z male their heares.
And as the theepe amased run, and ranpe aboute the fielde,
When as theyz thepeer to the Wolfe his goary thopare dorth yeilde:
Even so as mad they rage and raine throughout Micenas land,
Depyned of theyz Pyonce, they fear the blody Tyrauntes hand.
While thys were weestull waylings hard in every place about,
The good Caffandra (come from Troy) to death is halde out.
Like as the Swan, who when the time of death approcheth nye,
By nature warned is theirse, and pleazed well to dye,
Doth celebate her funecall with dipte and solemne longe:
Even to the noble bygyn who in woe hath lived longe,
Wolt joyfull goes he to her death with milde and pleasaunt face,
Stout boulkling out her burly breat with pyncely poyte and grace.
Nothing dismayde with courage bolde, and chearfull countenaunce,
On stage ordained for her death she gan her selke advaunce:
As though she had not thyther come, to leae her lothesome byke,
As though she had not come, to take the stroke of fatall knyte.
But even as it in bydale bed her journey were to meete
Corebus deare, not hauing mynde of death, nor winding sheere,
When looking rounde on every side he tooke her leave of all,
From vapourde eyes of younge and old the trickling teares doe fall.
The Greces their selues to griece are monde to fee this heavy light,
So pity pearle the headmans heart, that thyrite aboute to nitie

V 2. He staide
Agamemnon

He stayde the fnot: with shivering hand yet once agayne he tryed.
And from her shoulders stroke her heade. And thus the byzgin dyed.
But now the Greekes another cause of mourning haue in hand:
Orestes, Agamemnons sonne, is sot⁠k to fly the land.
Amonge olde rotten ragged Rockes there lies an ugly place,
A Dungeon deepe, as darke as hell, unknowne to Phœbus face.
An holdow huge wyde gaping hole, with way still bending downe,
Whole mouth with venomous wryshed weedes is hid and ouergrowne,
Where stinking smels come belching out from filthy durtie dyke,
Where Turment dyle doe cerepe and cruale, in hell is not the lyke.
Illfauourde, soule misshapen bugges, doe lurke about this cave,
With dreadsfull sounds, and roaring noyle within the pit they raue.
Euen heather is Elecra sent, in darckenelle deepe to lyte,
In pouerty, and comforte without the lyght of lyke,
Falt clogde with Hon boults and Chaynes, thus by her mother layde
In tormentes, till by her to death Orestes be berrayde:
Who (as Cassandra tellet) shall revenge his fathers death,
Deppyne with sword th’adulterour, and Mother both of byeath.
So after all these bloody byzple, Greece neuer shal bee free:
But bloud for bloud, and death by turnes, the after age shall see.

FINIS.
THE NINTHE
Tragedy of Lucius An-
næus Seneca, called Octauia.
Translated out of Latine in:
to English by
T. N.

The Argument.

Octauia daughter to prince Claudius grace,
To Nero espous'd, whom Claudius did adopt
(Although Syllanus first in husbandes place
Shee had receiu'd, whom she for Nero chopt)
Her parentes both, her Make that should haue bene,
Her husbandes present Tiranny much more,
Her owne estate, her caze that she was in,
Her brothers death(pore wretch)lamenteth fore.

Him Seneca doth persuade his latter loue,
Dame Poppie, Crispynes wife that sometime was,
And eake Octauia's maide for to remoue.

For Senecks counfel he doth lightly passe
But Poppie ioynes to him in marriage rites,
The people wood into his pallace runne,
Hir golden fourmed shapes which them fore spytes,
They pul to ground:thiis vprore now begunne,
To quench,he some to grievly death doth fend,
But her close cased vp in dreadful barge,
With her vnto Campania coast to wend,
A band of armed men, he gaue in charge.
Octavia.

THE FIRST
SCENE.

The Speakers names.

Octavia,  Nuntius,
Nutrix,  Agrippina,
Chorus Romanorum,  Poppea,
Seneca,  Praefectus.

Octavia.

Ow that Aurore with glitteryng streames,
The glading starres from lyke both chace,
Spy Phoebus pert, with spouting beames,
From dewy neeft both mount apace:
And with his cheerefull lookes both yeeld,
Unto the world a gladforme day.

Go to, O wyrth, with ample fiele
de lyke cares opprest aye,
Thy grieuous woned playntes recount:
Do not alone with sighes and howles,
The Seaphth Alcyones lurmounte,
But also passe the Pandyon soules:
Woe yklyme is thy state then theirs.
O Mother deare whose death by sits,
I nyll lament but still shed teares.
My ground of grieue in thee it sits.
If that in shade of darklyme denne,
Perceuing fenze at al remayne,
Heare out at large, O mother then,
My great complayntes, and grieuous payne.
O that immortall Clothos wyll,
Had royne in twayne my vitall thzed:
Ere I vnto my grieue had wyll.
The nynth tragedie.

Thy woundes, and face of languine red.
O day which aye both me annoy:
Since that tyue did I more deleyze,
The feareful darknes to enjoy,
Than Phoebus fresh with layze attyze.
I have abode the bitter heft
Of stepdame dire, in mothers place,
I have abode her cruel breast,
Hir stomake stour, and fighting face.
She, Shee, loe lytyle into my cale,
A dolesful, and a graue Cryn,
To Bydegromes chamber spoufall space,
The Srygian flashing flames brough't in.
And thee, (alas) most piteous Spye,
With trayvrous traynes hath shee bereft
Of breathing soule with poploned myze:
To whom eve while, the world all left
Unbanquish from the Ocean Seas
By martiall fees did freely yeeld:
And didst subdue with wondrous cale,
The Britayne byrtes that fledde the fieldes:
Whom living at their propze swaye:
No Romayne power did earst invade.
Now lo(sful wel lament I may)
Thy Spoule deecyte thy prowes hath lade:
And now thy court and child of yoze,
With homage serve a Tyrante's love.
Odauia
THE SECOND
SCENE.
Nutrix.

Hom to the glistening pompe of royal place,
With soden light yround both quite disgrace,
Who to at courtly fleeting ebbing blaze,
Altonied soze, himselfe both much amaze:
To see of late the great and mighty stocke,
By lurking Fortunes todayne lozred knocke,
Of Claudius quite subuer and cleane extinct.
Tofoze, who held the world in his preciner:
The Britayne Ocean coaft that long was free,
He rul'd at wil, and made it to agree,
Their Romaine Gallies great toz to embrase.
Lo, he that Tanais people first did chase,
And Seas unkown to any Romaine wight
With lusty shering shippes did overtight,
And take amid the savage streakes did light,
And rumbling surging seas hath nothing dead,
By cruel spoules gilt doth lye all dead.
Her sonne likewise more send then Tigre fierce,
Of naturall mother makes a funerall herse,
Whole brother dyenched deepe with poyloned cup.
Poze Britannick, his senseles soule gaue vp
Octauia stiller and unhappy make,
Doth love lament her caze for Britans sake,
He can her ruthsful piteous tozrow sake,
Though Neross wiztch do soze contrayne her grace
She nil esteemes the secrete closet place:
But boylng stil with equal petyd disdayne.
With mutuall hate gavest him doth burne agayne.
My true and trusty love that I do beare,
The nynth tragedie.

In bayne I see doth strive to comfort her,
Reuenging greedy griece doth strective repine,
'tappeale her smarte the counsel that I giue.
Noz name of worthy brest doth once relent
But heaps of griece, her courage do augment.
Alas, what griesely deedes foze to ensue
My feare fozefeeth: God graunt it be not true.

THE THIRD SCENE.

Othania, Nutrix.

Staggering state, O peerelesse yll:
With ease Elestra I repeate,
And call to mynd thy mourning will.
With warred eis like smartig sweat
Thou mightst lament thy father slain,
Stil hoping that thy brother wyght,
That deadly deede revenge agayne.
Whom thou O tender loving wyght
Didst safely shield from bloody loe,

And naturall love did closely kepe:
But Nerces dreaded vilage loe,
Doth scarce me that I dare not wepe,
Noz wayle my parents ruthful case,
By cruel lot this slaughter cought:
Ne suffres mee this geniall face,
To dasy with tears to bearely bought
With brothres bloud: who onely was
Hyne onely hope in all my griece,
And of so many milchieues,as

By
Octauia.

My comfort greate, and sole reliefe.
Now loe referud soe greater care,
And to abyde more lingring payne,
Of noble famous lineage bare,
A dreeping shade I do remayne.

Nutrix. My Ladies heauye boyce mee thought
Within my listning cares can lounde,
And snaylish age in going lost,
Unto her thews is not ybounde.

Octauia. O Purfe our dolours witnes lure
By curroll cheekes distilling rayne,
And haue hearts complaynt endure.

Nutrix. Alas, what day shall ridde of payne,
With care your welsye wasted heart?

Octauia. That sends this guiltles ghost to graue
Nutrix. This talke (good madame) let apart.

Octauia. In rule my state there se deleonies haue,
And not thy prayers, (O matrone) iust.

Nutrix. The doune soft easie God shall greue,
Your troubled mynd a tyme I truuf,
More sweete then euer you did live.
With seuell fayr as one content,
And glosed face, but onely please
Your man, and make, he will relent.

Octauia. The Lyon fierce I shall appeale,
And looner tame the Tygre sloute,
Then mankynd Tyrantes hurtishe breast.
He sypes the noble raced rout,
Contennes hygh powers, disdaynes the least:
Ne can wel vs that princely weede,
Which venemous parent wapte him in
By huge unspakeable grievously deede.
Although that wight unthankful, grynne,
In Kingly throne that see both raygne,
Throughe cruel cursed mothers ayde:

Although
The nynth tragedie.

Although hee pay with Death agayne
So greate a gift, it shal be sayde
And after fates in long spent age,
That woman wight that haue alwaye,
This eloge yet and saying sage,
That he by her doth beare the tway,
Nutrix. Let not your ragious mynde to walke,
But doe compresse your moody talke.

THE FOURTH
SCENE.

Ophelia, Nutrix.

Though much I beare that boyling breest do beare
And tollerably take divorcements threate,
Deathes only deadly darre, I see an end,
Of al my boyle and pinching payne can send,
What pleasant light to me (O wretch) is left,
My natural Mother layne, and Syre bereft,
Of breathing life, by treason, and by gild:
Of Brother eake depiude: with miseries spilt:
And wayling overcome: kept downe with care,
Enjoyed of Make, which I dare not declare.
To mayden subject now, and now destit:
What pleasant light can me (O wretch) abyde,
With feareful hart suspecting always ought:
Because I would no wicked deede were wroughte:
Not that I fear Deathes grievously gyning face,
God graunt I do not so reuenge my case,

A better
Octauia.

A better deed to dye: soz to behold
The Tyrantes vilage grimme, with bowes dymede
And with loft tender lippes my foe to kille,
And stand in aye of bekes and nodies of his,
Whole will to pleaue my griefe with cares ydride
Since brothers death by wicked wyse confpirde,
Could never once vouchsafe soz to sustayne,
Let griefe to die, then thus to live in payne.
His Empyre Nero rules and yoses in blood:
The cause and ground of death that Tiranant wood.
How oft (alas) both Fancie fondly layne,
Wyhe number yWERE in pensile parts both raigne,
And sleepe in eyes, all ysz with reauez both ret,
I apprehend deare Britains liuely best:
Ere whyle me thinkes his seble shiuerig hands
He fencerch sure with deadly blasing brandes,
And fiercely on his brother Nerons face,
With sturdy stinging stroakes he sties apace.
Ere whyle thilke wyzche recopletly sacke againe,
And to my thewez soz aide retzbes amayne:
Him coming soe pursues with hate to haue:
And whyle my brother I desire to sake,
And in my clasped armes to shield him free,
His goary bloudied falcon shone I see.
The boylerous raumping tend to tugge, & hale
Through out my shiuering limes, as athes pale.
Forth with a mighty trembling chattering quake
From weary lims all couple sleepe doth shake,
And makes me woeful wyzche soz to recount,
By wayling sobbing sozrowes that surmount.
Hereo,put to that goorgeous slately House,
All glistering bright, with spoylez of Claudius house
His parent deare in buling boate did douse,
That wicked sonne, this sicking dame to please.
Whom yet escaping daungers great of Seas.

He
The nynth tragedy.

He fiercer freake than waues that scantly rest,
With bloody blade his bowels did undrawer,
With hope of health, can me, O wretch, abyde,
That after them thilke way I should not ryde?
My speciall foe, triumphant wise doth weight,
With naked nates to passe by lovers sleight,
Our spoucell, pure, and cleane unspotted bed:
Gainst whom, the burns, with deadly foode bloody red.
And, so a meede of filthy strumpets spoel,
She causeth Make from spoule so to diuoxt.

O auncient Syze, step forth from Limbo lake,
Thy daughters heavy troublous cares to flake:
O! your twygated hellysh porche unfolde,
That downe through gaping ground I may bee rolde.
Nu. O piteous wretch, in baine, (alas) in baine
Thou calst upon thy fathers senseless spyre:
In whome, God wot, there doth no care remaine
Of mostall broode, that here doth take delight.
Shall he, thinke you, allwage your soyl cheere,
O! make you forth some sleight, t'appall your paine,
That could preterre, before his Brittan decree,
Th'imperiall thynne, a strange begotten bwaime?
And with inceliall love benummed quyte
His brother Germanicks daughter that could plyght,
And ioyne to him in solenn marriage rites,
With worsfull, and unlucky lovers lightes?
Here spang the roale of hurly burly great,
Here beastly venemous daughter gan to sweate,
Here wyle treasons traines appeared first,
Here rules desire, and brutish bloody thirst.
Sylianus first Prince Claudius come in lawe,
A bloody mangled offring fall we lawe,
That in our graces Hymaeneal bed,
Ynmatcht with you, he might not couche his hed.

O mon.
Octavia.

O monstrous slaughter, worthy endless blame:
In stead of gift into that wanton dame,
A Tarkasfe colde poxe soule,and eurellese coxe,
Sillane was given against his will perforce.
And falsy then attacht of traitors crime,
As one conspying death in Claudius time,
With lossthorne streeke escapde out upon the wall,
He all bedash your fathers princely hall.
Eft stepped into ceruile Pallace broke,
To filthy vices lose, one eafily broke.
Of Diuelish wicked wit this Pincocks proude:
By stedaines yole pryce Claudius Sonne aswonde.
Within deadly damme did bloody match plight:
And thee, against thy will, for feare did plight.
Through which succelle this Dame of courage fine,
Durst ventur, mighty joue to undermine.
Whoso can so many cursed kindes report
Of wicked hopes, and acres in any fort,
Of such a womans glossed guyles can name,
That raumpes at rule, by all degrees of shame?
Then holy sacred zeale put out of grace,
Her flagring stepper directed forth apace,
And serne Erinnis in with deadly steps,
To Claudius Court, all desert left yeps.
And with his dyrie drakes of Stygian fort,
 Hath quite distainde the sacred princely port.
And raging riven in twaine both natures lose,
And right to wyongs mishapen fourme hath toye.
That haughty minded dame first gave her make,
A deadly poysoned cup, his thyst to take.
Straight wayes againe through hile unkindly touch,
Her Nero cauldre with him in hell toouch.
And thee, unhappy Britt, in all that hyoyle,
Till that of breth, and life he did dispoyle,

Thilk
The nynth tragedy.

That greedy bloody tyrant neuer lent:
Whose daies full death for aye we may lament.
Ere while, into the world the starre that shone,
And was the raye of princely court alone,
Now loc, light albes easily past afoyn,
And grieufully goost to grave with toche yborne.
Whom blessed Babe, thy stepdame did lament:
Not from her gushing teares, did scarce relent,
When as thee gane eche trimme appointed parte,
And Goodly poctaide linnenes with natures arte,
Of flaming flacke to be deasures quite,
And swee the secratching fervent fire in sight
Thy naked ioynts to rauin by a pace
And like the dittring God thy comely face.
Oft Dispatch he me least with this hand he fall.
Nut. That power you, nature graunted not at all.
Oft. But wondrouses dolor, great and wrathfull yre,
And miserable will it graunt without delay.
Nut. Pay rather cause your angry moody make,
With couple cheere his fury soz to stake.
Oft. What, that he will by guilt once daie before,
Alive againe my brother more restore?
Nut. Pay, safe that you may live and issue heare:
Your fathers auncient court soz to repaye.
Oft. That court doth wayre another broode they say.
And poore Britts death tugges me another way.
Nut. Yet let the cities love unto your grace,
Your troubled minde confirmme but soz a space.
Oft. Their mindes so prest to pleasure me, I know
Great comfort byings: but do not slake my wo.
Nut. Of mighty power the people haue bene aye.
Oft. But princes force doth heare the greater sway.
Nut. He will respect his lawnfull wedded wife,
Oft. His mynion byae can not so leade her life.

Nut.
Octauia.

NV. Of no man she esteemde.  Oft. But dear to make
NV. She can not truely yet of wisehood crave.
Oft. Ere longe she shall a mother eke be made.
So farre therein I dare most boldly wade.
Ntw. His youthfull heate at first in filthy love,
With lusty, cruelly pangs doth boyle above:
Thylke cozage quickly colde in lust apace
As vapour some extinct in flame giues place.
But holy, loving, chastke bunspotted spoule,
Her love endureth aye with sacred bowes.

That wanton first that there duret couch hir hed,
And tumbling stayned quite your spoules bed,
And being but your mayde hath ruled longe,
Hir soueraine Lord, with beauties grace belong,
That pranked Paramour pert hal crounch with pain,
When the your grace shall see preferred againe.
For Poppie subiect is, and meke of lyght,
And now begins her goastly tombs to vight:

Wherby the cloeely graunting doth bewray,
Hir seeret hidden seare eche other day.

That swift, unconstan, double winged lad
With cloute, before his blinded eyes, yland,
That fickle blayned Gods, thunhappy boy,
Shall leaue hir in the midit of all hir joy:
Although for beauty bright the bell she beare,
And goodly glistering garments new she weare,
And now do vaunt her seale in gezinge geere,
Shee shall not long enjoy this gladsome cheere.

Be not dismayde, Madame, for such like paine,
The queene of gods was forced to sustaine,
When to ech plesaunt shape the heavenly guide,
And lyse of Gods yrurnde, from skyes did glyde.
The swannes white wings, to see how they could fadge
He did on him, and cuckoldes bullysh badge,

That
The nynth tragedie.

That God alone bright in Golden rayne showe
To Danaes heft through top of forted towre.
The twinkleling starres the twinnes of Laeda bright,
Whom Pollux,rome, and Castor,call aright,
In large and ample space of starry scope,
With crystall glimmering faces hyne wyde ope.
And Semeles sonne, whom Bacchus we do call,
In heavenly byrthright doth himselfe ycall.
And Hercules that puissant Champion stout,
His sturdy brawnes, his Hebe wyndes aboute.
Noz once regards how Goddess Iuno care:
Whose lowing steptoane now he is ybrande,
That whyle on earth his powes he did declare,
Agayn! that marge, aye, was close inland.
Yet loe her wise, and closly cought grecke,
Debonaire face, obeisaunce to her leese,
Tastde him at length his mynd for to remove,
Through moztall feeres estrandoe from Iunos love.
And now that mighty heavenly Goddesse great,
No moze adze of moztall trumpets beat,
Aloft alone in cloudy bowze contentes
The thundring Lord, which now to her relentes.
No now with earthly Ladyes beauty bright
Psyred, leaves his starry specked right.
Noz madam seh on earth your powr is sight
And haue on earth Queene Iunos princely place,
And liuer are, and wyke to Neroes grace,
Your wondrous restles dolours great appease.
Oft. Poy, sooner shall the roaring croathy seas,
And mounting flashing flowers ymarch the skye,
And snooking, hisling parching yer dye
With dankish pooles agree and watry fenne:
And grisyly Plutos filthy sirtred denne,
With starbyght heauen shall sooner coupled be,
And hyning light with glony shades agree.
Octauia.

And with the cleeve dye day the dewy night,
Than unto seruise love of husbande wight,
That burnish wyke in bloud takes his delight,
By heavy woeeful mynd can I addyse,
Whyle brothers death my heart doth still poselte.
O that of heavenly powers the prince and kyre,
That hoggges and shakes the earth with thouding kyre,
And with his wondrouse, seareful,curled crackes,
And straunge mishapen monsters which he makes,
Our seareful unling myndes both love anime,
Would coyne some cureles burning wildfyre blaze,
To pelt and path with thumping fyer bright,
That bluelith pare, that cruell curled wight.
We law from heauen,with beames forthshuting farre
Doubles a dreadful heavy, blasing farre:
That spouted out a mortall fiery flake,
Whole force a princes bloud can only flake:
Even where that hayting carman sloe Boote
With chilling cold al scareke of frozen pole,
Both gypde aright Charles whirling running rore,
In crease of night that never away both tale.
Loe now the open ayre in evry create,
With doggishe tyrantes breath, is payned, quite,
And dreadfull starres some todayne death do threate.
To people vulde,by wicked Neroes spyght.
So lerne a freake, o2 mankynd tyrant houte,
Not Tellus with the Gods displeaft brought out,
When mighty Ioue neglected the vphorlde
Huge, uyly,monstrous Typhon to the worlde.
A soer plague, a cleaner scouring scourge,
With bloody paws that cyrpes boundses both purge,
Is Nero dyrce, this cruell cursed wyght.
That dyrch hymselfe gaynit God and man pyggh:
And thunders from sacred hyynes their quiet poxte,
And goodly temples gay the sacrete loxt:
That
The nynth tragedie.

That cityes dwellers puts from countries lost:
That hath bereft his brother of his lyfe,
And launcet his mothers sides with goody knyfe:
Yet doth this present lightsome day enioye
And leads his lyfe,that doth vs loos annoy.

O Father of heauen, in byne why doit thou throwe
Thy great unquiet ratling thundring blewe
Uppon the whistling woods and ample seas,
With force of princely power thy wyth t'appeale?
On such an hurtful and pernicious strake,
Thy due and just conceived ye to wyake.
Why stay thy mighty puillaunt braynds so long,
Cere thou slie downe thy ratling cracking throng?

O Lord, that Nero once might pay the price,
Of all his deuilsish deedes, and every byce,
Th'whole wyde worlds tyrant sterne wher he a stroke
Doth beare: which he overlades with burdensome yoke
Of princely yze yeorne, but doth delame,
With heastly manners yste his princely name:
Nun, unworthy he is your spoufall chamber place:
But yet your destines force, you must imbace,
And well, abyde your fortunes crooked race:
So move unhypudly Neros guilty yze.

One day perchaunce, there wll as I desyue,
Some God reuenge your lamentable case:
And once I trust a gladsome day shall be,
When you shall iy a fresh in wounded place.
Oft. Ah, no, now, long this court ( alas) we see
With heavy wyth of Gods displeased yze
Path overcharged bene: which Venus dye
With Meffalinas monstrous ramping lust,
Shee first hath brought adowne into the dust.
Who madly marpe to prince Claudius grace,
But little myndful then of that same case,

Am

Z 2.
Octavia.

And not regarding much thappoynted payne,
With cursed cressets maried once againe.
To which unlucky incestuall bydall bed,
That byscell dye that furious flut Erin,
With hanging hayre aboute her hellish bed,
And gyte with snakes with deadly step went in.
And flaming byandes from spoufall chamber caught,
In both their blouds ybathd,hath quenched cleane:
And hath incenst prince Claudius burning thought
In byoudy thratling stroake to passe all meane.
My mother first of wyrches all the most,
With stripe of deadly soord gave up her ghost.
And now extinguish quite, left me sooryne,
With dolours pyning panges and mourning woyne.
And after her in hellish teame both hayle,
Unto the senseles soules of Plutoes faile
Her make, and Brittannick her sonne that way:
And first this ruinous court did she betray.
Nut. Let be, Madame, with teares your face to dight:
Pe to renew your bitter wayling lust:
Ceale troubling now your parents piteous spight,
That payed hath the price of raging lust.

The
THE FIFT SCENE.

Chorus.

O'd graunt the talke wee hearde of late,
To rashly trusted every where,
And blowne abroad through each estate,
No badge of truth that it may beare.
And that no fresh espoused dame,
Our Princes thewes do enter in,

But that OCTAVIA keepe the fame,
And that the seede of CLAVIVS kin,
May once bring forth some pledge of peace:
That to the world rest may redowne,
And wrangling stryfe may easly cease,
And Rome relayne her great renowne.
The peerlesse Princeffe Iuno hight,
Her brothers wedlocke yoke relaynes:

VWhy is AVGVSTVS fister bright,
VWhere like betroathed league remaines,
From flate pompe of court reieft,
VWhat doth devotiones her auayle?
To saynted fyre who hath respect?
VWhat doth her Virgins life preuayle?
And CLAVIVS now in ground ylayed,
Euen wee to much vnmyndesfull be:

Z 3. VVhose

yy 345
Octauia.

Whose worthy steme we haue betrayed
Through feare that made vs to agree.
In breast our elders did embrace,
The perfect Romayne puissance,
The true unslayned worthy race,
And bloud of Mars they did aduance.
The proude and lofty stomackt trayne
Of lusty hauty mynded Kingses,
They could not suffer to remayne
VWithin this noble Cities winges.
And lustly they reuengd thy death,
O Virgin chast, VIRGINIA pure,
Depruude by fyre of vitall breath,
That bondage thou mightst not endure:
And that his shameles brutish lust,
So good a meede might not enjoy:
Although by filthy force vnjust
Thy chastity he would annoy.
Thee likewyse whom thyne owne right hande,
VWith sword did pearce, L V C R E T I A true,
VWho tyrantes rape could not withstand,
Did bloudy broyles and warres ensue.
And with her proude disdaynfull Make
Lord TARQ VIN ympe of cursed seede,
Correction due doth TVLIA take
For her vnkindly shameles deedes,
VWho on her Fathers mangled corse,
To mischief bent, and wicked bane,
The Carman shee to drine did force,
His cruell brusing wombling wane.

And
The nynth tragedie.

And quite agaynst all natures law,
Euen from her owne dismembred fyre,
The sacred rytes she did withdraw,
Denaying wonted burial fire
This griefe our woeful age doth feele,
Through monstrous acl agaynst all kinde,
When as in deadely crafty keele,
To TYRRHEN saws, and wraslling wynd,
The proude presuming Prince did put,
His mother trapt in subtil sort.
The Mariners appoynted cut,
The swelling Seas from pleasaunt port.
The clash refoundes with stroake of Ores,
The Ship out launcht apace doth spinne,
In surging froath aloofe from shores,
And ample course of seas doth winne.
Which glydyng forth with leasned plankes,
In pressed streames with peysed weight,
The ristles do open closed crankes,
That hidden were with secrete sleight:
And gulpeth vp the leaking waue
The woeful roaring noyfe and crye,
With womans shrikes themselues to saue.
Do reach and beate the flarry skye.
Then griesly present death doth daunce
Before their eyes with pyning Cheekes:
Whofe deadly stroake and heauy chaunce
For to auoyde,then each man sekes:
On ryuened ribs some naked lie,
And cutte the beating waues in twayne:

Z 4.
And some theyr skilful swimming trye,
To get vnto the shore agayne.
The greatest part that fayled there,
By deftnies dire to men preffixt,
In whirling swalloweres drowned were,
The brinkes of Seas and ground betwixt.
Queene A G R I P P Y N E her garments rendes,
Shee teares her ruffled lockes of hayre
Abundant blubbring teares she spendes,
Through deepe diſtreſſe of faynting feare.
V Vho when no hope of health shee spies,
Enflamde with wrath, which woes appeaside,
   O sonne, for fo greate giftes, shee cries,
Haſt thou with such reward me pleas'd?
This keele I haue deferved fure,
That bare and brought thee firſt to light:
V Vho empyre witles did procure,
And C A E S A R S title for thy ryght.
Shew forth thy feareful ſpiritifh face,
O C L A D I V S now from Limbo lake,
And of thy wyfe in wretched case,
Reuenge and due correction take.
Thy deth I cauſeles did conſpyre,
V VWhich now I rue with woeful harte:
I dreffed eake a funerall fyre
Vnto thy sonne by deadly smart.
Lo now as I deferved hau'e,
Vntombde go to thy guiltles Ghost,
Encloaſd in seas in fead of graue.
And wrestling waues of Romayne coaſt.

The
The nynth tragedie.

The flashing flaws do flappe her face,
And on her speaking mouth do beate,
Anone shee sinkes a certayne space,
Depressed downe with surges great:
Anone shee flectes on weltring brim,
And pattes them of with tender handes
Through faynting fearc then taught to swim
Approaching death, and fates withstandes
At length on troubled Seas displayd
Shee grieving ouer working vayne
And tyrd with streams is weary layd,
Not able toying strenght to strayne
In close and secrete silent bristles,
Of mates with her to sea that yode,
In whom no feare of death there refes
True sayth unto theyr Queene abode.
Theyr Ladies weather beaten limmes
To helpe, some freely venter dare,
Some in the combrous waters swymmes
And desperate daunger do not spare.
With chearful voyce they comfort her,
Though drawling dragling limmes shee drew,
To lift her vp with helpe they stirre,
And nummed corpes to strenght renew.

What bootes it thee the death to shonne
Of roaring raging rauening waues.
From deadly sword of wicked sonne,
Alas pore wretch thee nothing saues?
Whose huge and heinous cursed rage,
Agaynst all course of natures lore,

Our
Oceania.

Our after slow believing age,
WVil scarce beleene it done before,
   The devillish man repynde with griefe
WVhen he is mother saued saue,
From swallowing seas haue safe releefe,
And that she vitall breath did draw,
He grudge with griefe and in his heate,
He huger mischiefe heapes to this:
He doth not once delay his feate,
But headlong rashly caryed is
Upon her death. A fouldior saent,
Dispatcheth that he had in charge,
His Ladies breaste his blade doth rent:
Shee yeelding vp her soule at large,
From wretched corpes for to entome
Her slaughter man she then besought,
That bloudy blade within her wombe,
That fryst this woe to her had brought,
This, this accursed breaste (quoth shee)
WVich this unkindly monster bare,
From pinching payne may not be free:
Digge, slash the same, no mischiefe spare.
WVhen this with foltring tounge was sayde,
At last her sad and trembling ghoﬆ,
WVith latter sobbing sighes vnlayd,
Through goryd woundes leaues vitall coaft.

The
THE SECOND
ACTE

THE FIRST
SCENE.

Seneca.

O me with like content why didst thou smile,
With glazed looks deluding mee a while,
O fortune much of might and princely powre?
To lift aloft to noble royall bowre?
To the'nde that I to honours court extold,
From stately seate might have the greaterfall,
And round aboute in every place beholde,
Such dreadful, threatning daungers to vs all,
I fater lay a loose from emyses knockes,
Remou'd among the craggy cosike rockes:
Where as my mynd there free at proper sway,
With lejture did repeate my studies ape.
A gladsome joy alone it was to viewe,
And earnestly to marke the heavens to blew:
And sacred Phoebus double wheeled wayne:
And eake the worldses twist whirling motion mayne.
The Sunne to eveuen his second course to kepe:
And Phoebes glyding globe to twistely swepe:
Whom wondrous starting starres encompasse round,
And to behold that bynes in every sound,
The glistring beauty bright of welkin wyde:
Than which in all the world nothing belyde.
Of all this huge and endles worke the gynde,
Hoye wondrous nature frame'de that I elpyde,
Octauia.

For all the bumping bignes it both beare,
Yet waring old is like agayne to weare,
And to be chaungde to an unwysly lumpe.
Now prest at hand this worlds last day both lumpe,
With boystrous fall, and tumbling rush of skye.
To squeale and make this curled kynd abye.
That springing once agayne, it may yeeld out
An other straunge renued vertuous route,
As once before it did, new springing agayne,
What tymne Saturnus held his golden raigne.
That blameleste, chaff, unspotted Virgin cleere
A goddesse much of might clept Justice heere,
With sacred sooth sent downe from heavenly spaire,
At eale on earth did rule the mortal race.
That people playne knew not of warlike feates.
Po: trembling rumpets tunes that rendes and beates
The soldiers cares: no: chassing armour bright,
That warring wightes defend in field and light.
Po: wonted was with walles to rampye round,
Their open cityes let in any sound.
To eatch man passage free lay open than:
Nothing therre private was to any man.
And then the ground it selde and fertill loyle,
Yir fruitful bosome baard all boyd of toyle,
Into such bounden barnes a Matrone good,
And peaceable unto so just a broode.
But then an other second race arose,
Perceyued not to be so mecke as thole.
A third more wyse and witty sox up hartes,
Of nature forged st, e'nuent new artes:
As yet unspotted quire with filthy wyce.
Soone after thoe, they taungd with new deuyce,
That boldly venture dare in scudding race,
Unweldy beastes fo2 to pursuye apace.

And
The nynth tragedie.

And mighty weyng strugling fishes great,
With warry coats yelad with fishe's feat,
With net in window wyse draw sooth, and street,
With craft of quill, the nibling sylphes cheke.
And Lilly byydes begylde with yning trayne:
And light foote deare for lyfke that flyng anayne
Intangling gins entrapt, that safely hold.
And sturdy scouling vilage buls controll,
On scythe allet neckes, make weare the yoake:
And eartly ere that wngrubbed by that hyoake:
Which then turnd by with Plowmans hymning Share,
In sacred bosome deepe, her fruits kept thare.

But now this age much worke then all the rest,
Yath left into her mothers broken breast:
And ruttv lumpisg yon and maslye Gold,
Yath digged out, that was quite hid with mold.
And fighting fishe have armd without delay:
And drawng soyth their bondes for rule to say,
Hawe certayne severall soly kingdoms made,
And cities new have raylde now rulde with blade,
And senlery phther with their proper force
Straigng soundes o2 them assaults the which is worke.
The Starry specked virgin owre of skyes,
Which jusice bight, that guilty folke discrees,
Now lightly esteemd of moxtall people here,
Each earthly sound is fled, and comes not neere
The savage mannerd route, and beastly rude,
With dabbet wistles in goary bloud emblyde.
The great desye of grievly warre is lyong:
And raping thurt of gold, it is not young.
Throughout the worlde a mighty monstrous vice,
Fowle, filthy, monstrous lust hath got the prize,
A pleasaunt tickling plague, whom longer space,
And errour deepe have fostered up apace.
The heaps of byce rakte up in yeares long past,

Aboun-
Octauia.

Abounding howe in these our dayes at last.
And this same troublous tymes, and combrous age,
Oppresteth all men soxe, both yong and sage.
Wherein thole wicked wayes that he do raygne,
And cruell, raumping woodnes boyles agayne.
Lust strong in filthy touch, both heare a sway.
And Princes,ryot,now doth catch away
With greedy pawes, to byng it to decay.
Th'whole worldes uncreedle wealth,without delay.

But loe, which flaggeryng steppes where Nero stinges,
And vilage grymme, I feare what newes hee bynges.

THE SECOND
SCENE.

THE SECOND
ACTE

Nero, Prefectus, Seneca.

I spatch with speede that we commaundde haue:
Go,send forthe with some one or other slate,
That Plautius cropped scalpe and Sillas eke,
May byng befoe our face: goe some man seeke.
Pre. I will protract your noble graces hell:
But to their campes to goe am ready prett.
Se. Gaynst lynage naught shold rashly poyned bee.
Ne. A light thing tis fo to be iust, I see
For him,whose heart is yodd of thinking seare.
Se. A souveraigne cause sox seare is sox to beare
Your selfe debonair to your subiectes all,
Ne. Our foes to sea, a cheffaynes vertue call.

Se. A
The nynth tragedie.

Se. A woorther vertue tis in countries lyre,
His people to defend with sword and lyre.
Ne. It wel behoves such aged wightes, to teach,
Unhided springes young, and not to preache,
Both to a man and prince of ryper yeares.
Se. Nay,rather Frolicke youthful blood appeares,
To hawe more neede of counsell wyle and grave.
Ne. This age sufficient reason ought to have.
Se. That heavenly powers your doninges may allow.
Ne. A maidnes twere to Gods for me to bow,
When I my selke can make such Gods to be:
As Claudius now yeounted is we see.
Se. So much the more because so much you may.
Ne. Our power permittes us all without denay.
Se. Even slender trust to Fortunes startling face:
She tople turpyn turnes her wheel apace.
Ne. A patch he is that knoweth not what he may.
Se. A Princes prayle I compred have alway,
To do that same which with his hoon stooke,
Not that which franticke fancie counteth good.
Ne. If that I were a meacocke or a slouch,
Each stubboyne, clubbist daw would make mee couch.
Se. And whom they hate, with force they overquell.
Ne. Then dynt of sword the prince defendeth well.
Se. But sayth more sure defence both seeme to mee.
Ne. Ful meere it is that Caesar dreaded be.
Se. More meere of subjectes for to be belou'd
Ne. From subjectes myndes, feare much not be remou'd.
Se. What so by force of armes you do wringe out,
A grievous worke it is to bring aboute.
Ne. Well hardly then our will let them obay.
Se. Will nothing then, but that which wel you may.
Ne. We will decree what we shall best suppose.
Se. What peoples booke doth joynly bynd o2 lose.
Let that confined stand. Ne. Swordes bloody dynt,
Shall
Octauia.

Shal cause them else at me to take their hint.
Se. God heeld, and far that farte from you remoue.
Ne. What then, why Senec do you that appoyue,
That we continnue, delpyde and let at nought,
With finger put in hole (ful wylely wzought)
Our bodies bloud to seeke shold them abyde,
That they might vs sometyme destroy bispyde?
Their native coutrye boundes to banisht bee,
No Plautius hyst noz Scillas eake we see
Path broke oz tand: whose ranked hurlish yxe,
Shapes bloudy swakes to quench our bodies lyxe.
And chiefly when these trayterous abscnt elowes,
Such wondrous fawour fynd in cityes bownes,
Which those same exiles lingring hope doth feede:
Suspected foes with sword we wil our weede.
And to Octauia shal that sloy dame,
Continue after then their bloudy game.
And wend that way her nowne whyre brother went,
Such yxe mistrusted things must needes be bent.
Se. It is (O Prince) a worthy famous thing,
Amids redoubted Loydes alone to ring:
And wylely worke your croutriesprayle to saue:
And wep your selte to caprue folke bejaue:
From cruell hurish slauhter to abstayne,
And boyde of moode to weake your angry payne:
And to the world a quiet calme to geue,
That al your age in peace their luyes may live.
This is a Princes playle without al cryme:
This is the path to heauen wherby we clyme.
So is Augustus prince and father cald
Of croutries first in starbyght thzone stald.
Whom as a God in minsters we adozne,
Yet troublous fortune tolled him before,
A great while long on lands and running seas,
Until his fathers face he could appeale.
The nynth tragedie.

And through wars diverse course could quel them quite,
To you did fortune yeilde her power, and might,
And raynes of rule without all bloud, and sight.
And to your keepe both land, and seas hath bent.
Grim deadly enuye daunted doth relent.
The Senate Loydes gane place with free consent:
The battaylous route of knights with willing hartes
(That came decree from lager fires departes)
Unto the lay mens choyle do well agree.
Your grace the spring of peace they count to bee.
And chos’en Judge, and guyde of mortal stocke.
Your grace, your countreys sacred lyre, doth rocke
And rulw with princely gorgeous tytle bright,
The cycled world in rundel wyle ydight.
Which mighty mounting name to keepe to great,
This noble city Rome doth you entreat:
And doth commend unto your royall grace
Her liuely limmes in charge for your liues space.
Ne. The gyft of Gods it is, as we discus,
That Rome with Senate coyte both honoy vs,
And that the feare of our displeasure great,
From rankred enuyous tomackes maketh doeart
Both humble talke and supplications meeke.
And were not feare all these would be to seeke.
Unweldy,combrous cityes, members ill,
That Prince and countrepy both do seeke to spill,
To leave aluye(which swell, and puffed bee,
Bycause of lynage great, and high degre)
What madnes meere is it when as we may,
Euen with a word, such streakes dilpatch away?
Sir Brutus sterve, his brawnes and armes did sight,
His soueraygne liege to staye by force and might,
That erst had holpen him, and given him health,
And had endued him with princely wealth.
In brunt of raging warre undaunted out,

A a. 

That
Octauia.

That banquished many people strong and stout,
Prince Cæsar marcht by great degrees of power
To Ioue, in stately charye of harry bower,
By diu'lish citizens wicked yole was sayne.
What soxe of bloody stimming streames on molde.
Did ratred Rome,of her owne lims, beholde?
He by his noble vertues worthy praise,
Who peoples,common byzite to heaue both raise.
August among the Gods playneter well,
How many noble breastes did he compel,
How many springoldes young, and hoary heads,
Each where dispert to lig in molded beds?
How many men did he bereave of byzeth
Toynge prescript that were condemn'd to death?
When for the griely seare of deadly dart
From prope home they were constrained to part
And bye Octauius force, and Lepidus might,
And not abyde serene Marke Antonius sight,
Which then the ample world at once did gyde,
That into kingdoms threes they did devyde,
To dumpish ladded byzes, with heavy cheere,
Their childrens griely cropped pates appeere,
Hong out before the Senates judgement seate,
For each man to behold in open streate:
He dursk they once lament their piteous case,
Noz inward seeme to mourne to Claudius face.
The market head with bloud from bodies sped,
And lothsome matterie streames, is all imbued:
And quite throughout their faces soule arayed,
The piteous gubbies of bloud drop downe unkayd.
Noz here did this same slaughterous bloudshed lay.
Phillyps Pharsalia gashly fieldes each day,
The eomming raunening foules, and cruell breastes
Long fed, with gobbers bigge of manlye breastes,
Beyde all this, the cost he scoured quite

Of
The nynth tragedie.

Of Sicill sea and ships to warre voyght
With force of armes did win, and hauecke made
Of proper subiectes sayne with his owne blade.
The ruddle round of landes with mighty mayne
Of noble Chiefstaynes stroake rebopleys agayne.
Antonius overcome in Paniale fight,
To Egipyt poasted in shippes prepare to flight:
Not looking long to live nor hoping life.
Incestous Egipyt(through Antonius wyke)
That worthy Romayne princes bloud did stike:
And couerd lye their ghastes with durty mucke,
Long wicked, waged civil warre there stayed,
In Marcke Antonius graue with him played.
Augustus at the last of conquist greate
His dulled swords that wounded soules did beate,
In peaceable sheathes repold hath layd at rest:
And seare doth rule, and gynde his kingdom belt
By ready forse of armes at all assayes,
And Captaynes faith he shildes him selke alwaies
Who now his lones most worthy verious praise,
To heauen a consecrated God doth raple,
And cautereth all, in Churches so to place
The sacred Picture of Prince Claudius grace.
And by the stary raigne of Gods hall hide
If sick with dreadful sword about bys wyde
We wype away what to our person sayne:
And found our court with worthy feyn agayne.
Se, Your noble spouse, strong forth of launcted peer
Of Claudius flocke, the starbyght diamond cleere,
That Goddesse Iuno wife her brothers bed
Partaking, prested downe with butrockes red,
Your graces princely court hall garnish gay,
With wondefous haueonly sayne descended say.
No, Incestous maried dames, from flocke & hem,
Detract all hope, that we should haue of them.
Octauia.

Now vs, could she once love that we could see,
Now with our personnel once at all agree
Se. In tender budning yeares, when love suppress
With blushing hydes the flames of burning breast,
Scant playne appeares the love they bare indeed.
Ne. Thus wee our selves with hope in baine did seeke:
Although undoubted signes,as bodye voyed,
And strowning lookes, which we have oft etyped,
Her spyresful hating flamacke did beway
Which thee both beare, whom duty hydes t'obaye.
Which yet at last, big, boyling,grious payne,
With death determind hath t'auncege agayne,
Wee have found out, for hyrth and beauties grace.
A worthy make for such an Empresse place:
To whom that lovely Goddess Venus light,
And mighty Ioue his spouse that Iuno light,
And goddesse fierce in boysterous warlike arces,
Gtues place for hydes seemly postrayp partes.
Se. Fayth, meeknes,manners mild, & bashfull shame
Of spouse, those ought an husband to reclayne.
The perles of judging mynd,alone remayne,
Not subject once to any rulers ragnye.
The falling pyde of beautyes nimming grace
Each day appals, and bleamineth apace.
Ne. What paysles woman wights have in them cload?
All those in her alone hath God repolde,
And such a peerlesse peer, the gnydes of lyse,
The dekines would have done to be our wyse,
Se. O noble prince such blynd unlawful love,
(Do rashly credeite naught) from you remoue
Ne. Whom Ioue can not repell that rules the cloudes,
And pearcing raging floods,therein him lyzudes,
And raungeth through the raigne of Plutos pit,
And pullety downe in welkin he that sit
The mighty powers of heaven, the God of Ioue?

And
And can I then his force from me remove?
Se. Swift winged love, mens fancy fond, in bayne
A mercy wanting God to bee, both sayne:
And arines his handes with woundinge weapons keen
And bowes with burning byrones, for louers greene:
Of Venus to be fpring they al accorde,
And byndly forgyde of thunders limping Loyte.
Bland love the myndes great torment foyre appeares,
And buddeth firft in scolice youthfull yeares.
Who while we dyneke of Fortunes pleaseaunt cuppe,
With layfe pampynge vpor, is nestled vp:
Whom if to foster vp you leave at length
It fleeting,faules away with broken strengthe.
This is in all our life (as I suppose)
The greatest caufe how pleasure firft arose.
Which fth mankind by broodyng bydeth aye,
Though gladsum love p fierce wild beales both sway
It neuer can from manly heaust depart.
Ne. This selse came God I will withall my hart
The wedlocke lightes to beare before our grace,
And fallen Poppie sure in our bed place.
Se. The peoples grieffe might neuer yeeld to it:
Noz vertue can the fame at all permit.
Ne. Shall I alone to do, forbidde se
That every patch may do: that griene th mee
Se. No tryalng topes the people lookes to have
Of him,that ought to rule with wildeome graue.
Ne. It pleaseth vs with daunted power to trye,
If peoples rash conceived rage will fie.
Se. Seeke rather loy to please and calme their moode.
Ne. Ill ruled is that raygne where people wood,
Their subject Prince doth weld,as they thinke good
Se. When nought that they require they can obtayne,
They iustly then agrieved are agayne.

Ne. That

A a 3.
Octauia.

Ne. That gentle prayers cannot win with ease,
By force to wry it out, it doth vs please.
Se. An hard thing tis the people not to have
That of thry Prince, which they do unjustly crave.
Ne. And horrible 'tis a Prince to be constrain'd.
Se. Let not your subjectes then so soze be raynd.
Ne. Why then the common brute abjoade Wil be.
How that the people have subdued mee.
Se. That no man trusts that is of credite light.
Ne. Be it so, yet many it markes with deadly spyghte.
Se. With countrie peeres to medle it is afrayd,
Ne. To quip and crump, 'tis nothing lesse dissaynd.
Se. Your grace may easly couch that budding brute
Let saynted fires deseeres with pliant coute,
Your graces mynd remoue: let spoules age,
And curteous bashfull shame discourpe your rage.
Ne. Leave off (I lay) that we entend to grutch.
For now your talke our patience moueth much:
I pray you let it lawful be to do,
That Senec geueth not aduyse unto.
And we our peoples wishes do deser,
While Poppie seele in wombling wombe to ferre,
The pledge of sayftful love to me and her.
Why do we not appoynt the morrow next,
When as our mariaje pompe may be content?

The
THE THIRD
ACTE

THE FIRST
SCENE.

Agrippyna.

Though paunch of riuened earth, from Plutoes raigne
With ghostly steps, I am returnd agayne.
In witchled wisdes, that bloud do most desyre,
Forgyning wedlocke yle with Stygian fire.
Let Poppie, which these cressers coupled sure,
Unto my sonne be Joyned in mariage pure:
Whom mothers grieve, and hand reuenging wraikes,
Shal send with heauie and hoe to funeral stackes
I alway do remember wel beneath
Where piteous, ghostly, crueling soules do breath,
Th'unkindly slauentous deede, which to our spight
Yet unreueng'd is grievous and of right:
And for the good I did a cruelle yse,
That deadly framed ship in craftie yse:
And due reward that he gaine me agayne,
For helping him to rule of Empyres raigne:
And eake that night, when as I did bewayle,
Both loffe of shippe wherin we then did layle,
And mates unhappe deaty, and whyle I thoughte,
For this accurted deede to have besought

A a 4.

The
Octauia.

The Gods to trickling teares he gane scant tyme
But twice encreased hath his deuillish cryme.
Quite slayne with sword, thynk through my bodyes boundes
And filthy layed through goary marring woundes,
Delivered late from leas,devouring sup,
In antique court my ghost I yeelded by.
Poze yet his caneced,and unlative hate.
For all this bloud doth Nero once abate.

That Tyrant dyde both cage at mothers name.
And seeketh wayes my deedes so to desame.
Whothreaten death to them that doe withstand,
My shapes he bingeth downe in every land:
My princely tytles large hee scapeth out
In every place, the whole wydeworlde aboute,
Which my unlucky parentes love did geue,
To much into my paine while I did line,
Unto a boy to guilde, which now I rue.
My poseloned make, my Ghost doth oft pursue:
And in my face with burning bjondes doth dyse.
He stayes a space with earnest talke hard by,
And threatneth losse, and doth impute his death
And tombe he should haue had to mee beneath.
And now delykes to have some sectious wight,
That dare despoyle my sonne of breathing lpyght.

Let be you shall have one to woike this cryme,
I do require no long delayed tyme.
Reuenging lpyght Erin, a death doth come,
Of life, that wicked tyrant to purlyne.
Soze blunting leaden strypes and shamefull night,
And pyning panges with thirst and hunger dignet:
That Tantalus spungelike thursty mouth behynde,
And Silyphus tople hal passe, and Tityus hurde,
And Ixions paynful wobbling wheelie aboute,
That teareth all his bodyes partes througheout.
Although that Tyrant poynde and scornful wight,
His court with marble stone do strongly dyght,

And
The nynth tragedie.

And princelike garnish it with glistring golde:
Though troupes of souldeours sheldedoure, ypholde
Their chieftaynes princely porch: and though yet still
The world drawn dye with tacks esuen to his will,
Great heapes of riches yeeld themselfes to saue,
Although his blody helpe the Parthians craue,
And Kingdomes bying, and goods al that they haue,
The tymne and day shall come, when as he shall
Folzyn, and quite bndone, and wanting all.
Unto his cursed deedes his life and more,
Unto his foes his bared throte restoze.
Alas, unto what ende is all my payne?
O in what case do now my bowes remayne?
Where to doth now thy rage and destinies fyre?
Draw thee, O Sonne, with byayne benummed quite?
That to such monstrous heapes of ylles thy dame
(Whom thou with cursed milchiece overcame)
His wrath should yeeld? O that eve to the light
A fucking babe I bought thee sooth in light,
And feed thee tyne with pappe as princely boyne,
The fierce, wilde, saughge beastes had rent and toyn
By wounde and blody entrails all before.
Without all cryme, and wanting reasons pride,
Hine own dece dabling child thou shouldest haue dide.
And fastned sure to me shouldest aye beholde,
The quiet place, where Ghostly soules be roide:
And see thy grandlynes great of worthy fame,
And lyce Domitius eake of princely name,
Whom now both thame and wayling doth abyde,
That whyle they dure, from them hal never lyde.
For which both thee, O cursed Barne, they may,
And mee, that thee haue boynge greue thanks for aye.
But why reaste I, with hel to hyde my face,
Wyfe, spedame, mother die, in my life space?

THE
Octauia.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Octauia Chorus.

O not, alas, thus close lament,
But rather yet your mourning stay,
Sith that the city whole is bent
To celebrate this joyful day:
Least your great love and favour both,
Which I do count to be most sure,
The more cause Nero me to loth,
And take his bitter wrath procure:

And I fall out to be the ground
To you of many mischieus byle,
This same is not the first deep wounde,
That I have felt now this good whyle:
Farre worse then this have I abode:
But of these troublous cares this day
Shall make an end I trust in God,
Although with Death he do me pay,
No man to see shal me constrayne
His bended browes knit furrowyle,
No step within the Chamber rage
Of maybe drest by in bydball guile
Augustus sister I wil bee,
And not his wyfe as wont I was:
But onely paynes remour from mee,
And fear of death I wil not passe.
Yet canst thou piteous wyth once trufl,
Thy cruel husbandes flather law,
O these few things to have so iust

Wylle
The nynth tragedie.

Whyle mischieues yet in mynd are rawe?
Now long respect, until this day,
And these same maruage yres be past,
Thou shalt poze wretch without delay,
A bloody offering dye at last.
Why thus with teares disfigured loze
Thy wonted home dost thou behold?
Take hale to shunne this deadly hope
And leave this straughterous Princes told.
Cho. Lo see that day suspected long
And whispered Faine in all mens cares,
With glittering pompe of bydall thyong,
To vs poze wretches now appeares.
And Claudius hysode Octauias grace,
From Neroes wedlocke place expelde,
Departed is, whole spouall space,
Hath Poppie conquerour long tyme helde.
The whyle, our pyety couched lyes
Kept downe with heavy, combrous seare.
And slow reuenging grief likewise:
Where dore the peoples power appeare,
That brake the foze of Princes great,
That conquerous city lawes hath framde,
That worthy men to honours seat
Preserb, that warre and peace proclaimd,
That guardge people straunge did tame
That Kingses and Princes caught in sight
Shut surely up in prison frame
To keepe them close from all mens light
Loe, which we cannot once abyde,
To see wher Poppies ymage tym,
Conioyned unto Neroes lyde
All glistring bright hymes very hym.
Let foze of Armes pul downe that frame
And match with grounde that Ladys face

Too
Octavia.

Too likely carued to his name,
And snatch her downe from beddig place,
And let it forthwith flye with handes
With Darius and Janelius fiercely songe,
From pylty hauenes and sturdy handes
Unto the princes courtly thyong.

THE FOURTH
ACTE.

THE FIRST
SCENE.

Nutrix. Poppea,

Rom out of spoual bowre dismayd with scare,
Whither go you? what secrets daughter deare
Unknowne, makes you to looke so doustely?
Why spungelike lokes your face w' teares fro eye
That fell? of truth the tyne delayed long,

And wished for by prayers, and bowes among
Hath thynded bight. Cesars wedlock are you:
Your golden grace, whereof he tooke the biew.
Him prisoner caught, and did him surely bynde,
So much the more, how much Senec his mynd
Did seeke to chaunge, and wild from love to weeld.
And Venus chiefe in love hath made him yeeld.

O in beauty passing all, what beds then downe
More lost, have boayne thy weight when thou with crowne
Didst sit in middes of court the Senate all.
At thy great beauty agast, thou didst appall.
Why shoul the Goddes with perfume sendest syne,

And
The nynth tragedie.

And sacred alters drench with thankful wyne,
Thy head arrayd with beyle of yellow hiew
By Caesars side thou wentst as princelike new:
When he aloft extold aboue the rest,
Witl haury courage merily went to feast.
Like as kyng Peleus went sometymes to take
Queene Tethis, whom salt seas some bred, his make.
Whose hidding chambers, banquet wise ydrest,
The Gods vouchsafe to hallow with their hell,
Both they that rule in skyes and eake in Seas.

But tel, O Lady, tel, if it you please,
What todoyne chacie doth shade your beautes light.
What meanes your colour chainge from red to white?
What moves those trickling tears, how standes your plight?
Po. With dreames, and grieuely lightes, this last night, Nure,
My nynd was troubled lose, but frayd much worse.
For when Sir Phæbe his weary course had ryd,
Whyle quiet resting night each thing shadid,
My senses weary sel in slumber deepes,
Whyle Nero me within his armes did clepe.
Resoluing limes, at length gan slepe dischage,
And long I rest not under quietes targe,
For loe, I saw a route that brought me seare,
Come to my chaumber with disheueld hayze:
The Harcons sage of Latin land did moune,
And sounded shyrking lightes as though soyloue
They were, the dolesfull lightes that live on ground.
And oft among the warlike trumpers sound,
I sawe my husbands mother teribly stand,
With threatening looke berayed with bloud in hand
A light fyre hond the bare which oft the shooke,
And made mee goe with her through seareful loke.
When downe we came through op'ned earth shee led
The way, I after went with bowing hed,
And muling much therat, marke what I say,

My
Octauia.

My bed, me thought I saw, wherein I laye,
When first espoulsde I was to Rufe Chryspyne:
And hie me thought, with first sonne of his lyne,
With many following them agaynst me last
Did come, and me to sleepe did twist his hale,
And as he wolded was he kist me oft,
Then rulst into my house with pace not soft
Amased Nero soxe, in Chryspines hralst
That hidde his caulchion kene: speare shakte of reft
From mee: I trembling stode with quivering speare,
And byke dismayd to speake made me sozbeare.
Til now (O Purle) I met with thee, whole trust,
And sparst into these voydes haue made me buft.
Alas, what thzeartheneth eche griezly spight?
What meanes of huzbands bloud that dozel ful light?
Nu. The hidden sacred bayne that moueeth swift,
Which fantaze we call by sezet drift,
When we do take our rest doth new agayne,
The thinges both good and bad that byple in bayne:
You maruel that you saw your make, and hower,
His ghosly funerall nackes, at that same hower
Round claspd close in armes of huzband new:
Here to, the hearten heastes with handes mou'd you,
And maydens hayze, on marriage day d Izayd:
Octauias frieudes with heaue huztes bewayd,
Amids hir brozthers both and fathers hall
Their heaue cheere for her unlycke saull.
That dzeadful blasing flame of byze fozyzoyne
In Agryppynas hand your grace bezoyne.
Which you did follow streighth declares renowne
To you, though enuye fryue to keepe it downe:
The seart you saw beneath doth promise you
Your harte to stand ful sure not chaunging new:
That Nero prizce in Crispins thzot did hyde
His sword, it telles that he in peace hall hyde,
The nynth tragedie.

Unknowen to bloody ruthless warre for aye.
Therefore (Hadam) plucke up your hart I pray:
Receive both mirth and glee cast feare abyde,
With joy, and eafe you may in bowre abide.
Pop. To temples hie where mighty Gods do dwell,
I will repay or, and offeringes to them fell
In humble wyse their heavie wrath t’peece,
And mee of mighty light, and dreams to eafe.
My second with shal be, that this feare all
Upon my foes as todayne chance may fall.
O Purce pray thou for mee some bowes do make
Toth’ Gods, that ghosly feare his flight may take.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Chorus.

If stealth discloasde by blabbing fame,
And lusty, pleaseaut, thankfull loue,
Of I O V E be true: who fourme did frame
Of swan to come from skyes aboue,
And did enjoy the sweete consent
Of Ladye L E D A S loues delight:
V Vwho like a Bull his labour spent,
Through flowing floods to cary quite,
E V R O P A flylie stolne awaye:
Hee will no doubt leave raygne of Skye
And P O P P I E S loue disguifd assaye.
Octauia.

If hee her soueraygne beauty spee.
Which hee might wel preferre before
Fayre L A E D A S fugred sweete delight:
And D A N A E whom hee wonne of yore,
Amasde with golden shoure so bright:
Let S P A R T E now for H E L E N S sake
Of beauty bragging fame vprayse:
Admit the T R O I A N heardman make
Of gayned spoyle tryumphant prayse:
Fayre H E L E N here is stayned quight:
VWhose beauty bredde such boyling yre,
That earth was matched euen in sight
VWith T R O I A N towres consumde with fyre.

But who is this that runnes with seare opprest?
Or els what newes brings he in panting breast?

THE THIRD SCENE.

Nuntius, Chorus,

Hat sturdy champion stoute doth joy with glee
Our chiestaynes royal bower sake to see,
Then to his court I counsel him to wend,
Gainst which the populus rout their force doth bend.
The rulers runne amasde to fetch the gard,
And armed troupes of men,they towne to ward.
Noz woodnes rashly caught through seare doth cease,
But more and more, their power doth encreale.

Cho.
The nynth tragedy.

Ch. What sodain rage doth beat their byssling braise?
Nun. The garrison great with fury akande againe,
And sturred up for Queene Octauias sake
With monstrous mistichese bile,their rage to sake,
They rumbling rush into the Palleace farre.
Cho. What dare they do,their counstailors who are?
Nun. Advaunce their Empielle old, subuerct the new:
And graunt hir,brothers beds as is hie due.
Cho. Which Poppie now,with hole consent doth hold?
Nun. Pea that undideled rage in brest bygold,
Sers them agog, and makes them wondrous wood.
What ever ymage grauen in marble wood,
If Poppies badge it bære,0z if in light,
It tending 0z to shew hir beauty byght,
Though it on heavenly altares bæue did sand,
They break,0z pull it down, with lyword 0z hand.
Some parts with ropes sure tide,they cradle the forth
Which spurnd 0z dutly facre, as though naught worth
With filthy stinking myze,they it all beray.
And with their dresses their talke doth imipe agree,
Which mine amased minde,thinks true to bee
For herie flames they threat for to prepare,
Wherewith to waste, the princes Palleace faire,
Unleste,unto their furious moode he give
His second wyfe, and with Octauia liue,
But he by me shal know in what hard stay
The City standes: the rulers Ile obay.
Cho. Alack,what made you cruell warres, in baine
To move, 0th prizoner love you can not gaine;
You can not him overcome, your fiery flame
He recketh not:his lyze overcomes the same.
He darkened hars thos thundiring thumps that shake
Heauen, Earth, Hyel, tsea, at things 0z makes to quake.
Pea mighty Ioue, in heauen that weares cheif crowne
His flames from welkin hye hath brought adowne.
And you,not victors now, but banquished,

Shall
Octauia.

Shall raunsome pay, the price of hearts blynd red.
Love, patient can not be, but hote in rage,
No ease thing it is, his wrath tallwage.
Achilles worthy wight, that was so stout,
To twang the harpe he made in Ladies rour,
Prince Agamemnon sterne that hop benumd,
And rable rude of Grekes with love bounds humd.
King Priams raigne he tospie turence tost,
Aq goodly Cities great he chesky lost.
And now my minde love frighted stands agast,
What Cupides furious foerce brings vs at last.

THE FOURTH SCENAN.

Nero.

Ah, our captaines doe dispatching coyle,
And our long suffuring ye in such a byople,
That streanues of blynd yet do not quench their rage
Which theI against our prope person wage
And that all Rome, with coyles browed about,
Those cruel bllaines blynd, doth not sweat out.
But deeedes already done, with death to pay
A small thing its, a greater naughtous day
The peoples curved crime, and eke that dane,
Whom I did aye suspect, deserues the same.
To whome, to yelde those peasaunts would vs make:
At last the hall, with lie our lycow flake,
And with hit bodies blynd hall quenche our ye.
Then, hall their houses fall by foce of ye:
That burning both, and buildings luye decay,
What beggerly want, and wayling hunger may
Those bllaines shall be cure, to have eeh day.
Ah, Prouender picks that vile rebellious race
He can they once our sauour well embrace,
Nor be content, with peace in quiet skate,

But
The nynth tragedy.

But broysling raumpe about with troubled gate.
Hereon with bolonelle straight,hereon they sit,
With harebrained rashnells hedlong by and by.
    Well,they must tamed be with heavy stroke,
And downe he kept with prise of weighty yoke:
That they,with like attempt,do not arise,
Nor once cast by their deadly peasaunts eyes,
Against our loving spouses golden looks:
First punish them sure,then seare shall be their bookes,
To teach them,at their Princes beek t'oday
But see at hand,whom eath,and vertue rare,
Lieutenant chiefe of camps,appointed thare.

THE FIFTE SCEANE.


The bulgare peoples rash unruly rage
The daughter of a feve did lone allwage,
Which long witkide our valiant force in bain.
    To tel your grace this newes, I come againe.
Nero. And is this then ynoough, doth thou so well.
O coudiour marke what doth thy captaine tell?
Hast thou with held thy hand fro blody yse?
Is this the due venenge that we requyze?
Præ. The captaine guides of treason payd their hyse,
By desperate death of blody sword in sight.
The route which sough with flaming hyse to light,
Ner. Our royall Pallace great,who would assigne
Their Prince what he shoule doe: and pull in fine
Our mate from by dissolving wedlocke bandes:
Whose hardy staundrous tonges, twicked bandes,
His princely grace repochfully with standes,
From due venenge,are they dismissed free?
Præ Shall subjectes payne,by griefe assigne hee?
Ner. It shall assigne which time shall nener weare.
Præ, Which neither wythy may end,now yet your fear?

Bb 2.

Nero
Octavia.

Nero. Shee shall appease our hie displeased minde,
Why burn, our wondr deservd due to finde. (quire
Præ. Declare whole death your moode both most re-
Let not my hande be stayde from your desire.
Ner. It seckes our sisters death, and traytours hed.
Præ. Those words through all my lims, hath sticenelle
Oppzet with gruelie feare: Ner. This to obey. (lyed,
Stands thou in doubt? Præ. On lyght why do you lay
So great a fault? Ner. Bycause thou sparedst our foe.
Præ. Deserves a woman to be termed to?
Ner. If treason the begin. Præ. Is any man
So sure, that his acuse of treason can?
Wights Ner. The peoples rage: Præ. Those madde unweldye
Who order could? Ner. Who could stir vp their lypes?
Præ. No creature as I thincke. Ner. A woman could,
In whome a mind Dame nature hath vpfound,
To mischief prone: shee armed hath her heart,
To hurt by wyles: yet strengthe shee let apart,
Least shee undaunted force with her should beare:
But now her slender power with doubting feare,
Is quickly quaylde, or else with punishment,
Which her condemned state to mischiefse bent
To late deth ende: away with grave advice,
Us with entreating seeke not to entyle.
Dispatch that we commaund on shipbrooke boyn,
Farre off to those aloose with dashing woyne,
Commaund shee be: that unlike dwelling yesse
At length in stouning stomack may take refr.

THE SIXTE
SCENE.

Chorus. Octavia.

Lack the peoples bitter lour,
And dyze good will to many one,
Which, when they hystred sayles above,
With pleaunt blazeis it made to groane,
And
The nynth tragedy.

And carried them from quiet shore,
That yawning, leaves them in the deepe,
And tumbling, raging waters toye.

Cornelia pitious wretch did weepe,
And soe bewayle hir lones estate:
The peoples love did bnde hir,
And wondrous favour, byd hir hate:
Great worthy peeres of noble stein:
Df high renowne for vertues playle:
In layre and eloquence did pas
Their sonacks stout their fame did rayle:
Ith lawes eche one most excellent was.

And Scipio, thee did Fortune peeld
Unto lyke death, and cursed wacke,
Whom nether honours pompe coulde heeld,
Noz fenced house thy foes kepe backe.
Hoe to repeate, although I coulde,
Pure present griece foedideth soe:
Ere whyple to whom the people woulde,
Her Fathers antique Courte veltze,
And Brothres wedlocke once againe,
Now weeping, wrying hands pooze wretch,
Unto hir cruel, deadly payne,
The armed soulidiours doe hir fest.
How lase both poverty lye content,
In therched house lase Ipounded ther?
High rapled towers with blasts are bent,
Which often rymes them ouer beare.
Oft Where pull you mee pooze wretch? alas,
Into what banisht exiles place,
Woulde Nero have mee soz to palle,
D Fortune bids, with frowning face?
If now with yawning strength quite coolde,
And with my byopies all weairied eadle,
And longer lyke thee graunt mee woolde,
If that thee worke soz to increase,

Bb 3.
Octauia.

My sorrowes great with deadly dart,
Why is she then so much my foe,
In country that I may not part,
And leave my life before I goe?

But now no helpe of health I seele,
Alas I see my Brother's boare:
This is the same, whose baulted keele,
His Brother once did set a store.
And now his piteous Sister I,
Excluded cleane from spoufall place,
Shall be so caried by and by:
No force hath vertue in this case.
No Gods there be my woes to wrecce.
The grievous, dreadful day Eryn,
Both weele the worlde at nod and becke,
Who can lament my state, wherein
I am, alas, sufficientlie?
How can Aedon duly playne,
My smarting streames of tears that I
Do shedde: whose wings I would be faire,
If destinies would them graunt, to weare.
Then would I leave my mourning mates,
As swifely fled, as wings could beare,
And to annoyde these bloody pates.
Then sitting sole in firwood thistle,
And hanging sure, by dandling twigge
With plaintive pipe I might out twicke
My heavy tined note so bigge.
Chor. The mostall byode the destinies guide:
Themselves they nothing can assure,
That certainly both steadfast hide:
Which our last day of life procure,
(Thereof we alwayes should beware,) Much daunerous chauntes for to try:
Unto your troubled minde with care,
How many examples do apply,
Which your accurced court hath brought,
The nynth tragedy.

To holden you in all your joye:
For what hath more your troubles wrought,
What doth against you soere joye,
Than sozure doth? the first of all,
Agrippas childe brought forth to life,
Whome we Tyberius daughter call,
By lawe, and eke Prince Caesars wife,
Of many sonnes a carefull dame,
I cannot chose but now recount,
Whose worthy, glorious ample name,
Throughout the world doth much lurnoun.
So oke with belly holne that bare
Dezyzed fruites, and peace's pledge,
Ere long thou suffredst exiles care,
Strypes, chains, and boltes of your wedge,
And mourning much, which so did frame,
That death they caule to thee to abyde.
So Livia, Druus lucky dame
In male kinde babes, did heding abyde,
Into a cruel monstrous deede,
And death soze pearcing deadly dart.
Sir mothers sakes doth Lulia speede,
To follow straignt with all her heart,
Who after longer wasted time
With bloody sauccion kene, was claime,
Although soz no ute saute oz crime,
Your mother eke that once did raigne,
Who then esteemd of Claudius well,
Did wisely wed his court at will,
And fruitfull was, as you can tell,
What could not her desire fulfill?
Shye sometime subject to her slave,
To death was put with souldeours blade.
What shee, that eady hope might haue,
Tooth skies, her raigne to rize haue made,
Prince Neroes luly Parent great?
First tost with shipmans boisterous force,
Octauia.

Then toyme with sword in Pyynces heat,
Did mee not lye a senseles colse,
Oct. Loe mee the tyrant stern will send
To pricksome shades and hellish spires.
Why wretch doe I the tyme thus spend?
Drow mee to death you to whose myghts,
Falle Fortune hath bequeathd mee.
I witnesse now the heavely powze.
What dost thou blamme? leaue to see,
With prayer to Gods, who on thee powze.
I call to witnesse Tartar depe,
And spyres of Hell reuenging breaakes
Of haynous facts, in Dungeon depe,
And spyre whom death defuered breaakes.
I doe not now repyne to dye,
Deck vp your Ship, and hoyle your Sayle,
On srowning seas to windes on lye:
Let him that guides the Helm not sayle,
To seeke the shoze of Pharian Land.
Cho. O pippling puste of western wynde,
Which sacrifice dist once withstand,
Of Iphigen to death allignde:
And close in Cloude congealed clad,
Did carie her from smoking aires,
Which angry, cruell Virgin had:
This Pyynce also oppressd with cares,
Sawe from this painesfull punishment,
To Diens temple safely boynne:
The barbarous Moores to rudenesse bent,
Then Pyynces Courtes in Rome soylyne,
Haue farre more Cypilte curse
For there ther strangers death appease
The angry Gods in heauens on hie,
But Romayne bloude, our Rome must please.

FINIS.
The Argument.

HERCVLES hauinge subdued the Sonnes of EVRITVS Kynge of OEchalsa, (who contrary to their promise, denied to geue their Sifter IOLE vnto him) & hauing made conquest of the City and countrey thereabout, meant to sacryfice vnto the Gods for his vicitory in that halfe, and succes in bringing away, perforce, his beeloued IOLE. For the solemne celebration whereof, he sent LYCAS his seruaunt, vnto DEIANEIRA his WIFE, to fetche his Robe, which hee alwayes vsed when hee sacrifized. DEIANEIRA dippinge and be-sprinkling the fame Robe in the bloude of NESSVS the Centaure, because she feared leaft her husband loued IOLE better then he did her, (for NESSVS being shot through, and slayne by HERCVLES, had perfwaded & aduised her that shee shoulde so doe, whensoever shee doubted that her husbands loue were alienated from her to any other,) sent it vnto him. Which Garment when HERCVLES had put on, the poyfon wherein it was dipped and wafhed, enuenomed all his Vitall partes, and droue him into moft intollera-
The Argument.

ble tormentes. For remedy vvhereof hee sent to Apollo his Oracle at Delphos: from vvhence hee receiued aunswere, that hee should bee caryed vnto Mounte OEtus, and there, that a greate fier shoulde bee made: and as for all other things, they should bee referred to the pleasure and direction of Jupiter. The fier being there made and kindled by Philoctetes, (vnto vvhom Heracles bequeathed his Arrowes,) Heracles vvent vp into it, & was there burned. Whose boanes being afterward sought for and not founde, the standers by vvere fully perswaded that he vvas deified, & taken vp into Heauen. When knowledge thereof vvas broughte vnto Deianira, shee thinking her selfe to bee the cause of her hufbandes tormenting death, strangled her selfe.

FINIS.

THE
The Speakers names.

HERCULES.  IOLE.
ALCMEA,  CHORVS.
HYLLVS.  PHILOCTETES.
NVTRIX.  DEIÂNIRA.

THE FIRST
AC TE.

HERCULES alone.

Loade of Ghostes whose lyse flashe
(That forth thy hand doth shake)
Doth cause the trembling Lodges twayne
Of Phœbus Carre to quake,
Raygne reachlesse nowe: in every place
Thy peace procure I have
Aloose where Nereus lockes up lande
Empalde in winding Waue.

Thwaack not about with thunder thumpes, the rebell kinges bee downe,
The rauening tyrantes Sceptrelles, are pulled from theire crowne:
By me all daunted is whereon, thy boules thou shouldst hallow.
And yet O Father, yet the Heauens are stil withhelde mee true,
At all allayes I serve, as might an Imp of Iove behove,
And that thou ought to Father mee, my stepdame well doth proue.
Whych dost thou linger in delay, is Heauen of vs afrayde?
Seeme wee to awfull, fell, and fierce? and wherefore are wee stayde?
And cannot Atlas hoplesous backe on stouping shoulder tough,
Upholde the payle of Hercules, and heauen well inough?

What is
Hercules Oetæus.

What is it her? what is it I oue that thee so much detarres?
What may thee force kepe backe thy sonne from hailmg of the Starres
For death hath let me passe againe from dungeon darke to thee,
When milchieues fell and monsters all destroyde and spoyled bee
That eyther Lande, or Seas, or Aire, O: hell engender coulde
Arcadian Lyon none to raunge in faltage Nemea wolde.
The Stymphall Fowle hath chased him With Bowe, and Byzell houlte,
No nimble heart of Menalus both lye in hill noz houlte
The Dragon daunting with his blosud hath goarde the goulten groue.
And Hydra hath his courage coulde, and Diomedes hyge
Whole puffed paunches pampered were with soare of Straungers bloud
That looarde the Caftle and barren bankes of cruel Heber loud
I slaughtered them, and that the force of foe might well bee scene.
I prowde away the booties of the prowde Amazon Queene,
Of silent shades in gleamy Gouphes the dreadfull doomes I saw
On Cerber black the Tartar Tyke the sonne did shine with awe,
And he with steaming Goggle eyes hath glyed upon the sonne:
Anteus pameres, and gapes no more whole gasping breath is done.
A front his alters Butir fell was knockt unto the grounde,
By him whose hande gane Gerion his deepe and deadly wounde
And drew the mighty Bull that was to hundred heartes a deade.
All noyous plagues I spoyled hauve that ever Tellus deade,
And daunted by my hand they lye: the Gods now neede no fret:
The wayde to auns were Iunoes yre, no monsters now can get.
Now drew thy valiant sonne his aire, or let him in the clowdes,
Thou shalt not neede to bee my guide,my selfe will clime the thyowdes.
Doe thou my passage but allow, and I shall finde away:
But if thou deade, that monsters more the earth engender may,
Vast on eache monster hideous, to drew it selfe in time,
Whyle Hercules hath his abode beneath the heaenly Clyme.
For who encounter shall the stendes? who sit that Grecia hath,
That may be neere, to hide the hunte of mighty Iunoes wath?
By pryle hurtes not my health: my famo doth fly from land to land.
The gly poale doth know mee, where the northerne heare doth stand:
The easterlings encounterd with the gleede of scorching sunne:
The southe,where Phoebe by crooked cleaze of Tropick Crab doth rynne:
In every coast O Titan where thou dost thy selfe reveale,
How I have met thee face to face, to thee I doe appeale.
Aloofe beyond the compasse of thy light I set my toote,
And neuer coulde thy blaze fo farre his glimlinge glory shoeote.
The tenth tragedie.

As I have so oft the honour of my triumphes for to streach,
The day it selfe hath had his sight, within my trauells reach
Dame Nuture sayde, the wold was shold beside his center dew,
And outsome night in shimmering bade, from dungeon dark I drew.
And cankred Chaos lodged aloose encountered mee amayne:
Yet from the deep I gat to ground, whence none returnes agayne.
Wee strane against the Ocean stomes, I balaed the keele
Fraght with my weight, that wrestling wanes could not cpell it rele.
What heapes of hazards tempted I through all the open ayre,
To qualify thy wedlocks wrath can milchiese none repaye.
The earth would loady such baggage byd as I would match by might,
Yea monsters none are to be bounds, the hentes doe stun my sight.
And Hecules for want of hentes against him selfe did rage
What eluihe creatures curst did I with naked arme allwage.
Was ever any peith thing to big upon the ground
That coapt with mee, but that my hand alone did it confound.
Not hitherto from vermin yle throug laynring seare I leapt
In babith yeares, nor when to me in Cradell layde they leapt:
Eache thing that was commanded me, at eafe I did obey:
Thus free from paysenfull toyle to me there never past a day.
What vermin haue I vanquished, no king commanding it?
By courage elopes me more then all the wyles of Iunoes vit.
But what auayled me to rid mankinde of seale seare?
The Gods yet cannot raigne in rest: while vp the world both peace,
New rid of furious hentes, it sees a lost in stary skies
The cruel creatures all, that cast on earth did lose aggrieve.
Dame Iuno hath transport the elues The sroching Crab doth creepe
Abowth the burning zone, and loose at Africke doth keepes
The Tropick line: and Harueft fat he feedes with parching heate:
To Virgo, Leo turnes the time, and in a reaking sweate
He buckling vp his burning Hane, doth dip the dropping south.
And swallowes vp the stabby clouds in spy comeing mouth.
The Urchins all are creap to skyes, and haue prevented mee:
I Conqueroz from Earth to Heauen, my trauells all may see:
These gargle Faces grim on heauen, Dame Iuno first did let:
As though thereof the terror might to skyes my passage let:
Although the seater then in Skyes, o1 make the Heauens xoylone
Bose then ye Earth, o2 helllike Gulphses, (whereby ye Gods are twoine)
Yet roomes for: Hecules halve made, if after monsters quelle,
O2 battells fought, o2 hellike hound in Chaynes as captiue helde,
If all
Hercules Oetheus.

If all employes cannot procure, in skyes a place to gayne,
Then souk by bee the midland Sea twixt Barbarie, and Spayne,
That any there may gayne in one, with channell none betwene
There will I dam the running streame, that Sea shall none be seen.
Or as for Corinth out that land that twenee two leas both lyne,
It shall give way to eyther streame, that through the same Hall fly.
And when the leas on passage have, the Fleece of Athens town:
May floate in Channell new: thus shall the world turne toppadowne:
Let Inter turne his streame, and Tanaus new another way:
Graunt Ioue a placket, graunt, whereby the Gods upholde I may.
Discharge thy thunder dint, where I shall keepe due watch, I warde,
If eyther to the ply poale than bid mee have regardes,
Or burning Zone, heere let the Gods full face all force defy:
Pynce Paeon purchase hath an house amid the crissall Sky,
And well detached be the temples of Pernassis hill,
For slaughter of a Dragon made: how oft recovering still
In Hydra payston Python lay: with Bacchus Perseus strong
By lesse detest then Hercules, haue crept the Gods among.
But all the East (a mighty coast) to bond is bought, by him.
Whom Iuno Spightes, how creame a bug was snaky Gorgon grim?
What Impe is he, begot betwene my stepdame dye and thee,
Whose pappled paynes haue purchaske him a place in heaven to be?
The heauen that on my shouldeers I haue bolstered by I craue:
But Lycas, (partner of my paines) didpatch our triumph baze.
Display in pomp the ruin of Euritus house, and Crowne:
And for the facrisse with spreded strike ye the Bullocks downe,
Where as the Aare (that doth advance the Church of Cenei Ioue)
Lyes open to Euboea sea: that wyackfull waue doth move.

Chorus,

He Gods in blisse that man doth coûteruaile,
That can at once both Graue, & glory gayne,
Death upon death the whilst doth him assaile
Whose wretched life is lingred on in payne,
With frowning fate in spurning spighte who striaues,
And sets the Keele of gaping goulphe at nought,

Will not
The tenth tragedie.

Will not submit his captive handes to giues,
As dish of dishonour in triumph to bee brought:
   Like carefull caytife hee shall neuer droupe,
Whelmed in storming thoughts of sourer annoy
Whoe stomacke fcorne, for dawning death to houpe,
Though seas amid the deepe in hoyfted hoy
Driue him aloofe, when as a southern gale
Beates Boreas back, or eastern puffe agayne
Recoiles the western winde, and seemes to hale
From deepest fandes the surges torne in twayne.
   Tht broken planckes to catche hee scrambles not
Of wracked barke, as one that hopes to haue
Amid the Channell deepe a landing plot,
When dismall death appeares in every waue
Hee cannot suffer shipwracke all alone:
With pined karrayne coarfe, and streames of teares,
And with our countrey duft our heads vpon,
Powldring our lockes, wee languiffe out our yeares.
   Neyther flashing flame, nor thumping thunder cracke
Will once dawnt vs: O death thou doft purswe,
Where fortune fawnes: but where she worketh wracke,
Thou shunnest thofe, that woulde thee not eschew,
Wee stand not in our razed countrey wall,
Whose ground shall now bee ouergrowne (alas)
With bramble, and bryer, and down the temples fall:
While mucky sheepecotes are planted in their place.
   And now the frostifaced Greeke (alas)
This way, this way, with all his droue of Neate
By so much of Æchalia muift passe,
As heapt on ashes groweth still with heate.
The Tessayle sheepherd sitting by the way
On iarringe Pype shall play his countrey ryme,
Singing wyth sighes alacke, and weladay,
Thus to bewayle the sorrowes of our time.
   Ere tyme shall roll the race of many a yeare,
It will bee askt, where earft the towne did stand?
   O well
Hercules Oetheus.

O well was I, when as I liued a leare,
Not in the barren balkes of fallow land,
Nor in Thessalia on the foodelesse cliues,
But now among rough Trachin craggy Rocks,
And ougly shrubs necessity mee dries,
Whose flaming toppes detarres the feeding Oxe.

And in the way leffe woods vntrode before
All comfortlesse, aflight and in a maze
Needes muft I trot alone, that would abhorre
The faluage beastes, that on the mountaynes graze.
But better lot (if any Dames may haue)
They ouer Inach wambling streame shal row,
Or shrowd in Dirce Walles, where Ismen waue
With feeble force of shallow fourde doth flow.

The hawty Hercles mother heere was wed,
What Scythian crag, what stones engendred him?
What Rocky mountayne Rhodope thee bred,
Of Tyrant Titans race a cursed lim?
Stipe Athos hill, the brutish Caphia land,
With teate vnkinde, fed thee twixt rocke & floane:
False is the tale, wherewith thou beart in hande,
Two nights for thee thy Mother deare did groane.

While lingring starres long lodged in purple sky:
The shepherd starre his course did enterchaunge
With the loade starre, and vp the Moone doth fly,
That couched Phoebe durst not the Welkin raunge,
No Launce can pearce his monsters ruggy skin,
The blunted Iron tryed it with thumping thwack,
And Steele is not so tough: on naked skin
A swerd was braft, and stones rebounded back.

The force of fate he utterly defies,
And toughly timberd as he is of lim
Hee doth contriue, how quarrells may arife,
That death might prove his febled force in him
The quaries could not enter to his flesh,
Nor yet the bowe with Scythian steule drawn deepe,
The tenth tragedie.

No nor the glaues, vwith vvhich Sarmacians fresh,
Hot skirmishes in th'ysy Clyme doe keepe.
   No nor the Parthian better Archer farre,
Then Creete, who parcht with Phaëtons soultring flame,
Vnder the Equinoctiall rayseth warre,
Gaynft th'eafterling discomfetinge the same.
Hee with his body did batter downe the wall,
Of Oechalie: nothing may him withftande:
By valiaunt prowesse hee hath conquerd all:
Tis woon before, that hee doth take in hande:

The howgy Briar that fifty paunches had,
The hawty Giges with hundred armes likewise,
That clamb vp Thaffayle hills as Gyant mad,
When rebells rage woulde take from Ioue the skyes,
Such steaming Eyes, such gaffly visage soule,
Such Gargle face, such countnaunce glaring grim,
Wherewith steerne Hercles glowningly doth scowle,
Those Gyaunts had resembling playnely him.

Thus greatest blisse is prone to greatest bale
There wants no woe whose cup wee haue not taste
Wee wretched women haue with countnaunce pale.

I O L E.

Ut carefull captiße I
   doe not bewayle forloune
   The sweeping flames, noz Idolles, wyth
   their rarrred Temples toynce:
   Noz that the Fathers burne
   together with they2 Sonnes,
   That Gods, x men, that tombes x Church,
   at once to ruin runnes.
Upon the common care
   wee doe not powze our playnt,
   For Fortune wills vs turne our teares with other woses attaynt:
   Tc.    And thus
Hercules Oetæus.

And thus my crowning Fate allorrest unto me:
Another kinde of wretchednes, that mult lamented bee:
What shall I first bewepe? Or chiefly what complaine?
And to bewaye them all at once, woulse mitigate my payne.
Alas that but on breaste Dame Nature did mee frame,
That blawes agreeing to my grieffe might bounce upon the same.
With weeping Spillock, hoope yee my halefull breaste,
On Eridanus silent hooe in sourowes let mee rest,
Where as the mourning troupe of Nymphes doe hale theyr heares,
To waple the death of Phaëton with thowzes of dopping teares.
In Sicil roke zhe caus me encooff to dwell,
Where Scilla Hag with howling noyle, and barking big doth yell.
Else in Lynnets hape let me tell on my tale,
And wewepe with Adon in the woods, oz tuande to Nightingale
As Lady Philomele, recordes with weeping lay
In Shade of Hawey Ismar hill upon a tender spay,
With looking lythes her grieffe, O Gods: and mee adnight
In lyape, that may be suitabe unto my playntyfe plight.
And of my piteous moane let craggy Trachin sounde,
Sith Myrre lawe the teares wherein Dame Venus eyes were dwayne,
That bee for Adonis with linsky lythes did shed,
And Halcion might waple at will her losing Ceyx dead:
The Lady Tantalis gat lyfe to wepe alone,
And Philomele did chaunche her lyape, and earnestly did mone
Her tender Itis death: (alas) why are not yet
With stickering Fethers fit for wynges, my naked armes belet?
O happy Hall I bee, and happily bee blest,
When in the woods as in an houte I make my howding neast,
And string like a lyde upon my country grounde
In dolefull harmony Hall tune the cares, that me confounde.
That thus the people fond may talke how they have scene
In piteous likenesse of a Byde, the Daughter of a Queene.
I carefull captiue, I, behelde my Fathers fate,
When in the Courte a deadly club did palt him on the pate,
And spyawling on the floore with hraznes passh out hee laye,
Alas it fates would let thy Coarce behynde in pit of Claye,
What flowing teares (O Speer) would I on thee behows?
And could I brooke it Toxous, to see thy death with woe?
That wert binwaynde in yeares, and caje in pits unpaynde,
Upon whole naked Chekes the pregnaunt lay no hayzes had raysde.
Why should
The tenth tragedie.

Why should I parents deare your sakes with teares detest,
Whom death with hand indifferant hath taken hence to rest:
By Fortune seekes my teares, due to myne owne distresse,
Now as a captaine must I dawnee attendaunce more and lesse,
Upon my Ladies rock: and twylke her thyde yspoon,
Wse worth my beauty, for the which in dread of death I run.
And for thy sake alone my stock hath lost his lyfe,
Whyle that my yer Denyeth me to Hercules as his wyse
And did for feare refuse his stepfather to see,
But to our Laydes balefull bower as Captives hence goe we:

THE SECONDE

A C T E.

Nutrix. Deianira.

What furious fits of ramping rage
Dorthe boyle in Womans boyan,
When in one roose both wedded wyfe
And Harlot doe remayne?
Both Scylla, and Charibdis gulske
No daunger like it haue,
That raging roll on Sicill shoxe
By heapes the waggling waue.
No saluage beaste to bad there is,
That betters not the same.

For huite no sooner blew abroade the captaine Harlots name,
And that the beauty of Iolas countnaunce hymned hym,
As both the day, when marble skies, no filthy fog both dim:
O like the glimse of twinkleling starre, that in the welkin bright
Displays abroade his shooting beames amid the crotty night:
But Deianira HerculesWyke all bedlem like both flande,
And scowlyth as the Tiger wild which couched on the lande
In shade of rocks dorthe shewode his whelpes, and buckelsup in haste,
Clipping him that of his younge dorthe come to make the walle:
O like as Menas overcharg with Bacchus licour sweete
With Fuy bunche on thurled Darre from place to place dorthe fleete:

To 2. Shee makes
Hercules Oetaeus.

Shee makes a pawle, in doubt where to shee might direct her pace,
Then franticke as on belstrought, shee stikes from place to place
In Hercules house, thus was shee capt in rage of flaming yee,
The house to narrow was, to coole the despiet dames desire.
Shee runneth in, shee trots about, shee makes a soddayne stap.
The mallydy in crowning face it selles both playne display,
No galling griefe remaynes at heart. The teares gush from her Eyes,
No: in on kinde of temper still in frenty hits shee eyes:
Her gloowing looks with fury tell doe chaunge her former hew,
Now glaring hande her crowning Eyes, and paleneke both entwle
The ruddy colour in her Chekes: the anguith of her heart
Drines out her dolos deep, to shew them felues in every part:
Shee languisheth, shee moanes for helpe, shee waves her crowne fates,
And all the house an Echo makes rebounding her estate.
Loe headlong to and true shee hies, and running still about.
Goes mumblling, and the secrets of her minde shee mutters out:
O: Iuno Spouse to Ioue, what part of heauen fouver thou keepe,
Ryple vp some saluage heart, agaynke lewde Hercules to creepe,
That I shall thinke sufficient: if any cumbrous snake
With bredding shee doe craule, more big in all the stiny lake,
That may not take a lopyle: oz if that ought doe yet remayne,
So ouctone, grizely, cryt, and grim, to traught with filthy hayne,
That shee may loathe to looke thercon, that may his light appalue.
Undoe their Denines, from hydrous hoales procure such vermin craule.
O: if that henders can none be undone, then conjure thou my ghost
To what thou list: this soule of myne can well abide the most:
Some uncourte shape, some Gallty face, such one bellow on mee,
Wherby the honour of my punges may counterupled bee:
My boyline breake cannot conceaue the vengeaunce, I woulde trye:
Why secheft thou the corners farre, of landes aloose that lye?
And turnt y'would thus upside downe? why sekeft thou harme of hell?
To trounce him, furious henders ynoque within this breake doe dwell?
Make me thyne instrumente of hate: his stepdame I will bee,
And thou mayest worke the outrethrow of Hercules by mee:
Appoynet my hand to any thing. Why doest thou make delay?
Ule thou my frently, as the meanes to compasse his decay.
The mischiefe shall be brought to paule, what ever thou wilt craue:
Why lande yee muting still therecon? contrived all I have:
Thou mayst forbear thy mallice now: my cancour hall suffice,
To byng this wretche unto his ende, my selke can well doulie.

Nv. My

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The tenth tragedie.

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NV. My Foster gyfte of raving mynde, these dreary playnts allwage,
Forebear this heate, and bydell yet the vigour of thy rage:
Behaue thy selue for such an one, as men may worthy judde
The noble Spoufe of Hercules. DEI. Shall Iole (callith drudge)
Hys batted brethren to my Babes? or her that is a hue
Shall Juniper the God of heauen fortooth a daughter haue?
The flashing flames, and sighting floods hall joyne togethers first.
The northerne heare to Marble seas hall louspe to quench his thirsty.
Pea vengeance, vengeance, will I haue, though on thy back thou wyeld.
The boylstous heauens, and all the worlde doe peace vnto thee yelde:
There is a thing hall stinge thee worke then Hydra hilling Snake,
The corly curt of angry Wyke. Deth any styre Flake
Uphisyne from Etnas boylng foarte, to bowle the beaten skyes?
More then all things that thou hall daunt, my ghost hall thee aggryle.
Shall thou poyse a leviull Trull before thy wedded Wyke?
For feare of many monsters more I tendred still thy lyfe,
And now so to encreas my care, I see no monster lurke,
And now steeps in an hateful whooze, (which more my mynde doth lyke)
To eumber vs, as ill as hendes. O Father thou of might,
The shield of Gods: and Titan thou, that beart the Lamp of lyght,
I onely vnto Hercules a loyall wyke abod,
And to an Harlots bile are turnde my prayers made to God:
The fruite of my felicity a Strumpet doth obtayne,
And so an Harlots love vee Gods haue harder my prayers dayne:
Is Hercules returned so? her, O griefe not yet content.
Deuise some teareing tormentes, secke some pangues, and punishment.
Let Iuno learne of mee, what soe a womans fury hath.
Shee knowes not how in deepe delspight, to bee her harming wyssh.
Foz mee you did these battales wage: soz my lake Acheloee
Did let his streaminge bloud amid his wainblinge waues to doe.
When snarling Adders shape her tooke, and to the boylstous Bull
Vee gieuing by his thoughy shape did bene his mallice full.
And thus thou spoyde a thousand foes by conquystem of this one:
Yet presently thou plunged art, and that by mee alone:
A pythoner now must be prestebe before thy loyall wyke.
He none of that: but even the day that first begins the strike,
And to our wedlock byings the heareth, shalbe thy dismall day,
And knap in swaune the corall twist where on thy lyke dorh lay:
What meanceth this? my mynde relenteth, my mallice bieakes his rage:
O wretched griefe why dost thou laynte? thy spight wilt thou alswage?

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Hercules Octæus.

With fealty of a faithfull Wyke dost thou thy conscience charge?
Why lesst thou not my bowling pre fo to encrease at large?
Why dost thou make thy crying hirs? this mallady still suruive.
Euen now I able was with him for masterchip to trie.
In deede I have not ceaued aye: yet Stepdame Iuno will,
To weilde my handes to worke his wacke, bee heere ambanat Skill:
NV. What treachery entendest thou mad bedlem to commit?
Thy hul bad will thou murder wreach? whose sickening fame both sit:
From east to west: whose wyght conuivre the earth coude not contrayne
But rayide aloste, from marble Skies it dogh rebounde agrayne:
The mother Earth shall ryce in armes fo to revenge his graine.
His former Stepfcers flecke hereby the overthrow shall haue:
And all Ætolia royall blood will feele an upravall:
In quarrell of thy Hercules the world conpiere shall.
Then 2t able wythe how many plagues shalt thou alone abyde?
But bee't that from the face of man thou wyght thy body hyde.
Yet Ioue the lightning leaunes of heauen doth halde in armed hand,
Beholde the Wyng fey flake in ranckes all ready hand:
And thyrning thunders thumping thicke doe bounce out all the day,
Deathes dungeon (that thou dost defy) full ducly feaare thee may.
For there his Uncle unpyye urs. Wyche where thou mayst unwyde.
And every where thou shalt perceave the Gods to him aliend.
DE. I graunt, it delpert deede, whereto dispayre now doth me dye.
NV. Die love thou shall. DE. And die I will, (as presently I liue)
The loyall spouse of Hercules. And ere this night doe passe,
Dysshall not see that Deianire a living Wydow was.
Nor of my spoucall bed an whose shall get the interrest.
The awkening day shall soone make the morning peere in West,
Unto the eastward indians the ply deale shall melt,
And freezing Scithian first shall cry with flames that bee hath felt
Of Phœbus fervent wheel: are mee Theffalia Trucks shall see
Doomt: my hydwall barkall with my blood sancrued bee:
And egypt. let him murdred bee, or take away my Lyse.
So loothly let him count among the toydled bendes his Wyfe.
Among Alcides labours let mee reckned bee as on.
His loye in heart I holde, untill the utter gape hee gon.
Thus buiue (not bueruengde) I will to Hercules rombe.
If bole be with chylde by him, ile feare it from her wombe,
And rent it with these pawes of myne. Sea in the wedding place,
I flying at her fearee will let my tallantes in her face:

Let him
The tenth tragedie.

Let him not spare in calluming rage a sacrifice to make
Of me upon his wedding day, when he his Tutill both take,
So that I falling downe may light on Ioles senseles coarce
He dyes a happy man, that he hath guelde his foes by force.
No, O wretched night why dost thou thus encrease thy burning heart?
And seede thy fury wittingly least hap should thee decrete.
He loved Lady Iole, but while her father's crowne
Stoode flourishing in royall state and were not batten downe,
And as unto the daughter of a King her sister was,
But when from type of hauy pompe she did to thaldome passe
He spoke her of hot love was cold, and now her bitter bale
Would not allow the wacked kele to heare to shee a tale:
Uneeful things that should be thund we greedely debye.
But matters weeter for our state we seladome do require.
The ppying of advercity doth oft enkindle more
The acrrent sistes of loue, and this perhaps doth byge him sore,
To see her reast of natyue coyle, it may his fancie touch,
Her nayze not met with trellies trimme, nor bet with golden ouche
Perhaps the man with pitry pricke both love her for her care.
Unto his noble hart to pitry prisoner's tis not rare,
The siler deare of Priamus (sayze Lady Hesyon) he
Did caufe to Thelamon the greek in vedloke knite to be:
Account how many wyues before, and maydens did he love,
And raung'd abroadde to coole the rage that Venus bwand did move.
Sayze Auge mayde of Arcadye ententie let to leade
Dianas dauce, by force of him did leese her mayden hed.
And yet no token could he shew no pledge of any love,
What shall I speake of any more, or doth it mee before,
To pare what plankes he playd with fifty daughters in one night.
And yet how loose of such a pange he overcame the might,
He let much more by Omphale of Lidia land the Queene,
When like a guest on Timolus the mount he hath bene leene.
He was to pricke with Cupids dark, and caught in Venus trap,
That tuckt in woman's weede he sat with dilke in his lap
And spoone the lare with sombling fylk, and rudecly thumbde the thredde
And song from him the lyans cares the pricke of noble berte.
With trellies trecce on plaite lockes he wasple as a mayde
With myze his tresseled palse was incard, and curled blyt was hazyde,
Thus every wyere as fancie hits, the fondling botes in loye,
But in such fote as easely he can the same remoue.
Hercules Oetæus.

DEI. But they whom fickle fancies fits haue taynt, doe learne at last
In linke of loure by bract of time to sir affaunce fall.
NV. Trow yee that hee this captuine queue, and on whom hee doe see
The daughter of his deadly foe, will moie extreme then thee?
DE. As gladsome groues at Priene of slipping in beauties pride are scene
When freethelth warmeth the naked twigges doth clad in pleasant greene,
But when could Beoreas boyleous blak the piping purties doth stop
Of southwinde sweete, rough wynter powles the naked bushes top:
The barewoode with mishapen stumps doth shew a withered face,
Euen to my beauty marcing forth a leason on his Race
Still fades away, and evermore abates his glimming glose,
And what to ever was in mee, by care is come to losse.
And that which eart by fancy led the greedy gazing eyes,
Is fallen away by bearing childe: to oft it doupes, and dyes.
And since I came to mothers state, I fated fast away.
And wrinkled age with srowed lace steeps in with quick decaip,
But yet this boindmaydes freuer fresh hee sorow better huekes.
Her comely countenance crazed is with leane and vanny lookes,
And yet for all her kark and care amid her dece distrelle,
Shee beares a glimse of beauty byght, and fawre nothing lesse.
Her heapy hap, and crowning fate can nothing from her plecke.
Saue Scepter from her royall hande by all this lowing lucke.
By meanes of this first layning feare did lodge within my breaste,
That makes mee wake the weare nightes, and lesse my kindly rest.
In all mens eyes at first I seende to be a blested Wyse.
And Ladies all at our estate repining very ryse
Did wyse my march in spite of bare what Stepper hall I hope
As march in matrix to love within the heavely cope?
Deare foterdaume whom hall I make my freere in spowell bed?
Althoough Euryt that Hercules to all these topleys hathe led,
Doe linke with mee in bydall bandes, my state shalbe impayde.
Tis small worth to descnue to bee to kingly wedlock rayde.
NV. But Illue is the thing that doth in marriage kindell lour.
DE. And Illue is the thing that doth in marriage mallice move.
NV. This while the boindmayde to thee for prsent shalbe draught
DE. Loe hee bytereh by and bowne with pyncely poxt full haught,
And buckles falt about his Loynes the liuely Lyons cafe,
Who doth insult the wretched with the right of kingly nace,
Deposing those from honoures type that late so lofty sat,
And peltereth his puillaunt pawes with huge unweldey bat,
Of whose
The tenth tragedy

Of whose exploits, and maerical acts the Seres sing afofe,
And all enclode in Ocean sea thereof haue perfu poffe
Is now become an amazous knight: the honour of his name
Dorc nothing touch his conscience, to render once his name.
Hee roauch through the worlde, as on that dorth no white esteme,
Although that men as loone to Ioue shall him unworthye deeme.
Not like the man whose credit through the townes of Greece is greate.
Hee seekes to compasse his desier, to worke a Louers feare.
With single Dames is his delight: If any him deny,
Then to attayne his lawdelle lust by rigour both hee try.
With men hee fairely frantcikely, to others smart and blame
Hee wins his Wives, his solly trape is cloaht by vertues name.

The noble City Oechalie is made a razed towne.
The Sunne twixt moyne and even did set, in one day by,and downe.
One day did see it stand in state, the same did see it fall.
These bloody hyopes, and waltling warres of Ioue proceeded all,
As oft as parents unto him deny theyr daughters deare,
So oft I warrant them they neede his wrathful fury seare.
So oft a man with Hercules maBbe at deadly foode:
As hee denies his stepfather to bee by joyning bloude.
If hee may not be sonne in low, then dorth hee rage, and raue:
Why doe these guiltyelce handes of moyne till keepe him from his grave,
Till hee dissemble frantcicke fits, to bend his ayning bowe,
And deaths wounde on my chylde, and me with bloody hands hellowe?
Thus hauy Hercules was want his wedlockes to devoyce.
Yet nought there is, that lawe of guilt on him might haue recorfe.
Hee makes the worlde blame Iuno, for the ills hee hath committ.
O rigour, of my rage why dost thou qualify my fit?
Now must thou let thy hands on worke, too r while thy hands bee hot.
N. Thy husband wilt thou slay? D. Him who his Leman lewd hath got.
NV. But yet, he is the sonne of Ioue. DE. And to Alemenas sonne.
N. With stroke of Steele? D. With stroke of Steele if it cannot bee donne,
Then for to bring his death to paife, ile let for him a snare.
NV. What kinde of madnese may it be that makes thee thus to fave?
D. Such as my husband hath mee taught. N. Wilt thou thy spouse de-
On whom ye leydames spite yet had no power to work annoy? (strop,
D. The yarthes of heavenly minds do make the blesse on why they light
So dorth no spite of mortall men. N. Oh silly wrerched wight
For beare thy rage, and seare the worst, mans force may not assaye
Him, that agaynset the power of hell, and death coulde once preuayle.

DE. Ile
Hercules Octæus.

DE. He beater on the dint of sword. N. Thy wrath (deare foster child)
Is greater then the crime, that hath thy Hercules deuid.
With egall mallice measure faulces. Alas why dost thou bying
So great and sore, a penalty upon to impute a thing?
Let not thy griece be greater, then the sorrow thou suffaynes.
DE. Set you it light that with our wedlocke linkes an harlot rapynes?
Pay rather thinke it still to much, that doth thy sorrow breede.
NV. And is the love of Hercules resolv from thee in deede?
DE. Th's not resolv, deare foster Dame, last in my bones it stikes:
But ye boyles hoarse in burning breste, when love to anger pickes.
NV. It is almost a common guide, that wedded wyues doe haunt,
They husbands hearts by magieke Arce, and witchcraft to enchant.
In winter coulde I charmed haue the woods, to make them livout.
And blow the thunder dint recyle, that hath bin houting out.
With wartering surges I haue hooke the seas amid the valume.
I smootherd haue the warlike waues, and layde downe every valume.
The dry ground gaped bath like gulphs, & out new springs have gult.
The vowing rocks have quaking stied, & non thereat bath pushit.
Hell glooming gates I haue brakt oape, where greely goosts all bath
Have stood & auntwoering at my charme the goblinis grim have stoule.
The threefolde heades bounde of hell with backing thyatres hath houle.
Thus both the seas, the lande, the haueens, & hell bowe at my beck.
Poone day to midnight, & and tree turnes at my charming checke.
At my enchantament every thing declynes from natures lawe.
Our charme shall make his /\"farmes\" /\"houpe, & bring him more in awe./\"
D. What hearbes doe grow in Pontus see? O els on Pindus hill?
To crowne this madekele champion, where hall I finde the ill?
The magieke barts & enchantes the Moone & Scarlye skies to groud,
And fruitful full harvest is thereby in barren winter found.
The whishing flames of lightning leames oft covert bath lay.
And nooneyeve topry turne roll with bath the lucky day,
And leave the welkin to the staries, and yet not caule him houpe.
N. The Gods them selues by charme of love have forced him to drype.
DE. Perche he shall be soon by one, and yeale to her the spoyle.
So love shall be to Hercules the last and latest toyle.
By all the hoste of heavenly powers, and as thou feest mee feare,
The seeers that I shall attempt, in counsell thee thou have:
NV. What may it be, that thou woulde have me kepe so secretely?
DE. No lytle of blades, no ppyng cote, no hevy forced pedye:

\[you\]
The tenth tragedy  

NV. I say all that I can conceal, if mischief none be meant. 
For then the keeping close of it is sure a woe and could.

DE. Then looke about, if none be heere, our counsell to betray: 
Looke rounde about, on all sides cast thy countenance every way.
(NV. Behold the place is safe enough from any listening care.)

DE. Beside the place of our estate there is a secret nooke, 
A corner corner for our talke, that none may none take.

Nepher at morne, nor euening lybe, when Titans blaze both quench.
And bee in ruddy western wave his sty wheeles both drench.

There secret lives the pryly proude of Hercules amorous thought,
He telleth thee all deare foster dame: This witchcraft Nessus taught,
Whom Ixion engendred of a monly groining cloudie,
Where Pindus hasty hill his top among the starres both shrowde,
And other stipe both borne his Trest about the evening rack.
When Achelous over laude, with many a thumping chwack
Of Hercules club, did shift him selfe to every kinde of shape,
And till all made of all his heights none learnd to escape,
At length he turnde him selfe into the lykenesse of a Bull,
And so was slowly banished in some of hoary skull.
(While Hercules being Conquerour did me his Wyke enjoy.)
Returning hame to Greece aagaine, it hapned Euen lake
To oversow the downed matthe and channell to sotake,
And strongly streame to leas hee runnes and swells above his bankes.
And Nessus wide to passe the poole, and seacer the crooking crankes
As Kerryman demandes his face, and bare mee on his backe,
And wading forward brake the Waues, and surges of the lake.
At length yet Nessus waked out unto the farther shore,
Yet Hercules had swain but halfe the river and no more:
And plye it hard to cut the streame: but when espied had hee,
That Hercules was farre behinde, Madam (quoth he) to mee.
(Be thou my bootey, and my woole, and elaspine mee about)
Away he spings, and Hercules bestrues him mauger Waue:
Though Ganges gulp and stert streame (quoth he) thou traytour slaine
Right soon in on, yet shirke to scape thee, dorth, well could I make,
And in thy halfe a shaft shall loose thy running over take:
And ere he spake the word, his arrow flew out of his bowe,
And wounted a wounde in Nessus ribbs, hee could no farther goe.
It sped him sure, to looke for death. Hee cried, well away.
The baggage running from the wounde referred as hee lay.
And put-
Hercules Octæus.

And putting it into his hoose the which undoyng, hee
In cutting ye with his owne hand, did gane it into me.
And thus at latter galpe he sayde, the witches haue me roulde,
That love may charmed be by this, to haue and keepe his hould.
The conning witch dame Micheale did teach Thesealia damaes,
Whoe onely foist the Bone to soupe to her from heavenly frames.
Thereforse (quoth he) at any tyme when hateful whoes abuile
Thy spousall bed, oz waercyng man do haunt to any newes.
Then with this saleic annoynt his myrtes, and let it see no sonne;
But kepe it close in corners darke, the bloud then shall not sonne
His strengthe: and thus ful sodenly he left his talke with rest:
And deadly keepe with senceles death his feble lims opprest.
Thou Diane to whom in hope of trut my secretts all beuyay,
On, that the popson foak into the bederthe bright, it may
Pereace through his limmes, unto his hart, etinke through every bone,
N. I wil dilparch it all in haff, make thou thy earnest mone
Unto the God, whose tender hand his redsalt darres doth weild.
D. I thee beceech that art of earth and heaven in honour helde.
And thou thatshaketh burning holtes, thou curt and cruel boy,
Whose elusish weapons make thy mother feare thy sharpe annoy.
Now arme thy hand with speedy haft not of the tender hoss,
Our biggest boultes, with which as ye thou hast assault no hoss,
We neede no little haft that may styke Hercules to love
Bying cruel handes and force thy bow his depeft draught to prooue
Now, now draw forth thy haft wherwith thou caufed cruelly
The burning haef of Jove by byrtes of sveruent love to styre.
When as the God his thonderbolt and lightning laad al tilep,
Can boalne with bumpes on forehead big: and though the waue hehid,
And swam with Europ on his backe in shape of hony Bull.
How powre downe love, and therwithall let Hecles harr be full.
If Ioles beauty kyndle harte and Hercules harr doth more,
Quench thou these coales, and force him glow with vs in lawfull love.
Ful oft the thunder thumping Jove hath stouped to thy yoke:
And him that weildes the moaty mace of blacke Aurora to smoke.
Thy flames enforce, and eake the Lord of glummy Stigian lake:
But onely march thou Hercules, and of him triumphhe take
O Jove, whose wrath more warkfull is then yeeful Iunos might,
The charme is made in perfecte force is al our medicine right,
Wherein the shirt that steeped bee that wearyd many wighte.
The tenth tragedy

Whose handes on Pallas distaffe spoone the weare Web with payne,
And it for Hercules ample shall dynecke by all the bane.
And with my charme Ie strenthen it. But loe see in the nick
Defrete Lycas commeth heare at hand who will dispatche it quike:
But tell him not what forse it hath leaft see the guilt betray.
DEI. Alas that faith to kingses dwells not in howles of estate:
Hau Lycas heere this thirt, the which my handes have spun of late,
While Hercules at randoon voyses, and ouerhot with wyne
Dorh ruderely dandle on his lap the Lidiane Lady syne.
How doares hee after Iole: but this his boylinge rage
That burneth in his breast I will with curtely allwage.
For curtely conquers canckred thyrales. See thou my spouse deare,
See spare the Shirt, untill hee set the Franckinence on fire,
And ouer by his lacritice, and weare his Garland gray
Of Poperl boughes on wreathed lockes. And I will gie my way
Toth royall Gods, and will belecke the cruell Cupids dame.
See ladies and companions that with mee heather came,
Now forse the fourtaynes of your teares from warred eyes to Ioon,
To wayle our Country Calydon on every side undoon.

Chorus.

DEIANIRE deare daughter of our King
OENEVS late, to see thy frowning fates
Woe after woe thus downe on thee to fling,
It irks our heartes, that were thy softer mates.
O woefull wight it pitieth vs to see,
Thy wedlock in this tickle fstate to bee.
Wee Lady, wee, that with thee wonted were
With flapping Oare on Acheloe to rowe,
When hauing past the spryng tyme of the yere,
With Channell smoth hee newely wexeth lowe,
And makes agayne his swelling surges calme,
And boobling runnes at Ebbe withouten walme.
Hercules Oetæus.

Through weale and woe wee stille with thee remayne,  
And now what griefe so euer thou feare in mynde,  
Account thou vs as partners of thy payne,  
For commonly when Fortune turnes the wynde,  
And makes thee beare thy beaten Sayle but low,  
Then friendship ebbes, where it before did flow.
And who so gydes the fway of golden mace,  
Though people thicke doe haunte his stately courte,  
And in at hundred gates doe preace a pace,
Yea though that thou maytaine so great a porte,  
To garde thee with this garrifon, yet shal.
Thou scarceley finde one faithfull hearte of all.
In paynted porche, and gates of guilded bowers  
The lurcking hagge Eryn her tufkes doth whet:  
And flurring strife with quarreling face shee lowers.
The portly doares no sooner oape are fet,  
But treason black, pale enuy, deepe deceight,
With priuy knyfe of murther step in ftreight.
And when the Prynce appeares in open place,  
To shew him felfe before his subiefts fight,
Swelling despight attendeth on his grace:
As oft as dawning day remoues the nyght,
And euery time the funne at West goes downe,
They looke another man shoulde clayme the Crowne.
Fewe heartes loue kinges, not few their kingly might:
The glorious shew of courtly countenaunce
Bewitcheth many: where one fets his delight
How next the king hee may him felse adaunace,
That through high streetes hee may as lorde of rule
With lofty lookes, ryde mounted on his Mule.
Ambitious heate enflames his hawty breast.
Another would his greedy hunger staunch
With gubbes of goulde, (and though hee it posleft)
Rich Arabie serues not his pyning paunch,
Nor western India (a worlde for to behoulde)
Where Tagus flowes with fireames of glitteing goulde.
The tenth tragedy

The couetous charle, the greedy gnoffe in dece,
In whom from cradell nature so it plantes,
No houred heapes his endlessse hunger feede,
In plenty pines the wretch, in wealth hee wantes.

Some other fondlings fanfy thus doth guyde,
To sawne on kings, and still in courte to byde.

As one dislayning ly a Country mome
And crooked clowne, the plowe to follow still:
Although the dinghryfte dayly keepe at home
A thousand drudges, that his lande doe Tyll:

Yet wants his will and wisheth wealth therefore,
Onely to waste on other men the more.

Another claweth and flattreth faft the King,
By clymbing vp to treade downe euery wyght:
And some at leaft to blockam Feaste to bryng.

And thus hee striues to arme him selfe with myght

In bloude: but of their ship doth Fortune fayle,

When safe they thinke to floate with higheft fayle.

Whom Moone at morn on top of Fortunes wheele
High swayne hath feene, at fulnesse of renowne,
The glading sunne hath feene his Scepter reele,
And him from high fall topeye trueye downe.

At morn full merry, blith, in happy plight,
But whelnde in woes and brought to bale ere nyght.

These fildome meeete hoare hayres and happy dayes:
The Lord that lyes on stately crimfen bed
Sleepes more in feare, then snoring drudge, that layes
Upon the countrey clod his drowfy head.

In goulden roofes, and hauty courtes they keepe,

Whose dreadfull dreames doe make them starte in sleepe.
The purple roabes lyeth waking many a night,
And slombers not, when homely ragges doe reft.
O if as at a Grate espy wee might

The sorrowes, shrined in a Prynces breaste.

What pangues, what stormes, what terrour, O what hell

In sighing heartes of prowde estates doth dwell?

The Iriſhe
Hercules Oetæus.

The Iryfhe Seas doe nener roare fo ruffe,
When wraftling waues, and swilling furges ryse,
That hoyfted are with ftrydy northern puffe,
As fearefull Fanfyes doe theyr myndes aggrye.

But hee sighes not, nor combred is with care,
Whom Fortune hath bequeath'de a flender fhare.
In woodden difhe and blacke beche Bole hee swills,
And heaues it not to mouth with quaking hand
With homely fare his hungry Mawe hee fills,
And leares not backe for feare of thofe that f tand
With naked fwerdes : but Kings in goulden cup
Wyne blent with bloude (moft dreadfull draughts) do fup.
In dainty difhe the poyfon bayte is layde,
And treafon lurkes amid the fugred wyne
At every bit they quake, and are a frayde,
The fwerde will fall, that hanges but by a twyne,
And euer as hee liftes his head, and dyrnkes,
The rebelles Knyfe is at his throate hee thinkes.

Such flattring ioyes these happy worldlinges haue.
Their outwarde pomp pretendeth lufty liues.
When inwardely they drowpe, as doth the flaue
That pines in pangues faft clogde in goulden giues.

Striue not in haft, to climbe the whirling wheele,
For hafty climers oft in hafte doe reele.

Meane dames defy both peareles and glittring f panges,
And goulden chaynes with rubies ryche befet,
Nor at theyr eares doe mafly Jewelles hange
With turky ftones : nor pranked prowde they iet

In murrey gownes : nor doth the wooll they weare
Of Crymfen dye the costly colour beare.
Neyther in Tiffew, nor filken garments wrought
With needle, nor embroadred Roabes they goe :
And yet this f tate is free from Jealous thought,
Theyr wedding is not vnto them theyr woe.

When thoufand stormes in Ladyes hearts doe dwell
By wedlocke breach, that breeds their noyfom hell.

Whole hee
The tenth tragedie.

VWho so he is that shunnes the middle waye,
Shall neuer fynd fast footing any where.
The wilful lad that needes would haue a day,
And wayghtie charge of Fathers chariot beare :
While he from wonted wayes his Iades doth iounce,
Among strange starres they pricking forward praunce,
Enforcing them with Phœbus flames to fyre,
Whoe roaming wheeles refuse the beaten ratt:
Thus both himselfe, and all the Cristall lyke
In peril of the soulthring fyre he put.

So hawty myndes that clymbe above their skill,
Do worke their owne decay, and others yll.
While Deedalus in flying through the ayre
Did keepe the midft betweene the kie and grounde
He could in safe to Italy repayre,
And gaue no gulph his name by beyng dround.

But Icarus presumes to mount on hie,
And stryues aboue the fethered foules to flye.
And scomnes the guyding of his fathers trayne.
And in his flight wil coape to lofty sonne:
Which molt his winges fo downe he droppes agayne
Into the seas, whereby his name they woone
Thus proud attemptes of hauty clyming hier
Receiue shrewde falles to quit their fond defyre.

Let other mount aloft, let other fore,
As happy men in great estate to fitte.
By flattring name of Lord I set no store:
For under shore my little keele shall flitt:
And from rough wyndes my sayles fayne would I kepe,
Leaft I be driuen into the daungerous deepe.
Prowde Fortunes rage doth neuer stoupe fo low
As little roades, but them fhee ouerflyes
And seekes amid mayne seas her force to shew
On argofies, whose toppes, do reach the skyes
But lo, here comes our Lady Deianire,
Straught of her wits, and ful of furious yre.

D d

The
Hercules Oeteus.

THE THIRD
ACTE

Deianira, Chorus,

Last through all my quivering joints
a running fear hath rest,
By flaring haye standes stiffe upright
and in my quaking breast
Depe terrour dwellles, and cake my hart,
with head amazde doth pant,
With dwelling baynes my liner beating,
as when the wynd both want
Alwayes in calmy day, and yet
the raging seas do roce
Whose wrafling waues were rai'd aloft

by Southeren blastes before.
So yet my wits be rockeate, although my fear be gone:
Thus God turneyes by when he meane to cloe th'unhappy one.
Thus praved attempts bedaie at length, Ch. Oh wretche, O carefull.
What mischief may it be wherwith thou art to roce allright. (Wight,
Dei. The thirt with Nessus hane imbrwode no sooner hence was sent,
And wretched woman that I am toth closet stragght I went.
(By mynd mistrusts I knowe not what, and treason doth turmyse)
And Nessus by the heare bewayed, that rayned was the bloud:
The God foreshewed that here the force of all the treason stood:
For by good hap the cony glede no foggy cloudde doth bin.
But with ful power of burning beames he synned blasing hym.
Sceat yet I can for seelie fear es unloke my fastned iawes,
The scorching heate doth dye away, and up by force it drawes
The foaked bloud that byng layed amid the crying flame
And boling heare of synning conne did shynke before the lame:
Wherein the thyr was steep, and all the royall robe imbrwode:
I cannot shew the hillaire wheet with it was indewde:

For
The tenth tragedie.

For as the Catterne wynd doth force the winter snow to melt,
Or lukewarme South when in the spyning sea Mimas mount they swell
As Lucas els that frontes en Ionian sea, a land
Both breake the waie the heauen surge lies foaming on the strand
Or by the warmth of heavenly heare the frankincense doth drep
So all the venim wastes away, and melteth every croupp.
And while I wonder still heron the wonder myynkes away.
But with a troath it spattes the ground, and there the popson lay,
It rote the cloth: my woman boalne and sword doth follow me.
And makes her head, my tonne as one astonisshed I see:
And spye her ther all in hale declare what newes ye byng.

Hillus, Deianira, Nutrix.

O mother goe, seeke out aloose
Ye place of bydying dwell
Beyond the ground both goulse and starres
Beyond both heauen and hell,
Flye mother far beyond the boundes
Of Hercules his royle
Dei. A milichiele great I know not what
Within my heale doth royle:
Hil. Unto the royall temples of dame Junoes triumph hie
These will allow the sanctuary though other it denye
Dei. What heape hap is it that may annoy my guiltie ghost.
Hyl. O mother, O that diamond of the world that piller post
Whom fate as louses lieutenant haue placed for the nones
Is dead: and Neffus burning bane devourers Hercules boalnes.
The daunter of the brutish beasts he conquering knight before
Is conquered now: he mournes, he wailes, what alke ye any more
Dei. We wysteres love the order of our wysterchednes to heare,
Tell me the faire now of our steeke what countenace doth it heare:
O stocz, O slyly wystered steeke now that I be esteemed,
A witty newe, a cast of new, and now a beggar decend.
Hil. Thou dost not languish all alone for Hercules lyes dead:
For whom the eyes of all the world haue cause their reares to shed.
Count not thy fate allotted thee alone: now all our kind
Do howle and mourne for him whom thou betaylest in thy minde,

Thou
Hercules Oeteus.

Thou suffrest greeke, the sart wherof belongs to every land
Although the tower tall wherof first happen to thy hande
Thou careful caprissie dolt not wayle so? Hercules alone.

D. Speake, speake, how nigh to Deathward was my deare Alcides gon?
Hi. Death whom in his owne empyre he had conquered before,
Did drinke from him and fate durst not allow a deede to soire.
And Clotho she perhay put out her rokke with trembling arme
As one that hallding Hercules death, did feare to do such harme,
O day, O dismal day, and hall euem Hercules the great
Pall thee thus to death, and silent shades and to a woaler feate
(De. Is he thinke you already dead? O may I dye before)
Speake on, if yet he be not deade. Hi. Euboea that doth rise,
With hauty creft ringes every where, and Caphar rokke likewise
Dryzeth Hellenpostus sea and turnes that side to south,
Whereas it hides the voluptuous blaktes of Byzas wyndy mouth:
Euripus bendes his wandying streame and windes in streakes about
Hys croked course seventynes and doth as often breake it out:
While Phoebus benefit his weree reame amid the Weterne waue
(Here on a rokke aboue the reach of cloudes a temple brawe)
Of Caneai Ioue new bright while all the beetles for sacrifice
At th'alter stooode, and through the woode the noyle began to rise,
Of al the herd: then of he put he matterd Lyons cake,
And likewise did discharge him of his housge and heavy mace
And edde his shoulder from the burthen of his quieter light.
Then tuckt in your atrye he thone among the people bright
With ougly lockes, and on the alter made the her name
Receype (quoth he) these fruits (O Ioue) though eyer send the same
And not the harvest Styke: but let with frankinence good Stope
The Iyer burne that far the riche Arabyan thercfoe
Both gather out of Saba trees for Phoebus sacrifice
The earth (quoth he) is now at peace, to be both sea and skies
All beetles be conquered, and I am victor come agayne.
Lay downe thy lightning leames (O Ioue) in fear thou neede not raign
In middelt of his players thus wherat I was agast,
Hee fell to sighes and griefesous groanes, and at the skyes at last
With dreadful cryinge lowde he killes Even as the braynack bull.
When with the axe in wounde he leapes doth til the temples full
Of roaring noyle.

O! as the thunder th'howne from heauen doth rumble in the skyes, 
Even to the seas and starres of heauen doth Hercules shake with crapes
Both
The tenth tragedie.

Both Calpe cyllue, and Cyclus ye well hard his yellyng haue,
Here Capar rokkes there at the woods therof an Echo gare.
Wee saw him weep, the people thought his former franticke fyttes
Had now agayne as earl they did becauce him of his wittes
His femaneous scatter then for feare, while he with flaming eyes,
At flaryng stondes with flaming lookses among them all he pyes
For Lycas: him alone he doth pursow, who in his arm
With trembling hand the alter held and leaped at the harmes,
By dyeing first for baynting feare, and while Alcydes helde
The quaking Carkas in his hand, thou shalt (quoth he) be queld
And beaten with this bit of myne, O Gods eternall raygne.
Where Licas killed Hercules, and hark his conquercoure haynde,
But la another slaughter yet: for Hercules agayne
Killes Lycas: thus the lacerfice of Gods with bloud they flayne,
With Lycas thus his labours end thawone vp to heauen they say,
That with his dropping bloud the cloudes he rayned all the way.
Even as the pitched bart of Geta with pith doth close the skyes,
O! as the whirling wing of Creete doth inake the pellet ryse:
So swift he mounted vp to heauen, but downe his body drique,
And as his Carkas fel, among the rockes his necke it chopt.
The grane prepared for their corps (quoth Hercules) bestill,
I am no hyrstickes frantick man, but loe this delpyet ill
Horse notsome is then rage or wrath, it eache much my will
To wocese my rage upon my selfe, his mallydye he scant
Beyses: but eache frantickly: and he himselfe doth rent
His limnes, and yellyng them, with mighty hand a lunder teares,
And strive to strip him selfe of all th'apparell that he weares,
And onely this was it, of all the thinges that I do know,
That past the power of Hercules yet standes he pulling to
And plucketh of his limnes withall the vesture doth not linne
To byng of lumpes of filthy flesh the byse tichkes to the skyne
But what should ygle the popyon ranke none knoweth what, nor whye
And yet ther ist good caufe thereof: now gruelyng doth he yxe
And beateth his face againest the ground to water now he hyes,
But water cannot coole his heat, and now to yhoce he pyes.
And for his succoure seekes to leas, at length his men him catch
Wee holding him (alas the whil'lost were able him to match
Now in a keele amid the leas we launched were aoluse,
And Hercules paye was holled with a little southerne payke
By Shotk then lef my careful course and darkness bind my sight

Dd. 3.

Why
Hercules Oeteus.

Why say I wronge: why both this dreary deede make mee asright. 
Her copefellow dame Iuno both reclayme, and Ioue his tonne, 
The world must render him: then doe as much as may be donne, 
And hoare my body with a swoode such tender lance is dew 
To her, whole curtey captife hand her loue so lightly new. 
O Ioue with her and lightning flath destroy thy wretched Pece. 
Let not thy mighty hand be armed with a slender pece. 
Let haste the boulte from skies wherewith thou wouldest Hydra burne. 
If Hercules had not bin thy sonne thereof to serve the turne 
Strike mee with uncouth peltellence, and with such weapon smite. 
As may be carne most yke some plague then all my stepdames spite. 
Dune forth thale deadly darres that earl young Phaethon overthrew 
When he full cranke in fry cart, about the heavens new: 
For thus by slaying Hercules, eke Nations daune I haue 
What neede thou Deianire of Gods a toole of death to craue. 
Now trouble not thy stepfle Ioue, thinke some may Hercules wyse 
To wilde for death, for to her heart her hand shal let the knyfe. 
Dispatch then quickly with the blade, yet let thy blade alone, 
For who with weapon endes their lyke tis long ere they be gon 
I wilbe headlong hurled from a rocke as he as skies. 
The Oeta hill this shalbe it, where first the sonne doth ryse, 
Thence will I thowe my body downe, the edge of haken rocke 
Shall cleave my corps, and every crag shall geue a hooing knock. 
My hand shall hang ronue by the way the rugged mountayne side 
Shall with the guiling bubbles of my dropping bloud be dyde 
On death were vengeaunce small, though small yet may it be delayde. 
What delyer death I should attempt it makes my heart dismayde: 
Alas, alas, that Hercules swerd within my chamber stucke 
Then well were I if for to dye on that it were my lucke. 
It is enough if one right hand doe blying vs both to graue. 
Come neare, come neare yee Nations, now let all people haue 
In redinelle, both done and her the fame to throw at mee. 
Now holde your hands, and take yee to your tooles for I am thee 
That of your succour spoyled you now cruell Kayfars may 
All uncontrolled tyrantlike, in kingdomes weilde the sway, 
Now evry mistichie may start vp, and not rebuked bee. 
The alters now shal be agayne that wanted were to see 
A bloody offering like him selfe in kinde that offer should. 
Thus have I made the guilty gap to let in bloodyd boulde 
I render you to tyrants kings, bugges, beasts, and gryptely dwells. 

By taking
The tenth tragedie.

By taking him away that should revenge you of these evilles.
D spoufe thou of the thunderer and can you yet forbeare
Wilt thou not fling thy flames from heauen as did thy brother deare?
Dispatch me hence lent up to Ioue, wilt thou not me desroye
The greatest payle that thou might winne then shalt thou not enjoy
Not lucky trumype: I am the that heare the name to be
The daughter of the man that would in proves coape with thee.
N.Why wilt thou stayne thy clocke which hath untyndent bene before,
This if procedes of ynozauncie although it be ful sohe:
Hee is not gytry that committs the gytle nor with his will.
D.Wel may hee erre of ynozauncie that fauzeth his ill
And labours himselfe: my selfe of death most worthy I do deeme.
N.He doth condemne himselfe to dye that needes wil gyvlyre seme.
D.Death can deceive no one but such as innocentes may bee.
N.Wilt thou approake the glouous sone? D. The sone approaketh mee.
N.Wretche wilt thou cast away thy life. D. Pea though it be to death,
I follow wil my Hercules. N. He hath both life and breath
D. When he perceaued him overmarcht he halftned his deay.
N.Wilt thou forgooe thy sone, and take prevent thy dying day?
D.Ye selle hath liued long enough who blured hath her childe.
N.And wilt thou follow on to death thy spoufe. D. P ea Ladies wil;
Before their husbandes ble to dye. N. Thy selle thou dost accuse
Of gyple if thou condemne thy selle. D. No gytry on doth ble.
To take ynoegenomente of themselves. N. But those are pardoned still
That do offend of ynozauncie and not of punish wil
Who wil condemne the deede hee doth? D. Ech man doth seeke to sune
His lot when spite of crowning fate against him seme to runne.
N.And he fo whom thou languishest, with arrow shew his wyfe
Hight Megara, and did destory his tender childrens life.
When as a haynous gyrf hee did when frenzy made him rauie
That squeale the snake in Lerna lake before his fathers face.
He played thysle the murtherer, himselfe per he fozaunte
And fo the haynous gyrl hee did when frenzy made him rauie
He purde himselfe in Cynips spying toward the Southerne poale
And in the water bath'd his hand againe to make him hoale.
Know whether wilt thou caytle wretche, why dost thou daun thy handes
D. In condemnation of these the ghost of Hercules standes,
I meane to plague the treachery. N.Your Hercules well I know,
Perhaps he wil be heare agayne and mayster at his woe:
Then shal your naked greffe into your Hercules geue place.
Hercules Oeteus.

DE. They say the serpents payson both devourer him apace
The payson of his wicked Wyke his lusty limbs destroys.
NV. And think yee it to bee the serpents bane that him annoyes,
That hee cannot escape who bare the bunt of it alioe,
And how to pare of Hydraes heads he coulde full well contrype
When as the victour floodde with grinning teath amid the noode,
And all his body haucerde fowle with venomous spit and bloude,
And shall the Centaur Nessus goare agaynst the man proueaple
That made the pithy strengthe is felse of Nessus fo2 to quaple.
DE. In bayne yee rescue her that is of purpose set to dye
Therefore I have determinki with my felse this lyke to dye
And long enough yee lyued hath that may with Hercules dye.
NV. I doe beseech thee humbly for this gray and haoye head,
And for these pappes that as thy Mother haue thee nourished,
Remove the seruent fits that rage within thy boyling heare,
And suffer not these bespyet thoughtes of death in thee to rest.
DE. Who would periwade a Wretch to live. He hath a cruel heart?
And though that death be unto me a great and grievous smart:
Yet unto other some it is an easing of their paine.
NV. O wretch excuse thy handy worke. and lay at last agayne,
This ignorance that did the deed. and not the willfull Wyke.
DE. It will be quit whereas thy internall bemes shall sting the lyke
And quit my guilty ghast: my conscience dogh my hands condemn.
But Pluto Prince of glummy goulph shall purge from daughter them:
Before thy bankes I will appeare togetierull Lethes Lake,
And being then a dolefull ghast my husband will I take.
But thou that yields the eeperer blacke of darke internall skyes
Apply thy tople: the haynous guilt that none durck enterpysle,
This ignorance hath overcon, Dame Iuno never bare
To take away our Hercules. Thy plunging plagues prepare,
Let Silips slane on my neck foze my shounderes dynke,
And let the fleeting lissour from my gaping gums to spynke.
Yea let it mock my thirsty thourage when as I meane to dynke,
And thou that rackes Ixion King of Theffayle O thou Wheele,
My haynous handes deferrer haue thy swinging soap to teele,
And let the greedy gripe scratch out these guts on epyther side,
If Danaus pitcheys scale: by mee the rome shalbe capplide.
Set open hell, take mee Medea as partner of thy guilt.
This hand of myyne, then both of thyne more cruel blood hath spilt
Wore then thou did as in respect of mother to thy chylde.
Oi look-
The tenth tragedie.

O! looking to thy brother's ghost whose gore hath thee defyled,  
Have with the Lady thou of Thrace so; such a cruel wyke,  
And the Althe that burnt the brand of Meleagers life.

Receyve thy daughter now, deny me not thy babe to see:  
Why such a one should quayle by you, some reason let vs see:  
Be honest matrons that enjoy the graces of holy wood  
Against me but the heavens, such whole handes with husbandes blood  
Have bene imbribde, if any of the fifty sisters dyze  
Defying honest duty all that wedlocke did require:  
But defyeat dames with goary blades blood arunde: in me let them  
See and allow them bloody handes that other wil condemn.

A wil go get my selfe among the troupe of cruel wyues  
But they wil bunne such gytry handes as shored their husbandes lines.  
O valiant lytule, a guyltle ghoft, but gytry handes I have  
Ah silly woman, woe is me, that givne light credite haue  
O trastor Neffus while I went by Centaures subtil charme  
To draw from Iole Hercules love my selfe tuflayne the harme.  
Hence Phoebus, hence, and thou O lurching life of her that lackes  
Her Hercules and giel day to wretches in there wackes.

This is a dismal day: to thee Small penance yeld I will  
And life with all: my woeful fate that I continue stil  
Deercrying death, O lipulate that of thy hand I may be stayne,  
And doth their any sparke of life yet in thy breath remaine?

O! can thy hand yet draw the bow Saracian shaft to call,  
Do weapons cease, and haue thy feble handes givne vp at last  
Thy bow: but if thy handie wyke to thee a toole may reache  
I long to peryph of thy hand, myne house yet wil I strete  
Like gyltle Licas mangle me dispersede in other townes  
My copes, and hurle me to a world beyond the trauaples bownes.

Trounce mee like monster Arcadie oz ought that did rebell,  
And yet thou shalt do nought but that becomes an husband wel.

Hi. I pray you mother spare your selfe, forgue your fatal lot,  
If ye offend of pygnozance, then blame detrecue yee not  
De. If thou regard true honesty, thy wretched mother say,  
Why tremblest thus thy feareful hand, why lokest thou away?  
Such sinne halfe a lattice why daikard doth thou feare?  
I spoyde thy father Hercules, this hand, this hand aleare  
Hath murdered him wherby I have done thee a more despyte,  
Then so I did, in that my wombe did bring thee first to light.

If yet thou know not how to kill, then practicle fyft on mee.
Hercules Oeteus.

If as thou like within my thvoare thy blade Hal sheathed ise
D: if to paunch thy mother loone thou meane to take in hand
To yeeld her dreadfull ghost to thee thy mother still shall stande,
It shall not wholly be thy deede, by thee it shall be done,
And caused by my wil to be, Art thou Alcides soon
And art attayd: to Hal thou never great exploits archieue
No passe the worldc such feats of armes and sleights for to continue.
If any monster should be bred thy fathers courage shew,
And to it with uneateful armes, loe ouercharge doth woe
By breast lies bare unto thy hand. Spyke, I thy gylt forgeue
The hondes internall for their sinne thy soule Hal never greeue.
What yerking noyle is this we heare what hagge here haue we townde
That bears about her wytheen looks these uly adders wound,
And one her eyklobe temples wwayne her blacklyh sinnes do wagge.
Why chalke ye mee with burning hondes Megera filthy hagge
Alcides can but vengeance alle, and that I wil him get.
But haue the judges wyse of hell for yt in counsell set.
But of the dreadful dongoen dozes I see thunscoulding leaues
What auncient her is he that on his tarred shoulder heaues
Th'unweildy stone that borne toth top agayne doth downward reele
Or what is he that spaules his lims uppoun the whirling wheel
Lo heare stoodougly Tisiphon with sterne and ghastly face,
And did demaunde with steaming eies the manner of the case.
O spare thy spysters Megera spare, and with thy hondes away,
Th'offence I did was ment in loure, but whether do I sway
The groud doth finke the roofe doth cracke, whether went this raging
Pow at the world with ganing eyes hand flaring me about (route,
On every side the people grudge and call for their defence.
Be good to me O nations whither, shall I get mee hence?
Deare onely is my vade of rite there may my voyaves hyde
I do protest the fierly whecles that Phoebus charpyt guide.
That heare I dye and leave the world, thers Hercules yet behynde.
Hi. Away she runnes agast: aye me, thee hath fullyde her mynd,
For purposed she was to dye and nowe maynes my wil
For to prevent her that by force herセルe she shall not kill
O miserable piety, if I my mother saue
I sin agaynst my father then, but if unto the grave
I let her goe, then toward her a trelpas soule there lyes.
And thus (alas) on eyther lyde great milcheife both aries,
And needes her purpose must be stayde Ile hie and take in hand
To stop her delpiet enterpyle and mischiety to withstand.

Chorus.

Vll true the dytty is
That holy O R P H E V S fang,
On Thracian harpe with sounde whereof
the Rocks of Rodop rang,
That nothing is creat
For ever to endure.

Dame Natures byrdes each on must floupe
when death throwes out the lure.
The head wyth Crifpen lockes,
or goulden hayres full:
In time hath borne an hoary bush,
or bin a naked scull.
And that which tract of time
doth bring out of the grayne,
Olde S A T V R N E sharps his Syth at length
to reape it downe agayne.

Though P H O E B V S ryse at morne,
with glistring rayes full proude,
Hee runnes his race, and ducketh downe
at length in foggy Clowde.
Toth Gaetans O R P H E V S fang
such kinde of melody.
And how the gods themselues were bounde
to lawes of destiny.

The God
Hercules Oeteus.

The God that doth the yeare,  
By egall partes dispose,  
Howe fatall webbe in every clyme  
are dayly spunne he showes.  
For all things made of mould  
The grounde agayne will gape,  
As Hercules preacheth playne by profe  
that nothing can escape.  
For shortly shall ensue  
Discarg of Natures Lawe  
And out of hande the gloming daye  
of doome shall onwarde drawe  
Then all that lies within  
The scorching Libicke clyme,  
The poale antarticke of the South.  
shall overwhelme in tyme.  
Poale articke of the North  
Shall jumble, all that lies  
Within the Axeltree, whereon,  
drye B O R E S blasinge flyes  
The shierynge Sunne in Heauen  
Shall leefe his fadyng lighte  
The Pallece of the frames of Heauens  
shall runne to ruin quight.  
And all these blockish Gods  
Some kynd of Death shall quell,  
And in confused C H A O S blynde  
they shall for euer dwell,  
And after ruin made  
Of Goblin, Hegge, and Elfe,  
Death shall bringe finall deslenye,  
at last upon it selfe.
Where shall be then bestowed
The world so huge a masse,
The beaten hye way unto hell
is like away to passe,
To leade unto the Heauens
That shall be layed flatt:
The space betwene the Heauen and earth,
inough thinke ye is that?
Or is it not to much
For worldly miseries:
Where may such heaps of sinnes be lodgd
what place aboue the skyes?
Remaynes, but that the sea
With Heauen and lowest Hell,
Three Kingdomes cast in one are like
within one rooafe to dwell.
But hark what roaring crye,
Thus beates my fearefull eare
But lo its Hercules that yelles
tis Hercules I heare.
Hercules Oeteus.

THE FOURTH ACTE

Hercules, Chorus.

Retire, retire thy breathing breastes, O Titan blazing bright,
Unfold thy mystic mantle blacke of dim and darksome Night:
And dash this dreary day wherein I Hercules must die.

With blemish black of filthy fogge desyle the grievly skye:
Present my stepdames naughty mynd. Now should I have reigne,
(O Father) my inheritance of Pluotes dungeon blind
Heauen frames should here there be braft, ty ether paole should crack.
Why sparest thou the starres and leeff thy Hercules go to wyacke?
Now Jove loke round aboute the heauen's, and if thou can espye
On gyant heauie the Theffail cluois agaynst thinallt clye
Unbuirdned be Enceladus of hugye Osir hill,
And hurled be on Hercules the mighty mountayne still
Prowde Pluto shall unbarre the gates of blacke and glummy caue
Yet maugre all their might (o Father Jove) I will thee caue
From fury of thy foes,and let thee by agayne in skyes,
Yet to Jove, hee, hee that on earth thy thunderint supplies,
And soz to liuentenaunt of thy boultes on earth was bone,
Is sent to burning Limbo lake in tormentes to be toynge
The sterne Enceladus agayne in ramping rage hal ryse
And hurle the weighte (that now doth croude him downe) against the
Thus by my death they shal presumme to conquer heauen all skies,
But ere that day uppon my corse compel the heauens to fall
Breake downe, breake downe, the welkin that thou suffrest to decay,
Ch. O sone of thunder thumping Jove no shadowes do thee fray,
Now Ossa mount of Theffalie shal Pelion hill downe crush
And Athos pilde on Pindus toppre his busie hed Halle puth
Among the starry skies therby above the craggy rockes.

Typho.
The tenth tragedie.

Typhoëus up Hal clyme, and thunpe with stoke of battryng knockes
Iuarmen done in Tyrren sea from thence eake shall he beat
The tooaky forge of Ætna mount, that glowses with flewing heate
Enceladus hast ouerthowne yet with the thunder cracke
Shal hew the mountayne syde in twayne, and trulle it on his backe
The signes of heauen shal follow thee, and goe with thee to wracke
Her, I that returnde from dennes of death, and Stigian streame defyled
And ferreyd ouer Lethes lake, and draung up, chaine, and tyde
The treple headded mastiff hound, when lytans teeme did start
So at the ougly sight that he fel almost from his ear.
Euen I whose pith the kingdomes three of Gods ful wel haue knowne
Lo yet myne end I daunted am by death and ouerthowne
But yet no bloody blade agaynst my cuned rybbes doth craue
It is no rocke that haue death my bruised bones doth path
Po as it were with Ofr hill that clouen were in twayne,
Po with the sway of all the mountayne falling am I slayne.
The glacie eyed giant grym doth not now squeeze my course
With palse of Pindus rocke and thus not feling enmyes force
I conquerd am and yet alas this course krest me more
O feeble course of man: he whom no might could match befoze
Without any conquest made doth end his latter day,
Without exploye or fear of armes my selfe I palle away.
O mightie weapons of the world and all ye Ghostes above
That witness how in quarrell good my right hand ever strove
O all ye landes, O earth alas, may it your mercy please
To spele the spiteful king of death that dauntes your Hercules
By the, what haue ye to us what stchy fate we haue?
A woman prowe shal seale her bane brount Hercules to his grave
Then what are they whose mougall mayne Alcides weapon gae
It thus with swy invoincible my fatal wheele do run
And neede must on this shamesul rocke my fatal twill be spanne:
As by a womenes cursed hand my blood shoulde thus be shed
Yet Junoes mallice migh haue powd this vengeance on my head,
So migh a womans deadly hand haue broughte me to my bere:
But yet a woman weilding swy aruid the welkin cleare
But this seemde ouerpownde attempt for Gods to take in hand
The paples bane in Scithia bozne where pight on his doth land
The Multree whereon the underpoped poales do swy.
It migh as wel haue bene her hap to take my breath away,
What womans migh may malter me Quene Junoes hatefull foe.

Fye
Hercules Octeus.

Fye steepdame frye the fowler shame by this to thee doth grow.
Why dost thou triumph in this day? why did dame Tellus breede
Such parlous bugges thy humour ranck of colour hyoate to feede?
A mostall womans peanthe spight doth passe thy rancour tough,
Thou sayst thou cannot have revenge on Hercules enough
Then are wee twayne palle thy power the Gods may blithe fo; shame
To see their mallice ouercrach by such a mostall dame.
Would God the ramping Lyons pawe that noyed Neme woode,
Had sille his greedy mounching Jawes with plenty of my bloude:
Or while the twinning laikes had hembde mee in by hundres thick,
Why might not Hydra swollow by my wynchted body quick?
Why was it not the centaures hap my silly feeth to gnawe?
Or that I bounde on Tantallis rocke shoule gape with greedy Jawe?
In dayne to catch the fleeting bode when depe from Tartar spyle,
Where at the Gods aggrizd were, I did purloyne the spoyle.
And from the darek internall Styx I got agayne to light,
Of Ditis dungeon all the stops and stapes I conquerde quight,
Death thanke from mee in every place that I a noble knight
At length might ende my dayes in shame, and in dishonour spoylde
Oh Ioue the creatures terrible thou knowst that I haue toylde
The threesoldp spapen mastife curre whom by I dragge in chayne,
Hee starting from the sonnewarde coulde not hale mee back agayne.
The shepherdes churlishc rabble that afoode in Iber bee
Under the Spaine the servent clayne coulde never maister mee.
No: serpents twayne that unto mee in tender eradell creapt.
Aye woe is mee that valiant death so oft I outreleapt:
What honour hall I dye withall? CH.Sholde how death and hell
Cannot appaule the verteous mynde that of delferving well.
By guiltille conscience warrant hath the death that doth him spoyle,
Iakes not as thus of such an one to take this hithy spyle.
If with this torment life were lost, his mynde would much be calde,
As with vnweildy Gyauntes spaw see had his body squealde.
Or Titans burden with his monsters all he woulde abyde,
Or wishe of raging Gyaunts rent in pieces to haue dyde,
And if thy dolefull death because that monster none is left.
Who may be worthy thought by whom Alcides like bee rest?
But thine owne hand to doe the deede. HE. Aye me and wellaway,
What Scorpion sacapes within my Rauw? what cralling Crab I say
With crooking cleage to comber mee, from scroching zone returns,
And hoar within my boylings bones the seathing Rauowe burnes.
By Riuier
The tenth tragedie.

By Riner whilstom ranke of bloude my roting Lunes it sawes,
And reareth them in shattred gubs, and sulpy withered sawes.
And now my Gall is dyed by my burning Lyuer glowe.
The flewing heare hath stille de away the bloude, and Ioue hee knowes
By upper skin is stooght away and thus the Tarkas storange
Both eate an hole that get it may my wretched Limes amonge,
And from my seying Ribbs (alas) my Lyuer quite is rent.
It gnawes my feth, denovers all, my Tarkas quite is spent,
It boakes into the empty bones, and out the lyuce it luckes
The bones by lumps hop of while it thelyntes a funder pluckes
By copulent Tarkas is conlude of Hercules every him
Yet staunceth not the seking rot that seederth fast on him
O what a ringling arce it is that makes mee thus to smart,
O bitter plague, O petifence that griperth to the heart.
Ioe Cities, loe what now remaines of Hercules the great.
Are these the armes that did with stripes the roaring Lyon beate?
And in Nemea wood did reare him from his hapy cale
Right this hand bend y bow from cloudes the Stirnhall soule to chake?
Are these the thankes that coapt the heart who shifting pace full oft?
Did heare his braunched head pyllanct with garlond gay aloft?
Was Calpe craggy clite of these my feeble clowches hoake?
To rayse a dam in seas that did their foamy channell choake.
Had these armes pitch the breath of Kings, of Beattles, and bugs to stop?
O might these shoulders tough the pyple of heaven underpoy?
Are these the lusty Lims and Neck that shank not at the pyple?
Are these the hands that I agayne the weltring heavens did rayse?
Alas whole handes shall now perforce from hence hell Jaylour leade?
Alas the noble courage cait that now in mee is deade.
Why call I Ioue my Father great of whom my fock should ryse?
Why by the Thundere make I my challenge to the skyes?
How, now Ampitrio is my sit all men may it auouch.
Come out thou incruen bowle that dolth within my bowells couch.
Why dolth thou thus with pitty wound my carefull Tarkas foyle?
What gulph under the frozen Cweine in saluage Scithian foyle
Engened thee? what water Hag did spawne thee on the hoare?
O stony Calpe Rock in Spayne that borderes on the Moare:
O yksome ill, and art thou not the Serpent that doth sting
With creel on ougly head, or els some other lothly thing,
O sponge of Hydraes bloude, o left heere by the hellick hound.
Art thou no plague? and yet a plague in whom all plagues abound?

Ee. 

What gaff:
Hercules Oetaeus.

What gally countenance carriest thou (alas) yet let me know?
What kind of mischief may thou be that dost torment mee so?
What vallage loze, or murreyn strange, or unlath plague thou bee?
With open combat face to face thou should encounter mee.
And not thus dancke in my flesh, nor soake into the lap,
By Lowestring heate within my bones thy boiling bate to wrap,
And in the mid thereof to cry the bare that doth wilt.
My ragged skin is ript, and out my smoaky Bowells swell.
From bursten Paunch my felle doe sea the skin with grapping pawse,
And from the naked bowes doe teare the mangled feth by pawes,
I searched for thee through my Mask, yet further dolt thou crepe,
And felling farther in my flesh half gnawne an hal: more deepe.
O mischief march to Hercules, what grieue could make mee greete?
Where now these streames of trilling teares sp' down my cheeks do fleete
The time hath bin no plunging pangues could cause our courage quail,
That never bee with crissall teares our anguish to bewayle.
Ah, sy, I am alhaunte that I should learnme these teares to shed:
That Hercules in weeping vile his grieue hath languished:
Who euer saw at any day in any time of place?
All bitter hunts I bare with dvy, and sake bareely face
The manhood that so many ills hath maistred hererosoe,
Hath yeelded onely unto thee, to thee thou Tankar loze,
Thou first of all half straynde the teares out of my weeping eyes
Thy gargle face thy vileaze wan that doth mee loze aggrieve.
More rothe then molky Rockes, more hard then Gods of sturdy steele,
O foaming streame of Simplegade, whereby this sinart I schee
Hath crund my cracking pawes, & wonge the streaming teares fro mee.
O weilder of the Welkin twister, loe, loe the Earth doth see
How Hercules doth weep and wayle, and to my greater payne
My Stephame Iuno lees the same, beholde, beholde agayne
My Lungs doe dre, the croching heate penuay leth more, and more.
Whence fell this thunder Boul on mee that burns in mee so loze?
C. Who coureth not why grieue doth gall? more tough the Aen of Thrace
Whas whilom hawry Hercules, and did no more grieue place
Then doth the marble areeleere, his Lins hee now doth yeede
To paynesfull pangues: and on his Neck his aking heade doth weilde,
And toling still from side to side, hee bendes with hapy baye,
And oft his noble heart doth foaze his trilling teares to lay.

Hercules.
Hercules. Alcmena.

O

FATHER with thy heauenly Eyes,
Beholde my wretched plight,
For never HERCVLES till nowe
Did crave thy hande of might,
Not when as Hydraes fruitful heads
About my Lyms were wounde,
Nor when I lockt in Lakes alow
Fought with th'interdall hownde,
These hideous heads I toyde, with kings, tyrants powde likewise.
Yet in these bypltes I never lookt for succour to the skies.
This last did still anouch the bowe, no thunder for my lake
Did glitter in the holy heauens, this day hath bid mee make
Some suite to thee, and of my boones yet heeres the first and last,
One only Thunder bowt I craine at mee O love to cast.
Count mee a Giaunt of my sexe, I can no sexe denile,
While I owne I thought of promise true, I sparte the Larry skies.
See thou eather a cruelle thee, or pity if thou have,
Yet lend thy done thy help, and get the glory of my graue:
Preventing this my dreary death, of this if thou doe koyne,
O that thy hand abhoyse the guilt, from Sicill clieue subdoyne
The soulving Giaunts that in hand high Pindus mount can weilde,
O! Ossa that it hurilde on mee I may therewith bequeilde,
Blakk by hell Gates, and let Bellone 1courage mee with Iron rod,
And let in armes encounter mee the mighty martiall God,
By brother I acknowledge him but by my steedanes side,
And Pallas thou my sister eake, let at thy brother side
A thinling Barre. O steedanes myne with humble suite I crave
A wondre of thee that womans hand may byng mee to my graue:
Why dost thou feeke the fury noe as one whole wrath were ende
Thou feest Alcides humbly layde, where as unto this day
That euer I entreated thee, no Land, no Beast can lay,
Now doe I neede thy deadly wrath to rid mee of my payne,
And now thy rankoure is appeale, thy hate is quencht agayne,
And thus thou sparest mee my life, when as I wishe to dye:
O Earth will none make mee the her wherein my bones may fry?
Nor reach a blade to Hercules, coue yee all from mee?
So let no country Monsters breede when I hall buried be,

Te 2. And let
Hercules Oetaeus.

And let none wayle the losse of mee if monstres moze arose,
God send another Hercules to succour Earth and skyes.

But as for mee on evry side ding out my brooked bayne,
And crash with sturdy stroke of stones my cursed Scull in twayne
And rid my tormentes: wile thou not? O woylde to mee bukynde,
And are so soone our benefites forgotten in thy mynde.

Gen to this bower with bugs and beasts thou hast bin over layde
Had not I bin: good people caule his tormentes to betayde
That succored you: time giues you leaue to recom pense my payne,
If yee with death will guerdon mee, I aske none other gayne.

AL. Where shall I wretche my mother of Alcides wilde to bee?
Where is my childe? where is my sonne? If light deceave not mee
With gasping mouth, and panting heart loe where bee sypawling lyes.
Where as (alas) in raging heate of boylinge lites bee skyes,
Yee greues, all is diptach, deare childe let mee Alcides myne
Embaise thy pining lims: with kille enfoulde my armes in thynne
Where are the lims? where is the neck that bare the skyes alone?
What thus hath mangled thee that all thy corps is waiste and gone?
HE. I am your Hercules mother beare, whom thus yee see here loff,
Acknowledge mee all though God knowes I seeme but as a ghost.
Why doe you turne your face away and mourning vilage uplyde.
Are yee afhande that Hercules should counted bee your chylde?
AL. What world hath hied this uncouth bug: what land engendred it?
Or els what monstrous milchiece may on thee triumphing it?
Who st that conquers Hercules? HE. By treason of his Wyke
Thou seekest how wretche Hercules do lecke his loathed Wyke.

AL. To overthrow my Hercules, what treason hath the might?
HE. That which a wrathfull Dame doth seeke to eacle her of her spight.
AL. How hath this pestilence gotten to thy Limbs and bleeding bones?
HE. Into a Shyrft the woman had conuayde it for the nonce.
AL. Where is the Shyrft sox nothing but thy naked corps I see?
HE. The vesture by the popson ranke denouded is with mee.
AL. And can such popson be contred? HE. I thinke within my guts,
That hideous Hydra hilling Snake his stowgy body puts,
A thousand plagues of Lerna Poole within my Bowelles rampes:
What raging heate is this that dries up all Sicilia dampes?
What Clime of Hell forbids the day to palle the boylinge zone?
O Wates amid the greedy gulphes and pooles let mee be thyowne.
What Ister can my Tarkas coole? no nor the Ocean mayne
Of these my stewing vapours may the raging quench agayne?

All moy.
The tenth tragedie.

(All myslace of thy limmes in these my fits are fryde away)
The joyce will now be leaked up, what president of hel
Let me returne from under grounde asayne with Jove to dwell
He ought to have recamong me still, receive me once agayne
Into thy dungeon dark that hel may in this peike playne
Behold the man that conquerd ye, no booty bringe I will
Away with me: why doth thou quake for leave of Hercules still.
Set on me death coazagiously for now I may be kilde
A powdrt thy tender tears that down thy cheeks so long haue trild,
And mayster this thy malling day compell thy sorrowes stoupe.
And shew that in these plunging panges Alcides did not doupe,
And as it jath bene eare thy gentle force death and hel to shynke.
Her. It ougly greted Caucasus. In chayne of yrsn linke
Should bynd me as agronning play the greedy grype to leede
Yet from myne eyes it shoule not strayne a broke teare indeede
If wanderyng Symplegads would me with yther rocke allaste,
To byde the hunt of doubledzacke my courage would not quayle.
Let Findus tumbled be on me, houge Aemus let me have
O Athos rocke in Thracian tees that breaks the weltring vaune,
And bode the bouteles of thondying Jove although thunweildy maile
Of all the world shoulde fall on mee and might be brouhte to paile
That Phoebus flaming apetree shoulde burne uppon my graue
No uncouth cye should foze the mynd of Hercules thus to caue.
Let metere a thousand lauege beastes and rent me al at once
Let Stymphal loules with howling hoarch lay strokes uppon my bones
O crowling bul on thorther lyde strike on with head and hoine
O els of other serpentes wilde let al my partes be toyne
With roying earthquakes, houpy lumpes be putted uppon me
With greipings greace let al my limmes to nothing pynded bee
Although I be to ponder crutke I wil with pacience peace
In spite of beastes o2 bysing blowes my lighes and teares hal pace
Alc. It is not conne the womans bane that in thy bones doth boile
But cestring teares and hoysing knackes of thy continual toyle
The wincches old with aking panges begin to llaurt anew,
HE D where is death where is hee now? of all that I do reu:
Can any witness what it is? let death now bend his bow
A naked hand is strong enough to make mee stoupe ful low
Let any wight in al the woorde attempt to let on mee
I warrant him, apprach let him, Ay wretche5 might I bee

Ex. 3.  This
Hercules Oetæus.

This wayward agony hath take his perfit wits away.
Hauce hence his roodes, and eake his shaftes for daunger hence conuay.
His ruddy gills that glow like her some mischiefe doe pretend.
To throwde my celle (alas) into what cozner shall I wende?
This mallydy a frensy is, this onely is the meane
To conquer Hercules, why then doe I as doting queane
Thus call to teares and sche to shynke, may bee that hee will haue,
Alcmenas hand to gieue the stroke, to bringe him to the grave.
But dye he in a Hurrevenes name, ere I for cowardes will
Such deadly penance bee ensiynnde, that on my doings still
His haynous hand may baunt it celle, loe how the pungues full deepe,
With stuggling ceale, doe binde the purple bynes with deadly deepe.
And beating tore like up and downe his laynt and panting browes:
If I D Gods of this my noble Childe bee dispolset:
Be gracious yet, and let the worlde some lusky champion caue.
Rid his annoy and let his limnes agayne they courage haue.


Dysmall day, O anguish, O
the heaper up of ill.
Ioues Sonne isayne, his Daughter dies,
his Pephew lyeth still.
First by the Stepdaumes treason, is
the Sonne to ruin brought.
The Daughter likewise trapped in traynes,
and thereby come to nought.
What hoary head in chagne of tunes, or teanour of his age
Hath scene, that Fortunes crowning face hath sturd such forny rage.
Dye dolesful day hereaueth mee (alas) of parents twayne.
But least I speake to spite the Gods, I will somewhat refrayne.
I lost a Father, Hercules this onely I complayne.
AL. O noble Iupe of Hercules, (alas) my Pephew deare,
That doth of wretched Alcmen Sonne the lively feature beare.
Refrayne my childe thy wayling woodyes, this quiet deepe perhapp
Will overcomne these plouging fits. But loe! loe in my lap.
Hee doth begin to strue agayne, his fits begin a fresh.
Sleepe gieuing up the feeble ghoft to ranckle in the keth.

HE. What
The tenth tragedie.

HE. What meaneth Thrachin craggy crest to saw before myne eyes?
Or now forlaking man am I adourned abowte the skies.
Why do the heauens proude for me? the father Ioue I see,
And eake my stepdame Juno dicc appealed now with me.
What heavenly harmony is this that sounding in myne ear?
Dame Juno calleth me conne in law, I se the pallace cleare
(De christal skies and beaute vakes of Phoebus flaming wheele)
I see the dumbish moary denne of glooming lady night
Here he commandeth darknesse dim to hew it selfe in sight.
What meaneth this, who is it that the heauens against me sparres?
And am I thus O father myne broughth downe againe from sparres.
Euen now Appollos sowestring eare did some about my face
So nie I past the pinch of Death, to Thrachin top in place
Who broughth me backe to ground agayne, beneathe me eack it lay
And al the world was under me, thou light went wynne away,
Thou foorsett me confesse the saunte. Ah mercy, mercy now.
In stead of farther vengeance do these humble woothes allow.
Lo Hillus, lo thy mothers gifts soch presentes thee preparde
Ah, might my runchon punch her puddinges once as whilom carde
The haughty Ladye Amazon wel trounde for her pride
On thege of ply Caucasus acront the mountayne lyde.
O noble lady Megara were thow my wretched wyse,
When rapt in rage of crantick eittres, I rest thee of thy life
Geeue me my hart and bow in hand, my welkes I wil imbew.
And foore ye all your hyages on me with blemish blacke to rue.
Thus let of Hercules employts a woman be the laft,
Hi. Foybeare O Syre thy hateful threates, the hath it, all is past.
The vengence that ye feke on her already hath her lpedd.
With wound received at your hand my mother lieth dead
(Her. O blyleded aunchis: dyke the shoulb of Hercules furious hand)
Thus Licas hath his marrow lost the heat of burning wykt
Will hauwe me on the breathlesse coarte for to vengue the res.
Why doth thee not yet fele her force both let her want a graue
And on her cursed flesh to feede let beastes her carkasse haue.
Hil. The silly woman was more woe then ye that bide the light.
Ye wil release some part hereof for pity in your hart.
For greece of you with her owne hande, alas her selfe the new
Thus more then ye do akke of her, the both her dogng rewe
Hercules Oetaeus.

Yet is it not your Wythes wildeede that brouught you to this plight.
No not my mothers raptrous hand hath brouught this depe deceit.
This treafon Nessus did contrive when he did paye his hire,
With arrow shot into his Ribs for rape of Deianire.
Thus father with the Centaures blood your hypp was lore embredwe.
At Nessus hand the vengeance of your deede thus have you rewde.
HE. Hec hath his will: all is dispatch, our Fates themselves display.
This is the day of death to mee. Thus eall to mee did lay,
A charmed Dake, and all the wood that range with veeling noyle
Of Parnass hill the Temples volume, and thundred out this voyce.
The dead mans hand whom thou before haft slayne,
O Hercules shall murther thee agayne.
Thou hauing mot the space of gulph and grounde,
And deapth of hell, heare shall thou bee confounde.
I therefore doe bewaple no more, such should our ending bee.
That Hercules conquered after him no man alive may see.
Now let mee dye a manely death, a stout and excellent,
And meece for mee: this noble day shall valiantly bee spent.
Fell all the Timber on the grounde hev down all Oeta wood.
Let coales devowe Hercules, let ever cry his bloud.
But ere I dye thou noble Inpe of Peans toyall race.
This dolcull buery doe for mee: See that an whole day space,
My funerall her flaming burne. And now my tender Hill,
The last petition of my mouth make onto thee I will.
Among the captive Ladies, one there is, a noble Dame,
Of toyall bloud, Euritis Thylde, Iole is her name:
Accept her to thy spoufall Bed, whom victour I bukinsde
Hauue trayned from her nature home and but my heart, and mynde
Pooze slyly maybe I gane her nought, and now thee shall mee lofe.
Loe thus the wretched woman wailes her still increasing woes.
But let her toker that the hart conceaude as Ioues ally,
And childe to mee: bee't thynce by her that earit begot have I:
And as for thee deare mother myne your deary dole forgore,
Your Hercules shall live: doe not hayne turbines on him belowe:
My manhooode made a trunpet thought a Stepdame unto thee,
But if that eyther Hercules byth shewe her nature to bee,
O be a man my her or els be falsified my kin.
Now let Ioues sigling cele, and let my mothers flawnder lin,
I have deferred a father well that have advaunst to hye
The glory of the rolling heavens, of nature framde was I.

To worke
The tenth tragedy

To worke the wondrous payable of Ioue, and Ioue him selfe doth Joy,
To haue the name of Hercules, begotting such a boy.
But pardon now my strayued teares, but you as Ioue his niece.
Shall as a stately marrone bee among the Dames of Greece.
Though Iuno with the thunderer in pausall chamber lives
And in her heauenly hand doth weilde the sceptre of the skyes,
When ever bare shee such a Babe, and yet though heavne the hould
In heart against a mortall man the sulkers malice outde,
For light that boyle of womanes wanth becounted thus I shoulde.
Eoe Titan goe, run out thy Race, thee onely I forlace.
I that went with thee soote by soote noode to thy internall lake,
And Ghostes, I go yet with this payable to thy pit down will I passe
That Hercules of open sea yet never foyled was.
But see in open combats brought his conquists all to passe.

Chorus.

O Titan crownd with blasong bush whose morning moystures make
The Moone her soamy bubbell from her cyped teame to take.
Declare to thy Elsterlinges whereas the ruddy moyn doth ryle.
Declare unto the Irishmen alose at western Skies.
Make knowne unto the Moores annoied by flaming arentrree.
Chose that with the yep Wayne of Archas pestred bee,
Dilplay to thoes that Hercules to th'eternall ghostes is gone
And to the bauling mastiffes den from whence returneth none.
With dulky dampe of stilly fog O Titan chake thy blaze,
With lowing light of wanny Globe on wolvull wordlings gaze,
And let thy head bee mutted by with cloudes and darknelse dimm.
For Hercules sake, when shall thou finde, or where the like to him?
(O wintered world to whom wilt thou henceforth thy woes coplaine,)If any scarring pestilence on earth shall be renewde,
By venom rank, from popyon mouth of scaly Dragon spewed:
If any Boze of Arcadie shall comber all a wood,
And tearre the travelers flesh with tuche embreded in goary blood:
If any champion rough of Thrace with heart more hard in break,
Then are the ply rockes, where as the frozen Beare doth rest,
Shall trample thicke his fables bowle with blood of slaughtred men,
When people quake for seare of warre, who shall assit them then?

If wath,
Hercules Oetæus.

If wrathfull Gods soz vengeaunce will some monsters to be hread?  
Lor nowe enfebled all of force his Harkalle lyeth dead,  
Whom Natures mouldre had made a march to shuddring love in greth.  
Hale out (alas) and let your playnt be heard to toownes at length.  
Let women bear their naked armes, and wring their trembling handes,  
Unrule their hayze, and from theyr locks pluck of their binding bandes.  
Boult up, and lock the Temple gates of Gods, and oape bee none,  
But delpzet Iunoes Chaple doares. O Hercules thou art gone  
To Lethes lake, and streame of Stix, from whence no Keele agayne  
Shall bzing thee backe: Oility loue thou goest to remayne  
Among the grisely goblins gyrmme: from whence thou whilome came  
With triumph sooner daunted death, and conqust of the same.  
With gastly face, and background armes, and neck that yeeldes to weight,  
Thy ghost returns, but Carons boate then shall not haue her fraught;  
As balaled with thy onely papple, and yet shall thou not hyde  
Among the rascall spyrites, but sit on bench by Lacus side,  
And with the Judges twayne of Creete as Uimpier there to bee,  
Appoynting paynes to loules that mape to their destarres agree.  
Fro slaughter hold your guylittlee hands, bath nor your blades in blood.  
Yet stares, that beare high lapye on earth, and loate in worldly good:  
It merits papple a mayden sword boundt in goare to beare,  
And while thou rayne, to kepe thy reality from cruel doings cleare.  
But verue hath a pypuledge to passe unto the skies.  
To thy top of frozen Apell tree O Hercules wilt thou lyse?  
O! where the tunne with storching blaze his burning beames doth rest?  
O! wilt thou bee a shyning starre amind the lukewarme west?  
Where Calpe Rocke is heard with roaring noyle of wsstling waue?  
Wilja place amid the azur lke entended thou to have?  
What place shall be in all the heauens from hurley hurley tree?  
When Hercules amid the starres hall entertaynne bee?  
Let loue apoynt thy hyding from the ougly Lion farre,  
And burning Crab: least thou with gryfely countnaunce do the starre.  
And make the trembling starres in heauen for fear to breste aray  
And Titan quake: while lyzing both prank with flowers y’render spay,  
Then hythy winter strip the trees of all their haunches greene.  
O! sudden Summer deckt with leaues in bulvy woods be scene.  
And from the trees the Apples fall, the harvest being doone:  
No age on earth shall wipe away the same that thou hall woone.  
As farre as Sun, o Star’s can hyne, thy glorious name shall goe.  
Amid the borne of the Sea first Coye hall spypout, and grow,  
And hae-
And brackish Seas his waters salt to water fresh shall change:
And fixed stare of dry bear from Clime to Clime shall range,
And sink into the frozen pool against his kindly way,
Ere people cease the honour of thy triumphs to display:
O tearcynge Ioue wee wretched sightes this boone of thee doe crave,
No monstrous beastes, no noysome plagues, hereafter let vs haue:
With bloody champions let the earth encombred bee no more:
Cast downe the haury way of Courtes: if ought annopance loze
Shall clay the earth, a champion to bee our thynde wee caue,
Whom as an honour of the Crowne his ruesfull realme may haue.
(That still will kepe his sword from being taine with guiltlesse bloud.)
But loe what meanes this rumbling noyse? loe Hercules her doth grone,
And lighter for his sonne: is it the Gods that wayle, and mone.
O is it Iunoes fearefull shike, whom Hercules doth aggress,
That seeing him for feare thee voares, and runneth from the skyes.
O els did Atlas falling feete with feeble surring shumble?
And shinking from his tottering voight thus soze the Gods to rumble?
O fearde he the wailing ghostes, the which to feare he daze?
O Cerberus hast his gingling Chains with buckling in his caue.
It is not so: but loe where Philoctetes doth appeare,
And Hercules famous shaftes to him bequeathed doth wee beare.

THE
Hercules Oetæus.

THE FIFT
ACTE.

Nutrix. Philoctetes.

Hercules most hearty haps
Good young man make report.
How did she heare it at his death?
PH. In such a chearefull sorte.
As no man lyes, NV. And could he with
so sweete and merry looke,
The scorching pangs and ragments of
his ending her brooke?

PH. That there was any heare at all his face did not bewray,
Who prou'd that power might force all things to floupe and to obey,
That under sonne untaimed be. NV. Where did the noble knight,
Among the waftling waues of sea display his matchless might:
PH. That mischiefe witch all only yet the woollse knew not before,
Even her hath bin conquered as beasts and monsters more.
Among the toppes of Hercules the her is crept in.
NV. Declare vs how the flaming force of her coulde hee win.
PH. As loone as shee with smarting hand the Oeta hill had gyptre,
And forthwith from her brawnched Beeche y' thynking made was wrapt:
And felled from the lump it lies, a Pyne tree hard hee bendes,
That crakes the clowdes, down from skyes his heavy head he lends.
The Rocke did totter ready for to reele, and with the iway
It tumbld from downe, a little groue with all it heares away:
A spreading Oak of Chaon big, whose leaves did ever ruth,
And dimde the sunne, and did beyonde the woode his brawnches push.
It being hewde both crack, and take in twayne the wedges knappes:
The teele startes back and thus the toole of Iron bides the rapps,
And sipes out of the Logge, at length at roose it yogde and Hooke,
And falling downe full lythly the overthoods it tooke.
Forthwith the place lost all his light the byds fearing fro their nest
Doe loare about the cropped wood, and holes wherein to rest.
And chirping with their weary wings about the plot they flicker
In every tree the ringing strokes were multiplied thicker.

The holy
The tenth tragedy

The holy Oakes in huge hand the Iron Are did seele.
No timber on the taller stocks might scape the hewing seele,
Thus all the wood upon a pile is heape, and one by one
The Logges are layde as hysgh as heauen that Hercules the reon
Might haue a narrow roome: his burning bones for to bethow.
On Pynetree top, and towghesst Oake the her begins to glowe.
And on the stumped willowe haunt, and thus the forest dyde
Dath make the Kill: the Papler wood all Hercules blocks doth hyde.
But as the puillaunt Lyon when his hits doe bere him roze,
Lies wallowing on his back, and through the forest lowde doth roze.
So farre her, who woulde haue thought she had to burning gon?
As one that climbs to heauen, not fier, he was to looke upon
When by he kept on Oeta mount and gazed on his Kill.
Being layde alse he brake the blockes, so heavy was her still.
The byyes yet coulde not beare his wayght he calling for his bow
Did lay to mee, haue Philockter, on thee I it bethow,
This tame is it that Hydra with his swarming heads did know.
This did fetch downe the stumphall howes, and all that we haue daunt,
Goe thou with this let victow, and happenell thee haunt,
For never shall thou bite agayn thy foes with thele but speed.
If at a hyde amid the clowdes thou aame thee dies inderde.
These certayne shaftes shall bring thy marke downe from the azur sky,
Thys bow shall not beree thy hand, till oft I did it try,
And made it meere to beare a shatt, and cast his leauell dew.
Thyne arrowes shall not flaye thyne aame if that thou nock them trew,
I alke but only this of thee, put fier to the Stack,
Yellow on mee my funerall name to byng me to my wyck.
This knarry Club (quory hee) the which no hand shall ever tolle
Shall onely with his Hercules in her goe to tolle,
This also (quory hee) shouldst thou have if thou could wiell the same,
Beside his mafter let it lye to help towards the same,
And then beside him down he layes the Lyons happy skin
To burne with him: the shaggy case hid all the pyle within.
The people loode, and none there was but sorow straynde his teares.
The mother mad to: egar grewe her heaste all bare thee heares,
And naked downe toth Paull steade displaies her tender teates,
And languishing with wynged hands her naked dugges thee heaste
And cryeth out upon the Gods on loue himselfe thee calles,
Her shiking rang through all the place to womanlike thee valles.
Bec still

3k 433
Hercules Oetæus.

Be still (quoth hee) good mother: for forcing your showres of teares to cease,
Your dreary dole disgracest much the death of Hercules.
Make secretly unto your selfe: why make ye Juno glad,
To te that you a weeping day with foze of teares haue had?
(Thou hast good to see her hawdes, to stand with weeping eyes.)
Forbear, forbear your malady, tis deadly sinne for ye,
To trace the teares, and rent the wombe, that first did foster me.
And as he blustred givign grunres, when eack he led in charne
The hownd aboute the townes of Grece what tyne he came agayne
Triumphing over conquered hel delyng Plutoës might,
And dreadful delkeny: to on the lyre he lay vpight.
What conquercour euer sat in coach with such a cheereful grace?
What tyrant did controll his folk by law with such a face?
How blyst was al thing at his death: himselfe he could not wepe
And also we haue cleane forgot the wound of Corowdes depee
None dorh lament him at his death now were it shame to wape:
Alcen (whom nature ought to mowe) her teares now do her fayle.
And thus as pell as was the sonne the mother ftoode almost.
N. But at his burning did hee not call on the heauenly host,
Remembynge Ioue to heare his suite, Ph. As on in depe dispayre
He lay, and staryng vp to coud his eyes into the ayre
To lyre if Ioue lookt downe to him from any tucket hyre.
Then with his handes displaide to heauen (quoth he) where to thou lye,
And lookest downe to se thy sonne, this cane, this cane is hee,
Whom one day eeked with a night engendred harte to thee
If East and West, if Scithia, and euery burning plot,
That parched is with glowing glede of Phæbus her hot
Dorh sing my pypale? and if the earth full satisfie with peace
If languishing and wayling wordes in euery towne doe peace.
If none their alters do imbue with any guiltlesse gote,
Then Ioue let my uncaged spirtue have heauen for evermore.
As for thincernall dennes of death they do not me detarce?
No: couling Plutos dungeon darck, but Ioue I do adhoyre.
Unto those gally Goblins as a silly hade to goe,
Sith I am he whole conquering hand gaue them their ouerthrowe.
Withdraw these foggy clowdes of night, display the glimmeryng light
That Hercules hysed with lying flames the Gods may haue in light
And if thou do denye (O lyre) the starres and heauen to mee
To geue me them against thy will thou shalt confraunynd bee,
If glutting griefe do stop thy speach, the Stygian goulphes set oape,
And let mee dye, but firt declare within the heauenly coape,

That
The tenth tragedy

That thou acceptst me as thy soone: this day it shall be wrought,
That to bee rapid aloft to starres, I may be worthy thought.
Thou hast done little for me yet: it may be doubted well
Whether Ioue did first beget his sonne, or daunnd him first to hell.
And (quoth he) let my stepdame see, how well I can abyde
The scorching heat of burning brandes: for byr then he eride,
And cast to me O Philoctet in halfe upon me throw
The burning logges, why quakest thou? dost dasard thow forslow,
For feare to this wicked deed? O coward, pealant flame,
Thou art to weake to vende my bow, vmmere my shaktes to haue
What ayeft thou to toke to pale? and as thou feelt mee lye
With cheresfull looke courageously do thou the fier plye.
Behold me wretched that hypple and burne my father opes the Skyes
And into mee sonne Hercules come, come away he cryes,
O father Ioue (quoth he) I come: with that I wared pale
And toward him a burning beame with might and mane I hale:
But backe from him the billers lye and tumbling out they leape,
And from the limmes of Hercules downe sailles all the heape.
But he encrocheth on the lyfe as it from him both thynke,
That many mountaynes whole were set on lyer a man would thinke
No noyle was hard, and all was humbe, but that the lyer did biste
In Hercules glowing paunch when as his luter burning is.
If boptlesse giant Typhus had amid this fire bene throwne,
These tormentes would haue strain his tears & foyght him lye & groane.
O tough Eucladus that tost a mountayne on his backe.
But Hercules lifted vp himselfe amid his lyzses all blacke.
With smokes belmeade his corps false burnt in shires, gubs & flawes,
And downe the thpoare his gasping breath & flawes at once he drawes
Then to Alcmen he turnd himselfe: O mother myne (quoth he)
Should ye to stand at Hercules death? should ye thus wayle for me?
And thus betwene the fire and smoke, upright and stiffe he standes.
And neither stoupes nor leanes abyme, but moveing and stirs his hands,
With al his luely getures still, and thus he doth pertwade.
His mother leave the langusthing, and mourning that he made.
And did encourage all his men t'encrase the lyze than
As though he were not burning, but would burne some other man.
The people stooode astonished, and scant they would beleue
That fire had any force on him, or that it did him greene.
Because his cheresful looke had such a maiesty and grace,
And never wilde by meue the lyze that he might burne apace,
Hercules Oetæus.

(And now when as he thought, he had endured pangues ynough,) 
And shortly bode the hunt of death, the blocks her doth remoue, 
That smothering lay, to make the burne: then downward doth he shewe 
And where the fleeting heate did chiefly froch, and burne most hot, 
That way he thrusts his c crying lines, and the other hath shee got. 
(With steaming countenance bnapaulde his mouth now doth he fill) 
With burning coales, his comely Hearde the blaze about his cheekes: 
And now when as the sparkling fire unto his village seekes, 
The flame lickt by his singed hayre, and yet he did not winke: 
But open kept his staring eyes. But what is this? my thinke 
Alcmena cometh pander as a woefully wight soigne, 
With sighes and lobs, and all her hayre bercouned rent, and toyme. 
And beares the remnaunt in her Lap, of Hercules the great.

Alcmena. Philoctetes.

Carne Londings, learn to fear and dyead 
thy unwelby farall force 
This little dukt is all thats left 
of Hercules hungy coarte. 
That boysteous Gaint is conclunde 
unto these athes small 
O Titan what a mighty mafe 
is come to nought at all.

Aye me an aged woman's lappe all Hercules doth myowde, 
Her lap doth cerue him for a graue, and yet the champion myowde, 
With all his lumpe fills not the roome. Aye mee a burthen small 
I feele of him to whom whole heavn no burthen was at all.
O Hercules, beare thylyde, O conne the season whilom was, 
That thou to Tartar pits, and sluggish dens afoole didst passe 
Foz to repasse: from depe of hell when wilt thou come agayne? 
Not to purlove the peoples thereof, o' bring from captuine chayne 
To life thy friendly Theseus. But when wilt thou returne 
Alone: can flamming Phlegethon thy ghost in toyments burne: 
O can the mafttie Dogge of hell keepe downe thy woefully sprite? 
Where then might I come see thy soule and leave this loathed light? 
When shall I rap at Tartar gate? what lawes shall mee deuowe? 
What death shall dawnt mee: goest thou to hell, and haft no power
The tenth tragedie.

To come agayne: alas why do I wall, the day in teares and playnte
O wretched lyfe why dost thou last thou shouldest diupe and laynt,
And loath this dircry daye: how: can I heare to Jove agayne
Another noble Hercules, what cone may I obtayne
So valiant to call mee thus (Alcmena noster myne)
O happy Spouse Amphitrio twyse happy hale thou bene
In enring at the dennes of death, and though thy noble cone
The Devils at thy presents quake to see thee therether come.
Though thou but tolged father went to Hercules of late
Whether shall old beldam goe whom many kings do hate:
If any prince remayne with blody breast and murdying mynde
Then wor to mee: if groning baddes be any left behyn,
That losrow for they? parentes deathes now, now for Hercules sake
Their mallice let them wrecche on mee, on mee dye vengeance take
If any young Budris be, I feare the Persians soe
Wil come and take me captiue hence in chaynes for evermore.
If any tyrant heed his hose with gubbes of straungers field
Now let his pampt fades into my Tarkiss fall a fres.
Perhapp dame Jund couereth on me to wrecche her yxe.
And on by of her burning breast wil turne the flamin fire
Her wercful hand doth loyer now isth Hercules is clayne.
And now to feele her spurning spyre as harlot I remaine.
So valyant cone is caule of this my wombe shall barayne he,
Least I shoul heare another child as hardy as was hee.
Oh whether may Alcmena goe? or whether that the wond?
What countrey o? what kingdomes may my careful hed defend
Where may I touch my wretched carcse,that every where am knowne?
If I unto my native toyse repayze among myne owne,
Euristus is of Argos lord thus woefully yoyno.
I wil to Thebes where I was wed, and Hercules was boyne:
And where with Jove I did enjoy dame Venus deare delight.
O bleessed woman had I bene and in most happy plight,
If Jove with flash of lightning leams and blasing fakes of lyze
Had smotclred me as Semele was lowst at her delaye.
Would God that Hercules whole he was a babe, had toppped bene
Out of my wombe,then wretchedly I should not this have seen
The pangues and tormentes of my cone,whose payle doth coutercasle
Then Jove: then had I learnd that death at length might him allayle.
And take him from my sight: O child,who will remember thee?
For now unthankfulnes is great in men of each degree:

F f. That

437.
Hercules Oeteus.

(That for thy sake I do not know where entertain’d to bee)
The cure of the Cleonies. I will attempt and dye
Whom from the Lyon releewed he and made the monster dye
Or shall I too the Archadians go where thou didst lea the boare
Where thy renowne remaineth rype of great exploits before,
The parlous serpent Hydra heare was Jaype there fel he dead,
That with the fled of slaidred men his greedy horses fedde
And ponder were the Stimplall burdes compelle to leave the siky
And tamed by the handly toyle,now doth the Lyon sike,
And belketh frissing tunnes in heauns while thou liest in thy grave.
Or makynd but any spark of thankful nature have
Let all men peace to succour mee Alcmene thy mother deare.
What it among the Thracians I enter to appeare,
Or on the bankees of Heber floud? thy prowelle every where
By thr thrice and thrice all these byples: for earl in thrac thou did put downe
The desty maungers of the King and put him from his crowne,
By laughter of the kallage prince the people lye in peace,
Where diddest thou denye thy helpe to make eqmwoyeing ceale?
Unhappy mother that I am a thynne where may I have
To thydoode thy coale: for all the world may strue aboute thy graue
What temple may be meete to thynne thy reliques laxe for eye,
And hallowed bones? what nationa unto thy ghost thal play?
O noble sonne what sepulchre what hearels may strue for thee?
The world it selde through flying flame thy fatal tombe halbe:
Who taketh here this payle from mee his ashes which I heare:
Why loath I them: imbye his bones kepe stil his ashes here,
And they hal be a shield to thee his ditch shall thee defend,
To see his shadow, princes prowe for fear of halfe and bend
Ph. O mother of noble Hercules forbeare your drye playnt:
His valiant death thus shoulde not be with femal teares attaynt.
He should not languish thus for him, no count him wretched man
In dyng, who by noble mynd prevent his destynry can.
His chesalry sothyddeth vs with teares him to bewaple:
The stately kouacke dorth not所说的: they high whose hares do sayle.
Alc. (fle mine no moze: behold, behold, most wretched mother I)
Have lost the shield of land and seas,where glistring Phoebe displays
With whirling wheelles in foamy gulphs, and red and purple rays
The lofe of many tonnes I may lament in him alone.
Through him I lifted Kings to crowns, when crown my selfe had none
And never any mother liude, that nedes llesse to craue.
The tenth tragedie.

Of Gods, then I, I asked naught while I my sonne might haue.
What could not Hercules tender love like on me to beflow?
What God would once denye to graunt, or what he held me free,
Twas in my powre to alke and haue. If Ioue would ought denye,
By Hercules did bring to passe I had it by and by.
What mortall mother euer bare and lost, to deare a sonne?
Cark downe the cheekes of Niobe the trilling teares did runne.
When of her deare and tender bratres she wholly was bereuen,
And did bewaple with stayned lightes her children feuen and feuen
And yet might I compare this one (my Hercules) unto those
And I in him as much as shee in all her impes did lose.
The mothers that are mourning dames do lacke on hev and chefe,
And now Alcmena halbe thee despiude of all releese.
Ease woeful mothers ease, if that among you any are
Constrayne to shed your streaming teares by force of penitue care:
Ye Lady whom lamenting long of women tourned rockes,
Cure place unto my glutrynge greese, beat on with burning knockes
Ye handes uppon my rueded heaste, alas am I alone
Enough for lich a funerall to languish and to mone,
Whom at the world shall shortly neede: yet breache thy feble armes
To thunpe uppon thy sounding heaste thy griefe with doleful larmes
And in deupyre of all the gods powze out thy woeful cye
And to receive thy rowing teares thy wary cheekes applye.
Beware Alcmenas woeful fate: the sonne of Ioue bewaple,
Whole byrth did caufe the ducky day in kindly course to fayle.
The East compact two nightes in one: lo, lo, a greater thing
Then glorious day the world hight lost now let your sorrowes ring,
Yee people at whole lowryng lopdes he knew to dennes of death
They2 blades (that reek with guiltles goze) he put into the heath.
Bellow on him youre Cristall teares, which he detected well:
Howle out pce heauen, ye marble leas, and goulphes with Gronings yeall.
O Crete Deare darling unto Ioue Fo2, loue of Hercules foze,
Ye hundred cityes breate your armes: my sonne fo2 euerwoze
Is gone among the grievly ghostes, and shimming shades of hell
Lament fo2 him ye woeful wightes, that here on earth do dwell,
Hercules Oeteus.

Hercules. Alcmena.

Whence roars this thundering boype, both against mine eares rethold,
And bidde thee to stint my teares? I know it now I know,
The darksome dungeons daunted are, and Denes of Lakes alow.
O Sonne art thou returnd to me from Stygian gulph agayne?
And can thou twice of ougly death the conquest thus obtaine?
And what the dalefull pistons twise, of glum and gasti night.
Against th' infernall spyrres foode prevalent thus by might?
May any scape from Acheron? O dooth thou scape alone?
Hath hell no power to holde thy spite, when breath from breast is gone?
O els hath Pluto bauble thee out, for teare least thou alone
Should clayne his Scepter from his hand, pluck him from his cran?
For I am sure I lawe thee lade upon the burning trees.
And from thy Topsy the flame and sparker agaynt the welkin eyes:
That sure thou wait to poulder burnt, and teable lyse was lost:
But sure the deepes and pits of hell did not lock up thy ghost.
Why were the devills astraie of thee? why quake Ditis grim?
And did thy noble ghost seeme such a gasti bug to him?
HE. Thye dampy diske of Cocitas could not kepe me from light.
Noy Carons fullie musty Barge transporte hath my spite.
Now Mother moune no more: once have I seen the bags of hell,
And all the searne and steaming stenades in dungeons deepe that dwell.
That mostall mowde I tooke of you to nought the staines have fryed:
Beauen hath the substanence that I tooke of Ioue: in heer yours died.
And therefore pawde your playntue teares which parents ble to shed,
When wretchedly they wayle their sonses, that dastardly are dead
Thuc dyl-
The tenth tragedie.

Thus vulgar varlets wepe: loe vertue hopes the Starres to get:
But luyning feare stil dreames on deatb,from heauen where I am set,
You heare my voys: Eurifteus now that byde the deadly path
With charyot sway his cracked scull ye shal on lunder cruith
Now must I hence aduance my Ghost up to the rolling skyes
Once more I daunt the devilles,and do the goblins grim aggrese
Alc. But stay awhile my sonne : he fades and thynketh from my sight
Aduaunt he is among the starres: deth this my charmed Spirite
Dre in a travaunce : o! do I dreame that I have seene my sonne
A troubled mynd can feante beleue the things he seeth done.
But now I lea thou art a God poulting heauen to ye aye.
I lea it luke. I wil to Thebes thy triumphes to diplay.

Chorus.

O vertue scapes the gaftly shades of hell,
Ye noble peeres that shyne in vertue bright
Dire defteny cannnot conffrayne you dwell
Among the glowmign glades of ougly might,
Nor finke your fame in loathsome lakes of spyte.
But when deaths day drawes on the gasping howre,
You purchaft glory shall direct your right
To fynd the passage to the heauenly bower.

When flefh doth fall, and breathing body dieys
Then (Fame the child of Vertue)doth arife.
But sluggish fottes that sleepe their dayes in floth,
Or geue their golden age to loath some luft.
Them and their names the wretches bury both,
When as their bones shall shryned be in duft:

The clay shall couer their carkases forlome,
As though such kaytifes neuer had bene borne.
But if that ought of memory they haue,

Ff. 3.

In
Hercules Oeteus.

In thafter age it shalbe filthy shame.
The gnawing wormes torment not so in graue
Their rotten flesh, as tongues do teare their name,
That dayly kild to further mischief lies.
Lo both the fruites, that vice and virtue giues.

FINIS.

Ouid.
Omne genus scripti granulate Tragædia vincit.

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