

The Second Part
OF THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. Abraham Cowley.

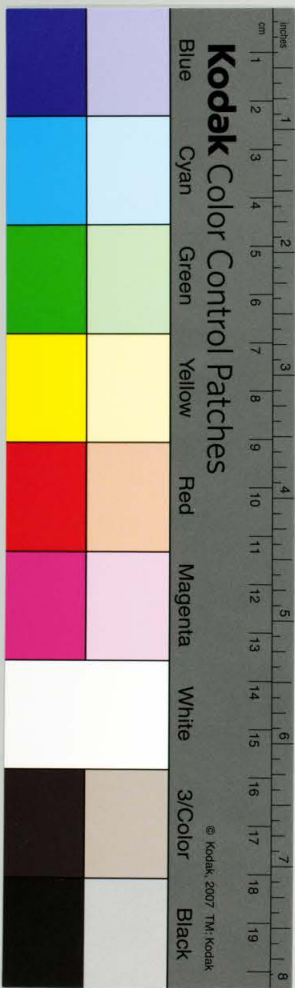
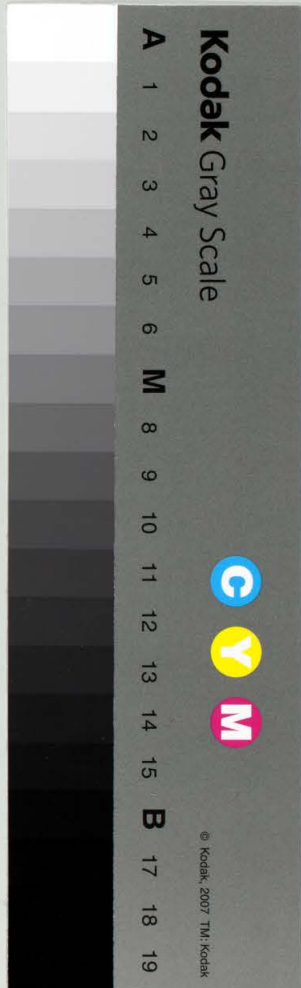
Being what was Written and Published by himself in his
YOUNGER YEARS.

And now Reprinted together.

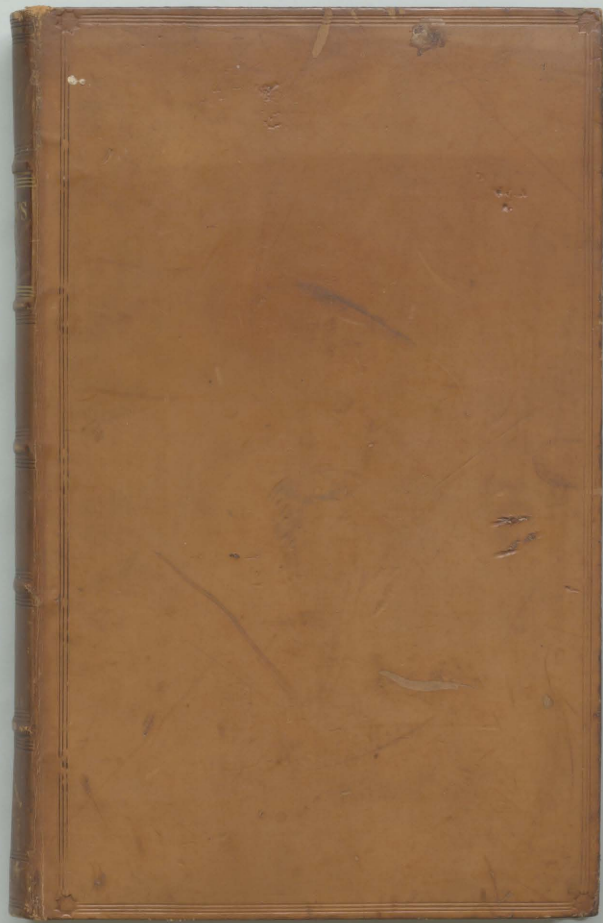
The Fourth Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *Mary Clark*, for *Charles Harper*, at the Flower-de-luce
in *Fleet-street*, and *Jacob Tonson*, at the Judges Head in
Chancery-lane, near *Fleet-street*, MDCCLXXX.



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*Possit ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit?
Exempta sit Curis, viator,
Terra sit illa, Levis, precare,
Hic sparge Flores, sparge breves Rolas,
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbifuge Odoratis Corona
Vais abduc Cinerem Calentem.*

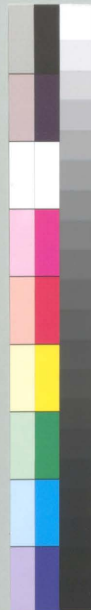
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The Second Part
OF THE
WORKS

OF
Mr. Abraham Cowley.

Printed near St. Dunstons Church, in Great Britain, in the Year 1707.
And now Reprinted together.

The Fourth Edition.

LONDON:
Printed by John Clarke, in Church Lane, at the Flower-de-luce;
at the Foot-press, and Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Hall in
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-Street, MDCCLXXVII.

The Book-sellers to the Reader.

THE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquired after, and very scarce, (the Town hardly affording one Book, though it had been thrice Printed) we thought this Fourth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We presume one great reason why they were omitted in the last Collection, was, because the propriety of this Copy belonged not to the same person that Published those: but the reception they had found appears by the several Impressions through which they had pass'd. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his *Riper Years*, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity. We presume the *Authors Judgment* of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small Character. His words are in the 6th. Page of his Preface before his former Published Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, in his several *Discourses* by way of *Essays in Verse and Prose*, in the 11th. *Discourse* treating of himself, page 143. These we suppose a sufficient Authority for our reviving them; and here there is no ingenious Reader to whom the smallest Remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his mind, so that by this Supplement to his other Volume you have the Picture of that so deservedly Eminent Man from almost his *Childhood* to his *Latest Years*, The bud and bloom of his *Spring*, The warmth of his *Summer*, The richness and perfection of his *Autumn*. But for the Readers farther curiosity, we refer him to the Authors following Preface to them, Published by himself. And to contribute all we can to our Readers satisfaction, we have endeavoured to make these Poems something more acceptable, by prefixing the Sculpture of the Authors Monument.

Your humble Servants,

A

C. H. J. T.

TO THE
Right Honorable and Right Reverend Father in God,

JOHN

Lord Bishop of Lincoln, and Dean of Westminster.

MY LORD,

I Might well fear, lest these my rude
and unpolis'd Lines should offend
your Honourable Survey; but that I
hope your Nobleness will rather smile
at the Faults committed by a Child,
than censure them. Howsoever I de-
sire your Lordships Pardon, for pre-
senting things so unworthy to your
View, and to accept the good will of
him, who in all Duty is bound to be

Your Lordships

most humble Servant,

Abraham Cowley.

To the Reader.

Reader (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my Poetical Boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness; others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blowed in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum*: to the first I answer, that it is an envious Frost which nips the Blossoms, because they appear quickly; to the latter, that he is the worst Homicide who strives to murder anothers Fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguish'd by this Wind. For the itch of Poetrie by being angered increaseth, by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Third Edition. What though it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been employed by Cooks and Grocers. If in all mens judgments it suffer Shipwrack, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased my self and the Book-seller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequent-ly experience (which is yet but little) hath increas'd, so they have not left my Poetrie flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would do it my self, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My *Constantia* and *Philene* confesth me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and perhaps do not bely the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you, can effect, that neither the Book-seller repent himself of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them. Farewell.

A. Cowley.



To the Reader.

I Call'd the Buskin'd Muse MELPOMENE,
And told her what sad Story I would write:
She wept at hearing such a Tragedy,
Though wont in mournful Ditties to delight.

If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know
My Muse with tears, not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as she my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny tears did on the Paper fall,
If then unequal numbers be espied,
Oh Reader! do not that my error call,

But think her Tears deserv'd it, and blame then
My Muses grief, and not my missing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.



CONSTANTIA
AND
PHILETUS.

I.
I Sing two constant Lovers various fate,
The hopes and fears that equally attend
Their Loves: Their Rivals envy, Parents hate;
I sing their woful life, and tragick end.
Aid me, ye Gods, this story to rehearse
This mournful tale, and favour every Verse.

2.
In Florence, for her stately Buildings fam'd,
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Skie;
There dwelt a lovely Maid, *Constantia* nam'd,
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy.
Her, lavish nature did at first adorn,
With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea's* form.

3.
And framing her attractive eyes so bright,
Spent all her Wit in study, that they might;
Keep earth from *Chaos* and eternal night
But envious death destroy'd their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, since she did part;
For in her Nature walted all her Art.

CON-

B

Her

4.
Her Hair was brighter than the beams which are
A Crown to *Phœbus*, and her breath so sweet,
It did transcend *Arabian* odours far,
Or smelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
Approaching Summer, teeth like falling Snow
For white, were placed in a double row.

5.
Her wit excelling praise, even all admire,
Her speech was so attractive it might be
A caufe to raise the mighty *Pallas* ire
And stir up envy from that *Deity*.
The maiden Lillies at her lovely fight
Waxt pale with envy, and from thence grew white.

6.
She was in Birth and Parentage as high
As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,
And to her virtuous minds nobility
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her spotless Soul, and lovely Face
You might have seen each *Deity* and grace.

7.
The scornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her
Would *Venus* still despise, yet her desire,
Each who but law, was a Competitor
And rival, scorch'd alike with *Cupid's* fire.
The glorious beams of her fair Eyes did move,
And light beholders on their way to Love.

8.
Among her many Sutors a young Knight
Bove others wounded with the Majesty
Of her fair presence, preflerth most in fights,
Yet seldom his desire can satisfie
With that blest objects or her rareness see;
For *Beasties* guard is watchful jealousy.

9.
Oft times that he might see his *Dearest* fair,
Upon his stately *Jennet* he in th' way
Rides by her house, who neighs, as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright *Constantia*.
But his poor Master thought to see her move
His joy, dares thew no look betraying love.

Soon

10.
Soon as the morning left her roſie bed,
And all Heavens smaller lights were driv'n away;
She by her friends and near acquaintance led
Like other Maids would walk at break of day:
Aurora bluiht to see a fight unknown,
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

11.
Th' obsequious Lover follows till her train
And where they go, that way his journey feigns.
Should they turn back, He would turn back again
For with his Love, his business does remain.
Nor is it strange he should be loth to part
From her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

12.
Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a race
Of noble Ancestors; but greedy *Time*
And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface
The glory which in his great Stock did shine;
Small his estate, unfitting her degree,
But blinded love could no such difference see.

13.
Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,
And dipt his Arrow in *Constantia's* eyes,
Blowing a fire, that would destroy him quite,
Unless such flames within her heart shou'd rise.
But yet he fears, because he blinded is,
Though he have shot him right, her heart he'l miss.

14.
Unto *Love's* Altar therefore he repairs,
And offers up a pleading Sacrifice;
Intreating *Cupid* with inducing Prayers,
To look upon, and ease his Miseries:
Where having wept, recovering breath again,
Thus to immortal *Love* he did complain:

15.
Oh mighty *Cupid!* whose unbounded sway,
Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,
Whom all *Celestial* *Deities* obey,
Whom Men and Gods both reverence and fear!
Oh force *Constantia's* heart to yield to Love,
Of all thy Works the Master-piece 'twill prove.

B 2

16. And

16.

And let me not Affection vainly spend,
 But kindle flames in her like those in me;
 Yet if that gift my Fortune doth tranſſend,
 Grant that her charming Beauty I may ſee.
 For ever view thoſe Eyes, whoſe charming lights,
 More than the world beſides does pleaſe my ſight.

17.

Thoſe who condemn thy ſacred Duty,
 Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know,
 I faultleſs am, what honour can it be
 Only to wound your Slave, and ſpare your Foe.
 Here tears and ſighs ſpeak his imperfect mone,
 In language far more moving than his own.

18.

Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,
 Juſt like a Ship while every mounting wave
 Toſt d by enraged Borcaſ up and down,
 Threatens the Mariner with a gaping grave;
 Such did his caſe, ſuch did his ſtate appear,
 Alike diſtracted between hope and fear.

19.

Thinking her love he never ſhall obtain,
 One morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain
 Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,
 And thus found *Eccho* answers him again.
 He mov'd *Aurora*, and he wept to hear,
 Dewing the verdant Graſs with many a tear.

The Eccho.

I.

OH! what hath caus'd my killing miſeries?
EYES, *Eccho ſaid*, What hath detain'd my eaſe?
EASE, ſtraight the reaſonable Nymph replies;
 That nothing can my troubled mind appeaſe:
PEACE, *Eccho answers*, What, is any night?
Philetus ſaid; She quickly utters, I.

2. It

II.

It's *Eccho answers*; tell me then thy will:
 I WILL, ſhe ſaid. What ſhall I get (ſays he)
 By loving ſtill? To which ſhe answers, ILL.
 Ill? ſhall I void of wiſd' for pleaſure die?
 I; Shall not I who toll in ceſtleſs pain,
 Some pleaſure know? NO, ſhe replies again.

III.

Faſe and inconstant Nymph, thou lyeſt (ſaid he)
 THOU LYEſT, ſhe ſaid; and I deſerv'd her hate,
 If I ſhould thee believe; BELIEVE, (ſaith ſhe)
 For why thy idle words are of no weight.
 WEIGH IT (ſhe answers) therefore I'll depart.
 To which, reſounding *Eccho answers*; PART.

20.

Then from the Woods with wounded heart he goes,
 Filling with legions of freſh thoughts his mind,
 He quarrels with himſelf becauſe his moſt
 Spring from himſelf, yet can no medicine find:
 He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,
 But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

21.

No morning baniſh'd darkneſs, nor black night
 By her alternate courſe expell'd the day,
 In which *Philetus* by a conſtant rite
 At *Cupid's* Altars did not weep and pray;
 And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain
 But Care and Sorrow was his only gain.

22.

But now at laſt the pitying God, o'come
 By conſtant votes and tears, fixt in her heart
 A golden ſhaft, and ſhe is now become
 A ſuppliant to Love, that with like Dart
 He'd wound *Philetus*, does with tears implore
 Aid from that power ſhe to much ſcorn'd before.

23.

Little ſhe thinks the kept *Philetus* heart
 In her ſcorn'd'd breſt, becauſe her own the gave
 To him. Since either ſuffers equal ſmart,
 And alike meaſure in their torments have:
 His Soul, his griefs, his fires, now hers are grown;
 Her heart, her mind, her love is his alone.

24. While

24.
While thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mutiny,
She took a Lute (being far from any ears)
And tun'd this Song, posing that harmony
Which Poets attribute to heavenly spheres.
Thus had the fang when her dear Love was slain,
She'd surely call'd him back from Styx again.

The Song.

I.
T O whom shall I my Sorrows show?
Not to Love, for he is blind:
And my Philetus doth not know
The inward torment of my mind.
And all the senses' walls which are
Now round about me cannot bear.

II.
For if they could, they sure would weep,
And with my griefs relent:
Unless their willing tears they keep,
Till I from Earth am sent.
Then I believe they'll all deplore
My fate, since I taught them before.

III.
I willingly would weep my fire,
If th' flood would lend thy Love,
My dear PHILETUS on the shore
Of my heart; but should'st thou prove
Afraid of flames, know the fires are
But Bonfires for thy coming here.

25.
Then tears in envy of her speech did flow
From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there
Her burning flame had melted Hills of Snow,
And so dissolv'd them into many a tear;
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,
And quickly caus'd new serpent gruels to grow.

26. Here

26.
Here stay, my *Majesty*, for if I should recite,
Her mournful Language, I should make you weep
Like her, a flood, and to not see to write,
Such lines as I, and th' age requires, to keep
Me from stern death, or with victorious time,
Revenge their Masters death, and conquer time.

27.
By this time, chance and his own industry
Had helpt *Philetus* forward, that he grew
Acquainted with her Brother, so that he
Might, by this means, his bright *Constantia* view:
And as time serv'd, flew her his misery:
This was the first Act in his Tragedy.

28.
Thus to himself footh'd by his flattering fate,
He said: How shall I thank thee for this gain,
O *Cupid*, or reward my helping Fate,
Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain?
What Husband-man would any pains refuse,
To reap at last such fruit, his labours use?

29.
But when he wicely weigh'd his doubtful fate,
Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain,
To following woes, he wou'd when 'twas too late
Quench his hot flames, and sile love disdain.
But *Cupid*, when his heart was set on fire,
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

30.
The wounded youth, and kind *Philocrates*
(So was her Brother call'd) grew soon so dear,
So true, and constant, in their Amities,
And in that League, so strictly joyned were,
That Death it self could not their friendship sever,
But as they liv'd in love, they dy'd together.

31.
If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;
If one be sick, the other's sorely ill;
And if *Philetus* any sorrow had,
Philocrates was partner in it fill:
Pyldes foul and mad *Orestes* was
In these, if we believe *Pythagoras*.

32. Phi-



32.

Of in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there
 Exclaims against his Fate, Fate too unkind.
 With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,
 And with sad sighs instructs the angry Wind,
 To sigh; and did even upon that prevail,
 It grew d to hear *Philetus* mournful tale.

33.

The Crystal Brooks which gently run between
 The shadowing Trees, and as they through them pass
 Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,
 Giving a colour to the verdant grass:
 Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful state,
 In their of grief run murmuring at his Fate.

34.

Philomel answers him again and flows
 In her best language, her sad History,
 And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,
 Denying to be pos'd in misery:
Constantia he, the *Tereus*, *Tereus* cries,
 With him both grief, and grief's expression vies.

35.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,
 Willing in ill, as well as joys to share,
 Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,
 Who in light sport, not sorrow partners are.
 Who leaves to guide the Ship when storms arise,
 Is guilty both of sin, and cowardise.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he
 Yielded to tyrant Passion more and more,
 Desirous to partake his malady,
 He watches him in hope to cure his fore,
 By counsel, and recall the poisonous Dart,
 When it, alas, was fixed in his heart.

37.

When in the Woods, places best fit for care,
 He to himself did his past griefs recite,
 Th' obsequious friend straight follows him, and there
 Doth hide himself from sad *Philetus* sight,
 Who thus exclaims; for a swollen heart would break,
 If it for vent of sorrow might not speak.

38. Ob!

38.

Oh! I am lost, not in this Desert Woods,
 But in loves pathless Labyrinth, there I
 My health, each joy and pleasure counted good
 Have lost, and which is more, my liberty,
 And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice
 My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

39.

Long have I stay'd, but yet have no relief,
 Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shown,
 Because she knows not of my killing grief,
 And I have fear'd, to make my sorrows known.
 For why alas, if she should once but dart
 Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

40.

But how should she, ere I impart my Love,
 Reward my ardent flame with like desire?
 But when I speak, if she should angry prove,
 Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire?
 Why, he who hath all sorrows born before,
 Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more.

41.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,
 Runs to his friend, and sighing, Oh! (said he)
 My dear *Philetus* be thy self, and swear
 To rule that Passion which now masters thee,
 And all thy reason; but if it can't be,
 Groe to thy Love but eyes that it may see.

42.

Amazement strikes him dumb, what shall he do?
 Should he reveal his Love, he fears 'twould prove
 A hind'rance; and should he deny to show,
 It might perhaps his dear friends anger move:
 These doubts like *Scylla* and *Charibdis* stand,
 Whilst *Cupid* a blind Pilot doth command.

43.

At last resolv'd; how shall I seek, said he,
 To excuse my self, dearest *Philocrates*?
 That I from thee have hid this secret?
 Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease
 My case with words, my grief you should have known
 Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.

C

44. I am

44.

I saw all Love, my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright Suns which do all light dispense,
Fast kindling in my breast the flame desire,
But like the rare Arabian Bird, there rose
From my hearts ashes never quenched Love,
Which now this torment in my soul doth move.

45.

Oh! let not then my Passion cause your hate,
Nor let my choice offend you, or detain
Your ancient Friendship's ties alas too late
To call my firm affection back again;
No Physick can reure my weakned state,
The wound is grown too great, too desperate.

46.

But Counsel, said his Friend, a remedy
Which never fails the Patient, may at least
If not quite heal your minds infirmity,
Affuage your torment, and procure some rest.
But there is no Physician can apply
A Medicine e're he know the Malady.

47.

Then hear me, said *Philetus*; but why? Stay,
I will not toil thee with my history,
For to remember Sorrows past away,
Is to renew an old Calamity.
He who acquainteth others with his woes,
Adds to his friends grief, but not cures his own.

48.

But said *Philostratus*, 'tis best in woe,
To have a faithful partner of their cares,
That burthen may be undergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to bear,
I should mistrust your love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you of *Inconstancy*.

49.

What shall he do? or with what language frame
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,
But open his close thoughts, and inward flame,
With that, as prologue to his Tragedy.
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments fire,
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.

50. When

50.

When years first fly'd me twenty, I began
To sport with catching flares that love had fet,
Like Birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'en,
Or the poor Fly caught in *Arachnes* net;
Even so I sported with her Beauties light,
Till I at last grew blind with too much light.

51.

First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought,
'Twas eafie to repel it; but as fire,
Though but a spark, soon into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
Which so have foorch'd my love-struck Soul, that
Sill live in torment, yet each minute die.

52.

Who is it, said *Philostratus*, can move
With charming eyes such deep affection?
I may perhaps assult you in your love;
Two can effect more than your self alone.
My counsel thisthy error may reclaim,
Or my falt tears quench thy destructive flame.

53.

Nay, said *Philetus*, oft my eyes do flow
Like *Nilus*, when it foorns thy poppled shore:
Yet all the watry plenty I bestow,
Is to flame an oyl that feeds it more.
So fame reports of the *Dadonean* Spring,
That lightens all those which are put therein.

54.

But being you desire to know her, she
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower
As if they fain would drown the memory
Of his like-keepers name) *Constantia*, more
Grief would not let him utter; *Teary* the best
Expressers of true Sorrow, flake the rest.

55.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:
And was this all; What e're your grief would eafe
Though a far greater task, believ't for thee
It should be soon done by *Philostratus*.
Think all you with perform'd, but see, the day
Tyrd with its heat is halting now away.

C 2

56. Home



56.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them go,
 But sad *Philetus* can no comfort find,
 What in the day he fears of future woe,
 At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.
 Why do't thou vex him, Love? could'st thou but see,
 Thou would'st thy self *Philetus* Rival be.

57.

Philostrates pitying his doleful moane,
 And wounded with the Sorrows of his friend,
 Brings him to fair *Constantia*; where alone
 He might impart his love, and either end
 His frunkle's hopes, mixt by her coy disdain,
 Or by her liking, his wish's just attain.

58.

Fare'st (said he) whom the bright Heavens do cover,
 Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despoil
 These beaming cheeks of a submissive Lover,
 Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling Eyes,
 And do not you condemn that ardent flame,
 Which from your self, Your own fair Beauty came.

59.

Triffl me, I long have hid my Love, but now
 Am forc'd to show's, such is my timor'd fears,
 And you alone (fair Saint) the means do know
 To heal the wound of my confusing fears,
 Then since it only in your power doth lie
 To kill, or save, Oh help! or else I die.

60.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply
 I for your pain am griev'd, and would do
 Without impeachment to my Chastity
 And honour, any thing might please you,
 But if beyond those limits you demand,
 I must not answer, (Sw) nor understand.

61.

Believe me virtuous Maiden, my desire
 Is chaste and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
 No blast of Lust, 'tis no dishonest fire
 Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought,
 But as thy beauty pure, which let not be
 Eclipsed by disdain, and cruelty.

62. Oh!

62.

Oh! How shall I reply (the cry'd) thou'it won
 My soul, and therefore take thy victory:
 Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'come,
 And if I should deny thee love, then
 Should be a Tyrant to my self; that fire
 Which is kept clost, burns with the greatest ire.

63.

Yet do not count my yielding, lightness now,
 Impute it rather to my ardent love,
 Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,
 And pleading beauty did my liking move.
 Thy eyes which draw like loadstones with their might
 The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh! I am rapt above the reach, said he,
 Of thought, my soul already feels the bliss
 Of Heaven, when (sweet) my thoughts once tax but thee
 With any crime, may I lose all happiness
 Is with'd for: both your favour here, and dead,
 May the just Gods pour Vengeance on my head.

65.

Whilst he was speaking thus (behold their fate)
Constantia's Father enter'd in the room,
 When glad *Philetus* ignorant of his fate,
 Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting Sun,
 Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of water,
 To see ascending *Sol* congratulate her.

66.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands
 Reading his fatal *Theta* in the brows
 Of him, who both his life and death commands,
 Eye from his mouth he the sad sentence knows,
 Such was his state to see her Father come,
 Nor with'd for, nor expected in the room.

67.

Th' intrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
 Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be
 any time with his lov'd daughter there,
 he had given him such authority,
 but to depart, since the her love did thew him
 Was living death, with ling ring torments to him.

68. This



68.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,
 He hears his friend, bidding him banish fear,
 And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,
 And shew her that which to her friendly ear,
 Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill
 Declares to her the absent Lovers will.

THE LETTER.

PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

I Trust (dear Soul) my absence cannot move
 You to forget, or doubt my ardent love;
 For were there any means to see you, I
 Would run through Death, and all the misery
 Fate could inflict, that to the world might say,
 In Life and Death I lov'd Constantia.
 Then let not (dearest Sweet) our absence part
 Our loves, but each breast keep the others part;
 Give warmth to one another, till there rise
 From all our labours, and our industries
 The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)
 There's no man whom the Summer pleasures greet
 Before he taste the Winter, none can say,
 Ere Night was gone, he saw the rising Day,
 So when we once have waisted Sorrow's night,
 The Sun of Comfort then shall give us light.

Philetus.

This when *Constantia* read, she thought her state
 Most happy by *Philetus* Constance,
 And perck'd Love: she thanks her flattering Fate,
 Kisses the Paper, till with kissing she
 The welcome Characters doth dull and stain,
 Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.

CON-

CONSTANTIA to PHILETUS.

Your absence (Sir) though it be long,
 Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancy,
 Nor need you fear, that I should yield my
 Another, what to your true Love is due,
 My Heart is yours, it is not in my claim,
 Nor have I power to take it back again.
 There's nought but death can part our Souls, no time
 Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline:
 But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,
 Unless Death cut it, ere it's ripe, away.

Constantia.

Oh! how this Letter seem'd to raise his pride!
 Prouder was he of this than *Phaeton*,
 When he did *Phaebus* flaming Chariot guide,
 Unknowing of the danger was to come,
 Prouder than *Jason*, when from *Colcher* he
 Returned with the *Fleece's* victory.

71.

But ere the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* crown'd,
 Had paid the sweating Plowman's greediest prayer,
 And by the Fall diffus'd the gaudy ground
 Of all those Ornaments it us'd to wear.
 Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,
 Where they this means to enjoy their freedom wrought.

72.

Sweet fair one, said *Philetus*, since the time
 Favours our wish, and does afford us leave
 To enjoy our Loves, Oh let us not refuse
 This long'd for favour, nor our fibres bereave
 Of what we wish'd for, opportunity,
 That may too soon the wings of Love out-fly.

73.

For when your Father, as his custom is,
 For pleasure doth pursue the sin'rous Flame,
 If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss
 To be in those Woods ready for you, where
 We may depart in safety, and no more
 With dreams of pleasure only, heat our fore.

74. To

74.

To this the happy Lovers loon agree;
But e're they part, *Philetus* begs to hear
From her enchanting voices melody,
One Song to fatisfie his longing ear:
She yields; and fing'g, added to desires,
The list'ning Youth increas'd his amorous fire.

The SONG.

I.

Time sit with greater speed away,
Add feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haste in flying bring;
That wist for, and expected Day.

II.

Comforts Sun, we then shall see,
Though at first it darkned be,
With dangers, yet those Clouds but gone,
Our Day will put his lustre on.

III.

Then though Deaths sad night appear,
And we in lovely silence rest,
Our ravish'd Souls no more shall fear,
But with lasting day be blest.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,
Nor no new death extend its power;
Thus there's nothing can dis sever,
Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

75.

Fear of being seen, *Philetus* homeward drove,
But e're they part the willing doth give
(As faithful pledges of her constant love)
Many a soft kiss then they each other leave,
Rapt up with secret joy that they have found
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

76. But

76.

But e're the Sun through many days had run,
Constantia's charming beauty had o'tcome
Guinaldo's heart, and's scorn'd affliction won,
Her eyes soon conquered all they shone upon,
Shot through his wounded heart such hot desire,
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

77.

In Roofs, which Gold and *Parian* stone adorn
(Proud as the owners mind) he did abound,
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,
As might contend with scorch'd *Calabria's* ground;
But in his soul that should contain the store,
Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

78.

Him was *Constantia* urg'd continually
By her friends to love, sometimes they did intreat
With gentle speeches, and mild courtie,
Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat.
But Love too deep was seated in her heart,
To be worn out with thought of any smart.

79.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,
To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;
Guinaldo and *Philearster* were there,
With many friends too tedious here to name,
With them *Constantia* went, but not to find
The Bear or Wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

80.

Being entred in the pathless Woods, while they
Pursue their game, *Philetus* who was late
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away
His Love, and hastens his own hasty fate.
That came too soon upon him, and his Sun
Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

81.

Constantia mis'd, the Hunters in a maze,
Take each a several course, and by cruel fate
Guinaldo runs, with a love-carried pace
Towards them, who little knew their woful state:
Philetus like bold *Leorus* soaring high
To Honours, found the depth of misery.

D

82: For

82.

For when *Guisardo* sees his Rival there,
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,
And with his Sword a sway to heart does send,
But e're his spirits were possest of death,
In these few words he spent his latest breath.

83.

O see *Constantia*, my short race is run,
See how my blood the thirsty ground doth die,
But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,
And when I'm dead, think sometime upon me,
More my thort time permits me not to tell,
For now death seizeth me, My dear farewell.

84.

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled
From his pierc'd body, whilst *Constantia*, the
Kisses his cheeks that lose their lively red,
And become pale, and wan, and now each eye
Which was so bright, is like, when life was done
A Star that's falln, or an eclipsed Sun.

85.

Thither *Philostrates* was driven by fate,
And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;
Near his pale Corps his weeping Sister fate,
Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth,
Philostrates when he saw this did cry,
Friend I'll revenge or bear thee company.

86.

Just *Jove* hath sent to revenge this fate,
Nay, stay *Guisardo*, think not Heaven in jest,
'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy fate,
Then thrust his Sword into the Villains breast.
Here, said *Philostrates*, thy life I send
A Sacrifice, 't appease my laughter'd friend.

87.

But as he fell, take this reward, said he,
For thy new victory: with that he flung
His darted Rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung,
With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,
Farewel *Constantia*, that word said, he dies.

88. What

88.

What shall he do? the to her Brother runs,
His cold, and liveless body does embrace;
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,
And with her kisses warms his clammy face.
My dear *Philostrates*, see weeping, cryes,
Speak to thy Sister: but no voice replis.

89.

Then running to her Love, with many a tear,
Thus her minds fervent passion the little here,
O stay (blest'd Soul) stay but a little here,
And take me with you to a lasting rest.
Then to *Elisiums* Mansions both shall flee,
Be married there, and never more to die.

90.

But seeing 'em both dead; the cry'd, Ah me,
Ah my *Philetus*, for thy sake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy,
Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didst dye;
I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore,
These eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

91.

It shall not fure be said that thou didst die,
And thy *Constantia* live when thou wast slain:
No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,
That will reflect upon my valued fame.
Then piercing her sad breast, I come, the cryes,
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

92.

Her Soul being fled to its eternal rest,
Her Father comes, and seeing this, he falls
To th' earth, with grief too great to be exprest:
Whose doleful words my tyred Muse me calls
T' o' repa's, which I most gladly do, for fear
That I should toil too much, the Readers ear.

FINIS.

D 2

When shall I see thee? O my brother,
How long shall I be absent from thee?
My father's house is like a wilderness,
Where all the day long I cry for thee,
Who answerest not.

That mourning and that wailing
I will not have; I will not have
That wailing and that mourning;
I will not have that wailing and that mourning;
I will not have that wailing and that mourning;

There is a fountain in the desert,
Which is called the Well of Truth;
And whosoever drinks thereof,
He shall never thirst again.

And thou, O my brother,
Thou shalt not be absent from me;
I will not have thee absent from me;
I will not have thee absent from me;

And thou, O my brother,
Thou shalt not be absent from me;
I will not have thee absent from me;
I will not have thee absent from me;

THE
Tragical History
OF
PIRAMUS
AND
THISBE.

The Fifth Edition.

Enlarged by the Author.

—Fit furculus Arbor.



LONDON:
Printed by M. C. for C. Harper, and R. Tonson,
MDCLXXXI.



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The fifth Edition.

Enlarged by the Author.

For Jacobus Whor.



Printed by W. C. for C. Huber, and R. Taylor.
MDCI. XXXI.

To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,
Mr. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,
Chief School-Master of Westminster-School.

SIR,

MY childish Muse is in her Spring, and yet
Can only shew some budding of her Wit.
One frown upon her Work (learn'd Sir) from you,
Like some unkindler storm shot from your brow,
Would turn her Spring to withering Autumn's time,
And make her Blossoms perish, ere their Prime.
But if you smile, if in your gracious eye
She an auspicious Alpha can descry:
How soon will they grow Fruit: How fresh appear,
That had such beams their infancy to cheer:
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then
The earliest offering of her grateful Pen.

Your most dutiful Scholar,

ABR. COWLEY.

THE



The Tragical History
OF
PIRAMUS
AND
THISBE.

1.
W Here *Babylons* high Walls erected were
 By mighty *Ninus* Wife; two houſes joyn'd,
 One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Pyramus* the fair
 In th' other; Earth ne're boated ſuch a pair.
 The very ſenſleſs Walls themſelves combin'd,
 And grew in one juſt like their Maſters mind.

2.
Thisbe all other women did excell,
 The Queen of *Love*, leſs lovely was than ſhe;
 And *Pyramus* more ſweet than tongue can tell,
 Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well.
 But *Venus* envying they ſo fair ſhould be,
 Bids her Son *Cupid* ſhew his cruelty.

3.
The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend,
Whets and prepares his most-remorseless Dart,
Which he unseen unto their hearts did send,
And so was Love the cause of Beauties end.
But could he see, he had not wrought their smart:
For pity fure would have o'come his heart.

4.
Like as a Bird which in a Net is ta'en,
By struggling more entangles in the gin;
So they who in Loves Labyrinth remain,
With striving never can a freedom gain.
The way to enter's broad; but being in,
No art, no labour can an exit win.

5.
These Lovers, though their Parents did reprove
Their fires, and watch'd their deeds with jealousy,
Though in these storms no comfort could remove
The various doubts, and fears that cool love:
Though he nor hers, nor she his face could see,
Yet this did not abolish Loves Decree.

6.
For age had crack'd the Wall which did them part,
This the unanimate couple soon did spy,
And here their inward sorrows did impart,
Unloading the sad burthen of their heart.
Though Love be blind, this fiewe he can descry
A way to lessen his own misery.

7.
Oft to the friendly Cranny they resort,
And feed themselves with the Coelestiall Air
Of odoriferous breath; no other sport
They could enjoy, yet think the time but short:
And wish that it again renewed were,
To suck each others breath for ever there.

8.
Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,
And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;
Sometimes repent their flames: but all too late;
The Arrow could not be recall'd: their fate
Was fir'd ordained by Jupiter above,
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

9. They

9.
They curst the wall that did their kisses part,
And to the stones their mournful words they sent,
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,
And by their tears could understand their smart:
But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,
Nor with their sighs (alas) would it relent.

10.
This in effect they said; *Curs'd wall, O why*
Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love
Breaks through all thy stony cruelty:
For both our souls are closely join'd together,
That nought but angry Death can them remove,
And though he part them, yet they'll meet above.

11.
Abortive teats from their fair eyes out-flew'd,
And damm'd the lovely splendor of their sight,
Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some watry Cloud
Ore-spreads his face, and his bright beams doth throw'd.
Till *Vesper* chas'd away the conquered light,
And forceth them (though loth) to bid *Good night*.

12.
But e're *Aurora* Usher to the Day,
Began with welcome lustre to appear,
The Lovers rise, and at that cranny they
Thus to each other, their thoughts open lay,
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear,
Whose grief the pitying Morning bluiht to hear.

13.
Dear Love (said Piramus) how long shall we
Like fairest Flowers, not gathered in their prime,
Waste precious youth, and let advantage flee,
Till we bewail (at last) our cruelty
Upon our graves, for beauty though it shine
Like day, will quickly find an evening time.

14.
Therefore (sweet Thisbe) let us meet this night
At Ninus Tomb, without the City wall,
Under the Mulberry-Tree, with Berries white
Abounding, there I'joy our wists delight.
For mounting Love slept in his course, doth fall,
And long'd for, yet untasted joy, kills all.

E 2

15. What

15.

What though our cruel Parents angry be?
 What though our friends (alas) are too unkind?
 Time that now offers quickly may deny
 And soon hold back fit opportunity.
*Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find,
 Occasion once pass'd by, is hold behind.*

16.

The soon agreed to that which he requir'd,
 For little mooring needs, where both consent
 What he to long had pleaded, the desir'd
 Which *Fenn* seeing, with blind *Chance* confid'd,
 And many a charming access to her lent,
 That the (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus *Beauty* is by Beauties means undone,
 Striving to close these eyes that make her bright
 Just like the Moon, which seeks t' eclipse the Sun,
 Whence all her splendor, all her beams do come
 So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,
 Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

18.

Into the *Mallerry-tree* fair *Thisbe* came,
 Where having rested long on half the gan
 Against her *Piramus* for to exclaim,
 Whilt various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain
 And imitating thus the *Silver Swan*,
 A little while before her *Death* she sang.

The SONG.

I.

Come Love, why stayest thou? The night
 Will vanish ere we taste delight:
 The Moon observes her self from light,
 Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as *Tans*,
 Or we by *Morn* shall be obscene,
 Ever joy's thine own as well as mine,
 Spend not therefore the time in vain.

Here

19.

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant *Songs*
 And for her Lovers stay frut many a sigh,
 Her *Piramus* the thought did tarry long,
 And that his absence did her too much wrong,
 Then betwixt longing hope, and jealousy,
 She fears, yet's loth, to tax his loyalty.

20.

Sometimes she thinks, that he hath her forsaken
 Sometimes, that danger hath befallen to him
 She fears that he another love hath taken
 Which being but imagin'd doom doth waken
 Numberless thoughts, which on her heart do fling
 Fears, that her future fate too truly ring.

21.

While the thus musing fate, ran from the *Wood*
 An angry *Lion* to the crystal *Springs*
 Near to that place; who coming from his food
 His chaps were all befiner'd with crimson blood
 Swifter than thought, sweet *Thisbe* straight begins
 To fly from him, fear gave her *Swallows* wings.

22.

As she avoids the *Lion*, her desire
 Bids her to stay, lest *Piramus* should come,
 And be devour'd by the stern *Lions* ire,
 So the for ever burn in unquench't fire
 But fear expels all reasons, the doth run
 Into a darksome Cave, ne're seen by Sun.

23.

With haste she let her loofer *Mantle* fall:
 Which when t' enraged *Lion* did spy,
 With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small,
 Whilt *Thisbe* ran and lookt nat back at all.
 For could the fendless *Beast* her face descry,
 It had not done her such an injury.

24.

The night half wasted, *Piramus* did come
 Who seeing printed in the yielding sand
 The *Lions* paw, and by the fountain fume
 Of *Thisbe's* garment, sorrow struck him dumb:
 Just like a *Marble Statue* did he stand
 Cut by some skilful *Gravers* artful hand.

25. Reco-

25.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,
Walking with tears the torn and bloody weed:
I may, said he, my self for her death blame;
Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame:
*Since she is dead, whose Beauty doth exceed
All that frail man can either bear or read.*

26.

This spoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and said
*Receive my Crimson Blood, as a due debt
'Tis my constant Love, to which 'tis paid;
I straight will meet thee in the pleasant shade
Of coolly fuming, where we being met,
Shall taste those Joys, that here we could not get.*

27.

Then through his breast thrusting his Sword, Life hies
From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair.
And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,
His blood had dropt upon the Mulberries:
With which th' unpotted Berries stained were,
And ever since with red they colour'd are.

28.

At last fair *Thisbe* left the Den, but fate
Of disappointing *Piramus*, since the
Was bound by promise, for to meet him there:
But when she saw the Berries changed yellow,
From white to black, she knew not certainly
It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what delight from the dark Cave she came,
Thinking to tell how the escap'd the Beast;
But when she saw her *Piramus* lie slain,
Ah! how perplex'd did her sad Soul remain:
She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her breast,
And every sign of raging grief express.

30.

She blames all-powerful *Jove*, and strives to take
His bleeding body from the moistned ground.
She kisses his pale face, till the doth make
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake
His parting Soul with mournful words, his wound
Washes with tears, that her sweet speech confound.

31. But

31.

But afterwards recovering breath, said she,
*(Alas) what chance hath parted thee and I?
O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,
That of thy Death I may a partner be:
Tell Thisbe, what hath caus'd this Tragedy,
He hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eye.*

32.

And on his love he rais'd his dying head:
Where striving long for breath, at last, said he;
O *Thisbe*, I am hasting to the dead,
And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred:
Farewel, sweet *Thisbe*, we must parted be,
For angry Death will force me soon from thee.

33.

Life did from him, he from his Mistress part,
Leaving his Love to languish here in woe.
What shall she do? How shall she cease her heart?
Or with what language speak her inward smart?
Usurping passion reason doth o'reflow,
She vows that with her *Piramus* she'll go,

34.

Then takes the Sword where with her Love was slain,
With *Piramus* his crimson Blood warm still;
And said, *Oh stay (blest Soul) a while refrain,
That we may go together, and remain
In endless joys, and never fear the ill
Of grudging Friends.—* Then the her self did kill.

35.

To tell what grief their Parents did sustain,
Were more than my rude Quill can overcome,
Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,
For weeping calls not back the Dead again.
Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done,
And these few words were writ upon the Tomb.

E P I T A P H.

Underneath this Marble Stone,
Lie two Beauties join'd in one.

II.
Two whose Loves Death could not sever,
For both liv'd, both di'd together.

III.
Two whose Souls, being too divine,
For Earth, in their own Sphere now shine.

IV.
Who have left their Loves to Fame,
And their Earth to Earth again.

F I N I S.

S Y L V A :
O R,
D I V E R S C O P I E S
O F
V E R S E S,

Made upon sundry Occasions

By *A. Cowley.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. C.* for *C. Harper,* and *R. Tonson,*

MDCLXXXI.



S Y L V A :

OR
DIVERS COPIES

OF
VERSES.

Made upon sundry Occasions

By A. Cowley.



L O N D O N

Printed by M. C. for C. Hays, and J. Tonson

MDCCLXXXI

A N
E L E G Y

O N

The DEATH of the Right Honorable *Dudley*
Lord Carleton, Viscount *Dorchester*, late
Principal Secretary of State.

THE Infernal Sisters did a Council call
Of all the Fiends, to the black Stygian Hall;
The dire Tartarean Monsters, hating light,
Begot by dismal Erebus, and Night;
Where ere dispers'd abroad, bearing the Fame
Of their accursed meeting, thither came
Revenge, whose greedy mind no Blood can fill,
And Envy, never satisfied with ill.
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,
Resorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age:
These to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent
To spare the Guilty, vex the Innocent.
The Council thus dispos'd, an angry Fever,
Whose quenchless thirst, by Blood was staid never:
Ereying the Riches, Honor, Greatness, Love,
And Vertue (Load-stone, that all these did move)
Of Noble CARLETON; him she took away,
And like a greedy Vulture seiz'd her Prey:
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,
And know his loss deserves his Countries Tears:
The Mutes lost a Patron by his Fate,
Vertue a Husband, and a Prey the State;
Sol's Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Elegy
Calliope would sing a Tragick Verse.
And had there been before no Spring of tears,
They would have made a Helicon with tears.

AER. COWLEY.



A N
E L E I G Y

O N

The DEATH of my loving Friend and Cousin,
Mr. Richard Clarke, late of *Lincolns-Inn*, Gent.

IT was decreed by fittest Destiny,
(The world from Chaos turn'd) that all should die.
He who durst fearless pass black Acheron
And dangers of the infernal Region,
Leading Hell's triple Porter captive,
Was overcome himself, by conquering Fate.
The Roman Tullie's pleasing Eloquence,
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sense
Of the rapt hearer's, his mellifluous breath
Could not at all charm unmerciful Death,
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could free
Himself with all his Wisdom, from the Grave,
Stern Fate brought Maro to his Funerall Flame,
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;
Burning those lofty Lines, which now shall be
Times conquerers, and out-last Eternity.
Even so lov'd Clark from death no scope could find,
Though arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.
He was adorn'd in years though for more youths,
With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter Tongue,
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,
He would condemn his own to fire again.
His youth a Solon's Wisdom did preface,
Mad envious Time but given him Solon's age.
Who would not therefore now, if Learning's friend,
Bewail his fatal and untimely end:
Who hath such hard, such wretched Eyes,
As not to weep when so much Virtue dies?
The God of Poets doth in darkness shroud
His glorious face, and weeps behind a Cloud.
The doleful Muses thinking now to write
Sad Elegies, their tears confound their sight:
But him to Elysium lasting joys bring,
Where winged Angels his sad Requiem sing.

A. C.

SYL-



S Y L V A:
O R,
D I V E R S C O P I E S
O F
V E R S E S.

A Dream of Elysium.

PHobbs expell'd by the approaching Night
Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his battail light,
While I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,
The *Muse*, whom I adore, enter'd the room.
Her Hair with looser curiosity,
Did on her comely back dishevel'd lye.
Her Eyes with such attractive beauty thone,
As might have wak'd sleeping *Encyasion*.
She bid me rise, and promis'd I should see
Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity,
We mortals so admire at: Speaking thus,
She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*,
On whom I rid; knowing where ever the
Dul go, that place must needs a *Tempe* be.
No looner was my flying Courser come
To the blest dwellings of *Elysium*:

When

When fraight a thousand unknown joys report,
 And hem'd me round: Chast loves innocuous sport.
 A thousand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,
 Joys, not like ours, thorr, but perpetual.
 How many objects charm my wand'ring eye,
 And bid my soul graze there eternally?
 Here in full streams, *Bacchus* thy Liquor flows,
 Nor knows to ebb: here *Jove's* broad Tree bestows
 Distilling Honey, here doth *Nectar* pass
 With copious current through the verdant Grass.
 Here *Hesperus* his fate writ in his looks,
 And thou *Narcissus* loving fill the Brooks,
 Once lovely boys; and *Ach* now a Flower,
 Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whose power
 Created thee, Wars potent God, here grows
 The spotless Lilly, and the blushing Rose.
 And all those divers ornaments abound,
 That variously may paint the gawdy ground.
 No Willow, borrows Garland, there hath room,
 Nor Cypress, sad attendant of a Tomb,
 None but *Apples*' Tree, and th' Ivy Twine
 Embracing the stout Oak, the fruitful Vine,
 And Trees with golden Apples loaded down,
 On whose fair tops sweet *Philomel* alone,
 Unmindful of her former misery,
 Tunes with her voice a ravishing Harmony.
 Whilst all the murmuring Brooks that glide along,
 Make up a burthen to her pleasing Song.
 No *Scythian*, sad companion of the Night,
 Or hideous Raven with prodigious flight
 Prefaging future ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee
 Yet spotted with young *Iris* Tragedy,
 Those Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,
 That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.
 Turning my greedy sight another way,
 Under a row of flom-contemning Bay,
 I saw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre
 Teach the deaf tones to hear him, and admire
 Him; the whole Poets (*chorus* compass'd round,
 All whom the Oak, all whom the Laurel crown'd.
 There banish'd *Ovid* had a lasting home,
 Better than thou could'st give ingrateful *Rome*;
 And *Lucan* (sight of *Nero*) in each vein
 Had every drop of his spilt blood again;
Flower, *Sis*'s first-born, was not poor or blind,
 But saw as well in body as in mind.
Tully, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the rest
 Of *Greece*'s admir'd Wife-men, here possess
 A large reward for their past deeds, and gain
 A life, as everlasting as their Fame.

By

By these the valiant *Heroes* take their place,
 All who stern Death and perils did embrace;
 For *Virtus* cause: Great *Alexander* there
 Laughs at the Earth's small Empire, and did wear
 A nobler Crown, than the whole world could give.
 There did *Horatius Coclus*, *Scorus* live,
 And valiant *Decius*, who now freely ceas'd
 From War, and purchase an eternal peace.

Next them, beneath a Mistle-bowre, where *Doves*,
 And gall-less Pigeons build their nests, all Loves
 True faithful servants with an amorous kiss,
 And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest with
Leander with his beauteous *Hero* plays,
 Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
Percia enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more
 Can now divorce their Wedding, as before
Tiber her *Piramus* kiss'd, his *Thibbe*
 Embrac'd, each blest with others company.
 And every couple always dancing, sing
 Eternal pleasures to *Elyfium*'s King.
 But see how soon these pleasures fade away,
 How near to Evening is delights' short Day,
 The watching Bird, true *Narcissus* of the Light,
 Straight crowd: and all these vanish'd from my sight,
 My very *Muse* her self forsook me too,
 Me grief and wonder wak'd: What should I do?
 Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and go
 From life, that I may Dream for ever so.
 With that my flying *Muse* I thought to clasp
 Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp,
 That chieftly joys glide with the swiftest stream,
 And all our greatest pleasure's but a Dream.

A. C.

On His Majesty's Return out of Scotland.

Great *Charles*: there stop you Trumpeters of Fame,
 (For he who speaks his Titles, his great Name
 Must have a breathing time) *Olor King*: stay there,
 Speak by degrees, let the inquisitive ear
 Be held in doubt, and e're you say, *Is come*,
 Let every heart prepare a spacious room
 For ample joys: then lo sing as loud
 As thunder shot from the divided cloud.

Let

Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* waves
The ruby of the *Rock*, the *Pearl* that waves
Great *Nepheus* Court, let every *Sparrow* beat
From the three *Sisters* weeping bark a tear.
Let spotted *Lynces* their sharp talons fill
With *Crytal* fatch'd from the *Promethean* hill,
Let *Cytherea's* Birds fresh wreaths compose,
Knitting the pale fac'd *Lilly* with the *Rose*,
Let the self-gotten *Phoenix* rob his nest,
Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his best
Of *Myrrhe*, of *Frankincense*, of *Cassia* bring,
To frew the way for our returned King.
Let every post a *Panegyrick* wear,
Each wall, each pillar gratulations bear,
And yet let no man invoke a *Mule*;
The very matter will it self infuse
A sacred fury. Let the merry *Bells*
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)
Ring without help of *Sexton*, and preface
A new-made holy-day for future age.
And if the *Ancients* us'd to dedicate
A golden Temple to propitious fate,
At the return of any *Noble* men,
Of *Heroes*, or of *Emperors*, we must then
Ratify up a double *Trochæe*, for their fame;
Was but the shadow of our *CHARLES* his name.
Who is there where all *Vertues* mingled flow?
Where no defects or imperfections grow?
Whole head is always crown'd with *Victory*,
Snatch'd from *Bellona's* hand; him luxury
In peace debilitates, whose tongue can win,
Tullies own Garland, to him pride creeps in,
On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders) the propt state
(As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)
Solely relies; him blind ambition moves,
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.
But all those virtues which they all possess
Divided, are collected in thy breast,
Great *Charles*! Let *Cassia* boast *Parfalia's* fight,
Honorius praise the *Partians* unfeign'd flight,
Let *Alexander* call himself *Joves* Peer,
And place his Image next the *Thunderer*,
Yet while our *Charles* with equal balance reigns
T'wixt *Mercy* and *Africa*; and maintains
A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he
Who is most near, most like the *Deity*.

A SONG

A SONG on the same.

Hence clouded look, hence bring tears,
Hence eye, that former lovely tears,
What though a while *Apollo* please
To visit the *Antipodes*?
Yet he returns, and with his light
Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.
What though the *Spring* vanish away,
And with it the *Earths* form decay?
Yet his new birth will soon restore
What its departure took before.
What though we miss'd our absent King
A while? Great *Charles* is come again,
And, with his presence make us know
The gratitude to Heaven we owe.
So doth a cruel storm impart
And teach us *Palmarus* art.
So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,
A joyful *Venus* doth arise.

A VOTE.

I.
Lest the mis-judging world should chance to say,
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,
To whisper in *Joves* ear,
How much I wish that Funeral,
Or gape at such a great ones fall,
This let all ages hear,
And future times in my foul picture see
What I abhor, what I desire to be.

2.
I would not be a *Puritan*, though he
Can Preach two hours, and yet his Sermon be
But half a quarter long,
Though from his old mechanic trade
By vision he's a Pastor made,
His faith was grown so strong,
Nay though he think to gain salvation,
By calling th' *Pope* the Whore of *Babylon*.

3. I would.

I would not be a School-maſter, though he
His Rods no leſs than *Faſces* deems to be,
Though he in many a place,
Turns *Lilly* oftner than his gowns,
Till at the laſt he make the Nowns,
Fight with the Verbs apace.
Nay though he can in a Poetick heat,
Figures, born ſince, out of poor *Virgil* beat.

I would not be Juſtice of Peace, though he
Can with equality divide the Fee,
And ſtakes with his Clerk draw:
Nay though he fit upon the place,
Of Judgment with a learned face
Intricate as the Law,
And whilſt he mingles enmities demurely,
Breaks *Prifcians* head with ſentences ſecurely.

I would not be a Courtier, though he
Makes his whole life the trueſt Comedy:
Although he be a man
In whom the Taylors forming Art,
And nimble Barber claim more part
Than Nature her ſelf can,
Though, as he uſes men, 'tis his intent
To put off death too, with a Complement.

From Lawyers tongues, though they can ſpin with care
The ſhorteſt cauſe into a Paraphraſe,
From Uſurers conſcience
(For ſwallowing up young Heirs to laſt)
Without all doubt they'll choak at laſt
Make me all innocence.
Good Heavens; and from thy eyes, O Juſtice keep,
For though they be not blind, they're oft aſleep.

From Singing-mens Religion, who are
Always at Church juſt like the Crows, cauſe there
They build themſelves a neſt.
From too much Poetry, which ſtines
With gold in nothing but its lines,
Free, O you powers, my breaſt.
And from Aſtronomy within the Skies
Finds Fiſh, and Bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

8. From

From your Court-Madams beauty, which doth carry
At morning *May*, at night a *January*.
From the grave City brow
(For though it want an R, it has
The letter of *Pythagoras*)
Keep me O Fortune now,
And Chines of Beſt innumerable find me,
Or from the ſtomach of the Guard defend me.

This only grant me: that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone,
Th' unknowners are better than ill known
Rumor can ope the grave,
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Nor from the number, but the choice of friends.

Books ſhould, not buſineſs, entertain the light,
And ſleep, as undiſturb'd as death, the night,
My houſe a cottage more
Than palace, and ſhould fitting be
For all my life, no luxury,
My garden painted o're
With natures hand, not arts, that pleaſures yield,
Horace might envy in his *Sabine* field.

Thus would I double my lifes fading ſpace,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
Theſe unbought ſports, and happy ſtate,
I would not fear, nor with my fate,
But boldly ſay each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams diſplay,
Or in Clouds hide them; I have lea'd to day.

G 2

A Pottis.

A Poetical Revenge.

Westminster-Hall a friend and I agreed
 To meet in 3; he (some bulines 'twas did breed
 His absence) came not there; I up did go
 To the next Court, for though I could not know
 Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
 (As most Spectators do at Theater)
 Things very strange; Fortune did seem to grace
 My coming there, and helpt me to a place.
 But being newly setled at the sport,
 A semi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
 In a Satin-suit, redeem'd but yesterday;
 One who is ravish'd with a Cock-pit Play,
 Who prays God to deliver him from no evil
 Besides a Taylors Bill; and fears no Devil
 Besides a Serjeant, thrust me from my seat:
 At which I gan to quarrel, till a neat
 Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take
 For Barrister) open'd his mouth and spake;
 Boy, get you gone, this is no School; Oh no, when
 For if it were, all you gown'd-men would go
 Up for false Latin: they grew fraight to be
 Accus'd. Hear'd they would have brought on me
 An Action of Trespase, till th' young man
 Afore said, in the Satin Suit, began
 To strike me: doubtless there had been a fray,
 Had not I providently skipp'd away,
 Without replying; for to scold is ill,
 Where every tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,
 And can out-found *Homers Gradivus*; for
 Away got I; but e're I far did go,
 I thong the Darts of wounding *Poetry*.
 These two or three sharp cuts back; May he
 Be by his Father in his Study took
 At *Shakespear's* Plays, instead of my Lord *Coke's*
 May he (though all his writings grow as soon
 As *Butters* out of estimation)
 Get him a Poets name, and so ne're come
 Into a Serjeants, or dead Judges room.
 May he become some poor Physicians prey,
 Who keeps men with that confidence in delay
 As he his Client doth, till his health be
 As far fetcht as a Greek Nouns pedigree.
 Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone
 Never but in the long Vacation.
 May Neighbours use all Quarrels to decide;
 But if for Law any to London ride,

Of

Of all those Clients may no one be his,
 Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*.
 Grant this you Gods that favour *Poetry*,
 That all these never ceasing tongues may be
 Brought into reformation, and not dare
 To quarrel with a thred-bare Black; but spare
 Them who bear Scholars names, lest some one take
 Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

To the Dutches of Buckingham.

IF I should say, that in your face were seen
 Natures best Picture of the *Cyprian Queen*;
 If I should swear under *Minerva's* Name,
 Poets (who Prophets are) fore-told your fame,
 The future age would think it flattery,
 But to the present which can witness be,
 'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,
 As you above the rest of women are.
 When *Mannors* name with *Villiers* joynd I see,
 How do I reverence your Nobility!
 But when the virtues of your Stock I view,
 (Envid in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)
 I half adore them: for what woman can
 Besides your self (nay I might say what man)
 Both Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and years excel
 In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well?
 Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,
 If you had liv'd in the Worlds Infancy,
 When mans too much Religion, made the best
 Or Deities, or Semi-gods at least?
 But we, forbidden this by piety,
 Or, if we were not, by your modesty,
 Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray
 Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may
 Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,
 But what's more possible, 't enjoy you long.

To his very much honored Godfather, Mr. A. B.

I Love (for that upon the wings of Fame
 Shall perhaps mock Death or times Darts) my Name.
 I love it more, because 'twas given by you;
 I love it most, because 'twas your name too.
 For if I chance to slip, a conscious theme
 Plucks me, and bids me not desfile your name.

I'm

I'm glad that City t'whom I ow'd before,
(But ah me! Fate hath croft that willing Score)
A Father, gave me a Godfather too,
And I'm more glad, because it gave me you;
Whom I may rightly think, and term to be
Of the whole City an Epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one
(When Nature had not leas'd my tongue
Farther than cries) who should my office do;
I thank her more, because she found out you;
In whose each look, I may a sentence see;
In whose each deed, a teaching Holy.

How shall I pay this Debt to you? My Fate
Denies me *Indian Pearl* or *Perjan Plate*,
Which though it did not, to requite you thus,
Were to send Apples to *Alemon*,
And sell the cunning't way; No, when I can
In every Leaf, in every Vettee find Man,

When my Quill relistheth a School no more,
When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learn'd to soar,
And gotten wings as well as feet; look then
For equal thanks from my unwearied Pen:
Till future ages say; 'twas you did give
A name to me, and I made yours to live.

AN ELEGY on the Death of *John Littleton*,
Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir *Thomas Littleton*,
who was drowned leaping into the Water
to save his younger Brother.

AND must these Waters smile again? and play
About the shore, as they did yesterday?
Will the Sun court them still? and shall they strow
No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,
That to the thrifty Traveller may say,
I am accus'd, go turne some other way?
Is it unjust, black stoud, thy guilt is more,
Sprung from his lust, than all thy watry store,
Can give thee tears to mourn for: Birds shall be
And Beasts benevolent afraid to drink of thee.
What have I said? my pious rage hath been
Too hot, and all's whilsi if accuseth sin.

How

Thou'rt innocent I know, still clear, and bright,
Fit witness so pure a Soul should take its flight,
How is angry great confus'd? for he
Must quarrel with his love, and piety,
That would revenge his death. Oh I shall sin,
And wish anon he had less virtuous been.
For when his Brother (tears for him) shall fall,
But they're all challeng'd by the greater All;
Strugled for life with the watry water, he too
Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could strow
His charity stone moist, thou shalt, said he,
Live with me, Brother, or I'd die with thee;
And so he did: Had he been thine, O Rome,
Thou would'st have call'd this Death a Martyrdom,
And Sainted him; my conscience give me leave,
I'll do so too: if fate will us berave
Of him we honour'd living, there am I left
A kind of reverence to his memory,
After his death: and where were just than here,
Where life and end were both so singular?
He that had only talk'd with him, might find
A little Academy in his mind;
Where Wisdom, Maltre was, and Fellows all
Which we can good, which we can virtuous call,
Reason, and Holy Fear the Precious were,
To apprehend those words, those thoughts that cry,
His learning had out-run the rest of Heav'n,
Stole Beard from time, and leapt to twenty years.
And as the Sun, though in full glory bright,
Shines upon all men with impartial light,
And a good morn'g to the Beggar brings
With as full Rays as to the mightiest Kings;
So he, although his worth just state might claim,
And grew to pride an honorable name,
With courteous to all, death'd vertue
That was not higher than his thoughts were low.
In's body too, no Critique eye could find
The smallest blemish, to bely his mind;
He was all pureness, and his outward part
But represent the picture of his heart.
When Waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat
The hungry Worm of its expected meat;
When gonons, pluck'd from the fire by water hands,
Retur'd again unto their native sands;
Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey,
Could equal what this Brook hath stole away.
Weep then sad Flood; and though thou'rt innocent,
Weep because Fate made thee her instrument;
And when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

A Trans-

A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin,
Written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.

Ave Maria.

Once thou rejoicest, and rejoice for ever,
Whose time of joy shall be expired never:
Who in her Womb the Hive of Comfort bears,
Let her drink Comforts Honey with her ears.
You brought the Word of Joy in, which was born
An Hail to all, let us An Hail return.
From you God save into the world there came;
Our Echo Hail is but an empty name.

Gratia plena.

How loaded Hives are with their Honey fill'd,
From divers Flowers by Clinick Bees distill'd:
How full the Collet with his Jewel is,
Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kiss:
How full the Moon is with her Brothers Ray,
When the drinks up with thirsty orb the day,
How full of Grace the Graces dances are,
So full doth Mary of Gods light ap pear.
It is no wonder if with Graces the
Be full, who was full with the Deity.

Dominus tecum.

The fall of mankind under deaths extent
The quire of Blessed Angels did lament,
And with't a reparation to fee
By him, who manhood joy'd with Deity,
How grateful should mans safety then appear
Th'imself, whose safety can the Angels cheer?

Benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Death came, and troops of sad Diseases led
To th' earth, by womans hand solicited:
Life came to too, and troops of Graces led
To th' earth, by womans Faith solicited.
As our lifes spring came from thy Blessed Womb,
So from our Mouths springs of thy praise shall come.
Who did lifes blessing give, 'tis fit that the
Above all Women should thrice blessed be.

Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,
He a good word sent from his stored breast;

TWAS

'Twas Christ: which Mary without carnal thought,
From the unfeather'd depth of goodnes brought,
The word of blessing a just cause affords,
To be oft blessed with redoubled words.

Spiritus Sanctus superveniens in te.

As when soft West winds strook the Garden Rose,
A shower of sweeter air salutes the Nose,
The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power
Unlocks the Virgin botom of the Flower.
So th' Holy Spirit upon Mary Blow'd,
And from her Sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd,
Yet loo'd not thine Eternal Chastity,
Thy Roses folds do still entangled lie.
Believe Christ born from an unbruised Womb,
So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

Et virtus altissimi circumdabit tibi.

God his great Son begot e're time began,
Mary in time brought forth her little Son.
Of double Substance, One, Life he began,
God without Mother, without Father Man,
Great is this Birth, and 'tis a stranger deed,
That She no Mary, than God no Wife should need.
A Shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,
And God himself became to her a Shade,
O strange descent! who is lights Author, he
Will to his creature thus a shadow be.
As unfeen Light did from the Father flow,
So did feen Light from Virgin Mary grow.
When Moses sought God in a shade to see,
The Fathers shade, was Christ the Deity.
Let's seek for day, we darknes, whilst our light
In light finds darknes, and in darknes light.

ODE I.

On the Praise of Poetry.

'TIS not a Pyramide of Marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can
Give life to th' ashes of a man,
But Verses only; they shall fresh appear,
Whilst there are men to read, or hear.

H

Tura

When Time shall make the lasting Brafs decay,
 And eat the *Pyramids* away,
 Turning that Monument where men are truft,
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor duft:
 Then fhall the *Egypt* remain, and be
 New graven in Eternity.
Poets by Death are conquered, but the *wit*
 Of *Poets* triumph over it.
 What cannot Verfe? When *Theracian Orpheus* took
 His Lyre, and gently on it ftook,
 The learned ftones came dancing all along,
 And kept time to the charming Song,
 With artificial pace the *Warlike Pine*,
 Th' *Elm*, and his Wife the *Ivy twine*,
 With all the better trees, which erst had ftood
 Unmov'd, forfook their native Wood.
 The *Lawrel* to the *Poets* hand did bow,
 Craving the honour of his brow:
 And every loving arm embrac'd, and made
 With their officious leaves a fhade,
 The *Beats* too ftove his auditors to be,
 Forgetting their old tyranny,
 The fearful *Hen* next to the *Lion* came,
 And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*,
Nightingales, harmlefs *Sycens* of the air,
 And *Mafes* of the place, were there:
 Who when their little windpipes they had found
 Unequal to fo ftrange a found,
 O'recome by art and grief they did expire,
 And fell upon the conquering Lyre:
 Happy, O happy they, whofe Tomb might be
Manfius, envied by thee!

ODE II.

*That a pleafant Poverty is to be preferred before
 difcontented Riches.*

WHY O doth gaudy *Tygers* ravifh thee,
 Though *Nephtes* I refture-houté it be?
 Why doth *Pacholus* thee bewitch,
 Infected yet with *Midas* glorious itch?

2. Their

Their dull and fleepy freams are not at all
 Like other Floods, *Pottical*,
 They have no dance, no wanton fport,
 No gentle murmur, the lov'd fhore to court.

No *Fifh* inhabit the adulterate Flood,
 Nor can it feed the neighbouring Wood,
 But a perpetual Winter faves the ground.

Give me a River which doth fcorn to fiew
 An added beauty, whole clear brow
 May be my looking-glafe, to fee
 What my face is, and what my mind fhould be.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,
 And prattle to the fuming bank,
 Here fad *King-fifhers* tell their tales,
 And *Fifh* enrich the Brook with filver fcales.

Daffies the firft-born of the teeming Spring,
 On each fide their embroidery bring,
 Here *Liltes* wath, and grow more white,
 And *Daffadills* to fee themfelves delight.

Here a frefh Arbor gives her amorous fhade,
 Which *Nature*, the beft *Gard'ner* made,
 Here I would fit, and fing rude lays,
 Such as the *Nymphs*, and *me my felf* fhould pleafe.

Thus I would wafte, thus end my carelefs days,
 And *Robin-red-breft* whom men praife
 For pious *Birds*, fhould when I die,
 Make both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.

ODE III.

To his Mistress.

1.
Trian dye why do you wear
 You whose cheeks best Scarlet are?
 Why do you fondly pin
 Pure Linnen o're your Skin,
 (Your Skin that's whiter far)
 Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star?

2.
 Why bears your neck a golden Chain?
 Did nature make your hair in vain,
 Of Gold most pure and fine?
 With gems why do you thine?
 They, neighbours to your eyes,
 Shew but like *Phosphor*, when the *Sun* doth rise.

3.
 I would have all my *Mistress* parts,
 Owe more to *Nature* than to *Art*,
 I would not woe the dress,
 Or one whose nights give less
 Contentment, than the day.
 She's fair, whose beauty only makes her gay.

4.
 For 'tis not buildings make a Court,
 Or pomp, but 'tis the Kings resort:
 If *Jupiter* down pour
 Himself, and in a shower
 Hide such bright *Majesty*
 Lets than a golden one it cannot be.

ODE

ODE IV.

On the uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.

1.
Leave off unlit complaints, and clear
 From fogs your breath, and from black clouds your brow,
 When the Sun shines not with his wonted char,
 And Fortune throws an adverse cast for you.
 That Sea which vex with *Notus* is,
 The merry *East-winds* will to morrow kiss.

2.
 The Sun to day rides drowsily,
 To morrow 'twill put on a look more fair,
 Laughter and grooming do alternately
 Return, and tears sports nearest neighbours are.
 'Tis by the Gods appointed to
 That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

3.
 Who drove his Oxen yesterday,
 Doth now over the Noblest *Romans* reign,
 And on the *Gabii*, and the *Cures* lay
 The yoke which from his *Oxen* he had ta'en.
 Whom *Hesperus* saw poor and low,
 The mornings eye beholds him greaten now.

4.
 If fortune knit amongst her play
 But serioufness; he shall again go home
 To his old Country Farm of yesterday,
 To scoffing people no mean jest become.
 And with the *crooked Axe*, which he
 Had rul'd the World, go back and prune some Tree.
 Nay if he want the fuel cold requires,
 With his own *Falces* he shall make him fires.

ODE V.

In Commendation of the time we live under the Reign
of our Gracious King Charles.

Christ be that wretch (Deaths Factor sure) who brought
 Dire Swords into the peaceful world, and taught
 Smiths,

Smiths, who before could only make
The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake;
Arts, in most cruel wife
Mans life epitomize.

2.

Then men (fond men alas) rid post to th' grave,
And cut those threads, which yet the Fates would save.
Then *Charon* treated at his trade,
And had a larger *Ferry* made,
Then, then the silver hair,
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,
Begot black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.
Then limits to each field were strain'd,
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.
To men before was found,
Besides the Sea, no bound.

4.

In what Plain or what River hath not been
Wars story, writ in blood (sad story) seen?
This truth too well our *England* knows,
'Twas civil slaughter dy'd her *Reife*:
Nay then her *Lilly* too,
With bloods lofs paler grew.

5.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,
Did not just *Charles* silence the rage of steel,
He to our Land best peace doth bring,
All neighbour Countries envying.
Happy who did remain
Unborn till *Charles* his Reign!

6.

Where dreaming *Chymicks* is your pain and cost?
How is your oyl, how is your labour lost?
Our *Charles*, blest *Alchymist* (though strange,
Believe it future times) did change
The *Iron* age of old,
Into an age of *Gold*.

O D E

O D E VI.

Upon the shortness of Mans Life.

Mark that swift Arrow how it cuts the air,
How it our-runs thy following eye,
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No tract is left behind.
Fool, 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer* thou,
Of all the time thou'lt shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?
Our life is carried with too strong a tide,
A doubtful *Cloud* our substance bears,
And is the *Harpe* of all our years.
Each day doth on a winged *Whirl-wind* ride.
We and our *Glass* run out, and must
Both render up our duft.
But his past life who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to *Fane*, thou art mine *Heir*.
That man extends lifes natural brevity;
This, this is the only way
T'out-live *Nesfer* in a day.

An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.

I.

Nichols, my better self, forbear,
For if thou tell it what *Cambridge* pleasures are,
The *School-boy* sin will light on me,
I shall in mind at least a *Truant* be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of *Philosophy*,
In *Ovid's* *Net* I shall not find,
The taste once pleased me.
O tell me not of *Logicke* diverse chear,
I shall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

2. Tell

2.
 Tell me not how the waves appear
 Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,
 I shall content the moubled *Thames*,
 On her chief *Holiday*, even when her streams
 Are with rich folly gilded, when
 The *Quondam Dunc-hoat* is made gay,
 Just like the bravery of the men,
 And graces with fresh paint that day,
 When th' *City* shines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there,
 And *Satin Doublets*, seen not twice a year.

3.
 Why do I stay then? I would meet
 Thee there, but *Plumets* hang upon my feet:
 'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,
 But not till I deferre thy company;
 Till then we'll scorn to let that toy,
 Some forty miles, divide our hearts,
 Write to me, and I shall enjoy,
Friendship, and *Wis*, thy better parts.
 Though envious *Fortune* larger hindrance brings,
 We'll easily see each other, *Love hath wings*.

LOVES

LOVES RIDDLE.

A

Pastoral Comedy:

WRITTEN

At the time of his being Kings Schollar in
 WESTMINSTER-School,

By A. Cowley.



LONDON:

Printed by M. C. for C. Harper, and J. Tonson,
 MDCLXXXI.

K

LOVES

RIDDER

Pastoral Comedy

WRITTEN

By the time of the printing of this Edition in

WESTMINSTER

By A. COWLEY



1700

Printed by W. C. Hooper and J. P. ...

MDCCLXXX

To the truly Worthy and Noble,
Sir *KENELM DIGBY*, Knight.

THis latter Age, the Lees of Time, hath known,
Few that have made both Pallas arts their own,
But you, Great Sir, two Laurels wear, and are
Distinguished in Peace, as well as War.
Learning by right of Conquest is your own,
And every liberal Art your Captive grown.
As if neglected Science (for it now
Wants some defenders) fled for help to you
Whom I must follow, and let this for me
An earnest of my future service be.
Which I should fear to send you, did I know
Your Judgment only, not your Censor too.
For 'twas a Work, stoln (though you'll justly call
This Play, as fond as those) from Cat, or Ball.
Had it been written since, I should, I fear,
Scarce have abstain'd from a Philosopher.
Which by Tradition here is thought to be
A necessary part in Comedy.
Nor need I tell you this: each line of it
Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ;
And I could wish, that I might safely say
Reader, this Play was made but to other day.
Yet 'tis not stuff'd with names of Gods, hard words, or
Such as the Metamorphosis affords.
Nor has't a part for Robinion, whom they
By School, account essential to a Play.
The stile is low, such as you'll easily take
For what a Swain might say, and a Boy make.
Take it, as early fruits, which rare appear,
Though not half ripe, but worst of all the year.
And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,
The Birch which crown'd her then, is grown a Bay.

Yours in all observance,

A. COWLEY.



The Scene Sicily.

The Actors Names.

Demophil, } two old folks of a Noble Family.
Spodana, }
Florellus, } their Children.
Callidora, }
Philistus, } two Gentlemen, both in love with
Apbron, } Callidora.
Clariana, Sister to Philistus.
Melarnus, } a crabbed old Shepherd.
Truga, } his Wife.
Hylace, } their Daughter.
Ægon, ----- an ancient Country-man.
Bellula, ----- his supposed Daughter.
Palemon, ----- a young Swain in love with Hylace.
Alupis, ----- a merry Shepherd.
Clariana's Maid.

Loves



Loves Riddle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Callidora disguised in mans apparel.

MAD feet, ye have been traitors to your Master:
Where have you led me? sure my truant mind
Hath taught my body thus to wander too;
Faintness and fear surprize me: Ye just gods,
If ye have brought me to this place to scourge
The folly of my love, (I might say madness)
Dispatch me quickly; send some pitying men
Or cruel beast to find me; let me be
Fed by the one, or let me feed the other.
Why are these trees so brave? why do they wear
Such green and fresh apparel? how they smile!
How their proud tops play with the courting wind!
Can they behold me pine and languish here,
And yet not sympathize at all in mourning?
Do they upbraid my sorrows? can it be
That these thick branches never seen before
But by the Sun, should learn so much of man?
The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conscious
Of their guilt, matters flateliness and pride.
Themelves would pity me; yet these — Who's there?

Enter Alupis singing.

1.
Rise up thou mournful Swain,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholly
And get thee thy pipe again.

2. Come

2.
Come sing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly
To be melancholly;
Let's live here whilst we may.

Cal. I marry Sir, this fellow hath some fire in him,
Methinks a fad and drowtie Shepherd is
A prodigy in nature, for the Woods
Should be as far from forrow, as they are
From forrows causes, riches and the like.
Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman
Driven here by ignorance of the way, and would
Confess my self bound to you for a courteisie,
If you would please to help me to some lodging
Where I may rest my self.

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Cal. Well; if the rest be like this fellow here,
Then I have travell'd fairly now; for certainly
This is a land of Fools; some Colony
Of elder Brothers have been planted here,
And begot this fair generation.

Prithce, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'st?

Alu. For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Cal. Why art thou mad?

Alu. What if I be?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me Sir?
For in this age who is not? I'll prove it to you,
Your Citizen he's mad to help the Gentleman
Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier
He's mad to spend his time in studying postures,
Cringes, and fashions, and new complements;
Your Lawyer he's mad to fell away
His tongue for money, and his Clients madder
To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use
But to undo men, and the Latin tongue;
Your Scholars they are mad to break their brains,
Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than she,
That to when all the Arts call him their Master,
He may perhaps get some small Vicaridge,
Or be the Usher of a School; but there's
A thing in black called Poet, who is ten
Degrees in madnes above these; his means
Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him
By the Death or Marriage of some mighty Lord,
Which he must solemnize with a new Song.

Cal. This fellows wit amazez me; but friend,
What do you think of Lovers?

Alu. Worst of all;

Is't

Is't not a pretty folly to stand thus,
And fight, and fold the arms, and cry my *Celia*;
My soul, my life, my *Celia*, then to wring
Ones fate for presents, and ones brain for Sonnets?

Cal. What so Satyrick Shepherd? I believe
You did not learn these flathes in the Woods;
How is it possible that you should get
Such near acquaintance with the City manners,
And yet live here in such a silent place,
Where one would think the very name of City
Could hardly enter.

Alu. Why I'll tell you Sir;
My father died, (you force me to remember
A grief that deserves tears) and left me young,
And (if a Shepherd may be said to) rich;
I in an itching wantonness to see
What other Swains would red at, the City,
Straight fold my Rural Portion (for the wealth
Of Shepherds is their flocks) and thither went,
Where whilst ray money lasted I was welcome,
And liv'd in credit, but when that was gone,
And the last piece fight'd in my empty pocket,
I was contented, then I began to feel
How dearly I had bought experience,
And without any thing besides repentance
To load me, return'd back, and here I live
To laugh at all those follies which I saw.

SONG.

The merry waver dance up and down, and play,

Sport is granted to the Sea.

Birds are the Quarriers of the empty air,

Sport is never wanting there.

The ground doth smile at the Springs flowry birth,

Sport is granted to the earth.

The fire its cheering flame on high doth rear,

Sport is never wanting there.

If all the elements, the Earth, the Sea,

Air, and fire, so merry be;

Why is mans spirit so felloe, and so small,

Who is compounded of them all?

Cal. You may joyce; but fights besit me better.

Alu. Now on my conscience thou hast lost a Mitris;
If it be so, thank God, and love no more;
Or else perhaps the has burnt your whining letter,
Or kill'd another Gentleman in your fight,
Or else denied you her glove, or laught at you,
Causes indeed which deserve special mourning,

And

And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*
In private here, and call the Woods to witness,
And all the streams which murmur when they hear
The injuries they suffer; I am sorry
I have been a hind'rance to your meditations;
Farewel Sir.

Cal. Nay, good Shepherd, you mistake me.
Ala. Faith, I am very chary of my health,
I would be loth to be infected Sir.

Cal. Thou needest not fear; I have no disease at all
Besides a troubled mind.

Ala. Why that's the worst, the worst of all.

Cal. And therefore it doth challenge

Your pity the more, you should the rather
Strive to be my Physician.

Ala. The good Gods forbid it; I turn Physician?
My Parents brought me up more piously,
Than that I should play booty with a sickness,

Turn a Consumption to mens puries, and
Purge them worse than their bodies, and set up
An Apothecaries shop in private chambers,

Live by revenue of Clofe-fools and Urinals,

Deferr off sick mens health from day to day

As if they went to law with their disease.

No, I was born for better ends, than to fend aw
His Majesties Subjects to Hell fo fast,

As if I were to share the stakes with *Charon*.

Cal. Your witt erts much:

For as the foul is nobler than the body,

So its corruption asks a better medicine

Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrhs, or Argues,
And that is Counsel.

Ala. So then: I should be

Your souls Physician; why, I could talk out

An hour or so, but then I want a cushion

To thump my precept into; but tell me pray,

What name bears your disease?

Cal. A Fever, Shepherd, but so far above

An outward one, that the vicissitudes

Of that may seem but warmth, and coolness only
This, Flame, and froit.

Ala. So; I understand you,

You are a Lover, which is by translation

A fool, or a beast, for Ie define you; you're

Partly *Chameleon*, partly *Salamander*,

You're fed by th'air, and live i'th'ure.

Cal. Why did you never love? have you no softness,

Nought of your Mother in you? if that Sun

Which scorched me, should cast one beam upon you,

I would quickly melt the ice about your heart,

Ala.

And

And lend your eyes fresh streams to flood your eyes a sea.

Ala. Faith, I think not; I have seen all your beauties of the Court,
And yet was never ravish'd, never made
A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,
Either to warm her heart, or else cool mine,
And no face yet could ever wound me so,
But that I quickly found a remedy.

Cal. That were an art worth learning, and you need not
Be niggard of your knowledges; See the Sun
Though it have given this many thousand years
Light to the world, yet is as big and bright
As e're it was, and hath not lost one beam
Of his first glory; then let charity
Persuade you to instruct me, I shall be
A very thankful Scholar.

Ala. I shall; for 'tis both easily taught and learn'd,
Come long away the day, Sec.
Mirth is the only physick.

Cal. It is a way which I have much desired
To cheat my sorrow with; and for that purpose
Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural sports
Wear my lifes remnant out; I would forget
All things, my very name if it were possible.

Ala. Pray let me learn it first.

Cal. 'Tis *Calidore*.
Ala. Thank you; if you your self chance to forget it
Come but to me I'll do you the same courtesy,
In the mean while make me your fervant Sir,
I will instruct you in things necessary
For the creation of a Shepherd, and
We two will laugh at all the world securely,
And sling jets 'gainst the busineses of state
Without endangering our ears.

Come, come away,

For 'tis but a folly

To live melancholly,

Let's live here whilst we may. [Exeunt.]

Enter Palamon, Melarnus, Truga, Egon, Bellula, Hylace.

Pal. I see I am undone.

Mel. Come no matter for that, you love my Daughter?
By *Pans*; but come, no matter for that; you my *Hylace*?

Tru. Nay good Duck, do not vex your self; what though he
loves her? you know the will not have him.

Mel. Come, no matter for that; I will vex my self, and vex him
too, tho' such an idle fellow as he strive to entice away honest mens
Children? let him go feed his flocks; but alas! he has none to
trouble him; ha, ha, ha, yet he would marry my daughter.

Pal. Thou art a malicious doting man,

K

And

And one who cannot boast of any thing
But that she calls thee Father, though I cannot
Number so large a flock of thee as thou,
Nor fend for many cheques to the City,
Yet in my mind I am an Emperor
If but compar'd with thee.

Tru. Of what place I pray?

'Tis of some new discovered Country, 't's not?

Pal. Prithree good *Winters* if thou wilt be talking,

Keep thy breath in a little, for it smells

Worse than a Goat; yet thou must talk,

For thou hast nothing left thee of a woman

But lust, and tongue.

Hyl. Shepherd, here's none to taken with your wit

But you might spare it; if you be so lavish,

You'll have none left another time to make

The Song of the forsaken Lover with.

Pal. I'm dumb, my lips are seal'd, I call'd up for ever

May my rash tongue forget to be interpreter,

And organ of my senses, if you say

It hath offended you.

Hyl. Troth if you make

But that condition, I shall agree to't quickly.

Mel. By *Pan* well said girls; what a fool was I

To suspect thee of loving him? but come

'Tis no matter for that; when e're thou art married

I'll add ten sheep more to thy portion,

For putting this one jeft upon him.

Eg. Nay now I must needs tell you that your anger

Is grounded with no reason to maintain it,

If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him,

Say so, but play not with his passion,

For 'tis inhumane wit which jeers the wretched.

Mel. Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;

I shall not need your counsel.

Tru. I hope my Husband and I have enough wisdom

To govern our own Child; if we want any

'Twill be to little purpose, I dare say,

To come to borrow some of you.

Eg. 'Tis very likely pretty *Mistress Mankin*,

You with a face looks like a Winter Apple

When 'tis thrunk up together and half rotten,

I'd see you hang'd up for a thing to scare

The Crows away before I'd spend my breath

To teach you any.

Hyl. Alas good Shepherd!

What do you imagine that I should love you for?

Pal. For all my services, the virtuous zeal

And constancy with which I ever woo'd you,

Though I were blacker than a starless night,

Or

Or confidences where guilt and horror dwell,
Although I play-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts,
And but the Chaos only of a man;
Yet if I love and honour you, humanity
Would teach you not to hate, or laugh at me.

Hyl. Pray spare your fine perfwasions, and let speeches

And rather tell them to those lones and trees,

'Twill be to a good purpose quite, as when

You spend them upon me.

Pal. Give me my final answer, that I may

Be either blest for ever, or die quickly;

Delay's a cruel rack, and kills by piece-meals.

Hyl. Then here 'tis, you're an ass,

(Take that for your incivility to my Mother)

And I will never love you.

Pal. You're a woman;

A cruel and fond woman, and my passion

Shall trouble you no more; but when I'm dead

My angry ghost shall vex you worse than now

Your pride doth me, farewell.

Enter Aphron mad, meeting Palamon going out.

Aphr. Nay stay Sir, have you found her?

Pal. How now? what's the matter?

Aphr. For I will have her out of you, or else

I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the wind

Play with the threads of thy torn body. Look her

Or I will do't.

Pal. Whom, or where?

Aphr. I'll tell thee honest fellow; thou shalt go

From me as an Ambassador to the Sun,

For men call him the eye of Heaven, (from which

Nothing lies hid) and tell him—do you mark me—tell him

From me—that if he send not word where he is gone,

—I will—may by the Gods I will.

Eg. Alas poor Gentleman!

Sure he hath lost some *Mistress*; beauteous women

Are the chief plagues to men.

Tru. Nay, not so Shepherd, when did I plague any?

Eg. How far is he beyond the name of slave,

That makes his love his *Mistress*?

Aphr. *Mistress*? who's that? her ghost? 'tis the spirit

It was her voice; were all the Floods, the Rivers,

And Seas that with the crooked arms embrace

The earth betwixt us, I'de wade through and meet her,

Were all the Alps heap'd on each others head,

Were *Pelion* join'd to *Ossa*, and they both

Thrown on *Olympus* top, they should not make

So high a wall, but I would scale't and find her

Bel. Unhappy man.

Aph. 'Tis empty air: I was too rude, too faucy,

R

2 And

And the hath left me ; if the be alive
What darknes shall be thick enough to hide her ?
If dead, I'll seek the place which Poets call *Elizium*;
Where all the souls of good and virtuous mortals
Enjoy deserved pleasures after death.

What should I fear ; if there be an *Erinyes*;
'Tis here, here in this brain are all her serpents ;
My grief and fury arms me.

Bel. By your leave Sir.

Aph. Now by the Gods, that man that stops my journey
Had better have provok'd a hungry Lions
Robb'd of her Whelps, or fet his naked breast
Against the Thunder. [Exit *Aphron*.]

Truc. 'Tis well he's gone
I never could endure to see these mad men.

Mel. Come, no matter for that. [Enter *Aphrodite* and
For now he's gone, here comes another. [Callidorus.]

But it's no matter for that neither.

How now ? who has he brought with him ?

Al. Hail to ye Shepherds and ye beauteous Nymphs,
I must present this stranger to your knowledge.

When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't.

Cal. Blest Masters of these Woods, hail to you all,
'Tis my desire to be your neighbour here,

And feed my flocks (such as they are) near yours.

This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle nature
Will be most willing to accept my friendships ;

Which if ye do, may all the Sylvian Deities
Be still propitious to you, may your flocks

Yearly increase above your hopes or wishes ;
May none of your young Lambs become a prey

To the rude Wolf, but play about securely ;
May deaths be ever exil'd from these Woods,

May your fruits prosper, and your Mountains Strawberries
Grow in abundances ; may no Lovers be

Despisd, and pine away their years of spring ;
But the young men and maids be fructued both
With equal sympathy.

Pal. That were a golden time ; the Gods forbid
Mortals to be so happy.

Argon. I thank you ; and we with no less to you ;
You are most welcome hither.

Tru. 'Tis a handsome man, who I have known
I'll be acquainted with him ; we most heartily
Accept your company.

Mel. Come no matter for that ; we have enough
Already who can bear us company ;

Buy no matter for that neither ; we shall have
Shortly no room left us to feed our flocks.

By

By one another.

Aph. What always grumbling ?
Your Father and your Mother scolded sure

Whilst you were getting ; well, if I begin
I'll fo abute thee, and that publickly.

Mel. A rot upon you ; you must still be humored,
But come, no matter for that ; you're welcome then.

Al. What, beauties, are you silent ?
Take notice of him (pray) your speaking is

Worth more than all the rest.

Bel. You're very welcome. [Salute her.]
Cal. Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.

Bel. Inever saw beauty and affability
So well conjoin'd before ; if I stay long

I shall be quite undone.

Alu. Nay come, put on too.

Hyl. You are most kindly welcome.

Cal. You bless me too much ;
The honour of your lip is entertainment

Princes might wish for.

Hyl. Bless me, how he looks !
And how he talks ; his kifs was honey too,

His lips as red and sweet as early cherries,
Softer than Bevers skins,

Bel. Bless me, how I envy her !
Would I had that kifs too !

Hyl. How his eye flames ! what a bright flame it floats

Bel. How red his cheeks are ! fo our garden apples
Look on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.

Hyl. How well his hairs become him !
Just like that Star which ushers on the day.

Bel. How fair he is ! fairer than whitest blossoms ?

Truc. They two have got a kifs ;
Why should I lose it for want of speaking ?

You're welcome Shepherd.

Alu. Come on ; *Tru.* is not a folly, Sec.

Tru. Do you hear ? you are welcome.

Alu. Here's another must have a kifs.

Tru. Go you're a paltry knave, I, that you are,
To wrong an honest woman thus.

Alu. Why he'll kifs thee, never fear it, alas !
I did but jest, he'll do't for all this.

Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee
I'll speak to him.

Truc. You're a slandering knave,
And you shall know't that you shall.

Alu. Nay, if you scold fo loud
Others shall know it too ; he must stop your mouth,
Or you'll talk on this three hours ; *Callidorus*
If you can patiently endure a tisk,

Or

Or have frequented e're the City Bear-garden,
Prithee salute this fourscore years, and free me,
She says you're welcome too.

Cal. I cry you mercy, Shepherds,
By *Pan* I did not see you.

Tru. If my husband *Alphas* were not here
I'd rather pay him back his kifs again
Than be beholden to him.

Alu. What, thou hast don't?
Well if thou dost not die upon't, hereafter
Thy body will agree even with the worst
And finking it air in *Europe*.

Cal. Nay, be not angry Shepherds, you know
He doth but jest as 'tis his custom.

Tru. I know it is his custom; he was always
Went to abuse me, like a knave as he is,
But I'll endure no more.

Alu. Prithee, good *Callidorus*, if her breath
Be not too bad, go stop her mouth again.
She'll cold till night else.

Tru. Yes marry will I, that I will, you rascal you,
I'll teach you to lay your frumps upon me;
You delight in it, do you?

Alu. Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me
And I will never see thee any more.
We two will be so peaceable hereafter.

Tru. Well upon that condition.

Alu. So, I'm deliver'd. Why how now Lads?
What have you lost your tongues? We have them cry'd,

Palemon, Hegen, Callidorus, what?

Are you all dumb? I pray continue so,
And I'll be merry with my self.

S O N G.
Tis better to dance than sing,

The cause is if you will know it,

That I to my self shall bring

A Poverty

Voluntary

If once I grow but a Poet.

Hegen. And yet methinks you sing,

Alu. O yes, because here's none do dance,
And both are better far than to be sad.

Hegen. Come then let's have a round.

Alu. A match; *Palemon* whither go you?

Pal. The Gods forbid that I should mock my self,
Cheat my own mind, I dance and weep at once
You may? Farewel.

Alu. 'Tis such a whining fool; come, come, *Melarnus*.

Mel. I

Mel. I have no mind to dance; but come, no matter for
that, rather than break the square.

Cal. By your leave, fair one.

Hyl. Would I were in her place.

Alu. Come *Hylas*, thee and I wench, I warrant thee,
You and your Wife together. God bless you; so —

For 'tis but a folly, &c. [Dance.

Tru. So there's enough, I'm half a weary.

Mel. Come no matter for that,
I have not danc'd so much this year.

Alu. So farewell, you'll come along with me?

Cal. Yes, farewell gentle swains.

Tru. Farewel good Shepherd.

Bel. Your best wishes follow you.

Hyl. *Pan* always guide you.

Mel. It's no matter for that, come away. [Exit.

The end of the first Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Demophil, Spodasia, Philistias, Clariana.*

Dem. **N**AY, is he lost for ever, and her name
Which us'd to be so comfortable, now

Is poison to our thoughts, and to augment
Our misery paints forth our former happiness,

O Callidora, O my Callidora!
I shall ne'r see thee more.

Spe. If curst *Aphro*
Hath carried her away, and triumphs now
In the destruction of our hoary age

'T were better the were dead;

Dem. 'T were better we were all dead; the enjoying
Of tedious life is a worse punishment

Than losing of my Daughter; Oh! my friends,
Why have I lived so long?

Cl. Good Sir be comforted: Brother speak to them.

Spe. Would I had died, when first I brought thee forth
My girl, my best girl, then I should have slept
In quiet, and not wept now.

Phi. I am half a statue,
Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be
My own sad monument.

Cl. Alas! you do but hurt your selves with weeping;
Consider pray, it may be she'll come back.

Dem. Oh! never, never, 'tis impossible.

A

As to call back sixteen, and with vain Rhetorick
Persuade my lifes fresh April to return,
Whos dead, or else far worse, kept up by *Apbron*,
When if I could but see, methinks new blood
Would creep into my veins, and my faint sinews
Renew themselves, I doubt not but to find
Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Apbron*.

Spa. Would I were with thee, girl, where e're thou art.
Cl. For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort them,
Methinks you should say something.

Phi. So you think
My griefs so light? or was the interest
So small which I had in her? I a comforter?
Alas? she was my Wife, for we were married
In our affection, in our vows; and nothing
Stopt the enjoying of each other, but
The thin partition of some Ceremonies.
Loff my hopes, my expectations,
My joys, nay more, I lost my self with her;
You have a Son, yet left behind, whose memory
May sweeten all this gall.

Spa. I, we had one,
But fate's so cruel to us, and such dangers
Attend a travelling man, that 'twere presumption
To say we have him; we have sent for him
To blot out the remembrance of his Sister:
But whether we shall ever see him here,
The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

Dem. This news, alas!
Will be but a sad welcome to him.
Phi. Why do I play thus with my misery?
'Tis vain to think I can live here without her,
I'll seek her where e're she is; patience in this
Would be a vice, and men might justly say
My love was but a flash of winged lightning,
And not a Vestal flame, which always shines;

His woe is a complement, not passion,
Who can if fortune snatch away his Mistress,
Spend some few tears, then take another choice,
Mine is not so; Oh *Callidora*!

Cl. Eie Brother, you're a man,
And should not be shaken with every wind
If it were possible to call her back
With mourning, mourning were a piety,
But since it cannot, you must give me leave
To call it folly.

Phi. So it is,
And I will therefore shape some other course,
This doleful place shall never see me more,
Unles it see her too in my embraces,

You

You Sister may retire unto my Farm,
Adjoining to the Woods;
And my estate leave for you to manage,
If I find her, expect me there, if not

Do you live happier than your Brother?
Cl. Alas! how can I if you leave me?
I hope your resolutions may be altered.

Phil. Never, farewell: good *Demophil*,
Farewell *Spodius*, temper your lamentations;
If I return we shall again be happy.

Spa. You shall not want my prayers.
Dem. The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be
any) attend upon you.

Cl. Will you needs go?
Phil. I knit delays; 'twere time I were now ready,
And I shall sin if I seem dull or slow
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.

Dem. Oh! that name wounds me; we'll bear you company
A little way, and *Claviana* look
To see us often at your Country Farm,
We'll sigh, and grieve together.

Enter Alupis and Palamion.
Alu. Come, come away, see.
Now where are all your Sonnets? your rare fancies?
Could the fine morning Musick which you wak'd
Your Mistress with, prevail no more than this?
Why in the City now your very Fiddlers
Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,
Hath the denied thee quite?

Pal. She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,
And begot storming billows.

Alu. Can no persuasions move her?
Pal. No more than thy least breath can stir an Oak
Which hath this many years scorn'd the fierce wars
Of all the winds.

Alu. 'Tis a good hearing; then
She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle Doves,
Nor garlands knit with amorous conceits,
I do perceive some rags of the Court fashions

Vizibly creeping now into the Woods;
The more he shews his love, the more he lights him,
Yet will take any gift of him, as willingly

As Country Justices the Hens and Geese
Of their offending neighbours; this is right:
Now if I lov'd this wench, I would fo handle her,
I'd teach her what the difference were betwixt
One who had seen the Court and City tricks,
And a meer Shepherd.

Pal. Lions are man'd, and become slaves to men,
And Tygres oft forget the cruelty

L

They

They fuckt from their fierce Mothers; but, a woman I
Am! a woman! —

Ala. Yet if I saw such wonders in her face
As you do, I should never doubt to win her.

Pal. How pray? if gifts would do it, the hath had

The daintiest Lambs, the hope of all my flock,

I let my Apples hang for her to gather,

The painful Bee did never load my hives,

With honey which she tasted not.

Ala. You mistake me friend; I mean not so.

Pal. How then? if Poetry would do't, what shade

Hath not been auditor of my amorous pipe?

What banks are not acquainted with her praises?

Which I have sung in verses, and the Shepherds

Say they are good ones, nay they call me Poet,

Although I am not easie to believe them.

Ala. No, no, no; that's not the way.

Pal. Why how?

If these of grief had Rhetorick enough

To move her, I dare swear she had been mine

Long before this; what day did e'er peep forth

In which I wept not dulier than the morning?

Which of the Winds hath not my sighs increas'd

At sundry times? how often have I cried

Hylace, Hylace, till the docile Woods

Have answer'd *Hylace*; and every valley

As if it were my Rival, found'd *Hylace.*

Ala. I, and you were a molt rare fool for doing so.

Why 'twas that poison'd all; Had I a Mistress

I'd almost beat her, by this light, I would,

For they are much about your Spaniels nature,

But whilst you cry dear *Hylace, O Hylace!*

Pity the tortures of my burning heart,

She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,

At the first asking; though her tickled blood

Leaps at the very mention; therefore now

Leave off your whining tricks, and take my counsel,

First then be merry; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Pal. 'Tis a hard lesson for my mind to learn,

But I would force my self, if that would help me.

Ala. Why thou shalt see it will; next I would have thee

To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully;

Study for jeers against next time you see her,

I'll go along with you, and help to abuse her,

Till we have made her cry, worse than e'er you did;

When we have us'd her thus a little while,

She'll be as tame and gentle.—

Pal. But alas!

This will provoke her more.

Ala. The warrant thee: besides, what if it should?

She

She hath refus'd you utterly already,
And cannot hurt you worse; come, come, be rul'd;
And follow me, we'll put it straight in practice.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Pal. A match; I'll try all ways; the can but I scorn me,
There is this good in depth of misery

That men may attempt any thing, they know
The worst before-hand.

Enter Callidorus.
How happy is that man, who in these Woods

With secure silence wears away his time!
Who is acquainted better with himself

Than others; who fo great a stranger is
To City follies, that he knows them not.

He fits all day upon some mossie hill
His rural throne, arm'd with his crook, his scepter,

A flowry garland is his Country crown;
The gentle lambs and sheep his loyal subjects

Which every year pay him their fleecy tribute;
Thus in an humble itatelinez and majesty

He tunes his pipe, the Woods best melody,
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not

Both King and Poet. I could gladly with
To spend the rest of my unprofitable

And needles days in their innocuous sports,
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother

Recur'd unto my thoughts, and strait pluck down
The resolution I had built before;

Love names *Philias* to me, and o'er'sudden
The Woods seem safe, and all their harmless pleasures

The daughters of necessity, not vertue,
Thus with my self I wage a war, and am

To my own rest a traitor; I would fain
Go home, but still the thought of *Apron* frights me.

How now? who's here? O 'tis fair *Hylace*
The grumbling Shepherds Daughter.

Enter Hylace.
Brightest of all those Stars that paine the Woods,

And grace these shady habitations,
You're welcome, how shall I requite the benefit

Which you bestow upon poor a stranger, on
With your fair presence?

Hyl. If it be any courtie, 'tis one
Which I would gladly do you, I have brought

A rural present, some of our own Apples,
My Father and my Mother are so hard,

They watch'd the Tree, or else they had been more,
Such as they are, if they can please your taste,

My will is crown'd.

Cal. O you're too kind,
L 2 And

And teach that duty to me which I ought
To have perform'd; I would I could return
The half of your defects! but am poor
In every thing but thanks.

Hyl. Your acceptance only is reward
Too great for me.

Cal. How they blush?

A man may well imagine they were yours,
They bear to great a show of modesty.

Hyl. O you mock my boldness

To thrust into your company; but truly

I meant no hurt in't; my intents were virtuous.

Cal. The Gods forbid that I should nurse a thought

So wicked, tho' art innocent I know,

And pure as *Venus* Doves, or Mountain Snow

Which no foot hath defil'd, thy foul is whiter

(If there be any possibility of't)

Than that clear skin which cloaths thy dainty body.

Hyl. Nay my good will deserves not to be jeer'd,

You know I am a rude and Countrey wench.

Cal. Far be it from my thoughts, I swear I honor

And love those maiden virtues which adorn you.

Hyl. I would you did, as well as I do you,

But the just Gods intend not me so happy,

And I must be contented—I'm undone.

Here's *Bellula*; what is she grown my rival?

Bel. Bless me! whom see I? *Hylace*? some cloud

Or friendly mist involve me.

Hyl. Nay *Bellula*, I see you well enough.

Cal. Why doth the day start back? are you so fearful

To shew us first the light, and having struck

Wonder into us, snatch it from our sight?

If Spring crown'd with the glories of the earth

Appear upon the heavenly Ram, and straight

Creep back again into a gray-hair'd froth,

Men will accuse its forwardness.

Hyl. Pray Heaven

He be not taken with her; she's somewhat fair;

He did not speak so long a speech to me.

I'm sure of't, though I brought him Apples.

Bel. I did mistake my way; Pray pardon me.

Hyl. I would you had else.

Cal. I must thank fortune then which led you thither,

But you can stay a little while and bless us?

Bel. Yes (and Love knows how willingly) alas!

I had quite spoil my garden ere I give it him,

With hiding it from *Hylace*; Pray *Pan*

She hath not stoln his heart already from him,

And cheated my intentions.

Hyl. I would fain be going, but if I should leave her

It

It may be I shall give her opportunity
To win him from me, for I know the loveth him,
And hath perhaps a better tongue than I,
Although I should be loth to yield to her
In beauty or complexion.

Bel. Let me speak
In private with you; I am bold to bring
A garland to you, 'tis of the best flowers
Which I could gather, I was picking them
All yesterday.

Cal. How you oblige me to you!
I thank you sweetest, how they flourish still
Sure they grow better, since your hand hath nurtur'd them.

Bel. They will do, when your brow hath honor'd them;
Then they may well grow proud, and shine more freshly.

Cal. What perfumes dwell in them?
They owe these odours to your breath.

Hyl. Defend me ye good Gods, I think he kisses her,
How long they have been talking; now perhaps
She's wooing him; perhaps he forgets me

And will content, I'll put him in remembrance,
You have not tasted of the Apples yet,

And they were good ones truly.

Cal. I will do presently, best *Hylace*.

Hyl. That's something yet, would he would speak so always.
Cal. I would not change them for those glorious apples
Which give such fame to the *Hyperian* gardens.

Bel. She hath out-gone me in her present now,
But I have got a Beechen cup at home,
Curiously graven with the spreading leaves,

And glad some burthen of a fruitful vine,
Which *Damon*, the best Artificer of these Woods

Made and bestow'd upon me. I'll bring that to-morrow
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her
She will not go beyond me.

Hyl. What have you got a chaplet? Oh!
This is I see of *Bellula*'s composing.

Bel. Why *Hylace*? you cannot make a better,
What flowers pray doth it want?

Cal. Poor souls I pity them, and the more,
Because I have not been my self a stranger
To these love passions, but I wonder

What they can find in me worth their affection
Truly I would fain satisfy them both,

But can do neither; 'tis fates crime, not mine.
Bel. Whither go you, Shepherd?

Hyl. You will not leave us will you?
Cal. Indeed I ought not,

You have both me bought with your courtesies
And should divide me,

Hyl. She

Hyl. She came last to you.
Bell. She hath another love,
 And kills *Palaeon* with her cruelty,
 How can she expect mercy from another?
 In what a labyrinth doth love draw mortals,
 And then blind-folds them! what a mist it throws
 Upon their senses! if he be a God,
 As sure he is (his power could not be so great else)
 He knows the impossibility which nature
 Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,
 And laughs to see us struggling. D'y'e both love me?
Bell. I do I'm sure,
Hyl. And I as much as she.
Cal. I pity both of you, for you have fow'd
 Upon unthankful sand, whose dry'd up womb
 Nature denies to bless with fruitfulness,
 You are both fair, and more than common graces
 Inhabit in you both, *Bellula's* eyes
 Shine like the lamp of Heaven, and so doth *Hylace's*
Hylace's cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet
 Than the chaff mornings bluthes, fo are *Bellula's*,
 And I protest I love you both. Yet cannot,
 Yet must not enjoy either.
Bell. You speak riddles.
Cal. Which times commentary
 Must only explain to you; and till then
 Farewel good *Bellula*, farewel good *Hylace*,
 I thank you both. [Exit.
Hyl. Alas! my hopes are frangled. [Exit.
Bell. I will not yet despair: He may grow milder,
 He bade me farewel first; and lookt upon me
 With a more stedfast eye, than upon her,
 When he departed hence: 'twas a good sign;
 At least I will imagine it to be so.
 Hope is the truest friend, and seldom leaves one. [Exit.
Enter. *Druga.*
 I doubt not but this will move him,
 For they're good Apples, but my teeth are gone,
 I cannot bite them; but for all that though
 I'll warrant you I can love a young fellow
 As well as any of them all; I that I can
 And kiss him too as sweetly. Oh! here's the mad-man.
Enter. *Aphron.*
Hercules, Hercules, ho Hercules, where are you?
 Lend me thy Club and Skin, and when I'be done,
 I'll bring them to thee again, why *Hercules*?
 Fox on you, are you drunk? can you not answer
 I'll travel then without them, and do wonders.
Tru. I quake all over, worse than any fit
 Of the Pallie which I have had this forty years
 Could

Could make me do.
Aph. So, I ha' found the plot out,
 First I'll climb up on *Porter Atlas's* shoulders,
 And then crawl into Heaven, and I'm sure
 I cannot chufe but find her there.
Tru. What would become of me if he should see me?
 Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,
 If he were not mad, I would not be so afraid of him.
Aph. What have I caught thee, fairest of all women?
 Where hast thou hid thy self so long from *Aphron*?
Aphron who hath been dead till this blessed minute?
Tru. Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for?
Aph. Thy skin is whiter than the snowy feathers
 Of *Leda's* Swans.
Tru. Lay you there now,
 I thought I was not so unhandsome, as they'd make me.
Aph. Thy hairs are brighter than the Moons;
 Than when she spreads her beams and fills her orb,
Tru. Believev'th their heart that call this Gentleman mad,
 He hath his senses I'll warrant him, about him,
 As well as any fellow of them all.
Aph. Thy teeth are like two *Arches* made of Ivory,
 Of purest Ivory.
Tru. I for those few I have,
 I think they're white enough.
Aph. Thou art as fresh as *May* is, and thy look
 Is picture of the Spring.
Tru. Nay, I am but some founticore years and ten,
 And bear my age well; yet *Alaph* says
 I look like *January*, but I'll teach the knave
 Another tune I'll warrant him.
Aph. Thy lips are Cherries, let me taste them sweet?
Tru. You have beg'd to handiomeely.
Aph. Hal! ye good Gods defend me! 'tis a Witch, a Hag,
Tru. What am I?
Aph. A Witch, one that did take the shape
 Of my best Mistress, but thou could'st not long
 Bely her parents.
Tru. Now he's stark mad again upon the fudden;
 He had some sense even now.
Aph. Thou look'st as if thou wert some wicked woman
 Frighted out of the Grave; defend me, how
 Her eyes do sink into thy ugly holes,
 As if they were afraid to see the light.
Tru. I will not be abus'd thus, that I will nor,
 My hair was bright even now, and my looks fresh.
 Am I so quickly changed?
Tru. Her breath infects the air, and fows a pestilence
 Where e're it comes; what hath she there?
 I! these are apples made up with the flings

Of Scorpions, and the blood of Basilisks;
Which being swallowed up, a thousand pains
Eat on the heart, and gnaw the entrails out.
Tru. Thou lyest; I, that thou dost
For these are honest Apples, that they are;
I'm sure I gathered them my self.

App. From the Stygian Tree, give them me quickly, or will—
Tru. What will you do? pray take them.

App. Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee?
Tru. 'Tis false; for I know no such woman.

I'm glad I am got from him, would I had
My Apples too, but 'tis no matter though,
I'll have a better gift for *Callidorus*
To morrow.

App. The friend is vanish from me,
And hath left these behind for me to taste of.
But I will be too cunning; I thus I'll scatter them,
Now I have spoil'd her plot; unhappy he
Who finds them. *[Exit.]*

The end of the second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Florellus.

HE Sun five times hath gone his yearly progress,
Since last I saw my Sister, and returning

Big with desire to view my native *Stely*,
I found my aged Parents sadly mourning

The Funeral (for to them it seems no less)
Of their departed Daughters; what a welcome

This was to me, all in whose hearts a vein
Of Marble grows not, easily may conceive

Without the dumb persuasions of my tears.
Yet as if that were nothing, and it were

A kind of happiness in misery,
If come without an army to attend it,

As I pass'd through these Woods, I saw a woman
Whom her attire call'd Shepherdess, but faces

Some dignis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess.
It struck such adoration (for I durst not

Harbour the love of so divine a beauty)
That ever since I could not teach my thoughts

Another object; In this happy place,
(Happy her presence made it) she appear'd.

And

And breath'd fresh honors on the smiling trees,
Which owe more of their gallantry to her
Than to the musky kisses of the West-wind.
Ha! fire 'tis fire; thus doth the Sun break forth
From the black curtain of an envious cloud.

Enter Alopius, Bellula, Hylaeus.

Ala. For 'tis but a jolly, Sc.

Hyl. We did not fend for you; pray leave us.

Ala. No, by this light, not till I see you cry
When you have shed some penitential tears

For wronging of *Palamon*, there may be
A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

Bell. This is unwill,
To thrust into our company; do you think

That we admire your wit? pray go to them
That do, we would be private.

Ala. To what purpose?
You'd ask how many Shepherds the hath strooken,

Which is the properest man? which kides sweetest?
Which brings her the best presents? and then tell

How bright his eyes are? and what dainty sonnets
He hath compos'd in honor of your beauty?

And then at last, with what rare tricks you fool him?
These are your learn'd discourses; but were all

Men of my temperance, and wisdom too,
You should wooe us, I, and wooe hardly too,

Before you got us.

Flo. Oh prophaneness!
Can he so rudely speak to that blest Virgin,

And not be stricken dumb?
Ala. Nay, you have both a mind to me; I know it,

But I will marry neither; I come hither
Not to gaze on you, or extol your beauty;

I come to vex you.
Flo. Ruder yet? I cannot,

I will not suffer this; mad fellow, is there
No other Nymph in all these spacious Woods,

To fling thy wild, and faucy laughter at,
But her, whom thy great Deity ever Pan

Himself would honor, do not dare to utter
The smallest accent if not cloth'd with reverence,

Nay, do not look upon her but with eyes
As humble and submissive as thou wouldst

Upon the brow of Majesty, when it frowns
I speak but that which duty binds us all to,

Thou shalt not think upon her, no not think
Without as much respect and honor to her

As holy men in superstitious zeal
Give to the Images they worship.

M

Bell. Oh!

Bell. Oh! this is the Gentleman courted me thro' other day.
Ala. Why? have you got a Patent to refrain me?
 Or do you think your glorious suite can fright me?
 I would do you much more credit at the Theater,
 To rib betwix the Acts, and look about
 The Boxes, and then cry, God save you Madam;
 Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,
 And make your oaths become you; have you thown
 Your gay apparel every where in town,
 That you can afford us the sight oft, or
 Hath that grand Devil whose eclips'd fergant,
 Frighted you out of the City?

Flo. Your looke fits
 When they are shot at me, I scorn to take
 Any revenge upon them, but neglect,
 For then 'tis ralhness only, but as soon
 As you begin to violate her name,
 Nature and conscience too bids me be angry,
 For then 'tis wickedness.

Ala. Well, if it be so,
 I hope you can forgive the sin that's past
 Without the doleful sight of trickling tears,
 For I have eyes of pumice; I'm content
 To let her rest in quiet, but you have given me
 Free leave t' abuse you, on the condition
 You will revenge it only with neglect,
 For then 'tis ralhness only.

Flo. What are you biting?
 Where did you pick these fragments up of wit.
Ala. Where I paid dear enough a conscience for them,
 They should be more than fragments by their price,
 I bought them Sir, even from the very Merchants,
 I scorn'd to deal with your poor City pedlers,
 that sell by retail; but let that pass, *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

Flo. Then you have seen the City.
Ala. I and felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm sure
 It stuck up in three years the whole estate
 My Father left, though he were counted rich;
 A box of forlorn Captains, pitiful things,
 Whom you mistake for Soldiers, only by
 Their founding oaths, and a Buff jerkin, and
 Some Histories which they have learn'd by roat,
 Of Battels fought in *Perfia*, or *Polonia*,
 Where they themselves were of the conquering side,
 Although God knows one of the City Captains,
 Arm'd with broad Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet Breeches,
 I When he intructs the youth on Holy-days,
 And is made sick with fearful noise of Guns,
 Would pose them in the art Military; these
 Were my first Leeches.

Flo. So,

Flo. So, no wonder then you spent so fast
Ala. Faith, these were nothing:
 I grew to keep your Poets company,
 Those are the lookers, they remind me first
 Of those gross humors that are bred by money,
 And made me freight a wit, as now you see
 For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. But halt thou none to fling thy salt upon
 But these bright Virgins?

Ala. Yes now you are here,
 You are as good a theme as I could wish.
Hpl. 'Tis best for me to go, whilst they are talking,
 For if I steal not from *Ala*'s sight,
 He'll follow me all day to vex me. [Exit.]

Ala. What are you vanishing, coy Mistress *Hplace*?
 Nay, I'll be with you freight, but first I'll fetch
Palamon, now if he can play his part

And leave off whining, we'll have princely sport,
 Well, I may live in time to have the women
 Scratch out my eyes, or else cold me to death,
 I shall deliver it richly: Farewel Sir,
 I have employment with the *Damfel* gone,
 And cannot now intend you. [Exit.]

Flo. They're both gone,
 Direct me now good love, and teach my tongue
 Th' inchantments that thou woo'dst thy *Pfische* with.
Bell. Farewel Sir.

Flo. Oh! I be not so cruel,
 Let me enjoy my self a little while,
 Which without you I cannot.

Bell. Pay let me go,
 To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,
 And if my Father miss me, he'll chide.

Flo. *Ala!* thou needst not fear, for th' Wolf himself
 Though hunger whet the fury of its nature,
 Would learn to spare thy pretty flocks, and be
 As careful as the Shepherds dog to guard them,
 Nay if he should not, *Pau* would present be,
 And keep thy tender Lambs in safety for thee,
 For though he be a God he would not blath
 To be thy servant.

Bell. Oh! you're courtly Sir:
 But your fine words will not defend my sheep,
 Or stop them if they wander; let me go.

Flo. Are you so fearful of your Cattles loss?
 Yet so neglectful of my perishing,
 (For without you how can I choise but perish?)
 Though I my self were most contemptible,
 Yet for this reason only, that I love
 And honour you, I deserve more than they do.

M 2

Bell. What

Bell. What would you do, that thus you urge my stay?
Flo. Nothing I fear that should offend a Saint,
 Nothing which can call up the maiden blood
 To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste
 And virtuous Sisters can deny their Brothers,
 I do confide I love you, but the fire
 In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistress,
 Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,
 Is not so pure as mine is; I would only
 Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry eyes
 Sometimes with those bright Trefles, which the wind
 Far happier than I, plays up and down in,
 And sometimes with thy cheeks, those rose twins;
 Then gently touch thy hand, and often kiss'd it
 Till thou thy self should'st check my modesty,
 And yield thy lips, but further, though thou should'st
 Like other maids with weak resistance ask it,
 (Which I am sure thou wilt not) I'de not offer
 Till lawful *Hymen* joyn us both, and give
 A licence unto my desires.

Bell. Which I
 Need not bestow much language to oppose,
 Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,
 When they made me a rude and homelywench,
 You (if your cloaths and carriage be not lyars)
 By state and birth a Gentleman,

Flo. I hope
 I may without suspition of a boaster
 Say that I am so, else my love were impudence;
 For do you think wife Nature did intend
 You for a Shepherdless, when the bestow'd
 Such pains in your creation? would she fetch
 The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath?
 Or ransack *Pegasus* of her choicest Roses
 To adorn your cheeks? would she bereave the Rock
 Of Coral for your lips? and catch two Stars
 As they were falling, which she form'd your eyes of?
 Would she her self turn work-woman and spin
 Threeads of the finest Gold to be your Trefles?
 Or rob the Great to make one Microcosm?
 And having finish'd quite the beauteous wonder,
 Hide it from publick view and admiration!
 No; she would set it on some Pyramide,
 To be the spectacle of many eyes:
 And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune
 Rais'd me not up to higher eminency,
 Not that I am ambitious of such honors
 But that through them I might be made more worthy
 To enjoy you.

Bell. You are for ought I see

Too

Too great already; I will either live
 An undefil'd Virgin as I am,
 Or if I marry, not bely my birth,
 But joy'n my self to some plain virtuous Shepherd
 (For *Callidore* is so, and I will be either his or no bodie's)

Flo. Pray hear me
Bell. Alas! I have Sir, and do therefore now
 Prepare to answer, if this passion
 Be love, my fortune bids me to deny you;
 If lust, my honesty commands to scorn you,
 Farewel.

Flo. O stay a little! but two words: she's gone,
 Gone like the glorious Sun, which being set,
 Night creeps behind and covers all; some way
 I must seek out to win her, or what's easier
 (And the blind man himself without a guide
 May find some way to die; would I had been
 Born a poor Shepherd in these lathy Woods.
 Nature is cruel in her benefits,
 And when she gives us honey, mingles gall.
 She said that if she married, the Woods
 Should find a husband for her. I will wooe her
 In Sylvan habit, then perhaps she'll love me—
 But yet I will not, that's in vain; I will too,
 It cannot hurt to try.

Enter Alupis, Palamon, after them Hylace.

Alu. Nay come, thees just behind us, are you ready?
 When the foulds, be you lowdfelt, if the cry
 Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her
 Into a good conceit of you.

Pal. I'll warrant you; you have instructed me enough,
 She comes.

Hyl. It's possible that *Bellula*—
Pal. Fair creature—

Hyl. Sure thou wert born to trouble me, who sent for thee?
Pal. Whom all the Nymphs (though women use to be
 As you know, envious of anothers beauty)
 Confess the pride and glory of these Woods.

Hyl. When did you make this Speech; 'tis a most neat one:
 Go, get you gone, look to your roting Cartel,
 You I never keep a Wife, who are not able
 To keep your sleep.

Alu. Good! she abuses him,
 Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.

Pal. Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are
 Out-shone by thee on earth.

Hyl. Pray get you gone,
 Or hold your prating tongue, for whatsoever
 Thou sayest, I will not hear a syllable,
 Much less answer thee.

Pal. No;

Pal. No 3 I'll try that straight,
I have a present here—
Which if you'll give me leave, I shall presume
To dedicate to your service.
Hyl. You're so cunning,
And have such pretty ways to entice me with,
Come let me fee it.
Pal. Oh! have you found a tongue?
I thought I had not been worth an answer?
Hyl. How now 3 what tricks are these?
Give it me quickly, or—
Pal. Pray get you gone, or hold your prating tongue;
For whatsoever thou sayest I will not hear
A syllable, much less answer thee.
Alu. Good buy faith: now let me come.
Hyl. This is some plot I see, would I were gone,
I had as lief see the Wolf as this *Alu.*
Alu. Here's a fine Ring, I faith, a very pretty one,
Do your teeth water at it Daniel? ha?
Why we will sell our Sheep and Oxen, girls,
Hang them curvy beards, to buy you pretty knacks,
That you might laugh at us, and call us fools,
And jeer us too, as far as your wit reaches,
Bid us be gone, and when we have talkt two hours,
Deny to answer us; nay you must flay [She offers to be gone.
And hear a little more.
Hyl. Must I? are you
The master of my busness? I will not.
Alu. Faith but you shall; hear therefore and be patient.
I have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,
For when thou'lt got a claim about thy neck,
And comely bobsto dandle in thine ears;
When thou'lt perfum'd thy hair, that if thy breath
Should be corrupted, it might scape unknown,
And then bestow'd two hours in curling it,
Uncovering thy breast hither, thine arms hither,
And had thy *Fucus* curiously laid on;
Thou'ld't be the finest proud thing, I'll warrant thee
Thou would'lt outdo them all. So, now go thee to her,
And let me breath a little; For 'tis but a fall, &c.
Hyl. Oh! is't your turn to speak again? no doubt
But we shall have a good oration then,
For they call you the learned Shepherd; so well
This is your love I see.
Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
What should I love a stone? or woe a picture?
Alas! I must be gone, for whatso'er
I say, you will not hear a syllable,
Much less answer; go, you think you are
So singularly handsome, when alas,

Galla,

Galla, Menela's Daughter, Bellula,
Or *Amarillis* overcome you quite.
Hyl. This is a curvy fellow; He fit him for't,
No doubt they are 3 I wonder that your wisdom
Will trouble me so long with your vain fust,
Why do you not wooe them?
Pal. Perhaps I do;
I'll not tell you, because you'll envy them,
And always be deprating of their beauties.
Hyl. It shall appear I will not, for I'll looter
Embrace a Scorpion; than thee, base man.
Pal. Ha, ha, ha,
Alu. Do'st thou hear her 3 she'll cry presently,
Do not despair yet girl, by your good carriage
You may recall me still; some few entreaties
Mingled with tears may get a kiss perhaps.
Hyl. I would not kiss thee for the wealth of *Sicily*,
Thou wicked perjur'd fellow.
Pal. *Alu.* Oh! how I hate you
We have incens'd her too much! how the looks
Prithce *Alu.* help me to inreart,
You know we did but jest, dear *Hylace*,
Alu. prithce speak, best, beauteous *Hylace*,
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me,
Upon my knees I beg it.
Alu. Here's a precious fool.
Hyl. Do'st thou still mock me? hast thou found more ways?
Thou need' not vex thy wit to move my hate,
Sooner the Sun and Stars shall thine together,
Sooner the Wolf make peace with tender Lambs,
Than I with thee; thou'rt a disease to me,
And wound' it my eyes. [Exit.
Pal. Eternal night involve me! if there be
A punishment, (but sure there is not any
Greater than what her anger hath inflicted,
May that fall on me too? how have I fool'd
Away my hopes? how have I been my self
To my own self a thief?
Alu. I told you this,
That if she should but frown, you must needs fall
To your old tricks again.
Pal. Is this your art?
A Lovers curse upon it; Oh! *Alu.*
Thou hast done worse than murdered me: for which
May all thy flocks pine and decay like me;
May thy curst wit hurt all; but most its Master,
May't thou (for I can with no greater ill)
Love one like me, and be, like me, content'd;
Thou'lt all the darts my tongue can fling at thee,
But I will be reveng'd some other way.

Before



Before I die, which cannot now be long.

Alu. Poor Shepherd, I begin to pity him.

Ile see if I can comfort him; *Palamon,*

Pal. Nay, do not follow me, grief, passion,

And troubled thoughts are my companions,

Those I had rather entertain than thee,

If you choose this way let me go the other,

And in both parts diffracted error, thee
May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me.

Alu. Well, I say *Pan* defend me from a lover

Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worst,

I would not meet with two such creatures more

For any good, they without doubt would put me,

If it be possible, into a fit of sadness,

Though it *Be* but a folly, &c.

Well; I must find some plot yet to save this,

Because I have engaged my wit in the business,

And 'twould be a great scandal to the City

If I who have spent my means there, should not be

Have we more distressed Lovers here?

Apb. No, I'm a mad-man.

Alu. I gave a shrewd guess at it at first sight,

I thought thee little better.

Apb. Better, why?

Can there be any better than a mad-man?

I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,

Nay, do not dissuade me from't, I would be

A very mad-man.

Alu. A good resolution!

'Tis as gentle a course as you can take,

I have known great ones have not been afraid of't:

But what cause pray drove you into this humor?

Apb. Why a Mistress,

And such a beauteous one—do'st thou see no body?

She sits upon a throne amongst the Stars

And out-shines them, look up and be amazed,

Such was her beauty here,—sure there she lie

A thousand vapours in thy sleepy eyes,

Do'st thou not see her yet? nor yet, nor yet?

Alu. No in good troth.

Apb. Thou'rt dull and ignorant,

Not skill'd at all in deep Astrology.

Let me instruct thee?

Alu. Prithee do, for thou

Art in an admirable case to teach now.

Apb. Ile show thee first all the celestial signs,

And to begin, look on that horned head,

Alu. Whole is't? *Jupiter?*

Apb. No, 'tis the Ram!

[Exit.

[Enter Aphron.

Next

Next that, the spacious Bull fills up the place.

Alu. The Bull? 'tis well, the fellows of the Guard

Intend not to come thither; if they did

The Gods might chance to lose their Beef.

Apb. And then,

Yonder's the sign of *Gemini*, do'st see it?

Alu. Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous Sisters

Mingled in friendship with a holy Brother

To beget Reformation.

Apb. And there fits *Capricorn*.

Alu. A Welchman, is't not?

Apb. There *Cancer* creeps along with gouty pace,

As if his feet were sleepy, there, do you mark it?

Alu. I, I, Alderman-like awalking after Dinner,

His paunch o'recharged with Capon and with White-broth.

Apb. But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,

Hadst thou as many eyes as the black night

They would be all too little, feelt thou *Virgo*?

Alu. No by my troth, there are so few on earth,

I should be loth to swear there's more in Heaven,

Than only one.

Apb. That was my Mistress once, but is of late

Translated to the height of deserv'd glory,

And adds new ornaments to the wond'ring Heavens.

Why do I stay behind then, a meer nothing

Without her preference to give life and being?

If there be any hill whose lofty top

Nature hath made contiguous with Heaven,

Though it be steep, rugged as *Neptunes* brow,

Though arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diseases,

And all the other fouldiers of misery,

Yet I would climb it up, that I might come

Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.

Alu. I prithee do, for amongst all the beats

That help to make up the celestial signs,

There's a Calf wanting yet.

Apb. But stay—

Alu. Nay, I have learn'd enough Astrology.

Apb. Hunger and faintness have already seiz'd me,

'Tis a long journey thither, I shall want

Provision; canst thou help me, gentle Shepherd?

And when I am come thither I will snatch

The Crown of *Ariadne*, and fling't down

To thee for a reward.

Alu. No doubt you will;

But you shall need no vigils, when you have ended

Your toilsome journey, kill the Ram you talk of,

And feed your self with most celestial Mutton.

Apb. Thou'rt in the right, if they deny me that,

Ile pluck the Bear down from the Arctique Pole,

N

And

And drown it in those waters it avoids,
And dares not touch; I'tug the *Hjades*
And make them to sink down in spirit of nature;
I't meet with *Charles his Wayn* and overturn it
And break the *Wheels of't*, till *Bootes* tart
For fear, and grow more flow than e're he was.

Alu. By this good light he'l snuff the *Moon* anon,
Here's words indeed would fright a *Conjurer*,
'Tis pity that these huge *Gigantick* speeches
Are not upon the stage, they would do rarely,
For none would understand them, I could wish
Some Poet here now, with his *Table-book*.

Apru. I'll cuff with *Pollux*, and out-ride thee, *Cassiar*,
When the fierce *Lion* roars I'll pluck his heart out,
And be call'd *Cordelean*; I'll grapple with the *Scorpion*,
Take his sting out and fling him to the earth.

Alu. To me good Sir,
It may perhaps raise me a great estate
With the wing it up and down far pence a piece,
Apru. *Alcides* freed the earth from savage monsters,
And I will free the heavens and be call'd
Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.

Alu. A brave *Catilian* name.
Apru. 'Tis a hard task,
But if that fellow did to much by strength,
I may well do't arm'd both with love and fury.

Alu. Of which thou hast enough.
Apru. Farewel thou rat.
The *Cedar* bids the *Shrub* adieu.

Alu. Farewel
Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.
If thou fear'st any, 'twill be by that name.
This is a wonderful rare fellow, and
I like his humor mightily—who's here?

Enter Traga.

The *Chronicle* of a hundred years ago!
How many crows hath the out-ly'd? fare death
Hath quite forgot her; by this *Menesto mors*
I must invent some trick to help *Palemon*.

Tru. I am going again to *Calidoreus*,
But I have got a better present now,
My own Ring made of good *Ebony*,
Which a young handsome *Shepherd* bestow'd on me
Some fourscore years ago, then they all lov'd me,
I was a handsome *Lads*, I was in those days.

Alu. I fo thou wert I'll warrant, here's good sign of't,
Now I'll begin the work, *Reverend Traga*,
Whose very *Autumn* shews how glorious
The spring-time of your youth was—

Tru. Are you come

To

To put your mocks upon me?

Alu. I do confide indeed my former speeches
Have been too rude and faucy; I have flung
Mad jests too wildly at you; but considering
The reverence which is due to age, and virtue,
I have repented, will you see my tears?

And believe them: Oh for an *Onion* now!
Or I shall laugh aloud; ha, ha, ha!
Tru. Alas good soul I do forgive you truly;
I would not have you weep for me, indeed
I ever thought you would repent at last.

Alu. You might well,
But the right valuing of your worth and virtue
Hath turn'd the folly of my former scorn
Into a wiser reverence, pardon me
If I lay love.

Tru. I, I, withal my heart,
But do you speak sincerely?

Alu. Oh! it grieves me
That you should doubt it, what I spoke before
Were lies, the off-spring of a foolish rattle,
I see some sparks still of your former beauty,
Which spite of time still flourish.

Tru. Why, I am still
So old as you imagined, I am yet
But fourscore years. Am I a *January* now?
How do you think? I always did believe
You'd be of another opinion one day;
I know you did but jest.

Alu. Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes)
How you bely your age—for—let me see—
A man would take you—let me see—for—
Some forty years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred)
Not a jot more I wear.

Tru. Oh no! you flatter me,
But I look something fresh indeed this morning;
I should please *Callidoreus* mightily,
But I'll not go perhaps; this fellow is
As handsome quite as he, and I perceive
He loves me hugely, I protest I will not
Have him grow mad, which he may chance to do
If I should scorn him.

Alu. I have something here
Which I would fain reveal to you; but dare not
Without your license.

Tru. Do in *Pans* name, do; now, now.

Alu. The comely gravity which adorns your age,
And makes you still seem lovely, hath fo frucken me—

Tru. Alas good soul! I must seem coy at first,
But not too long, for fear I should quite lose him.

N 2

Alu. That

Alu. That I shall perish utterly, unless
Your gentle nature help me.

Tru. Alas good Shepherd!
And in troth I fain would help you,
But I am past those vanities of love.

Alu. Oh no!
Wife nature which preserv'd your life till now
Desist because you should enjoy these pleasures
Which do belong to life, if you deny me,
I am undone.

Tru. Well you should not win me
But that I am loth to behold the cause
Of any young mans ruine, do not think it
My want of chastity, but my good nature
Which would see no one hurt.

Alu. Ah pretty fowl!
How tupples, like wax before the Sun!
Now cannot I chuse but kiss her, there's the plague of
Let's then joy'n our hearts, and seal them with a kiss.

Tru. Well, let us then:
'Twere incivility to be your debtor,
I'll give you back again your kiss, sweet-heart,
And come in th' afternoon, I'll see you;
My Husband will be gone to sell some kine,
And *Hylace* tending the sheep, till then

Farewel good Duck.
But do you hear, because you shall remember
To come I'll give thee here this Ebon Ring,
But do not wear it, lest my Husband chance
To see't: Farewel Duck.

Alu. Lest her Husband chance
To see't: the cannot deny this, here's enough
My Scene of Love is done then; is the gone?
He call her back; ho *Truaga Truaga* ho!

Tru. Why do you call me Duck?
Alu. Only to ask one foolish question of thee:
Ha'n't you a Husband?

Tru. Yes, you know I have,
Alu. And do you love him?

Tru. Why do you ask? I do.
Alu. Yet you can be content to make him Cuckold?

Tru. Rather than to see you perish in your flames,
Alu. Why art thou now two hundred years of age,
Yet hast no more discretion but to think

That I could love thee? ha, ha, were't mine
I'd sell thee to some Gardener, thou wouldst feed
To scare away the thieves as well as crows.

Tru. Oh, you're dispos'd to jest I see, Farewel!
Alu. Nay, I'm in very earnest: I love you:
Why thy face is a yizard.

Tru. Leave

Tru. Leave off these tricks, I shall be angry else,
And take away the favours I bestow'd.

Alu. 'Tis known that thou hast eyes by the holes only,
Which are crept farther in, than thy nose out,
And that's almost a yard; thy quarrelling teeth
Of such a colour are, that they themselves
Scare one another, and do stand at distance
Thy skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the bones
(For flesh thou hast not) and is grown to black,
That a wild Centaure would not meddle with thee.
To conclude, Nature made thee when she was
Only dispos'd to jest, and length of time
Hath made thee more ridiculous.

Tru. Bafe villain, is this your love?
Give me my Ring again?

Alu. No, no; folt there:
I intend to bestow it on your Husband;
He'll keep it better far than you have done.

Tru. What shall I do? *Alupie*, good *Alupie*,
Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me.

Alu. No, I'll come to you in the afternoon,
Your Husband will be selling of some kine,
And *Hylace* tending the sheep.

Tru. Pray hear me, command me any thing
And be but silent of this, good *Alupie*;
Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.

Alu. Yes, yes, yes, I will be silent,
I'll only blow a Trumpet on you hill,
Till all the Country Swains are flockt about me,
Then thew the Ring, and tell the passages
'Twill twist you and me.

Tru. Alas! I am undone.
Alu. Well now 'tis ripe; I have had sport enough
Since I beheld your penitential tears
I'll propose this to you, if you can get
Your Daughter to be married to *Pullenon*

This day, for I'll allow no longer time;
To-morrow I'll restore your Ring, and swear
Never to mention what is past betwixt us,
If not—you know what follows—take your choice.

Tru. I'll do my best endeavour.
Alu. Go make haste then,
You know your time's but short, and use it well:

Now if this fall the Devil's in all wit. [Exit *Truaga*.
I'll go and thrust it forward, if it take,

*Flieing away the day,
For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholly,
Let's live here whilst we may.*

The end of the third Act.

A c t.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Callidora, Belula, Florella.

Cal. Pray follow me no more, methinks that modesty
Which is so lively painted in your face
Should prompt your maiden heart with fears and blushes
To trust your self in so much privateness
With one you know not.

Bell. I should love those fears
And call them hopes, could I persuade my self,
There were so much heat in you as to cause them;
Prudence leave me; if thou do'st hope success
To thine own love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

Flo. If love cause you
To follow him, how can you angry be?
Because love forces me without resistance
To do the same to you?

Bell. Love should not grow
So subtle as to play with arguments.

Flo. Love should not be an enemy to reason.

Cal. To love is of it self a kind of folly,
But to love one who cannot render back,
Equal desire, is nothing else but madness.

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a lesson he should learn.

Flo. Not to love is of it self a kind of hardness,
But not to love him who hath always wo'd you
With chaste desires, is nothing less than tyranny.

Bell. Tell him so; 'tis a lesson he should learn.

Cal. Why do you follow him that flies from you?

Flo. Why do you flee from him that follows you?

Bell. Why do you follow? Why do you flee from me?

Call. The Fates command me that I must not love you.

Flo. The Fates command me that I needs must love you.

Bell. The Fates impose the like command on me,
That you I must, that you I cannot love.

Flo. Unhappy man! when I begin to cloath
My Love with words, and court her with persuasions,
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her brow
Of the least wrinkle which fate there befores;
So when the waters with an amorous noise
Leap up and down, and in a wanton dance
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond embraces,
And darts them back; till they with terror scatter'd,
Drop down again in tears.

Bell. Unhappy woman!

When I begin to thew him all my passion,
He flies from me, and will not clear his brow

OF

Of any cloud which covered it before;
So when the ravishing Nightingale hath tun'd
Her mournful notes, and fillen'd all the Birds,
Yet the deaf wind flits by, and in disdain
With a rude whistle leaves her.

Cl. We are all three
Unhappy; born to be the proud example
Of Loves great God-head, not his God-like goodness,
Let us not call upon ourselves those miseries
Which love hath not, and those it hath best bravely,
Our desires yet are like some hidden text,
Where one word seems to contradict another,
They are Loves non-fence, wrapt up in thick clouds,
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,
Which doublets 'twill; till then let us endure,
And found a parlee to our passions.

Bell. We may joyn hands though, may we not?

Flo. We may, and lips too, may we not?

Bell. We may; come let's sit down and talk.

Cal. And look upon each other.

Flo. Then kiss again.

Bell. Then look.

Cal. Then talk again,

What are we like? the hand of Mother Nature
Would be quite pos'd to make our simile.

Flo. We are the Trigon in Loves Hemisphere.

Bell. We are three strings on *Penns* dainty lute,

Where all three hinder one anothers music,

Yet all three joyn and make one harmony.

Cal. We are three flowers of *Penns* dainty garden,

Where all three hinder one anothers odor,

Yet all three joyn, and make one nosegay up.

Flo. Come let us kiss again.

Bell. And look.

Call. And talk.

Flo. Nay rather tunc, your lips are natures organs,
And made for nought less sweet than harmony.

Call. Pray do.

Bell. Though I forfeit

My little skill in fingering to your wit,

Yet I will do't, since you command.

SONG.

It is a punishment to love,
And not to love a punishment doth prove;
But of all pains there's no such pain,
As 'tis to love, and not be lov'd again.

Till

Till sixteen, Parents we obey,
After sixteen, men steal our hearts away:
How wretched are we women grown,
Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are not our own!

Cal. Thank you.
Flo. For ever be the tales of *Orpheus* silent,
Had the same age seen thee, that very Poet,
Who drew all to him by his harmony,
Thou would'st have drawn to thee.

Cal. Come, shall we rise?

Bell. If it please you, I will.

Cal. I cannot chuse

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken
Much with the scirious trifles of their passion.
Let's go and see, if we can break this net
In which we all are caught; if any man

Ask who we are, we'll say we are *Loves Riddle*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hægon, Palemon, Alpis.
Pal. Thou art my better Genus, honest *Hægon*.

Alu. And what am I?

Pal. My self, my soul, my friend.

Let me hug thee *Alpis*, and thee *Hægon*,

The for inventing it, thee for putting it

In act; But do you think the plot will hold?

Alu. Hold? why I'll warrant thee it shall hold,

Till we have ty'd you both in wedlock fast,

Then let the bonds of Matrimony hold you

If it will, if that will not neither, I can tell you

What will I'm sure; a Halter.

Then sing, &c.

Hæg. Come, shall we knock?

Alu. I do; For tis, &c.

Hæg. Ho *Traga*; who's within there?

Alu. You, *Winter*, Ho, you that the grave expected

Some hundred years ago, you that intend

To live till you run skeleton, and make

All men awery of you but Physicians,

Pox on you, will you come.

Enter Traga.

Tru. I come, I come, who's there? who's there

Alu. Oh, in good time,

Are you crawl'd here at last? what are you ready

To give your Daughter up? the time makes haste,

Look here, do you know this Ring?

Tru. Haik aide I pray,

You have not told these, have you?

Alu. No good Duck,

Only I told them that your mind was altered,

And that you lik'd *Palemon*, so we three

Come

Came here to plot the means.

Tru. So, so, you're welcome; I will go in and talk about it? [Exeunt.]

Enter Hylæce.

Hyl. I wonder why my Mother should invite

Alpis and *Palemon* into th' house;

She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind

Which the her self was of but yesterday,

Besides as soon as they came in, the bid me

To get me gone, and leave them there in private;

By your good favour Mother, I must be

For this time disobedient; here I'll hearken.

Enter Traga, Palemon, Hægon, Alpis.

Hæg. Come I'll tell you,

You know your Husband hath refused *Palemon*

Because his means were not unequal only

To his desires, but to your Daughters portion,

To save this grand exception of *Melarnus*,

I'll promise that *Palemon* shall be made

My heir.

Tru. Alas he knows you have a Daughter!

Hæg. It is reported she is slain in love

With the new Shepherd, for which cause I've seen

To be incens'd most sharply, and forswear

E're to acknowledge her for child of mine.

Tru. Tis very well;

It grieves me truly that *Palemon* should

Alu. Perish in his own flames; it's not so *Traga*?

I know you're gentle; and your peevish Daughter

Had not her cruelty from you, good foul.

Pal. Why do we stay? each minute that we lose to you is only

A minute, but to me a day at least,

Why are we not now seeking of *Melarnus*?

Why if he not yet found? alas, that's nothing,

Metthink he should have given consent e're this,

Why are not I and beauteous *Hylæce*

Married together?

Hyl. Soft good hasty Lover,

I shall quite break the neck of your large hopes,

Or I'm mistaken much.

Hæg. Come let's be gone

Traga, Farewel. Be silent and assilant.

Alu. Or else you know what I have; go, no more,

Tru. I'll warrant you: I am not to be taught

At this age, I thank *Pav*, in such a business. [Exeunt.]

Farewel all.

Alu. Come sing, &c.

Hyl. I know not whether grief or else amazement

Seizeth me most, to see my aged Mother

Grow so unnatural; I fain would weep,

O

But

But when I think with what an unfeard' blow
I shall quite dash their cunning, I can hardly
Bridle in laughter, Fate helps the innocent, aims but at our eyes;
Although my Mother's fall, the Gods are true. [Exit.]

Enter Clariana and her Maid.

Cl. Did you command the servants to withdraw?
Ma. I did forsooth.

Cl. And have you shut the doors? Ma. Yes.

Cl. Is there none can overhear our talk?

Ma. Your curious enquiry much amazes me.

And I could with you would excuse my boldness

If I should ask the reason.

Cl. Thou knowest well

That thou hast found me always liker to

Thy Kinswoman than Mistress, that thy breast

Has been the Cabinet of all my secrets,

This I tell thee, not as an exprobration,

But because I must requite thy faith

And counsel here. And therefore prithee swear —

Ma. Swear, to do what?

Cl. To be more silent than the dead of night,

And to thy power to help me.

Ma. Would my power

To assist you were as ready as my will,

And for my tongue, that Mistress I'll condemn

Unto perpetual silence, e're it shall

Betray the smallest word that you commit to't.

By all —

Cl. Nay do not swear, I will not wrong thy virtue

To bind it with an oath, I'll tell thee all;

Doth not my face seem paler than 'twas wont?

Doth not my eye look as it borrowed flame

From my fond heart; could not my frequent weepings,

My sudden sighs, and abrupt speeches tell thee

What I am grown to?

Ma. You are the same you were,

Or else my eyes are liars.

Cl. No, I'm a wretched Lover; couldst thou not

Read that out of my blushes? fie upon thee;

Thou art a novice in Loves School I see;

Trust me I envy at thy ignorance,

That canst not find out *Cupid's* characters

In a lost Maid, sure thou didst never know him.

Ma. Would you doubt trust me with his name,

Sure he had charms about him that might tempt

Chast' Virgins, or move a Scythian rock

When he thot fire into your chaster breast.

Cl. I am assur'd to tell thee, prithee ghes him.

Ma. Why 'tis impossible.

Cl. Thou saw'st the Gentleman whom I this morning

Brought

Brought in to be my guest.

Ma. Yes, but an ignorant, who, or from whence he is.

Cl. Thou shalt know all;

The freshness of the morning did invite me

To walk abroad, there I began to think

How I had lost my Brother, that one thought

Like circles in the water begat many,

Those and the pleasant verdure of the fields

Made me forget the way, and did critic me

Farther than either fear or modesty

Elie would have suffered me, beneath an Oak

Which spread a flourishing Canopy round about,

And was it self alone almost a Wood,

I found a Gentleman distracted strangely,

Crying aloud for either food or sleep,

And knocking his white hands against the ground,

Making that groan like me, when I beheld it,

Pity, and fear, both proper to us women,

Drove my feet back far swifter than they went,

When I came home, I took two servants with me

And fetch'd the Gentleman, hither I brought him,

And with such cheer as then the house afforded,

Replenish'd him, he was much mended suddenly,

Is now asleep, and when he wakes, I hope,

Will find his senses perfect.

Ma. You did thew

In this, what never was a stranger to you,

Much piety; but wander from your subject:

You have not yet discover'd, who it is

Deserves your love.

Cl. Fie, fie, how dull thou art,

Thou do'st not use in other things to be so;

Why I love him; his name I cannot tell thee;

For 'tis my great unhappine's to be

Still ignorant of that my self. He comes,

Look, this is he, but do not grow my rival if thou canst chuse.

Ma. You need not fear forsooth. [Enter Aphron.]

Cl. Leave me alone with him; withdraw.

Ma. I do. [Exit Maid.]

Aph. Where am I now? under the Northern Pole

Where a perpetual Winter binds the ground

And glazeth up the floods? or where the Sun

With neighbouring rays bakes the divided earth,

And drinks the Rivers up? or do I sleep?

It's not some foolish dream deludes my fancy?

Who am I? I begin to question that,

Was nor my Country *Sicily* & my name

Call'd *Aphron*, wretched *Aphron*?

Cl. Ye good Gods

Forbid; is this that man who was the cause

O 2

Of

Of all the grief for *Callidora's* loss?
Is this the man that I do oft have curs'd?
Now I could almost hate him, and methinks
He is not quite so handsome as he was;
And yet alas he is, though by his means
My Brother is gone from me, and Heaven knows
If I shall see him more, Fool as I am,
I cannot chuse but love him.

Ap. Cheat me not good eyes,
What Woman, or what Angel do I see?
Oh stay, and let me worship e're thou goest,
Whether thou beest a Goddess which thy beauty
Commands me to believe, or else some mortal
Which I the rather am induc'd to think,
Because I know the Gods all hate me so,
They would not look upon me.

Cl. Spare these titles,
I am a wretched woman, who for pity
(Alas that I should pity!) had been better
That I had been remorless) brought you hither, [Aside.
Where with some food and rest, thanks to the Gods
Your senses are recovered.

Ap. My good Angel!
I do remember now that I was mad
For want of meat and sleep, thrice did the Sun
Chear all the world but me, thrice did the night
With silent and bewitching darkness give
A resting time to every thing but *Aphron*.
The fish, the beasts, the birds, the smallest creatures
And the most despicable snor'd securely.
The aguish head of every tree by *Æolus*
Was rock'd asleep, and thook as if it nodded.
The crooked mountains seem'd to bow and slumber,
The very rivers ceas'd their daily murmur,
Nothing did watch, but the pale Moon, and I
Paler than she; grief wedded to this toyl,
What else could it beget but frantickness?
But now methinks, I am my own, my brain
Swims not as it was wont; O brightest Virgin
Shew me some way by which I may be grateful,
And if I do't not, let an eternal Phrenzy
Immediately seize on me.

Cl. Alas! 'twas only
My love, and if you will reward me for't,
Pay that I lent you, I'll reward no Interferer,
The Principal's enough.

Ap. You speak in fits.
Cl. You're loth perhaps to understand.
Ap. If you intend that I should love and honour you,
I do by all the Gods.

Cl. But

Cl. But I am covetous in my demands,
I am not satisfied with wind-like promises
Which only touch the lips; I ask your heart,
Your whole heart for me, in exchange of mine,
Which I gave to you.

Ap. Ha! you amaze me.
Oh! you have spoken something worse than lightning,
That blasts the inward parts, leaves the outward whole,
My gratitude commands me to obey you,
But I am born a man, and have those passions
Fighting within me, which I must obey.
Whilst *Callidora* lives, although the be
As cruel, as thy breast is soft and gentle;
'Tis sin for me to think of any other.

Cl. You cannot love me then?
Ap. I do, I swear,
Above my self I do? my self? what said I?
Alas! that's nothing; above any thing
But Heaven and *Callidora*.

Cl. Fare you well then,
I would not do that wrong to one I love,
To urge him farther than his power and will;
Farewel, remember me when you are gone,
And happy in the love of *Callidora*. [Exit.

Ap. When I do not, may I forget my self,
Would I were mad again; then I might rave
With privilege, I should not know the griefs
That hurried me about, 'twere better far
To lose the senses, than be tortured by them.
Where is the gone? I did not ask her name,
Fool that I was, alas poor Gentlewoman?
Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods,
Is't not enough that I my self am miserable,
Must I make others so too? I'll go in
And comfort her; alas! how can I though?
I'll grieve with her, that is still a comfort.

Enter Alphi, Melanrus, Traga, Palamon, Ægen. [Exit.
Pal. Before when you denied your Daughter to me,
'Twas Fortunes fault, not mine, but since good Fate,
Or rather *Ægen*, better far than Fate,
Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, riches,
I see not with what countenance you can
Coin any second argument against me.

Mel. Come, no matter for that;
Yes, I could wish you were less eloquent,
You have a vice call'd Poese which much
Displeaseth me, but no matter for that neither.
Alu. Alas! he'll leave that freight
When he has got but money; he that swims
In *Traga*, never will go back to *Helicon*.

Besides,

Besides, when he hath married *Hylace*,
Whom should he wooe, to praise her comely feature,
Her skin like falling snow, her eyes like Stars,
Her cheeks like Roles (which are common places
Of all your Lovers praises) Oh! those vanities,
Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mittris,
Are by a Mittris first begot, and left
When they leave her.

Pal. Why do you think that Poefie
An art which even the Gods

Alu. Pox on your arts,
Let him think what he will; what's that to you?

Æg. Well, I would gladly have an answer of you,
Since I have made *Palemon* here my son,
If you conceive your Daughter is so good,
We will not press you, but seek out some other
Who may perhaps please me and him as well.

Pal. Which is impossible —
Alu. Rest on your possibilities —

Thy mouth like a crackt fiddle never sounds
But out of tune; come, put on *Traga*,
You'll never speak unless I shew the Ring.

Tru. Yes, yes, I do, I do; do ye hear (sweet heart?)
Are you mad to fling away a fortune
That's thrust upon you, you know *Ægon's* rich.

Mel. Come, no matter for that,
That's thrust upon me? I would fain see any man
Thrust ought upon me; but's no matter for that,
I will do that which I intend to do,

And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me?

Pal. Come, what say you *Melarnus*?

Mel. What say I? 'tis no matter what I say,
I'll speak to *Ægon*, if I speak to any,
And not to you; but no matter for that;

Hark you, will you leave all the means you have
To this *Palemon*?

Tru. I Duck, he says he will.

Mel. Pish, 'tis no matter for that, I'll heat him say so.

Æg. I will, and here do openly protest,
That since my *Bellula* (mine that was once)

Thinks her self wifer than her Father is,
And will be govern'd rather by her passions,
Than by the square that I prescribe to her,

That I will never count her as my Daughter.

Alu. Well acted by God *Pan*, see but what 'tis
To have me for a tutor in these rogueries.

Mel. But tell me now, good neighbor, what estate
Do you intend to give him?

Æg. That estate
Which Fortune and my care hath given to me,

The

The money which I have, and that's not much,
The Sheep, and Goats.

Mel. And not the Oxen too?

Æg. Yes, every thing.

Mel. The Horses too?

Æg. I tell you, every thing.

Alu. By *Pan* he'll make him promise him particularly
Each thing above the value of a Beans-draw:

You'll leave him the pails too, to milk the Kine in,
And Harness for the Horses, will you not?

Mel. I, I, what else; but 'tis no matter for that,
I know *Palemon's* an ingenious man,
And love him therefore; but's no matter for that neither.

Æg. Well, since we are both agreed, why do we stay here?
I know *Palemon* longs t' embrace his *Hylace*.

Mel. I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this hour
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you so,
Farewel my Son-in-law that shall be,
But's no matter for that: Farewel all!

Come *Traga*. [*Exeunt Melarnus and Traga.*]

Æg. Come on then, let's not stay too long in trifling,
Palemon go, and prepare your self against the time.

I'll go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plot,
Lest this unwelcome news should too much grieve her,
Before she know my meaning.

Alu. Do, do; and I'll go study
Some new-found ways to vex the fool *Melarnus*.

*For 'tis but a folly,
To be melancholly, &c.*

Enter Florellus.

Whilst *Callidorus* lives, I cannot love thee.

These were her parting words; I'll kill him then;
Why do I doubt it fool? such wounds as these
Require no gentler medicine; methinks Love
Frowns at me now, and says I am too dull,

Too slow in his command; and yet I will not,
These hands are Virgins yet, unshar'd with villany,
Shall I begin to teach them? — methinks Piety
Frowns at me now, and says, I am too weak
Against my passions. Piety! —

'Twas fear begot that Bugbear; for thee *Bellula*
I durst be wicked, though I saw *Jove's* hand
Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt: Farewel,
(If thou beest any thing, and not a shadow
To fright boys and old women) Farewel conscience,
Go and be strong in other petty things,
To Lovers come, when Lovers may make use of thee,
Not else: and yet, — what shall I do or say?
I see the better way, and know 'tis better,
Yet still this devious error draws me backward.

30

So when contrary winds rush out and meet,
And wrestle on the Sea with equal fury,
The waves swell into mountains, and are driven
Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two
Which Captain to obey.

Enter Alupis.

Alu. Ha, ha, I've had such excellent sport,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

Flo. Why here's a fellow now makes sport of every thing,
See one man's fate how it excels another,
He can sit, and pass away the day in jollity,
My musick is his sighs, whilst tears keep time.

Alu. Who's here? a most rare posture!
How the good foul folds in his arms! I dream
Sure that he hugs his Miltis now, for that
Is his disease without all doubts, so good,
With what judicious garb he plucks his hat,
Over his eyes; so, so, good! better yet;
He cries; by this good light, he cries, the man
Is careful, and intends to water his sheep
With his own tears; ha, ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Do'it thou see any thing that deserves thy laughter,
Fond Swain?

Alu. I see nothing in good troth but you.

Flo. To jest those who are Fates may game
Is a redoubled fault; for 'tis both fin,
And folly too; our life is so uncertain
Thou canst not promise that thy mirth shall last
To morrow, and not meet with any rub,
Then thou may'st act that part, to day thou laugh'st at.

Alu. I act a part? it must be in a Comedy then,
I abhor Tragedies; besides, I never
Practis'd this posture: Hey ho! woe, alas!
Why do I live? my musick is my sighs
Whilst tears keep time.

Flo. You take too great a licence to your wit;
Wit, did I say? I mean, that which you think so,
And it deserves my pity, more than anger,
Else you should find, that blows are heavier far
Than the most studied jests you can throw at me.

Alu. Faith it will be but labour lost to beat me,
All will not teach me how to act this part;
Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull rogue, and so
Shall never learn it.

Flo. You're unmannerly
To talk thus fawcily with one you know not,
Nay, hardly ever saw before, be gone.
And leave me as you found me, my worst thoughts
Are better company than thou.

Alu. Enjoy them then,

Here's

Here's no body desires to rob you of them.
I would have left your company without bidding,
'Tis not so pleasant, I remember well,
When I had spent all my money, I stood thus,
And therefore hate the posture ever since.
D'ye hear? I'm going to a wedding now;
If you've a mind to dance, come along with me,
Bring your hard-hearted Miltis with you too,
Perhaps I may persuade her, and tell her
Your Musick's sighs, and that your tears keep time.
Will you not go? Farewel then, good Tragicall Actor.
Now have at thee Melanchole! For 'tis but a folly, &c. [Exit.]

Flo. Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd; She is hard
As rocks which suffer the continual siege
Of Sea and wind against them; but I will
Win her or lose (which I should gladly do)
My self: my self; why so I have already;
Ho! who hath found *Florelus*? he is lost,
Lost to himself, and to his Parents likewise,
(Who having mis'd me, do by this time search
Each corner for to find me) Oh! *Florelus*,
Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched,
Hard is the Physick, harder the Disease.

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Alupis, Palamon, Agon.

Pal. THE Gods convert these *omens* into good,
And mock my fears; thrice in the very threshold,
Without its Masters leave my foot hood still,
Thrice in the way it stumbled.

Alu. Thrice, and thrice
You were a fool then for observing it.
Why these are follies the young years of *Traga*
Did hardly know; are they not vanities yet?

Alu. Blame not my fear: that's *Cupid's* uth'er always;
Though *Hylas* were now in my embraces,
I should half doubt it.

Alu. If you chang'd to stumble.
Ag. Let him enjoy his madness, the same liberty
He'll grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

Alu. I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one
I should not be dismay'd because the threshold—
Pal. Alas! that was not all, as I came by

P

The

The Oak to *Fawnus* sacred, where the Shepherds
Exercise rural sports on Fetiivals,
On that trees top an inauspicious Crow
Foretold some ill to happen.

Fig. And heauce Crows, you interpret it
Foretold wet weather, you interpret it
The rain of your own eyes; but leave these tricks
And let me advise you.

Melarnus speaking to Hylace within his door.
Mel. Well come, no matter for that; I do believe thee, girl,
And would they have such sport with vexing me
But's no matter for that; I'll vex them for't,
I know your fiery lover will be here frait,
But I shall cool him; but come, no matter for that:
Go get you in, for I do see them coming.

Fig. Here comes *Melarnus*.
Pal. He looks cheerfully, I hope all's well?
Fig. Melarnus, opportunely: we were coming
Just now unto you.

Mel. Yes, very likely; would you have spoken with me?
Fig. Spoken with you?

Why, are you mad? have you forgot your promise?
Mel. My promise? oh! 'tis true, I laid indeed,
I would go with you to day to sell some Kine,
Stay but a little, I'll be ready straight.

Pal. I am amaz'd; good *Figon* speak to him.
Alu. By this good light,

I see no likelihood of any marriage,
Except betwix the Kine and Oxen. Hark you luther;
A rot upon your Beasts; is *Hylace* ready?

Mel. It's no matter for that! who's there? *Alupis*?
Give me thy hand 'faith, thou'rt a merry fellow,
I have not seen thee here these many days,
But now I think e'nt, it's no matter for that neither.

Alu. Thy memory's fled away sure with thy wit,
Was not I here less than an hour ago.

With *Figon*, when you made the match?
Mel. Oh! then you'll go along with us,
Faith do; for you will make us very merry.

Alu. I shall, if you thus make a fool of me.
Mel. Oh no! you'll make you sport with vexing me,
But num's; no matter for that neither: there
I hood'd him privately, I think.

Fig. Come, what's the business?
Alu. The business? why he's mad, beyond the cure
Of all the herbs grow in *Antiochia*.

Fig. You see we have not fall'd our word *Melarnus*,
I and my Son are come.

Mel. My Son! good lack!
I thought, I swear, you had no other child.

Besides

Besides your Daughter *Bellula*.
Fig. Nay, then

I see you are dispos'd to make us fools,
Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent
To adopt *Palemom* for my Son and Heir?

Alu. Did not you examine
Whether he would leave him all, left that he should
Adopt some other Heir to the Cheefe-prefes,
The Milking-pails, the Cream bowls? did you not?

Mel. In troth 'tis well; but where's *Bellula*?
Fig. Nay, prithee leave these tricks, and tell me
What you intend, is *Hylace* ready?

Mel. Ready? what else? she's to be married presently
To a young Shepherd; but's no matter for that.

Pal. That's I, hence fears;
Attend upon the infancy of love,
She's now mine own.

Alu. Why I; did not the Crow on the Oak foretel you this?
Mel. Hylace, Hylace, come forth,
Here's some are come to dance at your Wedding,
And they're welcome.

Pal. The light appears, just like the rising Sun,
When o're you hill it peeps, and with a draught
Of morning dew salutes the day, how fast
The night of all my sorrow flies away,
Quite banish'd with her light!

Hy. Did you call for me?
Mel. Is *Damatus* come? fire, how flow he is
At such a time? but it's no matter for that;
Well get you in, and prepare to welcome him,
Quite banish'd with her light!

Pal. Will you be gone so quickly? oh! bright *Hylace*,
That blessed hour by me to often begg'd,
By you off deny'd, is now approaching.

Mel. What, how now? what do you kiss her?
If *Damatus* were here, he would grow jealous,
But 'tis a parting kiss, and so in manners
She cannot deny it you; but it's no matter for that.

Alu. How?
Mel. What do you wonder at?
Why do you think as soon as they are married,
Damatus such a fool, to let his Wife
Be kill'd by every body?

Pal. How now *Damatus*?
Why what hath he to do with her?

Mel. Ha, ha!
What hath the Husband then to do with? Wife?
Good! 'tis no matter for that though; he knows what, now
Fig. You mean *Palemom* sure, ha, do you not?

Mel. 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean,
Well, rest ye merry Gentlemen, I must

And see my Daughters wedding, if you please
To dance with us; *Dametis* sure will thank ye;
Pray bring your Son and heir *Palemon* with you,
Bellula's cult away, ha, ha, ha!

And the poor fool *Melarnus* must be cheated,
But it's no matter for that; how now *Alpiss*?
I thought you would have had most excellent sport
With abusing poor *Melarnus*? that same coxcomb,
For he's a fool; but it's no matter for that,

Egon hath cheated him, *Palemon* is
Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alpiss*
Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha!
But it's no matter for that; farewell genteles,
Or if ye'l come and dance, ye shall be welcome.

Will you *Palemon*? 'tis your Mistress wedding.
I am a fool, a coxcomb, gull'd on every side,
No matter for that though; what I have done, I have done:
Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit.
Eg. How now? what are you both dumb? both thunder-frook?
This was your plot *Alpiss*.

Alu. Ile begin.
May his sheep rot, and he for want of food
Be forc'd to eat them then; may every man
Abuse him, and yet he not have the wit
To abuse any man; may he never speak

More sense than he did now; and may he never
Be rid of his old Wife *Traga*; may his Son—
In-law be a more famous Cuckold made
Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

Pal. Fool as thou art, the Sun shall lose his courtesie,
And brightnes too, ere *Hylace* her chastity.
Oh no! ye Gods, may he be happy always,
Happy in the embraces of *Dametis*;
And that shall be some comfort to my ghost
When I am dead, and dead I shall be shortly.

Alu. May a disease seize upon his Cattle,
And a far worse on him, till he be left
Be carried to some Hospital 'th City,
And there kill'd by a Chirurgion for experience.
And when he's gone, Ile with this good thing for him,
May the earth lie gently on him—that the dogs
May tear him up the easier.

Eg. A curse upon thee!
And upon me for trusting thy fond counsels!
Was this your cunning trick? why thou hast wounded
My confidence, and my reputation too.
With what face can I look on the other Swains
Or who will ever trust me, who have broke
My faith thus openly?

Pal. A curse upon thee.
This

This is the second time that thy persuasions
Made me not only fool, but wicked too;
I should have died in quiet else, and known
No other wound, but that of her denial;
Go now, and brag how thou hast us'd *Palemon*;
But yet methinks you might have chose some other
For subject of your mirth, not me.

Eg. Nor me.
Alu. And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder
Who it should be, betray'd us, since we three
And *Traga* only knew it, whom, if she
Betray'd us, I—) if this, I say, had prospered,
You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,
And him for putting it in act; foolish men
That do not mark the thing but the event!
Your judgments hang on fortune, not on reason.

Eg. Do't thou upbraid us too?
Pal. First make us wretched,
And then laugh at us? believe, *Alpiss*,
Thou that not long have crule to boast thy villany.

Alu. My villany? do what ye can: you're fools,
And there's an end; I'll talk with you no more,
I had as good speak reason to the wind

As you, that can but hiss at it.
Eg. We will do more; *Palemon*, come away,
He hath wrong'd both, and both shall satisfie.
Alu. Which he will never do; nay, go and plod,
Your two wife brains will invent certainly
Politick gins to catch me in.

And now have at thee *Traga*, if I find
That thou art guilty; mum, — I have a Ring—
Palemon, *Egon*, *Hylace*, *Melarnus*;
Are all against me; no great matter: hang care,
For 'tis but a folly, &c.

[Exit.
Enter *Bellula*.
This way my *Callidorus* went, what chance
Hath snatch'd him from my sight? how shall I find him?

How shall I find my self, now I have lost him?
With ye my feet and eyes I will not make
The smallest truce, till ye have sought him out.

[Exit.
Enter *Callidorus* and *Florellus*.
Come, now your business.

Fl. 'Tis a fatal one,
Which will almost as much shame me to speak,
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.
I am accus'd to do military,

That cannot do.
Fl. Oh! 'tis a fin young man, 'tis a fin which every one shall wonder at;
None

None not condemn, if ever it be known?
Methinks my blood shrinks back into my veins,
And my affrighted hairs are turn'd to bristles.
Do not my eyes creep back into their cells;
As if they fear'd to with for thicker darkness,
Than either night or death to cover them?
Doth not my face look black and horrid too?
As black and horrid as my thoughts? ha! tell me.

Cal. I am a novice in all villainies,
If your intents be such, dismiss me, pray,
My nature is more call'd to discover
Than help you; so farewell.

Flo. Yet stay a little longer; you must stay;
You are an actor in this Tragedy.

Cal. What would you do?

Flo. Alas! I would do nothings; but I must—
Cal. What must you do?

Flo. I must—Love thou hast got the victory—
Kill thee.

Cal. Who? me? you do but jest,
I should believe you, if I could tell how
To frame a cause, or think on any injury
Worth such a large revenge, which I have done you.

Flo. Oh no! there's all the wickedness they may seem
To find excuse for their abhorred fact;
That kill when wrongs, and anger urge them
Because thou art so good, so affable.

So full of graces, both of mind and body,
Therefore I kill thee, with thou know it plainly,
Because whilst thou art living, *Bellula*
Professed the would never be another,
Therefore I kill thee.

Cal. Had I been your Rival
You might have had some cause; cause did I say?
You might have had pretence for such a villainy:
He who unjustly kills is twice a murderer.

Flo. He whom love bids to kill is not a murderer.
Cal. Call not that love that's ill; 'tis only fury.

Flo. Fury in ill is half excusable;
Therefore prepare thy self; if any sin
(Though I believe thy hot and flourishing youth
As innocent as other mens' natures)
Hath slung a spot upon thy pure conscience,
Wash it in some few tears.

Cal. Are you resolv'd to be so cruel?
Flo. I must, or be as cruel to my self.

Cal. As sick men do their beds, to have I yet
Enjoy'd my self, with little rest, much trouble;
I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,
And an almost worn out with often playing;

And

And

And therefore I would entertain my death
As some good friend whose coming I expected;
Were it not that my Parents—

Flo. Here; see, I do not come
Like a foul murderer to intrap you fully,
Take your own choice, and then defend your self.
Cal. 'Tis nobly done; and thus it might be so,
Although my strength and courage call me woman,
I will not die like sheep without resistance,
If innocence be guard sufficient,
I'm sure he cannot hurt me.

Flo. Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on yon spreading tree
Hath founded out your dying knell already.
Cal. I am.

Flo. 'Tis well, and I could wish thy hand
Were strong enough; 'tis thou deservest the victory;
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* engraven
In all my thoughts, I would my self play booty
Against my self; But *Bellula*—come on.

Enter Philitus.

This is the Wood adjoining to the Farm,
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*
My Sister, to remain till my return;

Here 'tis in vain to seek her, yet who knows?
Though it be in vain to seek her, to him that dath
Propose no journeys end, to path's amidst
Why how now? what do you mean? for shame part *Shepherds*,
I thought you honest *Shepherds*, had not had
So much of Court and City follies in you.

Flo. 'Tis *Philitus*; I hope he will not know me,
Now I begin to see how black and horrid
My attempt was; how much unlike *Florellus*,
Thanks to the father Deities for declining
From both the danger, and from me the fine.

Phil. I would be a wrong to charity to dismiss ye
Before I see you friends, give me your weapons.

Cal. 'Tis he; why do I doubt? most willingly
And my self too, best man; now kill me *Shepherd*.

Phil. What do you mean!
Rise, prithee rise; sure you have wounded him.

Enter Bellula.
Decieve me not good eyes; what do I see?
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impossible!
Who is it that lies flat there? are you dumb?
Who is't I pray?

Flo. Fair *Mistress*,
Bell. Pith, fair *Mistress*,

I ask you 'tis; if it be *Callidorus*—

Phil. Was his name *Callidorus*? it is strange.
Bell. You are a villain, and you too a villain,

Let

Wake

Wake *Callidora*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*
That calls thee, wake, it is thy *Bellula*
Why Gentlemen? why Shepherd? lie for shame,
Have you no charity? O my *Callidora*!
Speak but one word.

Cal. 'Tis not well doneto trouble me,
Why do you envy me this little rest?

Bell. No; I will follow thee. [*Swoons.*]

Flo. O help, help quickly,

What do you mean? your *Callidora* lives.

Bell. *Callidora*!

Flo. And will be well immediately, take courage,

Look up a little: wretched as I am,

I am the cause of all this ill.

Phil. What shall we do? I have a Sister dwells

Close by this place, let's haste to bring them thither.

But let's be sudden.

Flo. As wing'd lightning is.

Come *Bellula* in fright of Fortune now

I do embrace thee.

Phil. I did protest without my *Callidora*

Ne'te to return, but pity hath o'recome.

Bell. Where am I?

Flo. Where I could always with thee: in thofe arms

Which would infold thee with more subtle knots,

Than amorous Ivy, whilst it hugs the Oak.

Cal. Where do ye bear me? is *Philifus* here?

Phil. How should he know my name? 'tis to me a riddle,

Nay Shepherd find another time to court in,

Make haste now with your burthen. [*Exeunt.*]

Flo. With what ease should I go always were I burthened thus!

Enter Aphron.

She told me she was Sister to *Philifus*,

Who having mist the beaucous *Callidora*,

Hath undertook a long, and hopeles journey

To find her out; then *Callidora*'s fled,

Without her Parents knowledge, and who knows

When she'll return, or if she do, what then?

Lambs will make peace, and joyne themselves with Wolves

Ere the with me, worse than a Wolf to her:

Besides, how durst I undertake to court her?

How dare I look upon her after this?

Foot as I am, I will forget her quite,

And *Clariana* shall henceforth— but yet

How fair the was I: what then? 'tis *Clariana*;

What graces did the dart on all beholders?

She did; but so does *Clariana* too,

She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble,

What then? She was as hard too; *Clariana*;

Is pure and white as *Ericina*'s Doves,

And

And is as soft, as gallets too as they,
Her pity fav'd my life, and did restore
My wandering senses, if I should not love her,
I were far madder now, than when she found me,
I will go in and render up my self—
For her most faithful servant.

Wonderful!

She has lockt me in, and keeps me here her prisoner:

In these two chambers; what can she intend?

No matter, she intends no hurt I'm sure,

I'll patiently expect her coming to me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Demophil, Spodala, Clariana, Florellus, Callidora,

Bellula, Philifus.

Dem. My Daughter found again, and Son return'd!

Ha, ha! methinks it makes me young again.

My Daughter and my Son meet here together!

Philifus with them too! that we should come

To grieve with *Clariana*, and find her here.

Nay, when we thought we had lost *Florellus* too

To find them both, methinks it makes me young again.

Spo. I thought I never should have seen thee more

My *Callidora*; come wench, now let's hear,

The story of your flight and life in the Woods.

Phil. Do happy Mistris for the recordation,

Of fore-past ills, makes us the sweetier relish

Our present good.

Cal. Of *Aphrons* love to me, and my antipathy

Towards him, there's none here ignorant, you know too.

How guarded with his love, or rather fury,

And some few men he broke into our house

With resolution to make me the prey

Of his wild lust.

Spo. I, there's a villain now; oh! that I had him here,

Cl. Oh! say not so:

The crimes which Lovers for their Mistris act,

Bear both the weight and stamp of piety.

Dem. Come girls; go on, go on: His wild lust—

Cl. What sudden fear thook me, you may imagine,

What should I do; you both were out of Town,

I on the sudden found a corner out,

And hid my self, till they wearied with searching,

Quitted the house, but fearing left they should

Attempt the same again e're your return,

I took with me money and other necessaries;

And in a sute my Brother left behind

D disguis'd my self: thus to the Woods I went,

Where meeting with an honest merry Swain,

I by his help was furnish'd, and made Shepherd.

Spo. Nay, I must needs say for her, she was always

A wit-

A witty wench.

Dem. Pish, pish: and made a Shepherd—

Cal. It hapned that this gentle Shepherdess

(I can attribute it to nought in me

Deferd'd so much) began to love me.

Phil. Why do did all besides I'e warrant you,

Nor can I blame them, though they were my rival.

Cal. Another Shepherd with as much desire

Wooded her in vain, as she in vain wooded me,

Who facing that no hope was left for him,

Whilft I enjoy'd this lite I enjoy his *Bellula*,

(For by that name she's known) fought to take me

Out of the way as a partition

Betwixt his Love and him, whilft in the fields

We two were frugging, (him his strength defending,

And me my innocence.)

Flo. I am alham'd to look upon their faces.

What shall I say? my guilt's above excuse.

Cal. *Philistias*; as it the Gods had all agreed

To make him mine, just at the nick came in

And parted us, with sudden joy I founded,

Which *Bellula* perceiving (for even then

She came to seek me,) sudden grief did force

The same effect from her, which joy from me.

Hither they brought us both, in this amazement,

Where being straight recovered to our selves,

I found you here, and you your dutiful Daughter.

Spo. The Gods be thank't.

Dem. Go on.

Cal. Nay, you have all Sir,

Dem. Where's that Shepherd?

Flo. Here.

Dem. Here, where?

Flo. Here, your unhappy Son's the man; for her

I put on Sylvan weeds, for her fair fake

I would have stain'd my innocent hands in blood,

Forgive me all, 'twas not a fin of malice,

'Twas not begot by lust, but sacred love;

The cause must be the excuse for the effect.

Dem. You should have us'd some other means, *Florellas*.

Cal. Alas! 'twas the Gods will Sir, without that

I had been undiscovers'd yet; *Philistias*

Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd,

You groaning for our loss, upon this wheel

All our felicity is turn'd.

Spo. Alas! you have forgot the power of love, sweet-heart.

Dem. Be patient Son, and temper your desire,

You shall not want a Wife that will perhaps

Pleaze you as well, I'm sure befits you better.

Flo. They marry not, but tell themselves a wife,

Whom the large dowry tempts, and take more pleasure

To hug the wealthy bags than her that brought them

Let them whom nature bestows nothing on

Seek to patch up their want by Parents' plenty;

The beautiful, the chaste, the virtuous,

Her self alone is portion to her self.

Enter Agon.

By your leave; I come to seek a Daughter.

O! are you there, tis well.

Flo. This is her Father,

I do conjure you Father, by the love

Which Parents bear their Children, to make up

The match betwixt us now, or if you will not

Send for your friends, prepare a Collin for me

And let a Grave be digg'd, I will be happy,

Or else not know my misery to morrow.

Spo. You do not think what ill may happen Husband,

Come, let him have her, you have means enough

For him, the wench is fair, and if her face

Be not a flatterer, of a noble mind,

Although not stock.

Ag. I do not like this fraging, come along,

By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will

Pardon my bold intrusion.

Cl. You're very welcome.

What are you going *Bellula's* pray stay,

Though nature contradicts our love, I hope

That I may have your friendship.

Ag. *Bellula*!

Bell. My Father calls; farewell; your name, and memory

In spite of Fate, I'll love, farewell.

Flo. Would you be gone, and not bestow one word

Upon your faithful servant? do not all

My griefs and troubles for your sake sustain'd,

Deserve Farewell *Florellas*?

Bell. Fare you well then.

Flo. Alas! how can I, Sweet, unless you stay,

Or I go with you? you were pleas'd e're while

To say you honored me with the next place

To *Callidorus* in your heart, then now

I should be frill: do you repent your sentence?

Or can that tongue sound less than Oracle?

Bell. Perhaps I am of that opinion still,

But must obey my Father.

Ag. Why *Bellula*? would you have ought with her Sir?

Flo. Yes, I would have her self: is contancy

And love be meritorious, I deserve her.

Why Father, Mother, Sister, Gentlemen,

Will you plead for me?

Dem. Since 't must be so, I'll bear it patiently,

Shepherd, you see how much our Son is taken
With your fair Daughter, therefore if you think
Him fitting for her Husband speak, and let it
Be made a match immediately, we shall
Expect no other dowry than her vertue.

Fig. Which only I can promise; for her fortune
Is beneath you to far, that I could almost
Suspect your words, but that you seem more noble.
How now, what say you girl?

Bel. I only do depend upon your will.

Fig. And I'll not be an enemy to thy good fortune.
Take her Sir, and the Gods bless you.

Flo. With greater joy than I would take a Crown.

Alu. The Gods bless you.

Flo. They have don't already.

Fig. Left you should think when time, and oft enjoying
Hath dull'd the point, and edge of your affection,
That you have wrong'd your self and Family,
By marrying one whose very name, a Shepherdess,
Might sting some spot upon your Birth, I'll tell you,
She is not mine, nor born in these rude Woods.

Flo. How! you speak my tickle wonders.

Fig. I speak truths Sir,
Some fifteen years ago, as I was walking,
I found a Nurse wounded, and groaning out
Her latest spirit, and by her a fair Child,
And, which her very dressing might declare,
Of wealthy Parents; as soon as I came to them,
I ask'd her who had us'd her so inhumanly:
She answered Turkish Pyrats, and withal
Desired me to look unto the Child,
For 'tis said she, a Nobleman's Sister,
His name she would have spoke, but death permitted not.
Her as I could, I caus'd to be buried,
But brought home the little Girl with me,
Where by my Wives persuasions we agreed,
Because the Gods had blest us with no issue,
To nourish as our own, and call it *Bellula*,
Whom now you see, your Wife, your Daughter.

Spo. Is't possible?

Flo. Her manners shew'd her noble.

Fig. I call the Gods to witness, this is true.

And for the farther testimony of it,
I have yet kept at home the furniture,
And the rich mantle which she then was wrapt in,
Which now perhaps may serve to some good use
Thereby to know her Parents.

Dem. Sure this is *Aphron's* Sister then, for just
About the time he mentions, I remember,
The Governor of *Pachinas*, then his Father,

Told

Told me that certain Pyrats of *Argier*
Had broke into his house, and stoln from thence
With other things his Daughter, and her Nurse,
Who being after taken, and executed,
Their last confession was, that they indeed
Wounded the Nurse, but the fled with the Child,
Whilst they were busie searching for more prey,
Whom since, her Father neither saw nor heard of.

Clu. Then now I am sure Sir, you would gladly pardon
The rash attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter,
Since fortune hath join'd both of you by kindred.

Dem. Most willingly.

Spo. I, I, alas! 'twas love.

Flo. Where should we find him out?

Clu. I'll save that labour.

[Exit Clariana.]

Cal. Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd? and the rest
Of my good Sylvan friends? methinks I would
Fain take my leave of them.

Fig. I'll fetch them hither.

They're not far off, and if you please to help
The match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palamon*,

'Twould be a good deed, I'll go fetch them.

[Exit.]

Enter Aphron, Clariana.

Aph. Ha! whicher have you led me *Clariana*?

Some steepy mountain bury me alive,

Or rock intomb me in its stony entrails,

Whom do I see?

Clu. Why do you stare, my *Aphron*?

They have forgiven all.

Dem. Come, *Aphron*, welcome,

We have forgot the wrong you did my Daughter,

The name of love hath cover'd all; this is

A joyful day, and sacred to great *Hymen*

'Twere sin not to be friends with all men now.

Spo. Methinks, I have much ado to forgive the rascal.

[Aside.]

Aph. I know not what to say; do you all pardon me?

I have done wrong to ye all, yea, to all those

That have a share in vertue, Can ye pardon me?

All. Most willingly.

Aph. Do you say so, fair Virgin?

You have injur'd most: with love,

With fancy love, which I henceforth recal,

And will look on you with an adoration,

Not with desire hereafter; tell me, pray,

Doth any man yet call you his?

Cal. Yes; *Philissus*.

Aph. I congratulate it, Sir.

The Gods make ye both happy: fool, as I am,

You are at the height already of felicity,

To which there's nothing can be added now,

But

But perpetuity ; you shall not find me
Your rival any more, though I confess
I honor her, and will for ever do so.
Clariana, I am lo much unworthy

Of thy love. That—

Cl. Go no farther, Sir, 'tis I should fay fo
Of my own self.

Phil. How Sister ? are you two fo near upon a match ?

Aph. In our hearts Sir,

We are already joy'd, it may be though
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*,

Stile you his Brother ?

Phil. No Sir, if you both

Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.

Why here's a day indeed ; sure *Hymen* now
Means to spend all his torches.

Dem. 'Tis my Son Sir,

Now come from travel, and your Brother now.

Aph. I understand not.

Dem. Had you not a Sister ?

Aph. I had Sir ; but where now she is none knows,
Belides the Gods.

Dem. Is't not about some fifteen years ago
Since that the Nurse scap'd with her from the hands
Of Turkish Pyrats that befet the house ?

Aph. It is Sir.

Dem. Your Sister lives then, and is married
Now to *Florillus*, this is she, you shall be
Inform'd of all the circumstances anon.

Aph. 'Tis impossible

I shall be made too happy on the sudden.

My Sister found, and *Clariana* mine !

Come not too thick good joys, you will oppress me.

Enter *Melarnus*, *Traga*, *Hegen*, *Hylace*, *Palemon*.
Cal. Shepherds you're welcome all ; though I have lost
Your good society, I hope I shall not
Your friendship, and best wishes.

Hyl. Nay, here's wonders ;

Now *Callidora* is found out a woman,

Bellula not my Daughter, and is married

To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend

To do in earnest what before I jest'd,

To adopt *Palemon* for my heir.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha !

Come it's no matter for that ; do you think
To cheat me once again with your fine tricks ?

No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha !

Alas ! she's married to *Demetrius*.

Hyl. Nay, that was your plot *Melarnus*,

I met with him, and he denies it to me.

Hyl. Hence—

Hyl. Henceforth I must not love, but honor you—to *Callidora*.

Heg. By all the Gods I will.

Tru. He will, he will ; Duck.

Mel. Of every thing ?

Heg. Of every thing ; I call

These Gentlemen to witness here, that since

I have no child to care for ; I will make

Palemon heir to those small means the Gods

Have blest me with, if he do marry *Hylace*.

Mel. Come it's no matter for that, I scarce believe you.

Dem. We'll be his sureties.

Mel. *Hylace*,

What think you of *Palemon* ? can you love him ?

It's our consents, but it's no matter for that,

If he do please you, speak, or now, or never.

Hyl. Why do I doubt fond Girl ? she's now a woman.

Mel. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly.

Hyl. My duty binds me not to be averie

To what likes you.—

Mel. Why take her then *Palemon* ; she's yours for ever.

Pal. With far more joy

Than I would do the Wealth of both the *Indies* ;

Thou art above a Father to me, *Hegen*.

We are freed from misery with sense of joy,

We are not born for, oil ! my *Hylace*,

It's my comfort now that thou wert hard.

And cruel till this day, delights are sweetest.

When poisoned with the trouble to attain them,

Enter *Alupis*.

For 'tis but a folly, &c.

By your leave, I come to seek a woman,

That hath out-lived the memory of her youth,

With skin as black as her teeth, if she have any.

With a face would fright the Constable and his Watch

Out of their wits (and that's easily done you'll say) if they should

meet her at midnight.

O ! are you there ? I thought I smelt you somewhere ;

Come hither my she Nestor, pretty *Traga*,

Come hither, my sweet Duck.

Tru. Why ? are you not aham'd to abuse me thus,

Before this company ?

Alu. I have something more ;

I come to shew the Ring before them all ;

How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus* ?

Tru. 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you ;

She told me so ; but they are married now.

Alu. What do you think to flamm me ? why ho ! here's news.

Pal. *Alupis* art thou there ? forgive my anger,

I am the happiest man alive, *Alupis*,

Hylace is mine, here are more wonders too,

Thou

Thou shalt know all anon.
Tri. Alas, give me.
Alu. Well, rather than be troubled.
Reg. Alas welcome, now w are friends I hope?
 Give me your hand.
Mel. And me.
Alu. With all my heart,
 I'm glad to see ye have learn'd more wit at last.
Cal. This is the Shepherd, Father, to whose care
 I owe for many favours in the Woods,
 You're welcome heartily; here's every body
 Pair'd of a sudden; when shall's see you married?
Alu. Me? when there are no ropes to hang my self,
 No rocks to break my neck down; I abhor
 To live in a perpetual Belfary;
 I never could abide to have a Master,
 Much less a Mistress, and I will not marry,
 Because, *I'll sing away the day,*
For 'tis but a folly to be melancholly,
It be merry whilst I may.
Phil. You're welcome all, and I desire you all
 To be my guests to days a Wedding dinner,
 Such as the sudden can afford, we'll have,
 Come will ye walk in Gentlemen?
Dem. Yes, yes,
 What crosses have ye born before ye joy'd I
 What seas pass'd through before ye toucht the port!
 Thus Lovers do, e're they are crown'd by Fates
 With Palm, the tree their patience imitates.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *ALV PIS.*

THE *Author* bid me tell you---faith, I have
 Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very slave
 If I know what to say; but only this,
 Be merry, that my Counsel always is.
 Let no grave man knit up his brow, and say
 'Tis foolish: why? 'twas a Boy made the Play.
 Nor any yet of those that sit behind,
 Because he goes in Plush, be of his mind.
 Let none his Time, or his Spent Money grieve,
 Be merry; give me your hands, and I'll believe.
 Or if you will not, I'll go in, and see,
 If I can turn the *Author's* mind, with me
 To sing away the day,
 For 'tis but a folly
 To be melancholly,
 Since that can't mend the Play.

R NAU



NAUFRAGIUM
 LOCULARE
 Comœdiæ

Publæ eorum ACADEMIÆ AGA in
 Collegio S. & individua Trinitatis
 Nonis Febr. Ann. Dom. 1738.

Authore A. Cowley

Non dubitasse meum
 Latine scribere, qui pœne sic



MDCLXXXI
 Typis M. G. vanderhoeft & F. J. W. J. J. J.
 MDCLXXXI

Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro
 Domino D. C. O M B E R,
 Decano Carleolensi colendissimo, & Collegii S.S.
 & individua Trinitatis, Magistro vigilantissimo.

Silicet gradum: quoniam temeraria pagina tendis,
 Auratâ nimiam facta superba toga?
 Sublita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno?
 Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris eritas
 I, pete, sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,
 Et Lopez pugno carmina scripta tenent.
 Post Cæ. vel Hip. Quallâ? me vel, ac cum Quanta? par. in. im.
 Desinat E dictum, destruit loque modum.
 Tum Tu grata aderis: num blandis ore sonabis
 Setonæ, dicent, quid velit iste tibi?
 I, pete Caufidicos: poteris sic culta videri,
 Et bene Romanis fundere verba modis.
 Fallor: post Ignoramum gens cautos ille est
 Et didicist Musas, Gramma, timere tuas.
 I, pete Lectorem nullum; sic salva latebis;
 Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.
 Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul troy profana.
 Dissimile hic Domino nil decet esse suo.
 Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,
 Non alla illius sancta lucerna videt.
 Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pæne timenda,
 Et flavum attollit sic reverenda caput.
 At scio, quid dicas: Nostros Academia Iulus
 Spectavit: mugis tunc placere mea.
 Pagina sublimis! Granta est hic altera solus;
 Vel Grante ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.
 Sed si Authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:
 (Audacem quoniam candidus ille facit.)
 Accedas tanquam ad Numen formidine blandâ
 Trilitis, & hæc illi pauca metra refer.

Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,
 Viventi auspicio quod sibi vellet idem.
 Non peto, ut ista probes: tantum, Pœnita, dicas,
 Sunt, fateor; Pœnam sed fati illa decent.
 Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,
 Si Socius tandem sit, meliora dabit.

Vestri favoris studiosissimus,

A. Cowley.



Ad Lectorem.

NON sum nescius quanto cum periculo, emanare in vulgus hanc fabulam passus sim, tantum interest Spectator, an Lector sis Comœdiæ, quamvis amicus, adeo ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis ex se deserte est, pulchritudinem suam amittere necesse sit, quam illi Lucerne, Vestes, Actor, nobilissima Freqüentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cæteris commune, illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, eisque, qui, nescio quo fato, maxime placuerunt, ne intelligi quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis & Gelasimi partibus, præcipue verò cum aperitur Schola, ita ut huic libro accidat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nisi in civitate sua ubique ignorantur, ita nascuntur Calendarii similes in usum unius tantum regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum satisfaciendum est, non timori meo; & efficit benevolentia illa, quæ priores meas negas, & veluti vagatus Poeticos (nam prob pudor!) penè ab infantia negatus sum) excepisti, ut Ingerati crimen subeam, si tibi negem jusus meos; immemoris si formidem. Aliquis autem dicat. Vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam dixit) Eone impudentie venion est ut bonus adhic Academicus, Comœdiam doceat? Quod nunquam quisquam eâ ætate aggressus est, idne sibi arrogat insolens puer? Egone tale quid in me admissi? Quod si crimen quidem sit, illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic saltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam Tibi, Amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit, Ego vel iterum tui causâ tam insolens ferem.

Vale.

Scena

Scena Dunckerka.

Dramatis Personæ.

Comicus,
Gelafimus,
Morion,
Dinon,
Bombardomachides,
Eucomilla,
Ægle,
Piccas,
Æmylio,
Calliphanes, p.
Calliphanes, F.
Polyporus,
Academicus 1.
Academicus 2.
Mulier.
Bajuli 2.
Personæ mutæ.
Lorarii 2.
Bajulus.
Exorcista,
Tutor Gel. & Mor.
Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.
Supposititius filius Polypori.
Illorum servus.
Miles.
Filia Bombardom.
Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis foror.
Ancilla Eucomillæ.
Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori.
Senex.
Ejus filius, Ægles amafius.
Mercator Anglus.

Pro-

PROLOGUS.

*F*ixi foras inepte; nullamque habebunt hic Comediam?
*E*xi, inquam, inepte; aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.
*T*um jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc?
*E*go nihil possum, prater quod ceteri solent,
*S*alvete civem attici, & sorora florantissima.
*S*ed cedo mihi piliam, si necesse est istud egere.
*D*ixim iam videri tibi, plus hoc spectanda
*R*iseros vobis credo, quam tota in Comedia.
*J*am nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.
*N*isi placide intueamini, alium est de Puero.
*T*ragædia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.
*D*idurus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum.
*P*rodire, nisi personatus, in banc frequentiam
*N*on audeo, & plus sibi rubejiti parvum.
*I*tem erod' causi, forsit exorator iene.
*U*t nequis Poëta citius evortat novitia,
*Q*uodque non solus fieri, insolentiam patet.
*N*isi jari inceptaverit, nemo est futurus eloquent.
*S*ed jam modò pulpitus fortius, aut Scenam concutit,
*A*liquandò balbutitoni ac timidè loqui.
*N*eque annos novem possitè, non est, Spectatores optimi,
*A*dنيا ves, sed puerilis, Ludere.
*V*etus Poëta Comico cessit in conspectum.
*S*ed jam dicenda invadit corpulenta?
*S*ine viola, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?
*F*acete & huic Flori, ne tanquam Selsitialis Herbulæ
*R*epent' exortus, repentino occidat.

ACTUS

Naufragium Joculare
COMOEDIA.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Scena Prima.

*D*ion. *[Celsus in vestibus]*
*S*ine adactantur humeris onera, hæc
*m*e scilicet Scenimimi: Ego vobis pro-
*sp*ectum; nimium hi natæ attrahant pacem
*man*ibus: Micum herede est quin malo cave-
ant, tam propinquè funibus Qui suum quoci-
*d*ie fatum quasi accerere complicant. Ut
*cl*eanurus modo! Suffragare præ his *Træpe-*
*st*atem dicere. Gratias habeo quod abs sele, &
si suis nos amittit mare. Utinamque est æque
*t*urbulentum, & ad aspectum mirandi, vove-
res. Hæque incolumem hic te videre, serio
*l*estor, *Dion*: *P*ulsoræ huc me misit *Herm*,
*c*um Filio suam Esajque sodali, ut euntibus
*f*erivem peregris. Quorum alter, matris her-
*ed*us, nihil altera querente, Alter & induriam
*a*ddidit, uti insulari frensus. Hos ducit qua-
si *Tur* coram *Gnomice*, ita homo, Qui, re-
de te lupecent filios eis animam redderet, Nil
*e*stra carmina, atque contentis loquuntur car-
*n*ibus? *Vix* foletis, nil ex *Virgilio* potest, ita
*p*oëta abutitur. Hem *Dion*, via tu homini
*i*stius autulcare mihi? Succenturi jam nunc
*l*us iste tantus eripiantur ex faucibus, Nun-
*qu*am iterum occasio dabitur, fortunatus ut
*f*ies. Ignota regio, heri stolidi, ac divites:
*t*um ego, *Dion*. Plenus fallacie Ferris, & pec-
*cu*nie indigens. Ne Ores committit lapidosos
*m*ibi qui cœciderit. Atq; eccos ipsos de na-
*v*i, excum autem *Gnomice*; Ut magnitudo
*i*nfert selet! gradiri *Jambon* crederes, Con-
*ce*dem litæ: Item *Bojani*, em dormitis super
*f*erices?

Scena Secunda.

Gnomice. Moris. Glastanti. Dion.

*G*no. Quod felix faullūque sit (quæ for-
*m*ula delectabatur *Veretes*) Egredi opata
*T*ros potantur arcu. Ne a *Virgilio* nostro
*p*oëtam omnium facile principis, Quem ego
*h*onoris causi nomio, tranversum digitum,
*A*ut ungen latum excedamus, ut pulchre in
*p*roverbio.
*M*or. Tutor, gratulor tibi hac adventum
*m*eum.
*G*no. Dixisses potius tuum, Nam hoc esse
*m*ore *Aulico*.
*M*or. Imò utrumque mi Tutor *Gnomice*,
[Dion Bajani.]
*Q*uem ego honoris causi nomio; sed qua-
*n*am est hac Regio? Nam mihi non magis
*n*ota est de facie, quam si esset, Terra *Incog-*
*n*ita.
*D*io. Adfuit *Bajani* cum *circinilis*.
*B*a. Quo portamus *Domine*?
*D*io. Ad tabernam proximam diversori-
am, ego ostendam locum.
*G*no. *Quin Bajani* edico vobis, quod *Sim*
o fenex in Comædia, Vos isthæc intro aufertis,
*a*bite; *Dion*, loquere; Non, paucis te volo,
*M*or. *Dion*, h' ego pacis te volo. *Ne-*
*m*ero de vino bioo.
*D*io. Here factum puta, Nam nihil mihi
*p*otius est, quam in hac re animo tuo obloqui.
*M*or. *SE! Bajani!* quin dico, sistite vos
*m*ibi *Bajani*.
*B*a. Quid est quod nos velis?
*M*or. Cavete de *circinilis*, Ne quasse sint
*v*ehementer aut pæte in terram forfiter.
*B*a. *Nunquam* infant vitra?
*M*or.

Ge. Quasi injuriam Male? Si centum peregrina adfint. Nunquam tamen omitant illic scribere. [*Sapra*].

Mo. Ohe! jam satis est, nunc fabre amice optime. Diffimulari per jocum (ut aient) quasi nos notum peius.

Ge. Nostri vero, Tutor, serio? die nomen obsecro.

Ge. Nomen? quæsi—voratur mihi in labris periboribus.

Am. Perii: nomen alicui: ohi! Peripolomachus est.

Ge. Dii homi! ita est profecto: serpe oblitiscimur: Quæ callent, ut proverbium facitillè, tanquam digitos.

Ge. Certe quoque cum animo cogitem, quasi per nebulam meminim. Me vidisti illam factam.

Mo. Tum ego meminim quoque. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem! Peripolomachus—Non multum refert, nosti quid velim, tibi præbibo.

Ge. Sedeamus omnes, in re omni feranda est Methodus. Sic melius carpeamus munera Bacchi. Clama puerum *Gelesium*.

Ge. Non parabit mihi Tutor, ita dearii modo.

Ge. Hæc puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

Pa. [*Subr.*] Stantim venio, illico.

Ge. At citius quam coquantur aspergè. Eih, age segnes! rumpe moxas.

Am. Prædam habeo: solvus sum: tres hostes Ainos Dux res statim pessundabunt, Ebricitas & Ego. Eho tu! dum vos hic lagister ficcamus cytharos, Jube cytharistria intus nos oblectet cantum illa. Circumfer tu metum: da bibere plenis cantharis. A summo incipere.

Ge. Peripolentarche, pulchre admones. Juvat infantie.

Mo. Nimio nimis sum finis diu. St! Paxto harmoniam! ut vibrillat! [*Cantio*].

Ge. Hem *Amerian* claudatur luminis somno!

Mo. Non, non, non. Sine me esse nihil.

Ge. Mader pot *Amerian*.

Mo. Madoon *Gelesium*? An ego madoo, Tutor? cedo gladium Peripontarchides.

Ge. Vixisti? ego circumstantiam illic turbam hominum? Plane ebrus es *Gelesium*, per Deos immortales ebrus es.

Ge. Arma virumque cano Troje qui primus ab oris Italiam fato profugus—hic illius arma hic currus fuit—circumfer meum, carnifex. Multum ille & terribis jactatus & alto vi superatus, leve memorem—porrigè mihi poculum. Amice, bene me, bene te, bene nossem Virgilium. Arma virumque cano— [*Libit*].

Mo. Bene habet: ego iterum potabo

ne me credant ebrum. [*Sapra*].

Din. Hortene hic ego facta & sermones legam. Quam Irene Genio indulgenti exo, si vivas viram. Plus uti crua lacryment, quam cibarent hostie. Tum uos, si Baccho placeat, in hunc modum, hilarem Sumemus diem, atque amicum: Ebricitatem iusto.

Am. Nisi diffimulari quasi biberem, herede me evertent cytharis, Ita properat, interire: Dii me beatum voluit.

Mo. Ego non sum ebrus *Gelesium*.

Ge. Neque ego.

Mo. Bene igitur; saluteri tibi.

Mo. Enimvero ego sum ingeniosissimus.

Ge. At ego multo magis.

Mo. Tu? magis?

Ge. Inquam, Magis.

Mo. Bene, iam tamen ingeniosissimus, hem! propino tibi.

Ge. Vix lacrymis abstulim equidem, ita te amo *Amerian*.

Mo. O *Gelesium*!

Ge. O *Amerian*!

Mo. Move manus oculos: [*Puer Exit*].

[*Dum intra fontem facti & celantur*].

Quid fias? colaphum impingam tibi glandem cum Comico.

Mo. Dii voltram fidem! tempestatem magnam! eamus oritur Tutor.

Ge. Tempestatem verò! certo certius tarbo oxortus est, ita vehementer conquisit navim, ut vix queam flare.

Ge. Ecce ante, clamor, virum, stridit, rudentem! Satin' in navios esse oblitus fuit? hem! curate navite, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitan in Scopulam, I empellat in crebrèdit.

Din. Pol meritas graphics! Peritimus, navis perit, ad extrema se paret quique, Nesciam jam vocem meam, ego, pulchre delatus talo.

Am. Dianensis illa vox est; Eugepe! factum est optime.

Ge. Apparet adhuc sidera: hic Polux, illic Castor est.

Am. Hem! nauclere, nauclere inquam! quædam vis intus?

Din. Vix horæ dimidium, peritimus!

Mo. Heu quid faciam miser! Pre timore iterum vomam; si jam undis obnar, Nunquam navigabo postea.

Am. Adefidum, adefidum inquam, *Geometric*. Videm' factum illum decimum?

Ge. Decimus venit impetus undæ; Posterior non est, undecimoque prior.

Ge. O te quis bibere jam quest Saltem mihi! Non possim non jocari hoc ipso in articulo. Expulso amicum joco.

Mo.

Mo. Non possum pati me moei,

[*Legem flati*].

O quoties peccavi egot [*Libit*] Modum quoties! [*Libit*] Quoties foratus sum! [*Libit*] nunquam video patrem, Nunquam post hæc bibam, [*Libit*] abi fies uter miser.

Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces illico.

Ge. Maxime!

O terque quaterque beati, Quis ante ora Patrum, Troje sub mœni Contigit opterre.

Pa. Equid nos vocatis?

Am. Dii te perdant, ita inopportune hæc te conijcis. Abi fies faceret. [*Extrudit*].

Ge. Quod fit?

Am. Rogas? Vidisti' ut ad porum modo Deus aliquis marinus adfuerit?

Ge. Noo, erat piscis magnus.

Am. Piscis?

Ge. Piscis mehercule, Mehercule inquam, piscis, ex voce id satis colligo.

Din. Funes rupti sunt, disjecta vela, navis lacera est. Actum de nobis, Socii.

Mo. O mortem!—quid faciam?

Obsecro nunc, ego vos piscis anili peritito. Ego filius fum Polyperi, nata maximus.

Am. Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita. Peritimus, ho! fœci, peritimus, absorbet nos mare, [*Exiit*].

Jam, jam absorbet, peritimus.

Ge. O nos miseros viden' ut aquas puppis combibit? Servare hanc familiam ipsa non poterit Salus, Ut pessime Comicos, O Polyphemace, quæro dæ, me in inferiora nativ.

Ge. Et me, me, meane etiam obsecro.

[*Detradit in celum Bosphord*].

Mo. Valetè, ego jam moriar. [*Exiit*].

Din. Hæ, hæ, hæ! dii vestrum fidem veni, veni, & lepidam! Non possit evanire melius, quam venit isthæc fabrica.

Am. Si! It! *Dionon*, It! descende, alium domitium.

Pa. Ne ego analium fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

[*Puer ingreditur*].

Am. Non, non, non; repetentatam prius Pecuniam oportet esse pro his quos ferunt sampulbos, Antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morimus lacus solat, & dat pure pecun*].

Am. Pecuniam? lubentissime, lubentissime accipe sis.

Pa. Jam habe tibi hunc animum; illico, illico. [*Exiit*].

Am. O Jovem, ceteroquæ celites!

[*Ut clam Morimus*].

Necessè est risti spectatores emorieret, si rem transferret istam in Comædium quispium. [*Exiit*].

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Sena Prima.

Dionon, Amylion habitu *Mor*.

Din. **A**mylis, equid fias animo quin iterum, inquam, *Amylion*! Heredit illa vestes fuit; ve rotor ne cerebro incommodat.

Am. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum necesse ebullire postea, Quamquam infolens fecero, si fermonem seram cum servulo, Fortunas hæc meas sublatu animus deceat. Siquidem fidelem re præstitisti, hem manum ad oscula.

Din. Fæto pol oficaliter meam, siquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

Am. Siquidem hercle ingeras, fæto mihi os difteris. Sed ne accedas adeo; celi femper servulus tuos, nihil bellas, Scio quid eccitatus, miles fiam, potius hostium Occisus bis in bello, consilius nullius, &c.

Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: bene vale.

Din. Quæ non mortuus nos inter nos, mitte magis *Amylion*.

Am. Ego Comes *Amylion* vocor, ne nomen neclias.

Din. Ergo comes & amice mi *Amylion*, respondeas velim.

Am. Rogandi copiant tibi facio, audacter loquere.

Din. Dii te perdant mugivendule, hoc primum Deo rogo: Nunc te scripsisti?

litteras ad *Polyperon*?

Am. Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis Majoribus impediti, serpe non ad veritatem que dicta sunt.

Din. Exemplum, litterarum ad *Polyperon* videre velim, Jamne audis?

Am.

Am. Huius Littararum potest fieri ut
 ostendam tibi.
Di. Potest fieri ut diminutum tibi caput
 legi mittas has scribas.
Am. Oloperis mihi sic ornatu? tegi
 has, inquam, ocyas.
Di. Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & Iovis-
 simi, meo Domino atq; Amico bono, quem
 colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi montis,
 Neq; greges, Solidi virtute filium septi to-
 num, Duoque amicos; ferro nunc victos
 domi, Victore me superbiebentes plurimum.
 Huc properes, restim si cupis, tantum est,
 Vales, *[Exit.]* *Dux Bombar-donachides.*
 Obsecro an in hunc modum scribit

Bombar-donachides?
Am. Sic loquitur quotidie: linguam
 cotinuatim perit.
Di. An fastidia hac res proceclit, atq;
 ex sententia. Quid agimus nunc jam?

Am. Ego agam *Bombar-donachidem.*
 Tu cullorem? barbam Indicus, atque ocu-
 menta cetera. *[Indus.]*
 Huius ite ocyas: jam Cautos parus patus es.
 Abi, atque educe captivos, narra rem ordine,
 Ut capeli tui vis, amnis: hic vos operior,
 Abi. *[Exit Di.]*

Potera ego nunc universos Mortales lu-
 dos facere, Equidem meipsum pene metuo:
 ne perionatus *Bombar-donachides* *[Vernat.]*
 Verum *Amylion* fallat. Adon? peronatus
 es *Chilonis?* Elliciam ut redius, sedens:
 He! lithac tita? he, *Dyanos.* Excedifica-
 bo cum hac capti meum tanquam Elephan-
 tus, Turrim gesto, Hem, Ego sum *Bombar-
 donachides* *[Intus.]*

Am. Una falas viciis nullam sperare fu-
 lutem. *[Intus.]*
Quid. Quid ego tunc ego? nome pugna-
 bam quemadmodum, Hycana Tigris, cum
 tenelli abplantar carali?
Di. Streuillime omnium.
Quid. Certe: nisi multum me fallit me-
 moria.

Am. Ego etiam aliquid feci.
Quid. Vincuntur tepe fortissimi,
 Tutor, bono animo es.
Am. Maxime: nam dictum est verissime,
 In re mala animo si bono utare, iurav.
Di. Sequimini. *[Exit.]*
Am. Adstant; ego nondum comperbo.

Scena Secunda.

Dionis, Gnomicus, Gelasinus, Morion
(habita Amyl.)
Am. He! Tutor! Tutor; ego non sum
Morion.

Gn. Quid est?
Am. Per Deos immortales non sum, ego
 novi Morionem qui bene.
Gn. De celo descendit, *[Exit.]* Nofis
 tenuimus.
Am. Non, non, non novi mehercule.
Gn. Quis igitur es?
Am. Quemodo ego scire possum?
Gn. Piv, piv, idem es.
Am. Sanna? bene habet: sed unde ha-
 velles *Gelasim?*
Gn. Sane nescio.
Am. Nefes *Gelasim?* Im hoc sufficit!
 quid ego respondeam patri?
Gn. Quid taciam? Tutor vides?
Am. Non equidem invideo miror ma-
 gis.

Am. He! Galerum! video vos omnes
 per lithac foramina, *[Exit.]*
Gd. Quasi fenestras habet.

Am. Fenestras! imo fores: habet fores
Gelasim. he! mihi.
Gd. Omnes ingenio sunt infelices pro-
 modum. Ultimam cavillum lithoc crimi-
 ne: parentes praedixerunt mihi.
Am. Et mihi, sed ego morem gesto, et
 tamen velles perdidit.

Gn. Ego idem te admonui, ser potius,
 admonuiti habui, Odi paterum precocis in-
 genio, loquit. Vir admirabilis! Sed quid ego
 ita compe loquor in misticis? Jam ha-
 cet tibi vere dicere *Gelasim.* Ingenio pe-
 rui Nalo Poeta meo.

Di. Nisi aliter vobis vnum est accer-
 sam herum, Nam vos comentos vestri.
Gn. Imo? pro libito: Siquid me ve-
 lit, Poeta respondere docuit, Coram quem
 queritis, addim, Trojias *Aeas.*
Am. Mene ut videt cum his vestimen-
 tis? he, qui sum, Tutor.
Di. Expetant te; cave si tinitus, et
 quod audis etiam? Fac risum teneas, nam
 periculum id est.

Am. Pib; vultum in manū habeo.
Amyl.
Gd. Basillie se infert, tanquam lapis il-
 le Indicus, Qui spectatorum omnium ocu-
 los fertur: perit iugere.
Gn. Ora huiusque Deo similis!
Am. Totus Isterro tuncque; ego flati-
 vomam.

Am. Tonitru cum hostes vicinus ferus
 bellio, Vincere & noluit quibus, ac Vi-
 tam dare. Meos nolite frangi nescit, ac
 flecti potest.

Gn. O quem te memorem, Miles, nam;
 huius tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vos hominem
 fontis, O Deo crevi!
Am. Eripere possimus lucem & lucem
 dare. Sic fulminantis fertur potestas lo-
 vis,

vis, Medio hic bello valet Gradivus meus,
 Quid armis, possim, celsis vos experti satis,
 Dabimus aliena, sic videm est Fato & mi-
 li.

Am. Quid faciam, si timor in postero-
 ra decidit, Anima exire nostra per postu-
 cum cupit.
Gd. Ut bellie loquitur! non audio hunc
 hominem jocis ludere.
Am. Ob hoc Polyporo celerem mihi
 Nuncium, Hinc uti vos falvos dicat.
Gn. Mecenas atrox estis Raghus, O &
 praefidiam, ac dulce decus meum!
Am. Ego iterum revivificam namquam
 vite loquitur.

Gd. Ut jam miscuit ferrox! hand mul-
 tum aliter Hygena (nitum) ex mare in fe-
 minium migrat, Boni ingenii est similitudi-
 nes rerum ingere, Et conciniam ego com-
 parationem aliquando joca praefero.
Am. Quis tu? vel scire nomen, vel lon-
 gum file.

Am. Ego? servus tuus.
Am. Quid anres tulisti meas? ha!
Am. Favoris tui fudidissimus.
Am. Amalgas mitico.
Am. Filius nata maximus patris mei
 Ego.

Am. Nomen rego.
Am. Utiam eliet dignum quod ex-
 dias.
Am. Frustra sum: tuum?
Gd. Quemadmodum (cum bona tua ve-
 rily) tu vocatis *Bombar-donachides*.
 Eodem plane modo delector ego nomine
Gelasim.

Facite meum nomen cum illius conferto, quo
 illi assueti possim meas. *[Exit.]*
 Intuam me callide ad *Bombar-donachidem*
 quarto Nonas Feb.

Am. Tuum.
Gn. Sed si tantus amor nomen cognosce-
 re nostrum Quoniam animus memississe
 horret, laetique refugit Incipiam— *Gno-
 micum* (si tibi vultu) seu *Gnomico* no-
 men est mihi.
Am. Fac serve officium: iursum revo-
 rar intio. *[Exit.]*

Gd. Certo certo abiens mihi toto an-
 mebat capite, Admiration ingenium meum
 melius illius capite!
Am. Non respondeam illi rustice *Ge-
 lasim.* Ergo *Morion*; nolo me indoctum
 praedire, Licet indigeam vestium.
Di. Placere hinc vos? *Ge.* Quo?
Di. Unde edidit.
Ge. In celsum illam angustam ac tenebri-
 colum obsecro? Quam ego Ordi junam
 per jocum nominavi modo.
Di. Scilicet; donec vos Polyporo.

Am. Eamus igitur; placent tenebrae,
 Nam si ditius hos panes conficiam, le-
 crynalo largiet.

Gn. Plautus Comediam scripsit, cui Cap-
 tivus titulus. Vates O Plante fueras, nam
 vates nomen ambigunt? Nos jam Cap-
 tivus. *[Exit.]* *Proclis* *[Exit.]*

Am. Tutor, Tutor, revertere sis ocyas
 Tutor.
Gno. Quid est?
Am. Nulli jam; sed aliquis momordit
 me de tergo: canis fodes. *[Exennt.]*

Scena Tertia.

Amyl. *Dion.*

Am. Abstempus sum planissime: *Gno-
 micus* me expectant pedice.
 Neque unam ex illius sententis habeo, qua
 me consolari miserum.
 Nempe hoc in more positum est, Generosus,
 factus continuo ut vapulet.
 Incertum est quid agam, ita lithac res sub-
 taria? he.

Heus *Dion*, huc te ocyas, inquam *Dion*,
[Exit.] *[Exit.]*

Di. Satis est apud te? quid vis?
Am. Qui possim? modo ja via—
Di. *Bombar-donachidem?*

Am. Dixit. Nullus sum.
Di. Quam mox adire obsecro?
Am. Quin adest: vix pandum tem-
 poris ac contulum datur.
 Jacet in fermone totus, tum loquitur
 meros lapides.

Di. Imo pitrimum, fides, vincula: in-
 tate ne loquar plus metuo.
 Nullamne expargationem habes?

Am. Hui! nihilum hoc callidum est:
 imo fice est—
Dion, ita facito.

Di. Quid?
Am. Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?
Di. Quid (malum) an ex vultu con-
 jecturam captum, quid me velis?

Am. Ad limnam domum ascendens ocy-
 as, & continuo ibi ille in xedes se penetra-
 rit, sic fontem horrendum fides. Quasi
 (intellectu?) qua estis Damon aliquis.
Di. Quomobrem?
Am. Pib; id mora est dicere, abi.
Di. Abeo: sed vidistim ipse Milirem?
Am. Duobus his, inquam, oculis: mo-
 lestris es.

Di. Abeo: verum dices Damonem.
[Exit.]
Am. Ecce unum adest! morari certum
 est aliqui bonum.

Scena Quarta.

Bombarthmachides, Anglio.

Bom. Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plagæ? Ubi sum? sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine Glacialis uris? nunquid Hesperii maris Extremæ tellus hinc ad Oceanum modum? O filive Domus, vosque Penates Dei Videtis? te Patria? Indis an oculis meos Imago fallax, non ludis: video fatis.

Ang. Non opus est; mane dum, & ego te laetam fatis. Hup — plenum id periculi est — hanc prorsus insulam viam.

Bom. Fores pulvis non ras, pulvis ab pede, Anticipat quis me? mortem quis querit filii? [*Ang. pulsat*]

Verumne cerno corpæ an fallax mala Deceptus umbra? verum est? quid velit sciam.

Ang. Experire enfis: teque ad officium para: Nam farum ex mille faciam, & comedam postea.

Bom. O Scelus! quis hoc Scythico iustus memore, Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor *Læa*, Quis inquam dixit oculis formido ulcimi, Carnibul, humeros esse erantibus cibos? Abibo, atque isti cedam forori locum, Pati nam mortem postum, at excedi pater, Pais magna fortitudinis prudentia refert.

Ang. Quis illic? hem! revertetur, si malo caues.

Bom. Nihil formido, sed tamen totus tremo, Ego miles juvenis, non sum, credo, falleris!

Ang. Proh deos, deaque omnes! mea? falli dicis?

Bom. Non dico; at magni sepe fallitur viri. Iatus ne si, ira nam res est mala.

Ang. Tum nostri tibi sit genitum Bombarthmachides?

Bom. Non novi.

Ang. Ac nisi jurato non credam tibi.

Bom. Ret celum, & cæli faces non noverum est mihi. Lingua juræ mecum injuratæ gero.

Ang. Sed noni prola hominem.

Bom. Noni aliquo modo.

Imo forte nova, & non novi forsitan, Videtur ille foras, nec noni vit bonus.

Ang. Itane coram in os inimicum laudis meum?

Bom. Videtur tantum dixi, non est vir bonus.

Ang. Recte animum tuum advertit ad animum meum.

Si has in ædes intrâ mentem te coiciat, Iâ inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas, Ut illum perperâ locum pejus angue, odes!

Bom. Ego res revorator: periculum spemque fugi.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, ha, vestis commutata quid facis?

Bom. Que verba fundit? — faciem vidi prius —

Quin rectes, inquam, reverti aliquando nonim!

Ipse est; dominum servus delictis tum? Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet, Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas Eripiat oculis!

Ang. Occidâ res est, peri.

Advenisse salvum gaudeo; salvitia? usque æthetice?

Per jocum hoc feci adeo, joco veniam rogo.

Bom. Rogas? timendum est; aliquid hic errat delus.

Ang. Nunc homini subpalpor: expectari volui, Utrum istoc sub ornato fatis delitecerem. Tu nobis usque in latro quantum distulisti scdulo, Operam profecto ludeat, tibi verba qui daturus est.

Bom. Antequam vidi, novi, per magnam jocem, Sed in jocantes nrisus joci placet.

Ang. Scio, sed ubi est *Eucomissa*, & foror me?

Bom. Sequuntur post-nam? conitari virgines?

Ang. Quid hic sermones cadimus? ibo illi obstrum, Et cum ut revorator dominum.

Bom. Effare quamobrem.

Ang. Quia enim ubi hic habitabant gentium?

Bom. Dema.

Ang. Quid? annon mensis est cum nemo homo intro pedem retulit.

Bom. Define: joci nolo.

Ang. Hem! monda hoc dixi tibi? Satis oblitus fuis, sed mihi nunc jura res vestus est? Spectromna, Cacodæmonium, maiorum Geniorum isthac habitatio? Quo tidie colloquantur, eulant, gemunt, lacrymant, Crepant, exclamant, mille diversos sonos faciunt, Dies me defecerit, si, quæ monstra hic sunt dicere.

Bom. Loqueris tem miram: nulla quam credes dies, sed nec tacebit: bonis? hæc dicit fide?

Ang. Quin, inquam, decem plus minus dies innotui capite non eram,

Tantum hæc mihi res de improvviso incussit metum.

Bom. Meniitia? non oportuerit: ferum meum Metuisti quæcum?

Ang. Recte, si esset similis tui.

Here,

Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes, Age, ingrediamur, faxo uti omnia ipsius audias.

Bom. Nihil timeo: sed ego? ut non credam tibi? Credam plus isthoc: & nihil timeo tamen.

Ang. Vellent mehercule te testem hujus fieri: sed sic ut vides, Ibo illi obviam, æq; hæc ducam tui aliud imperes.

Bom. Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? bene est. Absce — *Anglio* redi — nil timeo tamen.

Ang. Id fido: obstrudis.

Bom. Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantam est: abi.

Ang. Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit*]

Bom. Pove animo, looret, magna penitentes adest. Incendit ira, raptor, sed quo nefcio, Sed raptor: Spectra in nostra triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderatoe pel; Et nondum totius contralvit mundum horrido? Oh Phæbe patiens, fugeis retrò licet Medioque ruptum merjeris celo Diem.

Dir. [*Sappo*] Oh, oh, oh.

Bom. Servo occidisti — nefcio quid faciunt miser, nam aliquid audio — Turco O Neptune — oh quid faciam? mortuus sum — Redent tempore; rerum quod primum est omnium.

Scena Quinta.

Anglio, *Eucomissa*, *Agle*, *Pfecas*,*Bom. Servum.*

Ang. Quid est, here, æquid times?

Bom. Timeo? Ego? Proh Deos! Deique omnes! æthereas pius Persundet Arcos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Confillet ætus unda, & Ionio feges Matura pelago surgat, ac hinc dabit Nox atra terris omnibus. Timeo? Ego?

Ag. Cacodæmones? O superos! audire hoc nomen mihi febris est.

Ang. O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Agle* differentius mek. Non mihi cibos & potus est, ut aiant, de his fabulari. Pfcas, quin Pleces, inquam, fureta est hæc ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmonas, nonne?

Pf. Non, si placeat. Sed novi aliquam que movit aliam, que vidit eos.

Ang. Quæ facie erant Pfcas?

Pf. Unus erat canina facie, Oro & oculis igneis, pedibus hirsutis, colore nigro, Cauda pæpe longa, ut — & clamabat Bêh, Bob, tanquam Leo.

Ag. O mirum! tota trepido.

Ang. Meccalor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo — perge Pfcas.

Pf. Nos omnes illico fugere.

Ang. Tun? ergo aderas?

Pf. Non mi placeat, Sed illa fugit quam non ita familiaris mea Pfcas comitum.

Ang. O: jam intelligo Pfcas, perge porro.

Pf. Alterum fuisse dixit. Tam similem viri quam Aqua aque familiaris est. Et erat nudus totum corpus.

Ang. Totum? O Venus! Maltum, meccalor, cupio, videre istos Cacodæmonas.

Pf. Imo si magis noveris, *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit — ha, ha, hæ, neque cogitans quin viderem.

Ang. Quid habuit Pfcas?

Pf. Tam magnam rem — Nos omnes admirari illico.

Ag. Profecto hic ipse est Cacodæmon, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tui Vidisse me secundum quædam notius tertius in fomio.

Ang. Nalime Cacodæmonas nocentes istis Pfcas?

Pf. Imo sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent Sab specie nigri felis cum feræ pelibus. Quidam sub Vespertilionis, aliorumque etiam animalium, Imo novi qui ambulavit per noctem induti fustore. Atque inde evanire solet tot quod insistant vigilis. Cum Genasioribus pacis. Demergant se aliquando in gænum. Atque illic nocte tota præ timore conlabant. Post cenam, si placeat, plura de re isthac disputabimus.

Ang. Nunc carnis videri spectra.

Ag. Videtis quid adest *Eucomissa*?

Ang. Mallem spectra: sed foras hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

Scena Sexta.

Calliphones Pater, *Calliphones* Filius,*Anglio*, *Agle*, *Pfcas*, &c.

Ang. Sicine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevis?

Ang. Citius meccalor nubam Cacodæmonem, quem dixi Pfcas. Tam Viri imilem.

Ag. At ego me Jovem pastorem in se ferentem præcium sine quo Jupiter nihil est.

Cal. P. Bombarthmachides salve; hæc te salutatum advenimus.

Bom. Gratias: sed multum amoccurat dolor, En alta muri decora, & conellass trabes, Ut omnis late splendens inflex domus! Quisquam regno hede, & magna potens Dominatur aûa, nec levis mecum Deos Mevidet, & te Domus.

Cal. P. Quid sit *Anglio*?

Ang. Nempe quia spectrorum plena est, id dolet.

Cal. P.

Cal. P. Spectrorum ubi sunt? [*Uxor. Jec.*]
N. Nulla hic video *Æmylo.*
A. M. At intus poles line quator oculis.
Cal. F. Si ita est Pater, arantur nostra
 domo: superest illic locus.
Cal. P. Nunquam vult melius consilium
 dari; quid tu *Bombardomachides?* Potes ibi
 oportune filium tuum hinc nostrum nuptum
 dare.
Bom. Consilium tuum est, animoque
 attridit meo.
Cal. F. Sed ubi est Virgo? reliquistin'
 ruri?
Bom. Sape respicias; sape, quod que-
 ras, adest.
Cal. F. Latere miror posse tam diu fidera.
 [*Officiatus.*]
 Rediisse silvas gaudeo, & mecum simul Hunc
 esse reditum credo, nam vobiscum abui:
 Condonate Amore cæco, vos si consipici
 minis.
Eu. Si nunquam consipicias postea liben-
 ter tamen condonabimus, Misericordes om-
 nes sumus naturâ caliphæ.
Æg. Amore cæcus est *Caliphæ?* immo
 oculis nimium vales. Quod nec est, nec fi-
 turum est vides, cum nos appelles fidera.
Cal. F. Immo *Æge* verum dixi! nam si
 celi factus Formosum nondum nomen im-
 poneretur fiderum, Propter similitudinem
 quondam vestrum id iam nancipari poterant.
 [*Pl.* O Diana! toto corde amo has con-
 fabulatiunculas.
Bom. *Caliphæ?* oculis nil tale obijciunt
 est meis, Pedibus quoniam cum his concu-
 eavi loca Asiæ, Europæ, Americæ atq;
 Africæ, Asiæq; terre partes quas tæco
 ficiens.
Cal. P. Memini idem accidere olim cum
 essem puer, Anno — hum — Gram-
 maticæ tum operam dedi. Anno — hum!
 quinquagesimo fecundo — hum! non con-
 venit numerus, O — quinquagesimo ter-
 tio — is profectio anno est.
Eu. Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras,
 & malos Genios?
Bom. Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut
 votes.
Eu. Aperi sis ostium *Æmylo.*
Æm. Perii in perpetuum modum, Nimio
 nimis metuo in suis istis probi Cacodemone.
 Sannæ es? credis illos aspectui tuo
 objici perperam?
Eu. Nun loquuntur?
Æm. Satis id quidem; sed horrendum
 in modum, Cave sis ne animam agas.
Eu. Disputabit cum illis *Pl.*
Pl. Parata sum satis *Æmylo*, ante hoc
 temporis disputavi cum Dæmone.
Æm. Solo te bona est voce: procluda-

Cal. F.

Cal. F. Ubi est? ego nihil plume.
Æm. Nihil? circumfice: ut cintillane
 oculi! *Pl.* cave malum: nam te devota-
 rorum procludio huc venit.
Pl. Oh!
Cal. P. Quid aiant *Æmylo*?
Æm. Ingentem bellam illic — vide
 modo.
Cal. P. Ubi sunt speculæria mea? Oh mihi
 falter Leopardus est. Quid hoc monstru?

Gnate, abemus peccatum Deo.
Dm. Occidan, jugulabo, interficiam,
 capiam, rapiam omnes illico [*sonus lapæ*]
Eu. O *Æge!* celo manum, & fugiamus.
 [*Infra sonum cæteræ.*]
Æm. Ha, ha, ha, he, descende ut excolen-
 ter bone Cacodemon. [*Exit.*]
Dm. Venio: urite, fundite, tundite,
 cæctis veritate, &c. [*Descendit.*]

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Scena Prima.

Æmylo, Dmion.

Æm. **A** Ge, muliere Dmion.
Dm. Non, non: exemplum à te
 capiam.
 1.
Æm. Purgate cerebrum, *Mædæ* O infami,
 Nec sis amplius *Moris* Publicani.
 O! hominum peccata Orbis
 Vos primum misit, postea morbi.
 Doctrina cepit erroræ,
 Et seipso voluit expurgare:
 Tuus vestrum quidam vomitus per ora
 Exiit, quidam per Posteriora:
 Sic natus, via est inventa,
 Quæ vos mutavit Excrementa.
 Nec melius homines evocatum
 Et locula Cysteriam dant.
Am. O sacrum rem! scientia talis
 Dicenda est sola Liberata.

Æm. Friget inter ignes æra tua, *Alchy* missa,
 Argentum, nisi vivum, non habet usâ.
 Cum qui sunt & qui fuerant
 Omnes philosophi exierant.
 Quæm fore veris dicitur.
 Per Philosophicum lapidem?
 Hinc adit, hic ex lapide lacrum capi:
 Quod aliud stultis nisi Philosophi lapsi?
 Hinc sequens capax, dissolutus
 Plumbum licet, aurum dedit.
 Quia ex sideribus quævis cum sum. Esti?
 Prædierum gratia stulti nati.
Am. O sacrum rem! &c.

2.
Dm. Sarcotæ loquor, stemtorumque natæ,
 Jam vobis Longæ facta sit *Æmaris*,
 Repelle parces litigant
 Tuæ cum vestras generant.
 O vos miseros si nocere
 Similis vestri offent vni!
 At, fatis multa *Clytemæ* habuerant
 Tuæ vestras causas otis operant.
 Reiti: nam nulli velina hoberi
 Casulærorum filii veri.
 Jam vobis fallere Lex est si cura,
 Sed fallite nobiscum Jure.
Am. O sacrum rem! &c.

3.
Dm. Præteritorum, *Mathematicæ*, vates,
 Quæ præter barbam nihil jam alati.
 Quæ calum creditur magis nonum,
 Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum.
 Quæ illud non se putant scire
 Illuc in recantat ore.
 Vos, à sacrisi siderum —
Æm. Auster te occidis *Mathematicæ*, nam
 adest *Bombard.*
Dm. Opportunè; nam herere cepit
 camentum — *Scientia* talis.
 Dicenda est, sola liberata. [*Exit.*]

X Scena

Scena Secunda.

Bombardomachidie.

Am. Anapha.
Am. Hem!
Am. Quis hominis aures, qui vapor claudat unam?
Am. Et ego rursus tono, Hem tibi.
Am. Opes iniquas Ditis inferni loca.
Am. Quam longum est iter ad ad quod vis.
Am. Quid dicit? andax Diem non.
Am. Scillet? & hoc vis me ut sciam, qui primus id locutus tibi sum.
Am. Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares,
Hic fulminantis fringere jambos deccit.
Am. Mehercule cothurnorum mille jam infusa habuisti pulchre.
Am. Est intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum)
Quilque evocavit nubibus fretis aequas,
Epique ad innum maria.
Am. Prohibesint Superi, cave ne committas tandem,
Uit male dicitur tibi in femone publico,
Si cum illarum operarum hominis negotium contrahas.
Am. Mitire de me fama non audeat, tace.
Am. At metuo fame tua, uti me par est facere?
Am. Max moxq; nobis aletit; hoc lentum est, Adit:
Parum est & hoc, quin, Adfuit—Claves mihi.
Am. Quamobrem?
Am. Illus icu nollet hic cardo strepet,

Aedeg; vifce—Verba compelas miser,
Peribis, at quid dixerim? infelix Peris.
Am. O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet demiq;
Itane tantum facinus tam ingenuit in te admittit?
Ten clavis ferre? Aetherias pelus Pertundet Artos Pontus, & Siculi rapax.
Gonibus clavis unda, & Ionio feggs.
Matura pelago fargit, uti modo pulcherrime
Dixisti! I praefeqnor, subfequor te.
Am. Cum recta dices, laudo, confilium placet.
Am. Quoties hec res in nervum penè erupit! bona machina.
Quam nequirit expectavit!

Scena Tertia.

Dimor.

O Dinos audistim? nos nullos esse?
Din. Aulcultavi ab offio omnia? Dii te infeliciter cano cantionibus.
Hoc est fallax aure Viteofian Encomium canere.
Perdidisti nos planiffime. O facram rem!
Scientia talis
Dicenda est sola Liberalis. Quando aderit illa
Cujus vox, taquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeo Cacodemonas?
Am. Modo.
Din. Modo?
Am. Modo: jam, & venit hercle non ingratis meis.
Din. Sed enim quid de captivis.
Am. Menta modo: illic hem.
Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numero mihi in mentem fuit.
Abi fame, educ lepfones tuas, traduce precere ad prosumam.
Din. Nemp in quem finem?
Am. Illic (nostit?) fcholam aliquam aperiant.
Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longa libertatim.
Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam ingentem facient,
Ut brevi se captos redimant præsentis pecunia.
Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & usitatum minus.
Din. Quid si literas?
Am. Poli istud nunc diemam inusitatum facta.
Sed quis eas gratis dicitet, tantum, ut det mercedem, abeti?

Din.

Din. Chironomantim, Phylfognomoni- am, aut aliquid ejusmodi?
Am. Omnes jam illas technas despicias habent ac nihil.
Nisi forte puer, populabit necne, exquifitum est,
Aut Ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus nupta fit futura.
Din. Quid tandem?
Am. Dicam. Omnes nunc homines videri volunt
Faceti atq; elegantuli; ad eam rem quovis pacto affectant vim;
Nori qui antiquospi vitam amittere, quam jocum maluit.
Ita rium, captant, & habent quod volent, nam mcherele sunt ridiculi;
Eadem hæc fabie laborat Gelasimus, ut qui maxime.
Din. Vis itarq; illos profiteri Jocandi Artem?
Am. Tenes.
Din. At enim commovere rium nequeunt, nisi deridendo se propinent.
Am. Recte: hoc est joci nunc dicrum, præterea quis est qui nequit in cogitatione verborum, & sympathia quam ludere?
Quot vocabula ad fatorem pertinent, quæsi destinata hujusmodi fallibus?
Ea habere in mundo omnia. Quot autem ad Philofophum?
Prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Prædicamentalis scala,
Conversio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Barbara, Cæfary,
Celarent, Ferio, Feflino, sic tolle, Diftum simpliciter,
Secundum quid, Difputo ad Hominem, Reduplicatio, &c.
Nam ad Conclufionem venio, Terminorum hic ufus optum.
Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, jure non esse fcriptos ferio.
Commoda sunt & Authorum eporundam nomina Ramus, Scorus, Faber, Toffatus, Snaresfus, Nafio, Tranquillus, Suetonius, Tactus, &c.
Am. F. Noflio.
Am. Me vocat, illic. Quid dixi? oh! est aliud genus falis
Deridere omnes mortales: parata firt(nam vacua pulset esse pugillarum)
Scommata in omne genus hominum; fed hi joci confiftunt plurimum
In ridendo clare, in contrahendo nafum, & induendo joculariter faciem.
Barba quor, mirum in modum utilis est, fi attrahat bene,
Aliquod etiam jurent ornamentum gratia, fed Dii boni!

(Pene excidit mihi) mercede conducant aliquos
Qui domi faciunt, aliquos qui caat peti- tum foras.
Ex Conclufis, difputationibus, Comediis, Conclufibus.
Aliquos etiam qui excubiant, nam venales habere debent
Seniles, juveniles, mulieres, Gene- ratos jocos.
Hæc & familia doce illos, abi fas; fac offi- cium; fed audin?
Adeffo illis femper, me liberati in pedes fe conficiant. Quo ego jam faciam.
Din. Effectum dabo; Jocandi artem? ha, ha, ha!
[Exit.]
O miram rem! fcientia talis dicenda est fo- la liberalis.
[Exit.]

Scena Quarta.

Calliphane, p. Cal. f.

Cal. p. Itane obftinatè operam das facere me advorum omnia?
Ego illic exatis obfequens obediensq; eram imperio Patris.
In mare ibam, rem familiarem agebam lu- cro.
Ten virginem liberali facie nolle in uo- rem dicere.
Cui, tantum dotis dictum est?
Cal. f. At hodie, Pater?
Cal. p. Eia! quam elegans! cras etiam dices. Ad hodie Pater?
Cal. f. At venant Mathematici infaufta hæc luce adornari nuptias.
Cal. p. Perit, religiofus est; jamne par- titus Calliphane?
Pudet tui pignere.
Cal. f. At agrotas fim, non valeo, poter.
Cal. f. Imò non egrotas jam, fed male ha- bes Calliphane.
Si nimius hi effe — & quid ni fit?
Cal. f. Præterea —
Cal. p. Age, quid præterea?
Cal. f. Nihil est parati; folitudo in ædi- bus; hæcine conventio nuptias?
Cal. p. Nemp id de industria; voluitus ifhoc fine tumultu peragi.
Ue ne tanti fami fumptus, tamque in nullam rem utiles.
Quid tibi volent Hymenæum & cantio- nale? quali tu neques
Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis fine au- xilio fiducias.
Poenia & illa hæc rem quafi injuffu no- ftreo, tacite agite.
Nifi forte Emylione, & Eggle arbutris.
Cal. f. Eggle? maxime.
Cal. p.

Cal. p. Ah! modò, atque morem mihi gerè.
Cal. f. Quid si nonvult, pater?
Cal. p. Nequiquam nonvult; ita illam intus admonuit pater.
 Aggredere illum amatorio more, Ah! Ego isthuc ætatis —
 Sequere me sis intro; Audin? nisi quod imperavi facis
 Patrem ne esse fœtias, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Caliphantes*.
 Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum!

[Exeunt.]

Scena Quinta.

Æmylia, p. fœta.

P. f. Quid ais *Æmylia*? amabò auditin' adhuc
 De novâ schola? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam?
 Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periculum facere
 Quid in jocos possint, sentient que melior sent.
 Non metuo fœat, ut posteriores feram.
 Auditin' quam foriter disputabam modo cum *Diamone*!
 Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mihi.
Æm. Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ odit
 Aut concionatoris rustici, qui illum *Læconem* vocat.
 Nunquam tuam audebit auferre fecum animam
 (Læcon fœam esse noverit) quia potentia tantum loquendi illic manere dicitur.
P. f. Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo, ita lepide loqueris.
 Dederi me facile patiar, si isthoc facti modo
 Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum feras.
Æm. Si me necesse est hercè, hoc pacto remunerarier.
 Absorbentem feceris brevi a facietis omnibus!
 Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu fortunata feri?
P. f. Equidem cupio, est infelix non fum, Diti gratias.
Æm. Fac induas regillam indoculam, fac geminis splendidas,
 Et filiam tei esse fœmules *Bonhardianachidie*.
P. f. Cupio id meoctor; sed erro quam infillaxiam.

Æm. Celestinus hic in proximo vendit jocos
 Hæres ditissimus, atque uti esse tales solant,
 Merus Ripes, hunc hominem admittulari peredum.
 Ingo hodie inter te atq; illum nuptias cupio facere.
P. f. Nuptias? Ha, ha, hæ! meoctor facimus lepidum!
Æm. Sic tu tibi divitias facies, atque illum pro arbitrio reges,
 Maltoque tum liberius amare licebit quæpiam
 Quam nunc licet: ut voles eris; ille, Vit bonus,
 Aut ignorabit, prorsus, ut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.
P. f. Scio, nam cum facta ero *Heroïna* nobilis
 Equum est oblectare memet illo more *Aulico*.
Æmylia, tum me vives aliquid, tui amorem
 Non committam ego ut fœm.
Æm. Sed properato opa'it.
 Para te oculus; ego te producam illic.
P. f. Scio, in illic hoc negotium sperare & cæte.
 Nam nisi sedulo fingas, quos animam illi addeceris.
 Nihil agis.
P. f. Pih! potin' ut molestus ne fies?
 An decenda sim hoc ætatis infœare homines?
 Ego vel te, *Æmylia*, captare poteram: abi Ne sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim.
 Quicquid cœtera.
Æm. Immo non metuo, at si satis melis, Te magistram quæram mihi, unquam si defecero.
P. f. Docbo equidem libenter; quod possim: Abi modo. [Exit *Æmylia*.]
 Nubam fœat non gravate, sed nunquam libero
 Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius illius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me fiet, Mihi qui sit dedecori, atque inglorio meo.

[Exit.]

Scena Sexta.

Geniosus, Calistinus, Marion.
(Schola aperitur.)

Gen. M. T. Cicero, Oratorum omnium Coryphæus, (Quo verbo ipse usus?) De Orate secundo libro,
 Quem oculis mei plus amo; Artem negavit esse Salis.

Erravit;

Erravit; Ciceroem semper ego existima-
 vi hominem.
Gen. Pih! Cicero fœlem non habuit; quiquanne de tot vocabulis
 Figurarum & Toporum nullum unquam faceret jocos!
 Poteram hercè ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc quod est diei:
 Ah Metaphora, bonum est verbum: & lepores hercè hujusmodi
 Ex Academicis lectoris oratione collectos habemus plurimos.
 O Dii boni! jocos pulcherrimum excerpimus in Tullium
 Qui nudus quartus in Scholis publicis dicitur est proxime Academicis.
 Legam vobis — [Ascendit in cathedra].
Gen. Sed fœrox nimiam ne sis in Ciceroem nostrum,
 Nam erat Eloquente Pater.
Gen. Quid hoc? oh — Jocos magnus in Prætoris oppidani cornu. — non vi — [querit paginam]
 Jocos in militem malè velittum — An ostenderit terga? — oh —
 Hic exemptus'it ex meis pugillaribus — & certe magnus est — hum!
 Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis non die Novemb. unus jocos,
 Sex demi-joci, & tres egregie sententiæ.
 Oh! memini — Joci facti
 Et pia Hilaritas — nunquam hæc vendemus —
 Oh — jam invenit — Jocos magnus in Ciceroem.
Gen. Lege; arretitque auribus alto.
Gen. (Lege) Ciceronis nomen vanum,
 Absat nunc in Tullianum, & potest converti Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum —
 Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus est.
Mar. Tutor hoc tum est verbum.
Gen. Ceteri absent in Tullianum.
Gen. Optime! nam est locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur.
Mar. Hæ, hæ, hæ!
Gen. Quid ridet?
Mar. Hæ, hæ, hæ: Absat in Tullianum? hæ, hæ.
Gen. Hoc dictum in utramq; partem accipi potest, est jocos ambidexter, Ibi ego Obiter feceris fœm, aucti? Tutor! Marion scribe isthoc.
Mar. Maxime.
Gen. Hem! suntne in mundo omnia?
Gen. Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum: Læto Tutor, in dictum tuum.
Mar. Joc: jo. — jocos — Estne *Gen.* Cuius cum ego, vel cum ego?
Gen. Cuius? Scripsisti?
Mar. In credo.
Gen. Repete: *Mar.* Dexter est

Ambo — joci. *Gen.* O fœsus! est jocos ambidexter, ego clamam.
Mar. Maxime: in idem redit. Scripsi valde bene Tutor.
Gen. Immo infœmum bene, ut Comice loquar: Ibi ego *Calistinus*.
Gen. At male vector ne hoc non de gravitate meâ detrahat.
 Non, non, ipi Doctores jocantur in his regionibus.
 In condemnationis facti sunt ipsi Judices, Dormiant, capite annuati & ille Judicialis jocos est.
 Generosi jocos solvant Creditoribus.
 Hic homines omnia joco. Promittant joco. Joco jurant, joco fallunt: rem agunt dirnam joco.
 Pareat cæxi, vivunt joco: tantum jocantur serio.
Gen. Atque ego ita faciam: si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.
Gen. Marion, vide equi licitatores propiunt: an prospectus est fœmiliis?
Mar. Joci, novi joci, optime novi joci, quis emit novos jocos?
Gen. Nullo ne mundinatus est modo? hic dies fœcilestus est
 (Ut uter Comici phrase) dividendis jocis.
Gen. Mox dabit nobis grandes bolis: ita supercilium salit.
 Non fum ob nihil tam ingeniosus hodie, Nunguid cessavi hoc misne lacri facere?
 Vendidit modò mulier, nescio cui, duos jocos.
 In Papam *Johannannum*, quos ministrum ajebat sese
 Ad electum fratrem suum fœdem pastorem in Angliâ.
 Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus & Coronâ triplaci.
Gen. Quam emit?
Gen. Unus drachmis in jocos singulos.
 Sed corollari loco voluit sibi unum dari.
 Demi — jocos in *Bellarminum*: itaque dedit, Mentiris *Bellarminis*.
Gen. Bene habet: Carpat celestem orientem confestim.
 Id est, Beati sumus. Teste *Erasmio* Roterodamo in *Adagiis*. Equid aliud?
Gen. Præstitit etiam Iusticiarius quidam quatuor jocos,
 In honorem Legis; & sex ingeniosas sententias
 Quis in canâ dictur'it, cum vicinos quatuor accipit.
 Clientum alitibus. Venit postillâ *Jesusita* aliquis
 (Quantum conjecturam capio, nam ornatus erat bassileum in modum).
 Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut sibi faceret
 Y Sulfur

Salfum & ingeniofum Dialogum inter Luthrum & Diabolum.

Omitto religioſum.
Mor. Pax? Et? adest empor: quid vis tibi Domine
Novos jocos, optines novos jocos!

Scena Septima.

Juvenis Academi.

Acad. Vellem mihi dari Archidiaſcalum hujus ſchola.

Mor. Dari? non, non; habebis, ſi vis emere tibi.

Ac. Quiſſe Archidiaſcalus?

Mor. Ego ſum *Morion*.

Ac. Sed illum conventum cupio.

Mor. Non me cupis?

Ego poſſum jocari aliquando.

Gen. *Morion*, eſſe tibi ſis
Hanc paginam.

Ac. Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam intermere?

Gen. Juvenis, tecum me praeto tibi. Coram, quem quaeris, adſum.

Trojus Aeneas.

Ac. Si Aeneas tibi nomen fit, alium volo.

Gen. Non: ſed loquor cum Poeta: ſi ſunt, quid veniſſi loquere.

Ac. Muneris nihil eſt moderari inter diſſipantes in ſcholis publicis.

Gen. O? Agonotheta es, ſed? & *Hiſtor*: nam ſic docti venant.

Ac. Facetus videre velim, tantam libertatem dabo.

Mercedem, quantum ulli ſolent, eodem qui officio functi ſunt.

Gen. Recte: nam ſi argumenta non potes, ſolvenda eſt pecunia.

Audis? que dixi? *Morion* ſcribe hoc ſis accus.

Mor. Dili te perdant.

Credo te jocari ſolitum fuiſſe in utero Matris.

Atque ita ſemper facis, mihi tu faciliſſis in ſcribendo negotium.

Gen. Memento tamen, Juvenis, in quo ſis loco.

Ingenioſus eſſe non debes nimis. Nullumne adhuc habes in parato joculum?

Ac. Nullum equidem praeter, ſatis feciſti officio tuo.

Mor. A — ar — a — rgu — O — jam habeo.

Ac. An bonam habetis copiam philoſophicorum ſalium?

Gen. Videbis: *Morion* cedo libellum de

jocis Philoſophicis.

Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

Scena Octava.

Mulier.

Mu. Quis intus eſt?

Mor. Quis haec mulier eſt? quid vis?

Mu. Tunc es Magiſter Scholae?

Mor. Ego ſum. Ego: quid tua? Magiſter? maxime.

Mu. Recede quaeſo; eſt tibi quod in aurem dicam. Nupta ſum, ſi placeat, Imperio morum, & impuri oris Viro,

Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es.

Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.

Mor. Nupta es imperio morum & impuri oris Viro, [Lere over]

Qui te meretricem vocat: hinc in aurem dicitis mihi?

Non, non: quid ſi dotas hic latet?

Gen. *Mulier*, ſed ſis propius.

Ac. Ha, ha, ha! non adſineo quin plaudent — accipie ſis pecuniam.

Ob iſthoc credo dictum me ſuſtulſent humentis.

Gen. Cuius generis facetias vis?

Mu. Omnium, ſi placeat, generum.

Gen. *Morion*, cedo Pia hilaria, nunquam haec vendemus aliter.

Mu. Non multa, ſi placeat, pia.

Gen. Non, non, pauca pro Die Domitico. Vin' etiam jocos generoſos?

Mu. Quoſcumque tibi viliſſim'.

Gen. At aliquid laetivum ſunt.

Mu. Non recuſat, ſi ſint tantum aliqui. Indices, fac pretian.

Gen. Non cari ſunt ſex minis, Tu vero quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchritudo eſt virtus veniens e corpore pulchro, Sex foldis feres.

Mu. Accipe; Dii vos ſolpſent.

Mor. Nunquam ſic auferes; aliquid mihi dabis.

Gen. Profecto, ſi nunquam te in Academia uſquam viderim, Accipiam te opprare coctis primis, & cerviſia prima.

Sed necesse eſt, ut conſultationem Oratoris componas mihi.

Gen. Eſſe tunc tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facile eſſime.

Morion, quid non eſt jocus? delebon' ego jocum optinam? bene, ſi vis.

Ac. Sed ita componas oro, ut eadem conſultatione haec, Reſpondeam illis Oratoribus.

Gen. Omnibus, ſi vis.

Antequam ad Diſputationem deveniamus, ad aliqua tibi reſpondendum eſt, habuisti itaque in viſitatio Oratoris tua.

Mor. Quid? veſt — veſtibus — delectaris credo vocalibus

Qua ſunt ſcripta diſſilia.

Gen. Aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed proſecto ego ingenii fautor me

Non meruisti tantum de meis laudibus.

Dixiſti porro

Dixiſti porro, aliquid de Mari Philoſophico

Ac. Quid ſi non dicit?

Gen. Pili, ne time: nunquam quicquam comitat Mare Philoſophicum

Sed video nullas hinc natus Veneres — ha! quid ſis Juvenis?

Ac. Hum! hum! hum! mediis fidius pulchare.

Gen. Dixiſti etiam quod — & tum interponis illius verba.

Ac. Quaeſo tu id facias; non poſſum quicquam interponere.

Gen. Bene habet: non eſt opus; perge ad hunc modum. Cetera ex memoria diſſipa ſunt, itaque ſic — & tum Accingas te ad diſputandum, ſcripſiſti?

Mor. Ferè; Diſſipa ſunt, itaque ſic — & tum te accingas ad diſputandum. [Legit.]

Gen. Pili; non oportuit ſcriptum —

Mor. Non? ſignificatum hoc oportuit mihi — ſed delcho tamen.

Ac. Nihil ſupra: O ſi repetere poſſim cum ingenio tuo.

Gen. Iſtaſcalum eſt, audies Morionem, *Morion*, procede in medium.

Et lege Conſultationem, uti ego te docui.

Mor. Tum me docuisti? non; ego inſtata ſe loquor.

Antequam ad Diſputationem deveniamus ad aliqua tibi

Reſpondendum eſt, habuisti itaque in tua veſtibus Oratoris

Tuae aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed proſecto ego ingenii fautor,

Me non meruisti tantum de meis laudibus, dixiſti porro aliquid

De mari Philoſophico, piſi ne time, nunquam quicquam.

Gen. Quid? ſcripſiſti? id? dele, inquam, occis.

Mor. Quid? non eſt jocus? delebon' ego jocum optinam? bene, ſi vis.

[Dele.]
Se. I video nullas hinc natus Venena

Gen. Quid? venena?

Mor. Maxime; annon recte id quidem?

Gen. Pili! Veneres.

Mor. Veneres? bene; in idem redit — Cetera ex memoria diſſipa ſunt, itaque ſic —

Ac. Legiſt pol facetiſſime: qui datur, ſi tantum indices.

Gen. Non, cara! eſt auro contra; ſed folido tibi deſtino.

Mor. Non, non: ponam ego precium illi, qui repetebam bene.

Videri? haec veſtes, jocularis nimio nimis? Dabis mihi ſubſigcula.

Ac. Hem tibi ſolidum — adest peregrinarius

Vale, conſultabo nunc omnes homines, quibuſcumque loquor. [Exit.]

Scena Nonna.

Gen. Adest alius:

Quae regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

Bom. Heus! ecquid iſta venditis jocos ſchola?

Eſſe & iſtaſ pade, quodcumque eſt mihi.

Gen. Dicitis vera quidem; veri ſed graviora fide.

Ut Ovidius in Tristibus, quem librum compoſuit.

Porroſum in exilium miſſus eſt ab Auguſto. Sed ſine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Dic nomen.

Bom. Memina nescis nomen? O ingens ſcilicet!

Dum terra cedum media libravit feret, Niditidique certas mpidus evolvet vices, Numereſque arenis dedit, haud nomen meum

Lachri villos.

Gen. Hic homo, (quantum video) nomen dum Virgilium legit,

Nam eandem rem cum Poeta quanto dixiſſet melius.

In freta dum ſturti current, dum montibus umbræ

Lultrabant, convexa polus dum ſydera pulſcet

Semper: haec, non, nomenq; tuum, lauteſq; manebunt.

Mor. Vix audeo hercle; Hem! fortent me praſtabo.

Novos jocos, optines novos jocos, emiſſe novos jocos?

Bom. Ain' carumef? *Mor.* Nihil, proſecto nihil.

Mecum

Mecum ipse loqui soleo; hic homo non jocular.

Bom. In profligatis hostrium turmas jocos Empitrus argentum ferro, argentum boam; Minaque quilibet numerata veniet dicit.

Mor. Ha! ha! habeo! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum.

Ad hunc modum hostibus responde, Abite in Tullianum.

Et ad tandem ordo convertri potest, si dicis modum.

Ne abeatis in Tullianum, ha! ha, he!

Gal. Equid peius te tenet? in Cicero-nem id oportet dixim.

Mor. Scio hoc, sed alius applicari facile potest; ammon

locus est in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur?

Postum ego iocari fuis in loco, diis gratias. *Gal.* Hem tibi sales militares!

Mor. Alexander, seu Pelles juvenis Nunquam est lectus meliores, exempli gratia,

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Scena Prima.

Gal. Filius, Encomisfa.

Gal. F. Me hominem invenitum!
Em. O infortunatum me putillam!

Gal. F. Amare res liberrima est, Amare tamen cogit.

Em. Odilse res est liberrima, Odilse tamen vector.

Gal. Cur superi, quam amicus eligunt, quicum vivamus Patres?

Em. Cur Patres in corpora portestatem habent, in animos superi?

Gal. Adest Encomisfa, aliquid ei dicere, sed quid dicam nescio.

Encomisfa.

Em. Quid?

Gal. Ne valeant, si verbum de nuptiis O Encomisfa!

Em. Quid? sic me ut sciam, siquid vis.

Gal. Egen? nihil.

Em. Cur vocati autem?

Gal. Immo tantum est, Salva sis.

Em. Adest, sed in panca confers.

Rex. inquit, Macedonicus mihi ipse dedit. Tum dicit aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam?

Respondes succitlime, Tergum vel Penas dedit.

Bom. Sed fac Iambi cuncta ut incedant pede,

Et ias nam nunc, nam mox hic referam gradus. [Exit.]

Gal. Edipol ne commode proculissimus, lepide hoc officium fungimur.

Mor. Pulchre nos inter nos congruimus, iuganci omnes sumus.

Gal. Servis inter te convenit uris, ad Vit omni litterarum genere callidissimus.

Gal. Hei! obruinur multitudine. Abite, bellua estis multorum capitum,

Ha, ha, ha! multorum capitum! ha, ha!

redite post prandium,

Vos qui estis bellua multorum capitum. Tutor, emus quo ad prandium.

Em. Rectè, nam, ut inquit Poeta, Ludri permittit fobria Musi jois. [Exitum.]

Ne deos quidem penes est, sed Encomisfa; hodie!

Em. Ajunt.

Gal. Quid Pater?

Em. Jubet, infat, urget.

Gal. Si hodie nuptura es mihi, cras me efferes.

Em. Falsus es; nam si nubam hodie, hodie moriar.

Gal. Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithalamio loco.

Em. Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fungetur vice.

Gal. Ob lepidum isthoc dictum nunc de manum places mihi.

Nunc illud est, cum te libenter penè in uxorem accipere.

Quam vos sonabit blandum cum promittatur,

Que tam, cum negat, siavis est!

Em. Meafor ego

Vix jam à memet impetro, ut ne te amem, cum te amari nolis ita amanter facis.

Gal. O amorem constidatior contento!

Em. O omni pace jurgium optabilius!

Gal. Sic sua Turtures molliores Venere, Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur invicem,

Sed questus inter, & gemitus, & marmur, amant.

Em. Sic gratum nolitis furtum cum fiat auribus,

Pax bellica inter choros pagannas agitur, Concordant simul, simul & litigant soni.

Gal. Per Venere Encomisfa, liberalis es, si daretur optio,

Uxorem à Diis ipsis non peterem aliam.

At cetera, ipse fecimus, amamus fero.

Em. Gerendum igitur Fero, non Patri mos est.

Gal. Ne valeam, cum contempar faciem, si quequam sapia est,

Tam lubrica frons est, oculorum ut effundat aciem.

Cincinnati vincendisi animis nati tibi.

Modellus genarum color, & qualem alie A vercandia amantur, gonsique amulantur labis,

Abeamus, nam si te conpexero diutius, Perireo, Venena mellem in medullas serpunt.

Vin' te Encomisfa mihi in Uxorem dari? Cupio, per Deos cupio, Encomisfa, loquere.

Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen. Nisi dura, & difficilis maneat, me interficis.

Nam conceptus ego verbis jurgiarum deli,

Uxorem, nisi Aglen—

Em. Aglen, Encomisfa?

Gal. Non, non, non, ah quid feci! aliam velui dicere.

Em. Afficiam te hodie Calliphones, nuncio letabit, si Aglen deperis, mutuum tecum facit.

Gal. Quid ais? ah noli in spem fluxam me conjacere. Meni Agle?

Em. Oculis plus, inquam, tuis.

Gal. Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O Encomisfa,

Odo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam excutiar,

Ne virum, nisi semper te feci merito maximan.

Em. Accerfas Aglen, rem tibi Authorem dabo.

Constitutum uti capiemus, interca temporis, Vale.

Gal. Nunc illud est, cum me—

Em. Pith, superlede istis verbis, abi.

Gal. Abco—sed Encomisfa—bene: abco. [Exit.]

Scena Secunda.

Amplis, Encomisfa.

Em. Edipol ne hac machina successit lepide sub manus.

Ita parata fuerunt omnia ad jocandi artem utilis.

Accommodavit illis Dives aliquid pecunie pro manu

Unde utatur, & nunc, credo, aperuerunt Scholam.

Em. Ha! adest amorem meum non est uti ceteram amplius. Amplis, adedam, paucis te vido.

Em. Encomisfa, salve,

Em. Amplis, hodie nuptura sum.

Em. Dii vident bene.

Em. Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti nuptias prodat dies.

Estne hoc miserum?

Em. Enimvero nihil prolixius.

Nam eo citius virginem exas.

Em. Sed fac Aglenis,

Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter adeo faceres?

De improviso duces?

Em. Utinam faceres periculum.

Equidem nullis rebus parvotorem.

Em. Meafor, pone ita esse.

Ego amo te, & fed adverlum nos odiamt Patres.

Quid enim ageres?

Em. Quid? si esset centies pater, Glaucoman ob oculos obijcerem, uti me quod videt, videt.

Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodie mihi nubere?

En. Volo.
En. Lepidè partes tuis agis : sed da mihi firmam fidem.
En. Do talem Venere.
En. Et Martem ego tibi
 Me hodie te duciturum, dicta confirmemus
 fœviva,
 O festivum facinus ! hercè verò jam nunc mihi ferio uxorem.
 Da suavium alterum.
En. Proh deorum fiden ! os hominis !
En. Oculandi pœnam faciam, si os non placet,
 Sed aliquid noctu fiet, quia me propter ames merito.
En. Quis aufer te, inquam, ocyus, nempe quod dixi joco
 Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens ?
 Mendior faxo ut ne impudè in me induferis.
 Uende isthac confidentia' st ? qua opes tibi ? qua factio ?
 Servitium servire te memineras captum min.
En. At enim liber natus sum, ac forti familia.
En. Linguam comprime,
 Aut dicam Patri ut me in tricas conjici.
En. Hic hercè exitus rem lepiam pervertit male.
 Vale igitur, si vis, ad novam scholam me conferam,
 Atque aliquos eman jocos in iracundam Virginiem.
En. Quam inepè stulta sum ! timeo, ut severa fuerim.
 Quid si revocem ? *Amplio* rodi, quid præter morem ita
 Prætereque ingenium tuum ac mali confisus
 Quæ jocunde dicta sunt ? credin' me locutum ferio ?
En. Non, non, ferio ? neque polite faminam arbitror.
En. Cape sis hunc annulum tibi, indignum quo doneris dono.
 Si memoriâ nos excedimus hic factio ut subveniat tibi.
En. Annulum ? maxime, sed jamne locuta es ferio ?
En. O *Amplio*, si nocentes — & quidni nocentes tamen ?
En. Quidni ? quia non sum Oculpis ; præter annulum nil intelligo.
En. Adolege tardus es ? facis haud confuendine.
 Quin, vulsum legas, legas & fistulari,
 Hunc ipsum legas annulum ; sat loquor tacita.
En. Legam hercè libentissimus —
 Oh — Cum annulo —

Quid est ? *Encemissa*, hoc verbum non vult legi.
 Oh — efficiam ut veli — Cum annulo annulus.
En. Inceptus es ; res alias si sic agis, Vale.
 Quid dixi ? immò Vale, fed ne abes tamen.
En. Hunc ! sic est profecto : nam si mentiri bene
 Conciniâ facie fimo ; statim commoda, & ætate integrâ.
 Experiar quid sit : *Encemissa*, advorte atimum.
 O *Encemissa*, diu te amavi perditæ.
En. Ha !
En. Uilque adhuc ausus nihili, nisi oculos pulcere.
 Amoris tædio enecor, nunc itaque tuum Perpicere animum, ut sese habeat velim,
 In spe atque in timore attentus sum. *Encemissa*, loquere.
En. Pudet confiteri tibi, quid faciam miserâ ?
 Mene ? similitatem non revereri Patris ?
 Sed mirro Patrem —
En. Mulum hanc facito molestiam.
 Vin' me Maritum tibi ? verbo expediâs.
En. Maritum ? ha ! quid si de cupiam maxime ?
 Cupiam non, nolo *Amplio* habes brevillime.
 Quid respondes ?
En. Me esse infelicem ; Vale.
En. Non, non, manta sis modo ; Volo, inquam, Volo.
 O *Amplio*, tuus sum, tunc me commendo fidei.
En. Et ego *Encemissa* tuus, præ herciliâ, ita me dii ament ;
 Apud me non sum ; sed mittamus isthæc, adfunt arbitri.

Scena Tertia.

Calliphonæ, Agle, Encemissa, Amplio.
Cal. Besti me ; hoc dicto reddidisti animum.
 Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruisti ætino.
Encemissa. — *Amplio.* — Divortium vitam adepri sumus.
En. Quid foror ? tunc *Calliphonæ* amas ?
Ag. Me ipsum minus.
En. Frustrâ adhuc sumus ; quid Patri respondemus ?
Cal. Ha ! Patri ? quanta de Jæritiâ quam subito decidit ! Nullam facere possimus in nuptiis fallaciam *Amplio* ?
En. Non minor mea hic res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere desine.
En. At siquid potes *Amplio*. *En.*

En. An hodie te uxorem committimus est *Calliphonæ* ?
En. Ita.
En. Dic te velle.
En. Ah *Amplio*, tam subito animum A nobis segregas ?
En. Dii avortant omen.
 Nemo te unquam nisi more eripiet mihi.
 Nunc quem tam ingens accipie : hic nuptiis dictus est dies.
 Veras esse creditæ Pater, at ne sint tamen.
 Nam *Agle* tuam vicem cum *Calliphonæ* nocta cubet.
 Diurna ejus noxæ sis ipsi in aliquod tempus.
 Nam forte in diebus paucis aliud te nobis offeret.
 Amoliniani hinc vos properè, si consilium placet.
En. Nullum vidi melius.
Cal. Abanus *Agle*. [Exit *En.*]

Scena Quarta.

Gromicus, Galatimus, Morion, Academicum Jocularum.
Gro. Ad cathedram, ad cathedram ocyus, nam adeit peregrinus.
 Tributurque pedes, denfisque Viro Vir.
Acad. Tunc es Magister Scholæ ?
Mor. Hei ! Magister ! nemo homo Me quærit usquam ; his vestibus nimium luteo.
Acad. Professor jocularum *Academicum* proxima *Hebdomadæ* jocularum de publicæ.
 Itaque hinc me misit salubrem ut vobis dicerem,
 Openique in hac re expectavit, & consilium vestram.
 Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat.
Gro. Pecuniam ab illo ? Dii melius : meus frater est.
Ac. Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit suos.
Gro. Quoniam te Jocator Frater animum jam falsis in hoc tempus colligentes, ilque *Academici*, abundantè oportet præceptis institutisque hujus artis propter summum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem, nos (ut vilemura) magnum tibi involuntum afferemus, atque hoc vultu in transitu ; serpsulocè excurro Oratoris.
Gro. Præ te isthac rem prevortam nulla, Sed cequos tibi fecit falsi ?
Acad. Collegit aliosque ;

Sed fiet ipse adnuit, quod sciam ego, patencilissus.
 Forte an duos tresve demi — jocos.
Gro. *Morion* porrigè sibi chulam
 Illam mihi jocularum Tripodiâ ; nam in Angliâ patria posttra
 Jocularum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi !
Acad. An isti concinnè, in Questionem ejus cadent ?
Gro. Equè hercè continè in Questionem ejus, atque, in ulam aliam.
 Hoc habeat prope in exordii loco, deini Quæstio autem
 Sequatur è Jargonico, evocabit suos ipse Terminos.
 Atque si recusant ingredi, invitos trahat forcum atque ingratis.
 Uti nunc ad festum vidimus. Hæc itaque est salutaris
 Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet
 Medicinæ, Legique Professores, & Doctoris omnes præcipuos.
 Absque hoc nunquam ququam plausum sibi reperit.
 Sed (pæne oblitus fui dicere) nullane hic Comœdia.
 Agitur circiter hoc temporis.
Acad. Immo verò hodie.
Gro. Ha, ha, hæ ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis,
 Nam quinquies est, feceris meis proxima *Hebdomadæ* jugulabitur.
 Accipe sis hanc sibi chulam ; scriptum illic inveniet,
 Quod sufficit largiter ad deridendum omnines posthac Comœdiæ.
Acad. Dii tibi dent quæ velis ; bene vales.
Gro. St ! audin' etiam ?
 Tribus verbis te volo, istam Fabulam Ludos facier.
 Fabula (latellexin' ?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto, Vale. [Exit *Acad.*]

Scena Quinta.

Amplio (alio ornata) Pfectas, Grom, Gel, Mor.
Gel. Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon ?
 Edipol virgo fortis est, efficiam ut me deperens de Jargonico.
Mor. Principio atque hanc video, manere non possam diutius,
 Ita lauta est ; nimio nimi' modestus sum his verbibus.
En. Jam para te *Pfectas* ; si peccus scripturas illis dabis.

Gn. Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numerata hoc *Glossop.*
Olfector, Auditor, suri in advorsam partem
ne rapiatis,
Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem
aliquidum joco.

Em. Si in eam partem peccas, facile te
profecto condonabimus.

Sed mihi crede, Doctissime Moderator, ad
hic ab hac culpa liber es.

Gn. Doctissimum me vocat, non inter-
ficiam illum hodie.

Gd. Quoniam dandi regulas nobis deli-
sti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*,

Est inagnus jocus.

Em. Tam magnus hercle ut videri ne-
queat.

Gd. Pish! annon ludo in reduplicatio-
ne et Dare

Gn. Est certe druidia pars joci.

Em. Oh! ille, fortasse credidit,
Dimidium plus toto esse.

Gd. Dii, Deaque, Superi, Inferi,
Pellimus me exemplis perdidit, nisi dicitur
si eam.

Numeri *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit enim ex
animo meo.

Em. Rectam hercle infans viam, inge-
niosis ut sis,

Si furaris, ego que dico,

Pf. Summi est ingeni,
Sic facere, nam tuo jam te jugulari gladio.

Ibi ego etiam? padet fane ne mutari stare
Inter toe jocantes.

Gd. Sed repetatur a diverticulo?
Dicam ergo tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Ma-*
cedonice

Em. Quin pergis? *Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?*

Gd. Quis jam te oportet flere,
Quid dedit tibi? *pecuniam?*

Em. Quid? in holme dicit?

Tur? me coges?

Gd. Non, sed nisi detur *Antis*, quis po-
test jocarit?

Em. Bene, si me oras, dicam, ne omni-
no coram hac femina nobili

Ignominiose taceas.

Gd. Et ego sic respondeo?
Pecuniam? non, non, non. Terguum vel
prenas dedit.

Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed oliter hoc
Dixisti Artem jocandi non dari. Falsim?
nam ass jocandi est

Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur;
si namque,

Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

Em. Carissime, hic jocus, nam tribus ab-
hinc petitur milliaribus.

Condonatorum nunquam audivi, textum
cum perdidit,

(Ut farsa sit) per toe cuculos illi querere.
Walla in hunc plane modum ad fiam scan-
dunt originem.

Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap in-
genium, Ap

Crede mihi res est ingeniosa dare.

Gd. Onerabas deinde maledictis Auli-
cos, sed nimiam rusticæ,

Iterum *Gnomice*, ob rusticitatem illum de-
rides,

Est et elegans quædam antithesis inter Au-
licos et rusticæ.

Quæ addidisti de Puritanis, intacta præte-
reo,

Quoniam imitatus es illa que hodie mane
dixerim,

Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire jussi, ce-
tera

Ex memoria auferunt.

Pf. Nequeo quin plaudam mihibus.

Atque ita omnes velleam, cum audiant quod
placet, facere.

Gn. Satisficisti officio tuo: ascendat
Morion,

Mor. Ita facio, quæso ut jocos meos im-
memes *Gnomice*.

Em. Hei! cum istis vestibus disputata-
rum venis?

Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla est Con-
secuentia

Inter earum partes.

Mor. An vestes mee tibi nocent?

Em. Ita fane me turbent modo, cum
hic ascenderas.

Mor. Ha, ha, he! ut me vidit, homi-
nem terrui; & novic qui sim.

Quid cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc
incipio

In principio orationis tue habuisti aliquid
de meis laudibus, sed

Ego ingente fiteor, me non meruisse tan-
tum de meis laudibus.

Em. Ego? de tuis laudibus?

Merito pot me confutare possis, si habuisti
tale quid.

Mor. Pish! ego hoc suppono — ita-
que nunc pergo, numerâ *Gnomice*.

Dixisti quid? aliquid de mari Philosphico?

Em. Quid? de mari Philosphico?

At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem
habui attingi.

Sed si animum induxisti desiderare Mare Phi-
losophicum.

Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.

Mor. Non? rum hæc tue culpa? *Glos-*
sop.

Annon dices, quod nunquam quisquam
omittere Mare Philosphicum?

Em. Ha, ha, he!

Mor. Equid me tident?

Gn.

Gn. Perge *Morion*.

Mor. Pergat qui vult, si videcis: ego sit-
teteris officio meo.

Cætera ex memoria dilapsa sunt: Et sic de-
finito. [*Glossop.*]

Gn. Vos itaque cum meritis omnes de-
mitto laudibus,

Et Vitalia tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo
Et cantare pates, & respondere parati.

Pf. Deus bene! quam palchre vos om-
nes proccidistis hodie,

Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proximi.

Doctissime Moderator vale, dii tibi dent
que expetis.

Gn. Et hocagum formosa vale, val in-

quit sola.

Pf. Tu *Glossop*, sequere me sis domum,
nam de arte isthac est tibi

Quod sola foli dicam.

Gn. Beatus sum! libenter sequor.

Quantum tuis magnis debeo, quod me tam
lepulum feceris!

Pf. *Amphib*, i pax, pish, omitte istas ce-
remônias.

Mor. Ego illos comitabor, satis jam jo-
catus hodie.

Gn. At ego intus me recipiam, bene ho-
die fecimus. [*Exom.*]

hæ domum saturo, venit Hesperus, ite Ca-
pelle. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Scena Prima.

Emyle, Dixon.

Em. Pro certo habes advenisse *Poly-*
poram?

Dix. Siquidem quod vili certum est.

Nisi falsum credi.

Em. Mirum est, si falsum aliquando, si
sunt tu,

Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil est
altius es.

Sed, ut placet, tibi vididit? equid idoneus
vitis?

Ex quo arguamur cadimus? ha? numquid
est trochælis?

Ultimum accepit litteras.

Dix. Accipit jam in porta.

Et largus lacrymarum hæc properat.

Em. Qui istud nosti?

Dix. Ut vides, suspensio gradu ibam, tel-
luram, compingebam animum.

Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, formi-
nem hoc captavi modo.

Procius tu *Brachiodon* videlicet indatus, ut ac-
cipiam hominem.

Hic eto, cum rogabit, ubi habet *Zombi-*
donæbikes?

Hæc per postremum introducam illum tibi.

Em. At militi claves reddidi.

Dix. Pish! sexcentis sunt casis quam-
obrem illas possis repetere.

Abi modo: sed enim sapivis quid facer-
emus? adhuc perincomode?

Em. Oh! idem *Polyporæ* tempus nunc

non esse, ut illos videat,

Et jubebo cras redat: Satis polita sunt
hæc consilia?

O fors fortuna quam fecundis rebus hæc
mihi onerasti diem!

Abeamus mi charissime *Amphib* abeamus.

Dix. O, si inveniret *Amphib* abeamus.
[*Exom.*]

Scena Secunda.

Glossop, Picius, Morion.

Pf. Viden? ergo quam posthabui omnes
res ingenio tuo?

Nam me in sacrum mudi expectavit

Principes,

Quos demum, quia indocti erant, doloris
compos.

Gd. Dii! me faciunt quod volunt, nisi
mim? gauderent

De pollutis tui (nam & ipse in mea patria
Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ-
nuptie

Magnofantare fac totius orbis in modo.

Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur
lumine

Suis te dictis immortalis afficit gloria,

Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus quæri-
mus.

Pf.

Pf. Copio equidem Poetam parere.
Gel. Mæ fide paries.
 Nam vagabund ego metricæ, & in ladicis lo-
 Heliconis æquam fixis, tum autem in Par-
 uo bicipiti
 Sepicule formavisti, sed, ut verum fatear
 Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minerva
 tum,
 Quam Epigrammata, aut fatyri, nam festi-
 villime
 (Ut nostri) deridere homines soloo.
Pf. O istas omnes!
 Quam undiqueq; fontentis tuis intermi-
 ces factis!
Gel. Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertisit? at
 præcipi ego scicere,
 De illis, ut experter, utram tute per te eas
 intelligeres.
Pf. Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimi-
 citias sperem
 Tui censis, nisi intelligerem probe ingeni-
 um tuum.
Mor. Colloquantur familiariter, metap-
 re præcipiat mihi
 Illius animum, namque amo illum plus vi-
 no & faccaro.
 Et nisi me amet nutub, abeat sane in lo-
 In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.
Gel. Abscissus, mea Sappho,
 Ut a fœderato aliquo celestretur nobis ma-
 trimonium,
Mor. In, abi tu domum.
Mor. Ne me contempnim conteras,
 Tam ego distulabam hodie, quam tu, pub-
 licus.
 Et consutavi hominem.
Pf. Exemplis pellissis
 Ludificator illi fructum alii hinc prope-
 re avolet.
 Oh supas te cecidi, mortua sum! Pater
 huc venit, nos queritans,
 Et hinc gladio necem hic minatur omni-
 bus.
Mor. Oh, oh, non possum aspicere Bon-
 bardomachides,
 Nihil nimis ferox est, jocarî mecum noluit
 modo.
Gel. Tam mortui hercæ fumus, quam
 mare est mortuum.
 Mi iterum, velim, nolim, non reprimo me,
 si qua jocer.
 Nullumne hic latibulum est?
Mor. Oh! quaso ostendas aliquid,
 In ipso foramine Acus nunc jam jacere po-
 teram,
 Equum hic habes casum? nam auris in-
 stas optime
 In illo delictetecem.

Gel. Non, non, fallis es *Mor.*,
 Nam tunc excederes latebras tuis. Ut il-
 lum derido
 Hoc tanto in periculo
Pf. Heimiti! est intrus dolium —
 Ut contollit gradum! ut oculi vireat tra-
 cundia!
 illic fi vis tenet occultare.
Mor. Dolium! credo ha, bona femina;
 Nunquam me pudebat a Diogene extempum
 fumer.
 Utinam eiset plenum, evacuarem mihi quam
 cillium.
Pf. Sequere me, tibi mox proficiam *Gri-
 asine.* [Exeunt *J. J. Gel.*, *Mor.*]
Mor. Ita, cum ego in tuto sim; dolium
 magnifica pol domus est.
Gel. Oh! oh! audire vifa! sum strepi-
 tum militis.
 Tergum vel penas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex
 Macedonicus.
 Oh! jam veni, Kico; jacebo hic, quasi ef-
 sum mortuus;
 Nolo saltem crerere fatum meum.
Pf. [recumbit] [Piscat Intrat]
Pf. Ha, ha, he!
Gel. Oh! adeit!
Pf. *Gel.* fume, surge, ne metus molim.
Gel. Profecto, *Bombardomachides*, non
 duxi tuam filiam.
Pf. Neque unquam volui.
Pf. Quid? *Gel.* [recumbit]
Gel. Non: quæro ne me jupules,
 Memineris, obsecro, joco tum Militarium,
 quos feci tibi.
 Quo effeci venus, lambi ut incedat pen-
 de.
Pf. O Venus! Intus lepidus. Adspice
 ad me *Gel.* fume, Pater non adest.
Gel. O mea Sappho! ubi est pater tuus?
 obsecro an venit?
Pf. Neque venturus est, ex composito
 hoc feci adeo, ad me *Mor.* [recumbit]
 Ut nobis sine Morione arbitro fierent nup-
 tiam.
Gel. Ha! Kico hinc equidem, & ego epi-
 am per induriam
 Dissimulavi quos eum, simidos — sed,
 nunquam in vado fumus!
 Annon distulabam lepide? certe ali-
 quid audio —
 Non veni spero.
Pf. Ne time; sed festinato opu! tu,
 Ne tandem festulasse serido non pateat oppri-
 mui.
Gel. Vera dicis, propter mea Musi,
 mea Urania.
 Ut te ano mea Polyhime, mea Melpome-
 [Exeunt.]

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Emylio (*ornatus militis*) *Dionis*, *Polyperas*.
Em. Intromittare sino; fac pateat ju-
 na.
Poly. Tunc ille es Miles, arte tam infigi-
 nis ductica?
Em. Periphramin veram nominis dicis
 mei.
Poly. Si is es, filium manu cepisti meum.
Em. Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater
 es meo.
Poly. Huc itaque eâ gratia huc veni tibi,
 illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam daim,
 Oro igitur me abolvias, quam primam po-
 teris.
 Nec mora in te fit sita, quin pretium au-
 feras,
 Copio videre ipsos; & completi miseris,
 Tam Pater capto sum, quam dudum fui
 libero.
Em. Nunc aliqui me expectant reges;
 & cras redeas licet.
Poly. Cras illud, Patri filium quærenti an-
 nans est.
Em. Oculifne claves obrivam fiant tuis?
Poly. Quæ duxi tuam filiam.
Em. [Intra]
Cal. P. Nisi jam repentiant, effringantur
 foribus cridines, [Intra]
 Ne nova Exorcitæ objecta fit, cum huc ad-
 venerit.
Em. Edo jam nunc foribus bellum
 meis,
 Posthæc ut istum timeant, efficiam, pedem.
 [Bombardomachides frangi ferris.]
Em. Occiditum fumus *Dionis*; Hæus!
 quis est ad fores?

Scena Quarta.

Bombardomachides, *Calliphonates*, *P. Emylio*,
Dionis, *Polyperas*, *Jovis* *Bombard.*
Em. Oh! spectra cerno? ludit an ocu-
 los meos
 Imago fallax? non possum pergere lam-
 bicæ,
 Ita valide timeo.
Cal. P. Ha! quid est? quid tremis adeo?
Em. Me frigus, haud formido, ut tre-
 mam facit.
Em. *Dionis*, in te spes omnis vertitur,
 sis *Demon* iterum,
 Reperantari salus nostra non aliter potest.
Dion. Ne dispande animum, polchre ho-
 mines vorabimus.

Cal. P. Nihil adhuc video — hum — Leo-
 pardus, redit, iple est. Leopardus
 quos confrexi prius.
Dion. Oh, ho, o, ho, urite, fundite, tun-
 dite, credite, veritate, domum, ho, ho,
 fundite, tundite domum.
Poly. Quæram hæc deliramenta? suntne
 atra ibi peritici?
Dion. Non! hæc æstiva, adrafas, adrafas,
 adrafas?
Em. *Dionis* *Polyperas* *Jovis* *Emylio*
Poly. Quicquid sit, aut hi homines infi-
 niunt valide,
 Aut aliquid monstrî subest, quâ fugere in-
 fultum via?
Em. Oh! quaso bone *Demon* ne acced-
 as adeo, oh!
Poly. Men' times vero? tam homo sum
 quam tu.
Bombardomachides hic quæro.
Em. Men' queris? obsecro,
 Recetas, tecum nihil negotii est mihi. Oh!
 quaso.
Dion. *Polyperas* *Jovis* *Emylio*
Em. *Polyperas* *Jovis* *Emylio*
Cal. P. Oh! metuo male ne me perfe-
 quantur *Demones*,
 Quâ ad nuptias in julu tibi meæ coegi filium.
Em. Malum ut media acie, quam hic me
 stare loçi.
 Utinam — (quid faciam?) utinam eifam
 jam nunc mortuus,
 Sed mori non possum.
Poly. Proculdubio istud somnium est.
 Ita res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis sum, aut
 ubi, nekiam.
Em. Claudam hercæ oculos, videre non
 sustineo.
Dion. Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capi-
 am, rapiam fundam, tundam omnes illico.
Em. Immo non times, video profecto nihil.
Cal. P. Nihil? curas est *Bombardomachides*?
 accipie sis specularia.
 [Bombardomachides extendens ferris
 rianam *Emylio*is dejicit.]
Em. *Polyperas* *Jovis* *Emylio*
Em. Oh!
Em. O *Dionis* acta res est: emergi hinc
 non potest!
Em. Servitne nosfer? facinus indignum
 & grave!
 Jupter, omni parte violentum intonsa,
 Jaculari finimes, lumen exoptam polo
 Fulminibus exple — jam possum iterum
 lambicæ.
Cal. P. Proh Deos! fecisti te servus pro
 delectamento ulu?
 Arripiane aliqui insulimem, & extinguant
 illi animum.

Bombardomachides Tunc

Tun' (felus) pro arbitrio nos terras feces?
Bom. Terrere me non potest, tamen nihil.
Cal. P. Non iam compos animi, ita incendor iracundia.
 Itane illud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.
Bom. D'iane pene loqueris, ego paravi volo.
 Ardeo furore: tam diu cur innocens
 Hos versor inter? tota jam ante oculos
 moxi.
 Imago cadis erat.
Din. O! diu te perdant *Æmylio*.
Æm. Quis ego quod ferendum est feranus equo maneo.
 Vid. o non licere quicquam jam pertendere.
Fal. Frustrationes ego istas mirari fatis inquit.
 Hæc, estne illes Hic, *Bombardomachides*?
Bom. Mei ergo necis? Ipse *Bombardomachides* tuus (in versu loquens)
Fal. Paratus es necem mihi jam filium reddere?
Bom. Quæ habeo filium reddam, sed nullum habeo.
Fal. Quæ te mala crux agit autem? hem latentes tuus.
 Quæ in portæ accipi modo.
Bom. Ha! Dux *Bombardomachides*?
Æmylio scripti istud: O ingens scelus!
 Incertus, atrox, meate non fima feror
 Partes in omnes, unde me accipiam?
 [Verberat *Dionem* et qui *barbam arripit.*]
Din. Ohi obsecro, quid scilicet in his agit?
Fal. O Di! boni! quid ego video? *Dionem* ferunt?
 Hem! *Dionem*! quid hic agit? ubi filius meus?
Din. *Æmylio*, quid scilicet in his agit?
 gaudium? constrictor omnia.
Æm. Suspense te, fivis: D'is iratis nato sum.
Cal. P. Hæc homines ingentem aliquam aborantem fabricam.
 Articulatam te concede hic ferus tuus.
 Quantum adhuc video: favo coniteantur omnia.
 Hæc *Lora* in! quis intus est? *Lorarii* inquam!
Fal. Immo deposita veste se verberibus impleans invenit.
 Donec omnia expulvinius, ut libitum il nobis.
Bom. Locutus es, non male, fiet modò.
 Adde te, *Dionem* hoc vester juber.
 Sæcivum me præbeo hominem?
 [Ingressus *Lorarii*]
Æm. Scilicet in me præbeo hominem?
 scilicet in me? *Dionem*, bono animo es.

Din. Quin Stoicos, inquam sum, dolorem nunquam sentio
 Moriamur, fat scio; si præter ipsum quid evenit
 In luxu deputabo esse.
Bom. Adhuc Irære?
 Flagella fac sint nobis in promptu duo.
 [Exiit *foras*, et rediit cum flagello.]
Cal. P. Interca quod est temporis, tu demum illis dilpodes.
 Ha! flatur verberes, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio?
 [ponit diplidam.]
Æm. Aliud cura; Carnificæ, nos possum ego hoc exorare!
 [ad *Lorarium*.]
 Vapulare hercle nolo in generosis meis vebibus.
 Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.
Din. O miram rem! scientia talis, dicenda est sola liberalis. Satin? *Æmylio* fortiter?
Bom. Rides? ac mox flumen ex oculis cadet.
Cal. P. Hem! da flagella illis in manus ocyus.
 Nisi pænas de se strenue sumant invicem,
 Quasi incudem cedas illos; ac pugnes operes.
Din. Video necesse esse, ut exerceamus nosmet.
 Age, incipiamus mea Commodis.
Æm. Mea, opportunitas incipiamus.
Din. Tu nebulo major es, tibi hercle locum cedo.
Cal. P. Ludant hercle, hæc *Lorarii*, fateat ut pugni in malis habeant.
 Ad mortem vos ambos darem? elletis mei.
Æm. Quin ab iam malam rem; nil operis opus tunc est.
 [ad *Lorarium*.]
 Annon *Dionem* fatis idoneus vultus, qui me verberet?
Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!
Æm. Meus bonus Genus!
 [Exiit *æmylio* flagellans.]
Din. Meus Pilades!
Æm. Orestes meus!
Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi fat methodus placet.
 Tam similis est bello.
Cal. P. Facilis probe.
 Cessate paululum, exquire nunc jam, quidvis.
Fal. Quid filio factum est meo, cum *Tutore* ejus & *Gelasio*?
Din. Ennuximus illos mucidos; & argenteum effecimus.
Æm. Et vestes, vident ornatum *Morianis* tui?
 Me

Me milib' decent magis.
Fal. O frontes hominum!
Din. Dicam omnia; animum adverte, nam fabula lepidissima il.
 Primum omnium, appoti probe ut obdormirent, fecimus.
Æm. Dein vestes *Morianis* pannis commutavi meis.
Din. Dein, quasi captivos, in vinculis hic habuimus.
Æm. Dein *Scriptimus* Epistolam, te ut vorares insepser.
Din. Dein spectris fictis *Bombardomachides* perterrecimus.
Bom. Egonè vana ut spectra timerem fecimus!
 Adesse vel jam *Dæmonum* turban velim.
Fal. O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis tantum merui?
Æm. Ha, he! homo flavus! nos ut patereceris tibi?
 Cum bardum genuisti, sapientium id fecisti gratia.
 Sultus est *Commune* Bonum.
Cal. P. Obhæpisco! ita hæc res mira!
Din. Immo nihil jam celabo, nolo, *Æmylio*.
 Ex illis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi.
Æmylio—
Æm. *Dionem*! & scellestem caput!
 [flagellat.]
Bom. Mutiren? audes? pifce sis mutius magis.
Din. *Æmylio*ni nupit hodie, & *Dii* vorant feliciter.
Bom. Quid tangit auren? ferte me in fine proci.
 Illo proclat ferte, quo fertur dies
 Hinc rapus, & quis filiam ostendit mihi,
 Longinquæ, clausa, abstrusa, diverfis, invisia
 Emetierum, nullus obstat hic locus.
 [Exiit *Bombardomachides*.]
Æm. Nunc demum perii solidè, hoc ducum in corde est mihi,
 Quod mei gratia, *Æmylio* pejus erit,
 Præterquam, quod carendum est illa, nil adhuc doleo.
Cal. P. Si esset mea, omnem de illa animam
 Ejicerem *Patris*, & alienaren miseram a familia.
 Si filius meus ad hunc modum—sed non vult, aut si cuperet maxime,
 Captare consilii nil posset, quin obsecerem prius.
Din. Immo ille proculdubio his poxis vacuus il.
 Nihil in se culpre unquam commisit, *Tantum*.
 Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam justifi sedulo,

Æmylio hodie dixit
Cal. P. *Æmylio*? non potest fieri.
 Nos, non, non aude: quicquid sit, videbo tamen.
 Si verum est, statim cum uxore quatletur foris.
 [Exiit.]
Æm. Quicquam sis, peregrine, nolo precor mihi
 Orare ut sint, nam adversus isthæc obsumit mala,
 Sed ut pacem *Æmylio* conciliare ab ejus Patre
 Id oro, atque obsecro: age, est perum de te mererim,
 Popularem tuus sum.
Fal. Meus?
Æm. Siquidem es *Anglus* patria.
Fal. Qui istud factum est, hic ut servituten servas?
Æm. Forum ædipol vido, nam progredientis patre
 Mercatore sum distulio, sed sic fors tulit
 Cum foreore simul parvula hic ut caperet parvulum.
Fal. Hei mihi!
Æm. Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me deceat magis.
Fal. Quia miseris mihi meos hoc dicto in memoriam redigis.
 Nam filiolam ego etiam cum fratre una perdidit.
 Ubi capti estis?
Æm. In *Norik*, cum in *Hispaniam* transfugisse Pater
 Mercature operam dans, ac rei studens.
Fal. Quodnam erat novi signum?
Æm. *Cæstor* & *Pollux*.
Fal. Dii boni, ego magis quero, eo plus plusque convenit.
 Si est, ut hæc mihi res indicium facit.
 Omnium, qui sunt in terra, sum beatissimus.
 Quot annis abhinc?
Æm. Mensis proximo erant & rotodecem.
Fal. Dii memet ex re perdidit servatum velunt.
 Si isthæc vera sunt, non dubito quin sis meus.
 Ceterum adde *Miles*, ille me certiores faciet.
 [Exiit.]

Scena Quinta.

Bombardomachides. *Cal. P.* *Cal. P.* *Æmylio* *Æmylio*.
Cal. P. Quin exi, fugitium hominis, cum uxore trivenecha,
 Faxo, si vixta mihi supereat, istus obstatu-
 beret.
 Ag. Obsecro prolixè fenex, uti quos te habet male,

In me totum evotas, cum illo modo in gratiam redes.
Mea omnis culpa est; ille ab te innocuus,
Per Deos mea est.

Cal. F. Non, non cave illi credas Patre,
Tuum in me nam deivari multa equi u'
Blanditis istam meis conijci invitam in nuptias.

Pol. Accommoda mihi miles paululum aures tuas,
Nisi sit inolefium.

Rom. Uruntur irā fibere, & exardet jecur,
Uruntur inquam; loquere ac quidvis tamen.

Eu. O Emyle! huncce in modum celebrantur nuptiae?
Veror necedem suam vidua quo die nupta sum.

Em. Habe modo hominum animum, & mea Vita, tibi nil faciet mali.

Memque ne dolens, vicem, nam Deos talos,
Si una hae nocte cubillum in complexu tuo,

Cras illud esset, cum me vellem interfici,
Ne illa unquam egrediendo contaminaret illud gaudium.

Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes ista est mea.

Pol. Immo omnem mihi rem explicatam desiliit pulchre.

Inferate Elae, salve,
Cum hic te conficior; quam sperat mihi Atque abundant letitia pectus l' ubi foror tua est?

Em. Ecce ipsam, mi pater charissime! amenitates quantas

Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo mea est.

Ha, ha! filium & filiam? he, ha! lacrymo gaudio.

Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me fecit hoc?

Age Miles, face te liberum filiae nuptias.

Rom. Nisi jam negabo, curā de concedo senex,
Quoniamque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.

Em. Audin' *Eucnistia*? iterum mihi natus videtur.

Eu. Et ego iterum nupta, 6 mi *Emyle*.

Cal. p. Quam suo mihi hic sermone arceat aures!

Fili, quoniam istam virginem tam misere deperis.

Difficultas a me non erit, quin pro uxore habes.

Cal. f. Reverta mihi pater es, & disipula proxima.

Dom. Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est mihi.

Emyle, volo te de comuni re appellare mea, & tua.

Meminiat quo ornata te primum invenierim,

Mea profecto operā hae omnia evenerunt tibi.

Em. Fenerato hanc mihi operam *Joculisti*, *Diane*,

Nam me cum semper vives, suppeditabo ego tuis glorijs.

Dom. O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!

Em. Meruisti hercule;

Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam me verbosū dicitur!

Dom. Meruisti hercule. Ego vel iterum, mi *Emyle*,

Voluptatis tuae causa, defessus verberando iterum.

Em. Sed obsecro, mi Pater, an *Morian*, meus frater est?

Pol. Nihil minus, nam cum voluist infortunatus perdidisti;

Ne proavis viderer ortus, recens natum servi mei puerum

Pro meo fultu; is hic est, quem vidistis, *Morian*.

Scena Sexta.

Gelasius, Pheas.

Sed quem ego video? *Gelasius*, amicū *Morian* mei?

Gelasius salve.

Cal. O *Pheas* salve: nefcis quam beatus ego sum!

Ubi est *Bambarchemachides*?

Pf. Illic non videtis?

Cal. Hic non est ille *Bambarchemachides*, ad quem me infamavi callide.

Pf. Pili, credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis fiet?

Cal. Non, nota, filius tuus *Gelasius*, hic fixo pegulae.

Ut sibi benedicas, obsecrat, atque ut nuptias suis.

Rom. Ex ore quid venit tuo? Tui filius meus?

Cal. Fortassis hoc me credis per jocum dicere.

Quia jocii semper soleo; sed profecto loquor serio.

Detrahe velam, mea Musa: hem! i' notitia filiam tuam?

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Pf. Immo ne sciamerem.

Eu. Ergo nuptiā Aino, sed paterceptis meis, Elliciam brevi, ut mositas sit sit bene.

Eucnistia

Eucnistia salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum originis,

Colloquimur inter nosmet amice, & capicimusse filiam.

Quid matris faciendum sit, servare molitur polys.

Cal. Tui negas filiam tuam hanc esse!

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Cal. Quis (matrim) rictetis? nullum hic dixi jocum.

Em. *Gelasius*, da hoc etiam pugillaribus tuis.

Os milit' callide subitum est, quanto Non- Feb.

Cal. Nolo sic me rideant; immo, quae sit, satis novi.

Ego ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem? Vah! ista ingratitudo est, hoc fultet' militat.

Facillime a me amovi istud delectus.

Mor. Oh! non possum accipere animam- que bona tertia.

Pf. Inter tot nuptias

Ne desit vinum, donabo vos pleno ditio.

Cal. p. Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam miras res.

Nulla me vidisse unquam in Comedia memin.

Ha! quid fit tandem?

Scena Septima.

Pheas, Morion in dolis.

Pf. Hem vobis vinum meum!

Mor. Non, non, ego non sum vinum.

Exi. Ha! quoniam hic video? ego iterum intus me recipiam.

Cal. Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, 6 *Morian*, ut ego te derideio!

Mor. Videtur ego patrem meum? & pater, tui' hic odere?

Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.

Jocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthac ne me patrem vocites.

Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio fultali.

Mor. O! tu memon nosti, fortassis in his verbis.

Ego sum profecto *Morian*'s, toga *Gelasianum*.

Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non spernere libet.

Sed meus, per Deos, non es, teclad patrem tuum.

Adhucam iterum, eam in Angliam transmittimus.

Scena Octava.

Cal. O Tutor! mihi profecto venerant hodie.

Omitte intus fites, tu vero Tutor, & *Morian* mundum omnem jocularem colligit, nam in Angliam mecum redibitis.

Atque illic Cantabrigiae istam apertius scholam

Empiores jocorum ibi habitant quamplurimi.

Mor. Recte; tum pater si nois esse, ne si amplius mihi.

Tutor, ego non sum filius *Pheas* natu Maximus.

Cal. Enim vero, ut ait *Comicus*, Di nos homines quasi pilas habent.

Cal. p. Interca ad me omnes introite ad prandium,

Frugaliter vos accipiam.

Cal. Constium placet.

Siqui tunc harum rerum Spectatores adfuerint

Cum Poeta illis dicerem. Valere, & plaudite.

Claustrum jam rivus, pueri, fat praeta bibentur,

Rumpatur, quilibet rumpitur invidia.

Cc

EPILOGUS.

EPILOGUS.

Habet; peracta est fabula; nil restat denique,
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam; quod ut fiat mutuo

Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor,

Naufragium sic non erit; nam vobis, si placimus,

Ut acutissime observat Gnomius, Vir admirabilis,

Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbia.

FINIS



