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SHELF MARK: De.3.44
TITLE: The Brazen Age
AUTHOR: Heywood, Thomas

N.B.

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THE BRAZEN AGE,

The first Act containing,
The death of the Centaure *Nessus,*

THE SECOND,
The Tragedy of *Meleager:*

THE THIRD
The Tragedy of *Iason* and *Medea.*

THE FOVRTH.
VVLCANS NET.

THE FIFTH.
The Labours and death of
HERCVLES:

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Samuel Rand* dwelling neere *Holborne-Bridge*. 1613.

To the Reader.

THough a third brother ſhould not inherite, whilſt the two elder liue, by the laws of the Land, & therfore it might breed in mee a diſcoragement, to commit him without any hereditary means, to ſhift for it ſelfe in a world ſo detractiue & calumnious, yet rather preſuming vpon the ingenious, then affraid of the enuious, I haue expos'd him to the fortunes of a yonger brother, which is, moſt cõmonly, brauely to liue, or deſperately to hazard: yet this is my comfort, that what imperfection ſoeuer it haue, hauing a brazen face it cannot bluſh; much like a Pedant about this Towne, who, when all trades fail'd, turn'd *Pedagogue*, & once inſinuating with me, borrowed frõ me certaine Tranſlations of *Ouid*, as his three books *De Arte Amandi*, & two *De Remedio Amoris*, which ſince, his moſt brazen face hath moſt impudently challenged as his own, wherefore, I muſt needs proclaime it as far as *Ham*, where he now keeps ſchoole, *Hos ego verſiculos feci tulit alter honores*, they were things which out of my iuniority and want of iudgement, I committed to the veiw of ſome priuate friends, but with no purpoſe of publiſhing, or further cõmunicating thẽ. Therfore I wold entreate that *Auſtin*, for ſo his name is, to acknowledge his wrong to me in ſhewing them, & his owne impudence, & ignorance in challenging thẽ. But courteous Reader, I can onely excuſe him in this, that this is the *Brazen Age*.

Drammatis Personæ.

HOMER.

Oeneus K. of Calidon.
Althea, &
Her two brothers.
Deyaneira.
Meleager.
Hercules.
Achelous.
Nessus.
Iason.
Atreus.
Tellamon.
Nestor.
Medea.
Oetes.
Absyrtus.
Adonis.
Atlanta.
Apollo.
Aurora.
Iupiter.
Mercury.
Iuno.
Mars.
Venus.
Gallus.
Vulcan.
Lychas.
Omphale.
Her maids.
Æneas.
Anchises.
Laomedon.
Hesione.
Priam.
Philoctetes.
Water Nymphes.
Castor.
Pollux.
Pyragmen.

The

The Brazen Age,

CONTAINING
The labours and death of Hercules.

Enter HOMER.

AS the world growes in yeares ('tis the Heauens curse)
Mens sinnes increase; the pristine times were best:
The Ages in their growth wax worse & worse.
The first was pretious, full of golden rest.
Silver succeeded; good, but not so pure:
Then loue and harmelesse lusts might currant passe:
The third that followes we finde more obdure,
And that we title by the Age of Brasse.
In this more grosse and coarser mettal'd Age,
Tyrants and fierce oppressors we present.
Nephewes that 'gainst their Vnckles wreake their rage,
Mothers against their children discontent,
A sister with her brother at fierce warre,
(Things in our former times not seene or knowne)
But vice with vertue now begins to iarre,
And sinnes (though not at height) yet great are growne.
Still with our history we shall proceed,
And Hercules *victorious acts relate:*
His marriage first, next many a noble deed
Perform'd by him: last how he yeelds to Fate.

And theſe, I hope, may (with ſome mixtures) paſſe,
So you ſit pleas'd in this our Age of Braſſe.

Actus 1. Scœna 1.

Enter Oeneus, King of Calidon, Queene Althea, Meleager, Deianeira, Plexippus, and Toxeus, brothers to the Queene.

K. Oen. Thus midſt our brothers, daughter, Queene and ſonne,
Sits *Oeneus* crown'd in fertill *Calidon*
Whoſe age and weakeneſſe is ſupported only,
In thoſe ripe ioyes that I receiue from you.
Plex. May we long ſtand ſupporters of your royaltyes,
And glad ſpectators of your age and peace.
Tox. The like I wiſh.
K. Oen. We haue found you brothers royall,
And ſubiects loyall.
Althea. They are of our line,
Of which no branch did euer periſh yet,
By Cankers, blaſtings, or dry barrenneſſe.
But *Meleager* let me turne to thee,
Whoſe birth the Fates themſelues did calculate,
Mel. Pray mother how was that? I haue heard you ſay
Somewhat about my birth miraculous,
But neuer yet knew the true circumſtance.
Althea. 'Twas thus: the very inſtant thou waſt borne,
The ſiſters, that draw, ſpinne, and clip our liues,
Entred my chamber with a fatall brand,
Which hurling in the fire, thus ſaid: *One day, one date,*
Betide this brand and childe, euen be their fate.
So parted they, the brand begins to burne:
And as it waſted, ſo didſt thou conſume;
Which I perceiuing, leap't vnto the flame,
And quenching that, ſtayd thy conſumption.
The brand I (as a iewell) haue reſeru'd,
And keepe it in a caſket, lock't as ſafe
As in thy boſome thou maintainſt thy heart.

Melea.

Melea. Pray keepe it well: for if not with my mother,
With whom dare *Meleager* truſt his life?
But ſiſter *Deianeira*, now to you.
Two worthy Champians muſt this day contend,
And try their eminence in Armes for you,
Great *Achelous*, and ſtrong *Hercules.*
Dei. We know it: my loue muſt be bought with blowes,
Not Oratory wins me, but the ſword:
He that can brauelieſt in the liſts contend,
Muſt *Deianeira's* nuptiall bed aſcend.
Oen. Brothers, conduct theſe Champions to the liſts,
Meane time *Althea* ſtate thee on that hand,
On this ſide *Deianeira* the rich prize
Of their contention.
Melea. Clamors from a farre,
Tell vs theſe Champions are adreſt for warre.

Enter at one doore the riuer Achelous, his weapons borne in by Water-Nymphes. At the other Hercules.

K. Oen. Stand forth you warlike Champions, and expreſſe
Your loues to *Deianeira*, in your valours.
As we are *Oeneus* the *Ætolians* King,
And vnder vs command whole *Calidon.*
So we conteſt we make her here the prize
Of the proud victor.
Ache. Dares the *Theban* baſtard
Contend with vs, as we are eldeſt ſonne
Vnto the graue and old *Oceanus*,
And the Nymph *Nais*, borne on *Pindus* mount,
From whence our broad and ſpacious currents riſe?
So are we proud to coape with *Hercules.*
Nere let my ſtreames waſh *Acarnania's* bankes,
Or we confin'de in *Thous*, our grand ſeat,
Till (by the ruine of *Alcmena's* ſonne)
We lodge bright *Deianeira* in our armes.
Herc. Haue we the *Cleonean* Lyons torne?

 And

And deck't our ſhoulders in their honored ſpoyles?
The *Calidonian* Boare cruſht with our Club?
The rude *Theſſalian* Centaurs ſunke beneath
Our *Iuiall* hand? pierc'd hell? bound *Cerberus*?
And buffeted ſo long, till from the fome
The dogge belch't forth ſtrong *Aconitum* ſpring?
And ſhall a petty riuer make our way
To *Deianeira's* bed impaſſable?
Know then the pettieſt ſtreame that flowes through *Greece*,
Il'e make thee run thy head below thy bankes,
Make red thy waters with thy vitall bloud,
And ſpill thy waues in droppes as ſmall as teares,
If thou preſum'ſt to coape with *Hercules*.

Ache. What's *Hercules* that I ſhould dread his name?
Or what's he greater then *Amphitrio's* ſonne?
When we aſſume the name of Demi-god
Not *Proteus* can tranſ-ſhape himſelfe like vs,
For we command our figure when we pleaſe.
Sometimes we like a ſerpent run along
Our medowy bankes: and ſometimes like a Bull
Graze on theſe ſtrands we water with our ſtreames.
We can tranſlate our fury to a fire,
And when we ſwell, in our fierce torrents ſwallow
The Champian plaines, and flow aboue the hils,
Drowne all the continents by which we run;
Yea *Hercules* himſelfe.

Herc. Me *Achelous!*
I can do more then this: loue *Deianeira*,
Swin with her on my ſhoulders through thy ſtreames,
And with my huge Club beat thy torrents backe,
With thine owne waters quench th'infernall fires
Thy figure ſerpentine, flat on the earth:
And when th'art Bull, catch faſt hold by thy hornes,
And whirle thee 'bout my head thus into ayre.
Thou faire *Ætolian* dame, I cannot wooe,
Nor paint my paſſions in ſmooth Oratory,
But fight for thee I can, 'gainſt *Achelous*,

Or all the horrid monſters of the earth.

Melea. When 'gins your proud and hoſtile enmity?
Behold the prize propos'd, the victors meed,
Champions your ſpirits inkindle at her eyes.

Ache. It is for her this baſtard I deſpiſe.
Prepare thee *Theban.*

Herc. See, I am adreſt
With this to thunder on thy captiue creſt.
I cannot bellow in thy bombaſt phraſe,
Nor deafe theſe free ſpectators with my braues.
I cut off words with deeds, and now behold
For me, the eccho of my blowes thus ſcold.

Alarme. Achelous is beaten in, and immediatly enters in the ſhape of a Dragon.

Herc. Bee'ſt thou a God or hell-hound thus tranſhap't,
Thy terrour frights not me, ſerpent or diuell Il'e paſh thee.

Alarme. He beats away the dragon. Enter a Fury all fire-workes.

Herc. Fright vs with fire? our Club ſhall quench thy flame,
And beat it downe to hell, from whence it came.

When the Fury ſinkes, a Buls head appeares.

Herc. What, yet more monſters? Serpent, Bull, and Fire,
Shall all alike taſte great *Alcides* ire.

He tugs with the Bull, and pluckes off one of his horns. Enter from the ſame place Achelous with his fore-head all bloudy.

Ache. No more, I am thy Captiue, thou my Conqueror:
I ſee, no Magicke, or inchanting ſpell
Haue power on vertue and true fortitude.
No ſleight Illuſion can deceiue the eyes
Of him that is diuinely reſolute.
I lay me at thy feet, a lowly vaſſaile,
Since thou haſt reft me of that precious horne,
Which tearing from my head in ſhape of Bull,
Thus wounded me. Take *Deianeira* freely,
Onely reſtore me that rich ſpoyle thou haſt wonne,
Which all the Nymphes and graces dwelling neere,
Shall fill with redolent flowers, and delicate fruits,
And call it *Cornucopiæ*, plenties horne,

In memory of *Achelous* losse,
And this high conquest won by *Hercules*.
Hercu. Hadst thou not stoopt thy horrid Taurine shape
I would haue peece-meale rent, and thy tough hide
Torne into rags as thicke as Autumne leaues:
Take thee thy life, and with thy life that spoile
Pluckt from thy mangled front, giue me my loue,
I'le stoare no hornes at winning of a wife.
Giue me bright *Deyanira*, take that horne,
So late from thy diffigured Temples torne.
Deyan. I haue my prayers, *Alcides* his desires,
Both meete in loue. *Oen.* Receiue her *Hercules*,
The conquest of thy warlike fortitude.
Herc. Wee take but what our valour purchast vs,
And beauteous Queene thou shalt assure his loue,
Whose puissant arme shall awe the triple world,
And make the greatest Monarches of the earth
To thy diuinest beauty tributary.
Meleag. Will *Hercules* stay heere in *Calidon*,
To solemnize the nuptials of our sister?
I *Meleager*, rich *Ætolians* heire,
Whose large Dominions stretch to *Oeta* Mount,
And to the bounds of fertile *Thessaly*
Will grace thy Bridals with the greatest pompe
Greece can affoord, nor is't my meanest honour
To be the brother to great *Hercules*.
Herc. Thanks *Meleager*, soiourne heere we cannot,
My step-dame *Iuno* tasks me to more dangers:
Wee take thy beauteous sister in our guard,
Whom by *Ioues* aide wee straight will beare to *Thebes*.
Oen. A fathers wishes crowne the happinesse
Of his faire daughter,
Mel. And a brothers loue
Comfort thee where thou goest: If not with *Hercules*
Whom dare we trust thy safety.
Herc. Not *Ioues* guard
Can circle her with more security.

Time

Time cals vs hence, *Ætolian* Lords farewell.
Oen. Adiew braue sonne, and daughter, onely happy
In being thus bestowed, come *Achelous*,
With you we'le feast, nor let your foyle deiect you,
Or *Deyaniraes* losse; he's more then man,
And needes must he do this, that all things can. *Exeunt.*
Herc. Dares *Deyaneira* trust her persons safety
With vs a stranger, onely knowne by Fame.
Deyn. Wer't gainst the Lyons in *Chimera* bred,
Or those rude Beares that breed in Caucasus:
The *Hyrcan* Tigers or the *Syrian* Wolues,
Nay gainst the Giants that assaulted heauen
And with their shoulders made those bases shake
That prop *Olimpus*: liu'd *Enceladus*
With whom *Ioue* wrestled: euen against those monsters,
I'de thinke me safe incircled in these armes.
Herc. Thou art as safe as if immur'd in heauen,
Pal'd with that Christall wall that girts *Ioues* house,
Where all the Gods inhabite, built by fate,
Stay, I should know that Centaure. *Enter Nessus.*
Ness. That's *Hercules* I know him by his Club,
Whose ponderous weight I felt vpon my Skull
At the great Bridall of the *Lapithes*.
What louely Ladie's shee that in her beauty
So much exceedes faire *Hypodamia*?
Herc, Oh *Nessus*, thou of all thy cloud-bred race,
Alone didst scape by trusting to thy heeles
At *Hypodamia's* Bridals, but we now
Are friends, are wee not *Nessus*?
Ness. Yes great *Hercules*,
(Till I can find fit time for iust reuendge)
Methinkes my braines still rattle in my skull)
What Ladie's that in great *Alcides* Guard?
Herc. Deyaneira, daughter to the *Ætolian* King,
Sister to *Meleager*, now our Bride;
Wonne by the force of armes from *Achelous*,
The boysterous floud that flowes through *Calidon*.

Ness.

Neſſ. A double enuy burnes in all my veines,
Firſt for reuenge; next, that he ſhould enioy
That beauteous maide whom *Neſſus* dearely loues.
Will *Hercules* commande me? or his Bride?
I'le lackey by thee whereſoer'e thou goeſt,
And be the vaſſall to great *Hercules*.
Herc. We are bound for *Thebes*, but ſoft, what torrent's this
That intercepts our way? How ſhall we paſſe
Theſe raging ſtreames?
Neſſ. This is *Euenus* floud,
A dangerous current, full of whirle-pooles deepe,
And yet vnſounded: dar'ſt thou truſt thy Bride
On *Neſſus* backe? I'le vndertake to ſwimme her
Vnto the furtheſt ſtrond, vpon my ſhoulders,
And yet not laue her ſhooe.
Herc. I'le pay thee for thy waſtage Centaure, well,
And make thee Prince of all thy by-form'd race,
If thou willt do this grace to *Hercules*:
But ferry her with ſafety, for by *Ioue*,
If thou but make her tremble in theſe ſtreames,
Or let the leaſt waue daſh againſt her skirt;
If the leaſt feare of drowning pale her cheeke,
I'le pound thee ſmaller then the Autumne duſt
Toſt by the warring winds?
Neſſ. Haue I not ſwomme
The *Helleſpont*, when waues high as yon hils
Toſt by the winds, haue crown'd me, yet in ſpight
Of all their briny weight I haue wrought my ſelfe
Aboue the topmoſt billow to ore-looke
The troubled maine: come beauteous *Deyaneira*,
Not *Charon* with more ſafety ferries ſoules,
Then I will thee through this impetuous foord,
Herc. Receiue her Centaure, and in her the wealth
And potency of mighty *Hercules*.
Neſſ. Now my reuenge for that inhumaine banquet,
In which ſo many of the Centaures fell,
I'le rape this Princeſſe, hauing paſt the floud

Come

Come beauteous *Deyaneira*, mount my ſhoulders,
And feare not your ſafe waſtage. *Exeunt.*
Herc. That done returne for vs: faire *Deianeira*,
White as the garden lilly, pyren ſnow,
Or rocks of Chriſtall hardned by the Sunne:
Thou ſhalt be made the potent Queene of *Thebes*,
And all my *Iouiall* labours ſhall to thee
Be conſecrate, as to *Alcides* loue.
Well plundge bold Centaure, how thy boyſterous breſt
Plowes vp the ſtreames: thou through the ſwelling tides,
Sail'ſt with a freight more rich and beautifull,
Then the beſt ſhip cram'd with *Pangeous* gold:
With what a ſwift dexterity he parts
The mutinous waues, whoſe waters claſpe him round,
Hee plaies and wantons on the curled ſtreames,
And *Deyanira* on his ſhoulders fits
As ſafe, as if ſhe ſtear'd a pine-tree barke.
They grow now towards the ſhore: my club and armes
I'le firſt caſt ore the deepe *Euenus* foord,
But from my ſide my quiuer ſhall not part,
Nor this my truſty bow.
Deyan. Helpe *Hercules*. *Within.*
Herc. 'Twas *Deyaneiraes* voyce.
Deyan. The Traytor *Neſſus*
Seekes to deſpoile mine honour, *Ioue*, you Gods:
Out trayterous Centaure: Helpe great *Hercules*.
Here. Hold, luſt-burnt Centaure, 'tis *Alcides* cals
Or ſwifter then *Ioues* lightning, my fierce vengeance
Shall croſſe *Euenus*. *Deyan.* Oh, oh.
Herc. Darſt thou deuill?
Couldſt thou clime Heauen or ſinke below the Center
So high, ſo low, my vengeance ſhould perſue thee,
Hold; if I could but fixe thee in my gripes,
I de teare thy limbes into more Atomies
Then in the Summer play before the Sunne.
Deyan. Helpe *Hercules* (out dog) *Alcides* helpe.
Herc. I'le ſend till I can come, this poiſonous ſhaft

 Shall

Shall ſpeake my fury and extract thy bloud,
Till I my ſelfe can croſſe this raging floud.

Hercules ſhoots, and goes in: Enter Neſſus with an arrow through him, and Deianeira.

Neſſ. Thy beauty *Deyaneira* is my death,
And yet that *Neſſus* dies embracing thee
Takes from my ſences all thoſe torturing pangues
That ſhould aſſociate death: to ſhew I lou'd thee,
I'le leaue thee, in my will, a legacy;
Shall ſtead thee more, then ſhould thy father giue thee
Vnto thy Dower the Crowne of *Calidon*.
Of ſuch great vertue is my liuing bloud,
And of ſuch prize, that couldſt thou valew it,
Thou wouldſt not let one drop fall to the ground:
But oh I die.

Deyan. Teach me to ratè it truely.

Neſſ. Now *Neſſus*, in thy death be aueng'd on him
On whom in life thou couldſt not wreake thy rage:
(My bloud is poiſon) all theſe pure drops ſaue,
Which I bequeath thee ere I take my graue:
I know thy Lord laſciuious, bent to luſt,
Witneſſe the fifty daughters of King *Theſpeius*,
Whom in one night he did adulterate:
And of thoſe fifty begot fifty ſonnes:
Now if in all his queſts, he be with-held
By any Ladies loue, and ſtay from thee,
Such is the vertue of my bloud now ſhed,
That if thou dipſt a ſhirt, ſteept in the leaſt
Of all theſe drops, and ſendſt it to thy Lord,
No ſooner ſhall it touch him, but his loue
Shall die to ſtrangers, and reuiue to thee,
Make vſe of this my loue.

Deyan. Centaure, I will.

Neſſ. And ſo, whom *Neſſus* cannot, do thou kill,
Still dying men ſpeake true: 'tis my laſt cry,
Saue of my bloud, 'tmay ſteede thee ere thou die.

Deyan. Though I my loue miſtruſt not, yet this counſell I'le

I'le not deſpiſe: this if my Lord ſhould ſtray,
Shall to my deſolate bed teach him the way.

Enter Hercules.

Herc. After long ſtrugling with *Euenus* ſtreames,
I forc't the riuer beare me on her breſt,
And land me ſafely on this further ſtrond,
To make an end of what my ſhaft begunne,
The life of *Neſſus*, liues the Centaure yet?

Deyan. Behold him grouelling on the ſenceleſſe earth,
His wounded breaſt transfixt by *Hercules*.

Herc. That the luxurious ſlaue were ſenſible
Of torture; not th'infernals with more pangues
Could plague the villaine then *Alcides* ſhould.
Ixions bones rackt on the torturing wheele
Should be a paſtime: the three ſnake-hair'd ſiſters,
That laſh offenders with their whips of ſteele,
Should ſeeme to dally, when with euery ſtring
They cut the fleſh like razors: but the dead
Wee hate to touch, as cowardly and baſe,
And vengeance not becomming *Hercules*.
Come *Deyaneira*, firſt to conſumate
Our high eſpowſals in triumphant *Thebes*,
That done, our future labours wee'le perſue,
And by the aſſiſtance of the powers Diuine,
Striue to act more then *Iuno* can aſſigne. *Exit.*

Enter HOMER.

Faire Deyaneira *vnto* Thebes *being guided,*
And Hercules *eſpeuſals ſolempnized.*
Hee for his further labours ſoone prouided,
As Iuno *by* Euritius *had deuiſed.*
The Apples of Heſperia *firſt he wan,*
Mauger huge Atlas *that ſupports the ſphearest*
And whilſt the Gyant on his buſineſſe ran;
Alcides *takes his place, and proudly beares*
The heauens huge frame: thence into Scithia *hies,*

And their the Amazonian Baldricke *gaines,*
By conquering Menalip (*a braue prise*)
The warlike Quene that ore the Scithians *raignes.*
That hee supported heauen, doth well expresse
His Astronomicke skill, knowledge in starres:
They that such practise know, what do they lesse
Then beare heauens weight: so of the Lernean *warres.*
Where he the many-headed Hydra *slew,*
A Serpent of that nature, when his sword
Par'd off one head, from that another grew.
This shewed his Logicke skill: from euery word
And argument confuted, there arise
From one a multiplicity, therefore we
Poets and such as are esteemed wise,
Instruct the world by such morality,
To conquer Hydra *showed his powerfull skill*
In disputation, how to argue well.
(*By all that vnderstand in custome still*)
And in this Art did Hercules *excell.*
Now we the Ægyptian tyrant must present,
Bloudy Busiris, *a king fell and rude,*
One that in murder plac't his sole content,
With whose sad death our first Act we conclude.

Enter Busyris *with his Guard and Priests to sacrifice; to them two strangers,* Busyris *takes them and kils them vpon the Altar: enter* Hercules *disguis'd,* Busyris *sends his Guard to apprehend him,* Hercules *discouering himselfe beates the Guard, kils* Busyris *and sacrificeth him vpon the Altar, at which there fals a shower of raine, the Priests offer* Hercules *the Crowne of Ægypt which he refuseth.*

HOMER. *In Ægypt there of long time fell no raine,*
For which vnto the Oracle they sent:
Answeres return'd, that till one stranger slaine,
Immou'd shall be the Marble firmament.
Therefore the Tyrant all these strangers kild
That enter Ægypt, till Alcides *came*

And

And with the tyrants bulke the Altar fils:
As whose red slaughter fell a pleniteous raine.
For he that stranger and vsurper was,
Whose bloudy fate the Oracle forespake.
But for a while we let Alcides *passe,*
Whom these of Ægypt would their soueraigne make,
For freeing them from such a tyrants rage;
Now Meleager *next must fill our stage.*

Actus 2. Scœna 2.

Enter Venus *like a Huntresse, with* Adonis.

Venus. Why doth *Adonis* flye the Queene of loue?
And shun this Iuory girdle of my armes?
To be thus scarst the dreadfull God of warre
Would giue me conquered kingdomes: For a kisse
(But halfe like this) I could command the Sunne
Rise 'fore his houre, to bed before his time:
And (being loue-sicke) change his golden beames,
And make his face pale, as his sister Moone.
Come, let vs tumble on this violet banke:
Pre'thee be wanton; let vs toy and play,
Thy Icy fingers warme betweene my breasts;
Looke on me *Adon* with a stedfast eye,
That in these Christall glasses I may see
My beauty, that charmes Gods, makes men amaz'd,
And stownd with wonder: doth this roseat pillow
Offend my loue? come, wallow in my lap,
With my white fingers I will clap thy cheeke,
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thine eare.
Adonis. Madame, you are not modest: I affect
The vnseene beauty that adornes the minde.
This loosenesse makes you fowle in *Adons* eye:
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Reade blushfulnesse, and feare; a modest blush
Would make your cheeke seeme much more beautifull.

If

If you will whiſper pleaſure in mine eare,
Praiſe chaſtity, or with your lowd voyce ſhrill
The tunes of hornes, and hunting; they pleaſe beſt:
Il'e to the chaſe, and leaue you to the reſt.
Venus. Thou art not man; yet wer't thou made of ſtone,
I haue heate to melt thee. I am Queene of loue,
There is no practiue art of dalliance
Of which I am not Miſtreſſe, and can vſe.
I haue kiſſes that can murder vnkinde words,
And ſtrangle hatred, that the gall ſends forth:
Touches to raiſe thee, were thy ſpirits halfe dead:
Words that can powre affection downe thine eares.
Loue me! thou canſt not chuſe, thou ſhalt not chuſe.
Am I not *Venus*? Hadſt thou *Cupids* arrowes,
I ſhould haue tooke thee to haue beene my ſonne:
Art thou ſo like him, and yet canſt not loue?
I thinke you are brothers.
Adonis. Madame, you woo'e not well, men couet not
Theſe proffered pleaſures; but loue-ſweets deny'd:
What I command, that cloyes my appetite;
But what I cannot come by I adore.
Theſe proſtituted pleaſures ſurfet ſtill,
Wheres feare, or doubt, men ſue with beſt good will.
Venus. Thou canſt inſtruct the Queene of loue in loue.
Thou ſhalt not (*Adon*) take me by the hand;
Yet if thou needs wilt force me, there's my palme.
Il'e frowne on him (alas! my brow's ſo ſmooth
It will not beare a wrinkle:) hye thee hence
Vnto the chace, and leaue me: but not yet,
Il'e ſleepe this night vpon *Endimions* banke,
On which the Swaine was courted by the Moone.
Dare not to come, thou art in our diſgrace;
(Yet if thou come I can affoord thee place.)
Adonis. I muſt begone.
Venus. Sweet whither?
Adonis. To the Chace.
Venus. What doeſt thou hunt?

Adonis

Adonis. The Calidonian Boare,
To which the Princes and beſt ſpirits of *Greece*
Are now aſſembled.
Venus. I beſhrew thee boy,
That very word ſtrooke from my heart all ioy:
It ſtartled mee, me thinkes I ſee thee dye
By that rude Boare. Hunt thou the beaſts that flye,
The wanton Squirrell, or the trembling Hare,
The crafty Fox: theſe paſtimes fearleſſe are.
The greedy Wolues, and fierce Beares arm'd with clawes;
Rough ſhouldred Lyons, ſuch as glut their iawes
With heards at once, Foll Boares, let them paſſe by,
Adon, theſe looke not with thy *Venus* eye.
They iudge not beauty, nor diſtinguiſh youth,
Theſe are their prey; My pitty, loue and ruth
Liues not in them. Oh to thy ſelfe be kinde,
Thou from their mouthes, my kiſſes ſhalt not find.
Winde hornes within.
Adonis. The ſummons to the chace, *Venus* adue.
Ven. Leaue thoſe, turne head, chuſe thoſe thou maiſt purſue
Adonis. I am reſolu'd; Il'e helpe to rouze yon beaſt.
Venus. Thou art to deere his ſauadge throat to feaſt.
Forbeare. *Adonis.* In vaine.
Venus. Appoynt when we ſhall meet.
Adonis. After the chace. Farewell then.
Venus. Farewell ſweet.
Adonis. This kiſſing.
Venus. *Adon*, guard thee well, expreſſe
Thy loue to me, in being of thy ſelfe
Careſull and chary: they that raze thy skin
Wound me. Be wiſe my *Adon*.
Adon. Neuer doubt. So then *He kiſſeth her.*
Venus. But lip-labour, yet ill left out. *Exeunt.*

Winde hornes. Enter with Iauelings, and in greene, Meleager, Theſeus, Telamon, Caſtor, Pollux, Iaſon, Peleus, Neſtor, Atreus, Toxeus, Plexippus.

Melea

Melea. The cause of this conuention (Lords of *Greece*)
Needs no expression; and yet briefly thus:
Oeneus our father, the *Aetolians* King,
Of all his fruits and plenty, gaue due rights
To all the Gods and Goddesses, *Ioue*, *Ceres*,
Bacchus, and *Pallas*; but among the rest,
Diana he neglects: for which inrag'd,
She hath sent (to plague vs) a huge sauadge Boare,
Of an vn-measured height and magnitude.
What better can describe his shape and terror
Then all the pittious clamours shrild through *Greece*?
Of his depopulations, spoyles, and preyes?
His flaming eyes they sparkle bloud and fire,
His bristles poynted like a range of pikes
Ranck't on his backe: his foame showes where he feeds
His tuskes are like the Indian Oliphants.
Out of his iawes (as if *Iouis* lightning flew)
He scortches all the branches in his way,
Plowes vp the fields, treads flat the fields of graine.
In vaine the Sheepheard or his dogge secures
Their harmlesse fowlds. In vaine the furious Bull
Striues to defend the heard ore which he Lords.
The Collonies into the Cities flye,
And till immur'd, they thinke themselues not safe.
To chace this beast we haue met on *Oeta* mount,
Attended by the noblest spirits of *Greece*.
Tela. From populous *Salamine* I *Telamon*
Am at thy faire request, King *Meleager*,
Come to behold this beast of *Calidon*,
And proue my vertue in his sterne pursuite.
Iason. Not *Meleagers* loue, more then the zeale
I beare my honour, hath drawne *Iason* hither,
To this aduenture, yet both forcible
To make me try strange maisteries 'gainst that monster,
Whose fury hath so much amaz'd all *Greece*.
Castor. That was the cause I *Castor*, with my brother
Pollux, arriu'd, and left our sister *Hellen*

Imbrac't by our old father *Tyndarus*,
To rouze this beast.
Pollux. Let vs no more be held
The sonnes of *Leda*, and begot by *Ioue*,
Brothers, and cal'd the two *Tyndarian* twins
If we returne not crimson'd in the spoiles
Of this fierce Boare.
Nestor. To that end *Nestor* came.
Nestor, that hath already liu'd one age,
And entred on the second, to the third
May I nere reach, if part of that wilde swine
I bring not home to *Pylos* where I reigne.
Atr. My yong son *Agamemnon*, and his brother
Prince *Menelaus* in his swathes at home,
Without some honour purchast on this Boare,
May I no more see, or *Mycenes* visit.
Thes. Well speakes *Atreus*, and his noble acts
Stil equalize his language. Shall not *Theseus*
Venter as farre as any? heauens you know
I dare as much 'gainst any mortall foe.
Tox. Wher's *Hercules*, that at this noble busines
He is not present, being neere ally'd
To *Meleager*, hauing late espowsed
His sister *Deianeira*?
Plex. He's for *Busiris*, that *Aegytian* tyrant,
Mel. Else noble valour, he would haue bin first
To haue purchast honour in this hauty quest.
Enter Atlanta with a Iauelin. Hornes winded.
Atl. Haile princes, let it not offend this troop,
That I a Princesse and *Atlanta* cald,
A virgin Huntresse, presse into the field,
In hope to double guild my Iauelins poynt
In bloud of yon wilde swine.
Melea. *Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine vultum*
Aspicio. Oh you Gods! or make her mine,
Stated with vs the *Calidonian* Queene,
Or let this monstrous beast confound me quite,

And in his vaſt wombe bury all my fate.
Beauteous *Atlanta* welcome, grace her princes
For *Meleagers* honour.
Iaſon. Come, ſhal's vncupple Lords,
Some plant the toiles, others brauely mount,
To vn-den this ſauadge.
Melea. Time and my baſhfull loue
Admits no courtſhip, Lady ranke with vs.
Il'e be this day your guardian, and a ſhield
Betweene you and all danger.
Atlant. We are free,
And in the chace will our owne guardian be.
Shals to the field, my Iauelin and theſe ſhafts,
Pointed with death, ſhall with the formoſt flye,
And by a womans hand the beaſt ſhall dye.
Enter Adonis winding his horne.
Melea. As bold as faire; but ſoft, whoſe bugle's that
Which cals vs to the chace? *Adonis* yours?
Adonis. Mine oh you noble *Greekes*, we haue diſcouered
The dreadfull monſter wallowing in his den:
The toyles are fixt, the huntſmen plac't on hils
Preſt for the charge, the fierce *Theſſalian* hounds
With their flagge eares, ready to ſweep the dew
From the moiſt earth: their breaſts are arm'd with ſteele,
Againſt the incounter of ſo grim a beaſt:
The hunters long to vncupple, and attend
Your preſence in the field.
Atlanta. Follow *Atlanta.*
Il'e try what prince will ſecond me in field,
And make his Iauelins point ſhake euen with mine.
Melea. That *Meleagers* ſhall.
Tela. Nor *Telamon*
Will come behinde *Atlanta*, or the Prince.
Iaſon. Charge brauely then your Iauelins, ſend them ſinging
Through the cleare aire, and aime them at yon fiend,
Den'd in the quechy bogge, the ſignall Lords.
All. charge, charge. *a great winding of hornes, & ſhouts.*
Meleag.

Meleag. Princes, ſhrill your Bugles free.
And all *Atlanta's* danger fall on me.

Enter Iaſon and Telamon.

Iaſon. This way, this way, renowned *Telamon*,
The Boare makes through yon glade, and from the hils
He hurries like a tempeſt: In his way
He proſtrates trees, and like the bolt of *Ioue*,
Shatters where ere he comes.
Tela. Diana's wrath
Sparkles grim terrour from his fiery eyes:
One Iauelin pointed with the pureſt braſſe,
I haue blunted 'gainſt his ribs, yet he vnſcar'd,
The head, as darted 'gainſt a rocke of marble,
Rebounded backe.
Iaſon. He ſhakes off from his head
Our beſt *Theſſalian* dogges, like Sommer flyes:
Nor can their ſharpe phangs faſten on his hide.
Follow the cry. *A ſhout. Enter Caſtor and Pollux.*
Caſtor. Wher's noble *Telamon*?
Pollux. Or warlike *Iaſon*?
Iaſon. Here you *Tyndarides*,
Speake, which way bends this plague of *Calidon*?
Caſtor. Here may you ſtand him, for behold he comes
Like a rough torrent, ſwallowing where he ſpreads,
Ouer his head a cloud of terrour hangs
In which leane death (as in a Chariot) rides,
Darting his ſhafts on all ſides: 'mongſt the Princes
Of fertill *Greece*, *Anceus* bowels lye
Strewd on the earth, torne by his rauenous tuskes:
And had not *Neſtor* (by his Iauelins helpe)
Leap't vp into an Oke to haue ſcap't his rage,
He had now periſht in his ſecond Age.
Pollux. Peleus is wounded, *Pelegon* lies ſlaine,
Eupalemon hath all his body rent
With an oblique wound: yet *Meleager* ſtill,
And *Theſeus*, and *Atreus*, with the reſt,

Pursue the chace, with Boare-speares cast so thicke,
That where they flye, they seeme to darke the ayre,
And where they fall, they threaten imminent ruine.
Iason. To these wee'l adde our fury, and our fire,
And front him, though his brow bare figured hell,
And euery wrinkle were the gulfe of Styx
By which the Gods contest: Come noble *Telamon*,
Diana's monster by our hands shall fall,
Or (with the Princes slaine) let's perish all. *Exeunt.*

Hornes and shouts. Enter Meleager, Atlanta.

Meleag. Thou beauteous *Nonacris*, *Arcadia's* pride,
How hath thy valour with thy fortune ioyn'd,
To make thee staine the generall fortitude
Of all the Princes we deriue from *Greece*,
Thy launces poynt hath on yon armed monster,
Made the first wound, and the first crimson droppe
Fell from his side, thy ayme and arme extracted,
Thy fame shall neuer dye in *Calidon*.
Atl. We trifle heere, what shall *Atlanta* gaine
The first wounds honour, and be absent from
The monsters death, we must haue hand in both.
Melea. Thou hast purchast honour and renowne enough,
Oh staine not all the generall youth of *Greece*,
By thy too forward spirit. Come not neere
Yon rude blood-thirsty sauadge, least he prey
On thee, as on *Anceus*, and the rest,
Let me betweene thee and all dangers stand. *Hornes.*
Fight, but fight safe beneath our puissant hand.
Atl. The cry comes this way, all my shafts Il'e spend.
To giue the fury that affrights vs, end.
Melea. And ere that monster on *Atlanta* pray,
This point of steele shal through his hart make way. *exeūt.*

After great shouts, enter Venus.

Venus. Adonis, thou that makest *Venus* a Huntresse,
Leaue *Paphos*, *Gnidon*, *Eryx*, *Erecine*,
And *Amathon*, with precious mettals bigge,
Mayst thou this day liue buckler'd in our wing,

And shadowed in the amorous power of loue:
My swannes I haue vnyoakt, and from their necks
Tane of their bridles made of twisted silke.
And from my chariot stucke with Doues white plumes
Lighted vpon this verdure, where the Boare
Hath in his fury snow'd his scattered foame.
What cry was that? It was *Adonis* sure. *A cry within.*
That pierce sant shrike shrild through the musicall pipes
Of his sweete voyces organs, thou *Diana*
If thou hast sent this fiende to ruin loue,
Or print the least skarre in my *Adons* flesh
Thy chastity I will abandon quite,
And with my looseneſſe, blast thy *Cinthian* light.

Enter Theseus and Nestor, bringing in Adonis wounded to death.

Thes. There lie most beauteous of the youths of *Greece*,
Whose death I will not mourne, ere I reuenge.
Nest. I'le second thee, thou pride of *Greece* adiew,
Whom too much valor in thy prime ore-threw. *Exit.*
Ven. Y'are not mine eyes, for they to see him dead
Would from their soft beds drop vpon the earth:
Or in their owne warme liquid moisture drowne
Their natiue brightneſſe: th'art not *Venus* heart,
For wer't thou mine, at this sad spectacle
Th'dst breake these ribs though they were made of brasse,
And leap out of my bosome instantly.
My sorrowes like a populous throng, all striuing
At once to passe through some inforced breach,
In stead of winning passage stop the way,
And so the greatest hast, breeds the most stay.
Oh mee! my multiplicity of sorrowes,
Makes me almost forget to grieue at all.
Speake, speake, my *Adon*, thou whom death hath fed on
Ere thou wast yet full ripe; and this thy beautie's
Deuour'd ere tasted. Eye, where's now thy brightneſſe?
Or hand thy warmth? Oh that such louely parts

Should be by death thus made vnseruiceable.
That (liuest then) had the power to intrance *Ioue*:
Rauish, amaze, and surfet, all these pleasures
Venus hath lost by thy vntimely fall.
And therefore for thy death eternally
Venus shall mourne; Earth shall thy trunke deuoure,
But thy liues bloud I'le turne into a flower,
And euery Month in sollemne rights deplore,
This beauteous *Greeke* slaine by *Dianaes* Boare. *Exit.*

The fall of the Boare being winded, Meleager with the head of the Boare, Atlanta, Nestor, Toxeus, Plexippus, Iason, Theseus, &c. with their iauellins bloudied.

Mel. Thus lies the terror that but once to day
Aw'd all the boldest hearts of *Calidon*
Wallowing and weltering in his native bloud,
Transfixt by vs, but brauely seconded,
By noble *Iason*, *Theseus*, *Peleus*,
Telamon, *Nestor*, the *Tyndarides*,
And our bold vnkles, al our bore-speares stain'd
And gory hands lau'd in his reeking bloud,
To whom belongs this braue victorious spoile?
All. To *Meleager* Prince of *Calidon*.
Mel. Is that your generall suffrage?
Iason. Let not *Greece*
Suffer such merite vnregarded passe,
Or valour liue vnguerdon'd, that fel Swine
Whom yet, euen dead, th'amazed people feare,
And dare not touch but with astonishment
Fell by thy hand.
Tel. Thou stodst his violence,
Til thy sharpe Iauelin grated gainst his braines,
Beneath his shield thou entred'st to his heart.
At that we guirt him till a thousand wounds,
Hee from a thousand hands receiu'd at once:
And in his fall it seem'd the earth did groane,

And the fixt Center tremble vnder him.
Castor. The spoile is thine, the yong *Adonis* death,
Anceus slaughter, and the massacre
Of *Archas*, *Pelagon*, *Eupateinon*
And all the *Grecian* Princes lost this day,
Thou hast reueng'd, therefore be thine the fame,
Which with a generall voyce *Greece* shall proclaime.
Mel. Princes wee thanke you, 'tis mine giuen me free.
Which faire *Atlanta* we bestow on thee.
Tox. Ha, to a woman.
Plex. And so many men,
Ingag'd in't, call backe thy gift againe.
Cast. *Greece* is by this disparaged, and our fame
Fowly eclipst.
Pollux. Snatch't from that emulous Dame.
Mel. Murmur you Lords at *Melegers* bounty,
We first bestow'd it as our owne by gift,
Yea, and by right, but now we render it
To bright *Atlanta*, as her owne by due
As shee that from the Boare the first bloud drew.
Nest. We must not suffer this disgrace to *Greece*.
Atre. Let women claime 'mongst women eminence,
Our Lofty spirits, that honour haue in chace,
Cannot disgest wrongs womanish and base.
Cast. Restore this woman and thy sex enuy
For fortitude, aime not at quests so hye.
Iason. *Castor* forbeare.
Tella. Hee giues but what's his owne.
Thes. Tis the Kings bounty,
Mel. By the immortall Gods,
That gaue vs this daies honour, the same hand
By which the *Calidonian* terror fell,
Shall him that frownes or murmurs lanch to hell.
All. That will we try.
Mel. Then reskue for *Atlanta*,
This day shall fall for thee, that art diuine,
Monsters more sauadge then *Dianaes* swine.

A strange confused fray, Toxeus and Plexippus are slaine by Meleager, Iason and Tellamon stand betweene the two factions.

Ias. No more, no more, behold your vnkles slaine,
Saue in this act two Noble Gentlemen,
Pursue not fury to the spoile of *Greece*,
And death of more braue Princes: let your rage
Be here confin'de, cut off this purple streame
In his mid course, and turne this torrent backe
Which in his fury else may drown'd vs all.
Tel. I second *Iason* and expose my selfe,
Betweene these factions to compose a peace.
Mel. Wee haue done too much already, impious fury,
How boundlesse is thy power: vncircumscribed
By thought or reason, th'art all violence,
Thy end repentance, sorrow and distast:
How will *Althea* take her brothers death
From her sons hand, but rash deeds executed
May be lamented, neuer be recal'd
Shall the suruiuers bee atton'd?
Atreus. So it be done with honour on both parts
Wee haue swords to guard our fortunes and our liues,
And but an equall language will keepe both
Thus at the point.
Thes. Ioyne hands renowned Princes,
The fury of the Prince of *Calidon*
Hath prey'd but on his owne, there let it end,
No further by your vrgent spleenes extend.
Castor. We are appeas'd.
Iason. Lords freely then embrace.
Mel. First then, wee'le royally interre our vnkles,
And spend some teares vpon their funerall rites,
That done we'le in our Palace feast these Princes,
With bright *Atlanta*, whom wee'le make our Queene.
Our Vnkles once bestow'de into the earth,
Our mournings shall expire in Bridall mirth. *Exeunt.*

Ente

Enter K. Oeneus and Althea, meeting the bodies of their two brothers borne.

Oen. Come to the Temple there to sacrifice
For these glad tydings, since the Boare lies dead,
That fil'd our kingdome with such awe and dread.
Alth. What ioy names *Oeneus* in this spectacle?
This of a thousand the most sad and tragicke,
Whose murdered trunkes be these?
Seru. Your royall brothers, Prince *Toxeus* and *Plexippus*,
Althea. Speake, how slaine?
Seru. Not by the Boare, but by your sons owne hand.
Althea. By *Meleagers*, how? vpon what quarrell?
Could the proud boy ground such a damned act.
Seru. Your sonne to faire *Atlanta* gaue the prise
Of this daies trauell, which for, they with-stood
In mutinous armes they losse their vitall blouds.
Alth. Shall I reuenge or mourne them.
Oen. O strange fate.
An obiect that must shorten *Oeneus* daies,
And bring these winter haires to a sad Tombe
Long ere there date; I sinke beneath these sorrowes
Into my blacke and timelesse monument.
Althea. My sorrowes turne to rage, my teares to fire,
My praiers to curses, vowes into reuenge. (diction
Oen. Peace, peace my Queene, let's beare the Gods vin-
With patience, as wee did *Dianaes* wrath:
Where Gods are bent to punish, we may grieue
But can our selues nor succour, nor relieue.
Come, let vs do to them their lateſt rites,
Wait on their Hearses in our mourning blacke;
Their happy soules are mounted 'boue the spheares,
We'le wash their bodies in our funerall teares. *Exit.*

Manet Althea.

Althea. *Althea* what distraction's this within thee?
A sister or a mother wilt thou bee?
Since both I cannot, (for these Princes slaine)

Sister

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Sister I chuſe, a mothers name diſdaine:
The fatall brand in which the murderers life
Securely lies, I'le hurle into the fire
And as it flames, ſo ſhall the ſlaue expire.
Miſcheife I'le heape on miſcheife, bad on ill,
Wrong pay with wrongs, and ſlaughter theſe that kill.
And ſince the Gods would all our glories thrall,
I will with them haue chiefe hand in our fall.
But hee's my ſonne: oh pardon me deere brothers,
Being a mother if I ſpare his life,
Though it bee fit his ſinne be plaug'd with death,
And that his life lie in yon fatall brand,
'Twill not come fitly from a mothers hand.
Is this the hope of all my ten months paine,
Muſt he by th'hand of him that nurſt him now be ſlaine?
Would he had periſht in his cradle, when
I gaue him twice life: in his birth, and then,
When I the brand ſnatcht from the rauenous flame,
And for this double good, haſt thou with ſhame
And iniury repaide me? I will now
A ſiſter be, no mother, for I vow
Reuenge and death; Furies, aſſiſt my hand
Whilſt in red flames I caſt his vitall brand. *Exit.*

A banquet, enter Meleager, Iaſon, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, Neſtor, Peleus. Atreus, Atlanta.

Meleag. For faire *Atlanta*, and your Honours, Lords
We banquet you this day: and to beginne
Our feſtiuals we'le crowne this *Iouiall* health
Vnto our brother, *Theban Hercules*
And *Deyaneira*, will you pledge it Lords?
Iaſon. None but admire and loue their matchleſſe worths,
Not faire *Atlanta* will refuſe this health.
Atlan. You beg of mee a pledge, I'le take it *Iaſon*,
As well for his ſake that beginnes the round,
As thoſe to whom 'tis vow'd.

Tell.

Tell. Well ſpoke *Atlanta*, but I wonder Lords
What Prouince now holds *Theban Hercules?*
Theſ. He is the mirrour and the pride of *Greece*,
And ſhall in after ages be renoun'd,
But we forget his health, come *Tellamon*
Aime it at mee. A *fire: Enter Althea with the brand.*
Althea. Aſſiſt my rage you ſterne *Eumenides*,
To you this blacke deed will I conſecrate.
Pitty away, hence thou conſanguine loue,
Maternall zeale, peccentall piety.
All cares, loues, duties, offices, affections,
That grow 'tweene ſonnes and mothers, leaue this place;
Let none but furies, murders, paracides,
Be my aſſiſtants in this dam'd attempt:
All that's good and honeſt, I confine,
Blacke is my purpoſe; Hell my thoughts are thine.
Mel. To bright *Atlanta* this loud muſicke ſown'd,
Her health ſhall with our loftieſt ſtraines be crown'd.
Althea. Drinke, quaffe, be blith; oh how this feſtiue ioy
Stirs vp my fury to reuenge and death,
Thus, thus, (you Gods aboue, abiect your eies
From this vnnaturall act) the murderer dies.
Shee fires the brand.
Mel. Oh, oh.
Atlan. My Lord.
Mel. I burne, I burne.
Iaſon. What ſuddaine paſſion's this?
Mele. The flames of hell, and *Pluto's* ſightleſſe fires,
Are through my entrals and my veines diſpierſt, oh!
Tell. My Lord take courage.
Mel. Courage *Tellamon*?
I haue a heart dares threate or challenge hell,
A brow front heauen; a hand to challenge both:
But this my paine's beyond all humane ſufferance,
Or mortall patience.
Althea. What haſt thou done *Althea*? ſtay thy fury,
And bring not theſe ſtrange torments on thine owne

Thou haſt too much already, backe my hand, *She takes out*
And ſaue his life as thou conſeruſt this brand. *the brand.*

Atlan How cheeres the warlike Prince of *Calidon?*

Mel. Well now, I am at eaſe and peace within,
Whither's my torture fled? that with ſuch ſuddenneſſe
Hath freed me from diſturbance, were we ill?
Come ſit againe to banquet, muſicke ſownd,
Till this to *Deyaneiraes* health go round.

Althea. Shall mirth and ioy crowne his degenerate head?
Whilſt his cold Vnkles on the earth lie ſpread?
No, wretched youth whilſt this hand can deſtroy,
I'le cut thee off in midſt of all thy ioy. *She fires the brand.*

Mel. Againe, Againe,

Althea. Burne, periſh, waſt, fire, ſparkle, and conſume
And all thy vitall ſpirits flie with this fume.

Mel. ſtill, ſtill, there is an *Ætna* in my boſome
The flames of *Stix*, and fires of *Acheron*
Are from the blacke *Chimerian* ſhades remou'd,
And fixt heere, heere; oh for *Euenus* floud,
Or ſome coole ſtreame, to ſhoote his currents through
My flaming body, make thy channell heere
Thou mighty floud that ſtreameſt through *Calidon*
And quench me, all you ſprings of *Theſſaly*
Remoue your heads, and fixe them in my veines
To coole me, oh!

Iaſon. Defend vs heauen, what ſuddaine extaſy
Or vnexpected torture hath diſturb'd
His health and mirth?

Mel. Worſe then my torment,
That I muſt die thus, thus, that the Boare had ſlaine me,
Happy *Anceus* and *Adonis* bleſt,
You died with fame, and honour crownes your reſt;
My flame increaſeth ſtill, oh father *Oeneus*
And you *Althea*, whom I would call mother
But that my genius prompts me th'art vnkind,
And yet farewell, *Atlanta* beauteous maide,
I cannot ſpeake my thoughts for torture, death,

Anguiſh

Anguiſh and paines, all that *Promethean* fire
Was ſtolne from heauen, the Thiefe left in my boſome.
The Sunne hath caſt his element on me,
And in my entralls hath he fixt his Spheare,
His pointed beames he hath darted through my heart;
And I am ſtill on flame.

Althea. So, now 'tis done,
The brand conſum'd, his vitall threed quite ſpun. *Exit.*

Meleag. Now 'gins my fire waſte, and my naturall heat
To change to Ice, and my ſcortch't blood to freeze.
Farewell, ſince his blacke enſigne death diſplayes,
I dye, cut off thus in my beſt of dayes. *He dyes.*

Iaſon. Dead is the flower and pride of *Calidon.*
Who would diſpleaſe the Gods? *Diana's* wrath
Hath ſtretch't euen to the death, and tragicke ruine
Of this faire hopefull Prince; here ſtay thy vengeance
Goddeſſe of chaſtity, and let it hang
No longer ore the houſe of *Calidon:*
Since thou haſt cropt the yong, ſpare theſe old branches
That yet ſuruiue. *Enter Althea.*

Althea. She ſhall not, *Iaſon* no,
She ſhall not: Do you wonder Lords of *Greece;*
To ſee this Prince lye dead? why that's no nouell,
All men muſt dye, thou, he, and euery one,
Yea I my ſelfe muſt: but Il'e tell you that
Shall ſtiffe your haire, your eyes ſtart from heads,
Print fixt amazement in your wondring fronts,
Yea and aſtoniſh all: This was my ſonne,
Borne with ſick throws, nurſt from my tender breſt
Brought vp with femine care, cheriſht with loue:
His youth, my pride; his honour all my wiſhes,
So deere, that little leſſe he was then life.
But will you know the wonder ('laſſe) too true,
Him (all my ſonnes) this my inrag'd hand ſlue,
This hand, that *Dians* quenchleſſe rage to fill,
Shall with the ſlaine ſonnes ſword the mother kill.

Althea kils herſelfe with Meleagers ſword.

Tela. The Queene hath ſlaine herſelfe: who'l beare theſe newes to the ſad King? *Enter a ſeruant.*

Seru. That labour may be ſpar'd:
The King no ſooner heard of his ſonnes death,
(wrought by his mother in the fatall brand)
But he ſunke dead: ſorrow ſo chang'd his weakeneſſe,
And without word or motion he expir'd.

Iaſon. Wee'l ſee them (ere we part from *Calidon*)
Inter'd with honour: But we ſoiourne long
In this curſt Clime; oh let vs not incurre
Diana's fury, our next expedition
Shall be for *Colchos*, and the golden Fleece,
Vnto which (Princes) we inuite you all.
Our ſtately *Argoe* we haue rig'd and trim'd,
And in it we will beare the beſt of *Greece*,
Stil'd from our ſhip by name of *Argonauts*.
Great *Hercules* will with his company,
Grace our aduenture, and renowne all *Greece*,
By the rich purchaſe of the *Colchian* Fleece. *Exit.*

HOMER.

Let not euen Kings againſt the Gods conteſt,
Leſt in this fall their ruines be expreſt.
Thinke Hercules, *from clenſing the fowle ſtall*
And ſtable of Augeus, *in which fed*
Three hundred Oxen, (neuer freed at all,
Till his arriue) return'd where he was bred,
To Thebes; *there* Deianeira *him receiues*
With glad imbraces, but he ſtaies not long,
Iaſon *the Lady of her Lord bereaues:*
For in the new-rig'd Argoe, *with the yong*
And ſprighly Heroes, he at Colchos *aimes,*
Where the rich Fleece muſt publiſh their high fames.

Enter Deianeira and Lychas: to her Hercules, *receiued with ioy, after the preſentment of ſome of his labours. To them march in all the Argonauts, Iaſon, Telamon, Atreus, Caſtor, Pollux, Theſeus*

Theſeus, &c. Iaſon perſwades Hercules to the aduenture: hee leaues Deianeira, and marcheth off with the Argonauts.

Imagine now theſe Princes vnder ſaile,
Stearing their courſe as farre as high-rear'd Troy,
Where King Laomedon *doth much bewaile*
His daughter, whom a Sea-whale muſt deſtroy.
Obſerue this well: for here begins the iarre
Made Troy rack't after in a ten yeares warre.

Sound. Enter King Laomedon, Anchiſes, yong Priam, Æneas, Heſione bound, with other Lords and Ladyes.

Laomed. Heſione, this is thy laſt on earth,
Whoſe fortunes we may mourne, though not preuent:
Would *Troy*, whoſe walles I did attempt to reare,
Had nere growne higher then their ground-ſils, or,
In their foundation buried beene, and loſt,
Since their high ſtructure muſt be thus maintain'd,
With bloud of our bright Ladyes: Oh *Heſione!*
Th'onely remainder of theſe female dames
Begot by vs, I muſt bequeath thy body
To be the food of *Neptunes* monſtrous Whale.

Priam. Had you kept troth and promiſe with the Gods,
This had not chanc't: You borrowed of the Prieſts
Of *Neptune* and *Apollo*, Sea, and Sunne,
That quantity of gold, which to this height
And ſpacious compaſſe, hath im mur'd great *Troy*;
But the worke finiſh't, you deny'd to pay
The Prieſts their due, for which inraged *Neptune*
Aſſembled his high tides, thinking to drowne
Our lofty buildings, and to ruine *Troy*:
But when the Moone, by which the Seas are gouern'd,
Retir'd his waters by her powerfull wane,
He left behind him ſuch infectious ſlime,
Which the Sunne poyſoning by his perſant beames,
They by their mutuall power, raiſ'd a hot plague,

To

To slacke this hot pest, *Neptune* made demand,
Monthly a Lady to be chus'd by lot,
To glut his huge Sea-monsters raueno us iawes:
The lot this day fell on *Hesione*
Our beauteous sister.
Laom. *Priam* 'tis too true,
Till now *Laomedon* nere knew his guilt,
Or thought the Gods could punish.
Hesio. Royall father,
Mourne not for me, the Gods must be appeas'd,
And I in this am happy, that my death
Is made th'attonement 'tweene those angry powers
And your afflicted people, though my Innocence
Neuer deserv'd such rigor from the Gods.
Come good *Anchises*, binde me to this rocke,
And let my body glut th'insatiate fury
Of angry *Neptune*, and th'offended Sunne.
Anchis. A more vnwilling monster neuer past
Anchises hand.
Laom. Now, now the time drawes nye,
That my sweet childe by *Neptunes* whale must dye;
Priam. The very thought of it swallowes my heart
As deepe in sorrow, as the monster can,
Bury my sister. *A great shout within.*
Laom. Soft, what clamor's that?
Æneas. A stately ship, well rig'd with swelling sailes,
Enters the harbour, bound (by their report)
For *Colchos*: but when they beheld the shores
Couered with multitudes, and spy'd from farre,
Your beauteous daughter fastned to the rocke,
They made to know the cause; which certified,
One noble *Grecke* amongst these Heroes stands,
And offers to incounter *Neptunes* whale,
And free from death the bright *Hesione*.
Laom. Thou hast (*Æneas*) quickned me from death,
And added to my date a second Age.
Admit them.

Enter

Enter Hercules, Iason, Castor, Pollux, Theseus, and all the Argonauts.

Herc. 'Tis told vs that thy name's *Laomedon*,
And that thy beauteous daughter must this day
Feed a sea-monster: how wilt thou reward
The man that shall incounter *Neptunes* whale?
Tugge with that fiend vpon thy populous strond,
And with my club sowse on his armed scales?
Hast thou not heard of *Theban Hercules*?
I that haue aw'd the earth, and ransack't hell,
Will through the Ocean hunt the God of streames,
And chace him from the deepe Abismes below.
Il'e dare the Sea-god from his watery deepes
If he take part with this Leuiathan.
Laom. Thy name and courage warlike *Hercules*
Assures her life, if thou wilt vndertake
This hauty quest: two milke white steeds, the best
Asia ere bred, shall be thy valours prize,
Herc. We accept them; keepe thy faith *Laomedon*,
If thou but break'st with *Ioue*-borne *Hercules*,
These marble structures, built with virgins bloud,
Il'e raze euen with the earth. When comes the monster?
Hesione. Now, now, helpe *Ioue*. *A cry within.*
Herc. I see him sweepe the sea's along.
Blow riuers through his nostrils as he glides,
As if he meant to quench the Sunnes bright fire,
And bring a palped darkenesse ore the earth:
He opes his iawes as if to swallow *Troy*,
And at one yawne whole thousands to destroy.
Lao. Fly, flye into the Citty. *Exeunt the Troians.*
Herc. Take along
This beauteous Lady, if he must haue pray,
In stead of her *Alcides* here will stay.
Iason. The heartlesse Troians fly into the towne
At sight of yon sea-diuell: here wee'l stand
To wait the conquest of thy *Iouiall* hand.

Herc. Gramercy *Iaſon*, ſee he comes in tempeſt,
Il'e meet him in a ſtorme as violent,
And with one ſtroke which this right hand ſhall aime,
Ding him into th'abiſſe from whence he came.

Hercules kils the Sea-Monſter, the Troians on the walles, the Greekes below.

Priam. The monſter's ſlaine, my beautuous ſiſter freed.
Iaſon. Be euer for this noble deed renown'd,
Let *Aſia* ſpeake thy praiſe.
Telam. The *Argonauts*
Are glorifi'd by this victorious act.
Priam. All *Troy* ſhall conſecrate to *Hercules*
Temples and Altars: lets deſcend and meet him.
Laom. Stay, none preſume to ſtirre, wee'l parly them
Firſt from the walles.
Here. Why doth not *Troy's* King from thoſe wals deſcend?
And ſince I haue redeem'd *Heſione*,
Preſent my trauels with two milke-white ſteeds,
The prize of my indeuours?
Lao. Hercules we owe thee none, none will we tender thee,
Thou haſt won thee honour, a reward ſufficient
For thy attempt: our gates are ſhut againſt thee,
Nor ſhall you enter, you are *Greekiſh* ſpies,
And come to pry but where our land is weake.
Priam. Oh royall father!
Laom. Peace boy: *Greekes* away:
For imminent death attends on your delay.
Herc. The Sea nere bred a monſter halfe ſo vile
As this Land-fiend. Darſt threaten *Hercules?*
Would vniuerſall *Troy* were in one frame,
That I might whelme it on thy curſed head,
And crowne thee in thy ruine. Menace vs?
Laom. Depart our walles, or we will fire your *Argoe*,
Lying in our harbour, and preuent your purpoſe
In the atchieuement of the golden fleece.

Herc.

Herc. Laomedon, Il'e toſſe thee from thy walles,
Batter thy gates to ſhiuers with my Club,
Nor will I leaue theſe broad Scamander plaines,
Til thy aſpiring Towers of *Illium*
Lye leuell with the place on which we ſtand.
Iaſon. Great *Hercules*, th'aduenture fals to me,
Our voyage bent for *Colchos*, not for *Troy*,
The golden fleece, and not *Laomedon:*
Why ſhould we hazard here our *Argonauts?*
Or ſpend our ſelues on accidentall wrongs?
Telam. Iaſon aduiſeth well, great *Hercules*,
We ſhould diſhonour him, and th'expectation
Greece hath of vs, delude by this delay.
Theſ. Then let vs from this harbour launch our *Argoe*,
To *Colchos* firſt, and in our voyage home
Reuenge vs on this falſe *Laomedon.*
Herc. You ſway me princes: farewell trecherous King,
Nought, ſaue thy bloud, ſhall ſatisfie this wrong
And baſe diſhonour done to *Hercules.*
Expect me; for by *Olimpicke Ioue* I ſweare.
Nere to ſet foot within my natiue *Thebes*,
See *Dianeira*, or to touch in *Greece*,
Till I haue ſcal'd theſe mures, inuaded *Troy*,
Ranſack't thy Citty, ſlaine *Laomedon*,
And venge the Gods that gouerne Sea and Sunne.
Come valiant *Heroes*, firſt the fleece to enioy,
And in our backe returne to ranſacke *Troy.* *Exeunt.*
Lao. We dread you not, wee'l anſwere what is done.
As well as ſtand 'gainſt *Neptune* and the *Sunne.*

Enter Oetes, King of Colchos, Medea, yong Abſyrtus, with Lords.

Oetes. How may we glory aboue other kings
Being (by our birth) deſcended from the Gods?
Our wealth renowned through the world tripartite,
Moſt in the riches of the golden fleece,

 And

And not the leaſt of all our happineſſe,
Medea for her powerfull magicke skill,
And Negromanticke exorciſmes admir'd,
And dreaded through the *Colchian* territories.
Medea. I can by Art make riuers retrograde,
Alter their channels, run backe to their heads,
And hide them in the ſprings from whence they grew.
The curled Ocean with a word Il'e ſmooth,
(Or being calme) raiſe waues as high as hils,
Threatning to ſwallow the vaſt continent.
With powerfull charmes Il'e make the Sunne ſtand ſtill,
Or call the Moone downe from her arched ſpheare.
What cannot I by power of *Hecate*?
Abſyr. Diſcourſe (faire ſiſter) how the golden fleece
Came firſt to *Colchos*.
Medea. Let *Abſyrtus* know,
Phrixus the ſonne of *Theban Athamas*,
And his faire ſiſter *Helles*, being betraid
By their curſt ſtep-dame *Ino*, fled from *Greece*,
Their Innocence pittied by *Mercury*,
He gaue to them a golden-fleeced Ramme,
Which bore them ſafe to the Sygean ſea,
Which ſwimming, beauteous *Helles* there was drown'd,
And gaue that ſea the name of *Helleſpont*,
That which parts *Seſtus* and *Abidos* ſtill:
Phrixus arriues at *Colchos*, and to *Mars*
There ſacrific'd his Ramme in memory
Of his ſafe waſtage, fauoured by the Gods.
The golden Fleece was by the Oracle
Commanded to be fixt there, kept and guarded
By two fierce Buls, that breath infernall fires,
And by a wakefull Dragon, in whoſe eyes
Neuer came ſleepe: for in the ſafe conſeruing
Of this diuine and worthy monument,
Our kingdomes weale and ſafety moſt conſiſts.
Oetes. And he that ſtriues by purchaſe of this fleece,
To weaken vs, or ſhake our Royalty,

Muſt taſt the fury of theſe fiery fiends, *A ſhoote*
The nouell: ſpeake. *Enter a Lord.*
Lord. Vpon the *Cholchian* ſhores
A ſtately veſſell, man'd it ſeemes from *Greece*
Is newly lancht, full fraught with Gentlemen
Of braue aſpects and preſence.
Oetes. Whoſe their Generall?
Lord. Iaſon, he ſtiles himſelfe a Prince of *Greece*
And Captaine o're the noble *Argonautes*.
Oetes. Vſher them in, that we may know their queſt
And what aduenture drew them to theſe ſhoares.

Sound, Enter Iaſon, Hercules, Theſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, &c.

Iaſon. Haile king of *Colchos*, thou beholdſt in vs
The nobleſt Heroes that inhabite *Greece*
Of whom I, though vnworthieſt, ſtile my ſelfe
The Generall; the intent of this our voyage
Is to reduce the rich and golden priſe
To *Greece*, from whence it came, know I am come
To tug and wraſtle with the infernall Buls,
And in their hot fiers double guild my armes
To place vpon their necks the ſeruile yoake,
And bondage, force them plow the field of *Mars*,
Till in the furrowes I haue ſowed the teeth
Of vipers, from which men in armour grow
To enter combat with the ſleepeleſſe Dragon,
And mauger him fetch thence the golden Fleece.
All this *Oetes*, I am preſt to atchieue
Againſt theſe horrid tasks my life to ingage
Buls fury, Vipers poyſon, Dragons rage.
Medea. Such a bold ſpirit, and noble preſence linkt,
Neuer before were ſeene in *Phaſis* Iſle,
Colchos be proud, a Prince demands thy Fleece,
Richer then that he comes for; let the *Greekes*
Our *Phaſian* wealth and *Oetes* treaſure beare,
So they in liew will leaue me *Iaſon* here.

Oetes. Princes, you aime at dangers more in proffe
Then in report, which if you should behold
In their true figure, would amaze your spirits:
Yea, terifye the Gods; let me aduise you,
As one that knowes their terrour, to desist
Ere you enwrap your seffe into these perils,
Whence there is no euasion.

Herc. *Oetes*, know
Peril's a babe, the greater dangers threaten
The greater is his honour that breaks through.
Haue we in th' *Agoe* rowed with sixty oares
And at each Oare a Prince; pierc't *Samo-thrace*,
The *Chersoneson* sea, the *Hellespont*;
Euen to the waues that breake on *Colchos* shoares?
And Shall we with dishonour turne to *Greece*?
Know *Oetes*, not the least of sixty *Heroes*
That now are in thy Confines, but thy monsters
Dare quell and baffle.

Tellamon. Much more *Hercules*.

Oetes. *Hercules*.

Iason. Starts *Oetes* at the name of *Hercules*,
What would he do to see him in his eminence;
But leauing that, this must be *Iasons* quest,
A worke not worthy him; where be these monsters?

Medea. May all inchantments be confinde to hell,
Rather then he encounter fiends so fell.

Oetes. Princes, since you will needs attempt these dangers
You shall; and if atchieue the Golden Fleece
Transport it where you please, meane time, this day
Repose your selues, wel'e feast you in our Pallace.
To morrow morning with the rising Sunne,
Our golden prise shall be conseru'd or wonne. *Exit.*

Medea. If he attempts he dies, what's that to mee?
Why should *Medea* feare a strangers life?
Or what's that *Iason* I should dread his fall?
If he o're-come, my fathers glory waines,
And all our fortunes must reward his paines:

Let

Let *Iason* perish then, and *Colchos* flourish.
Our pristine glories let vs still enioy;
And these our brasse-head buls the Prince destroy.
Oh! what distraction's this within me bred,
Although he die, I would not see him dead?
The best I see, the worst I follow still,
Hee nere wrong'd mee, why should I wish him ill?
Shall the Buls tosse him whom *Medea* loues,
A Tygresse, not a Princesse, should I proue?
To see him tortured whom I deerely loue?
Bee then a tortersse to thy fathers life,
A robber of the clime where thou wast bred,
And for some straggler that hath lost his way,
Thy fathers Kingdome and his State betray.
Tush, these are nothing, first his faith I'le craue,
That couenant made him by enchantments saue

Enter Iason.

Iason. My task is aboue strength, Duke *Pelias* sent me
Not to atchieue, but die in this pursuite,
And to preuent the Oracle that told him
I must succeed; *Iason* bethinke thee then
Thou com'st to execution, not to act
Things aboue man; I haue obseru'd *Medea*
Retort vpon me many an amorous looke,
Of which I'le studdy to make prosperous vse.
If by her art the Inchantments I can bind
Immur'd with death, I certaine safety find.

Medea. Shall I o're-whelme vpon my captiue head,
The curse of all our Nation, the Crownes ruin?
Clamours of men, and woemens loud exclaimes.
Burnings of children; the vniuersall curse
Of a great people, all to saue one man,
A straggler (God knowes whence deriu'd, where borne,
Or hether where Noble? let the proud *Greeke* die,
Wee still in *Colchos* sit instated hye
Oh me! that looke vpon *Medea* cast
Drownes all these feares, and hath the rest surpast.

Iason.

Iaſon. Madam, becauſe I loue I pitty you,
That you a beauteous Lady, art-full wiſe,
Should haue your beauty and your wiſedome both
Inuelopt in a cloud of Barbariſme:
That on theſe barren Confines you ſhould liue,
Confin'd into an Angle of the world.
And ne're ſee that which is the world indeed,
Fertile and populous *Greece*, *Greece* that beares men,
Such as reſemble Gods, of which in vs
You ſee the moſt deiected, and the meaneſt.
How harſhly doth your wiſedome ſound in th'eares
Of theſe Barbarians, dull, vnapprehenſible,
And ſuch, in not conceiuing your hid Arts,
Depriue them of their honour; In *Greece* ſprings
The fountaines of Diuine Phyloſophy,
They are all vnderſtanders; I would haue you
Bright Lady with vs, enter to that world
Of which this *Colchos* is no part at all.
Shew then your beauty to theſe iudging eies,
Your wiſedome to theſe vnderſtanding eares.
In which they ſhall receiue their merited grace,
And leaue this barraine, cold, and ſtirrill place.

Medea. His preſence without all this Oratory
Did much with vs, but where they both conioyne
To entrap *Medea*, ſhee muſt needs bee caught.

Iaſon. I long to ſee this *Colchian* Lady clad
In *Hymens* ſtatelieſt roabes, whom the glad Matrones,
Bright Ladies, and Imperiall Queenes of *Greece*
Shall welcome and applaud, and with rich gifts
Preſent, for ſauing of their ſonnes and kinſmen
From theſe infernall monſters: As for *Iaſon*
If you *Medea* ſhall deſpiſe his loue,
He craues no other life then to die ſo,
Since life without you is but torturing paine,
And death to men diſtreſt is double gaine.

Medea. That tongue more then *Medeaes* ſpels inchants,
And not a word, but like our exorciſmes

And power of charmes preuailes, Oh loue! thy Maieſty
Is greater then the triple *Hecates*,
Bewitching *Circes*, or theſe hidden skils,
Aſcrib'd vnto th'infernall *Proſerpine*.
I that by incantations can remoue
Hils from their ſyts, and make huge mountaines ſhake,
Darken the Sunne at noone, call from their graues
Ghoſts long ſince dead, that can command the earth,
And affright heauen, no ſpell at all can find
To bondage loue, or free a captiue minde.

Iaſon. Loue *Iaſon* then, and by thy Diuine aide,
Giue me ſuch power, that I may tug vnſcorcht
Amidſt the flames with theſe thy fiery fiends,
That I vnuenom'd may theſe Vipers teeth
Caſt from my hand, through *Morpheus* leaden charmes,
Ouer that wakefull ſnake that guards the Fleece,
For which liue *Iaſons* happy Bride in *Greece*.

Medea. A match, what hearbs or ſpels, what Magicke can
Command in heauen, earth, or in hell below,
What either aire, or ſea can miniſter,
To guard thy perſon, all theſe helps I'le gather
To girdle thee with ſafety.

Iaſon. Be thou then
For euer *Iaſons*, and through *Greece* renown'd
In whom our *Heroes* haue ſuch ſafety found,
Our bargaine thus I ſeale. *He kiſſeth her.*

Medea. Which I'le make good
With *Colchos* fall, and with my fathers bloud. *Enter Abſyrtus*

Abſyr. Prince *Iaſon*, all the *Heroes* at the banquet
Inquire for you, twice hath my father *Oetes*
Made ſearch for you; Oh ſiſter!

Medea. No word you ſaw vs two in conference.

Abſyr. Do you take me to be a woman, to tell all I ſee,
And blab all I know, I that am in hope one day to
Lie with a woman, will once lie for a woman,
Siſter, I ſaw you not.

Iaſon. Remember; come Prince, will you leade the way?

Absyr. I haue parted you that neuer parted fray
Come sir will you follow. *Exit.* *Manet Medea.*
Medea. The night growes on, and now to my black Arts,
Goddesse of witchcraft and darke ceremony,
To whom the elues of Hils, of Brookes, of Groues,
Of standing lakes, and cauernes vaulted deepe
Are ministers; three-headed *Hecate*
Lend me thy Chariot drawne with winged snakes,
For I this night must progresse through the Aire.
What simples grow in Tempe of *Thessaly*,
Mount *Pindus*, *Otheris*, *Ossa*, *Appidane*,
Olimpus, *Caucas.* or nigh *Teneriff.*
I must select to finish this great worke,
Thence must I flye vnto *Amphrisus* Foords,
And gather plants by the swift *Sperchius* streames,
Where rushy *Bebes*, and *Anthedon* flow,
Where hearbes of bitter iuice and strong sent grows
These must I with the haires of *Mandrakes* vse,
Temper with *Poppy-seeds* and *Hemlocke* iuice:
With *Aconitum* that in *Tartar* springs,
With *Cypresse*, *Ewe*, and *Veruin*, and these mix
With Incantations, Spels, and Exorcismes
Of wonderous power and vertue; oh thou night,
Mother of darke Arts hide mee in thy vaile,
Whilst I those banks search, and these mountaines skale.

Sound: Enter King Oetes, Absyrtus, and Lords.

Oetes. Vpon the safeguard of this golden Fleece
Colchos depends, and he that beares it hence
Beares with it all our fortunes; the *Argonautes*
Haue it in quest, if *Iason* scape our monsters
I'le rather at some banquet poyson him,
And quaffe to him his death, or in the night
Set fire vpon his *Argoe*, and in flames
Consume the happy hope of his returne,
This purpose we, as we are *Colchos* King,

Absyrtus

Absyrtus where's your sister?
Absyrtus. In her chamber.
Oetes. When you next see her giue to her this noate,
The manner of our practise, her fell hand
Cannot be mist in this, but it shall fall
Heauy on these that *Colchos* seekes to thrall.
The howre drawes nigh, the people throng on heapes,
To this aduenture in the field of *Mars*,
And noble *Iason* arm'd with his good shield,
Is vp already and demands the field.

Enter Iason, Hercules, and the Argonauts.

Iason. *Oetes*, I come thus arm'd, demanding combat
Of all those monsters that defend thy Fleece:
And to these dangers singly, I oppose
My person as thou seest, when setst thou ope
The gates of hell to let thy deuils out?
Glad would I wrastle with thy fiery Buls,
And from their throats the flaming dewlops teare.
Vnchaine them, and to *Iason* turne them loose,
That as *Alcides* did to *Achelous*,
So from their hard fronts I may teare there hornes,
And lay the yoake vpon their vntam'd necks.
Oetes. Yet valiant *Greeke* desist, I, though a stranger
Pitty thy youth, or if thou wilt persist
So dreadfull is the aduenture thou persuest,
That thou wilt thinke I shall vnbowell hell,
Vnmacle the fiends, and make a passage
Free for the Infernals.
Iason. I shall welcome all.
Medea now if there be power in loue,
Or force in Magicke, if thou hast or will
Or Art, try all the power of Characters,
Vertue of Symples, Stones, or hidden spels,
If earth Elues, or nimble airy Spirits,
Charmes, Incantations, or darke Exorcismes.

If

If any ſtrength remaine in Pyromancy,
Or the hid ſecrets of the aire or fire.
If the Moones ſpheare can any helpe infuſe,
Or any influent Starre, collect them all
That I by thy aide may theſe monſters thrall.
Oetes. Diſcouer them.

Two fiery Buls are diſcouered, the Fleece hanging ouer them, and the Dragon ſleeping beneath them: Medea *with ſtrange fiery-workes, hangs aboue in the Aire in the ſtrange habite of a Coniureſſe.*

Medea. The hidden power of Earth, Aire, Water, Fire,
Shall from this place to *Iaſons* helpe conſpire.
Fire withſtand fire, and magicke temper flame,
By my ſtrong ſpels the ſauadge monſter's tame:
So, that's perform'd, now take the Vipers teeth
And ſow them in the furrowed field of *Mars:*
Of which ſtrange ſeed, men ready arm'd muſt grow
To aſſault *Iaſon.* Already from beneath
Their deadly pointed weapons gin to appeare,
And now their heads, thus moulded in the earth,
Streight way ſhall teeme; and hauing freed their fate
(The ſtalkes by which they grow) all violently
Purſue the valiant *Greeke*, but by my ſorcery
I'le turne their armed points againſt themſelues
And all theſe ſlaues that would on *Iaſon* flie *ſhoutes*
Shall wound themſelues and by ſedition die.
Yet thriues the *Greeke*, now kill the ſleeping ſnake
Which I haue charm'd, and thence the Trophy take,
Theſe ſhouts witneſſe his conqueſt, Ile diſcend,
Heare *Iaſons* feares and all my charmes take end.
Hercules. Oetes, now is this rich and pretious Fleece,
By *Iaſons* ſword repurchaſt, and muſt turne
Vnto the place whence *Phrixus* brought his Ramme.
Oetes. That practiſe by your ruins; Ile preuent,
And ſooner then with that returne to *Greece*,

Your ſlaughtered bodies leaue with this rich fleece.
Iaſon. Since our aduenture is atchieu'd and done,
The prize is ours, we ceize what we haue wone.
Oetes. Enioy it *Iaſon*, I admire thy worth,
Which as it hath exceeded admiration,
So muſt we needs applaud it. Noble gentlemen.
Depart not *Colchos*, ere your worths and valour
We with ſome rich and worthy gifts preſent.
The conqueſt of our Buls, and Dragons death,
(Though we eſteem'd them) yet they ſad vs not,
Since we behold the ſafety of this prince.
Enter our palace, and your praiſe ſowind hye,
Where you ſhall feaſt, (or all by treaſon dye.) *Exeunt*
Abſyr. I haue not ſeene my ſiſter to day, I muſe ſhe hath not beene at this ſolemnity, me thinkes ſhe ſhould not haue loſt this triumph; I haue a note to deliuer her from my father. Here ſhe comes. *Enter Medea.*
Siſter, peruſe this briefe, you know the character,
It is my fathers. This is all. *Exit.* *She reads.*
Medea. Iaſon with his *Argonauts* this night muſt periſh; the fleece not be tranſported to *Greece*. *Medea*, your aſſiſtance.
This is my fathers plot to ouerthrow
Prince *Iaſon*, and the noble *Argonauts*,
Which Il'e preuent: I know the King is ſudden,
And if preuention be delay'd, they dye:
I that haue ventured thus farre for a loue,
Euen to theſe arts that Nature would haue hid
As dangerous and forbidden, ſhall I now
Vndoe what I haue done, through womaniſh feare,
Paternall duty, or for filiall loue?
No *Iaſon*, thou art mine, and my deſire,
Shall wade with thee through bloud, through ſeas, through (fire.
Enter Iaſon.
Iaſon. Madam.
Medea. My Lord, I know what you would ſay,
Thinke now vpon your life, the King my father
Intends your ruine, to redeeme the fleece,

And it repurchase with your tragicke deaths:
Therefore assemble all your *Argonauts*,
And let them (in the silence of the night)
Lanch from the *Colchian* harbour; Il'e associate you
As *Iasons* bride.

Iason. You are my patroneſſe,
And vnder you I triumph: when the least
Of all theſe graces I forget, the Gods
Reuenge on me my hated periury.
Muſt we then lanch this night? you are my directreſſe,
And by your art Il'e manage all my actions.

Medea. Then flye, Il'e ſend to ſee your *Argoe* trim'd,
Rig'd and made tight: night comes, the time growes on:
Hye then aboord. *Iason.* I ſhall. *Exit.*

Medea. Now populous *Greece*,
Thanke vs (not *Iason*) for this conquer'd fleece. *Enter Oetes.*

Oetes. *Medea*, we are rob'd, deſpoil'd, diſhonored,
Our Fleece rap't hence, we muſt not ſuffer it,
Since all our ominous fortunes it includes,
I am reſolu'd *Iason* this night ſhall dye.

Medea. Should he ſuruiue, you might be held vnworthy
The name of King; my hand ſhall be as deepe
As yours in his deſtruction.

Oetes. A ſtrong guard
I will ſelect, and in the dead of night,
When they are ſunke in Lethe, ſet vpon them,
And kill them in their beds.

Medea. Il'e ſecond you,
And laue my ſtain'd hands in their reeking blouds
That practiſe your diſhonour.

Oetes. *Iason* then dyes,
When he moſt hopes for this rich *Colchian* prize. *Exit.*

Medea. But ere the leaſt of all theſe ils betide,
This *Colchian* ſtrond ſhall with thy bloud be dy'd.
For *Iason* and his *Argonauts* I ſtand,
And will protect them with my arc and hand.

Enter Iason with the Fleece, and all the Greekes muffled.

Iason

Iason. Madam *Medea*.

Medea. Leaue circumſtance, away,
Hoyſe vp your ſailes, death and deſtruction
Attends you on the ſhoare.

Iason. You'l follow Madam. *Exit.*

Medea. Inſtantly: Blow gentle gales, aſſiſt them winds and tide,
That I may *Greece* ſee, & liue *Iasons* bride. *Enter Abſyrtus.*

Abſyr. How now ſiſter, ſo ſolitary?

Medea. Oh happy met, though it be late *Abſyrtus*,
You muſt along with me. *Abſyr.* Whither pray?

Medea. Il'e tell you as we walke.
This lad betweene me and all harme ſhall ſtand;
And if the King purſue vs with his Fleet,
His mangled limbes ſhall (ſcattered in the way)
Worke our eſcape, and the Kings ſpeed delay.
Come brother. *Abſyr.* Any where with you ſiſter. *exeunt.*

Enter HOMER.

Hom. *Let none to whom true Art is not deny'd,*
Our monſtrous Buls, and magicke Snakes deride.
Some thinke this rich Fleece was a golden Booke,
The leaues of parchment, or the skins of Rammes,
Which did include the Art of making gold
By Chimieke skill, and therfore rightly ſtild,
The Golden Fleece, *which to attaine and compaſſe,*
Includes as many trauels, myſteries,
Changes and Chymicke bodies, fires and monſters,
As euer Iaſon *could in* Colchos *meet.*
The ſages, and the wiſe, to keepe their Art
From being vulgar: yet to haue them taſted
With appetite and longing, gaue theſe gloſſes,
And flouriſhes to ſhadow what they write,
Which might (at once) breed wonder and delight.
So did th'Ægyptians in the Arts beſt try'd,
In Hierogliphickes *all their Science hide.*
But to proceed, the Argonauts *are fled,*
Whom the inrag'd Oetes *doth purſue,*
And being in ſight, Medea *takes the head*

Of

Of yong Absyrtus, *whom (vnkinde) she slue,*
And all his other limbes strawes in the way
Of the old father, his pursute to stay.

The Shew.

In memory of this inhumane deed,
These Islands where his slaughtered limbes lye spred,
Were cal'd Absyrtides: *But we proceed*
With King Laomedon, *'gainst whom are led*
The Argonauts, Troy *by* Alcides *rac'd,*
Askes the next place, and must in ranke be plac'd.

Enter Laomedon, Priam, Anchises, Æneas, Hesione, &c.

Lao. The *Argonauts* return'd? *Anchi.* They are my Lord.
Lao. And landed? *Anchi.* Landed.
Lao. Where? *Anchi.* At *Tenedos.*
Lao. Could not those *Colchian* monsters in their bowels
Bury the *Greekes*, but must they all suruiue
To threat vs with inuasion. Speake *Anchises*,
March they towards *Troy?*
Anchis. In conduct of the mighty *Hercules*,
Wasting with sword and fire where ere they march:
Scamander fields they haue strew'd with carkasses,
And *Simois* streames already purpled are
With bloud of *Troians.*
Priam. Let vs giue them battell.
Lao. In vaine, our forces are dispersst abroad,
Nor haue we order to withstand their fury:
Best were we to immure our selues in *Troy*,
And trust vnto the vertue of our walles.
Shouts.
Æneas, Do not delay your safety, you may heare
Their cryes, and lofty clamors, threatning *Troy*:
They dogge vs to our gates, and without speed
And expedition, they will enter with vs.
Come then, our threatned liues we will immure,
And thinke vs in our strong built walles secure. *Exeunt.*

After an alarme, enter Hercules, Iason, Theseus, Telamon, and all the other Argonauts.

Herc. Pursue the chace euen to the gates of *Troy*,
Then call th'ingrate *Loamedon* to parlee.
Iason. The periur'd King shall pay vs for the wrong
Done to *Alcides* in his promis'd steeds.
Telam. Better he had the monster had deuour'd
His beauteous daughter, then t'abide our furies.
Nestor. He did exclude our vertue from the Citty,
And now therefore he shall admit our fury.
Castor. These wals first rear'd at the great Gods expence,
Wee'l ruine to the earth: let's summon him.
Herc. We will call him to parlee. *A parlee.*

Enter vpon the wals, Laomedon, Anchises, Æneas, Priam, &c.

Herc. Laomedon, we do not summon thee
To parlee, but to warne thee guard thy walles,
Which (without pause) we now intend to scale.
Laom. Wilt heare me *Hercules?*
Herc. I listen'd thy periurious tongue too late.
Scale, batter, mount, assault, sacke, and deface,
And leaue (of *Troy*) nought saue the name and place.

Alarme. Telamon first mounts the walles, the rest after, Priam flyes, Laomedon is slaine by Hercules, Hesione taken, Enter with victory.

Herc. Thus is the tyrant, that but late aw'd *Troy*,
Buried amidst his ruines; he chastis'd,
And we reueng'd: the spoyle of this rich Towne
Rated as high as *Iasons Colchian* prize,
You shall diuide: but first these lofty walles,
Builded by periury, and maintain'd by pride,
Wee'l ruine to the earth: Who saw yong *Priam?*
Iason. Hee's fled, and tooke the way to *Samo-thrace*,
With him *Anchises*, that on *Venus* got
The yong *Æneas*, they are fled together,
And left the spoyle of all the towne to vs.
Herc. Which shall enrich *Thebes*, and the townes of *Greece*,

And *Telamon*, to do thy valour right,
For mounting first ouer the walles of *Troy*,
The first and choyce of all the spoyle be thine.
Telam. Then let *Alcides* honour *Telamon*
With this bright Lady, faire *Hesione*,
Sister to *Priam*, daughter to *Laomedon*,
Whose beauty I preferre before the state
And wealth of *Troy*.
Herc. Receiue her *Telamon*,
Shee is thine owne by gift of *Hercules*.
Telam. A present more delighting *Telamon*,
Then were I made Lord of high *Illiums* Towers,
And heire vnto the dead *Laomedon*.
Hesio. I am a Princesse, shall my fathers ils
Fall on my head? If he offended *Hercules*,
He hath made satisfaction with his life.
Oh be not so seuere, to stretch his punishment
Euen after life; hast thou from death redeem'd me,
To giue me captiue, and to slaue my youth?
Things worse then death: rather let *Hercules*
Expose me to the rocke, where first he found me,
To abide the wrath both of the Sea and Sunne.
Oh! rather make my body food for monsters,
Then brand my birth with bondage.
Telam. Faire *Hesione*,
I will not loose thy beauty, nor thy youth,
Nor part with this my honour, couldst thou giue me
For ransome of them, both our *Argoes* cram'd
With gold and gemmes; you are my valours prize,
And shall with me to populous *Salamine*.
Hesione. Can you so wrong the daughter of a king,
To giue her as a Dukes base Concubine?
Touch me not *Telamon*, for I deuine,
If ere my brother *Priam* re-build *Troy*,
And be the king of *Asia*, hee'l reuenge
This base dishonour done *Hesione*;
And for his sister, rauish't hence perforce,

Do the like out-rage on some *Grecian* Queene,
In iust reuenge of my iniurious wrong.
Herc. Should all the kings in *Asia*, or the world,
Take part with *Priam* in that proud designe,
Like fate, like fortune with *Laomedon*
They shall abide: renowned *Telamon*,
She is the warlike purchase of thy sword,
Enioy her as the gift of *Hercules*.
And now braue *Grecian Hero's*, lets towards *Greece*
With al these honored spoils from *Colchos* brought
And from the treasures of defaced *Troy*.
Faire *Deianeira* longs for vs in *Thebes*,
Whom we will visit next, and thence proceed
Vnto our future labours. *Cacus* liues
A bloudy tyrant, whom we must remoue:
And the three-headed *Gerion* swayes in *Spaine*,
Notorious for his rapes and out-rages;
Both these must perish by *Alcides* hand,
And when we can the earth from tyrants cleare,
In the worlds vtmost bounds our pillers reare. *exit*

HOMER.

Loath are we (curteous auditors) to cloy
Your appetites with viands of one tast,
The beauteous Venus *we must next imploy,*
Whom we saw mourning for Adonis *last.*
Suppose her still for the yong Adon *sad,*
But cheer'd by Mars, *their old loues they renue,*
And she, that (whil'st he liu'd) preferd the Lad,
Hath quite forgot him, since the Boare him slue.
Mars *is in grace, a meeting they deuise,*
Iealous of all, but fearing most the Sunne,
Hee that sees all things from his first vp-rise,
And like a blab, tels all that hee knowes done.
Our mortals must a while their spleenes asswage,
And to the Gods, for this Act, leaue the Stage.

Enter Mars and Venus.

Mars. I knew loues Queene could not be long vnkind,
Though (whil'ſt I abſent, to teach Armes in *Thrace*)
You tooke th'aduantage to forget your *Mars*,
To doate on *Adon*, and *Anchiſes* too;
Yet (thoſe worne out) let vs renue our loues,
And practiſe our firſt amorous dalliance.

Venus. How can I hate, that am the Queene of loue?
Or practiſe ought againſt my natiue power?
As I one day, playd with my *Cupids* ſhafts,
The wanton with his arrow raz'd my skin.
Truſt me, at firſt I did neglect the ſmart:
At length it rankled, and it grew vnſound,
Till he that now lies wounded, cur'd my wound.

Mars. Come, ſhall we now, whilſt *Vulcan* plyes his forge,
Sweats at his Anuill, choakes himſelfe with duſt,
And labours at his bellowes, kiſſe and toy?

Venus. Why met we elſe? Here is a place remote,
An obſcure caue, fit for our amorous ſport:
In this darke cauerne wee'l ſecurely reſt,
And *Mars* ſhall adde vnto my *Vulcans* creſt.
But how if we be ſpy'd?

Mars. Whom need we feare?
Vnleſſe the Sunne, who now the lower world
Lights with his beames; I meane the *Antipodes*,
The tell-tale blab is buſie now elſe-where:
And I will ſet to watch at the caues doore,
My truſty groome, who (ere the Sunne ſhall riſe
With his bright beames to light our Hemiſpheare)
Shall waken vs.

Venus. For all the world I would not haue the Sunne
Diſcouer our ſweet ſport, or ſee whats done.

Mars. Be that my charge. Wher's *Gallus*? *Enter Gallus.*

Gal. At hand ſir: I am not that *Gallows* that is made of three trees, or one that is neuer without hangers on: nor that *Gallus* that is latine for a *French-man*; but your owne *Gallus gallinacius*, ſeruant and true ſquire to God *Mars*.

Mars.

Mars. Syrrah, you know this Lady.

Gallus. Yes, Miſtreſſe *Vulcan*, ſhee is as well knowne in *Paphos* here for her Meretrix, as any Lady in the land; ſhee was the firſt that deuis'd ſtew'd meate, and proclaim'd pickle-oyſters to bee good for the backe; ſhee is the firſt that taught wenches the trade of Venery, and ſuch as were borne to nothing but beauty, ſhe taught them how to vſe their Talent: Yes, I know her I warrant you.

Mars. Syrrah attend, this night yon Queene and I
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, in yon caue,
Where whilſt we ſtay, 'tmuſt be thy care to watch
That no ſuſpicious eye pry through theſe chinks,
Eſpecially I warne thee of the *Sunnes*.

Gallus. I ſmell knauery, if my Lady *Venus* play the whoore
What am I that keepe the dore?

Mars. See thou do call vs, e're the *Sunne* vpriſe,
But ſleepe not, for by all my Armes I ſweare,
If by thy careleſſe ſloth, or negligence
We be deſcribe, thy body I'le tranſlate,
To ſome ſtrange Monſter.

Gallus. I'me hard fauor'd enough already, you need not
Make my face worſe then it is.

Mars. Com enter then faire Queene, we are ſecure,
Now ſafely maiſt thou claſpe the God of warre,
Spight of *Sunne*, *Moone*, or a icalous ſtarre.

Venus. Loue anſwers loue, deſire with ardor meetes,
Both which this night ſhall taſt a thouſand ſweetes. *Exeunt.*

Gallus. I ſee you can make ſhift to go too't without ſheetes: How ſhall I paſſe this night away till morning, I am as drowſy as a dormouſe, the very thought that I muſt wake, charmes mee a ſleepe already, I would I durſt venture on a nap; Hey ho, ſure I may wake againe afore they riſe, and neuer the wiſer, I will ſtand to't, there is not a more ſleepy trade in the world then a watchman, nor one that is more acquainted with deeds of darkeneſſe, tell mee of the Sunne! the Sunne will not riſe this two houres; well, let them watch that will, or can, I muſt haue a nod or two, God night to you

all, for here am I fast till morning.

Enter Aurora, attended with Seasons, Daies, and Howers.

Aurora. The day-starre shines and cals me blushing vp,
From *Tithons* bed to harnesse *Phœbus* Steeds.
My roseate fingers haue already stroakt
The element where light beginnes to appeare,
And straight *Apollo* with his glistering beames,
Will guild the East, the Seasons, Months, and Daies
Attend him in the pallace of the Sunne.
The Howers haue brought his Chariot to the gate
Of Christall, where the Sunne-God mounts his throne,
His fiery Steeds haue all their traces set,
Th'vnruly stalions fed with Ambrosy
(With their round hoofes shod with the purest gold)
Thunder against the Marble floores of Heauen,
And waite till *Phœbus* hath but don'd his beames,
Which I the blushing Morning still put on,
And now's the howre (for thus time fleeteth still)
That the Sunnes vp to clime the Easterne hill.

Enter Phœbus to them, kisses Aurora, and they all exeunt.

Phœbus. Beauteous *Aurora*, for full twice twelue howers,
Till in my spheare I haue compast round the world
Farewell, I with my beames will dry these teares
Thou shedst at parting; we haue chac't hence night,
And frighted all the twinkling starres from heauen,
And now the steepe *Olimpus* we must clime,
Till from the high Meridian we peruse
The spatious bounds of this large vniuerse,
And thence decline our Chariot towards the West,
Till we haue washt our Coach-steeds and our selfe
In *Isters* icy streames: Wee with this eye
Can all things see that mortals do on earth,
And what wee find inhumane, or to offend,
Wee tell to *Ioue*, that he may punish sinnes.
For this I am term'd a tel-tale and a blab,
And that I nothing can conceale abroad.
But let spight spit the worst and wrong me still,

Day

Day hateth sinnes, and light despiseth ill. *Hee spies*
And now behold a most abhorred deed. *Mars & Venus.*
Mars beds with *Venus*, shall not *Vulcan* know it?
By light hee shall; I haue seene, I will tell,
The Sunne hates sinne but crownes them that do well. *Exit.*

Enter Mars.

Mars. *Venus* awake, wee haue ore-slept our selues,
The Sunne's aboue in his diurnall taske,
I saw his piercing beames pry through a cranny,
And cast his right eye full vpon our bed. *Enter Venus.*
Venus. We are betraide, the blabe will tell the Smith,
Our loue will come to th'eare of *Iupiter*
And all the other Gods, what will *Diana*
Say when shee heares of our inchastity?
Or how will *Iuno* take this spouse-breach from vs?
Mars. Nay rather, how will *Vulcan* tast our sport?
He might suspect, but never proue till now,
Where is the villaine *Gallus* set to watch?
Venus. See where he snorts, the slaue is dead asleep.
Mars. Awake thou drowsy Groome, thy chastisement
Shall exceed torture.
Gallus. Hey ho, what's the matter there, ha?
Mars. Looke, hast thou eies? is not the Sun two howres
Mounted aloft? hath he not seene thee sleeping
At the Caues dore, Yea beheld vs too? (window.
Gallus. More shame for him to looke in at any bodies
Mars. Speake, how canst thou excuse this?
Gallus. Oh great God *Mars.*
Mars. Behold, this is thy doome, thy negligence
Thus I'le chastice, thou shalt thy humane shape
Henceforth forgo, I will translate thy body
Into a bird shall euer beare thy name,
Bee *Gallus* still, a Cocke, and be thy nature
Euer hereafter this; to watch the Sunne,
And by thy crowes and clamours warne the world
Two howres before he rise, that the Sunne comes
Clap with thy wings, and with thy shricking loud,

Proclaime

Proclaime his comming when thou thrice haſt crowed.
Gallus ſinkes, and in his place riſeth a Cocke and crowes.
Venus. The ſlaues right ſeru'd, let this his puniſhment
Liue to all ages, and let *Gallus* name
Thy iuſt reuenge to all the world proclaime.
But whither ſhall we now?
Mars. I will to *Thrace*, go you to *Lemnos*.
Venus. Will you leaue me then
To *Vulcans* rage, no let vs once more meete
In *Paphos*, and if *Vulcan* needs will chide
Giue him ſome cauſe.
Mars. Content faire Queene of loue.
For more, he cannot be much more diſpleas'd,
Let's ſcore on ſtill, and make our reckoning full,
As yet. alas faire Queene, the debts but ſmall,
Make vp the ſumme, and anſwere once for all.
Venus. Content ſweete *Mars*, and ſince that he was borne
To be a Cuckold, let's augmennt his horne. *Exeunt.*
Enter Vulcan with two Ciclops, Pyragman, and Berontes.
Vulcan. Make haſt with that ſhield, ſee't hammer'd well,
For when 'tis done I'le giue't my father *Ioue*,
'Tis of the pureſt mettall *Lemnos* yeelds.
Pyrag. I ſhall ſir, muſt the plate of two cubes high,
Be put into the Forge?
Vulcan. Pyragmon yes, that maſſe muſt be wrought well
And ſoundly temper'd, bid your fellow *Cyclops*
Worke luſtily, it muſt be ſoone diſpatcht.
Pyrag. When ſaw you my Lady *Venus?*
Vulcan. No matter when, the Huſwiffe's too fine finger'd,
And faith, the very ſmoake my Fordge doth caſt
Choakes her, the very aire of *Lemnos* (man)
Blaſts her white cheekes, ſhe ſcarce will let me kiſſe her,
But ſhee makes vergiſſe faces, ſaith my viſadge
Smug'd thus with cole-duſt, doth infect her beauty,
And makes her weare a beard, ſhee's, ſure, in *Paphos*,
Cypreſſe, or *Candy*, ſhee's all for play
Whilſt we *Iouers* thunders hammer hard all day.

Pyrag.

Pyrag. I heard her once mocke that polt-foote of yours
How came it pray?
Vulcan, I'le tell thee man, I was when I was borne
A pretty ſmug knaue, and my father *Ioue*
Delighted much to dance me in his lap.
Vpon a time as hee was toying with mee
In his high houſe aboue, that *Phaeton*
Had at that inſtant ſet the world a fire,
My father when he ſaw heauens baſes ſmoake,
Th'earth burne, and *Neptunes* broth to ſeeth with heate;
But ſtartles vp to thunder-ſtrike the lad,
And lets me fall: downe tumbled I towards the earth:
I fell through all the Planets by degrees,
From *Saturne* firſt, ſo by the *Moone* at laſt:
And from the *Moone* downe into *Lemnos* Iſle
Where I ſtill liue, and halt vpon my fall,
No maruell if 't lam'd mee, for, *Pyragmon*,
How high I tumbled, who can geſſe aright,
Falling a Summers day from morne to night?
Pyrag. 'Twas maruell you did not breake your necke.
Vulcan. Had I not bene deriu'd from God-like ſeed,
Truſt me *Pyragmon* I had don't indeed. *The Cocke crowes*
But to the Forge, for I *Appollo* ſpie, *and enter Phœbus.*
Hee that ſees all things with the daies bright eye.
Good morrow *Phœbus*, what's the newes abroad?
For thou ſeeſt all things in the world are done,
Men act by day-light, or the ſight of Sunne.
Phœbus. Sometime I caſt mine eie vpon the ſea,
To ſee the tumbling *Seale*, or *Porpoiſe* play,
There ſee I Marchants trading, and their ſayles
Big bellied with the wind; ſea fights ſome times
Riſe with their ſmoake, thicke clouds to darke my beames.
Sometimes, I fixe my face vpon the earth
With my warme feruour, to giue mettals, trees,
Hearbes, plants, and flowers life; here in gardens walke
Looſe Ladies with their louers arme in arme,
Yonder the labouring Plow-man driues his Teeme.

Further, I may behold maine battels pitcht,
And whom I fauour moſt (by the winds helpe)
I can aſſiſt with my tranſparant raies.
Heere, ſpye I Cattell feeding, Forreſts there
Stor'd with wilde beaſts; here Shepeheards with their laſſes
Piping beneath the trees, whilſt their flockes graze.
In Cities, I ſee trading, walking, bargening,
Buying, and ſelling, goodneſſe, badneſſe, all things
And ſhine alike on all.
Vulcan. Thrice happy *Phœbus*,
That whilſt poore *Vulcan* is confin'd to *Lemnos*
Haſt euery day theſe pleaſures. What newes elſe.
Phœbus: No Emperour walks forth, but I ſee his State,
Nor ſports, but I his paſtimes can behold,
I ſee all Coronations, Funerals,
Marts, Faires, Aſſemblies, Pageants, Sights, and Showes.
No hunting, but I better ſee the chaſe
Then they that rowſe the game, what ſee not I?
There's not a window but my beames breakes in,
No chinke or cranny but my raies pierce through,
And there I ſee (oh *Vulcan*) wondrous things.
Things that thy ſelfe nor any God beſides
Would giue beliefe to.
Vul. What, good *Phœbus* ſpeake.
Phœ. Here, wantons on their day-beds, I ſee ſpread
Claſping their amorous louers in their armes,
Who euen before my face, are not ſometimes
Aſham'd to ſhew all. (ſtime.
Vulcan. Could not god *Phœbus* bring mee to ſee this pa-
Phœbus. Sometimes euen meane fellowes
A bed with noble Ladies whom they ſerue,
Seruant with ſeruant, married men with maides,
And wiues with Batchelours.
Vulcan. There's ſimple doing.
Phœbus. And ſhall I tell thee *Vulcan*, tother day
What I beheld, I ſaw the great God *Mars*.
Vulcan. God *Mars*.

Phœbus.

Phœbus. As I was peeping through a cranny; a bed.
Vulcan. A bed; with whom? ſome pretty wench I warrant.
Phœbus. Shee was a pretty wench.
Vulcan. Tell me good *Phœbus*,
That when I meete him, I may floute God *Mars*,
Tell mee, but tell me truely on thy life.
Phœbus. Not to diſſemble *Vulcan*, 'twas thy wife!
Vulcan. Out on her whore, out on him Cuckold-maker,
Phœbus I'le be reuendge on great God *Mars*,
Who, whilſt I hammer here his ſwords and ſhields,
Hammers vpon my head, I will complaine
To *Ioue*, and all the Gods, and tell them flat
I am a Cuckold. *Phœ. Vulcan* be aduis'd,
I haue had notice where they vſe to meete,
Couldſt not deuiſe to catch them by ſome wile?
And lay their guilt, wide open to the Gods,
Then mightſt thou haue fit colour of complaint.
Vulcan. Enough, I haue deuis'd a ſecret ſnare,
A draw-net, which I'le place vpon the Couch
Where they ſtill vſe to bed, a wire ſo temper'd,
And of ſuch fineneſſe to deceiue the eie.
So catch them when they are at it, and by this
I may preſume, and be ſure I am Cuckold.
Phœbus. That's the way to be ſatisfied.
Vulcan. If I can catch them, all the Gods I'le call
To ſee my wrongs, there ſports I'le neere to marre,
And venge me on that letcherous God of warre.

Enter the Nymph, Cloris, with two more, with floures in their laps.

1. *Nym. Cloris*, you are the *Nymph* whoſe office is
To ſtrow faire *Venus* bed with hearbes and flowers,
Here is the place ſhee meanes to ſport her ſelfe.
Clo. I am the hand-maide to the Queene of loue,
And vnto all her pleaſures miniſter,
When ſhe drinkes *Nectar*, 'tis from *Cloris* hand,
If feede on ſweete *Ambrotia*, or thoſe fruits
That *Cornu-copia* yeelds, I ſerue them vp,

Come let vs with freſh Roſes ſtrow her Couch
With pances and the buds of Eglantine,
Her pillow is the purple Violet banke,
About whoſe verges the blancht Lillies grow,
Whoſe bodies twin'd about with wood-byne leaues
Make a confuſed ſweetneſſe, ſo 'tis well,
Come *Venus* when ſhee pleaſe to take her reſt,
Her Arbour's dight, and all things well addreſt.

Enter Vulcan and Pyragmon with his net of wire.

Vulcan. By her baud *Charis*, this I know the place,
Which with adulterate paſtimes they pollute.
Here will I ſet my pit-fall for theſe birds,
And catch them in the cloſure of this wire,
So, ſo, al's fit, my ſnare in order plac't, *Enter Mars*
Happy the time, that I this *Charis* trac't. *and Venus.*
Mars. Once more in ſpight of *Phœbus* and theſe eies,
That dog our paſtimes, we are cloſely met,
And whilſt the Cuckold *Vulcan* blowes the fire,
Our amorous ſoules their ſportiue bliſſe conſpire.
Venus. Hee's limping thus, and like a cripple halts
From Forge to Fornace; where were *Venus* eies,
When ſhe made choiſe of that foule polt-foote Smith,
He ſmels all ſmoake, and with his naſty ſweate
Tawnies my skinne, out on him vgly knaue,
Mars is my loue, and he my ſweets ſhall haue.
Vulcan. Gramercy my kind wife.
Venus. Come God of warre,
I'le teach thee a new skirmiſh, better farre
Then thy ſterne battails, meete me with a kiſſe
Which I retort thus, there's ſpirit in this,
What's he would play the coward and turne face,
When ſuch ſweete amorous combats are in place?
My hot incounters, leaue me wound nor skarre
Yet naked I dare meete the God of Warre.
Vulcan. Out of her Whoore.
Mars. I am arm'd for thee, prepare thee, for this night

Il'e breaſt to breaſt dare thee to ſingle fight.
Venus. Come tumble in my lap, great *Mars* I dare
To do his worſt. *Vulcan catcheth them faſt in his net.*
Vul. 'Tis well, your ſports are faire.
Mars. Betraid? bound? catcht? releaſe me, or by *Ioue*,
Thou dy'ſt what ere thou art.
Vul. God *Mars*, good words;
This is a fight in which you vſe no ſwords.
You haue left your ſteele behinde.
Ven. Sweet vulcan. *Vulc.* No more.
Venus. Canſt thou vſe *Venus* thus? *Vul.* Away you whore,
Il'e keepe you faſt, and call the Gods to ſee
Your practiſe, *Neptune*, *Ioue*, and *Mercury*,
Phœbus and *Iuno*, from your ſpheares looke downe,
And ſee the cauſe I weare a forked crowne.
All the Gods appeare aboue, and laugh,
Iupiter, Iuno, Phœbus, Mercury, Neptune.
Mars. The Gods are all ſpectators of our ſhame,
And laugh at vs.
Venus. Oh! I could cry for anger.
Sweet *Vulcan* let me looſe. *Vulc.* When Gods and men
Haue ſeene thy ſhame, but (ſtrumpet) not till then.
Iup. See how *Mars* chafes. *Iun.* But *Venus* weeps for rage
Nept. Why ſhould *Mars* fret? if it ſo tedious be,
Good God of warre beſtow thy place on me.
Merc. By all the Gods, would ſhe do me that grace,
I would fall too't euen before *Vulcans* face.
Vul. To Gods and men let it be fully knowne
I am a Cuckold. *All. Vulcan* is no leſſe.
Vul. Now ſince red ſhame your cheeks with bloud hath dy'd,
I am reueng'd, and ſee my net's vnti'd.
Phœb. The Gods haue laught their fill, *Vulcan's* reueng'd,
And now all friends: ſpeake, are we?
Iup. Mars ſtill frownes,
Iuno. And *Venus* ſcarce well pleas'd.
Vul. For my part (oh you Gods!) what's paſt is paſt,
And what is once done, cannot be recald:

If *Vulcan* in this ieast hath pleas'd the Gods,
All his owne wrongs he freely can forgiue.
Venus we are friends, to *Lemnos* we will hast,
And neuer more record what's done and past.
Ven. No foole, before I did offend with feare,
My guilt was but suspected, but not prou'd:
And therefore I selected priuacy,
Closenesse of place, and bashfully transgrest;
But since both Gods and men now know my sinne,
Why should I dread to say I loue God *Mars?*
What helpe hast thou in prouing thy wife false?
Onely to make me doe with impudence,
What I before with feare did, on thy selfe
Brought a most certaine shame, where it before
Was but suspected. *Vul. Venus* speakes good sence,
That's certaine now, which was before suspence.
Ven. Now fare well iealous foole, for my disgrace,
Him whom I loue, I blushlesse thus imbrace;
And may all such as would their wiues so take,
(Although they might) be seru'd thus for thy sake.
Vul. I am vndone, be warn'd by me oh men,
Although you know your wiues false, where and when,
Take them not in the manner, though you may:
They that with feare before, now blushlesse stray,
Their guilt 'tis better to suspect then know;
So you may take some part of that you owe.
Where I by seeking her good name to thrall,
Haue made my selfe a scorne, and quite left all.
Iup. To *Lemnos* then, to make our Thunders fit,
Which against mortals we haue cause to vse,
Mars, you to *Thrace*, *Venus* in *Paphos* stay,
Or where you please, we to our seuerall spheares.
Vulcan, thy morrall this good vse contriues,
None search too farre th'offences of their wiues. Exeunt

HOMER.

Our last Act comes, which lest it tedious grow,
What is too long in word, accept in show.

Thinke

Thinke Hercules *his labours hauing ended,*
The Spanish Gerion *kild, and* Cacus *slaine,*
As farre as Lydea *he his palme extended,*
Where beauteous Omphale *this time doth raigne.*
He that before to Deianeira *sent,*
As presents, all the spoyles that he could win,
Now fils her heart with iealous discontent,
She heares how Hercules *doth card and spin*
With Omphale, *and serues her as a slaue.*
(She quite forgot in Thebes*) her griefe to cheare,*
Th'assembled Princes with their Counsels graue,
Are come to comfort and remoue her feare.
By these all his stor'd labours he hath sent
To call him home, to free her discontent.

A shew. Enter Deianeira *sad, with* Lychas: *to her* Iason, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Nestor, *&c. They seeme to comfort her, she sends* Lychas, *who brings the Trophies of his twelue labours, she deliuers them to the Princes, to beare to her husband. They part seuerall waies.*

Hom. Iason, *and the other Hero's for her sake,*
Trauell to Lydia, *to perswade him thence*
And by his twelue knowne labours, vndertake
To moue him, quite t'abandon his faire wench.
Further then this her iealousie extends,
A farre worse present she by Lychas *sends.*

Enter Deianeira, and her seruant Lychas.

Lych. Madam, these sorrowes are too violent
For your weake sex, I do not thinke tis true,
Your husband can preferre that *Omphale*
Before your beauty.
Deian. Hee's forgot in *Greece.*
Greece that was wont to clangor with his fame,
Is now all silent, who but *Iason* now,
And *Telamon*, that scal'd the walles of *Troy*,
Alcides is a name forgot amongst vs,

And

And *Deianeira* too forgot with him.
Oh! that I had the tempting ſtrumpet here
That keepes my Lord away, confining me
Vnto the coldneſſe of a widowed bed.
Lyc. Madam, theſe preſents ſent, & ſo wel knowne
Coming from you, muſt needs preuaile with him.
Theſe Princes haue great intereſt in his loue,
And can perſwade much.
Deia. But that ſtrumpet more.
Lychas, he doates vpon her tempting lookes,
And is ſo much with her inchantments blear'd,
That hee's turn'd woman: woman *Lychas*, ſpinnes,
Cards, and doth chare-worke, whilſt his miſtres ſits
And makes a cuſhion of his Lyons skin,
Makes of his club a rocke. I looſe my ſelfe
In this my ſorrow, and forget the meanes;
I ſtill keepe by my me, to reſtore my loue,
Lychas, fetch me the ſhirt within my chamber,
I haue bethought me now.
Lych. Madam I ſhall.
Dei. This ſhirt (in bloud of Centaur *Neſſus* dipt,
And ſince waſht out) Il'e ſend my *Hercules*,
Which hath the power to make his hot loue dye
To any ſtranger, and reuiue to me.
This (as his laſt) the dying Centaur ſpake, } *Enter*
To this Il'e truſt, all other hopes forſake. } *Lychas.*
Lych. Madam the ſhirt.
Dei. This as my beſt and deereſt,
Preſent me (truſty *Lychas*) to my Lord,
Intreat withall, that if he haue not quite
Put off my loue, hee'l daine to put on this.
If he deſpiſe my gift, returne it backe,
And in it my death.
Lych. Feare not faire Princeſſe,
I hope to proue as fortunate as faithfull.
Dei. Farewell, proue as thou ſpeakeſt. If my gift faile,
I haue ſentenced all my ſorrowes to one death,

Whilſt

Whilſt *Deianeira* hath a hand to vſe,
Shee'l not liue hated where ſhe once did chuſe. *Exit.*

Enter Omphale, Queene of Lydia, with 4 or 5 maids, Hercules attired like a woman, with a diſtaffe and a ſpindle.

Omph. Why ſo, this is a power infus'd in loue,
Beyond all magicke; Is't not ſtrange to ſee
A womans beauty tame the Tyrant-tamer?
And the great Monſter-maiſter ouer-match?
Haue you done your taske?
Here. Beauteous Queene, not yet.
Omph. Then I ſhall frowne.
Here. Before that (louely faire)
Augment my taske, vnto a treble chare.
For one ſweet ſmile from beauteous *Omphale*,
Il'e lay before thee all the monſtrous heads
Of the grim tyrants that oppreſſe the earth,
I that before, at *Iuno's* ſtrict beheſt,
The hundred gyants of *Cremona* ſlue,
Will twice fiue hundred kill for *Omphale*.
Finde me a *Cacus* in a caue of fire,
Il'e dragge him from the mountaine *Auentine*,
And lay his bulke at thy victorious feet.
Finde me me another *Gerion* to captiue,
All his three heads Il'e tumble in thy ſkirt.
Bid me once more ſacke hell, to binde the furies,
Or to preſent thee with the Gods in chaines,
It ſhall be done for beauteous *Omphale*.
Omph. Leaue prating, ply your worke.
Here. Oh what a ſweetneſſe
Liues in her lookes! no bondage, or baſe ſlauery
Seemes ſeruitude, whilſt I may freely gaze
(And vncontrold) on her: but for one ſmile,
Il'e make her Empreſſe ore the triple world,
And all the beauteous Queenes from Eaſt to Weſt,
The *Lydians* vaſſails, and my fellow-ſlaues.
There is no Lord but *Loue*, no vaſſailage

But

But in affection, and th'Emperious Queene
Doth tyranize ore captiue *Hercules*. *Enter a maid.*
Maid. Madam, some Dukes of *Greece* attend without,
And craue to see your captiue *Theban* here.
Omph. Admit them, they shall see what pompe we haue,
And that our beauty can the loftiest slaue.
Enter Iason, Telamon, Castor, Pollux, Nestor, Atreus, &c.
Iason. Our businesse was to *Theban Hercules*,
'Twas told vs he remain'd with *Omphale*,
The *Lydian* Queene.
Tel. Speake, which is *Omphale*? or which *Alcides*?
Omph. We are queene of *Lydia*,
And this our vassaile. Do you know him Lords?
Stoope slaue, and kisse the foot of *Omphale*.
Herc. I shall.
Nest. Oh wonderous alteration!
Cast. Till now I trusted this report was false,
And scarcely can I yet beleeue mine eyes.
Pol. Lady, our purpose was to *Hercules*,
Shew vs the man.
Omph. Behold him *Greekes* there.
Atreus. Where? *Omph.* There at his taske.
Iason. Alas! This *Hercules*?
This is some base effeminate groome, not hee
That with his puissance frighted all the earth:
This is some woman, some *Hermephrodite*.
Herc. Hath *Iason, Nestor, Castor, Telamon,*
Atreus, Pollux, all forgot their friend?
We are the man.
Iason. Woman we know thee not.
We came to seeke the *Ioue*-borne *Hercules*,
That in his cradle strangled *Iuno's* snakes,
And triumpht in the braue *Olimpicke* games.
He that the *Cleonean* Lyon slue,
The *Eremanthian* Boare, the Bull of *Marathon*,
The *Lernean Hydra*, and the winged Hart.
He that drag'd *Cerberus* from hell in chaines,

And

And stownded *Pluto* in his *Ebon* Chaire.
That *Hercules*, by whom the Centaurs fell?
Great *Achelous*, the *Stymphalides*,
And the *Cremona* giants? Where is he?
Tel. That traiterous *Nessus* with a shaft transfixt,
Strangled *Antheus*, purg'd *Augeus* stalles,
Wan the bright Apples of the *Hesperides*,
And whilst the Giant *Atlas* eas'd his limbes,
Bore on his shoulders the huge frame of heauen.
Herc. And are not we the man? see *Telamon*,
Tel. A woman do this? we would see the *Theban*
That *Cacus* slue, *Busiris* sacrific'd,
And to his horses hurl'd sterne *Diomed*
To be deuour'd.
Pol. That freed *Hesione*
From the Sea-whale, and after ransackt *Troy*,
And with his owne hand slue *Laomedon*.
Nest. He by whom *Dercilus* and *Albion* fell,
He that *Oecalia* and *Betricia* wan.
Atr. That monstrous *Gerion* with his three heads vanquisht
With *Linus, Lichas* that vsurp't in *Thebes*,
And captiu'd there his beauteous *Megara*.
Iason. He that the *Amazonian Baldricke* wan,
That *Achelous* with his club subdu'd,
And wan from him the pride of *Calidon*
Bright *Deianeira*, that now mournes in *Thebes*
For absence of that noble *Hercules*.
To him we came, but since he liues not here,
Come Lords, we wil returne these presents backe
Vnto the constant Lady, whence they came.
Herc. Stay Lords. *Iason.* 'Mongst women?
Herc. For that *Thebans* sake
Whom you professe to loue, and came to seeke,
Abide awhile, and by my loue to *Greece*,
Il'e bring before you that lost *Hercules*,
For whom you came to enquire.
Iason. On that condition (Princes) lets stay a little.

Tela. It workes, it workes.
Herc. How haue I loſt my ſelfe?
Did we all this? where is that ſpirit become
That was in vs? no maruell *Hercules*,
If thou beeſt ſtrange to them, that thus diſguiſ'd,
Art to thy ſelfe vnknowne. Hence with this diſtaffe
And baſe effeminate chares.
Omp. How ſlaue? ſubmit and to thy taske againe.
Dar'ſt thou rebell?
Herc. Pardon great *Omphale*.
Iaſ. Will *Telamon* perſwade me this is *Hercules*
The *Libian* Conquerer, now a ſlaues ſlaue.
He liu'd in midſt of battailes, this 'mongſt truls:
This welds a diſtaffe, he a conquering Club.
Shall we beſtow faire *Deianeiraes* preſents
On this (heauen knowes) whether man or woman?
Herc. Who nam'd my *Deianeira*? *Iaſon* you?
How fares my loue? how fares my beauteous wife?
I know theſe preſents, did they come from her?
What ſtrumpet's this that hath detain'd my ſoule?
Captiu'd my fame, tranſ-ſhap't me to a foole?
Made me (of late) but little leſſe then God,
Now ſcarce a man? Hence with theſe womaniſh tyres,
And let me once more be my ſelfe againe.
Tel. Keep from him *Omphale*, be that your charge,
Wee'l ſecond theſe good thoughts.
Omph. *Alcides* heare me.
Caſt. By your fauour madam.
Herc. Who ſpake?
Iaſon. I thinke that was *Deianeira's* voyce,
That cals thee home to dry her widowed teares,
And to bring comfort to her deiolate bed.
Herc. Oh *Deianeira*.
Om. Heare me *Hercules*. *Herc.* Ha *Omphale*?
Pollux. You ſhall not trouble him.
Iaſ. 'Twas ſhe that made *Alcides* womaniſh,
But *Deianeira* to be more then man.

For thy wiues ſake thou art renown'd in *Greece*,
This Strumpet hath made *Greece* forget thee quite,
And ſcarce remember there was ſuch a man.
Thebes that was wont to triumph in thy glories,
Is now all ſilent. Tyrants euery where
Beginne to oppreſſe, thinking *Alcides* dead.
For ſo the fame's already. Shall a Strumpet
Do this vpon the *Theban Hercules*?
And *Deyaneira*, faire, chaſt, abſolute
In all perfections, liue deſpis'd in *Thebes*?
Herc. By *Ioue* ſhe ſhall not, firſt I'le rend theſe eies out,
That ſotted with the loue of *Omphale*
Hath tranſhapt me, and deepely iniur'd her.
Come we will ſhake off this effeminacy
And by our deeds repurchaſe our renowne.
Iaſon and you braue *Greekes*, I know you now,
And in your honours I behold my ſelfe
What Phaue bene, hence Strumpet *Omphale*,
I caſt thee off, and once more will reſume
My natiue vertues, and to proue this good,
This day vnto the Gods I'le ſacrifice
To grace which pompe, and that we may appeare
The ſame we were, before vs ſhall be borne
Theſe of our labours twelue, the memory,
Vnto *Ioues* Temple, grace vs worthy *Heroes*
To aſſiſt vs in this high ſollemnity.
Whilſt we vpon our manly ſhoulders beare
Theſe maſſy pillars we in Gades muſt reare. *Exeunt.*

Manet Omphale.

Ompale. We haue loſt our ſeruant, neuer yet had Lady
One of the like ranke. All King *Theſpius* daughters,
Fifty in number, childed all one night,
Could not preuaile ſo much with *Hercules*
As we haue done; no not faire *Yole*
Daughter to *Eurus*, beauteous *Megara*,
Nor all the faire and amorous queenes of *Greece*,
Could ſlaue him like the *Lydian Omphale*.

Therefore where e're his labours be renown'd,
Let not our beauty passe vnregistred.
Bondaging him that captiu'd all the earth,
Nor will we leaue him, or yet loose him thus
What either beauty, cunning, flattery, teares
Or womans Art can, we will practise on him.
But now the Priests and Princes are prepar'd
For the great sacrifice, which we will grace
With our high presence, and behold aloofe
These rights vnto the gods perform'd and done
We'le gaine by Art, what we with beauty won.

Enter to the sacrifice two Priests to the Altar, sixe Princes with sixe of his labours, in the midst Hercules *bearing his two brazen pillars, six other Princes, with the other six labours,* Hercules *staies them.*

Herc. Now *Ioue* behold vs from thy spheare of Starres,
And shame not to acknowledge vs thy sonnes.
Thus should *Alcides* march amidst his spoiles,
Inguirt with slaughtered Lyons, Hydraes, Whales,
Boares, Buls, grim Tyrants, Hel-hounds, Monsters, Furies,
And Princes his spectators: oh you Gods,
To whom this day we consecrate your praiers,
And dedicate our sacred orisons,
Daine vs your eies, behold these sholders beare
Two brazen pillars, trophies of our fame,
That haue eas'd *Atlas*, and supported heauen,
And had we shrunke beneath that heauenly structure
The Spheares, Orbs, Planets, Zeniths, Signes, and Stars,
With *Ioues* high Pallace, all confusedly
Had shattered, falne, and o're-whelm'd earth and sea,
Wee haue done that, and all these labours else,
Which we this day make sacred, *Iuno* see
These we surrender to thy *Ioue* and thee. *set on.*

As they march ouer the Stage, enter Lychas with the shirt.

Lych. From *Deianera* I present this guift,
Wrought with her owne hand, with more kind commends
Then I haue measured steps to *Lydia*
From *Thebes*, which she intreats you weare for her.

Herc. More welcome is this guift to *Hercules*
Then *Iason's* Fleece, *Laomedon's* white Steeds,
Or should *Ioue* grace me with eternity,
Here stand our pillars, with *non vltra* insculpt,
Which we must reare beyond the Pyrene Hils
At *Gades* in *Spaine* (*Alcides* vtmost bounds)
Whilst we put on this shirt, the welcome present
Of *Deyaneira*, whom we deerely loue,
Lychas thy hand, In this wee'le sacrifice
And make our peace with her and *Iupiter.*

Iason. Neuer was *Hercules* so much himselfe,
How will this newes glad *Deyaneiraes* heart,
Or how this sight inrage faire *Omphale?*

Tell. All his dead honours he reuiues in this,
And *Greece* shall once more echoe with his fame.

Hercules puts on the shirt.

Herc. With this her present, I put on her loue,
Witnesse heauen, earth, and all you Peeres of *Greece*,
I wed her once more in this ornament,
Her loue and her remembrance fit to me
More neere by thousands then this roabe can cleaue.
So, now before *Ioues* Altar let vs kneele,
And make our peace with heauen, attone our selfe
With beauteous *Dyaneira* our chast wife
And cast away the loue of *Omphale.* *All the Princes kneele to the Altar.*

Priest. Princes of *Greece* assist vs with your thoughts,
And let your prayers with ours ascend the Speares,
For mortals orisons are sonnes to *Ioue*,
And when none else can, they haue free accesse
Vnto there fathers eare, haile sonne of *Saturne*,
To whom when the three lots of heauen, of sea,
And hell were cast, the high *Olimpus* fell.

Herc. Oh, oh.

Priest. That with a nod canst make heauens collomes bend,

And th'earths Center tremble, whose right hand
Is arm'd with lightning, and the left with feare.
Herc. No more, are all the furies with their tortures,
Their whips and lashes crept into my skin?
Hath any sightlesse and infernall fire
Laid hold vpon my flesh? when did *Alcides*
Thus shake with anguish? thus change face, thus shrinke?
Shall torture pale our cheeke? no, Priest proceed,
We will not feele the paine, thou shalt not breed, ¶
Iason. What alteration's this? a thousand pangues
I see euen in his visage, in his silence
He doth expresse euen hell.
Priest. Thou sacred *Ioue*
Behold vs at thy Altar prostrate here
To beg attonement 'tweene our sins and thee,
Lend vs a gracious eare and eye.
Herc. Priest no more,
I'le rend thy Typet, hurle *Ioues* Altars downe,
Hauock his Offerings, all his Lamps extinguish,
Raze his high Temples, and skale heauen it selfe
Vnlesse he stay my tortures.
Iason. VVarlike *Theban*,
VVhence comes this fury? is this madnes forc't,
That makes *Alcides* thus blaspheme the Gods.
Tell. Patient your selfe.
Herc. I will not *Iason*, cannot *Tellamon*,
A stipticke poyson boyles within my veines,
Hell is within me, for my marrow fries,
A vulture worse then that *Prometheus* feeles,
Fiers on my entrails, and my bulke in flames.
Iason. Yet be your selfe, renowned *Hercules*,
Striue with your torture, with your rage contend
Seek to ore-come this anguish.
Herc. VVell, I will,
See *Iason*, see renowned *Tellamon*
I will be well, I'le feele no poison boyle,
Though my bloud skal'd me, though my hot suspires,

Blast

Blast where I breath like lightning, though my lungs
Seeth in my bloud, I will not pale a cheeke,
Nor change a brow, I will not, spight of torture
Anguish, and paine, I will not.
Omp. What strange fury
Hath late possest him to be thus disturb'd?
Iason. Why this is well, once more repaire *Ioues* Altar.
Kindle these holy Tapers and proceed.
Herc. To plucke the Thunderer from his Christall throne
And throw the Gallaxia, by the locks,
And amber tresses, drag the Queene of heauen.
Nestor. Alcides.
Herc. Princes, *Iason*, *Tellamon*,
Helpe me to teare of this infernall shirt,
Which rawes me where it cleaues, vnskin my brawnes,
And like one nak't rowl'd in a Tun of spikes
Of thousands, make one vniuersall wound,
And such is mine: oh *Deyaneira* false,
Treacherous, vnkind, disloyall; plucke, teare, rend
Though you my bones leaue naked, and my flesh
Frying with poyson you cast hence to dogs.
Dread *Neptune*, let me plundge me in thy seas,
To coole my body, that is all on flame.
Or with thy tri-sulke thunder strike me *Ione*,
And so let fire quench fire, vnhand me Lords,
Let me spurne mountaines downe, and teare vp rockes
Rend by the roots huge Okes, till I haue dig'd
Away to hell, or found a skale to heauen,
Something I must, my torments are so great,
To quench this flame and qualify this heate. *Exit.*
Iason. Let vs not leaue him Princes least this out-rage
Make him lay violent hands vpon him selfe.
If *Deyaniraes* heart, were with her hand,
She is her sexes scandall, and her shame
Euen whilst Time liues, shall euery tongue proclaime. *Exit*
Omph. I'le follow to, and with what Art I can,
Striue this his rage and torture to allay. *Exit.*

Lych. What's in this shirt vnknowne to me that brought it?
Or what hath iealous *Deyaneira* done?
To employ me, an vnwilling messenger,
In her Lords death: well, whosoe're it proue
My innocence I know, I'le, if I may
Looke to my life, and keepe out of his way. *Enter Hercules.*
Herc. Lychas, Lychas, where's he that brought this poyson'd (shirt,
That I may teare the villaine lim from lim,
And flake his body small as Winters snow,
His shattered flesh shall play like parched leaues,
And dance in th'aire, tost by the sommer winds.
Lychas. Defend me heauen.
Herc. Oh that with stamping thus,
I could my selfe beneath the Center sinke,
And tombe my tortured body beneath hell.
Had I heauens massy columnes in my gripes,
Then with one sway I would orre-turne yon frame,
And make the marble Elementall sky
My Tombe-stone to enterre dead *Hercules.*
Oh father *Ioue* thou laist vpon thy sonne
Torments aboue supporture, *Lichas,* oh!
I'le chase the villaine o're *Oetaes* rockes,
Till I haue nak't those hils, and left no shade
To hide the Traytor.
Lichas. Which way shall I flye
To scape his fury? if I stay I dye. *Hercules sees him.*
Herc. Stay, stay, what's he that creeps into yon caue?
Is not that *Lycas Dyaneiraes* squire,
That brought this poysoned shirt to *Hercules?*
I thanke thee *Ioue,* yet this is some allayment
And moderation to the pangues I feele,
Nay, you shall out sir *Lychas* by the heeles.
Hercules swings Lychas about his head, and kils him.
Thus, thus, thy limbs about my head I twine;
Eubean sea receiue him, for he's thine.
Enter Iason, Tellamon, and all the Princes, after them Omphale.
Ias. Princes, his torments are 'boue Physicke helpe,
And

And they that wish him well, must wish his death,
For that alone giues period to his anguish.
Tell. In vaine we follow and pursue his rage,
There's danger in his madnesse.
Nest. Yet aloose,
Let's obserue him, and great *Ioue* implore
To qualifie his paines.
Phy. As I am *Philoctetes* I'le not leaue him,
Vntill he be immortall, Princes harke, *Hercules within.*
Cannot these grones peirce heauen and moue to pitty
The obdure *Iuno.*
Omph. Beneath this rocke where we haue often kist,
I will lament the noble *Thebans* fall,
The *Lydian Omphale* will be to him
A truer Mystresse, then his wife, whose hate
Hath brought on him this sad and ominous fate.
Nor hence, for any force or prayer remoue,
But die with him whom I so deerely loue. *cry within.*
Cast. His torments still increase, heare oh you Gods,
And hearing pitty.
Enter Hercules from a rocke aboue, tearing downe trees.
Herc. Downe, downe, you shadowes that crowne *Oeta*
And as you tumble beare the Rockes along. (Mount,
I will not leaue an Oake or standing Pine
But all these mountaines with the dales make euen,
That *Oetaes* selfe may mourne with *Hercules.*
Hah! what art thou?
Omph. I am thy *Omphale.*
Herc. Art thou not *Deyaneira* come to mocke
Alcides madnesse, and his pangues deride?
Yes, thou art she, thou, thou hast fier'd my bones,
And mak'st me boyle in poyson, for which (minion)
And for (by fate) thou hast shortned my renowne,
Behold, this monstrous rocke thy death shal crowne,
Hercules kils Omphale, with a peece of a rocke.
So *Deyaneira* and her squire are now
Both in their sins extinct.

Thes. What hath *Alcides* done? slaine *Omphale*,
A guiltlesse queene that came to mourne his death.
Herc. Torment on torment. But shall *Hercules*
Dye by a womans hand? No, ayd me Princes,
(If you haue in you any generous thoughts)
In my last fabricke: Come, tosse trees on trees,
Till you haue rear'd me vp a funerall pile,
Which all that's mortall in me shall consume.
Cast. Princes, let none deny their free assistance,
In his release of torture. Ther's for me.
Pol. My hand shall likewise helpe to bury him,
And of his torments giue him ease by death.

All the Princes breake downe the trees, and make a fire, in which Hercules *placeth himselfe.*

Her. Thanks, thus I throne me in the midst of fire,
And with a dreadlesse brow confront my death.
Olimpicke thunderer now behold thy sonne,
Of whose diuine parts make a starre, that *Atlas*
May shrinke beneath the weight of *Hercules*.
And step-dame *Iuno*, glut thy hatred now,
That hast beene weary to command, when we
Haue not beene weary to performe and act.
I that *Busiris* slue, *Antheus* strangled,
And conquer'd still at thy vnkinde behest,
The three-shap't *Gerion*, and the dogge of hell,
The Bull of *Candy*, and the golden *Hart*,
Augeus and the fowles of *Stymphaly*,
The *Hesperian* fruit, and bolt of *Therimidon*,
The *Lernean Hydra*, and *Arcadian* Boare,
The Lyon of *Nemea*, Steeds of *Thrace*,
The monster *Cacus*; thousands more then these,
That *Hercules* in death dares thee to chide,
And shewes his spirit, which torments cannot hide.
Lye there thou dread of Tyrants, and thou skin, *He burns his Club, & Lyons Skin.*
Invulner'd still, burne with thy maisters bones:
For these be armes which none but we can weild.
My bow and arrowes *Philoctetes* take,

Reserue

Reserue them as a token of our loue,
For these include the vtmost fate of *Troy*,
Which without these, the *Greekes* can nere destroy.
You Hero's all fare-well, heape fire on fire,
And pile on pile, till you haue made a structure
To flame as high as heauen, and record this
Though by the *Gods* and *Fates* we are ore-throwne,
Alcides dies by no hand but his owne.

Iupiter aboue strikes him with a thunder-bolt, his body sinkes, and from the heauens discends a hand in a cloud, that from the place where Hercules was burnt, brings vp a starre, and fixeth it in the firmament.

Iason. *Iuno* thou hast done thy worst, he now defies
What thou canst more, his fame shall mount the skies.
What heauenly musicke's this?
Tel. His soule is made a star, and mounted heauen,
I see great *Ioue* hath not forgot his sonne:
All that his mothers was is chang'd by fire,
But what he tooke of *Ioue*, and was deuine,
Now a bright star in the high heauens must shine.

Enter Atreus.

Nest. We all haue seene *Alcides* deifi'd.
But what newes brings *Atreus*?
Atr. A true report of *Deianira's* death,
Who when she heard the tortures of her Lord,
And what effect her fatall present tooke,
Exclaim'd on *Nessus*, and to proue herselfe
Guiltlesse of treason in her husbands death,
With her owne hand she boldly slue herselfe.
Pel. That noble act proclaim'd her innocent,
And cleares all blacke suspition: but faire princes,
Let vniuersall *Greece* in funerall blacke,
Mourne for the death of *Theban Hercules*.
Ias. Who now shal monsters quel, or tyrants tame?
Th'oppressed free, or fill *Greece* with their fame.
Princes your hands, take vp these monuments

Of his twelue labours in a marble Temple
(We will erect and dedicate to him)
Reserue them to his lasting memory:
His brazen pillers shall be fixt in *Gades*,
On which his monumentall deeds wee'l graue.
Arm'd with these worthy Trophies lets march on
Towards *Thebes*, that claimes the honour of his birth.
His body's dead, his fame shall nere expire,
Earth claimes his earth, heauen shewes his heauenly fire.

Exeunt omnes.

HOMER.

He that expects fiue short Acts can containe
Each circumstance of these things we present,
Me thinkes should shew more barrennesse then braine:
All we haue done we aime at your content,
Striuing to illustrate things not knowne to all,
In which the learnd can onely censure right:
The rest we craue, whom we vnlettered call,
Rather to attend then iudge: for more then sight
We seeke to please. The vnderstanding eare
Which we haue hitherto most gracious found,
Your generall loue, we rather hope then feare:
For that of all our labours is the ground.
If from your loue in any point we stray,
Thinke HOMER *blind, and blind men misse their way.*

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FINIS.