SENECA
HISTENETRAGEDIES, TRANSLATED INTO
Englysh.

Mercurij nutrices, hora.

IMPRINTED
AT LONDON IN
Fleetsreete neere unto
Sainte Dunstans
church by Tho-
mas Martin.
1581
The Epistle

the dealing, if in payment of a good round gubbe of Gold of full wayght and poys[e], one poore pece somewhat clipped, and lighter than his fellows may not be foysted in among the rest, and passe in pay for currant coigne. Theirs I know to be delivered with singular dexterity: myne, I confesse to be an unshidge nestling, unable to flye: an unnatural abortion, and an unperfect Embryon: neither thoroughly laboured at Aristophanes and Cleanthes candie, neither yet exactly weighed in Critolauis his precise balleance. Yet this dare I saye, I have deliuered myne Authors meaning, with as much perspicuity, as so meane a Scholler, out of some meane a sloare, in so smal a time, and upon so short a warn ing was well able to performe. And whereas it is by some squeymish Areopagites surmized, that the readinge of these Tragedies, being entlerard with many Phrajes and sentences, literally tending (at the first sight) sometime to the prayse of Ambition, sometime to the mayntenauce of crueltie, now and then to the approbation of incontinencie, and here and thare to the ratification of tyrannie, can not be digested without great danger of infection: to omit all other reasons, if it might please the with no fore stalled judgmet, to mark and consider the circumsuations, why, where, & by what maner of persons such sentences are pronounced, they can not in any equity otherwise choose, but find good cause enough to leade the to a more favourable and milde resolutio. For it may not at any had be thought and deemed the direct meaning of S E N E C A himselfe, whose whole wrytinges (penneid with a peerelesse sublimity and loftinesse of Style, are so farre from countenaun cing Vice, that I doubt whether there bee any amonge all the Catalogue of Heathen wryters, that with more grauity of
Dedicatory.

Unity of Philosophical sentences, more weighty nes of sappy words, or greater authority of sound matter beateth down sinne, loose lyfe, dissolute dealinge, and unbridled sensuality: or that more sensibly, pithily, and bytingly layeth downe the guerdon of filthy lust, cloaked disimulation & odious treachery: which is the dryst, wherunto he beneleth the whole yssue of ech one of his Tragedies. Howsoeuer & whatsoever it be, your Worships curteous acceptaunce shall easily counterpoyse any of our imperfections. Vnto whose learned Censure, wee humbly submit these the exercifes of our blushing Muses. The Lord God in mercy long preserve you in health and dignity, with daily encrease of many his gracious gifts, already rychly abounding in you: to the propagation, and aduancement of his truth (whereof yee are a zealous Professor, to the honoure of her Majestye, to whom you are a most loyall servitor, and to the generall benefite of your Countrey, whereof you are a rare and most worthy Ornament.

From Butley in Cheffhyre the 24. of Aprill.

1581.

Your Worshippes most humble,

Thomas Newton.
THE NAMES OF
THE TRAGEDIES OF
SENEXA, AND
by whom each of
them was trans-
slated.

1. Hercule Furans,
2. Thyestes,
3. Troas,
4. Oedipus,
5. Hippolytus,
6. Medea,
7. Agamemnon,
8. Hercules Octavus.
9. Octavia,
10. Thebais.

By Jasper Heywood.
By Alex. Nevile.
By John Studley.
By T. Nuce.
By Thomas Newton.
The Argument
of this Tragedy.

Juno, the Wyfe and sister of Jupiter, hating his bastard brode, cometh downe from heaven, con playing of all his injuries done to her, desiring also by what despight she may vexe his base Sonne Hercules. And hauing by experience proved, no toyes to be to hard for him, findeth the means to make his owne hand his owne vengeance. Hercules therefore returning now from Hell (from whence he was enjoyned to set Cebes) and finding that the Tyrant Lycus had invaded his coutrie, doth oie the tyrant. For the which victory as hee sacrificeth to his Goddesse, wrathfull Juno strikes him into a foday frenfy: Wherewith hee being sore vexed, thinkeing to fle the Children and Wyfe of Lycus, in stead of them, killeth his owne Wyfe and Children in his madnes. This done hee fleapeth, Juno restoreth to him agayne his Wit. He being waked, seeing his Wyfe and Children playne by his owne hand, at last alfo would kill himselfe.

THE SPEAKERS

Juno, Lycus, Chorus, Hercules, Megara, Theseus, Amphitrition.

THE FIRST
ACTE.

Juno alone.

Slyder of the Thunderer,
(for now that name alone
Reignes to mee) I love outmost
as though beguil'd and gone,
And temples of the highest vyppe
as wodowe hunned hauce,
And beaten out of skyes above
the place to Harlots gauce.

I must go dwell beneath on ground, so: Whooes do hold the sky.
From hence the Beare in parte above of ye peale fall by,
A haughty Barre the greekyll lyppes by Seas both giide about:
From this way, whence at spring time warme the day is loaded out,
Europes Barre through the waves of Tyria lyppes full bright.
From thence, their longe tears full flocke to Ships, and seas affright,

B, The wans
Hercules furens

The wand'ring daughters here and there of Atlas upward sway.
With staring bush of hag from hens Orion Gods both stray:
And Perseus the his glittering harres of golden glose hard here.
From hence the twynnes of Tyndars stocke do shine, a signe full clere:
And at whose birth first note the grounde that erst went to and fro.
Not oly Bacchus now himselfe, or Bacchus mother so.
Have clime to Gods; let any parte should from rebuke be free.
The skyes the Gaussian strumpest crownes do beare in sight of mee.
But I of old contempes complayne: me, one dire, fierce, and cruel.
Thebana land with wicked brode of Lous base daughters strewe,
How oft hath it a stepdame madethough up to heaven should rise.
The conquering dazhe Alcmena now, and hold my place in styes.
And else her some to promisful starres obseqne the worthy way.
At bith of whom the slaying wouilde so long defend the day,
And Phebus now from morning sea began to glister bright.
Commanded long in the Ocean waues to hide his drowned light.
Yet shall my hates not leave them so, a wrathful kinded rage.
His mynd in madness shall stirre up, and zze that may not swage.
Shall evermore (all peace lapp downe) wage warres eternally.
What warres? what ever hideous thing the earth his enemy.
Vegeta; what forester sea or sea hath brought to light.
Both dyedfull, dire, and pestilent, of cruel fiercest might.
This tierd and ram'd: he patteth all, and name by ill's both rape.
And all my wrath he doth into, and to his greater rape
He turns me hates: whole reposing to much I him beheld.
He proves what father him begot: thence where light oppeseth
Both sea, and where it shewde againe, where I can day doth rape.
And with his brand approaching near both dyes those Achiops twaine.
His strength untamde is honoured: and God eche where is see.
Now calde in wouilde, and now moare store of monsters want to mee.
And laboure leste to Hercules is escompli all my will.
Then me to hybde; at ease he doth myne imperies fulfill.
What cruel helles of tyranne now so speri a yong man may
Pensive to hurt: so lo he beares for weapons now awake.
What once he feared, and put to light: he armed comes at speed jour.
With Lyon speri and Hydra both in spoile, and sufficeth wpde; and so.
But dyvahe he bath the threshold lor of that infernal londe, and goud.
And spres with him of conquered king he drawes to Gods above.
But that the light, deade is the league of spites that here do dwell.
I saw my selfe, I saw him lo: the night now gone, of hell was
And
The first tragedie

And Diree tannde throw out abroad befoe his fathers light
His brothres soules. Why drawes he not opprest and bound by might
Himselfe in chapnons that equall thinges to love by let both hold
And bear the rule of captive hel, and way to Styre unfoldes:
Up opened is from lowest ghosstes the backward way to skye,
And sacred secretes of dire death in open light do ly.
But he (the dyedfull ben of Spirtes brake by suberce and loue)
Even over me both triumph to, and with powde hand about
The soule blacke dogge by Greath towns he leads from hel away,
When scene was byly Cerberus I saw the faling day.

And searefull sunne: euen me lykewyle a trembling dread opprest,
And looking on the felthy neckes of conquered monstrous beast.
I feared much myne owne behell but light things I compayne,
For heaven I may be safe, lest he may get the highest Learn.
That lowest woman, the kemptes from his father will he take,
Rope to Sares (as Bacchus dyd) his way wil gently make;
The way with ruine will he seek, and see in empty skyes
Will regne alone with force displayd his haughty hart both eyes.
And he that heaven it selle b y force of his might gotted bee,
It bearing learn'd; quite under the world his head set bee.
Noe once his shoulders bowde the press of such a mighty mass;
And midst of heaven on Heracles necke alone (loc) seried was.
His necke bowydde the Sares above and skyes did on ly.
And me inlywe oppressing him, to Gods he seekes the way.
Goe ire, goe on, and beare hym downe that great things doth inuent
Watch thou with him, and with thy handes now thou thy selle him rend.
Such hates why doth thou meditate? let all wyld beasts now goe:
And weary Euristheus now be free from getting charges mo.
The Tyranes daring once of Ioue to brake the imperp
Send out, let loose the drunke abjacte of mount of Sicilye.
The Doykeke land that with the sorne of gran quakes afraid.
Let it thine forth the dyedfull neckes of monster under lap.
Let yet the haughty move about some other banstes bgetter
But these he overcame. Serekes thou a march t'Alcides yet?
Chere none, except himselfe let him against himselfe rebel
Let present he from bottome bepre bprea of lowest hell.
Th'Eumenides, lets flaming lockes of thepe the skrees out singe,
And furious handes loose about the croakes of vipers ling.
So now set powde, and seale the skrees to seats of gods make wage.
How must the battelles wages be spight yeare he yarnes the dare.
Hercules Furens

Despyrle mans workes thinkst thou fierce wight & hell and soules alowe
Thou hast escape & nap here I will another hel thee how,
Indeepse misle hid I will call up from botome low of hell
Beyond the wares of gylty gholtes benareful goddesse fell.
Whears the roaing dreadful den resoundses with cryes about,
From depeL band of Dics raigne beneath I will see out,
What so is left. Let hateful hurt now come in anger wood.
And fierce temperie imbroun himselfe with his owne bloud,
And erdue the, and furry arm'd against it selfe to fighte.
This meanes, this meanes, let wrath of mine now be to shewe my might.
Beginne ye serviantes now of hell; the fercuent burning tree
O! Dryne make by; and set with shaketh her dreadful flocke to see.
Let now Megera lying to fighte, and with her mourful hand,
For burning rage lying out of hell a hige and direful brand,
Do this, require you vengeance due, and pynes of hell his spoyle,
Strike through his head, let fiercer flame, within his bosom boyle.
Then which in Aetna somace beares, so turulently to see.
That mad of mind and wittes may Alcides diten bee
With furry great through pearled quight, my selfe must seek of all.
Be mad. Wherefore both Iuo ye get not into raging, fall.
Yee me, ye Furenes, sisters three throune quit out of my woe,
Come lyke, if any thing to do, I do endure yet
For lepome merete, let now my hates be turnd another way.
Let him (return'd) his babes beholde in safter I you play.
And strong of hand come home, I have now found the day at length,
In which may greatly mee awaile the hared Hercules strenght.
Both mee and eke hym selfe let him sub due and wish to die
Returne from hel, pes let it here be my commodity.
That he of love begotten is; here present will I stand,
And that his hastes got strenght from bow, I will direect his hand.
The mad mans weapons will I guide, even Hercules fighting, lo
Be length Ic ypsde. This gett once done then leesfull is that so
His father may admire to saies this gylty handes of his

Chorus
The first tragedie.

Chorus.

He fading starres now shine but seelde in sighte
In stiue skye, night overcome with day
Plucks in her fyres, while strange agayne is light.
The day starre draws the cleresome beames theire waye.
The yeye signe of haughty poale agayne,
With seuen starres markt, the Beares of Arcadye,
Do call the light with overturned wayne.
With marble horse now drawne, hys waye to bye
Doth Titan toppe of Oetha ouer spred.
The bushes bright that nowe with berryes bee
Of Thebes firewde, by daye do blushe full redde.
And to returne doth Phaeus lyfter flee.
Now labor harde beginnes, and euerie kynde
Of cares it flyres, the Shepehearde doth unsolde.
His flockes unpente, do graue their foode to fynde,
And nippes the graffe with hoaryfrost full colde.
At will doth play in open medow faire
The Calfe whose brow did damme yet neuer teare,
The empty Kyne their udders doerepayre.
And lyght with course uncertaine here and there,
In graffe full soft the wanton kidde bee flynges.
In toppe of boughs doth sitte with chaunting songe,
And to the Sunne newe rose to spreade her wynges,
Besirres herselfe her mourneful nestes amonke
The Nightingall: and doth with byrdes aboute
Confuse rejoynd with murmure mixed ryfe.
To witnes day, bis sayles to wynde set out.
The seyman doth committe in doubt of lyfe.

B 3, While
Hercules furens.

Vhyle gale of wynde the slacke sayles files full strayte,  
He leaning ouer hollow rocke doth lye,  
And either his begiled hookes doth bayte,  
Or els beholdes and seeles the pray from lye  
with paised hand.

The trembling fish he seeles with line extent,  
This hope to them to whom of hurtle s lyfe,  
Is quiet rest and with his owne content,  
And lytle house, such hope in fieldes is ryse

The trobrous hopes with rolling whirl wynd great,  
And dredful feares their wayes in cityes keepe.

He proude repayre to prince in regall sate,  
And hard court gates without the rest of sleepe  
Esteemes, and endles happynes to hold  
Doth gather goods, for treasure gaping more,  
And is ful pore amid his heaped gold.

The peoples fauour him (astonied sore)  
And commons more unconstanct then the sea,  
Vvith blast of wayne renoume liftes up full proud.
He seling at the brawling barre his plea.

Full wicked, sets his yres and scoulding loud  
And moordes to sake, a fewe hath knowne of all.

The careles rest, who mindfull how doth flitte  
Swift age away, the tyme that never shall  
Returne agayne do holde; while fates permitte.

At quiet line: the lyfe full quickly glydes  
Vvith hastned course, and with the winged day.

The wheele is turnde of yere that hedlong slides,  
The sisters hard perfourme their taskes alway,  
Nor may agayne untwist the threeede once bonne.
Yet mankind loe unsure what way to take.
The first tragedie.

To meete the greedy desyres doth throne
And willingly wee seke the Stigian lake,
To much: Alcestis thou with thy mackske stone
The sorie spirites of hell dost haste to see:
With course prefixed the fates are brought about;
To none once warned to come may respite bee:
To none to passe their once appointed day,
The tombe all people calde by death doth bye:
Let glory him by many landes awaye:
Display, and fame throughout all cityes wyde:
Full babling praise, and even with skye to stande:
Auaunce and starres; let him in chariot bright:
Full haughty goe; let me my natiue land:
In safe and secrete house kepe close from sight:
To restful men hoare age by course doth fall,
And low in place, yet safe and sure doth bye,
The poore and base estate of cottage small:
The powder pome of minde doth fall from bye:
But sad here comes with lost and lockes of heare:
Loe Megara with litle company,
And slowe, by age draws Hercules father neare:
Hercules furens.

THE SECOND
ACTE.

Megara.

Guided great of heaven, s of the world O Judge full is,
Yet now at length apoince a meane of carefull miserie,
And ende of our calamitie. To me ye never day
Thy careles shin'de: the ende of one affliction past away.
Beginning of an other is; an other enemy.

As toth with sounde, before that here his tofull family
Returne unto: an other sight hee taketh by behel:
No, any respite giuen to him no, quiet rest:
But wyle that he commanded is: Straight him pursueth thee.
The hartefull harme. Was ye once from tople and labour free
His infants age: the monsters (to) he banquish hath and slayne.
Before he knew what monsters went. The scaled serpents twayne
Their double neckes drew on toward him, against the which to rese;
The infant crept to meete with them, eie serpents glitering eyes
Lyke fire, with quiet carelesse preste she looking fast upon,
With constance cleere, hard, wreted knots of them he caught anon:
And strangling, then the swolling throates of them with tender hand,
To Hydra prelude made the beast to swyte of Mæanle land,
That with much Gold bare vp full bright his beautifed head.
As caught in course. of Nemea wood likewise the greatest dread.
The Lyon preste with Heracles armes hath roarde with dreadful efe.

What should I speake of stables byse, of Ceeds of Bysonye?
O King call out himselfe for foode his hyles fierce to fill?
And bridled beast in thickes tops woon: of Erymanthus hill?
The haere of Mæanle, the woods of Arcady to make?
And Bull that did no little dread to hundred peoples make?
Among the flocks of Heuer lande that hence farre distant bee,
The shepherds of Cartherian coast of triple shape to see
As stauen, and dyuing is the pray from farthest parte of weast,
Citheron quakt when by him pass to sea the well knowne beast.
He being bid to make by coaste of Sommer Sunne his way,
And parched landes which feze with heatte both bope the middell day,
The mountaynes brake on either side and rampiers all hindoone,
Even unto swyge and raging sea hath made a way to roon.

Then ens...
Then entering in of plenteous wood, the pleasant garderins gap,
The wakring dragons golden spotes with him he brought away.
The Lerna monsters numerous till what neede to tell have I?
Hath he not him with fere at length subdewde and taught to dye?
And which were woon with wings abroad and hyde the day from sight,
Even from the cloude he fought & drove the Simpane birds to sight.
Not him subdewde who euere eyes in bed bumaecht at night
The wydowe queen of them that tooke to Thermidon or their flight.
Noz handes that well durst enterprize his noble trouiples all
The filthy labour made to shynke of soule Augias hale.
What dayle all these? he wants the world which oft defended he.
And th'earth well knowes the worker of his quietus to be
Away from earth; the prosperous gilt that beareth happy swipe,
Is vertue calde, and now the good to wicked doe obay.
The right doth hand in might of armes, seare creadeth downe the lawe.
Before my face with cruell hand, even presently I sawe
Benegers of them fathers regne, the sonnes with swordes downe cast,
And of the noble Cadmus he him selfe the offpring last.
Then Appne: I sawe his regall crowne at once from him away
With head bereft. Who Thebes alas enough beaste nowe may?
The fertile land of Gods, what lorde now quakes so to knowe?
Out of the herdes of which somtime, and fruictfull bosome lowe,
The youth bystrong with sword in hand preparde to battell boode;
And walls of which Amphion one of mighty loues his broode,
Yeth built with sounding melody in drawing to the stone:
To towne of whom the parent chiefe of Gods not angie ones
Heauen being left hath come. this land that Gods abode alway,
Receiue, and which hath made them Gods, and (let full beere to say)
Perhaps shal make; with lossome poske of bondage in pear downe.
O Cadmus Lycus, and citizens of olde Amphions towne,
Where to are ye nowe fall in? dreadye a cowardly enuell thus,
His coastes to dwell in, laking, and to ours injurious?
Who through the worlde pursues the giles and wrong by sea and land,
And cruell sceptors broken hath with iull and rightfull hand,
Nowe absent serues, and what he eat'de in other doth subgrade:
And now doth bampsh Lycus bole of Hercules Thebes the rapne.
Yet shal he not: he shal come home, and him with vengeance quight,
And ladane rise to Darres: he will soone finde the way to light.
O make it elles, returne thou safe, repayye to thine in halfe
And conquerour to conquer'de house yet come agayne at laste.
Hercules furens

[Text begins with a series of Latin words, possibly the title or a heading, followed by a block of text in English that continues the narrative or description.]
O Faythfull fellowe of our bloud, with chace true faithfullnes
The Briebed keeping, and the soume of haughty Hercules,
Conceit in made some better thinges, and take good heart to thee:
He will come home, as after all his labours wouleth hee,
Of more renowne. ME. What wretches doe most chiefly wilde of all,
They soon beleue. AM. Nay what they feare to much lest it may fall,
They thinke it never may bee sooner, nor rid by remedy.
ME. Bleeeke is ready still to dyaede the wooller mystery.
Depee dronwde, & whelmi'de, & farthermore with all & world full lowe
Oppressed downe, what way hath he to light agayne to goe?
AM. What way I pray you had he then wheth through the burning coile,
And tumbling after maner of the troubled Sea by toile
He went by lands : and create that towele with ebbe away doth slip,
And towele by towele : and when alone with his forslaken ship,
Fell caught he shuffles in shalowe foordes of helke Lycks seade,
And (nowe his ship on grounde) did passe through seas a foote to land ?
ME. Infortunes fortune vertue most of men most stout and strong
Doth seldom spare: no man sluoe himselfe in safety long
To perils great and dangers may so often times out cast,
Whose chance both often overslip, the same it findses at last.
Was cruel too, and greenous threats even bearing in his face,
And such as he of Jonascke is, both come even such of pace,
Pioude Lykus who the seers of smake in hande of other king,
The plentuous places of the towne of Thebes governing,
Sad every thing about the whych with seorte sapple doth goe
Sloape Phoci, and what ever doth Ismenus overslue,
What ever thing Cytheron seeth with haughty top and slye,
Sad lendes Isamos Ale, the which betwene two seas both lie.

Lycus,
Hercules furens

Lycus. Megara.

Amphitirion.

No I of native country bowes possesse the auncient right.

Unworthy heir, no; yet to me are noble men of might.

The grandfathers, no; focke renowned with titles hie of name.

But noble vertue; who so boastes of hunte whence he came.

Of others vertue makes his baunt, but got with fearfull hand.

My scepters are obatned; in sword both all my safety stand.

What thee thou woots against the will of cytheus to get.

The bright drawne sword must it defend: in frotaspe country set.

No dable kingdome is. But one by pome and pryncely might.

May razors once toynd to me with regall torchs full bright.

And chambers Megara; of focke of such nobility

Let.upmaine date of mine take shape. I do not thinke that thee.

Refuse it will, or in the bed, with mee despyse to lye.

But if with proude unhumbled widde mee suburn to dyne,

Then quite I purpose to destroy the house of Hercules.

The hate of men will then my pypse, and peoples speach opprises.

Christes knacks of kingdome is to beare thy subiects hates eche one.

Let's your her then, chance green hath to be a place alone.

For the her head in fold of base ful sad and woffull

Entwasp the Gods that are her guides for succour flandes is by.

And at the syde of her both leuir Alcides father trewe.

Meg. What thing both this destroyer of our focke agayn sche to,

Purses what prouct he Ly. O Queen; that name renowned hye

And tette talle of regall focke ful gentle and seffy

A little whyle receiue and heare my wondres with patienc care.

If alwayes men etrenal hates should one to th'other beare.

And rage be gone out of the hart should never fall away.

But th'heppy still should be our hoile, th'vill'ry still obey.

Then shall the battaile nothing leave: with wide shieldes then the lande

Shall be buide, with underedp to houfen fery brind.

Then alhes deeps shal over whelm the buried people all.

Expedient is to conqueror to wish that peace defall.

To conquerd nedfull partner of the kingdome come to me:

Lct's towe our myndes, take here this pledge of faith and truth to thes.
The First Tragedy

Why whistled thou with cruel face and mood?
Meg. Should I abide, that I the hand sprinkle with my father's blood?
Shall such, and double death imbrue both my brethren? na
First shall sweeney eyes upon him quite, and why that bring the day?
First faithful peace between the snows and stirs there half be tried,
And Scilla shall Antonius write his Sicilian lyde:
And syis, the steeping flood that with swift turns of course both flow,
Euripus with Euboik wave shall stand still and slow.

My father, th'empyre, britherne, house, thou hast me clearer bereft,
My country to: what may be more one thing to me is left,
Then brother, father, kingdom, house, that dearer is to mee
The hate of thee, the which to me with people for to be
In commune vae I am, how great is myne alone part?

Rule on full proud, beare by full hie thy spirits and haughty hart:
Yet God the proude behinde thep? backes both follow them to wreak.
I know the Thebane kingdome: what should I the mothers speake,
Both suffering, and aduenturing toil: what double mischief done?
And mixed name of spouse at once, of father and of sonne?
What father is double tenere? or what as many roased alle?
The mother proude of Mantals blood congeald in mourning Lee,
And signes done yet flowes with tears in Phrygian Dippyse.

Himselfe likewise erected by his sealed heade awipe.

Cau Camus measuring throughout thy Illyrian landes in sight,
Behind him left of body drawne long figure markes in sight.
All these examples waite for thee: rule thou as they the will,
Whyle thee our kingdome wanted fates do call and oft hap ill.

Go to: these fierce and tortuous words thou woman mad restrain,
And imperyes of princes learnie of Heracles to lustagne.

Though I the keepes gotten by the force of war do beare,
In conquering hand & all do rule without the law his feare.
Which arme subdue, a few words get thee now speake I shall
For this my cause thy father did in bloody battell fall.

The battel fell, the weapons kepe: no measurable bag.
Foe neither eaily tempred be, nor yet repelled may.
The drawne swords pre, the battels doth: the blood delite out hede.
But he yet for his kingdome sought, wee altogether led
With wicked war: yet th'end of war is now complained for,
And not the cause, but now let all remembrance there? goe:
When conquerour hath weapons left, the conquerd's part should be
To leaue his hate, Not I that thou with lowly bendt lines
Hercules furens

Woe eavyning worship shou'd I, require: even this both mee delight,
That thou thy mysteries do't beare with meode so stoute upright.
Thou for a king a spouse art mete, let's toyme our beds alone.
ME. A trembling colde both runne throughout my bloudies limbs ech one.
What hainous thinge comes to myne eares? I fear'de not thin at all,
When (all peace brooke) the noys of warre did by the city wall
Belounde about, I bare all that busarefull to see,
I feare the wedding chambers: nowe I captaine seeme to mee.
Let heavy charmes my body greene, and she with hunger long.
Let lingerings death be slowly brought, yet shall no force full strong
My truthe subdue: for even thine owne Alcides will I lye.
LY. Both then thy husband down'de in hell give thee this stomack bie?
ME. The hells alone he toucht, that he the height againe might get.
LY. The heavy paine oppresseth him of all the earth full great.
ME. Hie with no burdein shall be prey, that heaven it selfe sustayn'de.
LY. Thou shalt be for me, he wots no how to die, that is colstain'de.
LY. Speake, what may rather I prepare then wedding newe for thee,
Whose royall gift? ME. Thine owne death els, or els the death of mee.
LY. Thou shalt mad woman die. ME. I shall then to my husbande go.
LY. Whose then my Servantys is to thee a servant lou'de so?
ME. How many hath this servant flagge of kings with handy stroake?
LY. Why doth he get a king then serve, and still sustayn his poake?
ME. Take once away the hard behists, what's vertue then at faile?
LY. Do't thou it, vertue counte, to bee to beasts, and monstres call?
ME. This vertue part, to tame the things, that all men quake to know.
LY. Him great things bagging, darknes depe of tartare pretie full low.
ME. There never may from ground to stars an easy passage be.
LY. Of whom begot, the boouen then of Gods through pearceth he god.
AM. O wretched wife of Hercules great, thy words a while now spare.
My parte it is, the father of Alcides to declare,
And his true scocke, yet after all of man tooute as this;
So famous derebe, and after all appearde with hand of his.
What euer Titan rent by, doth see, or els at fall,
And after all these monstres tan'de, and Phlegreys sprinkled all.
With wicked blood, and after Gods defended all on hye.
Is not his father yet well knowne? or love doe we beeke?
Believe it yet by lunos hate. LY. Why do'st thou slaunder love?
No mortall kinred ever may be mipt with heaven above.
AM. To many of the Gods in lykes is this a common trade.
LY. But were they ever servantees yet, before they Gods were made
The first Tragedy.

AM. Of Delos Fle the sheartbe doe the flockes of Phery fed.
LY. But through all coastes he wanderd not abroade as banished.
AM. Whos supping mother first brougth forth in wading land to light.
LY. Yet Phaebus did no monsters fear, or beasts of cruell might.
AM. First Dragon with his bloud embroow'd the shaftes of Phoeaeus to.
Howe grecious ills even yet full Yong he bare, doe you not knoe?
From mothers wombe 3 babe out thrown with lightning flammes fed he,
Euen next his lightning Father flood with owse in ype.
What he him selfe that guideth the Sarrers, thakes the clouds at will,
Did not that Infante turke in Den of hollowe caused hill?
The bbythes so great full troublous nighte to have ore alwayes ought:
And euer to be borne a God, with coste full great is bought.
LY. Whom shou a miser see? A, thou mat'li know him a man to see.
AM. A miser him deny ye may, whom foute of heart see see.
LY. Call we him foute, from jhoulders ype of whom the Lyon thrown.
A gift for mayden made, and eke his Club from hand fell downe,
And painted Ad with purple weede did flume that he did weare.
O? may we him call foute of heart, whose flaring lockes of hear.
With ointnet flouder whose hands renowne is knowne by prapled ype.
To found unmeete for any man of timber did applye.
With barbarous methe cloaing in his fothead rounde about.
AM. The tender Bacchos did not blake abroade to have layde out.
His haged heares, noz pet with hand full left the Thyrsus light.
Fou to have hooke, what time that he with pace but out in nighte.
His long train'd barbarous garment drew with golde full faire to see.
Still vertue after many works is wonte releas to bee.
LY. Of this the house of Euricas delitrope both witnesse beare.
And virgins flockes that brutishly by him oppressed weare.
No Iuno bid commaunde him this, no, none Euythesis loe.
But these in deede his owne works are. AM. Yet al ye do not knoe.
His worke it is, with weapons of his owne hands vanquished.
Both Eryx, and to Eryx topu'de Antæus Lybian dede.
And auters which with slaughtur of the Braungers flowing fast.
Busyrus well dererued bloud likewise have dranke at last.
His dede it is, that he that met the wounde, and swope is fappe
Constrain'de to suffre death before those other Geryon twayne.
No one onely Geryon doth with one hand conquer'de ly.
Thou shal amonge these be, which pet with none adulterrs
Have wedlocke hur. LY. What is to loue, to king is leefull thing:
To love thou gau've a wyle, thou shal not we gour one to a kyng.
And euen
Hercules furens-

And even of thee Jee Hall it learnt to see a thing not new.
Her husband even appointing it the better man'tensew.
But if thee Subberne to be matcht with me deny't I will.
Then even by forces a noble child of her beget I will.
Meg. D Creons ghosts, and all ye Gods of th'house of Labdacus,
And wedding torches blazing bright, of wicked Oedipus.
To this my wedding gone ye nowes our wanted defences.
Now, now ye bloody daughters all of Aegypt's king likewise,
Vee here whose hands bespied are with so much blood out spilt:
One daughter lacks of Danaus, I well tell by the ylle.
Ly. Because that Subburnely thou dost refuse my wedding so,
And sear'le a king, thou shalt know what the Scepters now may do.
Embrace thine altars, yet no God shall ever take away
Thee from my hands; no not although with world upturned, may
Alcides victor yet againe to Gods above returnes.
The woods on heapes together call, let all their temples burne
Even throwne upon thyself heads; his wife, and all his flocks at last.
With underlaid ylle, let one wood pyle consume and waste.
AM. This only bowne I father of Alcides askes of thee,
Which well may me beleeve to crave, that I first slayne may bee.
LY. Who all appoyntes with present death to haue their punishment,
He speketh wots not how to be; more sundry greetes inuene.
Restrayne the wretched man from death, commannde that th'happy ylle.
A, while with beames prepar'd to burne the pyle encressest ylle,
Will him with bowing sacrifice that rules the seas entreate.
AM. Oh chiefest powze of Gods, and oh of heavenly things so great.
The guyde, and parent she, with whose thronne: thunderboltes do shake
All things humane throughout the world of king so cruel will shake
The wicked hande: but why do I to Gods in bowne thus cry?
Where ever thou be, heare me loone, why start so sobaply.
The temples thus with moving shake, Why roareth out the ground?
The noble of Hell from bottem deep byneath the bath made a sound:
Vee herde are, doe it to the found of Hercules his pace.

Chorus
The first tragedie

Chorus.

Fortune hating men of stoutest breaste,
How ill rewards dost thou to good deuyde?
Eurystheus raynes at home in easie rest,
Alcmenaes sonne in every battayle tryde,
To Monsters turns his hande that Skyes dyd slay:
And cruel Neckes cuts of, of hydous Snaile,
And Apples byrges from Systers mokt away,
When once to sleepe his watchefull Eyes beateke,
Dyed Dragon set ryche fruit to oversee,
Hee past the Scythian bowres that straye abroade,
And those that in their countrys straungers bee
And hardned top of frozen freate hee troade,
And sylent Sea with bankes full dumme-about.
The Waters hard want there their floudes to floe.
And where before the Shypps full Sayles spred out
Is warne a pathe for Sarmentes wylde to goe.
The Sea doth stande to mooue in course agayne,
Nowe apt to beare the Ship, nowe horlemen bolde
The Queene that there doth ouer Wydowes rayne,
That gyrdys her Wombe wyth gyth of glitttring gold.
Her noble spoyle from body drawne hath flixe
And shyelde, and bandes of breaste as wyte as snowe,
Acknowledging the Conquerour with Knee.
Wyth what hope drawne to headlong Hell alowe,
So bolde to passe the vnreturned wayes.
Saw'ste then Proserpines rayne of Sicylye?
Wyth Southerne wynde, or Western there no seas.
Aryse wyth waue and swellinge Surges hye.
Not there of Tyndars flocke the double broode.
Two starrs the fearefull Shypps doe aye and guide.
Wyth gulph full blacke doth stande the flouth full floodes
And when pale death with greedy teeth so wyde.

C.  Vnnum.
Hercules furens

Vnnumbred Nations hath sent downe to sprightes
Wyth one Boateman all ouer servyd bee.
God graunt thou maist of Hell subdue the rightes
And vnrenoked webs of Syfters three.
There kyng of many people raygneth hee,
Who when thou didst wyth Nestors Pylos fight,
Pestiferous handes applide to matche with thee
And weapon bare with triple mace of might:
And prickt with little wounde he fled away,
And lorde of death hymselfe did feare to dye.
Breake Fate by force; and let the light of day
To forry sprightes of Hell apparant lye.
And porche vnpaft thew, way to Gods aboue.
The cruell lorde of sprightes wyth pleifaunt song
And humble bowne full well could Orpheus moue.
Whyte he Eurydicen them craves among.
The Arte that drew Woods, Byrds, and stones at will:
Which made delay to Floudes of flitting flight
At sound whereof the savage Beastes stoode still
With tunes vnwont doth Ghosts of hell delight
And clearer doth resounde in darker place:
And weepe wyth teares did Gods of cruell brest:
And they which faultes with to seuer a face.
Doe seeke, and former gylt of Ghosts out wrest:
The Thracian Daughters wayls Eurydiken.
For her the judges weeping fit also.
Wee conquer'd are, chyefe kyng of death sayd then.
To Gods (but vnder this condition) goe,
Behynde thy hus bandes backe kepe thou thy way,
Looke thou not backe thy Wyfe before to see.
Than thee to fight of Gods hath brought the day.
And gate of Spartane Tænare present bee.
Lowe hates delay, nor coulde abyde so long.
His gyft, hee loit, while hee desires the fyght.
The place that could be thus subdued with song
That place may soone bee overcome by myght.
THE THYRDE

AC TE.

Hercules.

Comfortable guide of light, and honour of the sky, thee
That compelling both Hemyspheres with flaming chariot;
The radiant head to topful lads about I would do bebring,
Thou Phoebus pardon gene to me, if any unlawful thing
Thyne eyes have scene: (commanded) I have here to light.
The secretes of the world; and thou of heaven a guider grete, (our seer)
And parent eke, in flashe out thowne of lightning hide the light.
And thou that governest the seas with seconde scepters might.
To bottome sence of deepest waves: who so from hie doth se,
And dreasting yet with countenance newe the earth desi'de to be,
Let him from hence turne backe his lights, and face to heaven beholde,
These mondrous sights to bin: let twain this mightie great behold,
Hee who it thought, and see that bad, for payable fullorles to rise,
And labours long, not all the earth thought wide enough may bee.
For lones hate: things become to all men I did see,
Unknowne to some, and spaces were that darke and deathfull bee,
Which woost er postle gives, byer love to raigne and rule therin,
And yet if thys be place pleased more for mee to enter in.
I there could raigne, the Chaos of eternall night of hell,
And woost er then night, the dolefull Gods I have that there doe dwell,
And Fates subdu'd, the death contemn'd I am return'te to light.
What yet remains, I have and now'de the sprights of hell to light?
Appoynt, if ought be more, do the thoy my hands so long permis,
Iuno to ceas'd? what thing byd's thou to be subdued yet?
But why doe cruell souliars holde the holy temples in awe?
And deed of armour sacred porrhe be set on every eke?
Amphitryon, Hercules,
Theseus.

Do either els my great delyes delude and mocke myne eyes?
Do: hath the earth of the world and Greekes renowne likelyst?
Forsooke the silent howse, belette with cloudes full sadde to see?
Is this my soone? my members loe so for amased bee.
Oh soone, the sure and safegard late of Thebes in misery,
See I thy body true indeede? or els deceitu de am I
Wacke with thy spittet are thou blase? these brawnes of armes I know
And houlders, and the noble handes from body he that grow.
Her. Whens(father) happes this ydlines, and why in mourning clad
Is thus my wpe: how happes it that with aft to soule besdad
My children are? what misery doth thus my house opposte?
Am. Thy father in law to blame: the kingdome Licus doth possesse.
Thy soone, thy parent and thy wpe to death pursueth hee.
Her. Ugneratfal land, doch no man come that will an ayder bee.
Of Heracles house? and this behelds so great and hapinous wrongs
Hath thy ayder world? but why were I the day in plaint so long?
Let then my wpe and this resume let strength obtayne in halle,
And of Alcides enmmes all let Lycus be the last.
I dureen am to goe to shedde the blood of enmye out.
Watch Theceu that no sodayne strength beset bs here aboute:
We warres require, embracing yet deterre D father deare,
And wyse deterre them: Lycus shall to hell this message beare
That I am now returnd. The, Shake of O Queene out of thynse eyes
This weeping face, and thon hence that thy soone is sake likewise
Thy dropping teares refrayne: yt yet I Heracles ever knew
Then Lycus shall for Creon page the paynes to him ful due.
E't is light, he hat, he doth and that's to light he hath it done.
Am. How God that can them dying to passe spee we our wishes soone,
And come to helpe our weary woes. O noble harted mate
Of my soone, of his renowne declare to all the rate:
How long away doth leade to place where sox spittes doth dwell,
And how the hard and heave bones the dog hath borne of hell.
The. The deeds thou dost contrayne to tell, that euen to mynde secure
Freedful yet and horiblle: scant yet the trullt is sure.
The first tragedie

Of vital age, soze blunted is the harpistle of my sight,
And dullest eyes do scant sustaine to see th'unwooned light.
AM. Yet Theseus thoughly overcome what ever fear remains,
In dolome deep, noz do thou not of bestr fruster of thy paynes
Begutide thy self, What thing hath once to suffre becom a care,
To have remembered it is sweete, those dyedsfull haps declare.
TH. All righte of worlde, and thiclikeye I pauze my hearte the paynes
In kingdome wyde, and thee, foz whom all round about in bagne
Thy mother throughout Xena sought, that sectre things alowe
And hit in ground, it freely may bee lawfull foz to shewe.
The Spartane land a noble toppe of hell aduanceth pre,
Where Tzanarus with woods full thick the Sea bath ouerly.
The house of hatefull Diris here his mouth bath open set,
And rocke of hell abouve doth gape, and with a denne full gret
A huge and gaping cleft of ground with Javies full wyde doth lye,
And way full broade to people all doth sped to passe thereby.
Not Straight with darsenes both begin the way that blindes the light.
A tittle lingring brightnes log behinde of late left light,
And doubtfull gluttering pet of sonne auicicd salles alowe,
And mockes the light: such light as wont undoubtedly to shewe
The dawn of day, or twilights els at edge of euening traed.
From hence to hollowe places bynde are toaste the spaces wyde,
To which needes pere the must all kinde of men that once are thowne.
Noz it a labour is to goe, the way it selfe leads downe.
As oft the ships against they willes doth coste the swelling surge,
So downward doth that headlong way, and greedy Chaos brge:
And backe agayne to shewe thy pace thee never doe permit
The spites who what they catch hold fast, alowe within both sit
In chanell wyde with flent foode the quiet take of therbe,
And care doth bid: and that there may to scape agayne from death
No meane be made, with many turnses and windings every way
Holdes in his sloude, in such sorte as with warre nature doth play.
Maxedo wandring up and downe, and piddles himselfe vno,
And doubtfull stands, if he toward banke, or bace to spyenning may goe.
The sone and stilly poole to see of lowe Cocurus lyes.
On th'one the Grepe, on th'other side the mournefull Howlet cries,
And sad tuck of th'unhappy Strix likewise resounded there.
Full brightlie in shapy bowes blace Locks of lothsome heare,
Where Taxus tree both ouer leane, which holdeth southeull sleepe,
And hunger sad with famisle Jape that lyes his place to keape.
Hercules furens

And shame to late both hide his face that knewes what cite is hath, 
Both fearn, and quaking, funereal, and fretting raging wrath, 
And mourning dyze both follow on, and trembling pale disease, 
And boastrous barrapties set with swords: and hit beyond all theafe 
Both leavellfull age his tinging pace here forth with saffe in hand. 
AM. Of hope and wepe in hell abowe is any settle land?

TH. No topsfull Meades do there bring forth with face so greene a saffe, 
No yet with gentil Zephyrus wagges ripened corn in the saffe, 
No any tree bath there such bowes as doe byng apples out, 
The barrayne compass of deepse soyle full sithy lies about, 
And withed with eternall brought the loathsome land both wallke, 
And bond full sad of thinges, and of the world the places saffe: 
The saffe unmoved lands, and night Afrs there full darke to see, 
In leavellfull world, all thinges by dead full horrible there bee.

And even farre worse then death it selfe, is place where death both hide, 
AM. What the that both those places darke with regall & prov. guide, 
In what seate let, both be dispose and rule those peoples light?

TH. A place there is in tume obscure of Tartarus from light, 
Which mil full thick with fearfull nude both holde and outlaze. 
From hence a double parted streame from one wellspring both doe : 
The tone, much like a standing pool, by this the god a doe sweare: 
The which the sacred Stygian lake with silent doute both darke: 
The t'other fierce with tumult great is drawn his course to goe, 
And Acheron with raging floude the stones dpurvs to and froe
Unaptable, with double sooze do is round about beset 
Against it Ditis pallece dyze, and mansion house full great
In hadefull woodes is couered: from wide ben here the pool's 
And thresholds of the tyrant hang, this is the walke of ghosts: 
This of his kingdom is the gate : a stride about it goes, 
Where sitting with a countenance proude abode he bath dispose
Reve saultes, a cruel maitell is in the God to knowe; 
A crowning fochead, which yet of his brethren batres the hoare, 
And so great stoeke: there is in hym of love the very face, 
But when he lightens: and great part of cruel kingdomes place, 
Is he hisfelfe the lord thereof: the light of whom doth flare, 
What ever thing is fear'de. AM. Is same in this pointe true, & therse 
Such tygres are, and giyle Ghosts of men that there remayne 
Forgetfull of the? soverer saulte, here there deservd paine?
Who is the rectore there of right, and judge of equity?

TH. Not onlye one exproter out of saultes in saile set bye
The first tragedie

The judgements late to trembling soules both there by lot awarde:
In one apparuted judgement place is Gnostian Minos harde,
And in another Radamanthys: this crime both heare.
What eche man once hath done, he feeces: and guilt to the authour there
Returns, and th' hurtfull with their owne example punisheth bee.
The bloody cruell captaines I in pyton her did see,
And backe of tyrants impotent even with his peoples handes.
All tome and cut, what man of might with favour leaues his landes,
And of his owne ipe to be rescues his hurtelle handes to good,
And gently both his empoyze guide without the thirst of blood,
And spares his soule, he having long led forth the languing vapes
Of happy age, at length to heaven both eather finde the wayes,
Of full happie places ells of faire Elysus woode.
Thou then that here must be a judge as Capne from man his bloode,
Who so thou be that arroged myng: our gytes are ther acquit
In greater wyse. AM. Doth any place prescript of lyght shet
The gyte Ghosts, and as the same reportes, doth cruell pynne
The wicked men make tome that in eternall bondes remaine?
TH. Ixion roll be on whellinge wheelis is roll and turned here:
Upon the necke of Siflyphus the myghtie stone both iye,
And the lake with the day James side Tantalus therein
Pursues the wavas, the water streame doth wet and washe his chin,
And when to him nowe oft deceitfull he doth yet proue make,
Straight flyes the floud: the fruiete at mouth his famyng both byoke.
Eternall foode to seeing foule doth Tyctis hart gue still:
And Dianus daughters doe in baye theye water vessells all.
The wicked Cadmus daughters all goe raging every wyse:
And there both greedy rauenting beside the Phinace tables fray.
AM. Noise of my sonne declare to me the noble worthy light,
Brings he his willing backles grete, or Plutos sportes to light?
TH. A rye and deadull stone there is the flouthfull foodees fall bye,
Where fluggish great with wave alsono's full bull and nowe both iye:
This take a deadull fellow keepes both of arttie and light,
And quaking Ghosts doth over beare an aged lyght wyse:
His bearde blempt, his bosome cowlie despoynde in flythy wyse
A knotty tydings in full lothesome land in head his hollowe eyes;
He harken shew about his Boote with his long Pye.
He diuining nove his lightned Ship of burden towarde the Shope,
Repares to waues: and then his way Alcides doth require,
The Dogge of Ghosts all getting place: alowe erces Charon rye.
Hercules surnaens

What way attemptest thou to holde thy hastening pace here stay.
But Nathales Almenaes some abiding no delay.
Even with his owne poole but he dothe full tame the Chipman make,
And clines the ship: the barge that coulde full many peoples take,
Did pride to one: he sat, the boate more heauie like to brake
Which spurreing onoppel on other syde the lether sound doth leake.
Then tremble all the monsters huge, the Centaures fierce of might,
And Lapithes, binded with much wyne to warres and bloody fight.
The lowest Channelles seeking out of Strygian poole a downe,
His Lerne labour soze right his fertile heads doth brewe.
Of greedy Ditts after this both then the house appereth.
The fierce and cruel Strygian dogge both fray the spirites there,
The which with great and roaring founde his heads upshaking three.
The kingdome keepes his vly head with 6th full louke to see
The serpentes like: his happy be sole with driers set among,
And at his crooked wipetd yape both he of a Dragon longe:
Lyke or to shape, when he wept his pace that way to take,
His battle harpes he lifeth up with fierce by bended stroke.
And founde sent out the soone perceones in his applied care,
Who ever the spirtis is went to sent, as soone as soode more neare
The borne of force, the doublfull dogge faire couched downe in denne,
And eche of them did scare. beholde with doucell barking then
The places dummy he makes a ysea the threatening serpent stoute
Though all the fieldes about both byle: the bawling noble sent out
Of dyedfull boace from triple mouth, even spirits that happy bee
Dyed make afraid. from left side then strate way undoeed bee
The cruell Jawses, and Lions head once layne in Cleon fielde
Against him setts, and cover both himselfe with mighty shield.
And bearing in his conquering hande a ludy club of Oke,
Nowe here, now there he roteeth him about with often stroke:
His Aripes he doubles: he subdewde his threats allreaged all,
And all his heads the weare dogge at once full lowe let fall,
And quie out of the denn he leed. full greatly feared (see
In regall throne) both king and quene, and bad him to bee set.
And me likewise they gave for yest to Hercules craving me.
The monsters heauie nekes with hand then stroaking downe all three
In lynded chanpe he bendeth faire forgetteth then his strength
The dogge the watchfull keeper of the kingdome darke at length
Layth downe his ears full seze approphe: and suffring to be led.
And eke acknowledging his lord, following with lowly hed.

With rapt
The first tragedy.

With tale that staketh thon doth beare he both his tees both straignt.
But after that to fanrac mouth we came, and caerences bright
Said strooke his eyes of light unkonowne, good somache yet agayne
He take although once overcome, and now the happy chape
He raying staketh : he had almost his teer plicke from place,
And headlong backward drawne to hell, and mowed from his pace.
And even to my hander Hercules then his eyes bid backward cast,
Wee both with double topned strengthe the dogge out drawne ar last
For anger woode, and battells yet attempting all in banye,
Brought by to world, as soone as he the cleere age sawe agayne,
And spares pure of brighte braze poole had once behelde with eye,
The night arose : his light to ground he turned by and by,
Calfe downe his eyes, and hatefull day forth with he put to flight,
And backward turnd away his looke, and streight with all his might
To th'earthe he falles : and underneath the shade of Hercules then
He hyd his head therewith there came a great resolute of men
With clamour glad, that did the bar about thee, so heads byng.
And of the noble Hercules deserued peoples king.

Chorus.

Vrystheus borne with swiftned birth in hast,
Did bid to bottome of the Worlde to go:
This onely lackt of labours all at last,
To spoyle the Kyng of thyrde estate also.
The dengens darke to enter ventred hee,

Where as the way to sprits farre of doth bring
Full sadde, and woode so blacke and fear de to bee;
But full with flocke full great him following.
As great a preasfe as flocke in cyeies streeetes,
To see the Playes of Theatre newe wrought:
As great as at Eléus thundrer meetes,
When Sommer sitt the saced game hath brought:
As great as when comes houre of longer night,
And willing quiet sleepes to bee extent,
Holdes equall Libra Phæbus Chariots light,
A forte the secrete Ceres doe frequent.

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

O Thebes is come the joyfull day,
Pour Aulters touch yee humbly.
The fat fayre Sacrifices lay.
Maydes myrtle with men in company
Let them insolempne Flockes goe royle:
And nowe wyth poake layde downe let caile
The Tilers of the fertile Sole.
Made is wyth hande of Heracles peace
Betwene the monne and Heffers Glade,
And where Sonne holding middele seate,
Both make the Bodyes caste no Shade.
What euer grounde is overweate
Wyth compasse longe of Seas abought.
Aleydes laboure faemde full well.
Hye ouer Goode of Tartare brought
Returnde appeased beinge Hell.
There is remauninge nowe no seare,
Bought Ipes beyonde the Hell to see.
O Priest thy straing Lockes of heare
Zappte in wyth louted Poplar tree.

THE
Hercules furens

THE FOURTH

ACTE.

Hercules, Theseus, Amphitrion, Megara.

With my renewing right had Layne now Lycus loe the ground With gouerning face hath smite: the who souer fellow saide Of Tejaunt was, partaker of his pynnes did also lye.
And authors that serve it, with Layne offering reverence. These, thee O mate of all my toyles I pray and my defence O warrefull Pallas, in whose left hand the cearne shield Agis shaks Fierce threats to the head that eche thing done that looks upon it makes. Let tamer of Lycurgus nowe, and of red Sea be hарe, That poynct of speare with Jove greene in hand doth couer the bare:
And two Gods powre, both Phœbus, and his Syster to I pray The other meter for her maates, but hee on the harpe to play.
And what souer brother ells of myne both dwell in skye, Not of my Virgaine brother, bring yee hyther by and by Your plentuous stocks, what ever have all th'Indians fruite brought. And what sweete odours th'Arabicke doe get in trees about, Esue, To th'authors bring: let vapour fat and flame smoke by full hye. Let round about the Poplars tree my harpese now beautifie Let th'olive bough thee hyde with braunche accustomde in our lande. Theseus: for troth with reverence the thunder, that hath my harte, TH. O Gods the builders of the towne, and which of Dragon fell, The wilde woods bens, and noble waues likewise of Dirce well, And Tyrian house enhabite eke of stranger wandring king.

HE. Cast into eyres $ Frankencence. AM. Some spyd thy hands sloowing With bloody slaughter, and the death of enimy purdye. HE. Would God the bloud of hatefull head euen into Gods on hye I might our lye, soe yeour loe more acceptable none Myght th'authors name: no sacrifice more ample any one Nor yet more plentiful may bee to Ioue above downe cast, Then King Vasius. AM. Despe that now thy father ende at last Thy labours all: let quietnes at length yet gladden bee, And rest to weary folke, HE. I will thee prayers make, for mee And Ioue
The first Tragedy.

And love ful meete in this due place let stand the haughty skye,
And land, and age, and let the sargges bygge forth eternally
Their course unstoppe, let restful peace kepe nations quietly,
Let labour of the hurtles land all yeare now occupye,
And swordes by hyde, let tempest none ful ypolet and byze
Disturb the sea; let from the skyes no sally of lightning skye
Fall downe whyke love ful angry is; not yet with winter snowe
Encreased flood the ground upturne, and field ypolet overhove,
Let poplons cease; and from hensloft let by from ground apple
No greuous hearbe; let from harmful sappe; noe fierce and fell yke wyle;
Let tyrantes yagne but if to sight some other mischeste byinge
The ground yet hall, let it make hall; and any monstruous thinge
If it prepare let it be myne, but what means this? myd day
The darkenes have incloade a yquote to Phoebus goeth his way
With face obscure without a cloudo who dophes the day to night,
And turns to eath from whence doth now his busky hed the night
Unknowne being forth? whence at the poale so many rownde about
Of dayyme sargges to here behold my labour ful full Dout
Not in the lowest parte of heauen the Lyon syneth byght,
And feruente doth rage with ye, and byttes prepares to fight.
Even now loe he some star will take, with mouth full wyde to see
Hym yspreading sandle, and sires out blowses and mane by calthe he
Shaking with necke the harvest lad of shape, what ever things,
And what seuer winter colde in frozen tymne doth bring,
He with one rage will ouerpass, of spring tymne bull he will
Both seke and breake the neckes at once. Aa, what is this todayne yll?
Thy cruel countenaunce whether some dost thou cast here and there?
And seeth with troubled daeth eght falle shape of heauen appere
Her,The land is ramde the swelling fea, their surges did allwage,
The kingdoms lowe of hell lyke wyle have felt and knowne my rage,
Yet heauen is free, a labour meete for Hercules to proue.
To spates high I will be houre of haughty skyes above
Let th'ayge be skarel, my father dorth me promtis sargges t'obtayne.
What if he it denye, all the'earth can Hercules not contayne,
And geenes at length to gods, my calles of one approche beholde
The whole assembly of the gods, and both their gates unfolded.
Where one so bybdes, recep't thou mee, and openest thou the skye,
Or els the gate of stubburne heauen draw after me do I?
Do I yet doubt? I euene the bondes from Saturne will undoe,
And euene against the kingdome powde of wicked father loe.
Hercules furens

My ground doxe loose, let Titans now prepare against their light: With me there,an captain raging, Aces with wood, I will down, now. And ype hilles tops with Centaures full in right hande, will I take, With double mountayne now I will a stoppe to Gods by make. Let Chyron under Ossa see his Pelion mountayne grete: Olympus up to heaven above in thy day degree then set Shall come it selfe, opells be cast, A.M. Put farre away from thee. The thoughts that ought not to be spooke: of monbe unsounde to see, But yet full great, the furious rage, awsewage, and lay away. HE. What meaneth this? the Graunties doe pestiforous armies appa, And Tyryus from the spights is fled, and bearing to me to see. And empty bole, loe howe nearer to heaven it selfe boode thee? Cytheron fall. the mountayne his Pallene Shakes for strange, And tome are Tempe, he the tops of Pindus caught both here, And Oothen he, some dreefull thing threatening doth rage about Erynois bringing flames: with Chapman he soundes nowe taken out, And burned handses in funerall, loe yet more neare and neare Thowes in my face: fearce Thys phone with head and ugly hear.

With serpentes set, nowe after dogge set out with Hercules hand, That empty gate bye hath shut by, with bolte of Iron basti, But loe the Scycke of curious king both hidden yet remayne, The wicked Lycus seede: but to your hatefull father Daphe, Even now this right hande shall you sende let nowe his arrowes light My bowe oure Sootes: it forms the fustes to goe with such a sight Of Hercules. A.M. Whether both the rage and fury blinde yet goe? His mighty Bowe he drewe with hones together driven loe, And quieter loathe: great noyse he makes with violence sent out. The Haft, and quight the weapon stabe, his middle necke thoroughout, The wound yet leek. HE. His other bowe I ouerthow will quight, And corners all. What shall I ret to me a greater sight Remagyne then all Breces loe, that lockye stones should all Of Cyclops being overturn'd be hande of myne, downe fall. Let shake both here, and there the house, with all staves ouerthowne, Let brecke the poole: and quight let Thyrne the staben piller downe: Let the Pallace fall at once. I here yet hidden lee. The some of wicked father. A.M. Let his farring herdnes to thee. Applying to thy knees death crave his lyfe with pitious mune. D. Watcher gifi, fall sad, and eke abhore to locke byone, His humble right hande caught he hath, and raging rounde about. Him rolled twyle, or thrykke bath call. his head resounderth our.

The sprink...
The sprinkled houses with the bragne of him the Howe out are wet.
But shee poore wretch her little some in boisme hidding yet
Lae Megara, like one in rage both from the corners see.
HE. Though runagates in boisme of the thunder howe you bee,
This right hand shall from every where thee seek, and bring to flight.
AM. Where goest thou wretch? what lurking dens, seekst thou to take,
No place of saugarde is if once bee Hercules appeare with ye. (Light?
But doe thou rather him embrace, and with thy wecke defyle
As I t'assage him.ME. Husband spare by I beseech thee nowe,
And knowe thy Megara, this wone thy countenance howe nowe,
And boddes pprche: behould's thou have his hands by beseech thee?
HE. I holde my nespame: followe on due penance paye to me,
And bounden love from thynth hande deltoure free away:
But I besee the mother will this little monster lay.
(cheade? ME. Thou mad man whethers goest thou where thou thinke own: bloude
AM. Th'infant with fathers eyre face ascented all for dread,
Died even besega the wounde: his fear hath tooke away his ipse.
And now likewise his heavy club is taken towards his wife:
He broken hath the bones, her head from blacklyke body gone
Is quight, nor any where it stays: darle thou this loose byone
To long ly'd age? if mourning doe the greene, thou hast then see
The death preparde.Doe thou thy breast bypon his weapons three,
O'ells this club with slaughter lay'de of monsters layne that bee.
Howe hyther turne, thy parent faile, haste for name of thee
But hence away, least he should be to the renowne a lea.
TH. Which way the father toward the death doth thou thy selfe cast yet?
O' whyther goest thou mad man? see and lye thou closely hid,
And yet from handes of Hercules this only myschefe rid
HE. This well, the house of shameful king is now quight onthernowe.
To the O' spouse of greatest love I have thee beaten downe.
This offred flocke: I gladly have fulfill'de my wihes all
Full meere for thee, and Argos now gentle offerings shall.
AM. Thou hast not some yet all perform'de, fill by the sacrifice.
Loth offering both at th'altars stake, it waiteth thy hand likewise.
With necke full prone: I give my selfe, I roon, I follow loe.
Woe sacrifice, what meaneth this? his eyes rotte to and froe,
And heauines both dull his light. see I of Hercules
The trembling hands? downe falleth his face to sleepe and quietnes,
And weare necke with bowed head full fast both downward shanke,
With bended knee: nowe all at once he downe to ground doth skne.
Hercules furens

As in the woods bye ride The cut downe, or Bulwarke sop to make
A Hauen in Seas, Little thou sop els to death both thee bereake:
The selfe same rage, that hath sent all thy family to death?
It is but sleepe, sop to and fro both goe and comethis breath,
Let true bee had of quietnesse, that thus by sleepe and rest
Great force of his disease subdewd, may esch his greewed breath.
Remove his weapons servants, lest he mad get them agayne.

Chorus.

Et th'ayre complayne, and eke the parent great
Of haughty Sky, and fertile land throughout,
And wandering waue of euer moving great.
And thou before them all, which lands about
And trayn of Sea thy beames abroade dost throe
With glitttring face, and mak'st the night to flee,
O fervent Titan: bothe thy settinges loe
And ryzine, hath Alcides seene wyth thee:
And knowne lykewise hee hath thy hows'en twayne.
From so great ills release yee nowe hy's breth,
O God's release: to better turne agayne
His ryghter mynde, and thou O tamer best
O sleepe of toyles, the quietnesse of mynde,
Of all the lyfe of man the better parte,
O of thy mother Alstrey wynged kynde,
Of hard and pyning death that brother arte,
With truth mingling the false, of after state.
The sure, but eke the worste foreteller yet:
O Father of all thynges, of Lyfe the gate,
Of lyght the rest, of nyght and fellowe fyt,
That com't to Kyng, and seruant equally.
And gently cheryssh'est who weary bee,
All mankynde loe that dreadfull is to dye,
Thou docst constrayne long death to learne by thee.
Keepe him fast bounde wyth heauy sleepe opprest,
Let slumber deepe his Limmes vntamed bynde,

Nor soo.
Then former mynd his course agayn may syn,  
Loc layd on ground with full fierce hart yet still,  
His cruel sleepe he turnes; and not yet is  
The plague subdude so great raging yll  
And on great club the weary head of his,  
He went to laye, doth seeke the flaffe to synde  
WVith empty handes his armes out casting yet  
WVith mowing vayne: nor yet all rage of minde.  
He hath layd downe, but as with South wind greates.  
The waue once yet after kepeth still  
His raging long, and though the wind now bee  
Asswaged swelles, shake of their made and yll  
Tossinges of mynde, returne let piety;  
And vertue to the man, els let be so:  
His mynde with mowing mad toste every wayes.  
Let error blynd, where it begun hath, go;  
For naught els now but only madnes maye.  
Theegyltes make; in next estate it standes  
To hurtles handes thy mischief not to know,  
Now stroken let with Hercules his handes  
Thy becomme sounde: thyn nearmes the worlde allow,  
V Vere wonte to beare, let greuous shypes now lyte  
WVith conquering hande, and lowde complaing cryes,  
Let th'ayre now beare, let of darke pole and nighte  
The Queene them hear; and who fullyercely lyes  
That beares his neckes in mighty chaynes fast boundes,  
Lowlurking Cerberus in deepest caue.  
Let Chaos all with clamour sad resound;  
And of broad sea wide open wafting waue.  
And th'ayre that felt thy weapons better yet,  
but felt them though,  
The breasts with so great yll as these beset,  
WVith litte stroake they must not beaten bee.  
Let kingdomes three sound with one playnt and crye,  
D. And
Hercules Furens.

And thou seekes honour and defence to see,
HIs arrowe strong and longe hanged vp on hye,
And quierers light the cruell stripes now smyte.
On his fierce backe his shouldears strong and stout
Lettokenn club now strike, and poast of might.

V With knots ful hard his brested load all aboute.
Let euen his weapons so great woes complayne.
Not you pore babes mates of your fathers praishe.
V With cruell wound reuenging kinges agayne.
Not you your lims in Argos barriars playes.
Are taught to turne with weapons strong to smite.
And strong of hand ye euen now daring doe.
The weapons of the Scithian quierer light.
V With stedy hand to paie set out from bow.

And stags to perce that saue them selues by flight.
And backes not yet full maend of cruel beast.
To Stigian haunens goe ye of shade and night.
Goe hurtles foales, whom mischiefe hath opprest.
Euen in first porch of lyfe but lately had.
And fathers fury goe vnhappy kind.
O little children, by the way ful sad.
Of journeuy known.
Goe see the angry kynges.

The
Hercules, Amphitryon,

Thefes.

What place is this? what region of the world what coast?
Where am I under riyle of sunne? or bondels bittermoost.
Of th'ope bear or els both here of sea of Hespery.
The fardest ground appoynt a bond so'ch'oean sea to see.
What spye draw we? to weary night what ground is underly?
Of truth we are returnd from hell whence in my house downde be.
See I these bloody bodyes? hath not yet my mynde of cast
Th'infarnall shapes? but after yet returnd from hel at last.
Yet wander both that helly sheepe before myne cogn to see:
I am alijamde to grant, I quafe, I know not what to me,
I cannot tell what greevous yit my mynde before both know.
Where is my parent? where is free with goodly childrens how
My noble hartie somacht spouse why both my left hyde lacke.
The ignes spople? which way is gone the corner of my harte?
And sette same bedes sat lost so? bleepe of Hercules also?
Where are my chaires? where is my bow? then from my living who
Could plucke away? who taken hath the spople as great as these.
And who was he that feared not even bleepe of Hercules?
To see my conqueror me styes, styes me hym to know
Bye victor bp, what new somne hath my father gotten now
Heauen-herenge left? at birth of whom mygth ever flaped be.
I longer night then, was in myne; what mischiefe do I see?
My children lere to lye on ground with bloody slaughtur slaynes
My wife is kiid; what Lycus deth the kingdome yet obtayne
Who durt so haynous glites as these at Thebes take in hand.
When Hercules is returnd? who so Iluenus waters land.
Who so Actons fieldes or who with double legs byse.
The taken Pelops kingdomes deth of Dardan dwellon yet
Help me: of cruel slaughtur how who may the author be.
Let rage my pie and all: my se he his who so to me
She were not my se deth thou yet hyde Alcidies victor.
Come forth, even whether thou revenge the cruel charpotes hye
Of bloody Thracian king oz? thou Gerions catell quight

D2
Hercules furens.

O, lodes of Lybia, no delay there is with thee to fight.
Behold I asked Theus, although even with my weapons too
Thou me unarmed sette upon. Wherefore streth Theseus soe,
And els my father from my sight? they two faces why hyde they?
Defere your weepings, and who did my worse and children lep
Thus all at once, me tell. Wherefore D father dost thou whiste?
But tell thou Theseus, but Theseus with the accustom'd cruize,
Ech of them silent hydes away their bestfull count'naucses,
And plently they shed their teares in so great tis as these,
Of what ought wee a sham'de to be'do'de ruler yet of might
Of Argostowne, of hateful band of swoldiars apt to fight
Of Lycus dying, is oppresse with such calamity?
By prapse of all my noble actes I do deffye of thee
D father, and of the great name app'yde to me alway
The prosperous pow'ye declare to mee, who did my household flap?
Whole pray lap I. A. Let thus thence ples in splens overpas.
He. That I should unreuenged bee? Am, Revenge oft hurtful was.
He. Did ever man so gressous play without revenge sustaine?
A Whoel greater feared? H. Then these D father yet aegone
May any greater thing, or els more gressous feared be?
Am. How great apart is it thou world of thy calamity?
Her. Take mercy father, to I live to thee my humble hands.
What meaneth this? my hand streeth backes, some pityy gethe their landes
Wence comes this bloud? or what doth mean flowing is death of child
The shaft imbrace with slaughter once of Lerue monsler kide?
I see my weapons now, the hand I seeko no more to witte.
Whose hand could bend this bow but myne? or what right arme but le,
Could bring the baw that hyde mee even shalntely doth obay?
To you I turne: D father beare, is this my gret I pray?
They hold their peace: it is myne owo. Am. Thy gressous my owo ther.
The creaste thy lepdaurns; this mishance no fault of them. thine hath here.
Her. From evry part now father throw in warth the thunders might.
And of thy sometime forgetful now with cruel hand requighte
At leaft thy nephews, let the word that beare the Harres sounde out.
And let both th'one and th'other poale, flying downe thy names aboute:
And let the banche of Caphyan sea my bounden body earce,
And greedy foute. Wherefore do of Prometheus lacke heare
The rockes with huge and daunted top let now prepared be.
Both seeing beatles and foute, the hyde of Caucas turne to see,
As bare of woodes, the ple that bridge of Scicne that therby landes

Simple
The first tragedie.

Simplegas topnes, both here and there let it my bounden bandes
Sketch out abjoade: and when with course returne be accusuom'd
Then shall together dieue, and shall the rockes toffe vp to lyke
With bandes together being thrust, and eke the middle stay.
Let me betweene the mountaines lye buquiet restless lay
But building vp with wood throwne on a heaped pile on my
My body thus with wicked blood besprinke, why burne not I?
So, so it must be done, to hell I Hercules will restore.
Am. Not yet his hart assaied lacks his raging tumultose,
But wrath shalh turned and which of rage is proper and the
Ageynst thine selfe he rageth now Her. The furies places fire,
And dungeon depe of spittes in hell and place of tormenting
To glibr ghosts and banishment of any yet do lye.
Beyond Erebus, yet unknown to Cerberus and nice,
There blow me ground to farthest bond of Tartarus to see.
To tarry there Ie goe. Obieet of myne to fierce and noute:
Who you my children thus dispersd through all my house about,
May worthily enough bewaile? in all my culty yet
This countenance hard can never wepe, a sword now therer set.
My glastes reach hereth, byther reach my mighty club also:
To these my weapons broke I will, to thee my sonne a two
Ie knappe my bowes, and eke my clubbe, this blocke of heavy waughts
Shal to the spittes be burned, for this selfe same guiter fraghe
With Lernys glastes to funeral of these shall like wyse goe.
Let all my weapons penance pay and you unhappye to
Euen with my weapons burne I will, O belpamene bandes of myne.
Th. Who ever yet to ignorance hath gener name of ermyes
Her. Full oftentimes did errorre greate the place of girt obtaigne.
Th. Cis neede to be a Hercules now, this heape of yll susterne.
Her. Not so, hath shame yet gener place with surp drownde guilthe.
But peoples all I rather should dieue from my wicked sight,
My weapons, weapons Theseus, I quickly crave to mee
Withdwaw to be releaied agayne. If found my mind now bee,
Redo me to my weapons: if yet last my rage of mynd;
Then father Here.for I the wape to death my felle halfspede,
Am. By sacred help by puredes righte, by force and durt all
Of bohy mynames, if eather me thy byngor b thou call.
D: parentely, and (which of good men reuernced are)
By these houte hapyes, I the belseh my defect age rer spare.
And very gares of houte faine dounre the onc slony lye.
Thereon light to rise, with gloe afflicted every way
Before thy selfe: yet never hath there happned once of thee
Fruite of thy royles: till eather I the doubtle sea to see
O, monsters fear'd: who euer yet hath bene a cruel king
In all the world to ghosts allow, and austers both hurtinge,
Dine is fear'd; the father of thee absent stil to have
The fruite, the touching, and the light of thee at length I crave.
He. Wherefore I longer should sustaine my life yet in this light,
And longer here no cause there is all good to I have I quighte,
My mind, my weapons, my renowne, my wife, my sones, my handes,
And turn to no man my heart and lose from gody handes
My mind devpello: needes must with death he brought to hapuous pil.
Th. Will thou thy father say? He. Lett I shoule do it doe I will.
Th. Before thy fathers face I. I taught him michiefe to see.
Th. Thy deedes marking rather that should of at rememos bee,
Of this one only crime I do a pardon of thee crave.
Her. Shall be gene pardon to this life, that to none els it gave?
I being hidden praise delecto, this deere mine owne both pone:
Helps father now, as eather els thy pere thee moue,
O els my heavy fate, o els the honour and renowne.
Of staine strength, my weapons bringe, let fortune be thowen downe.
with my right hand. Th. The prayers which thy father makes to thee
Are stronge enough, but yet lassinge with weeping toe of me
We made yet apple thou by, and with thy wonde might.
Subdue thine yis: now such a mynde inmeere to beare by light
No cull hap, receive againe, noe now with manhode gree.
Thou must persuade even Heriones forbyd with yee to fre.
HE. Yee, I hurt; but if I doe I take the gelt also.
I hast to ridde the world of crimee even now before me so
A wicked monster cruel, and untamed fierce and sone
Doth wander; now with the right hand begime to goe aboute
A great affage, yee more then all thy twysle eke labours long.
Yet sharp thou wretch, that late against the children war to strange,
And fearful mother now except reboard my weapons bee.
Of Thracian Pindus eather I will tearre downe every tree.
And Bacchus holly woods and tops of mount Cytheron yee
Burne with my selfe, and at at once with all their houen I
And with the Lordes ther of the rooses with goddes of Thebes all
The Thebaine temples even hypon my body will let fall:
And wyl be hdy in towne by turne: is to my Shoulders might.
The first tragedie.

The valiant Hercules, all cast thine harde fall's burden light,
And councel with seven gates I shall not be enough oppress,
Then all the weight whereon the world in middle part doth rest,
And parts the Goddess upon my head I take care and overthrow
My weapons gone. Am. This word is meets for Hercules father to
With this same arrow slaine behold thy sonne is tumbled downe,
This wepons cruelly issue to from handes of thine hath thowne,
This same wil I now se, to see how steppes, with scarce off right
My witched here, and how it both my careful body smight.
The shaft is set thereto thou shalt a mischief to do now
Both willing it and working'thel, what thing commandest thou?
I nothing crave my dissolution in safety handeth now,
To kepe my sonne alive to me that onely do canst thou
O Theseus, yet I have not feahte great'd scarce that happen can
Thou canst mee not a wors maker, thou mersest a happy man
So order every thing thou dost, es all the cause in hand,
And seme thou mayst not know in strength and doubtful case to hande
Thou thinkest this flower false that light is hence to see,
Weared with age, and no lesse bet with precious doe to see,
In mouth I holde to swolyn to a father with such flaye
Both men geuer luste? I will no longer bid delay,
The deadly sword throughout my breast to strike I will appy,
Here, here the girt of Hercules even sound of mynd shall lye.
Her. Forbear O father now forbear, with I am the hand againes,
My manhood yield thy fathers will, and imperty sustaine,
To Hercules labours now let we se, let this be one labourer,
Let me yet live, lift by from ground thy afflicted limbs with woes
O Theseus of my parent; for from Godly touch both thee
My wicked hand. Am I gladly do this hand embrace to mee,
Up this I being slaped will goe, this moving to my best
Ile take my woes, Her. what place shall I seekes remmage for these
Where shall I hide my selfe? op in what land my selfe engrave
What Tanais, op What Nile els, op with his Persian wave
What Tygris violent of streme, op what fierce Rhinus flood,
O Tagus troublsome that flowes with heres treasures good
May my right hand now wash from grief although Meris cold
The waves of all the Mediterann sea on me shed out now whele,
And all the water thereof should now pass by my two handes,
Yet will the mischief deep remaine, else into what lands
Will thou O wicked man refer thee East or Westerm seas?
Hercules furens.

Oh where well known, all place I have of banishment quight to be
From me the wapide both flee a back, the Stares that speding gone
Do backwarde slippe their turned course, even Cerberus the lone
With better countenance did behold O faithfull friend I lose.
O Theseoe seek some lurking place, farre hence out of the way
O thou awarer of mens gaters what ever Judge thou see
That hurtful men doth love, repay a worthy thank to me:
And my deserers. I thee beseech, to ghodles of hell againe
Send me that once escaped them, subject co thy raine
Resgate me yet to those the bandes, that place that me well hyde:
And yet even that place knowes me well Th. Our land for thee both hide
There Mars his hande acquite agayne and made from slaughter free
Resgate to armoure, loe that land (Alcides) calles for thee,
Which wantes to quite the gods, and prove them Innocent to be.

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST
Tragedye of Seneca, called Hercules furens, translated into En-
glish by Iaspe Heywood stud-
dente in Oxenforde.

The
The Argument of this Tragedie.

MEGAERA ONE OF THE

Hellish furies raising up Tantalus from Hell, incited him to set mortal hatred between his two nephews Thiestes, and Atreus being brothers, and raining as Kings over Mycena by interchangeable turns, that is to wit Thiestes to raise the one yere, and Atreus the other. Now Atreus enraged with furies against his brother partly for defiling and deflouring his wife ÄEope by policie, and partly for taking from him a Ram with a golden fleese practised with his servat how to be revenged of his brother. This Atreus therefore dissembling a reconciliation & inviting Thiestes to Mycena secretly & unknown to him, set before him at a banquet the flesh of his own children to eate. Afterward Atreus hauing also gained to his said brother's bloud of his childe in a goblet to drinke, did lastly command the heads also to be brought in at the doleful sight whereof Thiestes greatly lamenting knowing he had eaten his owne children, was wonderfully anguished. But Atreus for that he had thus revenged himselfe, toke thering great pleasure and delectation.
THIESTES OF SENECA

THE FIRST ACTE.

The names of the Speakers


Tantalus. Megæra.

A T curse fell ensnithy mee
to flesh unhappye seat,
That gape and gaspe with greedye sawe,
the sleeping food to eate
What GOD to Tantalus the bowye
when breathing bowyes dwel
Doth thou againe is ought found worse, then burning thirst of hell.
In fire and fume? or yet worse plague then hunger is there one,
In hope that ever gapers for foodes shall Sisyphus his stone,
That slipper restless, rolling gape upon my backe be borne.
O shall my lamentes with twister stringe of whirling wheel be borne?
O that my paynes be Tyrius ganges this increasing liver still,
Whose growing guttes the growling gripes and slippy scates do spill.
That fly by night repays the trench that was devourd by day.
And wondrous wome be unwashed leeth a new prepared prag.
What ill am I appoynted to? O cruel judge of spites,
Who so thou be that tormentes now among the bowles restless.
Still to dispose; and, what thou canst to all my deadly woe,
That kepyr even of dungeon darke would sope abhorre to knowe.
O let it stille it quake to heaven bread whereof likewise
I tremble wold, that plague seke out; in now there doth arise
My hooide that that in mishapte farre the great hars srte out occ,
And gristles maker that first shall dare unentered ties to go.
What ever place remarzkyly yet of all this wicked land,
I will still by; and never once while Pelops house doth stand.
Shall Minos tire be. Meg. Go septh thou increasable spire.
And hear the Goddess of wicked house with rage of surpers might.
Let them contend with all offence, by curmes and one by one.
Let swords be drawn, and meanes of the procure there may be none.
No have let surp bend ensame they myrdes and wrathful will.
Let yet the gartrres rage endure and longer lasting ill.
Through childrens children spread; no yet let any pleasure be,
The former cause to hate, but still more mischiese newe to see.
No: one in onebatter the gult with vengeancr he acquite,
Encres the crypte;com bethen proud les rule of kingdom met.
To rummage and swarming state of all bondable things,
Let it by doubtfull dome be soote, betwene thuncertaine kings.
Let might fall to utter, and miser clime to might.
Let chance turn the hempe, blind downe both gane and take the right.
The banished for gult, when god restore they country shall.
Let them to mischiese fall a friend, as hatefull then to all,
As to them selves; letAre think as wrough, unlawful to be doon.
Let brother dress the brothers want, and father care the leen,
And cke the leen his parents poor; let babes be murdred all.
Wit worse begather should betret in treasons tragic to hye.
Let hatefull wyse awaye, and let them beare through less their warre,
Let bloodshed be the goads about and every hell a farre.
And over conquering captaines greare, of countreys far to see.
Let lust triumpher in wicked hous; let whose done counted be.
The lightest o ferre, all that in the breake of his shyn boate.
And truth be gone; not from light of joyr to heppous deedes.
The heavens be hye; about the poale when bene the flares on hye.
And flamnes with mooned bearnes of light dor deeks, the punted shep.
Let darkest night be made, and let the day the heavens forlake.
D&urb the gods of wicked house, hate, slaughter, murder make.
Fell on the house of Tantulus with mischiese and debates.
Adorned by the pilers hyg with bay, and let the gaters.
Be garnyght greene: and worthy there, for the returne to light.
Be hundred spear: let mischiese done in Tyria one, theys light.
Hoge manshipde, wherefore doth yet the hautes hand delaye?
Dost yet theyes not bewaie his children fatal day?
Shall he not finde them where with heat of feyes that bindes.
The cauternes boyles where their cunning eache one a piece let them go,
Disperse: let fathers fires, with blood of children flayed bee.
Let depiments such be treke: it is no mischiese newe to thee,
To banquet forbear this day we have to thee releas;
And hunger larried wombe of thynne we tend to such a feast
With fowlfeat foode the sampne spill, let blood in worke babrown.
And drinkes in light of ther: for now such dides have I found.
As thou wouldst shone: lay whiche boile thou hedlong way howake.
Tan. To poolez and floodes of hell agayne and hell declining take.

The second tragedy. 22
And sight of treaful fraught with fruite that from the lippes doth flie,
To dungeon darke of hateful hell let leeful be for me
To see, or to light be thought the paynes that thereof I have,
Remoue me from those lakes agayne: in midst of woefull wanes
Of Phlegathon, to stand in seas of fyer beset to bee.
Who so beneath the payned paynese by defiance decree
Dost not endure who so thou see that underliest stowe
The hollow denoe, op runge who that fcares and overthrow:
Of falling yel, or cruel erpes, that sound in caues of hell
Of greede receyuing Lyons throats or ftocke of furpes fell
Who quakes to knowe or who the bannes of fyer in dreyll payne
Haffe burn the wos of harke to the voynce of Tantalus agayne
That haffe to hel, and whom the truth hath taught beloue wel mee
Love wel your paynese, they are but small when Hall my hap so bee
To see the right? Meg. Disturb thou not this house with dire discordes
Dibates and battels bring with thee, and of the unhappy sporde
Ill love to hinger: the cruel beast let he through and bateful hart,
With tumult mad. Tan. To suffer paynese it seemeth well my part,
Not woes to worke: I am sent forth like bepoure myse to yse,
That breaks the ground or poplons like the plague in wondrous yse
That slaughter makes, shall I to such detested erpnes, apptr
My nephews harte so patines great of Gods above the state
And myne (though Hamde 1 be to ground) although with greater pain
My tongue be yert, yet this to speake I may notwithstanding
No: hold my peace: I warne you this least sacred hand with blood
Of slaughter yse, or frante fell of frantike fury wood
The auturers payne, I will rell: And garde such spitt away.
With brypes why dost thou me straight? why threatst thou me to execr
Those crazling snakes? or famine spirt in empty vombes, wherefore
Dost thou repugne now frites within with this enhandledged fote
My harte: and in the bowels burn the boying flames do grow.
Meg. I follow thriethrough all this house now rage and fury shews
Let them be druen so, and so let either thirst to see
Each others blood ful well hath felt the coming in of thee
This house, and all with wicked touch of the bigerne to quake:
Enough it is, reparsc agayne to dres and leathsome yake,
Of floyd well knowne, the ladder steep with heady sorte of thyme
Agreed to, send thou from springs how waters do declene
And in Ward flinke? or how the bankeles lye borde by daughtis heed:
And hoater blast of theyr wynde the fewer clouds doth beat?
The second Tragedy.

The trees beroppd, and naked stand to light in withred woodes,
The barley bowes whose fruiets are flec the land betwene the floods
With surge of seas on eather lyde that wanted to resound,
And nearer woodens to sperat sometyme with leste ground,
Now broader lyed, it heareth how alooke the waters ryle.
Now Lernam turnses against the streame Phoronides likewise
His poore be hope, with custom'd course Alpheus dyues not still,
His hollie waves, the trembling tops of high Cithaeron hill,
They stand not sure; from height adowne they shake their lesser showe,
And noble steeds of Argos feare, theyr former brought to know.
Pea Tyran doubts himselfe to rolle the bowide his wanted way,
And druc by force to former course the backward drawing rabe.

Chorus,

His Argos towne if any God be founde,
And Pifey bournes that famous yet remayn,
Or kingdomes els to house of Corinthes ground,
The double hauens, or sundred seas intwayne
If any house of Taygetus his howes,
(they winter which when they on hills be cast)
By Boreas blastes that from Sarmatta blowes,
VVith yerely breath the sommer meltas as fast)
Where clere Alpheus runnes with floude so cold,
By players wel knownen that there Olimpiks hight;
Let pleasants powre of his from hense withholde
Such turnes of stryfe that here they may not light;
Nor nephew worse then grandser spring from vs,
Or direr deedes delight the yonger age.
Let wicked stocke of thirsti Tantalus
At length leaue of, and wery be of rage.
Enough is done, and naught preuaild the iust,
Or wrong; betrayed is Mirtillus and drownde,
That did betray his dame, and with like truft
Borne as he bare, himselfe hath made renound

VVith
Thiastes

With changed name the sea: and better knowne
To mariners therof no fable is.
On wicked word the little infant throwne:
As ran the chide to take his fathers kistle.

Vnrype for thyne ends offering fell downe deade;
And with thy hand (O Tantalus) was rent.

With such a meate for Gods thy boordes to spread,
Eternall famine for such foode is sent,
And thyrtiner for those daynty meats vnnilde,
Might meeter payne appoynted ever bee

With empty thraote standes Tantalus begylde,
A boue thy wicked head their leans to thee,
Then Winyes fowles in flight a swifter pray.

VVith burned bowes declynd on eury syde,
And of his fruietes all bent to beare the fway,
The tree deduces the gapes of hunger wyde
Though hee full greedy feedetheron would fayne,
So oft deceyu'de neglectes to touch them yet;
He turns his eyes, his iawes he doth refrayne,
And famine fixt in closed gummes doth shet.
But then each braunch his plementous ritches all,
Lets lower downe, and apples from an hie

VVith lither leaues they flatter like to fall:
And famine spryke in vayne that bids to trye
His handes: which when he hath rought forth anone
To be begyled, in higher ayre againe.
The harueft hanges and fickle fruite is gone,
Then thirst him greecues no leffe then hungers payne:
Wherewith when kindled is his boyling bloud
Lyke fyre, the wretch the waues to him doth call,
That meete his mouth; which straight the sleepong bloud

VVithdrawes, and from the dried foorde doth fall.
And him forsakes that follows them. He drinkes
The dust so deep of gulfe that from him shrinkes.
Atreus. Seruaunt

Dastard, coward, O wysethe, and (which the greatest yet of all To Tyraules checke I compute that maye in weighty things befall) O buredeng'd after gultes so great and broethers gultes, And creeth trode downe doo thy pouoke withayne complaints the while

Thy wrath: already now to rage all Argos towne throughout In armoure ought of thyne, and all the double seas about Thy fleete to ryde: now all the fieldes with fervent flames of thyne, And townes to slay it wet beseeembe and every where to thyne, The brighteазвawne sword: all under soote of horse let evere ryde Of Argos lande resound: and let the wounded not servue to ryde Dur foese, now yet in haughty top of hilles and mountaynes lyge, The bulled towers. The people all let them to battle crye And clere forlase Mycenas towne who so his hateful head Hides and defendes, with slaughter dire let bloue of him be shed. This princely Pelops palace poude, and bowyes of high renowne, On mee so on my brothee to let them be beaten downe, Go to, do that which never shall no after age allow, No, none it whyle: some mischeife greete ther must be bentred now, Both fierce and bloudye such as woulde my brothee rather long To have benche his. Thou never dost enough revenge the wronge, Crepe thou pale. And moreer fact what may be done so besee, That his exceeding dooth ever he lay downe his hateful prey Doth ever he the modest meeane in tymen of wealth regard O? quiet in adversitie? I know his nature bare Before which ere he prepare himselfe, or force to ay on end, See byt on him, last while I reit he should on merlyfie, He will desroote be desrooted in midly the mischeife lyge.,

Prepaped
Thieves

Prepared to him that takes it first, Ser. Doth some of people naught justice they fear? Aree. The greatest good of kingdom may be thought that all the people are constrain'd their princes decree as well to people, as them to suffer all, Ser. Whom fear doth so compell. To people, the same his sons to be, doth fear enforce enquire: But who increaseth the glory seekes of favour crew to obtaine. He rather would with hate of each be prayed, then lounges of all. Aree. The treuer people full of hath bap't to meaner men to fall; The false but unto mightie man what will they let them well. Ser. lest first the king will honest things and none the same dare till. Aree. Where seful are to him that rules, but honest things alone, There remains the king by others leave. Ser. And where blame is none, No care of ryght, faith, piety, nor holiness none lapeth. That kingdom swaries. Aree. Such holiness, such piety and faith, Are private goods: let kings runne one in that that likes their will. Ser. The brothers hurt a mischiefie count though he be mere so ill. Aree. It is but right to do to him, that wrong to brother were. What heinous hurt hath his offence let pass to prove or where. Repeynd the gilt, my spouse he nae's away for lecherie, And ragne by death: the auncient note and signe of impery. My sworde he got: my house by fraud to vexe he never cast. In Pelops house there fostred is a noble worthy beast The close kept Ramme: the goodly gynde of rich and fairest flockes. By whom throughout on every side depend adowne the lockes Of glittering gold, with fleece of which the new kings wanted were Of Tantals flocke their sepulcros gilt, and meere of might to heare. Of this the owner raggapeth: he, with him of house so great The fortune fleeth, this sacred Ramme aloose in safety yet In secret mead is wont to graze, which none on every side. With rocky wall incloseth rounde the farreall beast to hide. This beast (aduertising mischiefie great) adorning yet for pray: My spoused mate, the trypour false hath hence contayped away From hence the wrongs of mutual hate, and mischiefie all uppright. In exile wandred he throughout my kingdoms all along: No part of myne remagnet safe to mee, from trapedes of mye. My secret discoure, and loyalty of empepe broken is: My house all dest, my blood in doubt, and naught that trust is in, But brother for What shal thou rest at length to now beginnes. Take hat of Tantals to thee, to Pelops cell the ece: To such examples well becomes, I should my land appire.
Tell thou which way were best to bring that cruell head to death.
Ser. Though perfi w'sword let him be flain & prude his hatefull breake.
Arc. Thou speakest of th'tude: but I him would opprese to greater pungery.
Let no manes were with torment more: should ever in my rage
Be gentle death? Ser. Dost pircy in thee presusple no white?
Arc. Depart thou hence all pircy, if in this house as yet
Thou ever were: and now let all the clackes of furtes dyze,
And full of strife Eriniss come, and double brands of yze
Megara Shaking: foznot yet enough with fury great
And rage doth burne my boiling breast: it ought to bee expiate, (udie)
With monster moze. Ser. What mischief new dost thou in rage pza-
Arc. Not such a one as may the meane of wooned greese abide.
No guilt will I sopeare, nor none may be enough desight.
Ser. What sword? Arc. To little that. Ser. What are? Arc. And y is yet to
Ser. What weapon then shall sorow such finds ser to worke thy will?
Arc. Thyselfes solrse. Ser. Then pe it solse yet that's a greater til.
Arc. I graunte: a rambling tumult quakes, within my bosomes loe,
And rounde it ralles: I moued am and wote not whereunto.
But drawen I am: from botome deepe the royping sople doth cry
The day so fayne with thundre soundes, and house as all from hy
Were rent, from roos, and rafters cracks: and lares turnde abought
Dawe wyde theys sight: so be're, so bee're, let mischiefs such be sought.
To see D Gods would leare. Ser. What thing seek'st thou to bring to
I note what greater thing my mynde, and more then woonet it was (pas
Arc. Above the' reache that men are woonet to worke, begins to swell:
And slaph with loudfull hands. What things it is I cannot tell:
But great it is. Be're so, my mynde now in this scate proceed.
For Arcus and Thyseles bothes, it were a worthy deed.
Let eche of vs the crime commit. The Thracian house did see
Such wicked rabies once: I graunte the mischiefs great to bee,
But done ere this: some greater guilt and mischiefs moare, sec ppa
Fynde out. The stomache of thy sonne D father thou enspan,
And lpser eke, like is the cause: assit me with your poware,
And dye my hand: let greedy parents all his babes devoure,
And glad to rent his children bee: and on their lips to feede
Enough; and well it is desirde: this pleaseth me in deed.
In meaner time where is he so long and innocent wherefore?
Doth Arcus walke: before myne eyes already more and more
The shade of such a slaughter walke: the went of children cast.
In fathers lawes, But why my mynde, set breads thou so at last,
Thyestes

And fain'tt before thon enterprise? it must bee done, let bee, That which in all this mischiefe is the greatest guilt to see, Let him commit. Ser, but what discer may bee for him prepare, Whereby betray he may be drawne, to fall into the snare? He wases full well we are his foes. A e, he could not taken bee; Except himselfe would take: but now our kigdome hopest bee. For hope of this he woulde not care to meete the mighty love, Though him he threatened to destroy, with lightning from above. For hope of this to passe the threats of waves he will not sparse, Nor drede no whist by doubtfull shelles,of Lybie seas to sparse. For hope of this (which thing he both the woode of all believe,) He will his brother see. Ser, Who shall of peace the promise seeve? Whom will he truist? A e, his silent hope will soone believe it well. Pet to my sonnes the charge which they shal to theyr buckles tell, We will commit: that whom he would from exile come againe, And mysteries for kingdome chage, and other Argos rapyne A king of halfe: and though to harrd of heart our papers all Him selfe despite, his children yet nought wotting what may fall, With trauels tier'd, and apt to be entrap'd from misery, Requests will move: on th' one side his desire of Imperie, With other love his pouer, and labour hard to see, Will him subdue and make to receve,although full houte he bee, Sea, his traumples now the time hath made to seeme to him but small. A e, Not so: for day by day the griece of ill increaseth all. 'Tis light to suffer miseries, but heauy them t'endure. Ser. Pet other messengers to send, in such affayes procure, A e. The onger soe the owle precepts do easely happen to. Ser. What thing against their buckles now,you them enstrucht to do, Perhaps with you to worke the like, they will not be a dread. Such mischiefe woulde bath of return'de upon the workers head. A e, though never man to the the wapes of guilt & guilt have taught, Pet kingdome will, Fear'd thou they should be made by confel naught? They are so borne. That whicth thou call'st a cruel enterprise, And dryely deemeed donee to be, and wickedly likewise, Perhaps is wrouhte against me there. Ser. And shall your sons of this Discreet beware that worke you will; no secretes there is In theye so green and tender pears: they will your trappes disclose, A e. A proue counsell close to keep, is learnde with many woos. Ser. And will see them, by whom pece woulde he shou'd begurse bee, Them selves begun'd be? A e. May let the both from fault & blame be free.

For what
The second tragedie

For what hall neede in mischiefes such as I to wooske entende,
To mingle them I let all my hate by mee alone take ende.
Thou leau'd the purpose in my mynde: if thou thinke owne so, beare,
Thou sparest him. Wherefore of this let Agamemnon hear.
Be mynister: and Elenike of myne for such a deede,
Let Menelaus presente bee: truth of th'unertayne seede,
By such a prachtise may be tri'd: if it refuse they shall,
Noz of debate will bearers bee, if they him brakke call,
He is their father: let them goe. But much the fcearefull face
Bewapes it selfe: even him that earnes the secret waryghty case,
Doth oft betray: let them therefore not know, how great a guple
They goe about. And thou these things in secret kepe the while.
Ser. I needs not warned bee, for these within my holome deere;
Both faith, and feare, but chiefly faith, both met and closely keps.

Chorus.

The noble house at length of high renowne,
The famous flocke of auncient Iachus,
Apeas laid the threats of brethren downe.
But nowe what fury flyrs & driues you thus.
Eche one to thyrt the others bloud agayne,
Or get by guylte the golden Mace in hande?
Ye little note that so desyre to raygne,
In what estate or place doth kyngdome stanche.
Not ritches makes a kyng or high renowne,
Not garnishde weede with purple Tyrian dye,
Not lofty lookes or head encloaide with crowne,
Not glyttring beames with golde and turrets hie.

E 2.  A Kyng
A Ryng he is that feare hath layde aside,
And all affects that in the breast are bred:
Whom impotent ambition doth not guide,
Nor fickle favour hath of people led.
Nor all that west in mettals mynes hath founde,
Or chanell cleere of golden Tagus howes,
Nor all the grayne that threshed is on grounde,
That with the heate of libyk harrest glowes.
Nor whom the flash of lightning flame shall beate,
Nor eastern wynde that smightes upon the seas,
Nor swelling surge with rage of wynde repleate,
Or greedy Gulphe of Adria displease.
Whom not the pricke of Souldiers sharpest speare,
Or poyneted pyke in hand hath made to rue,
Nor whom the glympse of swoorde myght cause to feare,
Or bright drawen blade of gytttring steele subdue.
Who in the seate of safty sets his feete,
Beholdes all haps how under him they lye,
And gladly runnes his fat all day to meete,
Nor ought complaines or grudgeth for to dye.
Though present were the Prynces euerychone,
The scattered Dakes to chafe that wonted bee,
That shyning seas beset with precious stone,
And red sea coastes doe holde, lyke bloud to see:
Or they which els the Capian mountaynes lye,
From Sarmats strong with all theyr power withholde:
Or bee that on the floude of Danabye,
In frost afoote to tranayle dare bee bolde:
Or Seres in what ever place they lye,
Renownde with fleece that there of slyke doth spring.

Thystles
They never might the truth hereof deny,
It is the mynde that onely makes a king.
There is no neede of surdies steedes in warre,
No neede with armes or arrowes ells to fight,
That Parthus woonts with bowe to fling from farre,
VVhyle from the field hee falsely fayneth flight.
Nor yet to siege no neede it is to bringe
Great Guns in Carts to overthowe the wall;
That from farre of theyr battring Pellets flyng.
A kyng hee is that feareth nought at all.
Eche man him selfe this kyngdome gecues at hand.
Let who so lyst with mightie mace to raygne,
In tyckle toppe of court deligh to stand
Let mee the sweete and quiet rest obtayne:
So set in place obscure and lowe degree,
Of pleasaunt rest I shall the sweetnesse knoe.
My lyfe unknowne to them that noble bee,
Shall in the steppe of secret silence goe.
Thus when my dayes at length are ouer past,
And tyme without all troublous tumult spent,
An aged man I shall depart at last,
In meane estate to dye full well content.
But greuous is to him the death, that when
So farre abroade the bruite of him is blowne,
That knowne bee is to much to other men:
Departeth yet unto him selfe unknowne.
Thyestes

THE THYRDE ACTE.

Thyestes, Phylisthenes

My country bowes so long withit for, and Argos rymes all, 
These good that unto bath the men, and Thers may befall,
The touch of tyme where bath I wase gods of nature sado,
( If gods they be,) a sacred towmes I see of Cyclops had:
That represent then all mans woxlts: a greater mateell.
Renowned ladies to my pouth, where noble sometime I 
Have not so feeld as once, the palme in fathers chariot woon.
All Argos now concerne with me: and people fast will room:
But Arceus t. yer rather leave in woods agayne thy sight.
And bushes thick: and hid among the burnshe brades from tyme,
Lyke tese to thyns: where splendent pome: of court a principy prede,
May not with startling fulgent face, allure thine eyes ador.
With whom the kingdom geuen to,behold, and well regards
Bese but late with such meth ips, as all men counte full harde.
I shone and toppall was: but now agayne thus into tese
I am returne: my mynde wondoures: and backward seekes to beare
Thy body hence: and forthe I draw my pace agaynst my will.
Phy. With doweftfull App(what meaneth this?) my father Chader All,
And turnes his face and holdes him selfe, in doubt: what thing to do.
Thy. What thing, (my mynde) congrerest thou? o; els so long where to
Wilt thou so eate consuple towes? wilt thou to thinges xsture
Thy brother and the kingdome trust? feart thou those till endure
Now overcome, and Murder make: and travails do I thou see
That well were plaice? it thee acquies, a myler now to bee.
Turne hence the pace while teasfall it, and kepe thee from his hande.
Phy. What cause thee drivces( O father deere) thus so thrice native lande.
How seene to thynk? what makes thee thushed things so good at last
With draves thy self? thy brother comes whose tres be overpa.
And hate the kyngdome geuer, and of the houte Dlacedare,
Kepaies the partes: and thee restores agayne to somer state.
Thy. The cause of tescer that I know not, thou doth require to heare;
I see nothing that makes mee xpcad, and yet I greatly tescer.

I would
I would'go on, but yet my limmes with weary legges doe lackes.
And other way then I would passe, I am with holden backe.
So oft the ship that departis with wynde and she with The swelling surge redding both beares backe upon the lone.
Phy. Pet overcomne what euer stapes, and thus both eft your wynde.
And see what are at your returnes, prepare'd for you to finde.
You may O other saygne. Thy. I may but then when she I mought?
P. This is thing is powre. I nought worth at all, if thou despie it nought.
P. You shall it to your children leave. The kingdome takes not twaine.
Phy. Who may be happy, rather would he mywr get remayne?
Thy. Believe me well, with titles false the great things by delight:
And heavy hapes in vayne are searde, while high I roode in light,
I never dinted then to quake, and slie some sworde to feares.
That hanged by myne owne tree was. Oh how great good it were,
With none to strive, but careless foode to eate and rest to knowe?
The greater gytes they enter not in courage let alowe;
And lafer foode is fed uppon, at narrow hoode alway,
While brunte in golde the popson is by profe well taught I say.
That dull hapes before the good to love it likes my will.
Of hereusty house that stands aloft in tickle top of bril,
And swytes aside, the cryp lowe neede never be affright:
Noz in the top of roose abowt, there lyethes no Incep bright.
Noz watchman none defendes my decreeps by night, or gardes my rest;
With secre I hate not, nor the fees I have not backward preste,
Noz turn'de to sight with bulides wall: noz wicked belly I
With toyes of the people led: noz parcel none both lie,
Of ground of mine beyond the Grece, and Barthians farre about;
Noz worshipped with frankinence I am, noz (love her out)
My butlers decked are: noz none in top of house both stande
In garden treese, noz kindled yet with helpe of the mans hande;
The bates noz smake: noz get are daues in showing dumber besed,
Noz nightes past soth in watche and wyne, without the rest of bed.
Wee nothing sake, the house is safe without the hidden yole,
And poore estate the sweetenes sekes, of rest and quiet lfe.
Greate kingdome is to be content, without the fame to lye.
Phy. Pet should it not refusing be, if God the kingdome give.
Thy. Not yet desired it ought to be. Phy. our brother bydo you repone?
Thy. Bits he? the more is to be seardc, there lurketh there some trags.
Phy. From whence it fell, yet piety is woot to turne at length:
And love butspate, repoes agayne his rest omitied strength.
Thyestes

Thy. Both Areus then his brother tourne, 
Vesla lyk on hye, 
The seas shall wawe, and swelling surge of seas of Siclylys 
Shall rest and all swaged be: and come to supper grown: 
In bottom of Ionian seas and darkest night shall howe 
And spreade the light about the lopc: the waters with the lyke, 
The lyke with death, the wynde with seas, shall friendship first require, 
And be at league, Phy. of what deceppte are you so dreadfull here? 
Thy. Of every one: what ende at length might I provide of feare? 
In all he can he hate me. Phy. to you what hurt can he? 
Thy. As for my selfe I nothing dread you little Babes make mee 
Afraid of him. Phy. dread, yee to be beguilde when caught yee are. 
To late it is to shoon the trapne in middle of the snare. 
But goe we on, this (father) is to you my last request. 
Thy. I follow you. I leade you not. Phy. God turne it to the best 
That well devised is for good: passe farte with cheated face.
THE SECOND
SCENE.

Atrneas. Thyestes.

I

Marape in trapyne the beast is caught
and in the snare doth fall:
Both him, and eie of hated stocke
with him the offering all,
About the fathers spoie I see:
and nowe in suteaty handes
And surest ground my wrathfull hate:
nowe comes into my hands
At length Thyestes: ye a bee comes
and all at once to one:
I cant refrayne my selfe, and cant may anger byblid bee.
So when the Bloudhound seekes the beast, by step and quick of sent
Drawes in the lease, and pace by pace to wynde the wapes bee went.
With nose to sople both hunt, while he the Boare aloofe hath founds
Farre of by sent, he get refraynes and wanders through the groundes
With silent mouth: but when at hand he once perceives the way,
With all the strengthe he hath he strives, with voyce and calls away
His lingering matter, and from him by force out beaketh bee.
When Atrues both hope the present bloud, it may not hyddon bee.
Yet let it hydden be, beholde with vgly hayte to light,
Now phelomenly because with little his fowled face is diete,
Now lothe some lyes his Boare bempe: but let vs friendship fayne.
To see my brother me delights: gene now to me agayne
Embracing long desired fin: what ever Drepe there was
Before this time betwene vs twayne, forget and let it pass:
For this day feare let brothers lour, let bloud, and lawe of kinde
Regarded be, let all debate be flake in eithers mynde.
Thy. I coulde excue my selfe, except thou were as now thou art.
But (Atrues) now I grant, the faule was myne in every part:
And I ofended have in all, my cause the worse to bee,
Pour this daies kindnes makes: in deede a guilty wight is bee.

That would
Thyestes.

That would so good a brother hurt as you, in any while.
But now with tears, I must enunciate, and first I must submit.
These hands that at thy feet do lie, do thee beseech, and pray,
That ye and hate be laid aside; and from thy bosom may
Be scraped out; and there: I forget, for pledges take thou these
O brother dear; these guiltless babes. All the hands yet from my knees
Remove, and rather me to take in arms, upon me fall
And see Of ages of elder age, see little infants all,
Weep clyp and call about the neck, this sole arti, to take.
And spare mine eyes, that pitty it, and brother blessure take
Lye mine toll, and you with top, the half of empire.
Decree brother take, the greater pitty, all come to me thereby.
Our fathers state to pledge to you, and brother to relieve.

To have a kingdom is but chance, but better it to cence.

Thy. A just reward for such deserved, the Gods (O brother dear)
Keeps to thee; but on my head a regal crown to wear,
My lothsome new Venice; and fare both from the sceptre: flee
From hand unhapp; in the world let fesfull be for me
Of men to lurke. Art, this kingdom can with twane full well agree.
Thy. What ever is (O brother) yours, I count it mine to bre.
Art. Who would dare the world's gifts refuse, if she him rape to reigns?
Thy. The gifts of his edge man itotes, how soon they passe again.
Art. See the deppvnt of glory, great, except see the empire take.
Thy. You have your wages in offering it, and I'll to solake.
And full persuaded to refuse the kingdom, am I still.
Art. Except your part pe will sustaine mine owne to take I will.
Thy. I take it then, in dear I will the name thereof alone:
The regal and arms as well as myne they'll all be yours each one.
Art. The regal crown as you bestow upon your head then take:
And I th' appointed sacrifice for Gods, will now go make.

Chorus.
Oulde any man it weene? that cruell wight
Atreus, of mynde so impotent to see
VV as some astonied with his brothers sight.
Mo greater force then pietye may bee:
VWhere kynred is not, lasteth evry threat,
VVhom true loute holdes, it holdes everlastingly.
The wrath but late VVith causes kyndled great
Allsaunour brake, and did to battayle cry,
VVhan horsemen did resounde one everly syde,
The swerdes echewhere, then glystred more & more:
VVhich raging VVrs VVith often stroke did guide
The fresher bloud to shed yet thyristing sore.
But love the svorde against thevyr svolles doth swage,
And them to peace persuads VVith hand in hand.
So so deyne rest, amid so great a rage
VVhat God hath made? throughout Mycenas land
The harnesse clyn't, but late of cruill strike:
And for their babes did searefull mother quake,
Her armed spouse to lees much fearde the wyse.
VVhen swardes VVas made the cabberde to orskie,
That now by rest VVith rust VVas overgrowne.
Some to repayre the vvalles that did decay,
And some to strength the towres halfe ouerthrowne,
And some the gates VVith gyms of Trne to stay
Full busie were, and dredfull VVatch by nyght
From turret high did ouerloke the towne.
Thyestes

Wooe is then warre it selfe the feare of fight.
(Nowe are the threats of cruell sworde layde downe,
And nowe the rumour whisls of battayles sowne,
The noyse of crooked trumpet silent lies,
And quiet peace returns to ioyfull towne.
So when the waues of swelling surge arye,
Wylle Caux wynde the Brutian seas doth smight,
And Scylla foundes from hollowe Caues within,
And Shipmen are with wafting waues affright,
Charybdis costes that erst it had drunke in:
And Cyclops fierce his father yet doth dred,
In A Etna banke that fervent is with beates,
Leafe quenched be with waues that overshed
The fire that from eternall Fornace beates:
And poore Laertes thinkes his kyngdomes all
May drowned be, and Ithaca doth quake:
If once the force of wyndes begin to fall.
The sea lyth downe more mylde then standing lake.
The depe, where Ships so vvyde full dredfull wuerre
Topasfe, vvith saules on eyther fyde out spred
Now fallen adowne, the lesser Boate doth beare:
And leasure is to vewe the fyshes did
Euen there, vvhere late vvith tempest bet upon
The shiken Cyclades vvere vvith Seas agast.
No slawe endures; the payne and pleasure,one
To other yeldes, and ioyes be soonest past.
One howre sets vp the thinges that lowest bee.
Hee that the crownes to prynces doth denyde,
VVhom people please with bending of the knee,
And at whose becke theyr battayles lay aside
The second tragedy.

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

THE FOURTHE

ACTE.

Messenger. Chorus,

What whirlwvnde may me headlong flyue
And up in apye mee ring,
And w'ye in darkest cloude, whereby
It might so heynous thing,
Take from myr eie? O wicked house
That euen of Pelops oughte,
And Tamerlus abhorred be.
Ch. what new thing hast thou brought?
Me. What lande is this? the Sparta here
And Argos, that hath bled
So wicked brethren? and the ground of Corinth lying lyed.
Betweene the sea? or else where woot to take their flight,
Are people wyde? or that which woots with snowe to shine so bright.
Hercule lande? or els doe here the wandying Scythians dwell?
Ch. What monstrous mischiefe is this place then guilty of? that tell,
And this declare to vs at large what ever be the ill.
Me. If once my mynde may stay it selfe, and quaking thummes I will,
But yet of such a cruell desede before myne eies the scare
And Image walkes: see reigne noymes now far from hence me beare
And to that place me driue, to which new druen is the day
Thus drawnen from hence. Ch. Our myndes ye holde yet still in doubt:
Tell what it is to abhorre. The author thereof nowe. (full say,
I aske not who, but which of them that quickly let vs know.
Me. In Pelops Turret high, a part there is of Palace wyde.
That towarde the south erected tanes, of which the better spyde.
With equal top to mountayne standes, and on the City les,
And people pride against their pryncess is once the trappoys rise
Hath underneath his battting broke: there shynes the place in light:
Where woot the people to frequent, whose golden beames so bright.
The noble spotted pillers gray, of marble doe support.
Within this place well known to men, where they so oft restowe,
The second tragedy.

To many other rooms about the noble court doth goe.
The palace underlieh in secret place abode,
With dircf full deep that doth enclose the wood of pine.
And hidden parts of bygome old, where never grew no tree.
That chefe full bowes is won't to beare, with knife or lopped be,
But Caps, and Coppe, and with tree of Home full blacke to see.
Doth beake and bende the wood so darke: aloft above all these.
The higher oke bold our looke, surrounding all the trees.
From hence with lisse the rainge to take, accustom'd are the byngs,
From hence in daunger and to alike, and doone in doubtfull things.
To this affixed are the gifts, the sounding Trumpets bright.
The Chariots broke, and spoyles of sea that now Mirdon bright,
There hang the wheels once won by crafte of saller acci tree,
And every other conquests note, here let's ussto see
The Physsinan type of Pelops head: the spoyle of enmies here.
And of Barbarian triumphes left, the painted gorgeous scene.
A locksome springe stands under shade, and South full course doth take,
With water black: even such as is of ykesome Sperian lake.
The bypp wavre whereby are wont, to swere the Gods on hye.
Here all the night the gisly ghosts and gods of death to crie.
The same reports with clinking chappes refolds the wood ech where.
The spights cry out and every things that died full is to beare,
May there see scence of bypp hapes from olde Sperianes sent.
Dreadfull flocke doth wander there, and in that place frequent
Woes things then ever yet were knowne: ye all the wood full ofte
With flame is won't to flash, and all the higher trees aloft.
Without a step do burne; and oft the wood belide all this.
With triple byppkng roares at once; sul ofte the palace is
Aright with hapes, no lighte of day map on the terror quell.
Eternal night doth hold the place, and darke,nes there of hell.
In mid day raignes: from hence to them that pray, out of the ground.
The certayne answers greene are, what myne with byppd ful sound.
From secret place the fate doth reside, and dungo roues within.
While of the God break: out the Boyle: where'to when entred in.
Fierce Arreus was that did with him his brothers children trage,
Diet are the austers: wth. (alas) may it enough bewple?
Behinde the infants backes amonke he kept them noble hands,
And else they: heavy heads about he found with purple bands.
There wanted there no Frankefnence, no: ver the holy wine,
No: ting to cut the sacrifice, baprinkt with leuens fine.
Thyestes

Kept is in all the order due, least such a mischiefewere
Should not be ordred well. Ch. who doth his hand on sword then sete
Me. He to him selfe the pieties, and he himselfe the deadly verse.
With prayer dyde from fervent mouth both song and oft rehearse.
And he at th'alters stands himselfe, he them assigne to dye.
Doth handle, and in order set, and to the kynde apple,
He lightes the pyres, no sights were left of sacrifice undone.
The woode then quakes, and all at once from trembling grounde anone
The Palace beckt, in doubt which way the paps thereof woulde fall,
And shaking as in wares it stooide: from th'apze and therewithall
A blasing starre that sourest pyres drew after him both goe:
The wunes that in the pyres were cast, with changed lictor sole,
And turne to blood: and wyes of th'apze th'atze fell from his head.
The Juere, bright in Temples seeme'de to work and tears to shed,
The lights asaid de all other men, but fleddast yet alway
Of mynde, unnamed Atreus hands, and even the Gods doth say
That threaten him and all delay forlkon by and by
Both alters turnes, and there with all a lyce he looked away.
Its hungry Tygre wonts that both in gaugye woods remayne
With doubtfull pace to range a game betwene the bullocks twayne,
Of euery pap full courteous and yet uncertayne where
She spake may bye, and reading thoustad now turns the tone to teare
And then to th'other strayght returns, and doubtfull sampe he holds:
So Atreus dyde, betwene the babes both stand and them beholdes:
On whom he payneth to take his prey: first saunter whereto make,
Her doubts: of whom he shoulde agayne for second offering take,
Yet skills it nought, but yet he doubtes and such a cruelty
It him delightes to order well. Ch. Whom take he spake to by?
Me. First place, lest in him thinke ptye might no place to remayne
To ground so dedicated is, spek Tantalus in lyme.
Ch. With what a minde a courtesans, could I by any death suffrage?
Me. All carees of him selfe he loose, nog once he would in lyme
His prayers cease. But Atreus fierce the sword in him at last
In deepse and deadly wounde both hide to hitte, and grapping fast
His thorst in haw, he thrust him through. The sword the drawne away
When long the body had upheved it selfe in doubtfull lap.
Which way to fall, at lengthe upon the bucke downe it falles.
And then to th'alters cruelly Philistheues he trailes.
And on his brother throwes: and straght his necke of cutteth he.
The Carcase headlongy falles to ground: a pircuous thing to see.
The mourning head with murmurure yet uncertaine both compleyne.  
Chor. What after double death but he and slaughter, then of swarges?  
Spares he the Child? or gilt on gilt agayne yet bespeeth he?  
Mell. As long maynd Ierecte amsi the wood of Armentes.  
The dowe pursues and conquest makes of slaughter many one,  
Though now defteft he is towes with blood and hunger gone.  
Yet slacker not his perful rage with blood of Buttes so great.  
But saufable now with weare tooth the lesser Caunes both threate.  
Done other whyse both Armes rage, and swelles with anger Araynd.  
And holding now the sword in hand, with double slaughter Angnd.  
Regarding now where fell his rage, with cursed hand unwild  
He strike it through his body quite, at bosome of the Child.  
The blade goeth in, and at the backe agayne out went the same,  
He smaites and quenching with his bloud the aulters sacred flame,  
Of ephire wound at length he dieth. Chor. O heuyous hateful act.  
Mell. Whosere this? or heare not yet the end of all the fact,  
There followes more. Chor. A fiercer thing, or wroth then thing to see.  
Could Nature beare? Me. why think ye this of gilt the end to beare.  
It is but part. Chor. what could he moze? to cruel beastes he cast,  
Perhaps their bodyes to toke, and kept from spees at last.  
Me. Would God he had: that never combe the dead might over hyde,  
Nor flames dissolve, though them for food to foules in pastures wyd.  
He had outthrowen, or them for prey to cruel beastes would flinge.  
That which the world was wont to be, were here a wished thing,  
That them their father saw untombd: but oh more cursed crime  
Uncredible, the which denye will men of after tyme:  
From bosomes yet allure out, drawne the trembling bowtis shake,  
The banes yet breath, the fearfull hart doth yet both pant and quake,  
But he the Aringes both turne in hand, and destenies beholde,  
And of the gutes the signes each one both bowes not fully cold.  
When him the sacrificpe had pleased, his diligene he puttes  
To dresse his brothers banquet now: and freight a sonder cuttes  
The bowes into quarters all, and by the loompes abone  
The shoulderes wyde, and brownes of armes he strikes of everyone.  
He bapes abrood their naked limbs, and cuts away the bones:  
The only heads he kesps and handes to him committed once.  
Some of the gutes are broucht, and in the Sepes that burnes ful five  
They drop, the boiling licour some both tumbte to and stoe  
In moosyng cawbourne: from the flesh that over handes stoe.  
The lyce both lyce, and shatter out and into chimney ote
Thyestes

His heart agayn, and there contrapnd by force to tary yet.
Unwilling burns; the liuer maketh great noisde upon the spile.
Not eafe of war: if the flesh, or flames they be that cry.
But ere they do: the spire like pitch it cumeth by an by.
No; yet the smoke it felle to fat, like flith the mille in light.
Ascendeth by as wone it is, nor takes his way by right.
But even the Gods and house it doth with fieth the flume deafe.
O pacient Phoebus though from hence thou backeward fife the whyfe.
And in the midst of heaven aboue doth drawne the broken day.
Thou fleeft to late; the father eate his children, well away.
And timmes to which he once gave life, with cursed lawd both teare.
He hytt was with opulent heart full sweeter all round about his heart.
Replete with wone: and oftentimes so cursed bynd of food.
His mouth hath held, that would not downe, but yet this one thing good.
In all the ple (Thyestes) is that then thou dost not know.
And yet that that not long endure, though Titan back ward goe.
And chariots turne agayn himselt to meete the waues he went,
And heavy night so heinous deed to kepe from night be sent.
And out of spire from Calf apye, so faute a fact to hyde.
Yet shall the whole at length be seen: thy eltes shall all be spide.

Chorus
The second tragedie.

Chorus.

Th' second tragedie.

High way O Prince of landes and Gods on hie;
At whose vprise eststones of shadowd night
All beawy fleeth, which way turnst thou awrye?
And drawest the day in midst of heauen to flight?
Why doyst thou (Phæbus) hide from vs thy sight?
Not yet the watch that later howre brings in,
Doth Vesper warne the Starres to kindle light.
Not yet doth turne of Hesper s whele begin,
To loase thy charre his well deserued way.
The trumpet third not yet hath blowen his blast
Whyle toward the night beginnes to yeld the day;
Great wonder hath of sodayne suppers haft
The Plowman yet whose Oxen are wontierd:
From woorted course of Heauen what; drawes thee back?
What causes haue from certayne race conspierd
To turne thy horse doy yet from domest in black
Of hallow hell, the conquerd Gyantes prove
A fresh assaut? doth Tityus yet assay
With trenched hart, and wounded wombe to moue.
The former yres or from the hil away?
Hath now Typhœus wound his syde by might?
Is vp to heauen the way erected hie.
Of phlegrey foes by mountaynes set vp right?
And now doth Ossa Pelion overlye?
The wonted turns are gene of day and night,
The ryle of Sunne, nor fall shal be no more,
Aurora dewth with mother of the light
That wontes to send the horses out before,
Doth wonder much againe returne to see.
Her dawning light she wots not how to ease.
Thyestes

The weary wheele, nor manes that smoaking be
Of horse with sweate to bathe amid the seas.
Himselfe vn wonted there to lodge likewise,
Doth setting sunne agayne the morning see,
And now commandes the darkenes vp to ryle,
Before the night to come prepared bee.
About the Poale yet growth no fyre in sight:
Nor light of Moone the shades doth comfort yet.
What so it be, God graunt it be the night.
Our hartes do quake with feare oppreseed gret,
And dreadfull are least heauen and earth and all
With fatall ruine shaken shall decay:
And least on Gods agayne, and men shall fall
Disfigurde Chaos; and the land away
The Seas; and Eyres; and of the glorious Skye
The wandring lampes; least nature yet shal hide.
Now shall no more with blafe of his vprise
The Lord of starres that leads the world so wyde,
Of Sommer both and Winter geue the markes.
Nor yet the Moone with Phoebus flames that burnes,
Shall take from vs by night the dreadful carkes,
With swifter course or paule her brothers turnes,
While compasse llese the fets in croked race:
The Gods on heaps shal out of order fall,
And each with other mingled be in place.
The wryed way of holy planets all,
With path a slope that doth deuide the Zones.
That beares the sygnes; and yeares in course doth bryngge,
Shall see the starres with him fall downe at ones.
And he that first not yet vvith gentle spring,
The temperate Gale doth geue to sayles; the Ramme
Shall headlong fall a downe to Seas agayne,
Through vvhich he once vvith fearefull Hellen syvam.
Next him the Bull that doth vvith horne sustayne.
The second tragedie.

The thyers seuen with him shall ouerturne The twins and armes of croked Cancer all, The Lyon hoat that wontes the style to burne Of Hercules agayne from heauen shall fall. To landes once left the Virgin shall be throwne, And leueld payse of balance sway alow; And draw with them the stinging Scorpion downe. So likewise he that holdes in Thefale bowe His swift welsethred arrowes Chiron old, Shal breake the same and eke shall lefe his shotte, And Capricorne that brings the winter cold Shall ouerturne and breake the water pot VVho so thou be: and downe with thee to grounde; The latt of all the sygnes shal Pisces fall And monfters eke in seas yet neuer droynede, The water gulph shal ouerwhelme them all, And he which doth betwene each vrsa glyde, Lyke croked flood the slipper serpent twynde: And lefser Beare by greater Dragons syde, Full cold with frost congealed hard by kinde, And carter dull that slowly guides his waine Vnstable shall Boetes fall from hye. VVe are thought mete of all men whom agayn Should hurie heape of Chaos ouerly, And world opprfsed with ouerturned masse The latest age now falleth vs vppon. VVith euil hap we are begot alas If wretches we have loft the sight of sonne, Or him by fraught enforced haue to flye Let our complayntes yet goe and feare be pasts: He greedy is of life, that wil not die: VVhen all the world shall end with him at last.
THE FIFTE

ACTE.

Atreus alone.

Owe equall with the Starres I goe,
beyond each otherwise,
With haughty heades the heauens above,
and highest Heate I smite.
The kingdom nowe, and seate I holde,
where once my father raigne:
I nowe lette goe the gods: for all
my will I have obtaynde

Enoughe and well, ye even enoughe for me I am acquit
But why enough? I will proceede and set the father yet
With bloud of his leafe my shame should me receive at all,
The day is gone, go to therefore wyl the heauen both call
Would God I could agayn their wils yet bold the Goddes that fle.
And of revenging dills confirme them witnesses to bee:
But yet (which well enough is wroght) let the father see
In spight of all the drowning day I will remove from thee
The darkness all, and shew whereof so larkly my miseries.
And guest at such a banquet now to long he careless sees.
With merry face now eate and drinke enough he hath at last
This best him selfe should know his plesure servaunces, all in haile
Under the temple dothes: and let the house bee open all:
Fayre would I see, when looke bypon his childrens heades he that
What countenaunce he then would make, or in what woordes break out
Would first his griefe, or how would quake his body round about
With spighte amazed some of all my wistle the seate were this
I would him not a miser see, but white to make hes.

Behold the temple opend now both seene with many a lightes:
In glittering gold and purple seate he Atres bymyselfe uprigh.
And slaying by his heare heed with wine upon his hand,
He belcheth out, now chiefe of goddes in highest place I stand,
And king of kinges: I haue my will, and more then I could thinkes.
He fillet is, he now the wyne in flurer balle both drinke
And sparest not: there yet remaynes a worse drught for the
A second tragedie.

That strong out of the boddes late of sacrifices three,
Whose wine shall be let ther with all the boodres be taken by.
The father mingled with the wore his childrens blood shall sup.
That would have drakke of myne. Behold he now begins to Hardware his bopee and singes, nor yet sup for his mynde he may refrayne.

THE SECONDE
SCEANE

Thysters alone.

Beaten bodies some doolde so longe with woe,
Laid down your cares, at length your greues rele.
Let sorow go paflle, and all your dreed let goe.
And fellowe sike of searefull bannishment,
Sad povertye and ill in misery.
The shame of cares, more whene thy fall thou hast,
Then whether skylies great hap to him, from hye.
That falls, it is fit any to be paile.
Beneath, and great it is to him a gayne.
That prest with women, of euyls feels the smart.
Of kynges come loose the payses to sustaine.
With necke vn bowde: nor yet deect of heart.
Nor overcome, his heauie haps alwayes.
To beare upright but now of searefull carkes.
Shake of the showres, and off thy wretched daye.
Away with all the mysereable markes.
To joyfull state returne thy chearefull face.
Put fro thy mynde the olde Thyestes hence.
It is the wcont of wight in wofull cale.
In state of joy to have no confidence.
Though better haps to them returned be,
That afflicted yet to joy it viythketh fore.
V Why callst thou me backe, and hyndrefl me.
This happy day to celebrate, wherefore.
Thieves

Bidst thou me (sorrow) wepe without a cause?

Who doth me let with flowers so fresh and gay?

To decke my hayres; it lets and me withdrawes.

Downe from my head the roses fall away:

My movfted haire with oyntment ouer all,

With todayne male standes vp in wondrous wyse,

From face that would not wepe the streames do fall.

And howling cryes amid my wordes aryse.

My sorrow yet thaccustomed teares doth loue

And wretches stil delight to wepe and crye.

Unpleasant playnetes it pleaseth them to moue;

And florisht fayre it likes with Tyrian die.

Their robes to rent, to waile it likes them still

For sorrow tendes (in signe that woes drawne)

The mind that wots before of after yll.

The sturdy stormes the shipmen ouer lye.

When voyd of wynd that staggered seas do rest.

What tumult yet or countenaunce to see

Makst thou mad man? at length a trustful breath.

To brother gene, what euer now it be,

Causeles, or els to late thou art a dred.

I wretch would not so f ear, but yet me drawes

A trembling terrour: downe myne yeues do shed

Their todayne teares and yet I know no cause.

Is it a greefe, or feare? or els hath teares

great ioy it selfe.
Ette by this daye with one consent
(Do; other celebrate)
This daye my sçerçys may confyume,
and stablise my estate,
And faithful bond of peace and love
betwene us satisfy.

Thy. Enough with meate and eke with wynne,
now satisfied am I.

But yet of all my boyes it were a great encrease to mee,
If now about my lyfe I might my little children see.
Atr. Believe that here even in these arme the children present be.
For here they are, and salve here, no part of them fro thee
Salve withhelde: their loued lookes now gane to thee I wil,
And with the heape of all his babes, the father fully felt.
Thou shalt be glorified faire thou not; they with my boyes as yet
The joyful sacrificers make at boyes where children are.
They salue calde, the frendly cup now take of courte
With wynne by spide. Thy. of brothers feast I take ful willingly
The frenche gese, fed some to gods of this our fathers lande,
Then fee the rest be dronke, what's this? In no wyse wil I my hand
Obeye the payle increaseth lope, and downe myne arme doth swaye.
And from myn lippe the wauing wynne it selde both spere away,
And in descised mouth, about my fawes it rauch rounde.
The table to, its selde both shaker and leafe from trembling ground,
Scane burnes the spere: the spere it selde with hauey chere to light
For looke of some amashed is betwene the day and night.

What meaneth this? get more and more of backward heauen spere
The compass falleth, and thicker mest the world both overp
Then blacket darkness, and the night in night it selde both hyde.
All harres be led, what so it bee my brothre God provide
And soones to spare:the Gods so graunte that all this tell me fall
On this lyfe head: but now restowe to mee my children all,
Atr. I will, and never day agayne that them from thee withdrow,
Thy. What tumult tumbleth to my gates, and both my bowels graunt

What
Thieves

What quakes within with heavy pangs I feel my selfe oppressed;  
And with an other voice then mine bewrayes my doleful hest:  
Come near my sonses, for you how doth this unhappy father call:  
Come near, for you once scene, this grieu would soon allwaie a fall  
Whence mutmure they? And the fathers arms embrace them quickly now  
For here they are too come to thee; dost thou thy children know?  
Thy, I know my brother; such a gye yet canst thou suffer well  
Earth to bear; no yet from hence to Sycian lake of hell  
Dost thou both drown the selfe and that with broken ground  
Dost thou these kingdoms and their king with Chaos rude confound?  
No yet brenting from the forge the bowyes of wicked land.  
Dost thou Miconas overthrown with Tantalus to stand.  
And ancietes of ours, if there in hell be any one.  
Now ought we both now from the frames on either side anoyn  
Of ground, all here and there rent up out of the bo Fuse beyn.  
Thy dens and dungeons set abode, and be enclosed deeps.  
In bottom low of Acheron above our beds alike  
Let wand're all the grisly ghostes, with burning rape full of  
Let feep Phlegethon that bath his lands both to and fro  
To our confusion over-run, and violently slow.  
O blufhing soyle unshaken palse dammed yet arid thou?  
The Gods are fled: Ar but take to thee with thy children now  
And rather them embrace; at length thy children all of thee.  
So long with for (for no delay there standeth now in thee)  
Enyoy and kisse embracing arms doth be thou unto thee.  
Thy. Is this thy league? map this thy land and earth of brother bee.  
And doost thou so repose thy hate? the father doth not crave  
His sones alive (which might have beene without the gye) to have  
And eke without the hate, but this doth brother brother pray;  
That them he may entome revenge, whom thee thou haile brought rape.  
We burn the father naught requires of thee that haile be it.  
But some forgett Ar what ever part of the children all  
Remaynes, here shalt thou have: and what remaneth not thou haile  
Thy. Lye they in seides, a fayd out long for heering sounds to call?  
Or are they kept a pray, for wyld and bruthe beastes to rate?  
Ar. Thou hast trouued thy sones and sped thy selfe with wicked meet.  
Thy. Oh this is it that shoule the Gods and thy scene hence did by us  
Turn'd backe to caule, also I watch what wuplings esp I give?  
Or what complaunts? what woeful woordes may be enough for mee?  
Their heads cut of, and hands of tome, I shoule their bodies see.  
And
And wrenched feet from broken thighs I here behold again
Tis this that greedy father could not suffer to suffrayne.
In belly roll my bowels round, and cloosed creme to greed
Without a pallage stvyes within and seeks away to get.
Thy sword (O brother) lend to me much of my blood alas
It hath let brother with make way for all my sones to passe,
Is set the sword from me withheld, thy seite thy bosoms rare,
And let thy greetings resound with brokes: yet watch the hand for haste
And spare the deade: who ever saw such mischief put in proof?
What rude Heniochos that dwells by ragged coast alone,
Of Cœanus unapt for men, to see to Athens, who
Procuses weild the father I opprest: my children do
And an opprest, is any mean of gikt or mischief yet?
Ar. A mean in mischief ought to be when gikt thou dost commit.
But when thou quitted; for yet even this to little seems to me,
The blood yet warme even from the wound I should in sight of these
Even in the laves have shed, that thou the blood of them mightest drinke
That yewed yet: but where to much to hate my hate I think
My wrath beguiled is my selve with sword the wounded, them gave
I brake them downe, the sacred eye, with slaughter bowdes I have
Well pleas'd, the carcass cutting then, and stilest lamms on grounde.
I have in little parcels chope, and some of them I dispose
In boiling cauderns, some to eyzes that burne full now I put,
And made to droppre: their sneues all, and limmes a two I cut
Even yet alwayne and on the spitt, that thus he was through the same
I harde the gurer wappe and crye, and with my hand the flame;
I oft kept in: but every wher the father might of this
Have better done, but now my wrath to highly ended go.
Heret haue sonses with wicked gumme, himselfe yet worting naught,
No! they there! Thos ye encloade, with bending bankes shought
All seae me hearre, and to this gypre Gods now harden well
What ever pace ye fled are to here all ye spittes of hel,
And here ye leades, and right so backe that them do fortice
With cloudes so blackes to my complaunces do, than thy selve applye.
To thee now let I am, thou dost alone me miler see,
And thou art left without thy staves: I will not make for me
Petitiones yet, noe ought for me require may ought yet bee
That me should baples of: for that all my wishes now foresee.
Thou gude or great of salves above, a prince of highest might,
Of heavenly place now all with cloudes ful horrible to sight,
Thieves

Entwray the world, and let the tympans on every side breake out
And send the dreadfull thunderclap through all the world about.
Not with what hand thou gitties house and undeserved wall
With terrible bolt are wone to beate, but with the which did fall
The three vaineaped mountains once and which to hit in height
Stoode equal by, the grantes huge:thou wast out such weapons freight,
And strie the lies: and therewithall revenge the drowned day.
Let see thy flames, the light thus lost and hid from heaven away,
With flashes spit: the cause (lest long thou shouldst double whom to hit)
Dier of do right: if not at least let myne be it:
My strike with triple edged toole thy brande of flaminge fire
Beate through this breast; if father I my children do desye.
To lap in tome of corses call to fire as doth behove,
I must be burnt if nothing now the gods to wrath may move,
My powre from skies with thunderbolt none Arches the wicked men.
Let yet eternall night remayne, and hyde with darkness then
The world about: A.Titan naught complaine as now it standes.
If all thou hyde thee thus away. Arte now prays I well my handses,
Now got I have the palme. I had bene overcome of thee,
Expect thou sorrow'dst so but now even children borne to mee.
I compe and now of hidebed chafl the earth I do repaire.
Thy. In what offended have my sons? Arte, in that, that thyne they were
Thy. Siftth thou the soames for fathers foode? Arte I do s (which is best)
The certayne sonnes, Thy. The gods that gypde all infants I protest.
Arte. What wedlock gods? Th. who would the gift were gife so quite again?
Arte. I know the greene prevented now with wrong thou dost complaigne;
Ras the thee wash, the fed thou art with food of cursed kind.
But that thou hast not it prepared for so it was thy mynde.
Such words as these to let before thy brother wotting naught.
And by the mothers help to have, likewise my children caught.
And them with such like to lay; this one thing letted thee,
Thou thoughtst them thine? Thy. The gods shall all of this revengers be.
And unto them for vengeance but my bowes thee render shalt.
Arte. But next to be I thee the whole, geue to thy children all.

THE
THE FOURTH SCENE,
Added to the Tragedy by the
Translating.

Thyestes alone.

King of Dyre's dungeon dark,
and gory Ghosts of hell,
That in the deep and dreamefull Denne,
of blackest Tartare dwell.
Where leane and pale decease Ipe,
Where fear and tampe are,
Where discopi stands with bleeding bowes,
where every lynde of care,
Where surles light in beds of blesee, and heares of crueling snak es,
Where Gogon grimme, where Harpes are, a lothsome Lymbob lakes,
Where most prodigious ogre things, the hallowe hell doth hyde,
If get a monsenter more my hap the en all that there doth hyde,
That makes his brood his cursed foode, see all abhore to see,
Not yet the deep Ierne it selfe, may hyde to cover mee,
Not grily gates of Puros place, yet dare them to see,
Not gaping ground to swallowe him, whom Gods and day have led:
Yet breakes ye out from cursed leaues, and herre remayne with mee,
See neede not now to be assyfed, the Eye and Heaven to see.
Not triple headed Cerberus, thou needst not bee askigt,
The eye unknowen to thee to see or els the lothsome light.
They both be fled: and now both dwell none other countenance here,
Then both beneath the foulesse face, of hateful hell appeare.
Come see a meetest march for thee, so more then monstruous wombe,
That is of his unhappye broode, become a cursed tombe.
Flocke here see foulesse standes of hell, and thou O groundlype great.
Come see the glittred guts of myne, with such a kind of meat,
As thou didst once for God's prepare. Let payments all of he.
Now fall uppon this hatefull head, that hath desrude them well.
Pee all be plagued wrongfully, your guiltlesse be small, in sight
Of mine, and meete it were your pange on me alone should light.
Now thou O groundlype guiltlesse arte, and meeter were for mee,
With having foud to be beguile, and fruite of sickle tree.

Thou
Thyestes.

Thou slewst thy sonne, but I my sonnes, alas, have made my meat:
I coulde thy same beare, my p NYch is now reptate
With foode: and with my children these, my belly is extene.
O sighty soules and growing gripees, that Tyrus bosome rent
Behold a better pray for pouf to fill your selues oppone
They are the growing guts of him: four worms entwaste in one.

This pouche at once shall fill you all: if ye abhorre the foode,
Pop may your selues abide to bache, in such a cursed bloode:
Ye tend to me your clinching clawes, your pray a while to beare,
And with your tallons suffer mee, this monstrous mane to tearre.
O whirling wheelees, with swinging of which Ixion still is rolde,
Your lookes upon this glutten gorge, would catch a sueter hold.
Thou sighty fowl of Lybmo lake, and Stephian poolse to dyse,
From choaked channell belche above, Thou fearefull crease of lyse,
Spue out thy flames O Phlegonion: and ouerhich the grounde.
With homit of thy lyce dreame, let me and earth be wounde.

Break by thou solfe from bottome deere, and gete thou roome to hell,
That night, where day, by ghosts, where gods were wont to reigne, may
Why gape thou not? Why do you not O gates of hell basolde? (swell).Why do see thus thinnenall standes so long from hence withhold?
Are you likewise estrape to see, and knowes so watched wight,
From whom the gods have wyde theyp lookes, a turned are to flight?
O hatefull head, whom heaven and hell, have hoonde and left alone,
The Sunne, the starres, the light, the day, the Gods, the ghosts be gone.
Per turne agayne see Shipes a while, ere quighte see goe fro mee,
Take vengeance spes on him, whose saute entseach you to see.
If needes see must your flight prepare, and may no longer hide,
But roate see must with you soothe, the Gods, and Sunne a side,
Per slowly see; that I at length, may you yer overtake,
White wandring wares I after you, and speedy moue make.
By seas, by lands, by woods, by rocks, in darke I wander shall:
And on your watch, for right: reward to due des, will call.
Per escape not fro me, so see Gods, still after you I goe,
And vengeance aske on wicked wight, your thunder bolte to thoes.

FINIS.
THE THYRD TRAGEDY OF L. ANNAEVS

Seneca: entituled Thebais, translated out of Latin into English, by

Thomas Newton.
1581.

The Argument.

LAIVS King of Thebes, hadde by his Wyfe and Queene IOCASTA, a Sonne named OEDIPUS: Who being yet in his Mothers Womb, APOLLO his Oracle pronounced, that by the handes of that childe, King LAIVS the father should bee murthered. The feare whereof caused the King to command him to be put to death. The Kinges heardman, who had the charge to see this done, on thone side mooved with compasston over a tender weakeling and on the other side, afraid to incurre the King his maisters displeasure, contented himselfe onely to boare two hoales through the Infants two feete, and with certayne plyable Twigges beinge thrust through the same, hong him vp on a tree by the Heeles: supposing that heereby hee should comit a lesse crime in sufferinge the childe to perishe by famine, then in playing the Butcher himselfe. It fortuned, that one PHORBAS heardman to POLYBIUS King of Corynth, passing by that way & hearing a yong Childe crye, went and cut him downe, and caryinge him to Corynth, it so fell out that at length hee was giuen for a present or
The Argument.

sent or gyft to MEROP E, Wyfe to the said King POLYBVS. This OEDIPVS afterward going to Thebes, in a certayne sedicous hurly burly in the countrey there, unawares and unwitting swe King LAIVS his Father. About which tymne the City of Thebes, and Countrey there about was meruelously infested with a monster called Sphinx: who propounding a certayne Riddle, or obscure question to such as passed that way, and deouuringe as many, as coulde not afoyle the same. To him that coulde afoyle it: and so rid the Countrey from that soughly and dangerouse a monster, the mariaige of Queene IOCASTA, and the kingdome of Thebes was promyfted as a recompence: OEDIPVS after many others, taking the matter in hand, afoyled the Ryddle, & flew the monsгеr. Whereupō marrying the Queene, not knowinge her to bee his owne Mother, had by her foure Chyldren: ETHEOCLES, POLYNICES, ANTIGONE, & ISMENE. In the end, hauing knoweldg, how first hee had kyład his Father, and then insceftuouſly maried his Mother, hee forsooke his kingdome being continually infested wyth the plague, & (as one ashamed to loke any man in the face) pulléd out his own Eyes, and hid himselfe in corners and solitary places. His Sonnes ETHEOCLES & POLYNICES agreed to raigne enterchaungeably, that is to wit, ETHEOCLES, one yeare, and POLYNICES the other. ETHEOCLES hauing raigned his yeare, refused according to the articles of agrement, to resigne the Crowne to his brother for the next yeare. Whereupō they fel to mortal warres, and in the end meaning by combat to ende the matter, they mutually flew one the other. And note that this Tragedy was left by the Author unperfect, because it neyther hath in it, Chorus, ne yet the fift Acte.

The names of the speakers.

OEdipus. Antigone.

Nuptius. Iocasta.
OEdipus, Antigone.

OEdipus, Antigone.

To weary Sylze, a comfort great,
And whom to have begotten, I
Yet leave me now, why hapless Sylze,
Thus plung'd in misery.
Why seekst thou means, still to direct
Let mee I pray thee headlong Sylze
in breaknecke tumbling plight.

I better shall and sooner fynde a way my selfe alone
To rid mee out of all the thyall wherein I now am thowne.
Whereby both heaven shall eased bee, and earth shall want the light:
Of mee vile wretch, whose, guilt hath made a most abhorred wight:
Also, what little tristling tricke hath hitheerto bee wrought
By these my hands? what seate of worth or majestie have I sought?
In deed, they have me helpt to pull myne eyes out of my head:
So that ne Sunne, ne Moone I see, but life in darkness lead.
And though that I can nothing see, yet is my guilt and crime
Both scene and knowne, so pondered at, (woe worth the cursed lyke.)
Leave of thy hold, let lose thy hand, good daughter, let mee goe:
Let soulling soote light where it will, let it (this once) be so.
Ie trudge, and runne, Ie lube, and raunge, Ie hasten to the hill
Of craggy Sylpe Cytheron, there I hope to wooke my will.
Where earth Agon lost his lyfe by straunge, and uncount death,
Whom bawling Dogges, and hunting Hounds bereft of vital breath.
Wher once Agane (belemland) raungd up and downe the woode
With Sylters hers, enspired all with Bacchus raging woode.
And pleasing well her selfe in that her fact and mistchele done,
Pitche on a Hoase, the grisly head of him that was her Sonne.
Where Jachus with his ruffling crew of Gallantes young and stout
Drags, bold, and pulls, the bivouac corps of These all about.
Where bashful branches bow which way the Bull her dew
Here where some look from a Rocke her selfe in Sea downe they saw.
So that poore mother though she meant to stoppe one fault by flight;
Yet he therby a worse procure, while like a feet? might
She bathed her selfe and sake her taste from Scyron hurted downe
3tending both her selfe and him in foaming Sea to downe.
Oh happy, war these happy thry, that had so good an hap;
And whom such mothers pitifull earl handied in these lap.
Peep ther is in these same woods an other place to mee
That's due by right, and rightly may me challenge as his fee.
Where I am Indian out was lapsed, for time to abide;
I other will direct my course to try what map beye.
He neither stoppe me sayt that I be argued there,
No gyde I reake not, neither soure for Stumbling any where.
Why say I thus like koster proude to haken unto it?
Sith well I know it lotted to be my grave and Dite.
Let me mye alone Cytheron mount enjoy in quiet state:
It is mye old and ancient bower appointed me by fate.
I pray thee be not discontented that I should aged die,
Even there, where life I should have lost in putting infancy.
3t I did me here with willing hart unto those tortures all
That care to me were due, and which to others have befall:
To thee I speake O bloody mount, fierce, cruel, kerepe and fell,
As well thoy thou spared some, as that thou some bold quell.
This earyon corps, this full all soules this carcasse here of mye
Long time agone by right good Law and property is thine.
Now yet at length perfourme the last that earst begun was
To thee by those my parents both, now bring their doome to passe.
My hart even longest till I may so fully satisfy.
By this my death that their decrees, that glad I am to die.
Oh Daughter, Daughter, why wouldst thou thus kepe me gape
In this to tell inclement loue thou art but now to kind.
My god
Oh lay me nor I thee deare, behold, behold, I heare
My Fathers ghost to bid me come apace, and not to fear.
O Father mye I come, I come, now lather cease thy rage:
I know that how I aboul to my Fathers hoary age;
Who had tame me King Laius; how her both fret and fere
To see such lewd disprageme; and none to blame but I.
The third tragedie.

Wherby the Crowne usurped is, and he by mutter slayne
And hastily incensed broode in Kingly thone remans.
And doe, till thou not perrily see, how he ny panting Ghost
With taking powres both hale and pitt, which grieves my conscience
Dost thou not see how he ny face be strichen in te very yeare? (mold)
Telume(my Daughter) hast thou scene Ghostes in such griestely ypper?
Antig. I see no marque each thing fell well. Good father leave this mind.
And take a better if you can: from this your selfe unywnd.
Oed.O what a beastly cowardise is in this breast of myne?
Was I so stout and venturous in pulling out myne Oppen.
And shall all courage be employed against one only part
Of Body, and from other partes hell valour wholly start?
Let none of all these pulling trickses nor any saint excuse
Thus daunt thy spares, let no delay to basenes ther induces:
Dispatch at once, why tinge I, as one thatt loth to dye?
Why sile I till because I can no longer mishicues trye?
Yes that I can, wertough though Ib: and therefore tell I thee,
Deare Daughter, that ther sooner thou mightis hence depart from me.
Depart a morg and Virgine hence, for scare of afterclaps:
Since villany to Mother thed be, its good to doubt mishaps.
And, No force, no power, no violence, shall make me to withdawe
My duty unto thee my Spire, to whom I bow myne awe.
I will not be discoverd, ne pulled from thy strife.
I will assid thee, why thatt breath hat in this Breast abyde.
My Brothers twoyne let them contred, and fight for Princesse sways
Of wealthy Thebes: where whilom raygnd King Labdacke many a day.
The greatest share and position that I do dye to have.
Out of my Fathers Kingdome, is my Fathers lyfe to save.
Him neither shall Echeoole my elder brother take
Away from me, who new by force the Thebaine realm doth take.
Ne Polynices, who as now is Rushing men space
From Argos Land: with suingent this brother to displace.
Ne,though f would went all on wheeles:though love should in above
Dwee fashing stables upon the Earth, all shall not quarte my love.
Ne, though he thumping thunderbolt(when ere togethers hand)
Should light betweene us, where as we are pilghter hand in hand)
Yet wilt I never ther for sake, but hold my hands full still:
Therefore its beestles father beare, to countermend my will
In this my full resolved mad. Forbid me if you please.
But surely I will be your guide in wrest, woe, dolge, & c.$$
Thebaiz

And mauagre aat your harpe reprofoes (though much against your mind)
I will direct you steppes and gate, that you your way may send:
Through thick & thime, through rough and smooth I will be at any pitch
In hill and vale, in wood & grove, Ic serve at eu'ry pinch.
If that you goe whare danger ties, and seek e your owne annoy,
You shall well prove, that Ie trave the daunce will not be cop.
Douse your selve therefore, of swynge to which I guyde shall be:
Wy count is call, I am sul bent with you to live and die.
Without me perish can you not: but with me, weel you may,
It booteth not, in other fast to move me ought to saxe.
Here is an hugee Promontory that cibors into Sea
Let by from thence thrave downe our setur, and worke our fall decay,
If that ye will. Here also is a stipe Rocke beside,
Which if you please that serve our turnes: Here beaten with the tyde
Wee cragge Cliffses, let's goe to them: Here runnes a gylph print
With foze aboce it diguing stones as bigge as mountaine bouse .
What lap you? shall we drench our setur within this somy Flood?
So where you wilt, take which you list, do as you decree it good.
Conditionally that I may first receive the wound of death:
I reck no wht, I ready stand to geld by vitall breath,
I neither draw you to not fear: but eeu as best you thinkes
So doe, so drate. Would you so fayne Deathes bitter cup to drinkes?
My lord and Father, take you death so greate a boone to bee?
If that you dye (this I assure) die first you shall me see.
If life in shew more pleasant feate, if so you rather chuse,
I am to wante upon you still and alexer will refuse .
But change this mynde wherein you rest, take hart a grace, and how
The noble magnanimitie that earl in you did flow.
Relie these panges, subdue these jumps by bavoure of the mynde,
Let manlie courage qualify these your affections blind.
This great dishonor thus to need your selve to dolo: thall,
No noise of adverse hap thus oughte a Princes hart t'appall.
Occhip. This gearre surmounteth far the reach of my capacity:
I am aston'd, I feele my selve rapt with an extase,
Is this not wonder of so fewd, and of so curt a tree
Such fruite to growe of gracies Syxe so good a child to see?
Is it not strange that in a house dislapid in villany
Such noble shew of towerdnes and berenous giftses should lye?
Let me some speach to thee direct, dame Fortune: how hapg this
That here my daughter so unlike to wretched father is:

Dege.
The third tragedie.

Degenerating from his steps, and with such vertue fraught,
As in her Fathers cursed house he never yet was taught?
Is it (I pray thee) credible, that out of me should spring
Such Place, as should goven be to any honest things?

No truely, nor it cannot bee (my fates full well I know)

Done such, (unlesse to doe me scarce, and mischeife) would be so.

And increase the heape of myne annoy no Strange effect shall want;

Dame Nature in her Creatures will new affectes enplant

The Phere shall return his course to Fountayne backe agayne,

Dan Phoebus Lamp hale bring the Night, and Night that day remain.

So that my grievous miseries with surplauge may grow,

But be as eis: I do a whyle will play my part also,

And show some sparcse of piety, my fault to counterpoyse:

With muridious knave, my woeful dapes to end: I wil not slege.

The onely helpe for Oedipus, the onely satty is

to ridde himeselfe, and to redeem that Hellish fact of his,

Yet mee take vengeance on my selfe for sponges to father done;

Whole Death is yet unexplate, by mee his cursed sonne.

Why doth thou shake and tremble thus thou hand, not good for ought?

Why august thou to stabbe him in, who Smyre to spoyle hath brought?

That punishment which heketho by pulling out myne eyes

Shou did inflicted on me, as but as a sacrifice,

O guerdon due for illany which I committed have.

With mother myne. Now Daughter Acute, leave of pretences hause,

Alledgedgloses: but with speede let gee thy Fathers hand:

Thou madst me die a lingering death within this loathed land.

Thou thinkest I am alive, but I am dead long while agoe:

To this my hateful Corps at length the eyes of Ferrall shew.

Thou meanest well, (I know) but yet therin thou dost extend:

Thou in colour for the prey I see thou dost pretend,

But piety it cannot be, to dragge thus vp and downe

Thy Fathers Corpses buried through City, Field, and Towne;

For he that doth enfoce a mans aginst his will to dye;

And he that slayeth him that would slayne dye, most willingly.

Are both alike in equal fault, and stand in equal plight.

To render one that would be dead is Murdoching him outright.

Yet not so great as another is. I would be more content

To have my death commanded me, then from me to behve.

Dye all from this thy purpose (May all of life and death both are)

To dispose at my liberty, with chosse to spill or spare.
Thebais

I willingly resign the Crowne of Theban soyle: yet I
Do still retain upon my selfe the entire Sovereignty.
If I may make accompt of thee as of a trustie seere,
And true compaignion at allayes: deliver even here
Into the Fathers hand a Swearde: but tell me, doth thou reach
The Sword embued in fathers blood, where with my sonses emgac
The course of Law, posseteing it and kingdome all by force?
Where to it is, doubt is there none, but cleanse without remiss!
There bee the Floudgates open wyde, to all licencious lust,
And Christlike trades: I al my clayne therein do take in dust,
And cleanse so take. Let both my Sonses by Legacy enjoy
The same, where with they surely shall continue no small annoy.
For mee pyle rather by a stacke of wood set all on fyre,
That I therein may thrust my selfe: that is my chiefe desye:
And make an end at once of all this carrrion Carballse dye.
Where is the surging wauous Sea? why say I all this while?
Bring mee to some stepe breakneckes fall: bring me where I sone fist
With swifte and honyed course doth runne, bring me wheres my blood.
With goarings push of sauege beastes may out be set at once.
To some Gulfie bring me, where the fall and tide may crush my Bones.
I needses thou wilt my gynde remayne, as ofl thou dost me tell
Bring me that am disposed to dye, where Sphinx that Wonder fell
With double shape appoyed them that passed by the way,
Propounding Riddles intricate, and after did them slay.
There would I bee, that place I seekes: the Father therewith bring
Into that Wonders Cabin dere thy Monstrous Father Reign.
That though that Wonders be dispatche, the place may bee supplyde
With one as sadde or worse then her; there wil I fare and wyde
In tearmes obscure report and tell my heavy lucklesse tor.
The misteries whereof the hearers understandeth not.
Sue care to that which I that speake, marke thou Assyrian horse,
Consider this thou Thebans, where Duke Cadmus men were toone
And slayne in wood by Serpentes rage: where Diicse seely trull
In humble lode at Vulcan lies: aduerce my tale at full
Though that in Lacedemon dwelles, and honoys Castors grace,
And Pollux eake, two brethren twynnes. Spead out this doubtful case.
Or thou that dwelle in Elis towne or by Parnassus hill,
Or thou that tilld Aetolia ground, there reaping gayne at wil.
Heark, listen well, and flatter say, if euer heretofore
That murderous monster Sphinx of Thebes that men in peace tose.

In all
In all his riddles ask the like, or of so strange a sort?
O whether so insolubly his riddles he told report?
The Sonne in Law to Grandfather, the Rial of his Syre:
The Brother of his little Babes: to Brethren, father dire:
The Grandmother at every byrth to Husband (graceles Else)
Brought forth a Sonne or Daughter, which was Nephevy to her selfe.
How say you Sphinx, in Riddle darke, who hath so good inight,
That abe is the sense her coff' unfold and tell aright?
As for my selfe, although the Sphinx I whylome put to syle:
Yet myne owne heavy destinee I scarcely can aspole:
Why dost thou (Daughter) labour loose in using further speech?
To alter this my song harte why dost thou mee bespeak?
I tell thee playne, I fully mean this bloud of myne to spill.
That long with Death hath strugling kept: and thereupon I will
Descend to darke internall Lake: for this same darknes blind.
Of both myne eyes is nothing such, as fact of myne should find.
It were my Witte to bee in Hell in deepest dungeon fast:
Now that which should long time have bene, I will perforce me at last.
I cannot be debate from Death; wilt thou deny me glaue?
O Sword, or knife wilt thou no toole for mischief let me hawe?
Wilt thou both watch and ward each way, where danger lies in wayes?
Shall such a wifull Captive wench as I, be kepe so strait?
Wilt thou not suffer me with Coard to breake my hatefull Necke?
Canst thou kepe mee from poissonous herbes: hast thou them all at keches?
What shall be the proueable to take for mee such earnest care?
Death where is: and wayes to death in thousand corners are.
Herein hath God good order done, that evry selfe Poe,
Shall take away an others life: but Death he cannot so.
I seeke not anye toole to have: this desperate mynd of myne
Can bee the service of my hand, my thred e ofis e t'entwine.
Now hand, thy master at a pinch assist to worke his feate,
Help me with all the power and strength, to expel his purpose great.
A point thee not in this my Corps into one place alone:
Was each part of me with guilt is piaunch and overgrown.
In which tooner part thou wilt, thy Wallace beginne,
And seek to bring me to my death which way thou makest it winne;
In pieces crush this body all, this harte that has bovs saine
Punch out, out all my entrailes pull, prascean and never lime
To gash and cut my weazand pyte, By harnies a sander scratch
And make the bloud come flowing out, or ble that other match.
Thebais

Which heretofore thou hast hasted: digge where myne eyes euer lookd to:
And let these woundes gush out space much materie thir and brood,
Dale out of mee this loathed soule that is so hard and sowe:
And thou dear Father Lais stand vp and looke about:
Behold where ever that thou standst: I implore thee the make,
And euer Judge of all my plagues that Euilly here I take.
My Fact so lewd, so horible, so loathsome to bee tolde
I never thought with any piece of tormentes manifolde.
Could have full expiation: ne thought, I be though.
To die this death: or in one part to be belaffed through.
By piecemes I am well content to suffer tormentes all
And even by piecemes so to die for plaques to plague mee call.
Exact the punishment that's due: I here most ready stand.
To satisifie with any death that law and righte hath stand.
My former smartes, when as mine eyes: I raked out with paws,
Were but as tables of satisifie, somewhat to help my cause.
Come therefor (Father) neare to mee, and think this hand of myne
Whose nearer into every wound. It swerued and did decline.
For fear, when first it tooke th' all my mine eyes to ranuckle out;
I beare it still in memory, my eyes then starde about.
And seemed to diswade the hand from doing of the charge.
Where to it was enuyned tho, and had Contussion large.
Thou shalte well thinke that OEdipus dissembleth not a while.
But what his word hath warrant, his deed hath firmly quite.
The Countnes then, was not so great when eyes thou pulldst out
As was the man sode, when thou throst them from thee round about.
Now, by those eyeholes thrust thy hand into the very braine:
That part where death attempted was, let death be fough't againe.
A N. Undaunted Prince, most noble Smy, with humble mynde I see
That I your Daughter may be bate to bee some speech to you:
And that: you would with patience digest my poore advise:
My suite is not to draw your minde to things, that eares in price
Can highly hold, me to the view of glittering Palace olde,
The beautey of your noble Braine, scarce able to bee tolde:
But that you would these prefayl sites, by tract of time now quallbe,
With patience mindes subjugate and bære: this better we never sayde.
In any Prince of such a spright as in your noble Grace
Apparetly hyght: itareth not that such shold once abase
Themselves as thralles to Sopraves checks, or one the conquest yeeld
To adverse hap: or courage looke like vassardes in the fiede.
The third tragedy.

It is no prate, for, though perhaps you so your reckoning ask
To make of it so great an account, and thus to see again
As every wagging of a leaf, and combersome mischance:
No, no, no verse in such case high courage to advance.
And when things are at worst, to show true magnanimity:
And like a Perseus, cowardly at eche alarme to see.
See that hath done at fortune a sight: and worldly wealth beside,
And constantly hath done all hurt that are to be done.
Here thinks no cause hath, why he needs to ende his breathing days
Or with himself in grant: for why, hence to cease these wages.
But as for him: that isrench in Dale and weight in bringing care.
Whose present plight can be no worse, nor taL of lower care,
That man hath cause well please to be: a' th hear in safety lands,
And peace have falls, and now is free from fears of further bands.
Sure case the Gods would wishe the webbe of further war to thee,
What more can any of them do thy friends to amplifie?
May thou thy selfe, (although thou wouldst) canst add thereto no more,
Matels thou think thy selfe, to have deserved death therefore.
And yet, thou art not worthy death: my reason is, because
Through ignorance thou didst a fact contrary to the lawes.
And therefore Father think thy selfe mad guiltlesse in the case,
And (maugre Gods) land on your guards, my counsell sound embraces;
For loud they: you an innocent are deme'de and thought to bee,
And are in drede: what makes you thus in dumes and doest full glee?
What cause so great should so enchant your conscience, and your wit,
To seeke your owne decay and spoyle, what meane faint hearted fits?
That thus in halfe thou wouldst so faint abandon this your life.
And goe to hell, where to most dwellers and grisly gholes be yeke.
You would not see Sun, Moone, or Starres, no more you can your eyes.
Are blind: you faint would leave your Court, and Countries wileries.
Why so you may, and so you doe. These are all put to sacke,
That now alpue, as well as dead you feele of these the lache.
You see from Mother, Wife, and Child, you see no man alpue:
What more can death dispach away but life both now depning?
Your Lords, your knights, your courtey traua: your kingly state a crowne.
Your grand Maires, your weighty charge is gone a brought abowne.
From whom, & to what, do you thus flee. O Eli. Fly none but to my selfe.
Who have a brasse full fraught with guine: who, marching calisthe Elfe.
Have al embraude my hands with blood. From these space I see
And from the heavens and Gods therein: and from that bllante.

Which I
Thebais

Which I most wicked wretch have wrought. Shall I straye on thy
O am I worthy so to doe, in whom such trickses abound? (ground)
O am I to have the benefite of any Element.
O to be for breath, of water most, or Earth for nourishment?
O Siune锡el, O beastly wretch. O Inclementer blye,
O Marlet most detestable. O Pyslaunte full of guile.
Why doe I with polluted fy6, and bloody paws presume
To touch thy chast and comely hand? I soame, I fret, I fume
In hearing any speake to me. Ought I hear any tell?
O once of Sonne or Father speake, yet I did Father quell?
Would God it were within my power my Senses all to stop,
Would God I could these Cares of myne, even by the Stumps to crop?
If that might bee, then (daughter) I should not have heard thy voyce.
I, I the Syre, that thee begot by most incestuous chaise.
Effett of thee makes my crymes moe then they were before:
Remove thereof both gnaw and grype my conscience moe and moe.
Crymes that which myne Eyes not see, with Cares that doe I hear:
And of my Facts ofte time done the inward wound I bear.
Why is there nog made of my doome? Why am I spard so long?
Why is not this blind head of myne thowne damned ghosts among?
Why rest I on the Earth, and not among internall Spightes?
Why peeter I the company of any mostfull Wightes?
What my schiefe is there moe behind? to aggravate my care?
By Kingdome, Parents, Children, Wife and Virtue quajled are
By surdy crymes of froward Fate: nothing remayne but teares,
And they bee dryde, and Eyes be gon; my hardned heart to bear:
Such signes of grace: leave of therefore, and make no moe aboe:
I minde so mated with dispaze no supps will nowes unto.
I practize some strange punishments agreeing to my desire:
But what proportion can bee sound of plagues unto my needes?
Whose Fortune ever was so bad? I was no sooner borne,
But seely Infant Judge I was in pieces to be tome.
My mother in whose wombe I lay, forth had not mee yet brought:
And yet euen then I scared was: and straight my death was sought.
Some Babes soone after they bee borne, by stroke of death depart:
But I poore soule, before my bryth advudged was to dare
Of death: some yet in Mothers wombe, ere any light they see.
Doe take the hit of hell, or Fate, while Innocents they bee.
Apollo by his Oracle pronounced sentence by:
Upon mee being yet unborne, that I into my Syr

Should
The third tragedy.

Should base ly parricide commit: and thereupon was I
Condemned Straight by Fathers doome. We were by and by
Launced through, and with 216 Dina: hanged was I by J. Heles
Upon a Tree: my dwelling plants the prints thereof yet feele:
As pray to Beasts, cast out also, to cramme th37 greedy James
In Mount Cytheron, and to fill the griping Nature's Mawes.

Such Sauce to cast full Ike was I, as others hereunto
Descended of the royall Sangue, with smart perfoxe heave boze.
But see the chance: I thus condemn'd by Dan Apollos heet
And cast to beasts by Fathers doome, and every way distrest,
Could finde no death: no death on mee directe foze his lordly Pawe,
Buried from mee, as though I had nor beene within his Lawe.

I verfied the Oracle, with wicked hand I hide
Myne owne deere Father, and unawares his guillette bloud I spilde.

Shall any satisfaction redeeme me so vile an Acte?
May any kinde of pleege purge such a shamefull fact?
I rested not contented thus. For Father beeing slayne,
I fell in tickes of lawlesse Lour with Mother: Oh what perne
And grudge of minde sublaynde I there: in thinking on the same,
To tell our wicked wedlocke Peace, I loath, I blith, I shaine.
I may not well this geare concracte, yet tell it: out it shall:
Though to my shame it much redound, it may augment my thall.

Will them believe to have bene done: so cruel was my rage,
That even eit cutthroat Parricide threat may be a shamde
To heare it nam'd: and with disdain straight wares will be enflamde
My hands in Fathers bloud embiude to Fathers Bed I brought.
And have with Mother myne, his Wife, incentuous practive sought.

To mischiefe adding mischiefe more: I wis my fault to Sirs,
As lendr in comparison: my gracelesse fond desire
Could not bee slaine, till solemnly the mariage knot was knit
Twixt mee and Mother myne, alas for: want of grace and wite.
How plunge am I in myschiefe still: how is the measure full
Of hostrours bile, which doe my minde and heart asunder pull?
And leaft the heapes of these my woes might seeme to bee too skant,
My Mother (he my Wyfe that is) yong issue both not want.

Can any crime in all the World more harrous be warpifice?
If any may: by wicked Impes the same I have beate.

My Realm.
Thebaes.

My Realme and Crowne I have resigne, which I received as hype
For mourning most unnaturally the king, my Lord, and Spur.
Which Crowne now sitse, twixt both my sones hath kindled motaile,
And all the countrey by the ears remains at deadly tarre.
I know full wel what delences to this same Crowne belongs.
None without Blood the same shall wear, and most accursede wrongs.
This mynd of mine (who Father am) presageh many ills:
And gloomy hapes of slaughter dyse: the plot that murther wille,
Already is contyn'd and cast; all truth of word and deede
Is quight exild, at promis broke of pacques store decreed.
Ethocles, one of my sones who now in princely thone
Beares all the swap, meenes still to kepe the Diademe alone.
Poore Polynices th other sone, thus being dispossed,
And kept by force from Kingly rule his humble suit addresse.
Unto the Gods this wrong to weake, this breach of league and oth;
Tavenge and plauge: he Argos spoile end Greekish Cittyes both.
Perswades t'assit him in this warre, this quarle to maputage:
That he in Thebes (as promiss was) might have his turne to ragnge.
The rynge that to weared Thebes shall greuously befall
And bring the pompons state ther of adowme, that not be small.
Fire, sword, glane, words, and iwickig th'ups, that light unto theire sheare,
And that are long; and mischleues worst (if any worst there are)
And this shall hap, that all the woilde may know it is the race
And place of a cursed Spur that dararpygges such a case.

An.

Though other causes none there were to move you (Sir) to live,
Yet is this one sufficient, that you by aue may dye.
Your sone my Brethon tarring thuss to unity and peace:
For you their Father only may they surte cause to cease.
You and none els may turne swap the callesions of this warre:
Theis hyenlike pouishes from further rage you only may debarr.
By this your means the countrey hall their quiet peace enioy
And Brethon friendly reconcile that worke no more annoy.
If you therefore this mortall life thus to your serce kepe,
You many thousandes hall unawe, whose states on you repose.
Oed. What canst thou make me to believe, that any spake of grace
Of love to Spur, or honestly in them hath any place.
Which there for one on others blood, which after kingdome stays.
Whose whole delight is billeship, warre, murther, guile and rage.
Such basefull inpes en mischiefese set, such wicked Termaganties.
Is to be sones of such a Spur with whom thy soul makes their pauntes.
The thirde tragedie.

At one bare woord to tell thee all: thy brethren two are bent
Upon all mischief, waghing not what fastens they frequent.
When slongbryte rage curses their heads, they care not what a rush
Upon what Deceitly vice attempted they give the desperat push.
And as they are concealed and borne in most abhorred sorte,
So still devoues of Grace they thinkes all villany but spoze.
Thei Fathers shame and mernench state moves their no whit at all,
To Country they no reckning make what massacre befall.
Thei mendses are causeith with desye ambitiously to ragge,
I know their dutties, and what they hope at length, by othres to gayne,
And therefore lest the case so standes I seizer had to die
With poasteing spredde while in my house there is none woste then I.
This, deare Daughter what ado dost thou about me make?
Why liest thou prostrate at my knees? why dost thou traverse take,
To conquer thy resolute mynd with this thy spiced phrase
Of saze entreaze these thy wordes my sinyr hart amaze.
Dame Fortune hath none other depeste to byng me to her lure
Then this alone: til now I still unvanquish did endure,
No Creatures words but thyne alone could peace this hart of myes,
No from a purpose resolute my settled mynd untoynye.
Thou conquerest all thos secciones fond that in my breast do boyle,
Thou reachest grace to fathers house, and zeal to native toyler.
Each thing to me delightfull is which sympatheth with the will,
Command me (Daughter) if thy heles am ready to fulfill.
Old Oedipus if thou entongue, wilt passe th'Aegian Sea:
And flashing flakes of Aetna Mount, with mouth he dare assay.
He boldly dare object himselfe to raumping Draugos claw
Which rag'd, & swelled uentime spit space, when as he law
Dan Hercules away to scale his golden Apleas all,
In Gardens of Hesperides.At thy command, he shall
His Eartrails offer unto lobbe of greddy Natures Boll;
At thy command, content he is in life to linger still.
Nuntius. OEdipus. 
Antigone. Iocasta.

Gnomed Prince, of royall Race
and Noble tympathe, Asgone. 

The Thebans dreding much the drift
of his poyr childrens tympathe, 
And warlike Garbope now in hand, 
most humbly pray for Grace.

For Countrypye safety, downe to set some order in the case.

They doe not threatn and menace that thus their minde is affright:

The midnight to more neere then so, the Enemy is in sight.

For Polynice he that is your younger sonne of Tyrone,
Doth clamme the crown, and in his turne in Thebes requires to resign.

According unto contemplating made; which quarrel to decide

Here purposes the best of sword, and martail force t'abide.

With him he bringg a mighty Troupes from every part of Greece,

Stricken Duke, besieging Theb's are minded it to see.

Hosiponable Kings, is are weare he to perishe man and chylde,

These bloody hoples of civill wars from vs protect and Spelde.

O Edi. Am I one like to stop the rage of any wicked act?

Am I one like to cause these Poubbes to leave their bloody facts?

Am I a wiser like to teach what laves of love do meane?

Should I not then from tomarow gentle digresse in nature steene?

They tread their Fathers steps alight, they play my lawlesse pranks:

Like Lyce, like Sonnes, like Crete, like France: I comm the harry thanks:

By this I know them for my Sonnes, and praise their cowardness:

I would they shoulde by rustic parts, whose Sonnes they be, express.

Shew leslie you noble Gallant pypes, what wretched minds you bear,

Shew leslie by decodes your vaile great, let losy spights appeare.

Surmount and dimme my glasses all, Eclipse my glebe quight:

Attempt some enterprize in which your Lyce may have delight

To have till now remond in litchere of I have no doubt:

For well I know your prudencie is strange feares to bring about.

Your lyke and linge from whence you springe, affores me of no lesse

Such noble Blondes must needs archive some doughty wo:thine.

 Pars.
The thirde tragedie.

Your Weapons and Artillery for warre bring out with speede,
Consume with flame your native Sapie, and desolate the sphere
In eu'ry hande within the Land: a hurly hurly make
Confusedly of eu'ry thinge, Make all the Realme to quake,
And in every speck vnder your sword make teares with the ground
The fenced Fort and walled Townes: Th' Gods and all confound,
And throw their Temple on their heads: Their Images deface,
And melt them all: burne by storme eche house in eu'ry place.
Burne, spoile, make hauste, leave no tore of City free from spo,
And let the flame begin his rage within my Chamber by ye.
AN.Spe, banish these hateful panges, let plague of Chiron wealth
Entreate your Grace, stich upon you Nath all their hope and health.
Produce your sounes to reconcile themselves, as brothers ought,
Establish peace betwene them both, let meanes of love be sought.
OE.D, Oh daughter, see and well behold how: I to peace am bent &
And how to end these garbopies all I seeme full well content?
My minds (I tell thee) twistles with pre: within my entrailes bogles
Abundaunt store of Choller fell: such reslilles rage turmoples
My inward Soul, that I must get some greater matter braw:
Which may the Realme enwrap in bale, and cause them all to rue.
That which my rage and heady sones have hitherto begun
Is nothing in respect of that which must by me be don.
This civil warre is nothing like to that which I desire:
These troubling bogles for such a Sea of harness cannot suffice.
Let brother cut the brothres chesste with sharpyous knappe in hand:
Yet is not this enouge to purge the mischiefes of this land.
Some happeous Fact, unheard of ye, some dereable dece.
Most practisse bee: as is to men, and none by Fates decreed.
Such custome haunts our cursed race: such goate our house hath catcht:
My bise incensous Bed requires, such pageants to be fraught.
To me your Father Weapons reache, my fast heere let me thnowe
In couer of these quackey wooddes: and let me be allabode
To lurke behind this Cragge Rocke, that by my selfe to hide
On backside of some thickes hedge: where lying unspide;
I hearemen may what maker folkis in passing so and soe
Do talk: and what the country General speakes, as by way they goe
There (sely with eyes, I cannot see) with ears yee may I heare
How cruelly my Sones by warre do one the other tease.
1OC. A fortunate and happy Dame Agane may be thought,
Who (though with bloody hands) her sonne so fatall Beast she bought,
And from the shoulders chop't his head, and bose the same about
In bloody hand, or Bacchus seat with all th'inspired Bount.
Thebais

Of sacrificers, quartering poyze Peniheus marlgep hymnus:
Though this her cruell facte, somewhat her commendation hymnes:
Yet evne in these her phantastick fis she fayde her selfe in time
From further harme, not adding more to aggravate her crime.
My guile were light, if I had not some others guilty made:
And yet is this but matter light: I tooke a biler trade.
For, Mother I am vnto choye in all vice excell,
And who in most abhorsed names condignely bare the bell.
To all my woes and mysteries there wanted onely this,
That I should love my Countreyes fee, who Polynices is.
These snowy Winters passed are, and Summers three be gone,
Space he an exile wretch abroade hath lead his lyfe in moans:
And sought his bread among the freemde: till now complie've persons.
He craves reliefe of Greekish Kings, on him to have remove.
Her maried hath the Daughter of Adrafitus, who at becke
Rutes Argive people, swooping them with awe of Prisoner cheque:
And he t'advance his sonne in law to his most lawfull right
Bath with him brought from seven Resumes a warlike True to fight.
What doome I Should in this case gene, which lyfe I wish to winne,
I cannot tell: my minde averse, per doubtfull reeds therein.
Th'one of my Sennes (as right it is) requyres the Crowne as due:
I knowe it so accorded was: this cause is good and true.
But in such lost, by force of Armes to redeemme the same,
Is ill and most unnaturall, herin he is to blame.
What shall I doe, what may I say? I mother am to both:
And thus my Sones at deadly fewde, to see I am full toth.
Without the branch of mother yeale I can no way deuise:
For what good hap I wilke to th'one, thence th'other harme both rise:
But though I love them both alpke, yet sure my heart enchynes
To him that hath the best cause: though wonged thus, he ynyes:
As one by crowking fortune thistle from pillar vnto post:
His Credit, Countrey, friends, and wealth, and treasure being lost.
The weaker side I wil support, and further at I can,
Most mercy always should be shewde unto th'opresssed man.

V. While (Madame) you wastring here your heavy plaints declare
And waste the time, my Lords your Sones in rangned battallie are:
Che Captains bright in Armour standes, the Trumpet sounds amain,
And Standard is advance'd, amid the througe of evry traine.
In marshall rap full prest to light stand seven worthy Kynges:
And ech of them a warlike troupe of valiant Souldiers bringes.
The third tragedie.

With courage not behind the best, the Thebanes march the space:
And like right pipes of Cadmus blood, do flash at Ennius face.
The Soudiers force and willingnes on ether side to sight,
Appears: in that they nothing less pretend them shamefull flight.
See how their twaipping to and froe, the dust to Skies both reare,
And what a Cloud of Smoke in Campes the horses make r'appeare.
And if my feare dismay me not: If all be true I see:
He thinkes I view their glittering glasse goeard with blood to bee.
He thinkes I see the Howard thuffl and Make their Pikes in hand:
He thinkes I see the Hydons gap, and Streamers where they stand:
Wherein is wrought by curious skil, in Letteres all of Gold
The Scohton,Poeste, Name and Armes of every capayne bold.
Make hast, be gone, dispach,(Madame) Cause Brethren to agree:
Between them lay this quarrell, least a slauer great ye see.
So shall you to your Children love, to each side peace restoare:
The mothers mediaton may heale by all the Soare.

THE THIRDE
ACTE.

Antigone. Iocasta.
Nuntius.

Oast, poast, be gone, and trudge for life:
Queenes mother make no stay:
That we bet my Brothers, perfect league
and truce continue may.
You shall be Mother to them both,
bis your auctonty:
Out of their handes their weapons well,
and make them warres despe.
Your bared breeches which once they suckt,
hold out amids their Swordes:
Fear of the hunte of all their bloues, o3 end this warre with words.
Ioc. Thy tale I like, I will be gone: Ile goe with might and magne:
This head of myne I leopard will,betwene them to be flayne.
In this last honge of all the Troupes I purposed am to stand,
And try what grace, o2 curse remaines in eather Bande.
If Brothers breste malicious menes each other to subdue,
Let them first onse grene one another, and me to death pursue.
Thebais

If eithet of them be endued with any sparc of grace,
O Natures laws or Filliall awe both any white embaze,
Let him at mothers late lay downe his Pikes and glaues of warre,
And weapons of hostility let him abandon farre.
And he that cannde tromacks bears his Brother there to quell,
Forgetting Natures, let him first with me his Father tell.
These heavy poudres from further rage I seek Trot will rage:
I wittingly will not behold such mischiefe care sway.
O; if I tur to see the same, it hat not bee alone.
And the Standards are displayed in field, the Enemyes are prone
To fall to fight: the clashing noise of weapons heare you may.
Much murther, death, and dreadfuld dale, cannot be far away.
Their shaw hartes goe mattle, with sugred terms persowane
Their willful myodes O Queene, before they furiously invade.
The one the other ponder see how they in armour bright
Bestire themselves from place to place: (O dire and dismall light.)
By eorling tears, my blubring Eyes, may put you out of doubt
That all is true which I haue saide: looke, looke, how at the route
Of eother part both lowly march so loth (beike) to trpe.
By dint of Swerd so straunge a case: But both my brothres hie
Apace, to grapple force to force, and tope with handy blowes:
This day will bee the bitter snare of ever during woes. (apye.
Loc. What whistlewond swift might I procure to bear me through the
What monstruous flying Sphinter wil helpe,that I were quickly there?
Of all the Spedes Eimphalides (with wings so huge and large
That Phoebuses they shapowed quight) will any take the charge
To carpe mee to ponder place? what ravenous Harpye hord
With ugyl talantes all with filth, and dyrt dung beforde,
Which hungersarrud King Phineus,that had put out the Eyes
Of children his) will at this pitch a meane for me deuise,
That I aloft may hoped bee, and with al spede be set,
Where ponder cruel armies two in open field be met?
Nunc shee runnes apace, like one of witt and senses all distrac;
No Arrow swifter out of Bow: no Ship with Spyle sat bywacke
With wynd at will more waye can make; with motion such she spes
As glyding Star whose leames do drawe a Farrow longe in Spyes.
As much again the trottres apace: and now in Campe he Standes;
Her presence and arraual there hath parted both the Standes.
Heumthers great entreaty made, the bloody byople is hulce:
And where before with goeing Glau the one at other push,
With ful intent to kill and slay, appeard is now their ey.
The third tragedie.

And they well pleased to bend to peace, as he both them require.

The Sword agayne in Deach is put, that late out was drawne
To pay our Breves of Warres, &c., the resteth not to sawne
Upon them both, their strife to Aunt: her gray and hoary hazes,
Her Snow, where locks with tears bespren in ruthless for she leares.
She Witherlik ete seeks to live their hazes in one assent,
With bony tears she wets the cheeks of him that's malcontent.
That Child that staggreth longe both hand, with mother to dispute,
May seeme unwilling mynd to beare to yields to Mother's suit.

THE FOURTH ACTE.

Iocasta, Polynices.

Capistle mee only turne the force
Of wreakful Sword and Hype:
Let all the Pythies with one accord
Repay to mee that hype,
That earns I haue by due deserfe:
Let both the gallant Band
Of them that come from Argos syple,
And them of Thebans Land
Come runne upon mee all at once: let neither friend ne foe
Refrayne a while his bloody blade at this my wombe to throw!
This wombe, this wombe, where in I bare these willful Wretchens here:
Begor by hym that was my sonne, and eke my wedded sire.
Dismembre this my Body ycle: call all my limmes abode:
I am their mother: childwrefc I sowes to them I once abode.
You two, my sonnes, neede I to speake, to will you leave your yce?
If not your partes, in such a case I accomplish my despte?
Will you not plight the faythful league of true and perfect love?
Will you not loyally quarrel all at Mother's sure remove?
That this halfe as I reques, come, gene me bothe your handes
Whyle yet they body sharped be, and clean from further handes.
What crime you heretofore have done, against your will it was.
And all that spot which shames your fame, by Fortune came to pace.

This
This hapless Act, thy franticke cause you can no wise excuse
But wratlingly and willingly sound counsell yee refuse.
If rather free within your choices of these take which you list:
If peace delight for mothers sake this brailing boole but will.
If such as levee outrage as this more pleasant seeme to bee:
Behold the same and greater too yee may commit on mee.
Who being mother, here oppose my selfe betwene you twayne:
Oe you do one an other ill, I needs must first be aigne.
Take either therefore quight away this strange bugdly irrest.
O, if you will not mee dispatch, who say your wished warre?
Shes in this my penitue plight to whom should I hyeere
My piteous plaint, and earnest sylace to whom might I detect
None inward grieve and wickedde heart which of them were I best
Encounter sick and fast embrace, to heepe my harte still rest?
I love them both even equally, affection like I bare
To either party: mother fond and parcell all as I weare.
The one of them these three yeares space hath liu'de in banishment.
But if all covenants may be kept, as at the first was ment.
The other now as turned doth fail, must trudge an other whiles,
And learne to knowe what is to liu to long in like exile.
Woe wth this hapless heavy day: shall I not liu the day?
To see my love together once in one selfe place to day?
Shall never I behold them both to better concord bent?
Is all affection natural within them both so spent?
Then, Polinices, come thou sped, embrace thy Mother deare?
Thou that hast travailed many a mile, and languished many a yeare.
That many a hope abondon haste, and many a brunt haustaine,
And weared long with sharpe exile, from Mothers light bene walstade:
Come unto me, and nearer stand, put by thy Sward against
Into the sheath: thy trembling Speare (that out of hand so faire
Would be discharge at Mothers thrate) within this groound brieke fall.
This Shielde of thine lay also downe. It makes mee hope again.
It is so bigge, it will not let this toting bread of mine
To tope, and debonairely meete with that sweete heart of mine:
Take of the helmet from thine head, the Thong thereof binty,
That I thy Visage may behold, and all thy face destry.
Why dost thou backward turne thy head? and glance I all thine Eye,
And takest keepe of brothers hand for fear of villany?
The body all with thine I ame Tomer, I will defend and h KDE.
If hee attempt thy blood to spill, hisморmorous blade shall gude

First through
The third tragedie.

First through these tender shades of mine why standst thou so amazed? Doth thou distrust thy Mothers love? thinkest thou her kindness rash? Poly I seare in thee, distrusting thee, Dyse, Damne all my blame; And thinke that truthles treacherie in harts of all that bin.

Dame Nature's laws are flung at heare, and naught esteemed be: No sapth in biared planted is, ne true sinceritty;
Since I by profe have seen and felt what hurly burly growes Betwixt vs Betheben; and from thence what Sea of mischifs flowers?
I may suspect no faster sapth in Mother to remayne:
Its not unlike, but thee Likewise will pranke as bad maintaine.
loc. Thy sword in hand fast clasped keere: On heade thy Basnet tke:
On left Arme holde thy Targe full sure, and on the Gard rele.
It all points armd prepared stand: all future doubles prvent.
Be sure to see thy Brother first 'vurnme him selfe content.
And now to thee Ethocles some speech I am to vs:
Thou first was cause of all this warre, doe not therefore refuse
Downe first to lay thy bawling Blade, and yeld to Reasons lose:
If name of peace so hateful be, if that thou any more.
Extends this warre to prosecute, in this so savage sort,
Let mother yet this curtesy from thee (her sons) extort:
That some small type of trusty truce thou wilt with willing mynd
Consent unto: til I my Sonne thy Brother most unhind
Map after flight goe kisse and col, now first of last of all.
While I for peace entreaty make, you men unarmed I call
To listen unto that I say: thy Brother search thee:
And thou seest him: and I seare both. But this my seare you see.
Is nothing for my selfe at all, but for thy saiple of both.
Why seemed thou thy naked sword to put in breast so loth?
We glad to take the benefite of any little slope:
In matters lewsde its wissedome good to stand upon delay.
You enter into such a warre, whereath he speedeth best
That vanquisheth both of you seare to be by fraud distresse.
Though practisb means and subtil plots of Brothers spitefull yse,
O! overreach by policy of some deuiled yse.
Butt if declare op be decept'd by him that is our Friend.
Wee needes must be in such a case were shall the less offend
In fasting wrong then buying harme: But seare thou not a whit,
You bothe from amible treacheries your Mother will esquite.
What say you Sonnes: shall this requirt of mine with you pereaple.
O! shall I curse my luckelss fate, and on my Fortune rape.
And judge your Sire an happy man, in that he knowth blinde
And cannot see the thing which I beholde with pristine minde:
In comming into you, did I bring with mee this intent,
To ende these peoples joy did I come to see some pyre event?
Ethiooies, somewhat appeareado, hath picth his Speare in ground,
And not a weapo[n] bloud to shed, in hand of this is found.
Now Polynices, unto thee my former suite I bring,
Regard the, Motheres mournefull plight, and recede unto the thing
That shee with teares enteres too have. O sonne, at length I see,
I hold with hands, I kisse with mouth, I touch with tofull glee
This face of thyme, the light whereof I wanted have so longe:
And have more often wished so, then can bee tolde with tongue.
Thou hast from nature Soole beare chafe to Course of sofairne King,
And crosted beare with crowling force of crowling Fortunes King.
Thou many a Soone, and many a bluen in many a storming Sea,
In Wandering foar and banish guise, didst oftentimes alay.
The Mother at thy Spawfale feast was abente faire away,
And could not doe such nuptiall Byes as fell for such a day.
Into thy wedding Chamber thee brought ther, ne met the Hyde,
Ne yet in solemn scarce the house with herbes and odours plide,
He yet did with a Bgyand white the wedding Torches pse,
As be and customary willyes to bee at such solemnittie.
Adriatus, Father to thy Wife, and father in lawe to thee,
With Daughter his, hath not decaide much hope of gold or Bee.
No power hath he bestowed on her, her wealth was very small
Of Citie, Landes, and Reuenues shee gave her none at all.
Worrie, Ware, so it thou only hadst, by taking her to Wife:
In few of other gree, shee helps to bindle all this Streple.
Thou hast in lawe are unto him, that is our Countriees Fooe:
The Patie soole thou least, and to sofairne Courts dost goe.
Thou seest now at Strangers board, and makes more accompte
Of new acquaintance got abroad: as thought it did surmount
The friendship of thy countrie here: thou art a bountifdl wight,
And is't in exile, for no fault, but though the brothers fought.
In thee appeares resembaunce plaine of all thy Fathers Flete,
In which there tacheth not so much as chapse of wedded Mare.
Whom with as ill mistauce and hap as ever Fathers was,
Thou hast in lucklesse houre and time of mariage brought to passe.
Of Homer, thy mothers onely hope, for whom such care I take:
Whose light, now after many yeares, doth mee most tofull make.

For whom
The third tragedie.

For whom I have still many a time to Gods deviounly praise:
Whereas in deed, thy new retourne to mee, may well bee saide
To take away as great a lope, and bring as great a griefe,
As if to these myne aged yeares to comfort and refresse.
I prostrate at the Opie, besought Apollas Grace
To tell mee, when I should not neede to further feare thy case.
Who shewing this my fond demand, anone did hastily tell,
And spake these words, which yet (I trow) I doe remember well.
Thou feareth thy son, least harme he take, as is a mothers guide.
But thou I say more cause shalt haue, to feare him otherwise.
For if this warre bureaulde had bene I should thy presence lacke:
And if thou were not, I hebane Land might free remayne from Sacke.
The light of the both cost vs all a hard and nipping price,
Yet both it like thy mother well: so that her sound advice
In this one thing thou follow wilt. Dispatch these Armies hence:
Even presently, where er of blood there hath not bene expence.
So soule a Fact to bee so neere, is honyous out of doubt:
I make, I quake to thinke thereon, in every Japn throughout.
My hart flande uppight euen for feare, two brothren thys to bee
Loose, and ready one to chop at the other, cruelly.
Now were we (by poore Mother theirs, a bloudier act th' have scene)
Then rather blind yet ever law, or ever ret would were?
And though my feare be overpast, and th'act unbought to passe:
My selfe yet doe I wretched thinke, that done so neere it was.
By all the thowes for tenne months space, in wonder what I thee bare.
And for thy Siflers take both twaine, which shine in verue rare:
And by those Ephesals of thy Spze, for which with wikkedfull Pave
He pulde his Eyes, because (unwares) hee claimd Natures lawe,
I thee beseech from Theban Valles send backe these armed Bondes,
Which threatening all our thowes to cut, against our Country lands:
Yet though you presently depart: yet are you much to blame;
And there is due unto you both, a blot of douring shame:
Because this Country round about hath pictures bene with powze,
And troopers of Soulbloours flour and braine, it ready to devouze.
With penituite hearthes howling minds, these Eyes of ours have scene
Your pancing courser to their Feetes, poore shebae Wedows greene.
Wee oft have scene your haughty Peoples in warlike Cherries ride:
And oft our houses to have brune with wilder hare bene spide.
And last of all, An act wee faire (which even to Thebes is strange.)
Two Brethren warring mortally, all Natures bondes to changing.

Ech one.
Thebais

Ech one in th' Army fame this lights, the people witness see.
Your Syllars two, and Mother I this all did plainly see.
Your Father, he may change himselfe: that he did not behold
This lamentable spectacle and halockes manifolds.
Call now to thy remembrance here, the Father O Edipus,
Whole doome, did Facts (by erratic done) even plague, & punish the thus.
With Hzze, sword subiect not cleane (good Sonne) thy course preare,
And, Thebais (whereof thou wouldst be King) surcease with force to teare.
What Fedleam pang enchanters thy mind? what might thy meaning bee?
Thou clamy'st a Realme, which to subiect thou gettest licence free.
In seeking thus a countries rule; a country thou destroest:
Which thou shone own would make, thou marre'st (as were none) an-
Hereby thou bindst; all thy selfe, in thou makest spoyle, (copest.
And burnest by both Towne and Grazze, and keep'st a shamefull cope,
In chasing men out of their houses: (O despiste withe parte)
What man alter, to waste his owne, can thus find in his harte?
These things that thou commensest thus by rage of sword & flame
To bee consum'de; an other man thou thinkst doth owe the same;
If thus for princely Charge you twayne by th'Caers your title try;
The state of Realme and Commonwealth will totter soone away.
Seeke it, while yet your Country flandes sublimith by decay:
It so t'enjoy, and so to raigne, I count the better way.
The, canst thou flower in heart to burne, and spoile these houses bane?
The lyke whereof in all the worlde besides, thou canst not have:
Canst thou destroy and ruinate the noble Thebais wall,
To whose first building stones space at Dan Amphions call
Came daunting of their owne accord; through tunes of warbling harpe:
And coucht themselves in order right upon the Turrets harpe,
Without all helpe of workman's hand.02 Pully vp to draw
Such pieces as most weighty were? Wilt thou by lawlesse law
Throw downe these worthy Monuments? wilt thou from hence canusy
And carp with thee all these spoiles? wilt thou such pageants play?
The Fathers old acquainted mases, wilt thou by force surpyrze
And trade as captaine where thou goest in proude triumphing wise?
Shall these thy curthpoate Soulttoss dragge and hate the mothers old?
Shall they, grand Warranties, tied in chains, for husbands arms unfold?
Shall Thebais Harpes, & Damselfes chaste of frethe and lusty Age,
Bee mingled with the raskal rout, and hampered bee in Cage?
Shall they as presents, forced bee in dabbling dire to tople
Into the myning Mistresses, and Trullies of Argos popes?

Shall I
The thirde tragedie.

Shall I thy seelte Mother trudge with Pynpond hands behinde? 
Shall I this triumph of my Childe to furnish bee assigne? 
Canst thou with grudgelesse minde, behold thy Countreypoles arow. 
Slaine, mangled, spoylde, in pieces Hewen thus to thier deathes to goe? 
Canst thou bring in a deadly Foe, thy Countrey to subdue? 
Shall Creates of Thebes rume all with bloud? Shall all thy Countrey rue 
Thy comming home with flame and lyce: hast thou an heart so hard? 
A breast so tipe with flinte mynde to rage so well preparde? 
If thus thou fare, and swell with lyce whyles yet thou art no King. 
What will thou bee in Principly throne, if thou shouldest win the King? 
Surely thereforse and qualifie this outrage of thy munde: 
In thee let all thy Country, grace and Principly mylde finde. 
POL. Would you me have, my selues so much to loyal duties yeeld, 
As that I shoulde a Pilgrims life like wandring Beast in field 
Skud vp and downe from place to place, without both house & home, 
And seeing native soyle, bee soile in forreigne Landes to roome? 
What other plagues, could you award en justice unto mee, 
If my firste oy sacred Dath had broken captity? 
Shall I beare all the punitment fo? that vile hillains guile? 
And shall bee false deceiptfull wretch at my misfortunes single? 
Shall bee in wealth still haunte it out, and keepe this folly coyle? 
Shall bee too times rewarded bee? and I still put to coyle? 
Well, well, goe to, bee as bee may: you bid mee wander hence: 
I am content: your hard decree t’obey is my present. 
But tell mee whther shall I goe? Alligne mee to some place: 
Wylke, you would that brother myne shoulde still with shamelesse face 
Possesse my latelye Pallaces, and reuell in his rufe, 
And I threate to holde my peace, and not a whitt to shufte, 
But like a Countrey Dome to dwell in some poore charched Cor: 
Allow mee poore Exile such one: I rest content, God wot, 
You know, such Poddgyes as I am, are woont to make exchaung 
Of Kingdomes, fo: poore charched Cocs, bee like this is not braung, 
Pea more: I, marcht now to a Wyse of noble ligne and race 
Shall like a feele Dertipoll live there in servute case, 
It becke and checks of queenely Wyse, and like a kitchin drudge 
Shall at Adratus lozysly becles, (my Wyse owne Father) trudge. 
From Principly Post to tumble downe into poore servute state, 
Is greates greise that may beande by doome of foulinge fate. 
IOC. If that thou gape so greedely alingsly Trauene to weare: 
And that thou canst not rest content, till thou a Scepper searre:

Beholde
Thebais

Behold each quarter of the world affoordeth Kingdomes sope:
No doubt thou mayst winne some of them; is that thou seek est therefor.
On one side here, lies Tmolus mount, a soyle both wat with Thames:
There runnes Paalomus noble streame with golden Sand and myntes.
On that side crooketh Meander glides through midle of Phrygia fields:
On this side Hebus swift of course much struic to Thracia regions.
Here thereunto lies Gargarus, renound each where for Conne,
And Troian Xanthus swelling flood,that priche and price hath borne.
There Sefsos and Abidus Sand in mouth of Ionian Seas,
Which now is called Hellepont: and here an other wape
Are countreys,which more Eastward lye. There Lycia full of Creekes,
And Haning strong to strust: these kingdomes, he that seeketh,
To like to winne;these would I have thee conquer with thy Swordes:
These,these to winne let King Acast to thee his ayd afforode.
In some of these,let him thee make a King in Thebes ass yt,
Suppose thy father Oedipus in seat of King to sit.
The baniishment much better is to thee,then this returne.
Sith all thy hate is cruell to waite, to sporde, and burne.
The baniishment requir'd to is growne through others crime:
This thy returne, in such a loss to Kingly hate to clime,
Is ill and fauly every way: with this thy warlike cru.
Thou hast do better Realmes to seeke, where bloody guiltie grue.
Perch, this thy Brother, whom thou dost pursue with deadly hate
Whose life,whose health, whose house thou dost with curses dire rahate
Will spede thee with all powerte he canste:himselfe will also goe.
And serve in field for thyne asynt, gannst him that is thy foe.
Aウンance thy powne, march boldle forth to take this warre in hand;
Wherein thy parents with thee good, and wilt thy helpers stand.
A Kingdome got misteiously, and snatch with grudge of mynd,
Whose greevous is then exiles at, of what sower kind.
Of warre, the doubtful hazardes all let downe before the sight;
And throughly weigh the uncertaine choice:that longes to martial sight.
Though at the power of Grece thou bring the quartel to Margarene,
And though great armed multitudes of Scouldours thou require:
Yet chance of warre with doubtful hanges, and hard it is to know.
Who cary that the victory, thou or thy bowed foe.
Mars to no parte tredes: what he decrees, that be,
As chance allots,so falleth it out: thus drome stydeth free.
Sword, hope and fear makes equal those, because when oth cyppest,
Great ottides there is:blind Fortune for the case betwene them repes.
The third tragedie.

The rash attempt with crime begonne, grooves after doubtful gaze:
And sound deepes enterprised oft rape deserved paine.
Admit that all the Gods in heaven did further thy request,
And to promote thy boast before both willing were, and prest:
Yet all thy friends are fled away, and all recovered haste,
And Soulstraw and here, and there in Fytes are come to deadly wake.
Although thou top heret at recepue, although the spoiles thou take
Of vauntig Brother, yet the palate of victory must flake,
And not to thee be given whole. What kind of warre (alias)
Is this, thinkst thou? If not more strange then ever was?
Wherein if he that victors, top therein any where,
Most execrable wickednes he (doubtles) both commit.
This Brother thine, who now so faire thou wouldst bereave of breath,
I wis, if he were once dispatcht, thou wouldest bewale his death.
And therefore make no more ado, but cease from wicked zeal,
Ridee countrey out of trembling feare, and parents dole forfak.
Poly. What, hal my Brother for this vile and flamefull breach of pacts
So free from thys? shall he receive no gurdon for his fact?
IoC. Fear not my Sonne, he shall be payd, and payd agayne.
I trow: He halbe King and rapgne in Thebes, his panye hal even be so.
A panye in grave I warrant him. And if thou doubtles be,
Let Groundske Laius and the Syze examples be to thee.
Sir Cadmus wit the same display, and Cadmus offsping all
Can witnesse that none in Thebes yet ragned without a fall.
None yet the Thesban Scepere I wond, that hath not felt the whippe.
And promisse breach made most of them from regall Crowne to slippe.
Now if thou wilt, thou mayst inter in this bed all here.
The Brother. POLY. Wary, that I wot, in shame hath he no peere.
And unto mee it seems a world of miste to bee a king
And dye with Kings. IOC. Thy case both the in rank of relles biling.
Rapgne Kings, but yet a loathed wight unto thy Subjectes all.
Poly. For that I neither recke thee care what shal to thee befall.
That Prince that fears disloyful hate, unwilling seames to rapgne.
The God that swapes the Golden Globe, together hath these twayne
Can topend and coupled Hare and Rule, and him do I suppose
To bee a noble King indeed, that can supplant his foes,
And Subjectes cancred hate suppose. A King to often levyd
From doing many things he would, when Subjectes love is waged.
But then them that do repue to be him at aloft,
He may more rigour boldly shew, and pare their pales more oft.
Thebais

He that will love of Subjectes winne, with Clemency must repugne:
A King that's hated, cannot long in Kingly state remayne.
For Kingdomes Kings can best describe, what preceptes needs all are.
Well thou in cases of Exile: for Kingdomes take no care.
Pol. To be a King, I would engage to soeze of flaming Fire,
Both Country, house, land, Wife, and Chyld, to compasse my desire.
No Fee, to purchase. Princely state, no labour count I lost:
A Kingly Crown is never deare, whatever price it cost.

Thomas Newtonus, Cestreshyrius.

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

Ihon Studley.

The Argument.

HIPPOLYTUS, the Sonne of THESEVS & ANTIOPE Quene of the
Amazons, renouncing Al Worldly plea-
sures, and carnall delightes, lyued a Bat-
cheler, forbearing all Womans company,
and amorous allurements; and only vow-
ed himselfe to the service of chaste DIA-
NA, pursuing the Gentlemanly pasttime
of hunting. In the absence of THESEVS his Father, it
chaunced that his Stepmother PHÆDRA ardently ena-
mored with his beawtiful, and lusty age, ensigled him by all
means shee coulde, to commit wyth her filthy, and mon-
struous adultry. Whych her beastly, vnchauste, and vndu-
tisfull prattise, shee dutisfully loathinge, shee turned hir for-
mer loure into extreame hatred, and told her husband THESE-
VE S at his returne home, that his Sonne HIPPOLY-
TVS woulde haue unlawfully layne with her. THESE-
VE S believing his Wyues most vnrue accusation, meant to
have put
The Argument.

The Speaker's names.

Hippolytus. Chorus.
Phaedra. Theseeus.
Nuntius. Nutrix.
THE FIRSTE
ACTE.

HIPPOLYTVS.

De raunge about the shady Woods,
beset on every side
With Hets, with Hounds, & toyles, & running out at random ride
About, about, the craggy crests
of high Cecropes hill,
With speedy foote about the Rockes,
with coursting wander still.
That under Carpanetus Soyle,
in Dale below both lurke,

Whereas the Rivers running swift, their flapping waves doe worke,
And daisie against the beaten Banks of Thias valley low,
And clamber by the sliple climes, besmeared with hoopy Snow,
(That falleth, when § Westerne wunde se Riphes Venes both blow.)
Here, here away, let other wend, whereas with lace head,
The Clime displays his brazunched armes, the wood to oursprased.
Whereas the Meadowes greene doe lie, where Zephyrus most unite
But braves his bampy breath so sweete, to garnish by the field
With lusty springtie flowers fresh whereas Elysus now
Both sere upon the Pfe flakes, and on the Pastures low.
Meander spes his Uraging dreame, and sheares the fruitlesse sand
With waackfull waue, see whom the path on Marachons left hand,
Both lead into the leauned launds, whereas the herde of beass
For Evening forrage goe to graze, and stalte into their rest.
The rascall Deare trip after fast, you thither take your way,
Where cloterred hard Acaman forst warne Sotherne wundes t'obay
Both shake the chilling coide, unto Hymerus Pfe clime
To Alphids little Villages, now let some other drive:
That plot where Union surges high doe beate the sandy bankes,
Whereas the marble Sea both sere with crooked compass cranes,
Unhaunted lies too long, withouten race of any wythe.
Who set aogan with hunting brave, in woods both take delight,
Philippi ban allure; her hauntes a fomy bristled Boar
That doth amog with gassy drear the husbandmen full sife:

Wee know
Hippolytus

We know him wel: sophe it is topid with so many wouned.
But ere they do begin to ope, let slip, let slip your wouned.
But in your leaues Syph beepe by your eiger Mafis is yet,
Keep on their Collars still, that does their gaulated neckes yfer.
The Spartan dogges eiger of pray and of courageous kind:
That lone can anglie out their game, where to they be aspynd,
The chapter by within your leaue; to passe true shall it bring,
That with the couping noise of boundes the hollow rochers halting:
Now let the Boundes goe ynd or it with Fostrell good of sent,
And trace into the bighe crouch the downing bay be speared.
Whyle in the dewish Labby ground the picke of cleaze both sickle.
One bear the tople on cumbred necke, and some with nettes full thicks
Make speere; some with the arming coard by pensell painted red
By height, and subtill guage full cease shall make the Beastes apsed:
Lokke thou to pitch the shining dart, and thou to tree thy might,
Shall case him with broad boarespere; should with hand both lette s:
Thou standing in receipt shall chase the roased beastes amayne (right).
With ballowing: thou with timere harpe under him being slappe.
Grant good success into thy ware, Virago, thou Diane.
That secret declares chosen hail for noble Empire thynke:
Whose braved Daues with travel right doe goe the Beasf with Blood:
That lappes the tokewarme liquor of - rexis fleeting fiowd.
And eke the Beast that spares it selfe on frozen lites Grand.
The ramping Brons eake of Gare are chased by the hand.
And eke the twenty herded Darte in Canide thou dost chase.
Now with most gentle launce thou forthis the Dos that crippes space.
To thee the Tiger fierce his divers spotted beast both peed,
The rough shagbairy Bage turnes on thee his backe in field,
She slaine Baffes with bryanced hones: all things the quarelles
That to the needy Garamas in Affrickedoth appear.

Ope the wild Arabian enriched by his wood,
O, what the Broth roches of Pyrene understood,
Ope else what other Beastes to crouce in wild Hyrcanus grove,
Ope else among Sarmatians in desert keldes that rouse:
If that the Ploughman come to field, that standeth in the grace,
Into his nettes the roased beast fully sure he is to chase.
No feete in sunder break the courtes and home he brings the Boze.
In totting wayne, when on the boundes with gubs of cluttered gore,
Befmeared have their ground honore: and then the Countrie rone
To Cottages repape in tankeis, with triumph all about.
The fourth tragedy.

Lo, Cressida granted grace: the hounds already opened wings,
I follow must the Chase: this gainer was my pages to suite,
I take into the woods.

THE SECOND
SCENE

PHÆDRA. NYTRIX.

Counter Crece that hears the swan
Upon the Seas so vast,
Whose Ships so thicke in every shore
The Seas doe overcall,
What ever coast so farre as is
Alyxia lande both se,
Where Nereus both the plaid Stems
To cut his course deny;

Why force ye mee that yeelded out, a pledge to those I hate?
And gretten in Hidall bed to bee my enimes Spousall mate,
To languish out my time in tears, in woe so longe I pere?
My husband lo, a running gate is gon from mee his Wife,
Per Theseus still perilles his Wife alike unto his Spouse,
As earst to Ariadne, when she fallisse his Vowes:
Vee champions once dare enterprize the darknesse depe to passe,
Ofiothome Lake, whence yet found out no way returning was,
A soultater of the Woeer bolde Proserpin home to bring
Out pulide perfoxe from grissile throne of Dire internal King.
Accompanie with tury force his martyr forthword strike,
Who neither dread nor harme coude force soule are his wicked will,
With lawesse wedocks rauishment Hippolytus his blew,
Both in the bogling bottom depe of Acheron require,
But yet another greater greife swyges on my penitue bleed.
So silent night, no number depe can set my heart at rest.

I.
My sorrow still is nourished, and still encreases betwixt me and the house of my hooling bread; as out of Erebus pleased.

The flagging vapour by ward arise and Pallas Web, the Mander.

As rest, my dropping dike take downeth both drop betwixt my hands. My lust may haste no lust my bowed gifts to pay

Unto the Temples of the Gods that live: my Theseus may:

Do rigging with Athenian Dames among the aulcers praise;

To toll the Here hands, by the sacrifice aloud;

Do per devoutly praying at the Ares with godly guise

To Pallas present in earth to offer sacrifice;

It both delight me to pursue the chased beasts in sight,

And toll my flaming Faucon fierce with nimble hand full light.

What agew thou mind this mad to take conceipte in freight and fell?

My wretched mothers saw all this a bleeding now I know:

To cloaste our crime, our lust dol know; woods are the sweetest place,

Was good Mother, I lament the heauz luckelies case:

Thou rathe attend with lustsome lust enamored in the breast.

Even with the cruel head of at the herd of salvaging beast,

That charitie angry roaring Bull no poake can see sustayne,

An hee among the wilde, and she contented Next both agayne.

Per his encline to love: what God can graunte mee mee desire?

Or Deiulus with curious craft can ease my flaming fire?

Not if hee night returne, whom Ariadne hath instruct

From crooks compass Laberinth by thred that out hee plucks.

Among the lurking corners close, and wily winding way,

To groste his footing backe agayne, and did deprevt of day.

Our monstrous Minotaur enclosed in Haze and Dungeon blind.

Although hee promise to our love, no life yet can her finde:

Through mee Apollo's Progeny both Venus quite agayne,

The filthy flame that hee and Mars together did sustayn:

Whom Phoebus taking at their rate all naked in the Skie,

Hung up in Nests a laughing stocke to evyr gazing Eye:

For this all Phoebus double with bile and soule reproaches the frayness.

In some of Minos family still forthsome fulfling rage:

One mischief brings another in. O Theseus weke, and Chynde.

Of love, let bored be loose out of chine honest breast exulte:

And quench the raging heat: to dire dispayre doe not up yeeld.

Who at the first repulles love, is safe and winnes the field,

Who doth by flattering fancy sondere seede on his vittuous yoke.

To late both grudge aganist the poake which early she did sustayne:

Noe noe.
The fourth tragedy.

No yet doe I forget how hard, and bynde of reason cleanse:
A Princess lately somebe aye doth unto the golden mean:
PH. That ends I will accept, where to by Fortune I can lead
The neighbors weale great comfort bringes into the hoste head:
NV. The first redresse is to withstand, not willing to slide,
The second is to have the fault by meanes and measure trade:
O wicked wretch what will thou doe? why dost thou burden more
The shipned strake and dost excelle thy mothers fault alone?
Dope baneous is thy guilt than yet thy mothers Monster was:
For monsters mayst thou thinke are brought by destiny to passe?
But let the cause of blame, to blame of maners rebe rule.
And if because thy husband doth, not breath above the groundes.
Thou thinkst thou mayst defend thy fault, and make thy matter good
And free from fear: thou arte begun to, yet thinke the Stygian flood
In griefly gaping gulfes for age hath drenched Theseus deepes,
But yet thy Syre, whose kingdome large the Seas at will do keepe;
Whose prexfull dore pronouncest pangs, and due desert to rage,
Two hundred wayling soules at once. Will he thinke thou maintaine
So hampous crime to couche; the care of tender Parents breed,
Full wise, and war is to bring their children to the best.
Yet shall we thinke by subtile meanes, by craft and diuelse guile,
In hugger mudder close to keep our rocheys so vile.
What shall thy mothers father Phaeb, whose beautees so blasing bright,
With fiery glede on every thing, both fed his golden sight?
O love the Grandsons great of Gods that all the word doth shake,
And brandisheth with flaming Flit, his fiery lightnings take:
That Vulcans both in Foresse hoare, of bushy Eina make
Thinkst thou thy may be brought to passe, so hampous crime to hide?
Among the Grandsons all that have the prettiest thing espide?
But though the favor of the Gods conceale the second time
Thy losethome iud (unworthie name) and to tye basely crime,
Sure faithfulnesse annexed be, that ever barred was.
Goh great offence, what will this wroth be a present plague, alas,
Suspicion lest the guilty night bewzop thy dreads untill:
And conscience burnded seze with sense that both it see misrule.
Some have commit offence full safe from any bitter blame,
But none without the singing picks of conscience did the same:
All age the boring flames of this thy undue ungentious love,
Such monstrous mischile horrible from modest minds remoue.

Visch
Hippolytus

Which never did Barbarian commit unto this day;
Nor the Sadding Gothes that up and downe the streams do sing:
Nor cragge crested Taurus mount whole houes and frolick face
With numming cold abandons all inhabitors the place.
Nor yet the scattered Scithian, thy mother have in mind,
And seare this forayne venery, so strange against thy kind:
The Fathers wedlocke with the sonnes thou searest to be defend,
And to consume in wicked wombs a Baldard Mungrel Child.
Go too, and turne the Nature to the flame of burning hest.
Why yet do Wonders cease? why is thy Brothers tact in reach,
That Myacaurus hideous hole and high couching ben
Without an other greede spend to mounch by fresh of men?
Wishappen, lothly monsters borne so oft the world shall heare,
Soft, soft against her settle confus'd Nature heare,
As love entangles Thumper of Crete. Oh! I know the truth be reach.
D Hurres, but sure foeth ere at woorse things to reach,
My myd euio wittingly to ype rates forward prone and bent.
To holealone countell backe agayne in bayne it bothe relevene.
As when re, Rayman tugges and toyles to bringe the fraughted Barke
Against the burning streame, in bayne he toles at his carke,
And downe the galloso streame yet foese the Shipp both helong yeild,
Where realon preaeth forth, there flying fury winnes the field,
And heares the swinnging sway, and cranke Capitills paitient might
Olymphed over all the breast this frighten wigned might
And paitient parefare thorought the world bothe hest the stroke,
And with quenched flames bothe foese loyes kindled breed to smoake,
The Barkebeaten Mrs hath felt these bitter burning brandes.
And eke the God hath called these whale seuen Arme handes,
The thumping thunder bounting boutes these tossed wyse both frame.
And he that ever bulled is about the furious flame,
In smothering Fornace raging heat in dusky top to his
Moghges Aetna mount: and with such slender heat both free,
And Phoebe in selfe that weles his dart upon his swanging String,
With arowd hest direceele driven the wimpld Ladde bothe String,
With yowwe he loues along the Earth and Marble Shell imague.
And favoring tale finally void faulte forge and scape
Love for a God: and that he might hes freedome more attayne.
Ascribes the name of seared God to hittell bedaine rage.
Ercyng about the world bothe sawd her couring page.
The fourth tragedy.

Who gliding through the Sports shelves with tender tooted arms
His precious weapons wellbes at will, and working grievous harms.
Of bones and stature being least great might he both display
Upon the Gods, compelling them to crouch and him obey.
Some Handicks head did attribute these things unto himselfe.
And Venus Godhead with the bow of Cupid little else.
Who cocked is, triumphing much in sauing fortunes lay,
And doth in welth, or seerkes and lues for things that seldom hap.
Let his fortune mischievous mate astoundeth straight his breath
His tooth contempteth would fare and victuals homely drest.
No, handsome houses pleased him, why both this plague refuse.
The ample fort, and to annoy both stately bowers chuse?
How haps it marriage pure to hyde in Cottage base?
And honest love in middle sort of men both purchase place.
And things that be of meanes elate themselves reframe still well,
But they that wallow in their luste whose stately Homackets swell.
Put up and bolded bigge with trust of stingly soper proude.
Do greater matters enterprise then may be well allowed.
Hee that is able much to do, of power will also bee.
To do these things he cannot doe. Now Lady dost thou see.
What things' doe thee becomm thus laied on stately throne on his?
Mistrust the sceptre of thy spouse returning by and by.
Ph. In me I bear a violent and nighter page of love,
And no mans coming home againe to terror may me move.
He never stepped backe againe, the welkin slate to touch,
That swallowed once and sunder in guise and glumme cave did coude
Shut up in glumness made for ay, Nu. Yet do not thou suppose,
Though dreadful Dis his lock with bares, and bole his dungeon close.
And though the hideous helliche hounds do watch the grieasy gate.
Not Theseus alone that have his passages stop by gates,
Ph. Perhaps he pardon will the crime of louses procuring hate.
Nu. Nay chrystlike bee would of old his honest were encrease,
Antiope his bussing buckes fell and heavy cuse.
Suppose, yet thou can quasify the husbands raging russe.
Yet who can move Hippolytus most stong Hubbo, he mynde.
He will abhorre the very name detesting womans kind.
And fearing strauncly, will give himselfe to single life.
And dumb the hard spousall bedes of every merrie wife.
Then shall ye plainly buster and his bussih Sicilian blood
Ph. To follow him even through the hilles, the forest hecke wood.
Hippolytus

That keereg among the cloetted clines besmeard with Cluer Snow.
Whef nimble heelees on cragge rockes are frisfing to and froe;
I wip Nu. He wil rette and not be daileed with nox cord.
Not chaunge his chad state, for iche of chaalcy devoue.
And thence perhaps his cancred hate to light on thee alone,
That now he heare to all. Ph. wil not he mowd be with mony?
Nu. Stark wilde he is, Ph. and I have learned whiche things by love to
Nu. Hee le run away. Ph. If by the Seas he stie, I on the same (same
Will follow him. Nu. Remember then the father may thee take.
Ph. I may remember mine of face, my mother sake wil stake.
Nu. Dreating wo nankinde, he dries and courseth them away.
Ph. He strakes dailt us ear against my head doth hold at bay.
Nu. Thy husband wil be here. Ph. Iwis he comes I warrant him
Pyrochous companion in hellicke dungeon dimme.
Nu. Thy Father also be wil come, Ph. A gentle hearted Sphe
Forgoing Ariadnes fault, when he did him require.
Nu. For these my Cluer shining lockes of hoile drouping age,
And beak bewelth with cloaping cases reftaying the furious rage,
I humbly thee beseech even by these tender tears of myne,
Succour selfe, much health it is, it wil to health encline.
Ph. But every one of honelie exiled is my bread,
A peele me Phis, love that dines thus under rule to rest,
In quirites, let him, let him peforce be bateddde downe;
I wil not see my deering fame and glorious bright renowne
With layne to be dishonoured, this onely is the gap,
To shunne the periculos path that leads to hices rapying trap.
My spouse let mee ensue with death this stune I hall subvert.
Nu. Deare daughter take the ramping rage of the barely heart.
Plucke downe thy domaunce stow, for this I judge thee worthy breath,
In that thou dast confesse the selfe to have deserved death.
Ph. Condemne I am to die, what kind of death now would I know,
A sephery strangled with a rope that I my life forgot.
Or runne bypon a bloody blade, with gosw wound to dre.
Or topple topple heaping horded downe. Pallas turrett hie,
In quarrel tull of Chaalcy. Nu. Now strengeen we our hand,
Alias that nor my seble age by dscyret death with stand.
Forbear the swop of surfe Arce. Ph. No reason can restrappe
Him that dscyret death, when death he hath determind playne
And ought to die. Nu. Sweete Lady myne (thou content of my age
And tender yeares) let in the bresd preeuages such mighty rage.

Haur
The fourth tragedy.

Have not regard what sounding blast in trompe of flame be blown:
Whereby thy name in signal infect of blacke repinch be sowne,
Or grai t in spotlesse honesty: for fame both favour small.
The most upright, to better worse, to worse see's bell of all,
Let us assay the sroward wynd of ponder Louise Child
It is my part to set upon the clubb'd, young man wilde
And to compell the surdy lad with flong hart to yeild.

Chorus.

Goddess, great that art the wondrous seeds,
Of frothy surge in stormy raging seas
Who flamy Cupid armd with scorching gleed,
And Shaftes, to call his Mother it doth please:
This wanten Else forth putting sappy might
From stedfast Bowe how surely doth he throwe:
His venimd shaftes, through all thy marrow right
The foystring fyre doth rankle in and glovve
The secret flame that boyleth in each vayne
The strype layd on shevves not in open markes.
But inward marrow he sucketh out amayne,
This boy to sound of peace doth neuer harke,
His scattered shaftes ful nimble every wyhere
He dartes about, the East that doth behold.
The dawning syllen him selfe aloft to reare,
From purple bed, and whather late he rold.
With ruddy lamp, in Westerne wade doth glyde:
If any coastly evnder scorching clavves
Of burning Crab, or people do abyde,
Beneath the clyme of ly frozen pavves,
Hippolytus

Of eagle-gargle faced bigger Bear,
That wandring still from place to place doth goe,
The fervent Fumes, and fouling heate eche where,
That issues out from Cupids burning bow,
The flashing flames of Yongmens burning breyst,
Hee stirreth vp, enkindling new the heate
Of quenched coales, that vvonted was to rest
In drooping age: and virgins hearts doe beate
Wyth straunge vntafted brandes: and doth compell
The Gods descending downe from starry Sky,
Wyth counterfeited Vylages, to dwell
Upon the Earth to blinde the Louers eye.
Sir P HOBVS vwhilome forst in Thessaill Land
To Sheepeherds state ADMETVS Heirdes did drive,
His mourning Harp depriue of heauenly Hand
With ordred Pipe his Bullockes did renewe.
Euen hee that trayles the dusky riding rack,
And wieldes the fwaying Poles with swinging swift
How oft did hee saynde fourmes put on his back
And heauenly Face with base countenaunce shift.
Sometime a Byrde with siluer thining wings,
He fluttering flught, and languishing the death
With sweete melodious tuned voyce hee sings,
When silly Cygnus gaue vp gasping breath.
Sometime also wyth curled forhead grim,
A dallying Bull, he bent his fouling backe,
To maydens sport, through deepest Seas to swim
Whyle horney houe made thift like Ore slake.
Through waters wyld his brothers perilous cost
Wyth forward glauncing breast the stream he brake,
And leaft he should his tender pray hare loft.
Her troublus thought did cause his heart to quake.
Diana bright that swaes in circle murke,
Of darkened Sky, with frying fits did burre,
And leauing of the Euening watch her worke

Her ful.
The fourth tragedie.

Her fulgent Chariot bright, she did sha the turne.
To P. HOEB'S charge, to welede it otherwise.
Her Evening Wayne A P O L L O learde to guide,
And take his turne in sever compact life.
The dapiush nights watcht not their wonted tyde.
And late it was eure that A P O L L O A waye.
Set forth the morning Sunne vvith golde array,
Whyle that the Marble axell tree in theyre.
The shogging Carre made crake vvith swagging swhy.
A L C M E N A S, boytrous Imped did lay aside
His clattering, shafts, and allo did refuse.
To weare the ramping Lyons hairy Hyde,
And Emrandaes for his fingers did hee chafe,
And brayded kept his rufled flaring Lockes,
Ware Garters vvrought on knee vvith flames of Golde.
And on his feete his durtie dabled Socks,
And vvith the hand vs where vvhilome hee did holde,
His Clubbish bat a thred hee nimbly spun:
Both Persia and fertile Lido knew
(Where golden sanded Pattoins doth run).
A L C Y D E S bid the Lyons case adew.
And thunderpropping brawny shouderd sier,
That heaued and bolstred vp the Welkin throne,
In slender Kirtell vvrought by Web of Tyre
Did iet about to please his Loue alone.
This flame (belieue the heart that feeles the vvound)
Ensprede vvith holines excels in might,
Whereas the Land by Seas embraced round,
Where twinkling Starres doe start in Welkin bright.
This peenish Elfe the Conntreyes all doth keepe,
Whole quarrels sting the Marble faced rout.
Of vvater Nymphes, that vvith the Waters deepe
The brand that burnes in breaste cannot quench out,
The flying fowle doth feel the foystring flames.
What cruel Skirmish doe the Heyffers make?

Pricket vp
Hippolytus

Prickt vp by luft that nice Dame \(O\) \(E\) \(N\) \(V\) \(S\) frames
In furious forte for all the Cattels fake?
If fearefull Hearts their Hindes doe once mistrust,
In looke dilloyall then gladly dare they fight,
And bellowings out, they bray to vvitnesse iust
Their angry mood, conteyu'de in irefull springht.
The paynted coaft of \(i\) \(n\) \(d\) \(i\) then doth hate
The spotty Hyded Tygar, then the Bore
Doth vvhet his Tuk kes to combat for his mate,
And fomes at mouth: the ramping Lyons rote
And shake their Manes, when \(C\) \(V\) \(P\) \(I\) \(D\) \(S\) corsies moue
Wyth grunts and grones the howling frythes doe murn.
The Dolphin of the raging Sea doth loue:
The Elephants by \(C\) \(V\) \(P\) \(I\) \(D\) \(S\) blaze doe burn:
Dame nature all doth challenge as her owne,
And nothing is that can escape her lawes:
The rage of wrath is quencht and overthrowne;
When as it pleaseth Loue to bid them pawes:
Blacke hate that rufling frefs in cankred breaft,
And all olde grudge is daught by burning loue.
What shall I make discouer more of the rest
Stout Stepdames doth this gripe to mercy moue.

Stout Stepdames doth this gripe to mercy moue.

Stout Stepdames doth this gripe to mercy moue.
The fourth tragedie.

THE SECOND
ACTE.

PHÆDRA. NVTRIX;
HIPPOLYTVS.

declare what things bringst thou Nurse,
where is HIPPOLYTUS?
N.Y. To cure this poison'd breach of ill,
no hope there is in you;

Nor yet to quench his flaming flame;
whose flames fretting are.

Doth try in secret hoping heart,
and though the smothering fire
Be couer'd close, yet burning forth as wel'd face it frees:
The sparkling flakes doe glowing flash, from troubled rolling eyes:
She hanging downe her pOUNTER grope, aboys the lothsome light;
Her shatterd vises and wayward minde can fancy nothing right;
Her fal'ring legs doe fapike her now, bow'ing squating on the ground.
With spraung limbs her shatterd greese doth call her in a wound;
Now flant she on her licky necke holde, by her giddy bed.
Nor can commit her selle to couche to rest upon her bed.
Nor baring quietnes in heart with deep devout and plaint.
She langatheth thought out the night, and now her body faint.
She biddes them up to lift and now her downe againe to lap.
And now her cristen locks insante aboade she biddes displas:
And crave to wrap them by agapne. Thus sickle fanke still.
Dorn sleet, nor is contented with his wayward wand'ring will.
Nor care the contain'd on her heath for earest one crum of bread,
With feebile fulming soote upon the booke she hath the treacle.
Her strength alas is quight consum'd; her tawne fawte noth stagne:
Nor t/umd tanguine purple dore her cherry cheekes both pant:
With greedy gusts of grasping griete her pinched limmes doe pynes;
Her sufferings legs doe stagger now; the giosse of beauty pynes.
In body Alabaker bright to hounke a way and wait.
Those Cristall Eyes that wonted were resemblance cleare to cast.
Of radiant Phœbus gold armes, now nothing gynte thine:
Hog beare a sparke of Phœbus light her fathers beams devourne:
The cracking tears fell down her cheeks, dew dampish dropping still;
Both wet her warke plantes, as on the toppe of Taurus hill
The warie snowes with lukewarme thoughts to moisture wound do drop
But to the Princes palace is set open in the top:
She lying downe upon her golden bed of high estate
Hyrles of her wondred royal robes which wounded hare both hate:
Th. Maydes, have our purple garments hence, 6 vestures wroght to
These crimson robes of scarlet red let not myne eers behold. (gold,
And damask weedes, whene the Seres emblauder branches braue,
Whose Sitten substance gatherd of their trees aloose they have,
My bosome habes hundled in with cutted gaderdue,
No golden ragger on my necke no: Indian jewels gyne,
The precious pearles so white that hang no more now at myne eares.
No sweete perfumes of Syrinx pouder more my heares.
My harping ruffled lockes that hangling hang my necke aboute
And shoulder pomets; then then spare it Haring in and out.
Let wyndes even blow it where it lies, in left hand will I take
A quiter of haires, and in my right a Boarespeare will I shacle.
To cruel child Hippolytus such one his mother was
As fleering from the frozen Seas those country rostes did pase,
And shaw her herdes that be with trampling feete Th' Athenian soles:
Drake the trull of Taurus, O, like her will I troys,
Of Medus that on a bost wounde by her cresten lockes:
Thus will I troyst with moonelikearge among the wodes and rockes.
Nu, Leave of the bitter lengthing with the hilles foot
(That water thus in waves of woe) greets gius not restling yore.
As any measure to be found in the forewarning ste.
Some grace at wold Dianaes hand with sacrifice require.
O Goddesse greate of Woods, in hilles that once set thy throne;
And Goddes that of the craggge cipues at woodhipped alone,
The wastfull threatenings on vs all now turns to better light.
O Godde that in foresets wold and groves obtaynest might
O shynig lampes of heauen, and show the Diamon of the Hight,
O threefold I open Heccate that on the world his face
Do render light with torch by turnes, benchsafe to grace the grace
To further this our enterprise and heips our pistous sake.
O mollifie Hippolytus his stubborne harded hart,
And let him learne the pungues of love and tall like bitter smart:
The fourth tragedie.

Lud yield his light allure to ease his brooding brain,
And change his mood, in Venus' bounds he seek to rest.
So forward and backward now so craddled curst and mad
So shalt thou be, with blinding and stimulus consistence clare.
The shining cloud he cleanse the face hence the bright
Shalt thou bear
And glittering homed, then while do stagne upon the whirling sphere.
The cloud clefted sheeds thou guipdes', the raging witches charm
Of These, so not draw thee from the heavens nor do thy harme.
No Shepherd purchase that renowne. Thou comst at our request.
Now favour doth thou grant unto the prayers of our Breast.
I do elpe him worshipping the solemnne Sacrifice,
Both place and time convenient by Fortune doth arise:
We must go craftily to work, for fear we quaking hand,
Faul hard it is the duty charge of gentle to take in hand:
But who of Prince stands in sue, let him despell all right,
Cast of the care of honourly from mind exiled guiltage.
A man built to for the best of King a baleful might.

Hip. O Nurse, how chance the limping timmer do cresse into this place?
With blubbed Checkes, a ladend looses with sad and mourning face?
Dost that my Father Theseus with health enjoy his life?
Dost Phaedra yet enjoy her health my Theseus and his wife,
No, Fogo these care, and gently come thy blessed hap to take,
For care contrapeteth me to mourne with sorrow for thy take.
That hurstfully thou loudest thy sette with punges of plaging paine.
Let him rubbe on in misery whom destine both contrapet:
But if thee seek himselfe to waves of willful woe,
And both torment himselfe, deserveth his waste for to fogo.
The which he knowes not how to dischew, he neuer to remoue.
Consider the way this yeares do rume, take part of spoore and play.
Let miry Bacchus cause thee call these clogging care away,
And rape the fruite of sweet delight belonging to the pearces,
For loely youth with speedye foote full fall away it weares.
Gait tender love, earst Venus feedes the young suites appetite,
We birth my Boy, why Widow like thee thou alone by night.
Shake of the solomne sodden man that harsh youth both spill:
Hast, rope it out couragiously, take hilde at the will.
Let not the floure of blooming pearces all fruticius fade away.
God poyneth every reme his kisae, and leaves in due aray.
Each age by other end, as mirth the lappe yowselfe pearces,
A fowved frage with gravity becommeth hoary happe.
Hippolytus

Why dost thou budge thus thy selfe, and bulles thy pregnant wit? The corn that did but lately spoute above the ground, if it Were ranke of roote, yet in the huske, with enterest at large Unto the hoping husbandman shall trample all discharge. With branched bough above the Wood the tree shall raise his trop, Whom rusly hand of canckred hate, doth never spill not trop. The pregnant Witches are evermore more prone to purchase glasses, Of noble heartes by freedome ranke be nourishe from deceases. Thou churchy chistle Clowne Hodgethke not knowing Courtly life, Delight in drouly doting youth without a lasting wyse. Doth thou suppose that to this end Dame Nature did vs frame, To suffer hardnes in this world and to abyde the same? With courses and heretapes set the prauyng Steede to tame? Or bicker els with battalls fierce, and brawls of bloody waste? That souryngne Gyse of heauen and earth, when fates do us betarre, With figures and plagues prognosticate provided hath with heed. Hop to repaye the damage done with new begotten seede. So to, let bedding in the world be bred once no more. (That lit mankinde from age to age spheroides and doth refuse) The filthy world desorund would lie in万台 some ugly lay, No floting ships on wambling Seas should hapled Spyles displase. No foule should skoare in ous Skie, ne Beast to woods reparse. And onely whisting winteres should whirle amid the empty syze. What driers drecy deaths dritte one mankinde to dumpish grave? The Seas, the sword and traperous trappes, whole countries wasted Yet soz to limit forth our league there is no destiny thincke, (Vain) So downe to blackfall Stigian dampes we of our selves do smake. Let youth that never felt the toyes, in Venus lap which lie, Now the solitary life, what ever those else, Inhuman liberty shall become for tearme of one mans life, And wokke ite destruction by mutual hate and strife. Now therefore follow natures course, of life the souryngne gyde, Bewste unto the town: with men delight thee to abyde. Hip. No life is more devours of Hate, and free from grievous thalls, And keeping fashions old, then that which leading. Towith allgues, Doth take delight in plesant Wood, he is nor set on syze, Engaged syze with burning Blys of courstous desye. Who hath addict himselfe among the mountaynes wylde to tyme, Not prickly with prating peoples dyuite, no credit doth he geve.
The fourth tragedie.

Though vulgar for:st disloyall still, but to the better part.
No:ck knotted rancour pair both gnaw his blacke and fretting heart.
No:ck faire favour forfetch he,he bound both not obey.
The pane of Sceptr yould: but welldes the ma:ty Sceptr sway.
Be edging honours gapes he not, no: cycles for fleeting mucke.
Remued farre from houering hope and dread of backwardlucke.
No:ck bitter gnawing Envie ranke tears him with tooth vnband.
No:ck quayned with the mischiefe that in Sittysg and in mynd.
Of people preseth thickest:no: quakes at every blast that flies.
With guilty conscience to himselfe, no: frames himselfe to lies.
No: court rich with thousand pilers close his head to y oure.
No: guilts his beams with glistening gold for fancy fond and y oure.
No: gushing streams of blood upon his innocent Aiters show.
No: Bullockes bright their hundred heads as white as flake Snow.
Do spread to Axe, whyle scattered is on shunter sacred green.
But al the quire country round at wil he both obtayne.
And harmses walked too and free amid the open spire.
And onely for the brutifh Beast continuues a trapping shre.
Another white upon the sinks Alpheus banckes he walks.
Now by and downe the bearey Shakes of bushy woods he fakes.
Where-lukewarme Lernas chisell stound with water cleare both shine.
And changing course his Channell out another way both twyne.
And heare the pioeuse painting Birds with chirping charmes do chide.
And Braunches trembling shake whereon soft windpe pills do glide.
And spreading Heads old do stand, to fall and shake my th AKes:
To stamp and daunce it both me good on running Alters banckes:
O: els upon a withred clob to neale a nap of sleepe.
Wheres the Countayne flowers amayne with gushing waters deep.
O: els among the bauling flowers out byaping fawours sweet.
Wheras with pleasant humming noise the bubbling brooke both flee.
The Apple beaten of the tree do raening hunger launch.
And Strawberries gathered of the bush soone all with hungry paunch.
He choons assaults, that both himselfe from regall royall hold.
Elates do quale ther: dreadful drinke in Volumes of maype Golde:
How trimme it is water to lap in palmes of naked hand.
The sooner drewshe Morpheus bendes by Browes with deepy bande.
The carelesse coryes both red at cace upon the hardest Touch.
The Cabin base hauntes not by Noseke, to prig and such a pouch.
In house of many corners bynd his head he doth not hide.
He tries to come abroad and in the light to be espied.

(End)
The heavens beare witness of his life, they lived in this world;
I thinke, that scattered did of Gods in other time arise.
No bating courious blinde desire of Gold in them was found:
No stones nor flake set by in field did stant the parted ground:
The sapling Ship with bazine Stem cut not the walking waves,
But every man both know his coat and how much he should have:
No huge Vampires rapped were, no Ditches delved deepes:
No counterturned Cause long the walled Townes to keepe:
The Souldier was not bussels his blunted Tooles to whe,
No rapping Pellets, Cannon shot the barred Gates downe bet,
No sogle with poaked Dye was streane to bear the cutting shote:
The field even ferril of it selfe did seede the World with care,
The plentiful abundant Woods great wealth by nature gave:
A house of nature take they had a darme and darksome Cause:
The courious minde to scape by wealth, and desire turmous tre:
And greedy Lust (that eggeth on the minde all set on fire.)
First brake the bands, and after thir of bearing swap kept in:
To be the strangers savvning pay the weaker did begin,
And might went for oppressed right: the naked first found out:
To scratch and cruise, to boy and bum, with deate blowes about:
The knarrie Logs, and snagge shote were framed weapons stronge:
The garden Tree engraved was with Pikes of Lyon long,
No not the crutly Hawchen then did hang along the side,
No Helme cast upon the head blood pouring by for pride,
Pale sightfull grieste invented Tooles, and warlike Mars his brother Contri de new heightes, a thousand kindes of deadles he did ordaine:
By meanes herof the Land is nill, with lootted goze phed and rode,
With dreames of blood the Seas are dye to hue of sanguine red:
Their Witches wanting measure gan through every house to pass:
No kind of vittous villany that practise wanted was.
By Father, Brother rest of Breath, and eake the Fathers Life was:
By hande of Child, eake murdered was the husband of his Wifes hand:
And Brother in done on mischiefe she destroye their bodies seedzord and:
I overpass the Stephanae with her guilt and bouncing dreds, to sword:
And no where pitey planted is, as in the brutly beast:
But womankind in mischiefe is ringleade of the reat:
The instrument of wickednesse enkindling first before:
Whose vile bolessous whose done set so many Townes on fire;
So many Nations fall to warre, eake Kingdomes overthrown:
And raged from the ground, so crushes so many people downe:

Let other
Let other passe: by Iasons Wyse Medea may wee finde
By her alone, that Women are a plagon crabbed kinde.

NV. Why, for one womanes fault of blame shall every one have part?
HIP. I hate, detest, abhorre, I loath, I curse them from my heart.

Be't reason, right, or Nature's law, or vengeance surn felt.
It likrs me to abhorre them still: the burning fire shall dwell,
And hide with quenching water first, the daungerous quick Sand
Shall promise Ships with safetinesse upon the hold to land,
And Western Theris soonke aloose and drencht in deepest nooke,
Shall force the ruby Woring Sunne from scarlet Skies to looke,
The Woofe shall peeld his steering Chaps to suck the Ter of Do
Gre woon by womanes love, to her I crouch and coupe slow.

NV. Love bridis off with snuffing bits the ubboure wayward heart.
Beholde thy Mothers natue land in Scythia every part,
The falueg women feelse the force of Venus poaking hand.
Thou oney Childe thy Mother had doth this well understand.
HIP. This onely comfort of my Mother must I keepe behinde,
That lesfull unto me it is to hate all Womankinde.

NV. Even as the sife and sordy Rocks have warling waves with,
And batheth backe from hope aloosse the somy slapping fioode:
So lighthe he contenues my talke: but Phaedra runneth mad.
Because of this my long delay with crushinge cares yclad:
What will she doe? Aye me alas how shall she now be spea?
Her breathlesse body to the ground drops sodely downe dead.
A sallow hue like gasly death overstrikes her frenzey Face,
Looke by and speake beholde thy deare sweete heart both the embrace.

K.

PHÆDRA
Las to store in Wanes of woe
who usest restes agayne?
To pinch my minde with pytting pangues
and bitter bints of panye.
What cause to mee it was, when as
I lay in trauinge at rest?
Why doth thou thus the pleasure of
remedie detest:
O heart be holde, almay and seke thy purpose to attayne,
Be not assayd, nor faced out with dushful wordes agayne.
Who faintly craves any boone, guesse courage to deny:
The greater portion of my crime dispatche ere now have I:
Shame sekes to late to purchase place within our halftfull bow.
Sith that in spite and tosome loose we have delight ere now,
If I obayne my will, then shall our wedlock cloake the crime:
Successe corrupteth honesty with wickednesse sometyme:
HIP. Behold this secrete place is voyde from any witnesse be.
PH. By solering tong both in my mouth my tale begun bene.
Great soze contynueth mee to speake, but greater holde my peace,
O heavenly Goules I poynt est, tis this that doth me please.
HIP. Cannot the minde that couers talke in wordes at will our bazz?
PH. Littell carest haue worods at will, but great doe make by soze agast.
HIP. Mother the grace of gallest your heart come whisper in mine care.
PH. The name of Mother is to proude a name for me to heare,
Impotting prillant power too much: the fancy of my minde,
It both behowe, a basher name of lesser renowne to finde.
SHo (if thou please) Hippolytus the Louing Sitter call.
O sayting Maide, and rather so: no dudyng spere I shal,
If thou through thicke and thin in snowes to traualle me desire,
O els commande mee sop to runne through Coales of flaming fire,
O let my soote on Piadus frozen Rocks, it ykes mee not.
O let thou will me rashly runne thoswy scorching fire hot,
O ranuying routes of saluage beastes I will not slowly rest,
With gozeLaunce of naked blade my bowels to subje.

These
The fourth tragedie.

These Kingdoms left to me in charge while thou of them the way,
And take me as thy humble Mate, it sirs me to obey,
And thee to give commandement, it is no womanes state,
To claim her Title to the Crowne, to rainge in Parents state.
Though flourishing amidst the pride of lusty youthfull race
Supply a ballant Prince's room with Fathers golden Mace;
Protect the humble supplinant, defend thy lowly Warde
Embass'd in mercedes bosome, at thy feet to meekely tyde.
Take pitty on a help Widdowes wo, and wretched plight.
HIP. The God that reignes aloof, top'd with such luckless lot to sight;
My Father. Theseus safe in health will straight returne againe.
PH. The lowing Lord that deepe in strog internall Gait doe reignes;
And damned by alwaies to pulse from Stygian Puddle glut,
Whereby to breathing bodyes left alone the ground to cun,
shall he let scape the Cloyster of his tores from spousall bed,
Unlesse that Plutos fancy fond by bating love be led
HIP. The righteous Gods will make for him a right retournyng way.
But while through seare our wavering wile in houering Wallace way.
Upon my brethren will I call a Due and earnest care,
And theedefend: believe not that in Widdowes plight ye are:
And I my selue will into the supply my Fathers place,
PH. O Love ( alas) of credite light, O Love of sicking Face,
Is this thought, that hee hath sead a entertaince will I try,
Whereby rue on my wretched wo, doe not my suite deny.
That lurching close doth couch in secret mourning heales of mee, (heer)
Fame would I speake yet both I am. HIP. What mischief may this P.
Such mischief as ye would not think, could light in Mothers mindes.
With wailing borne perplex'd ye waste your words against & winds.
PH. I vapor house, and Love doe glow within my breast behind.
It raging ranke no unjuste truce bodied issues in rest;
The far sunds in skalded gouts through every borne doth stir,
And smothering close in scorched blood as scathing flame doth lie,
With ear sweeping Swep along by burning beams on tis.
HIP. Enworse this with Love entire of Theseus dost it ou rage?
PH. Even so it is: the lovely looks of Theseus former age
Which bee a sweete wella sare ye doe did breste with comly grace,
When pyty dapper cutted Beared on clear complextion face
Gan spoure, on naked Chin, when bee the kennels cluttered bloods
Beheld of mongrell Minotaur, and crookong My eze with looke

B 2

By grapes.
Hippolytus

By grooping long brieved thebes the beames of heavenly bright
That shone then in his Face, his cristenn lockes with labels bright,
Smooth stroked lay, his scarlet Cheekes by nature painted bright
Pouzzled with spots of golden glosse, and harpe assaults of Love
Preanyled in his shochy armes: what grace doch shine above,
In the Dianas Face, of her crested Phoebus myne,
O esse in comely count'naunce of this lovely face of thine,
Such Theseus had when Ariadnaes Eye he did delight:
Thus potele pacing did he beare his noble head by right.
It is no counterfepte glosse that shining in thy Face,
In thee appears thy manly Fathers stern and lowing Grace.
The Mothers crabbed count'naunce eake resembled in some part.
Pats in full well a seemelynesse, to please the Lookers hare.
The Scythian a full Maked with Grecith savour sweete.
Appeares: if thou had with thy Spyke attempt the Seas of Crete,
(One of those feaure from Athens sent elect by lucklesse lot)
To pay such bloody tribute, which King Minos of them got.
The raving and bloodthrift Minotaurus fowle to seede)
My Sister Ariadne would, for thee have spunne the thesede.
There with in crafty compass Waze to leade thee to and fro,
In vgly Labeocnythus long returning from thy Fo.
Thee, thee O Siter deare where so in all the Heauen thou are,
And shined bright with blasing beames transform'd into a Starre.
I thee beseech some succour mee with like distresse now clowde:
Alas by thy Sisters wanting one kinened hath dectopde.
The Site thy smart, the some hath brend the bane that me both lees.
Beholde an Image of royall race layde humbly at thy Knees,
Yet neuer Capnde, and vnder side, an haramelles innocent.
To thee alone of all the Wurld my crowching knees are bent,
And for the noyes my hawmy heart, and Principly courage shoue
I did abate, that humbly thee with teares entreate I thought.
Hlp. O sovereigne Sire of Gods, dost thou abide so long to heare
This vile abomination: so long dost thou forbear
To see this hapnous villany? if now the Skyes be clear.
Wilt thou henceforth at any time with furious raging hand
Dart out thy cracking thunder vine, and deadfull lightnings brand?
Now batted downe in bouncing bolts the rumbling Skyes let fall
That fogge Cloudes with dusky drooping day may cover all,
And foze the backward starting Starses to slide a slope wythall.
The fourth tragedie.

The fourth tragedie.

Thou Harry crested crowne, and Titan游艇 with beamy blaze:
Come out, with daring busie upon thy hundreds guilt to gale.
Dash out and swarme the leaming lamps excluse in gummy Skyes.

To thine in shimmering shape: why doth thy right hand not arsafe
O guide of Gods and men? how hapst the world yet doth not burne,
Enkindled with these seared brandes: on thee thy thunder turns,
Dash out on thee thy bobbing bolt, and let thy fiery flake.

Whiste out with force, burnt Cinders of my wasted Carcase make:
For guilty (love) I guilty am, deserved death I have,
My Stepdames fancy I have fed: shall I most unfulld flame.
We worthy thought to blot my Fathers honorable Bed?
Canst thou for mischeife such through me alone be lightly feed?
O Catintr thou of womaninde for guilt that beares the bell,
Whose enterpris'd haimous cuite doth passingly excell,

The Wonder breeding Others fault with whose some thee alone
Distil her selfe, when sloining lighes with sordrow gen thee grone,
Through beauty lust of Bull: allite the Minotaurus her
In act of generation, had quencht her soule better:
And yet the time concealed long, the grim twished seede.
The length bewrayd with Bullike bowes, thy Mothers naughty seede:
The doubted Infant did disclose: that wicked wombe thee bare,
With thistle, sea, fourte times blest Fate of lyse depiu'de she are.

Whom souldier of waltring Seas have smock, me cankred hate of breath
Disposed bath, and trastrous trepynes have quelled by haunting death.
With Stepdames banes and soarey O Father, Father myne,
I rue thy lot, not to be slayne of mother Stepdame myne.

This mischeife greater, greater sere the wickednesse both passe
That by Medea despzet Dame of Colchis practis'd was.

PH. And I doe know, what uncouth luck upon our Lock hath light,
The thing that we should thinke, we seel be, it is not in my might.
To rule my selfe: through burning fire runnes after thee I call,
Through raging Seas, & craggie Rocks, through seeling Brests all,
Which boiling waters ruffling rale, what way so goe thou will,
I bedden Wight with handsick fits will follow, follow still.

O stately Loyde before thy seele yet call I once againe.

PH. Do not with shamelesse howning Paines my spotlesse body flame,
What meaneth this? with howling mee embrace he doth begin:
Draw, draw my sword, with stripes deseare Ie 4op her on the skin:
Her hope about my left hand wound, her head I backward wipe,
No blood Diana better spent thine Fuller yet hath wpe.
PH. Hippolytus, now dost thou grant to me mine owne desire,
Thou cooles my ramping rage, this is much more than I require,
That hanging thus mine honesty I may be gven to death,
By bloody Croake received of thy hand to loose my breath.
HIP. Swear, swear, preserve the life, at my hand nothing crave,
This filed Sword that thou hast touched no longer will I have.
What bating lustwarme Tanais may I desire obtaine,
Whose cleansing warry Channel pure may wash me cleane againe?
O what Meotis muddy meare, with rough Barbarian wave
That boardes on Pontus roving Sea: not Neptune groundliere, grace
With all his Ocean sounding sound can purge and wash away
This dunghill foule of mine: O woode, O saluage beast I say:
N.V.T. Thy crime detected to: O foule, why doupes thou all ake?
Let vs approach Hippolytus with fault byon him cast:
And let vs lay unto his charge, how he by might bruit
Defloupe would his Father's Wife with mischiefe, mischiefe must Concealed be: the beld it is, the foe first to inuade,
Sith that the crime is yet unknowne who can be witnesse made.
That either frst wee enterpisse, or suffred of him then?
Come, come, in hal Athenians, O troupes of truest men
Help, help, Hippolytus doth come, her comes, that Willatine bife,
That Rauther, and Lecher foule, perforce woulde vs desste.
Her threatens vs denouncing death, and glittering Blade doth shake,
At her who chakly doth withstand, and doth for terour quake:
Lo headlong hence for life and death she tooke him to his flight,
And leaves his Sword in running rash, with gaskly leare aflight:
A taken of his enterpisse decreasable we kepe,
Sirs cheerly her, that flomging aghes with penitne breate both wepe.
Her ruffled hazzle, and started Lockes still let them daggel downe,
This witnesse of his villany to beare into the Towne.
(O Lady mine be of good cheare, Plucke by your spightes againe,) Why doost thou tear thy selfe abhorre all peoples sight?
Not blinde Mitchance but lence wont to make almaclelle Wight.

Chorus.
Chorus.

IPPOLYTUS even as the rages
ing flame away doth fly,
More swift than whirling Western winds
byrumbling cloudes in Sky,
More swift then flaming flames, that catch
their course with sweeping swar,
When Stars proft with whistling winde long
her Diakes display.

Fame (wondring at of aldertime our Ancestours renowne)
Fare well with thee, and hear away side worship from our Godde.
So much thy beauty brightes shines, as much more clearc and sage,
The golden Moone with glosions Globe full furnishd in the Apse.
Doth shine, when as her sere tips of wapning hoynes doe close,
When lifting by her sulgent face in ambling Waine she goes,
Upon her nightwatch to attend, the Starres of lesser light
Their darckned Faces hyde, as see the Messenger of night.

That watch word genes of the evening tide and Hesperus bee high,
That glading earthe was bath'de in Seas, and bee the same agayne
When shade be shuven, both then the name of Lucifer obtayne.
Thou Bacchus blest banke of love in warlike India boone,
Thou Lard that evermore doft wear th happy bush unspogine,
Whose Jaueling tuft with Fay bunch, the Treges makes adzed,
And doft with labelde Myter vble to prancah thy bomy bed,
Hippolytus his flaring Locks thou Bacchus haile not name,
To wondere at the louting looks too much doe thou refrayne,
Whom (as the people doe report) the Ariadne bight,
For beauties name preserve before Bacchus that Bremius high.
A perfect Jewell beauty is on most all men employde,
Thou gift that for a season hote of Mankind arte enployde,
How soone alas with feathered foot hence doft thou fading side?
The patching Sommers vapous boate in Uers most pleasant air
So withers not the Meadowes greene, (when as the seaching line)
In Tropic tigue of burning Crab full boate or Pooche both venne,

[Continues...]
Hippolytus

And on her hoiter clowdye Wickeles unholeseth soone the night:
With wanych Leaues downe hang the heads of withred Lillies whtitle
The balmy bloomes and sprouting flower do leave the naked bed
As beauty bright whose radiant beams in coadual Cheetes is spred,
As bled in the twinkle of Eves no day as yet did walke,
In which not of his beauty rest some pearses person was.
For Favour is a sleeping thing: what might of any wit
Will unto fragile and fickle foe his confidence commit?
Take pleasure of to-while thou mayst, for Tyme with stearing steps
Will undermine, or howse past staight in a worser steps:
Why steyl thou to the wildernes, to seeke thy succour there?
The beauty bydes not safer in the wapitle woods then here.
I: Tyran hoyled his tottering Cart on point of ful midday,
The crownd close among the brakkes the Nedes will allay,
A gadding troupe that beautyes Dopes do locke in countaines fayze,
To frame their soare then unto thee in sensibles sleep: repose,
Shall wanfon Faxies, Nymphes of Frithes, on the Diles do walke,
Which Dryads mountayne Golbins haunt, that wfe on hilles to stalle:
D: When from high Starbearing gotes Diana downe did looke
Of thee that next old Arcades in heaven thy soare half cooke,
Shee could not wellse her wittering wanye, and yet no fogge cloude.
Eclipst her gleaming Globe, but we with tinkling Pans aloude,
Can make a noale, agrised at her dead and glowing light
We deemed her charmed with Magicke verse of Thesflant witches lyght
But thou didst cause her busines, and madest her in a maze,
While at thy pleasant lonely lookes the Goddesse loode in gaze.
That rules the rayne of cloudie night the lopt her running race,
God graunt that falsome hyting frozt may pitch this comely face,
Let falsome storching Sunye beams thy Cheetes with freckles die:
The Shirle blue in quary pittes of Paris that doth lie,
Beares not to braye a glumpling gloose as pleasant seemes thy face
Whose browses with manly majesty supposes an awful grace.
And forbeade staight with graunt of Fathers announcemen old:
His Juicy coloured necke although compare to Phoebe pe would,
His lockes (that never lacking knew) it selfe displayeing wyde
On shoulder poyntes both let them out, and also both them hyde.
Thy curved for head seemes the well, and eke thy notted haze.
That crumpled lies undight in thee a manly grace both beare.
Thou Gods (though fierce and valiant) perforce doth chase, and farre
Dost overmatch in length of limmes, though yet but young thou arre,
The fourth tragedie.

Then Champion Mars more hourly bolster'd out with broader chell:
To back of homestoked streetses if vawing thou do ryde,
With Bucolic in thyne accurate hand more handsome canst thou gowyde.
The ramping Cyllar horse of Sparr,then Princely Castor coule,
Thy Letherne loope amid thy dart with former fingers hould,
And drive thy lance with all thy pith, the acute men of Grece,
That with their pitch'd darts asfarre de leane the marke to hit.
They shall not hurtle Tender Reed, but after Parthian guyle
To shoot an arrow if they till into the open Skies,
Unsewed without some Bird attempt it hal not light on ground,
Unbath'd with lukewarme bloud of guttes in goyp smoking wound.
And from amid the lasty Cloudes downe shalt thou fetch thy spay;
Few men (marke wel the ryne) have hope beare haplagude away.
God send thee better lucke, and grant the noble personage
May passe into the happy keys and strecth to dumplish age.
What mischieve blindempt escapes a Womans witlesse rage.
Most haynous crymes shee means to lay to guities youngmas charge
And thinkes to make her master good with hayse thus rent at large,
She towserch taker the plankeing of her head with watred plantes,
Her age despise no crafty kind of womans fetches wantses.
But who is this that in his face such princely pope doth beare?
Whose lofty lookes with neatery pace his damnde his head doth reare
Like lusty young Pyrichous, he looketh in the face,
But that a falling fallow pale his bleakish Theekes disgrace,
And stey bagage hangeth on his half hayse rapsde uppright.
Lo Thesues, it is agayne resboad to earthly lights.

The
Hippolytus.

THE THIRDE ACTE.

Theseus, Nutrix,

Length I swept the glowinge glades
goat eternall Night,
And eke the underpopping poale,
that eacch infernall Spight
Both muske in, but by in shades
lor how my dozelled eyes
Can stoop abyde the long dest-
red light of Marble Skies.

Eleusis now souwe offerings of Triptolemus deuides,
And counterpasted Dey with Night now soure tymes Libra hydes.
I earnest in my Parlous tyme in doubt what lucke to have
Twist dreed of gally Death,and hope my feele life to save,
Some sparke of life sit in my breakeles limmes abiding was,
When as embarkt on euksome Srix Alcides downe did passe,
To succour me in dire distresse, who when the hellske bound
From Tartares grisely gates in Chaynes he dregt aboue the ground,
And also me he carpt by into the Wozid agayne
My eyzed limmes doth seppy pith of former strength restrayne,
My feble fauiting legs to quake,what lugging tople it was
From bottom deeps of Phlegethon to world aloose to passe?
What heare bole & mourning noise is this that beates mycres?
Let some declare it unto me:who blubbezd so with teares
Lamenting loud and languishing within our gates appeares?
This enternament fit is for a guest that comes from Hell.
No.A stubborn heart and obstinate in Phedias breast doth dwell,
With despzet mind to stay her selfe our teares he doth despise,
And giuing by the gasping Ghosst, alas my Lady dyes.
Th.Why should she kill herselfe? why die, her spouse being come againes?
No.For this(my Lorde)with hasty death he would her selfe have slaine.
Th.These troublous wordses some perilous thing I wot not what to tell
Speake plain:what lump of gluttering griece her fated heart doth quell.

She.
The fourth tragedie.

She both complaineth her case to none, but penitently and sad
She keeps it secret to her selve, determin'd thus she had,
To bear about with her the bane, wherewith she means to die.
Die, thee fast, I pray thee now, now have we neede to dye.
Our Palance locks with stately Coulyes set open by and by.

Theseus, Phedra.

Madame Hare of Spoufalt bodes
thus doth thou entertaine
The coming of thy loving Spouffe:
and welcome home agayne
Thy long deßiered Husbandes face?
why takes thou not awaie
My Sword out of my hand, and doe not cheare my Spittes (I saye)
Hast thou rest me what both the breath out of the body chafe?
Ph. Blas my valiant Theseus even for thy royall mace,
Wherewith thy Kingdom thou dost weild, and by the noble raigne
Of thy belou'd posterity, and coming home agayne,
And for the worship that is due unto my fatall grave,
O let me die and suffer me, deserved death to have.
Th. What cause compelleth thee to die? Ph. If I the cause of death
Disclose, then shall I not obtayne the looyng of my breath:
Th. No worldly might (save I my selfe alone) the same shall heare,
Art thou afraid to tell it in thy husbands baleful care?
Speak out, thy secrets shoud I shall within my faithful hie.
Ph. What thou would other to conceal, kepe thou it fred in rest,
Th. Thou shalt not suffer be to die: Ph. From him that wiseth, Death,
Death never can be sequare. Th. The crime that losse of breath
Dought to revenge, new it to me. Ph. Fooleth because I live.
Th. Alas do not my trilling teares the bony somache grieve?
Ph. It is the sweetest death, when one both lothsome life so faire,
Breath of such as should for him most worsd full weeping make.
Th. Still stands hee mum? I crooked, old, ttaund, hoblinge Trotte.
Our Nurse forstripes and clogging bandes shall vter every lotte,
That shee forbids her hand to selv'm yet changes her bent.
Let taiving whips wring out perforce the secrets of her mind:

Ph. Now
Hippolytus.

PH. Now I my selfe will speake: Say ret. TH. Why dost thou turne aside, from me thy weeping Countenance? thy tears why dost thou hide? That gushing sobaine strie shine eyes Dreame downe the cheereles space? Why hidest thou thy flowing floweres with Coate before thy Face? TH. Thee, thee, Thee, ceate of the Vexation so witness I doe call, And thee O glittering starry glede of Chalda: Sky with all, And Phoebus thou from whom at first our royall Race hath room.

With laving face & flattering words in suite I was not woon, For naked sword, & thundring threta, appalled was I not: My bruised bones abode the blowe, and Stripes when soe he smote: This blemish black of soule defame my blood shall purge agayne.

TH. Declare what villaine is he 'by our honour so bold spying? (long, PH. Whom least see would mistrust. TH. To know who tis, full sore I PH. This Sword wilt tel, which soe asright when people thick in thyg. Beforest fast, the Leacher vile for fast did leave behold, Because the people prasing fast he excused in his minde:

TH. Alas alas, O woe to mee, what villany see I? Alas what uncouth Monster sowle of mischefe Telly? Behold the royall Joust engraunde and purtried lone.

Emboast with golden studdes, upon th' enameld Haste both shine, (The Jewell of Aenea lande) but whether fed is he? PH. With light yeale running soe dismade these servants did him see.

TH. Sacred holinesse, O love, betweene whose mighty hands The Marble Poale with wethering swaye in course directed Stands, And thou that second Sceptr wields in sory fighting wave, Why doth this cursed Good with such this wicked vengeuance cause?

Hath he bene fostred by in Greece? Oz craggys Taurus wide Among hard rugged Rocks, and Caves, some saucy Scythian Childre Oze life in brutish Colchis Jile by Delare Phaëbs flood? Cat after kinde he is, and will th'unkindly Bastard blood Returne unto his kinners course, wherence first his lineage he claimes.

This frantick fury vp and downe comes of the warlike Dames, To hate the royall teague of love, and burning long the bie Of Cupids ramp, with tag, and rag, her body to abuse, Become as good as ever twangd: O detestable kinde, No better by any meanes can change thy filthy minde: The brutish beasts themselves doe oath thy abuse which Venus drawes, And simple shamelessnesse it life observeth Natures lowes:

Where is the brag of Malefl, and fayned poety grace Of manly minde, that hateth new, and old things both embrase?

O bubble.
The fourth tragedie.

O double dealing life, thou closest deceitful thoughts in breath,
And settest out a forhead face where scrawled mend both rest:
The saucie Jacke with bawdly brow both malipertneSee hide:
The rages of the despise Dicke by Clinesse is despise.
With show of riht religion issues villany manifeste,
And guitell meateeouthe Gentlemen do hold with speaking playne;
The damny wanton Carpent Knights of hardnes boast and place,
That Woodraunger, that braunike beast who stood in chalk estate
In undesped Bachele shou rude and homely clowne,
Thus dost thou watch the typo, to breed this blot in my renounne?
To make me Tuckold first of all did it delight the mend,
First falling to thy spousall sport with mischeife most unkind,
Now now, to thee supernat love most heartie thankes I peuld,
That with my first Antipode to dreary death I quelled,
That gone to dampish Stygian Dunes I left thee nor behind
Thy Mother: go, go Neagabond rawinge, rawinge, about to finde
Strange forsaken spoyles, and overcall landes afoote at world his end,
And Ies enclosed with the Ocean floud to hell thy soule shalt send;
Beneath among th' Antipodes thy sete of harping sped,
Though in the utmost lurking nooke, thou knowe the mitching head,
About the griefful mountains thou climbst of lofty Pooche,
O west above the clattering Snow advanced by the cursed Soule,
Beyond the brooks of Winter staves and threatening rigour passe
And Home with rambing rough of ye Boreas,
With vengeance, vengeance violent, fast hurrying after thee,
With daunting plaques and pestilence the Dunes hath scourged bee,
For life and death, about the world in every lurking nooke,
Of fugitivity I hail not cease still to pursue thy soule.
But haste and search for thee I hail in landes that ly a farre,
As corners ble有的玩家 and caves hurt by, Dunes locketh with bolt and barre,
A thousand wares impassable no place that me with stand,
We curstages blakke that light on thee there where revenging hands
With weapon can not worke thy harm: thou knowest that Neptune great
By Sphe who stodes on Aurobes, a waues, with forkeed Hace both beast
Gree licences freely into me three boones to chuse and crave;
Which willingly the God hath graunt, and soone I hal it have
Procesting ye fome Stygian Lake, and hallowed hath his bow:
O breake of the wasting waues, awoke thy promise now;
Let never more Hippolichus behold the eclipsed light,
And for the Fathers wrathfull rage the cursed child downe smight.
Hippolytus.

To warke among the gaitly sprites o Father bend thy might,
To guile (alas) this tothome side unto the needy Sonne,
Of thy Moste depeus exact nor to be donne,
This cheefe bone, till pulsant papes of clock do thy oppression,
In bottom very of boyled Tartar pit, and soxe distreke,
In grisly Lymbo Jawes high garglated Vins dimme,
Aind the crumpetd threatening browes of Hellick Pluto grim,
To claime the promise made to me, as then I didde refrayne,
Now hye the faith by promise due perforce me to me agayne.
Per daf thou nor inby tumble not the watering waues for dafis,
Through fogge cloude in dusty skies with cloame blastes outricht,
Unfold the mantel blacke of Night, and roll away the Skies,
Enforce the sighting floods bash out with mounting waues to yse,
And countre by the water ragges that in the Creekes do kepe,
The Ocean surges swelling his cal by from bottom, deeppe.

Chorus.

Nature Grandame greate of Heauenly Sprites,
Eake Ioue that guides Olimpus mighty fway,
That raakes the race of twinkleauing heavely lightes;
On spinning Spheare and order doest for aye
The fragling course of roaming planetes hie,
And weildes about the whirling Axeltree
The weltring Poales, the eternal course of Skie
To kepe in frame, what workes such care in thee.
That earst the cold which hoary winter makes
Vn clothes the naked wood, and now agayne.
The shades returne vnto the breary brakes
Now doth the starre of Sommer Lion raygne,
Vvhose scalded necke with boyled heate doth frie,
Perbraking flames from fiery seaming jawes:
VVhile scorching heate the parched corn do drie.
Ech season to his kindly course in drawes.
But thou that wouldest these things of mally might.

By.
The fourth tragedie.

By whom the hugy world with egal payfe
Euen Ballanced doth keepe in compasse right,
Each Soheare by meafured weight that justly swaife,
Alas why doft thou beare a retchles breast
Toward mankind? not cafting any care
That wicked men with mischief be oppreft,
And eake to see that goodmen wel do fare
Dame Fortune topteturuy turns at wil
The world, and deales her dole with blinded hand,
And fotters vice mayntayning mischiefe ill.
Fowle luft triumfhes on good men brought in band
Decept in flately Court the fway doth weild,
In Lordinges leyvde the vulgar fort delight,
With glee to fuch the Mace of might they yeeld.
Some magiftrates they do both loue and fpright,
And penfiue vertue brought to bitter bale
Receyues revvard that doth of right aryfe,
The continent to Prifon neede doth hale,
The Leacher raygnes enhaunced by his vice.
O fruitles shame, O counterfeitd port.
But what nevves may this messenger nowy bring,
Who with maine pace comes poaffing in this fort,
And stayes with mourning countnance at the Kinges.

The
THE FOURTH
ACTE.

Nuntius, Theseus.

Heavy happe and cruel chance
of Servantes dainty state,
Why am IPostal to bring the newes
of this it saucy fate?
Th. Be not abash'd the rashful wrauch.
With courage to declare:
My chest against the brunt of h⽊es
Strengthened I prepare,
Nun. By towing tongue both speech butts
My glutting griefs denpe.

Th. Our flocke with sorrow swimen soze what cares do cruel elect.
Nun. Hippolytes (as woe to me) is slayne by doleful death.
Th. Now Farter do I know my Sonne bereaved of his breath.
For why the Leacher life is losst:shew in what lost he tide.
Nun. In all passaghe an Eugnone to shunne the Towne he ypte.
Once haung eath his curtting course aside he studdes away,
His prauing Palsgrave straitly both with Cotters close arage.
With curtled hittes their snifted heads ac will he bidden in;
Then talking much unto himselfe to curse he doth beginne
His native soyle: alas deare Farter, Farter fill he cypes:
And angry fathich with his whip, whyle loose his Bible lies:
Then speedily a huge luvelie gan swel amid the deep,
And starteby into the starrs no piping wind both swepe.
Along the Seas in Heaven so sth no nope at all there was:
The Seas ful calme even as their kindly Tyde doth drite them, past.
No yet no bopisterous Southcrosse went the Sicil sand turmogles.
No yet with some ramping surge the raging gulph by boyles.
Beaude by by Westernne pusses, whan as the rockes with slapping flack
Do shake and drownd Lucastes clute the hoary some both dath.
The tobbling wawes togeather tost on hils are heaped hir,
The swelling luvelie with Monster much to land alose both day.
Nor make taken ships in Seas to suffer wrauch hereby.
The fourth tragedie.

The land in hazard lies of storms a waering wave is rold:
In rotting wate a wallowing gulph with winding compass fold.
Drues downe I know not what withall; a flat byshynge new
An hea above the water hitt in both rapes the Starres to view.
In foggy cloud eclipsed is Apollos dusty gleede,
And Scyros Rocks whom Trumpe of Fame aduauis by dreary deeds.
Corythus sake whom double Sea on eather side assyple:
While greatly we agreed, these thinges do languishing bewayple.
The belking Seas roll out the grunting Rocks with all do roze:
The sabbie Clue doth reke, fra whence the water ebbe before:
It trothes, and keping course by course it speues the waters out,
As doth Phyferer sky (that slites the Ocean Coast about)
And gulping doth from pawning throat his floods of water spoute.
The shaken surge did totte Araps and brake it selfe in twayne.
With weake (more violent then wee did feare) it rulth awayne.
Against the hope, beyond the bankes it breake into the land:
And hideous Monster followes these for seare did quaking land.
Th. What shape that Incouth Monster had and body ball declare,
No I boasting Bull, his marble necke aduauised hee that bare.
Upard his lofty hilled Mayon curtled slohead greene,
With shaggy ears pricke by hips divers speckled horse were seen.
(Whom Bacchus eare possesséd had, who tame's the Cattell yphd.
And take the God that horse in floods was bred a water Child)
Now puffing he perzaketh flames, and now as leaming light.
With sparkleing beams his goggly eyes do glare and glister bright
His greasy larded necke (a marke for to be noted well)
With tough and knobby curnels hee out bumping big do swell.
His smoking Nostrilles yde do grunte and pawning guylpes they soffe,
His breast and throatbag greenish are dawed with clammy mole
His yde along begynyns is with Lactuise red of huse.
On snarling knerte his wambled rumpse towarde his face he dve,
His scaly haunch, and lagging tacle most bigly dragest hee by,
As Priscis in the deepe of Seas the swallowed Recke both sup.
Or else perzaketh ouit agaune the undigested pyp.
The earth did quake, the Cattell roared about the field do ramsse,
The humber harkke with chilling seare begins to flare and flamps.
The herdman had no word his scattering Bersers to pursure,
The Deere amazed brake the pale and had the Laundres audue.
But only yet Hippolyce, loode of fatning seare
His nepping hoyles with the rapnes of Bridles hard doth bear.
Hippolytus

With worted woodes he cheerly by his nimble Rages atraide;
A hoppe his way at Argos lieth with fonc clines decade,
That nodding ourhangs the Sea, which underssees that waies:
That uly Ragle here beares him selfe, and ragne wrath doth rape,
And kindling courage hastes, him force with burning breath allayes,
And chaunging ell himselfe before gan free with angry hart.
He then into a sounding course on toayne both her sav,
With whirling pace he girding forth both scarcely touch the ground,
Lighting a front the trembling Cure with glaring Eyes she glowsmowd.
Then all both the threatening Son with lowing Bowie be pstart,
March newth Countenance, but speakes with stout courageous harr.
This foolish 1ear doth not appaule me bold and hartned hest,
It came to mee by kinde, that Galls by me should bee opposs.
His Steedes deising arait the Raynes plonge forwarth with the Cart,
As rage did pick them, fear afright befor the way they start.
This bias way amog the Racks they range and wander wyde,
But as the Pelot (last the Barke should corte to one sode)
Dob harse or eu in wassling waies; so white his horseless ship,
He ruleth them, now raine them hard, and now with wending whip,
Free la hes on their buttoks tape: his Foe both him pursue,
Now step by step, now meeting full agayn his face bee stie,
Pounding terror every where. No farther as they might:
The horned beak with buttering Bowes gan run upon them right.
The trampling Gennets draught of wits doe straight way brake these
The struggle brieving hard to flip the Collar if they may. (rue)
And prauncing on their hinder Feast, the burden burke on ground:
The Son flat falling on his face, his body fast was bound.
Entangled in the winding ropes, the more he strivs to loose.
The flippipng knotts, he faster kniks within the sliding moose.
The Bowes doe perceve the people: and with the Waggon light
While none there is to rule the Raynes, with stoutly fearc afright
Be randon out they ramping runnes, (even as the Welkin hye
The Carre that with his wounded weight, disappoynting in the skye
The deery day that falsely was commit unto the Sun,
From of the Herp Marble Doale that downe a show doth run;
Flaung Phacon toppe to toppe tock) his bloud begoes the ground:
And fling against the rugged Rocks his head doth oft rebound:
The hambles rent his hated name: the edged farty Bone,
The beauty bater of his Face, and break his craching bones:
At mouth
The fourth tragedie.

At youth his blaring tongue hangs out with squeaked cynce out dash;
His jaws & skull doe croak, whende his spurting bloodes are pale,
His cursed beauty thus desolate with many wounds is spent:
The loating wheele do grind his guts, and spangled rims they rent.
At length a stake to Tristian burnt his ripp'd backe both sought,
From rived her coat Pauls head within 12 score he caught:
The carriage his Master passe against the ground grzly,
The fellies stuck within the wounds, and out al length they rush.
So both delay and Massiers limbs are broke by steel of wheele,
His draging guts then truble about the whining horses heales.
The thumping with their hony bloodes against his belly pitch,
From burden paine on heapes his bloody bowells tumbe thick.
The scatering byers on the sparks with needle pointed pricks
His gope Carkeas all to race with speiles of thomy stichs.
And of his flesh each ragged shub a gub doth snatch and rent.
His men (a mourning troupe God knowes) with brackly tears despise
Doe braft about the field, whereas Hippolytus was sope:
A pitious figure is to bee seen by tracing long of gope:
His howling Dogges there Massiers limmes with latching follow still:
The earnest tole of wofful Wightes can not the coast apply.
By gathering up the howsers spares and broken slumps of flesh,
Is this the flaunting haucry that comes of beauteous flesh?
Who in his fathers empyse earth did raise our piousely peace
The herze apparent to the Crowne, and shone in honour cleare,
Lyke to the glorious stars of heaven, his Limmes in pieces small
Are gathered to his fatall Grave, and in eie to funerall.
TH. O Nature that presupside too much, (alas) how doth thou bende
With the bloods of blood the Parents breast, how long we there by binded?
Maugre our Teeth whom guilty stole we shuld have rest of breath?
And yet lamenting with my tears I doe bewripe the breath.
NVN. None can lament with honesty that which he will destroy.
TH. The higgest heap of woes by it is I think to be extoyde.
When lickerling Fortunes cursed wheele doe cause by err alse.
To rue the wrath of things which eded were wish'd brought to passe.
NVN. If thou how keep the grudge, why so thy face for fear doth gose.
TH. Because I love him, not because I tow him, I repent.

L 2. Chorus.
Hippolytus
Chorus.

Hat heape of happes do tumble vpsyde downe
Th' estate of man? lease raging Fortune flies
On little things: lese leaming lightes are throwne
By hand of Ioue, on that which lower lies.
The homely couch safe merry hartes do keepe:
The Cottage base doth giue the Golden sleepe.

The lofty Turrets top that cleueth the cloude
Withinstandes the sturdy stormes of Southren wynde,
And Boreas boysterous blastes with threatening loud
Of blusterung Corus shedding showres by kinde.
The reking Dales do seldomenoiuance take,
Bydine the brunt of Lightnings flashing flake.

Th'adunaunt creste of Caucasus the great
Did quake with bolt of lofty thundring Ioue:
When he from cloudes his thunder dantes did beat,
Dame Cybels Phrygian frith did trembling mooue:
King Ioue in haughty heaven ful fore affright
The highest things with weapons doth he smyght.

The ridges low of Vulgar peoples house
Striken with stormes do never greatly shake:
His Kingdomes coast Ioues thundring thumpes do soufe:
With wauering winges that house his flight doth take
Nor flitting Fortune with her tickle wheele
Lets any wight assurred ioy to feel.

VWho in the VWorld beholds the Starres full bright,
And cheerful day for taking gastly Death,
His sorrowfull returne with groining spright
He reves, sith it deprude his Sonne of breath
He seeth his lodging in his court agayne,
More doleful is then sharpe Auernus payne.
Tbe fourth tragedie.

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

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

THE FIFTE
ACTE.

THESEVS. PHÆDRA.
CHORVS.

Brought piers with pungues of pensueness,
what furry prickers thy brayne?
What means this bloody blade? what means
this shriking out amayne?
And languishing upon the Corps
which was thy mallice made?
PH. O tamer of the wasting waves
mee, mee, doe thou invade.
The Mencrous bags of Marble Seas to ramp on mee send out.
What err Theiris low doth keepe with folding armes about,
O what the Ocean Seas above embrace with winding wawe?
O Theelvs that to thine alleles doest still thy selfe behave.
So Curiously O thou that for thy loving Friends ample
Dost never get returne: thy Sonne and Father doe bewaue.
Hippolytus

Thy rash soul brought by death, and breed, thy name thou dost desecr, 
By false hatred of thy wife thou workest, till annoy; 
O wretched Hippolytus thus I behold thy battered face, 
And I it is, I wretch ( alas ) that brought thee to this case. 
What Scylla took thy limbs so to tame his nashing, dashing to thee? 
Or what Procrutes rade, and rent thee scarce on bed of steel? 
Or else what Minotaur of Crete that grim two-shaped Bull 
With hopefull head ( that Pasalai beares with towinge sithen full ) 
With thee in letters true ( was me ) where is thy beauty fled? 
Where are our quailing arms, thine eyes? alas and art thou dead? 
Appeare a while, receiue my words, so spake I halfe none plitt: 
This hand hath strake the stroake, whereby thy vengeance quite I will. 
And loke, that I, I Cassile, I abjurd have thy life, 
Lo here I am content to debts thee mine with bloody knife. 
If ghost may here be givin for ghost, and breath may serve for breath, 
Hippolytus take thou my soule, and come againe from death. 
Behold my bowels yet are safe my ling in lusty plight, 
Would God that as they serve for me, thy serue for they might, 
Whine eies to render kindly light unto thy Carlisle bed, 
Lo for thy bse thand of mine shall pitch thee from my bed, 
And let them in these empty cells and vacant holes of thine. 
The weale of me a wicked Wight to win, do not repine. 
And if a womans woulfe heart in place of thing may rest, 
My bosom straight breake up I halfe, and tearre it from my beest. 
But courage thou of thine heart, let no womans heart to have 
The Noble minde would rather go with manly heart to graue. 
Was he so manly now, this manuall tobeare, 
And rather choose to die a man with womanes spaire and feare, 
Then as no man with manly heart in darchness desire to fie: 
Have thou the life, give me thy death that more deserve it, 
Cannot my powers purchase place yet vengeance that thou haue, 
Hell shall not hold me from thy lyfe not death of dombly graue. 
With sakes wil not prowe tue thee life, though I behold thee mine, 
My selfe I hail in spite of care my farall blood, but wine. 
This blade shall rive my bloody baze, my selfe I will dispose 
Of house, and wife at once, through floods and Tarat galiphe's hoile, 
Through Styx and through the burning Lakes I will come after thee, 
Thus may we please the lowing shades, receive thou here of mee 
The partings of my Pall and Locks cut off from forehead to sole. 
Our hearts we could not lose in one, yet wretches now to lope.
The fourth tragedy.

We shall together in one day our fasten tower close:
If thou be lost to thy spouse, for him thy life then lose:
But if thou be vnicentuous, dye to the lord's sake.

Shall I into my husband's bed againe my corps betake,
Polluted with so ignionous crime? Death, the chiefest toy
Of wounding Shame: Death only case of slinging Launcel annoy:
We runne to the: embrace our soules within thy glad some breeze;

Harke, harke unto my tale, and thou above the rest,
Thou Father wost into the Child than bloody Nepdeme I.
False forged tales I told with shame, I sayning that did lie,
Which I of spite imagined, when raging breast did swarue!

Thou father falsely punish halfe him that did not deserve.
The youngman child is cast away for mine vnicentuous vice,
Both baflfulle and guiltie was, now play the wondred garse.
My guilty breast with bloody Launce of Swozd descur'd is riven,
The Direc roth' dead to purge my spouse that with my blood be given.

Thou father of the Nepdeme learne, what things thy Son should have
Of life depriue, as to lay his carskelle in a grave.

Th O wanny James of blacke Auerne, cake Tar tar dungeon grim,
O Lethes Lake of woful Soules the top that therein swimme,
And eke ye glummy Eulphes destroy, destroy we wicked wight
And sit, in pit of pangues let me be plunged day and night.

Now, now, come by ye Goblins grim from water crecked slow,
What ever Proclus huge Swolue abuses both over flow,
Come bowre me drownèd in swallowes depe, that triumphes in my Anne
And father thou that evermore ful ready press hath binne

To weake myne pre, aduenturing I a deede deserving death
With new found slauhger have berest myne only Sonne of breath.
His tartered lim in I gaine haue the bloody blyde about,
Where the innocent I punishe do, by chaunce I have found out;

The truth of all this wickednes: heaven, torres, and spots of hell
I ferre with my treeber y thame both overprest.
So wisc:hes hap remaneth most: sifting on es know me well;
We are returned to this world, For this bad Hell busold
His name that burials slyone I night and double death beholde:
Wheby I both e wriues Wight and make a Sonnes Sire,
By with one bynd to byse and Sonne enflame the funeral fire.
O tamer of blackes faced light Alcides, now respose
The being brought from Hel, redeemc to woe, to me therefore

K. g. These
Hippolytus

These Ghostes that now be gone, oh wretched wretch to death in despair
I sue, most undiscreete by whom these wretched Wightes were slaine.
Imagining dessection scape aboute it will I goe,
Now with thine owne handes on thy selfe due vengeance do bestow:
Ak tree bough downe braunfe perforce into the ground slow,
Let fly into the open appe that cut me corpse in twaine.
From top of Seyrons Rockes I will be tumbled downe amayne.
More grievous vengeance yet I have in Phlegeton River found,
Coffining gally Ghostes enclofed with fiery Channel round.
What pit and pangs shall plunge my soule already have I known?
That tyring toyle of Silphius that rechles rolling stone
Let yeeld into my gally Ghost, and being loved on
These shoulders, these, these lifting handes of myne downe let it sown
And let the fleeting cloud aboute my lips deluded play.
Pea let the raving grops come heare and Tyrius paunch foake,
Fagglating foode with grasping Cleaz; my lurer let him take,
Exceasing till to seede the foule, and for my tormentes take.
And pousse thou my Pyrothous Syze, and eke the snaffle Wheelie
That whirlishly skil enforce my limmes thy lawing scroll to seele.
Saye, gaze, thou ground and swallow me thou crueell Chaos blend,
This passage to chisfarnail Spightes is fit for me to find:
My Sonne, I will ensue, thou Prince of gally ghostes in hell,
Dread not for, chaff wee come to thee; genue thou me leue to dwell
Among thy deadling dennes for age, and not to pase agayne.
Was, my prayer at the Gods no favour can obayne,
But if that mischiefe cran I should how ready would they bee?
O Thesews to thy plaint eternal, space be granted thee:
Prope the Sonne his Obe reeze, and Kings in dompish grace
His broken lims, which Whomers soule disperst and scattered have.
Th. The treadings of this deare beloyned carlaile being to mee,
His mangled members hether being on heapes that tumbled be:
This is Hippolytus, I do acknowledge myne offence,
For, I it is, that have deprivi thee of life and sense.
Least that but once, or onely I should be a guilte Wight,
I Sire attempting mischiefe have besought my FATHERS might.
So I entoy my fathers gift, O solitary selfe,
A grievous plague when feeble pearces have brought by to distresse,
Embrace these lims, and that which yet both of thy soume remayne,
O woorful wight in baleful breed preserve and entyrayne.
These scattered scraps of bodie to me O Syze in order fer,
The fourth tragedy.

The praying groaners bring againe, here was his right hand set:
His left hand here instructs well to rule the spirits of me.
With bitter tears as ye alas are lost and wanting still,
O trembling handes behold this woful business to fulfi,
And withered Cheekes to bid your dreams of flowing tears to runne
While that the father do accompe the members of his Sonne.
And the patch by his body cast, that hath his fashion lost,
Disfigured fouls with gore woundes, and all about broke:
I doubt, if this of thee be peace, and peace it is of thee:
Here, lay it here; in thy empty place, here let it lapsed be,
Although perhaps it be not right: (say me) is this thy face?
Whose beauty wauncked as a starre, and sake did purchase grace,
In sight of Faireprocurs to ruth. Is this the beauty lost?
O cruel will of Gods, O rage in time prevailing most.
Doe thus the Spyre that great good turne perforune onto his sonne?
Doe let thy fathers lust farewell within thyne cares to runne,
My child whom oft I bid farewell the whilst the fire shall burne
These bones, seye his burial tender, and let his fall to sourne
With loud lamenting Mop슨us wife for both the coarsest sake:
With Princep Pompe his funerall fire see that ye ready make,
And seek ye by the broken partes in field dispersed round,
Seap his by hurde into a Pit, let heavy cloudes of ground
lie hard upon his cursed bed.

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

BY
ALEXANDER NEVYLE.

His sixteenth yeare of myne age (right honorable) reneweth a grateful memory of your great goodnes towards mee: (for at Baptisme your honor vouchsaft to aunswere for mee) and causeth mee thus boldly to present these greene and unmelowed fruicts of my first travailes unto you: as signes and testimonies of a well disposed minde unto your honor. Albeit when first I undertake the translation of this present Tragedy, I minded nothing lesse, than that at any tyme thus rudely transformed it shoulde come into the Printer.
Printers hands. For I to none other ende removed him, from his natural and lofty style, to our corrupt and base, or as some men (but untruly) affirm to most barbarous Language: but only to satisfy the instant requests of a few my familiar friends, who thought to have put it to the very same use, that S.E.N.E.C.A himselfe in his Invention pretended: Which was by the tragicall and pompous showe upon Stage, to admonish all men of their fickle Estates, to declare the unconstant head of wa unfel Fortuna, her todayne interchanged and soone altered Face: and luvely to expresse the just revenge, and feareful punishmets of horrible Crimes, where with the wretched worldde in these our miserable dayes pyteously swaremeth. This caused me not to be precise in following the Author, word for word: but sometimes by addition, sometimes by substraction, to use the aptest Phrases in geneing the Sense that I could invent. Whereat a great number (I know) will be more offended than Reason or yse dome woulde they should bee. Thus as I framed it to one purpose: so have my frends (to whom I can not well deny any thyng that Frendshyps rght may seeme iustly to require) wrested it to another effect: and by this meanes blowen it abroad, by ovrerrashe and unadvised printing. By which fond deede I know undoubtedly I shall receyue the poisoned infamies, of a number of venemous tongues. Wherefore (ryght honorable) as I genne these the first Fruits of my traunyle unto you: declaring therein the great good-will and duty that I owe unto your Honor, for the noble disposition of your vertuous mynde: so am I driven humbly to require your strong ayde, and assured defence a-
The Epistle.

gainst the sлаunderous assaults of such malicious mouths, which obtained: I shall be the better encouraged against an other time, to bestow my travaile in matters of farre greater weighte and importaunce. In the meane season (desiring your Honour to take these simple Attemptes of myne in good part:) I leave you to the tuition of the right high and mighty God: Who kepe you long in health, & graunt you many happy yeares: with encrease of Honor.

All your Honours to commaund.

Alexander Neuile.

Preface to the Reader.

Behold here before thy Face (good Reader) the most lamentable Tragedy of that most Infortunate Prince OEdipus, for thy profit rudely translated. Wonder not at the grofenesse of the Style: neyther yet accounte the Inuentours Dylygence disgraced by the Translatours Neglygence: Who though that he hath somtimes boldly presumed to erre from his Author, rouing at randon where he list: adding and subtracting at pleasure: yet let not that engender disdaynefull suspition within thy learned breast. Marke thou rather what is meant by the whole course of the History: and frame thy lyfe free from such mischiefes, wherev with the World at this present is uniuersally overvwhelmed. The wrathfull vengeance of God prouoked, the Body plagued, the mynde and Conscience in midst of deepe deououring daugers most terribly assaulted.

In such
To the Reader.

In such sort that I abhorre to write: and even at the thought thereof I tremble and quake for very inward griefe and feare of minde: assuredly pertwading my selfe that the right high and immortall God, will neuer leaue such horrible and detestable crimes vnpunished. As in this present Tragedy, and to forth in the processe of the whole hystory, thou maist right well perceyue. Wherein thou shalt see, a very exprefse and liuely Image of the incôstant chauge of fickle Fortune in the perfon of a Prince of passing Fame and Renown, midst whole fluids of earthly blisse:by meare misfortune(nay rather by the deepe hidden secret Judgemets of God )piteouly plunged in most extreame miseries. The whole Realme for his fake in straungest guise greuoully plagued: besides the apparaunt destruction of the Nobility: the generall death and spoyle of the Cominalty: the miserable transformed Face of the City,with an infinite number of mischieses more, which I passe ouer unreheresed. Onely with I all men by this Tragical hystory(for to that entent was it written ) to beware of Synne: the ende whereof is Shamefull and miserable. As in the most infortuneate fall of this vnhappy Prince right playnely appeareth.

Who by inward gripe of fearefull consuming Conscience wretchedly tormented: beholding the lamentable state of his vile infected Realmes,wafted by the burning rage of priuy spoyling Pestilence, finds himselfe in tract of time, to be th’only plague & misery of the almost quight destroyed City. Whereupon calling together his Priests and Prophets, & asking councaille of the Gods by them, for present remedy in those euils, wherewith the Realme was than vnuerfally overflowen: auſtere was made that the Plague should neuer ceaſfe, till king LAVS death were throughtly revenged: and the bloody Murtherer druen into perpetuall exile. Which answer were receiued, OE DI PVS, farre more curious in bowitng out the truth, than carefull of his own Estate: for inly slides into an innumerable company of dredfull miseries. For as soone as he had once the perfect vewe of his own detestable deedes, and wicked misdemeanour cast before his eyes, together with the vnnatu-
To the Reader.

unnatural killing of his Father, \textit{L AIVS}, the incestuous Marriage of his Mother \textit{IOCASTA}, the preposterous order of his ill misguided lyfe, with a hundred more like mischiefs, which chaste & undefiled ears abhorre to hear fretting Fury comon enemy & tormentor to corrupted coloieces pricking him forward, all inflamed with Phrenzie and boyling in inward heate of vile infected minde, hee rooteth out his wretched eyes unnaturally, bereaueth his Mother her life (though earnestly requested thereto) beastly, & in the ende in most base kind of slavery banisht, dieth miserable. Leaving behind him vnto all posterities, a dreedfull Example of Gods horrible vengeance for sinne. Such like terrors as these requireth this our present Age, wherein Vice hath chieuest place, & Vertue put to flight, lies as an abie\textit{\texted{ct}, languishing in great extremity. For the which cause, so much the rather have I suffered this my base translated Tragedy to be published: from his Author in word & verse somewhat transformed, though in Sense little altered; and yet oftentimes rudely encreased vvith mine owne simple inuention: more rashly (Icôfesle) than wisely, vvishing to please all: to offend none. But whereas no man liues so uprightly, vvhom laudring tonges leaue unconfamed, I referre my selfe to the Judgement of the wisest, little esteeming the preudiciall mouthes of such carping Marchaunts, vvhich suffer no mens doings almost to scape vndefiled. In fine, I beseech all to gether (if so it might be) to beare vvvith my rude-nes, & consider the groesnes of our owne Countrie language, which ca by no meanes aspire to the high lofty Latinists stile. Myne onely entent vvas to exhorte men to embrace Vertue and shunVyce, according to that of the right famous & excellent Poet \textit{Vrgil.}

\textit{Descite injustiam mouiti, \& non temnere diinos.}

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

A. Neuile.
The Speaker's names.

{OEdipus.} {Iocasta.}
{Chorus.} {Creon.}
{Tiretius.} {Manto.}
{Sanex.} {Phorbas.}

[Nuntius.]

THE FIRST ACTE.

OEDIPUS the King. IOCASTA the Queen.

He Night is gon: and deadfull day
begins at length t'appere:
And Phæbus all bevin'de with Cloudes,
himselfe aloft doth rekre.
And gleeding forth with deadly hue,
a dolefull blase in Skies
Doth beare: Great terror & dismay
to the beholders Eyes.

How shall the houses boorde bee scene,with Plague devoured quight?
And laughter that the night hath made, shall day being forth to light.
Dost any man in Primeely throte reclope? Dost little joy,
How many ills? how fape a Face? and yet how much annoy
In thee both lurke,and hidden lies what heapes of endless strike?
They judge amisse,that deene the Prince to have the happy life.

Foe as the Mountaynes huge and hie, the blustering windes withstand,
And raggy Rocks, the belching floods do bath, and rise fro land:
Though that the Seas in quiet are,and calmes on every side:
So kingdoms great all Windes and Waves of Fortune must abside,
How well sheld I my Father deare Polybius Scepters late?
Ere'll I, bereft of carfull feare, in Pilgrims happy state:
I call the Gods to witness this, and Stars that glide in Skyes,
A Kingdome is beforin to me, I shrode thereof repse
A mischelse, (mighty love,) to great I feare,as I feare
Least these my handses have rest the life, of thee my Father deare.
Apolo by do mee this beware, and yet a mischelse those
Forecels, IOC. Can any greater bee than that you tolde before?

Of Fa.
Oedipus

Of Father Danae by scone's own hand? OE. (O thrice unhappy fate).
With horror all dismaste I stand indeed of threatened fate.
I am ashamed my destinies fowle (O Queene) to thunder out,
And openly to blase my fear my trembling minde doth doule:
Yet out it goes: Phæbus me bids my Mothers Bed to fly,
As though that I her Sonne,with her incestuously should by.
This fear, and only this me caus'd my fathers kingdom great
For to foake, I fed not thence when fear the minde both beat.
The restless thought still dreads the thing, it know's can never chance.
Such sanities now torment my heart, my safety to advance,
And eke thyne ever sacred lawes (O Nature) for to kepe
A帅哥 Sceper I forsooke, pet secret fear doth crepe
Within my beast; and frets it still with doubt and discontent,
And inward pangues which secretely my thoughts a sund the rent.
So though no cause of dres I see, pet fear and dres J all,
And fear in credit with my see, my thoughts my minde appall
That I cannot perswade be though reason tell me noo,
But that the Web is wearin still of my delivered wo.

For what should I suppose the cause? A Plague that is so general,
And Cadmus country whole spoilds, and spoilds it lese through all?
Should noe, amongst so huge a heape of plagued Bodies spare?
And we alone amongst the rest referue to mischeves are?
O happy hap. And hide J still alone the spoile to see?
Of Cities great, of men, of beasts, by plagus that walled bee?
And thou amongst so many ills, a happy life to lead.

Couldst once perswade the lese (O wretch) without all fear of dread.
Of Phæbus secret Judgements to, and that in Kings estate:
Thou, thou, infected half the eare, in such a filthy rate.
Thou art the onely cause of woe: by thee these evils rise,
By thee to grave on such a feste, this wretches these people ples.
The fire flaming springe heat, afflicte comfort that walls,
Is not relieue as went it was by cold and pleasant blasts.
The gentle western winds have left with healthfull pouces to blow,
And now the Cynque Dog with blase of boiling heat doth glow.
The Sunne in Leo burns so hoate, and the earth doth breche,
That huds and bearhes are dyed by, and nothing remaynes but sope,
So thoroughly schothe and suned with heate,that moisture all is gone.
And now amongst so many huds, remaynes alas not one.
The places by are onely seen the streams are drunken by.
And water that doth yet remayne: the sokeing Earth doth sup.

The Moone
The Moone with clowds quight over cast, all sadly south the glides,
And doestfull darknes shades of night, the whole world overlides.
No star on high at all doth shine, but black and heilike hue
Hath overshadowed all the Skyes, whence deadly wills ensue.
The cope that waunted was to growe and fruitfully to spring,
Now to the perished Parishes sought els, but empty skies both being,
No part of all our kingdome is free from destruction;
But all together run end rush, to utter confusion.
The old men with the yong (alas :) the Father with the chylde.
The plague consumes. Both mens wise, all beastes both tame & wyldes
Are spoeld by the Pestilence. No pompe at all remanres,
That waunted was in Funerallnes, to ease the mourners pernes.
Alas this spoile of people made, by plague hath dried myne eyes:
And secretly within my head, the griese & hoping trees.
And that, that waunted is to hap, in most extremest ills:
My teares are dry and glutting griefe my wretched breast it fills.
The cursed father beares the sons, into them dampish graves:
And after him with burden like, the Mother comes and raves:
And even lamenting as they stand, starck dead downe both they fall,
And mourners new in like estate, for them and theirs they call:
Who likewise in the midst of all their toyle and parnfull panye
Do drop into the grave they bigg, and so the place bee gayre
That was preparde for others erst A hell it were to here.
The bozro, end the miseries that every where appeare.
A Tombe is made for noble men, fast on the people hie,
And in, their burdens kings. Great Piers all unregarded are:
For lack of Graves, to Athes cleane their bodies some doe well:
And some halfe burnt doe leave them there, and home away for hast.
They run, some moze they seach, and then wood, her, grave, and all
Doth want. And downe for very griese the wretched miseries fall.
No papers availe. No Arre can help this reging Plague t'appalls.
For none almozt is left arte each others two to cast.
Before thine altars here O God my feeble hands I hold,
Requiring all my defintes, al once with courage bold.
And that by death I may prevent, my Countrie press to fall.
For this, and only this (O God) upon thy name I call.
Let mee not be the last that die: The last that goes to Grave.
Grant this, and then (O mighty love) my full request I have,
O cruel Gods unkind: O more than thyself wshsppp Rates:
That onely mee denied is, that lightes on all Estates.
OEdipus

I mean a speedy death (alas) these evils to prevent,
And deadly woes that do my heart with restlesse rage to torment.
Leave of thy blubbering tears (O saole,) & flp these kingdomes forlode
With rotten plagues & Batches bite, and graves ech where disposte.
All which diseases thou unhappie guest didst bring with thee
Dispatch, Away. Go hence. It least, unto thy parents hie.
10. What boastes it Sir these mischetics, great & pitious plaints to ag-
Strue to beare aduerste, to glide for Kngs estate. (greate.)
When deed and daunger most asapple: when cruel Carees doe crush
The princely heart. The ought: thou most to beare and bide the pulle.
It is no point of courage short to yeld to fortunes frown. (down.
OED. Pay. Fear could never cause mee scope nor Fortune call mee
My manly minde was neuer thauel to baine and peauish fears,
But evermore in each assauel, it prynce courage bears.
No not a thousand glittering swords, nor Mars himselfe in steade,
Can once dismy my Custome, or cause my heart to yeld.
The bery Giants fierce and huge in sight withand I dare.
That Monster Sphinx whose riddles through the world renowned are,
Could not dismy my dreades heart, nor cause my courage slide
For all the terrods I beheld, I did that Fury byde.
I saw him belching Gibbs of bloud, I viewde full well the steade
That all to spatterd lay with bloud, and bones quight overheide.
And when he on Mountaynes top with mouth full huge to see.
Stode gaping all with greedy Jawes to seeke and pray on mee,
Of fluttering with his fcarefull wynge and shaking of his tayle,
Began full like a Lyon fierce with threats mee to assapple.
Of whom straignt way the Kisdell I, it rush: into myne cares
With ropping sound. His wings he claps, the Rock for hast her teares.
Desiring with my Bowels still his gready Jawes to glit:
But I fullsome aposed had the question that he put.
And all the subtile poynctes thereof, and twisted knots but winde.
10. What makes you wish for death to late, and waste your wordes in
You might have died than (you know) for Sphinx so nobly slain. (wind.
This kingdom into you, and yours for ever shall remain.
OED. The athes of that Monster vile, agaynst vs doth rebell.
That vile mishapen bothsome Bratt, that raging Feend of Hell.
Is cause of all the plague that doth this mournfull City smit.
Now only this remynpes alone, if Phoebus heavenly might,
Can any meanes intuent for vs, 02 way of mercy make:
Whereby these burning Plagues at length may haple chaise to take.

Chorus.
Chorus.

Moze then thrie renowned Stock
of auncient Cadmus Race.

O mighty Thebes City great,
O heavy ruthfull Case.

Loe now you lye all desolate,
with Plague devoured quight.
Both you and all your Husbandmen.
(Oh miserable light.)

O woule and fearfull Kate (alas) what caueth all this wo?
O God whence springs this Pestplence that vs to meneth so?
No age, no shape, no forme is sparde, but all confounded lye.
Thus happiest now 5 man I count, whose chaunce was first to dye.
For he hath hund a thousand ills, which wretched Eyes have seen.
And mischeefe great that vs doe yeld. from him are taken clean.
O God withhold thy fury great,thy Plagues from vs remove.
Caste of afflicted Soules to scourge, who thee both serve and love,
Powe downe on them diseases woule, that them deserved have.
A Guerdon full for Anne (Oe God) this is of thee were crave,
And onely this. We aske no more, the cause and all is thynge,
A thing not wise of Gods it is,from pity to decline.
My heart doth pant, and trembling cold through all my limbs both run.
As oft as I remember, count the noble Stockes yndus,
By death and woldfull delentes that overwhelmed lye,
And yet alas the people all to Grave doe faller lye.
In long Arap all in a rancke by thspandends on a roe,
On every ide, in every streate to burial last they doe.
The seven broade wyde open Gastes, are not enough for way,
But through the people yeastred stand still in a fearfull day,
And in the mydS of all theye tople with coses on their backes,
The number that before both poaste the hinder number stackes.
The coses in the greats doe lye and Grave on Grave is made,
But all in vayne. For nothe it doos the plague cannot be stayde.
The sacrifices do to Gods hau to to till successe,
And such straunge lights & Agnes doe rise that nought els I can gesse,
But that at hand with gally paws, is bitter destruction,
With thousand ills accompanied and extreme confussion.
The shepe of rot by heapes as thick, as dogges doe fall and lye,
And besching out their wasted lungees, on greunde doe bypling lye.
And I my selfe of lase did see: (a sight unseene before.)
As our high paled floode lacerissing at the Temple dose,
And brake with grousous bloody wound the golden horned Bull
When downe with lueles lump he drops and members made full bold
And all the woulde wide bleading gapes & blacke goard bloud out spues.
And yet the blade unsprinkled was. Tho bloud he beyling flues
And bubbles on the ground. Alas what do these things presend?
Oh mighty love at length bouchsafe some good and happy end.
At length withheld the hand (O God) and health unto vs send.
Nothing (alas) remayne at all, in wonned old estate,
But al are turned topest downe, quight, bold and desolate.
The saunter horese for sodaine paines from back his burden cats,
And after on his masters kest his lueles tymes he squats:
Who cries for help: but all in vain the beasts in field that side
Unkept: unknowne wapes and pathes do range and overstride.
The Bull for lacke of food and meate in field all fainting lyes,
And all his flocke dispersed quight: the fely Shepherd does.
The hord mankehe amongst his beasts his fatal breath expiers
And to the heauens with piteous cries, commends his last deflers.
The Harts without all fear of wolves do spue in wretched peace.
The rage and wrathful rorring sounds of ramping Lions cease.
The vengeaunce wyle outragious Bares are now as tame as sheeps
The vely Serpent that was wont, the Rocky Dennes to kepe.
Of quaffing poelous Venem sups in inward heat the hogyes.
And all in land and schochis, in cake for longer lye the topes.
The woods are not adourned now, with fresh and lovely hue.
The wonned haves are gon. All things are quight out of their Due:
No greenish grace on ground both grow, the earth no mottlure soupes,
The Vine withouten any sap, his dowses head down drowpes.
What that I say all things (alas) are within out of course,
And as they seeme to me, are inke to care still worse and worse.
O mighty God about when ende these everduring plts?
When cease these plages that gittes bloud thus fierce and raging spises?
I think but as almost alpue, there do no men remayne:
Whom bold full Darts of Disstences, on earth have left bulayne.
I think the darchsome shades of hell where filthy fluds do grow,
Where plages and bile stinks too, where freedfull horror grow,
And all the furies brazen loose do mischiesse on vs thow,
With Bitch & bane of sundry kindes which sother blastes do blow,
And wightful vexed hagges of hell do breech and on vs bringe:
The angry fundes of hell I think their vengeaunce on vs singe
And
The fifthe tragedie.

And out their mortall poison spue which they against vs heare.
Do see how greedy death on vs with scowling eyes doth turne their faces.
See, see. Oh love how fast her thorns his Dares. Not one he spares
But all consounds. His threning force with dand no Creature cares.
No doubt the losom Frenymen the unfull foures that taper
Through stinking cluds, his labour loths that he for vs sustaines.
Such pisse by pips to him is made which still renewes his paynes.
But harke yet morters move these these, the Feme absnode both by
That hellish Dogges whailing sound were heard to howle and cry,
And the ground with trembling hooke, and under seere did move.
And dredefull blasing Comers bright were scene in Skies above.
And gasly shapes of men besides, to wander on the ground.
And wood, and trees on every side, did fearfully resound.
Wellse all this streg Ghosts were scene in places where they flowers.
And Ryuers more then one or two, that ran all blacke goeze bloode.
O cruel plague, O vile disease, faire wofe then speedy death.
O wee unhappy thyske and more, who doe prolonge our breath.
In these accursed daies and ymes. But harke to mee a while.
When first this losomg plague begins these Wylers to desse, It takes them thus. A fearseful Cold through all their bones does run.
And Cold and Hete together mixt, their fences all become.
Than little losomw marks appear, and all their bodies spot.
And all their members flowering glow, and burning falt doe rot.
The Lights, the Lungs, the heart, the Guts, and all that inwaerde lies.
And all the secret partes slopeth, with deadly hir sires.
The blood all clotted in their Cheekes, in cluster lies by bumps.
And it and hete together makes, great, braung, and rubber bumps.
And bloud and fch congeled stands, in Face as stiffe as flake.
And Gyres in head saill fixed set, and often trickling make.
And dywe place whole cluds they cleame, and clers & drops doe trill.
And all the skin from of their Face, by flakes and seales both pill.
A thousand fearfull sounds at once, into their ears doe rush.
And losomg blood out of their Nose, by flling Breames both gush.
The very anguish of their heart both cause them to flyke.
And what with yagne & heart, and fear, their weared lims doe quake.
Then some the running Ryuers haunt, and some on ground doe wallow.
And some againe their thirst to flake, cold water gulping swallow.
Thus all our country tost with plague in Griesse it walttering lies.
And still desiring for to dye, a thousand deaths it dres.
But God to heare them then is pres: and death to none dennes.

Welsh a.
OEdipus

Besides all this, the church some do frequent; but not to pray, but only to glut the Gods, with that that they do say. But who is this that comes to Court in half with poasting pace? What is Creon that noble Prince (for deeds and lately race?) Or doth my mind oppress with care things false for true continue? Creon it is long looked for, his sight doth me repute.

THE SECONDE ACTE.

The first Scene.

OEDIPVS, CREON.

O, fear my body chillies, alas, and trembling all I stand
In quaking dread. I see, and topic,
those mischickes to withstand.
But at in vain I spend my thoughts
it will not be, I see,
As long as all my sentences thus
by cares distracted bee.

My mind desipuous sit (Oh God,) the truth for to unfold,
With doubtful dread is daunted so; that it can scant byholde
It selfe. O Brother deare, if you know of health, thou know,
Declare it out, and sticke not all the truth to me to show.

Cre. The Oracle (most noble king) is dark, and hidden fleg.

Oed. Who doubtfull health doth sticke men bynings, all health to the denes.

Cre. Apolloes be pr is the truth in darkesome dens to hold.

Oed. And Oedipus of Gods, it hath thynge hidden to unfold:
Speak out, tell all, and spare nor man; all doubts I can discus.

Cre. Apollo then (most noble king) himselfe commandeth thus.
By exile purge the Princes fear, and plague with vengeance due
That haples vrretch, whose bloody handes of late King Laius slue:
Before that this perfoumed bee, no hope of milder ayer;
Wherefore do this (O King) or else All hope of helpe dispoyse.

Oc.Durk
The fifthe tragedie.

Oe, Duri any man on earth attempte, that noble Prince to save
Shew me the man that I may him dispatch out of the way.
Cres. God graunt I may it safely eit: the heareng was to terrible,
My senses all amased are it is a thing so horrible,
That I abhorrte to utter it (oh God) for fear I quake
And even at the verry thought my lims beginne to shake.
Alasone as I Appollos Church, had entered in affrayd,
Up on my face flat downe I fell, and thus to him I prayd.
Oh God if ever thou didst rue, on wretched misery rate,
If ever men oppest thou cast, o3 didst their cares abate,
If ever thou in present neede didst present helpe declare,
Ifever thou afflictst Haries with cares confound didst spare:
Shew now thy wondred clemency and pits knowne of yopze.
Scent had I layd: Refounding all the mountaines thundring rozes:
And filthy teendes spout out their flames out of their darksome caves.
And woods do quake, and hilles do move, and by the surging waves
Do mount unto the skyes afoft, and I amased (land).

Still looking for an ounswere at Apollos sacred hand,
When out with tussled bayze disguist the Prophet cometh at last:
And when that hee had felt the beare of mighty Phoebus blast.
All passing out the swollen in rage, and patting still the raues,
And scent he entered had into Apollos shyning caves,
When out a thundring bozce doth burst that’s farre aboue mans reach.
So dreadful seemed then to me the mighty Phoebus speech.

Then thus he spake and thus at length, into myne cares he rush:
Whyle sprawling stil the Prophet lay before the doorses in dust.
The Thebane City never shal be free fro plagues (quoth he,)
Except from thense the Kingkiller forthwith expulsed bee:
Vnto Apollo knownen he was, or ever he was borne.
Do this: or else no hope of health, to this, the gods have sworn.
And as for thee, thou shalt not long in quiet state indure,
But, with thy self wage war thou shalt & war thou shalt pro.
Vnto thy children deare: & crepe agayn thou shalt into (cure
thy mothers wombe,

Oed. Look what the Gods commannded have accomplisht haile.
No never that these eyes of myne alwaye the day to see,
A king of kings eone spoyld by force, he guple of craft supprest.
A king to kings: the prop ought be, and chiefest cause of rell:
No man regards his death at all whom living he doth feare,
OEdipus

O. Great cause makes thee my Prince, death conceale and closest heare.
O. Ought any cause of feare or griefe, thy duty for to let.
O. The threatning of the prophanes, dost my death bestret.
O. Let by God commands forthwith, with some good attornment make
If any-way, or meanes there be their wrathful rage to flake.

Thou God that art on seate on high, and all the world doest guide,
And thou by whose commandement the Starres in Skies do glide:
Thou, thou that onely ruler art of Seas, of Floods, and all.
On thee and on thy Godhead great, for these requestes I call.
Who so hath slayne king Laius, oh loue I do thee pray.
Let thousand ills upon him fall, before his dying day.
Let him no health or comfort haue, but all to crush with cares,
Consumme his wretched yeares in griefe, though that death him spares
Awhile. Per mischieues all, at length upon him light.
With all the elles under Sun, that vile monster knight.
In exile let him like a Slave, the rased course of life.
In shame, in care, in penury in danger and in Strife.
Let no man on him pity take, let all men him receale.
Let him his Brothers sacred bed incenciously defyle.
Let him his father kill. And yet let him do mischieues more.
What thing more hainous can I wish then that I wish before.
Let him do all those elles I say, that I have shound and paite.
All those and more (if more may be) oh God upon him call.
Let him no hope of pardon haue: but sue and all in bayne.
All hellish Furies on him light, fo to encrease his payne.
O loue poure downe thy fury great, thy shadying thumpes out thyow.
Let Boreas hoistersous knacles and stomy plagues upon him blow.
Consumme him quight. Freet out his guttes to pockes and botches bile.
Let all diseases on him light that wretched bodyes fyle.
Let these and more (if more may be) upon that Monstere fall.
Let Harpies paws and greedy paunche devoure his members all.
Let no man him regard: or seekes his limmes in grave to lay.
But let him by ten thousand deaths before his dying day.
By this my Kingdome I do sweare, and Kingdome that I left
By all my Countrey Gods that ben in Temples closely kept,
I sweare, I vow, I do prosect, and thereto witnesse take:
The Starres, the Seas, the Earth and all that eere thy hand did make.
Excepte that I my selfe forthe with this bloody monster and,
To wrauke the wrath of God some way with solenyme oth I bynde.
The fifth tragedie.

Had so my father, Polybius, his happy days outlived,
And to my mother Merope, no marriage new continue:
As he shall dye that did this deed, and none shall him excuse.
Who so he be here I protest for that he shortly rues:
But where this wicked deed was don Creon now tell me playne:
Both by what meanest is where and how King Laius was slayne.
Creon, passing through Castalia woods, a mountains heart with shoe
Where groves and shrubs, and bushes thicke a Brambles sharpe do growe.
A threepathd crooked way there is that diversely both goe.
One unto Bacchus city bends that Phoebus both hight.
The other to Olenius, forth stretched out aright:
The third that reacheth through the bales and by the rivers lyes
Tends downe unto the Banks whereby Eleia waterplies.
There unawarees (piteous chauce) a troup of theves entrap:
The noble prince, and murders him hence springing these great mishaps
Which beapes you realms with hideous woes and plagues on every side,
By tust decrees of heauenly powers which can no murder bide.
But see Tiretias where he comes with old and trembling pace.
A thinkes Apolloes heauenly might have brought him to this place.
See where he comes; and Manto too, his steps directing stapes
Tis he who for your grace (O king) and for your countrie prays.
OEDIPVS. TYRESIAS.
MANTO.

One holy priest (to Phœbus next)
these doubtfull answers lose:
And whom that destinies will to dye,
Straightways to me disclose,
TY. Renowned Prince, though still I stand
in silence some dismayde:
And though by inward feare of mynde
my tinging tongue is stayde:
Yet pardon me (O noble Prince,) and give me leave a while.
From lack of light spings Ignorance which powre bath to extile
Untouched Truth fro doubtfull breasts.
This thing full well you know,
But whither God and Country calleth, with willing minde I goe.
Let deable fate all desent,be boult out at length.

TY. King if I of greener yeares had now my wonted strength:
This matter soone dissect should be, and I would take in hande,
My selfe in presence of the Gods, in temple so to stande.
A mighty Dre all couloured white, up on the Bulters reare,
Which never yet on weried necke, the crooked poake did beare.
And Manto thou, O daughter mine, mine once prep and say:
The secret hidden misteries, and sacred signes our say.
MA. The beast before the Bulters stant. TY. To Gods a praper make,
And on the holy Bulters eke, some pleasant oboes shake.
MA. Tis done. And all the holy serce, with increse bright doe shone.
TY. O Manto now what signes seekest thou? how doe thy matters frame?
What dooth the fire, the Sacrifice encompass round about?
MA. Not so. But first it mounteth aloft, and fraught it shall eth out.
TY. Well Pet, how dooth the sacred flame all shining bright and clear.
It seteth on high unto the Skies, with sparkling flakes bypare?
Or doth it oft rebounding bache, it seteth, from Skyes unscold?
Or all with rumpling roysting noyle, about the place itt round ?

O3 dim'de.
The fifth tragedie.

Plym'd with smoke, it set from place, to place, nowhere, now there.

M. A. Not one. But divers, colours mixt the flame both with it bears.

Much like unto the Rainbow, which with sundry painted hues

Foreswore unto the husbandmen the weather that ensues.

What colour it wants, or what it hath, to me is like uncertainties.

How is it black, now blue, now red, and even now again.

Dought out it is. Peer once again, all fierce it slaying flames.

But, yet mischief's more then this, unluckly it frames.

The her quight a sunder parts, and flame with flame both fight.

O father I abhore to see, this ugly forthsome sight.

The Wyne to bloud is turned quight, and all the Pynces bed,

With chiefe black clouds encompassed, with smoke all overspewed.

O father tell what this portends. Ty. What should I tell alas?

My minde for, fear amongst stands, and trembling cold both pas.

Through all my limbs. What shall I say? or where shall I begin.

O cruel Plagues, O weaksull Gods, O benesoffe due for an.

Some dyce and bloudye deed ( alas) these hybrous signes declare.

What's that the Gods would have reuaise, and yet doe but beware.

To better it? By certaine signes their wrath is oft descride:

Such signes appeare, and yet they seeme their fury great to hide.

They are ashamed: I were here what. Come hither, quickly bring

Some salt with thee, and it upon the sacrifice goe sking.

What? are their looks pleasant and milde, and doe they gently hide

The touching of thy sacred hands? M. A. What may this thing betide?

The Bull (a wonder great to see) his head on his hee lifteth

And turned still unto the East, from whence it alwaies lifteth,

Still looking as hee seemes to me, of heaven to see the light,

Of scuffling with his bearing eyes with garrishly ruthless light.

Ty. But doth one blow the dyne to ground, or none the one they hauce

MA. The Heifer as it seemde, enflamed with courage route and braye

Upon the most of all Blade did rush, and there herselfe desiries:

When out the bloud it coming spouteth, and mounts unto the Skies.

The brawny Bull twice stroke of this, with grousling groaning eyes

And toppling-by and down he mogyles. And still to live desires.

And yet at length with much ado, his brutish breath expaireth.

Ty. Wheredothe the wounde wide open gaze, or is it closed up?

O, doth the deepnes of the hole, the bloud in saking spuit.

MA. Out of the woundes Heifers Brad Black bluth waters rush.

As for the Bull, but little bloud, out of his wounds dotly guls.

It back
OEdipus

At back rebounds, and from his Mouth & Eyes by Streames both flow.
But what these dreadfull Signes present the Gods alone do know.
TV. By this unhappy Sacrifice, great feares within me rise.
But tell me now; In the inner parts, what secret hidden lies?
Mr. O'Father what means this (alas) that more then wonted guile
The Inward Serpents and Theft my hands, and Hearing oft arise.
The blood by Streames out of the Eares, full Draughtly slips aloft.
The heart all schocked and hidden lies, and Strokes are seen full off.
Of Colour very wan and pale; The chiefest parts doe want.
The Lyser, blackish galt our spares, end somewhat ring pants.
And that, that my Smites of great, to kingdoms both forsooke:
Two heads are seen, and yet both heads one skin both overgrow
And overheates them quight, But yet the skin, it is so thin.
That easily one may discern what blood hid therein.
And that which hopred both encrease, a man may plainly see
Now both the heart, the Lungs, and Lungs, and all disturbed bee.
The tearfull noyse and sound you here is not of beastis, but feter.
That roaring on the Alters makes, presaging worstfull mee.
Of angry Gods who doe fozetell some purpose that they have,
For to revenge some soule middeede that vengeance must doth crave.
No part his proper place observer, no keepe his order due:
But altogether quight disguisse, with an unwonted hue.
Mishapen, out of frame, transfigured, displaced quight (alas)
What thing is that the Gods intend ere long to bring to pass?
OEd. Why than declare from whence, and why these deadly Signes arise.
With courage now I will it hear, it shall not once aggravate.
By ballassic wind, Extremest us have power to banish feare.
TV. You will wifie that unhard which you so much desepe to hear.
OEd. Per fende the Gods will have him known telle me (I say)his name
That live your King, TV. How wing, not womb of Bird or beast & same.
Contell (O king) new sacrifice, new means we must invent.
From dreddfull darke infernall lamps some Fury must be sent.
These mischieves great for to unsode, Oels King Ditis bee,
That Empees keeps on grieuously Ghosts, entracted needes must bee
These things forth with for to disclose. Telle who shall have the charge,
A King thou art, than must not thou go through those kingdoms large.
OEd. Than noble Creon thou shalt goe, this paper is still for thee:
Whoe must this crown and kingdom great enjoy after mee:

THE
The fifth tragedie.

THE THIRDE ACTE.

THE FIRST SCENE.

Oedipus. Creon.

Though that the face where sadness lies,
in heavy mourning gale,
Brought to protest, but deeply grievest,
And mischief's still to rest:
Yet tell some means whereby at length
The gods we may appease,
In purchase to our kingdomes walk,
Some hope of health and ease.

Cre. Was you byd me that disclose which secre both byd me hyde.
Oed. If that the Thebaine Citieis great, by doleful plaues destryde.
Perce nor thy hart: per oughtest thou, these kingdomes so to rise,
Which were unto thy brothers house, of autentie title due.
Cre. You wish thine to know, which you wilt with unknowen at length.
Oed. Why so? a simple remedy of little soaze and strenght
Is ignorance of our estate when daungers by destryde.
But what wilt thou so great a good for common saftety hide?
Cre. Horrible Wording and perilous in sheenes I abhorre;
Oed. And I likewise at Subjects hands dispayne to take a doze,
Speak out with speed, or else be prode of report thou haile and
How daunegerous a case it is to gathre a Princeys mynd.
Cre. Kings soe often be to wise bereolde, which they bad set before,
Oed. Go to, dispatch and cease in time to here me any more.
Except that thou forthwith to me this beinuous bode disclose:
The gods I do protest, to death for at thou onely goes.
Cre. O pardon me most noble king. O let me hold my yea,
Of al the graces Princes graunt, what sauour may be lesse?
Oed. As though silence hurts not more both king and countresse ease:
Then speach ote tymes: which subiects thoughts to Princes doth reveale?
Dispatch
Dispatch at once, Sir, me no more thou know'st my guise or old.
CRE. Silence denied, what privilege may my Subject holde?
OED. I trap't; he is, who here keepes, who king commands to speake.
CRE. Then pardon my constrained speech, and silence for to breake.
You me compell. I do in full tale (O king) my tongue must tell,
And which I fear your majesty will not interpret well.
OED. Was ever man rebuk'd for that, that he was bid to say?
CRE. Well than since needes I must: I am contented to obey.
A wood there is from Cyp farre, enhaunes with stately trees:
Where many a plant, and herbe doth grow, which Phæbus never sees:
With ever during bushes greenes, the Cypresse there both rys,
And puts his olde and lefthy head within the cloudy Skyes.
The ancienne Time-eaten Dike with crooked bended limbs.
The Cypresse tree Stein: The Alder which in Neptune's kingdoms swims,
The Bayes with bitter beries che the Times doere friends to Ulysses,
And many a noble tree bides, as Wirtels, Fires, and Pynces.
Amidst them all, one there is with large our stretched arms,
Whose young sound, a cracking noyse the lesser woods hearmes,
And overhades them all: A Tree of monstrous huge estate,
Beseit with fearfaltt woods; there is that dye, and dreadfull gates;
That leads to tothsome Lymbro Lake, and potts that ever owes.
Where choked mirey mud both streame with lime course full lowe.
Here when the priest was entred in, with comely aged pace,
He stayed not; No neede there was, for night was full in place.
Than all the ground wide open gapes, a smothering vapours rys,
And fyre and smoke, a flaming link, mounts up unto the Skyes.
The Priest with waving weare iclab, his facefull red out tooke:
And entering in, in blacke Tray, full often times it Choke.
With heavy cheere and boldly pace; his berye haire was twynde
With bowes of mostall Ewe, A tree wherewith the mourning hinde,
Their mourning hede, a Garlands make. In this guise all araside,
The sacred Priest doth enter in with trembling limbs distempe:
Than in the Shepe, and Omen blacke, by backward course are drawn.
And odours sweete, a Frankenceence, on flaming fyer are thrown.
The beasts on burning Altars call, do quake with schoched limes:
And bloody streams with fyer mixt, about the Tullare swines.
Than on the darke infernal Gods, and him that rules them all:
With deadly shrieking horror aloue, the Prophet gin to call.
And rouls the Magick verse in mouth, and hidden Trees both rysse:
Which eyther power have to appease or els the Gods to move.
Than bloody streaming Lebones black, with bstocking beate doe boyle:
And all
The fifth tragedie.

And all the Beasts costume and burn. The Prophet than to rose
Begins. And mixed wine and Mylke upon the Altar's thowses.
And all the Dungene darke, and wyde with Screaming blood it flowes.
Than out with thundring bores against the Prophet calles and cripes.
And straight as much y rumbling moury he champs in secret wyse
The trees do turne. The Rivers sad. The ground with roling shakes.
And all the world as seems to mee, with fearfull trembling quakes.
I am heard, I am heard, than out aloude the Priest began to cry:
When all the daunted sotties by heapes abonde out rushes fly.
Then woods with rumbiling noyle, doe off resounding make.
And Heaven, and Earth together goe. And bowes and trees do craike.
And Thunders roose. And Lightnings flash. And waues alost doe fly.
And ground verryes; and Dogs doe howl; and Beastes are heard to cry.
And whose the long of Acheron, that losthom fluid that flowes
All stinking streames; or of the earth, that out her Bowels thowses.
Free place to Spirts to gove; or of that fierce infernall Bound,
That at such times both bustling make to champ, so railing found.
The Earth at wide it open gapes, And I did see on ground,
The Gods with colour pale and wan, that those dark kingdoms keepes.
And very night I saw in bee, and thousand hapes to crepe,
From out those stilly stinking Lakes, and lothson pits of Hell.
Where all the entis under Son, in darksome shades do dwell.
So quaking all for feare I stoode with mindes right fore apatide,
Wile on those Gods to trembling mouth the Priest full often calde.
Who all at once, out of the, dens did step with griesly Face.
And Wonders grim, and blinging Snakes seemd wander in that place.
And all the saws Feenies of Hell, and Furies all were there.
And all transformed Ghosts, spirits, that ever Hell did bear.
With Cares, and all Diseases yle, that most abyde doe crush.
All those, and more I sawe out of those Dungene depe to rich.
And Age I sawe, with trusted Face, and Bee, the Fear, and Death,
And Fire, and flames, a thousand till out fro those Pits to breath.
Then I was gone: and quicke amase. The wenche in worser case.
And yet of olde, acquainted with her Fathers trees she was.
The Priest himselfe bountowed Good, and boldely cried out:
Whole Armies of king Ditis men, who clarring in a Rowe:
At stirring thin like Cloudes, dispersd abrode in these doe flie.
And bearing sundry shapes and formses doe swed about in Sky.
A thousand woods I think he have not so many leaves on trees.
Ten thousand medowes freely have not so many flowers for bees.
OEdipus

Ten hundred thousand rivers not so many foule can flow:

Noz all the drops and streams, and gulphes that in the Seas do flow.

If that they might be wap'd, can sure so great a number make

As could those Shapes and forms that flew from out of Limbo's lake.

Both Tantalus and Zetus too, and pale Amphions Ghost:

And Agae, and after her ten thousand Spirits to post.

Than Penteus, and more and more, in like estate ensue

Eli out at length comes Laius with soule and gruyly hue.

Uncomly dress'd in wretched plight with dust all overgrown:

All perct with wounds, (I loth to speake) with blood quight overflowd

A Wiser right as fremd to me, and most of Wifers all:

Thus in this case, at length he spake, and thus began to call.

O Cadmus cruel City byse, that still delightst in blood,

O Cadmus thou, whose kinshem's death, accountst as chiefst good.

Teare out the bloody Bowels of your Children, leere of me.

Do that, and rather more, then you would lyde the day to see

Like ills as late on me are light. Let mothers lour (as) this

Hath caused the greatest misery that ere in theba was.

The Country with the wrath of Gods at this time is not tost.

No yeart not sport infect is not the cause that all bene lost.

No No. A bloody King is cause of all these mischiefes great:

A bloody wretch: A wretched child that sits in Fathers Seat.

And Mothers bed deftys (O wretch) entrench in agane,

In places where he came from once and doubsteth so her paene,

Where that hee sits the happiest wondre, wherein himselfe did lie

With gracelles seede and causeth her twelv childbirthes pungues to try;

Unhappy Sonne, but Father worst and most unhappy bee.

By whom the lawes of sacred name so sore confounded bee.

For that that very beleue (strait) do all shewre to do.

Euen of his mothers body he hath brothers gotten two.

Mischief great: O dreisfull bee, then Sphinx, O mother more.

Example into ages all of Gods foretold before.

But I thee, thee, that Seerper hoidst, the Father will pursue,

And wrecake my selfe on thee and thyne with plagues a vengeance due.

All restless rage of spite and paine I will uppon thee blow,

And all the furies soule of hell uppon thee I will throw.

I will subvert the House clean, for this thy lothesome tost.

I will do this thou wretch: And thee, and thyne consume to dust.

Wherefore dispatch at once (I say) into exile spine your King.

That ground & first of all he leaves, with fresh grene grasse hall spring,

And
The fifth tragedy.

And sweete, and pleasant Pyre, and healthfull blasts shall yse,
And all the cullts under Sun, that more all men surprise:
The Poets, the Pies, the Potch, the blazes death with him shall fly,
And with him mischief all shall passe, and Monsters under Sky.
And as for him I know hee would depart with willing mynde:
But I will clog his Feste, and heads, his way hee shall not finde.
But groping with his aged haste, shall passe from place to place.
This shall he doe. And none shall rue upon his ruthfull cause.
Bid you the Monster from the Earth, for Heaven let mee alone,
No sooner said, but straight away, his dreadful Chast was gone,
And fast by thousands after him, th other Sprights in hyde:
Than Cold's trembling feare began through all my bones to glide.
O E D. The thing I always fearde, I see upon me now is hyde:
But slender props they are (God wot) whereby your Treason is hyde:
Meropa my Mother bear, shall mee from this defend:
Polybius the Hall purge mee quight, from Actions all, that tend
To murder, or to incess tile, they both shall mee excuse,
In such a cause no means at all of tryall I refuse.
Let what you can unto my charge. No fault in mee remaining,
The Thebanes long or I came heere, of Lais death complain.
My Mother yet alive, my Father still in the estate.
No, no, this is some volshe drift, of you false Prophets pate.
Disti some mighty God above, both beare me no good will,
And let no by Plagues on mee to erre, his wrathfull vengeance list.
Ah Sir I am glad at length I smell your drifts and fetches syne.
I know the whole confederacy your sleights I can unknot
That beastly Potch, that bleared wretch becomes the Gods and mee:
And thee thou Traitor in my place hath promised king to bee.
C R E. Was would I my Sister of, her lawfull kingdome spoile?
Thank you such treason may have place in bythres breast so bogle?
Of that myne: Oth could me not keepe content with my degree:
But that contemning meane estate, I would elufe aloft to bee.
Yet should unt Fortune mee deter, from such atten pes I trowe:
Whose guile it is on Princes heads, huge heapes of Cares to throw.
I would advise you grave betimes this charge from you to cast.
Last inging long all busières you be opprest at last.
Sure your selfe, in bater state, more later you may live:
And then a thousand Cares, a Grieues which Princes hearts doe rue:
O E D. And dost thou me exhort thou have my kingdome so to leave?
Dylethless head, Dhomelesse heart, 'tis could such treasons weare?
Oedipus

Darest thou attempt thou billagae bite this thing, to me to break?

And fearst thou not in such a cause so boldly for to speake.

CRE. I would persuade them so (O King) who freely might possess

Their Realmes such pitious cares I see, as princes hearts oppisse:

But as for you of force you must your Fortunes change abyde.

OED. The surest way for them that gape for kingdoms large, & wyde,

Is first things meanes, and rest, and peace, and base estate to praise:

And yet with Tooth and Majesty, to toyle to mount aloft alaways.

So often times, most restless Beastes doe chiefly rest commend.

CRE. Shall not my service long suffice my truth so to defend?

OED. Time is the only meanes for such, as thou to worke they will.

CRE. It is so, but as to mee of goods I have my full.

A great refoue. A pleasant life: from Princeely cares exempe.

All these might (lucrily) mee dissuade from such a toule attempt,

There is no day almo (O King) the whole yeare thopow out,

Where in some royall gifts are not from countreys round about

Unto mee sent, both Gold, and pearles, and things of greater cost,

Which I let passe, least I should seeme but vainly so to bose.

Besides the life of many a man hath bin preserved by mee.

In such a blissfull state (O King) what can there wanting be?

(OE. Good Fortune can no meane obserue, but all the mostest higher)

CRE. Shall I than guillielme die (alas,) my cause and all barreds?

OED. Were unto you at any time my life, my deeds disride?

Did any man defend mee yet? or else my causes please?

And guillielme yet I am condemnde to this you doe mee lead,

And mee expresse example gibe, which I entende to take.

What measure you doe meat to mee, like measure must I make.

CRE. The minde which guillielme dyed appawls, true cause of seare be-

That guillielme is not guillielme sure, which every blad dismaites. (waies)

OED. Hee that in mid of perillnes depe, and dangers bath bene cash,

Both seek all means to sune like tills as hee bath overpast.

CRE. So hatreds rage. OE. Hee that to much doth ble ill will to seare,

Unsufffull is: and knowes not how, hee ought him selfe to beare

As kings estate. For seare alone doth Kingdomes chesely kepe.

Than hee that thus doth arme himselfe from seare all free may depe.

CRE. Who so the cruellest spant poynts, and guillielme men doth smight,

Hee dreseth them that hee doe dread, so seare doth chesely light

On causers chesie. A subt revenge for bloody mindes at last.

OED. Come take this trappor ble away, In dungeon depe him cass

Enclose. There for his due deserts, let him abide such panye

And scourge of minds (as meett it is) falle trappors to sublie.

Chorus.
The fifth tragedy.

Chorus.

See, see, the miserable state,
of Princes carefull lyfe.
What raging stormes? what bloody hoyles?
what toyle? what endless drepe?
Do they endure? (O God) what plagues?
what griefe do they sustayne?
A Princes lyfe: No. No. (No doubt)
an ever burning pyne.

A state ene St for men on whom Fortune woulde wyke her will.
A place for Cares to couch them in. A doore wyde open stille
For grieves and daungers all that ben to enter when they lift.
Tonge these wates must ever haue, it bootes not to resi.
Whole stude of sauey pinching saare, great anguish of the minde.
Apparant plagues, a dagte grieves. These playstapes Princes finde.
And other none, with whom they spend and passe theyr wretched dages.
Thus hee that Princes turies, and base Estate together wages:
Shall finde the one a very hell, a perfect infelicitie:
The other eke a heauen right, exempted quight from myserie.

Let OEdipus example bee of, this vnto you all,
A Mirrour mette. A Patern playne of Princes carefull thyall.
Who late in perfect Joy as seene be, and everlasting bliss,
Triumphant his lyfe out led, a Happy now hee is,
And most of wretched Wisters all, even at this present tyme,
With doubeful waves of saare It is, subject to such a Cryme
Whereas my tongue amased byses, God graunt that at the last,
It fall not out as Creon tolde. Not yet the worke is past,

(I feare.)
THE FOURTH
ACTE.
THE FIRST
SCENE.

OEdipus, locafta.

My mind with doublefull waues of dread,
is tossed to and fro,
I wot not what to say (Alas)
I am tormented so.
For all the Gods on me doe cry,
for pynes and vengeaunce due.
They say that these my guiltielle hands,
king Laius lately sue.
But this my conscience bovde of crime
and mynde from mischiefe free:

To Gods entried, to mee well known
dentes it so to bee:
Full well I doe remember once, by chaunce: I did dispatch,
A man who fought by force with mee presumptuously to match.
His purpose was (a bold attempt) my Thirt to say,
This I remember well enough, the strife was in the way.
And he a man well Aept in pears, and I a lusty bloud,
And yet of mere disloane and pride in bayne hee mee withlood.
But this from Thebes farre was done, a crooked three pathd way,
That was the place in which we fought; it hard by Phocis lay.
Deare WIFE resolve my doubts at once, and mee expressly tell.
How old was Laius the King when this mischaunce befell?
Was he of fresh and lusty pears? or stricken well in age
When he was kilde? O ease my thoughts of this tormenting rage.

IOC. Butwixt an old man an a yong : but nearer to an olde.
OED. Were there great Hands of men to him his Person to bpholde?
IOC. Some by the way deceased were, and some esteemed by pays.
A fewe by togle and labour long, did with their Prince remayne.
OEd. Were any Pake in his defence? IO. Of one report is rise,
Who constant in his princes cause full strongly lost his life.
OED. It is enough, I knowe the man that hith this mischiefe done.
The number and the place agrees. The time entried alone
Remaynes: Than tell what time hee died, and when that he was slaine.
IOC. Tis ten pears since: you now relive my chiefest cares againe.

THE
THE FOURTH ACTE.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Senex: OEdipus:

He Corinth people all (O King) in Fathers place to say
Doe call your Grace: Polybius both
ternal rest obtain.

OED. O God what Fortune yelde both mess
impose on every side?
How doe my sorrows still increase?
Tell bow my Father bide.

SEN. Do sicknesse (Sir) but very age did of his life him accuse.
OED. And is this dead? in deede not slayne? what joy may I conceave?
How may I now triumph? the Gods to wittense I doe call.

To whom are known my hidden thoughts and secret workings al?
How may I lift to hyes my hands, my hands from mischitve free.
But yet the chiefest cause of suche wryntch will to me.

SEN. Your Fathers kingdom ought al dyed out of your mind to dyse.
OED. That I confesse. But secret thoughts my trembling heart doth rise
With inward doubt of depe distress, my Father I do feare.
This grudge is that continually my heart both rent and seare.

SEN. Do you your Mother see? on your return that only slayen?
OED. I feare not her: but from her sight a godly zeal doth spacious.

What will you her a Widow issue? O I now, now, thou wouldst the
This, this, and onely this (alas,) is cause of all my heart.

SEN. Tell me (O King) what doubtfull seare? doth press the princely
kings course? I can well conclude that ben with Cares opposeth. (chast)
OED. Least as Apollo hath foresaid, I should a Warrsage make
With myne owne Mother: only this owle seare doth make me quake.

SEN. Such hyne & youth seares, at length from out your beaull exploits
Meropa your Mother is not in deade, you do your selfe beguile.

OED. What baungtage should it be to her adopted Sonnes to have?
SEN. A kingdom she hall garned thereby. Her Husband taryd in grace.
The chiefest prop to stey her Realmes from present confusion,
Is children lot to have; and hope of lawfull succession.
Oedipus

OED. What are the means whereby thou dost these secrets understand?
SEN. My selfe (your grace) an infant gave into your fathers hand.
OED. Didst thou me to my father grant? Who then gave me to thee?
SEN. I shepheard as that wanted an Cytheron Hills to bee. (do't
OED. What made thee in those woods to roaige? what hast thou there?
SEN. Upon those Hills my Beasts I kept, sometime a shepheard to.
OED. What Stone, what pitie marks half thou where he thou did me know?
SE. The holes & through your fence are bone fro where your name did
OED. Declare forthwith what was his name I gave me unto thee. (gro.
SE. The kings chief shepheard that was, delivered you to mee.
OED. What was his name? SE. King old mens remembrance loone both
Obstution for the chiefe part, both haire heads allagle. (faile:
And downes their former memory of things long out of mynde, (finde,
OED. What canst thou know by man by sight? I perhaps I should him
And know by face. Things over whelmd by time, and quight oppress,
A small marke oft to mynde removers, and fresh remnes in best.
OED. Sirs bid the herdmen forth to drive they Beasts to Jutlers all.
Away with speeche, make half, the Master shepherds to mee call.
SE. Sith that your deuing this both hyde, and Fortune its detayn
And cloyster keep, let it be so, from opening that refrayne.
That long conceal'd haide hidden Ien, that saile not to disclose:
Such things outlurcht and lost oftimes against the searchr goes.
OED. Can any mistylete greater be? than this the now I scarce.
SE. Advise you not remember feck what weight this thing both haire?
That thus you goe about to search, and sit with Tooth and Maple,
Observe the golden mean: beware haire beall an equal faile.
Your Courtiers wealth (O King) your lyke, and all upon this lyke.
Though you sit not, bee sure at length your Fortune you espres.
A happy fate so? to disturb both nought at all befoxe.
OED. When things be at the world, of them a man may safely move.
SE. Can you have bought more excellent then is a Princes hate?
Beware least of your Parents found it you repent to late.
OED. No (father) no I warrant thee: repent not I (I know.)
If seeketh it nor to that endent, I have decree to know,
The matter at the full. Wherefore I will it now pursue,
In Phoebus: where the trembling cons, with comely aged hue.
To whom of all the kinges fack than, the care and charge was due.
Dost thou his name, his speach, his face, or yet his person know?
SE. We thinkes I should have seene his face, and yet I cannot show
The places where I have seene, small time bringt such a change.
THE FIFTH TRAGEDY.

As well acquainted faces oft, to us appear with strange:
This looke is neither thoroughly known, nor yet unknown to me.
I cannot tell: I doubt it much, and yet it may be so.
In Lais time long once when her these Kindomes great did keepes:
Wilt thou not on Citheron his chiefe Shepherd to his shepe?

THE FOURTH
ACTE.

THE THIRDE
SCENE.

Phorbas. Senex. OEdipus.

Ofttime a charge of shepe I had,
unworthy though I weare,
And did upon those hills chiefe rail
on other Shepards heare.
SE. Knowest thou not me. PH. I cannot tell.
OE. Didst thou once geue this man
A Childe. Speakes out, why dost thou say it?
if so, declare it then.
Why dost thou blush and doubting stand,
troth seeketh no delay.

PH. Things out of minde you call agayne, almost night wone away.
OE. Confesse thou slave, or else I sweare, thou hast constrayned me.
PH. In deede I doe remember once, an Infant long by me,
Delivered was unto this Man: but well I wot in veri.
I know he could not long endure, nor yet alpine remayne.
Long since he is dead (I know it well) hee liues not at this day.
SE. No: God forbid, he liues no doubt, and long may liue I pray.
OE. Why dost thou say the child is dead, that thou this man didst give.
PH. With Irons sharp his feete were boarde, I know he could not liue,
For of the soze a swelling rose, I saw the bloud to gush.
From out of both the wounds: and down by pouzing streames to stink.

Now.
Oedipus

O. Now lay (O king) no farther now, you know almost the truth. 
O. Whose child was it? tell me to this. Ph. I dare not for mine Ode. 
O. Thine Ode thou frame; Some fire hear. He frame thine Ode and With fire & flames: except forthwith thou tell the truth to me. 
O. O. Pardon me, though rude I seem; I seeke not to withstand Your grace's mind: (most noble king.) By life is in your hand; (name) Oed. Tell me the truth, what child, whose, what was his Mothers P. Born of your wife. O. O. Gaping earth devour my body quight: 
O. Else thou God that rulest art of houses bobes of light, To hell my soule with thunder bolts to hell my soule down by ruie. 
Wheregreilly Gods in darkenesse deep, and endless paine do lyue. 
For the alone, these Plagues doe rage. For thee these mischieves rage. 
For thee, the Earth lies desolate. For thee thou warrant the skies 
Infected are. For thee, for thee, and for the sickly lust, 
A hundred thousand guiltless men, consumed are to dust. 
O. People throw, cast heapes of stones upon this hatefull bed: 
With all your woads within my bed: you suries overthred 
My restless thoughts, with raging woes: and plunge me in seas of pain. 
Let me those hoarse still endure, which damned soules sustaine. 
You citizens of Stately Thebes be me with promptness due. 
Let farther, Son, and Wife, and all with vengeance me pursue. 
Let those that for my sake alone with plagues torment bee 
Throw darts, cast stones, sting her and flames, and torture all on me. 
Confounder O of Nature thou to lawes of sacred love, 
Even from the birth an open foe. Thou didst refuse to dye 
So soon as thou wast born. Go, go, unto the Court thee be. 
There with the Mother (name) triumph rejoyce as thou mainte do. 
Who had the house encresed with unhappy children so. 
Make haste with speede, a way, some thing thy mischiefs worthy finde. 
And on the selfe wreke all the spight of thy revenging minde.

Chorus.
The fifth tragedy.

Chorus.

Drune the guide of humane lyfe doth all things change at will,
And stirrig ill, doth restless thoughts our wretched minds both fill.
In byen men drine their sars to hope whose hideous terrors rise:
And blustering winde doth daungerous depe sets death before their
Who saith he doth her fauning seele? a changeth not his minde, (eyes.
When sticke sight of Fortunes wheel doth turne by course of kinde.
These greuous plagues fro privat house to princely Thrones do flow,
And of their minds with cares they sense and thick upon the brow.
Whole hapes of gresse and dyse debate, a wofull thing to see:
A princely lyfe to mylers stare, converted for to bee.
O OEdipus thy fatal fall, thy dreadfull mischiefs right.
Thy dothfull sate, thy myster, thy thisse unhappy plight:
These things shall blase through all y world: what heart may the retayse
At thy distresse? I can no more: my teares doe stop my voyce.
But what is he that ponder stumps? and raging puffs and blowes,
And often shakes his vexed head, some mischief great bee knowes.
Good bee your countenaunce both import some great and fearefull thing,
Tell by therefore (as that you may) what newses from Court you bring.

THE FIFTE

ACTE.

NVNTIVS.

When OEdipus accursed wretch,
his fatal fate had spied,
To hell be damnd his wretched soule
and on the Gods he cryed
For vengeaunce due. And posting fast
with frantich moode & grievely hue,
Into his dolefull Court he went,
his thounds for to pursue.
Much like a Lion ramping wyde, his furious head that shakes,
And roares with thundring mouth aloud, and often gnashing makes,
None otherwise this misere farde, A lothsome light to see,
Beside him selfe for very rage, he still disturbs to dye.

And rowl.
Oedipus:

And strolling round his wretched Eyes with bysage pale and wan:
Ten thousand Curers out he pouzes. Himselfe the unhappiess man.
Of all that live, he doth account: as lusty he may doe.
A wretch, a slave, a catilse base. The cause of all our woe.
And in this case enslavd with spight he stirs, he stamps, he raves.
And boding in his secret thoughts, he still besides to have
All tomentus under sun that may his cares conclude encrease.
O wretched wretch, what should hee doe? What man may him release?
Thus coming all for rage at mouth, with sighes, and sobes, and groans,
His damned head ten thousand times, as oft his werped bones,
He beats. And often poussing makes, and roares, and suetis, a swete.
And on the Gods for death hee calles, for Death hee still entreats,
Three times he did begin to speake: and thryse his tong did say.
At length he cried out aloud: O wretch. Away, away,
Away thou monstrous Beast (he sayd) wilt thou prolong thy lye?
May rather some man strike this beast with Crooke of bloody kings.
Of all you Gods above on me your flaming fiers outcast:
And dints of Thunderbolts down throw. This is my proper last.
What greedy bite devouring Giepe, upon my guts will grow?
That Tigre fierce my hearefull limes will quight a Sunder draw?
Loe, here I am you Gods: Loe, here, where now on me your will:
Now, now you spy Kneedes of Hell, of vengeance take your sill.
Send out some wide outrageous beast send Dogs mee to devoure,
Of eis all ils you can devise, at once uppon mee powre.
O wofull soule. O Anfull wretch. Why doest thou feare to dye?
Death only rids fro woes thou knowest. Than thou Death resume,
With that his bloody fatal Blade, from out his head he draws.
And lowd he roxes, with sounding voice. Thou beast why dost thou pawles?
 Thy Father cursed catilse thou, thy Father thou hadst slayne.
And in thy Mothers bed hast left an everdureing slayne.
And Brothers thou hast got: say Sons thou liest: thy Brothers all.
They are. Thus for thy monstrous lust thy Country down doth fall.
And thinkest thou then for all these is enough so thou a papne?
Thinkest thou the Gods will be a pesafe, if thou forth with be slayne?
So many mischieves thou: and is it enough one stroke to lyte?
Accountst thou it sufficient papne, that once thy blowed he could gike:
Death through the guilty beast for all? why than dispatch and thrice.
So much thou recompence thy Fathers death sufficiently.
Let it be so; what mends unto thy Mother wilt thou make?
Unto thy children what? these plagues (O wretch) how wilt thou take?
That thus
That thus for thee thy country wakes? One path shall end them all.
A proper fetch, I fine dells, for thee a worthy fall.
Intent thou monstrous beast forthwith: a fall even worthy for
The selfe intent: whom all men hate and loath, and doe abhor.
And as dame Natures lawfull course is broke (O wretch) by thee.
So let to such a mischiefs great, the Death agreeing bee.
O that I might a thousand times, my wretched lyfe renewe.
O that I might revenge and be by course in order dews.
Ten hundred thousand times a more: than should I vengeance take
Upon this wretched head. Than I perhaps in part should make
A meece amends in codecs, for this my owle and lothsom Sin.
Than should the proofe of payre reproue the life that I live in.
The choice is in the hand thou wretch, than the thine owne discretion.
And finde a meanes, whereby thou maist come to extreme confusion.
And that, that oft thou maist not doe, let it prolonged bee.
Thus, thus, thus thou procurest at length an endless death to thee.
Sreach out a death whereby thou mayst perpetuall shame obtaine:
And yet not bee. But still to live in everlastings payre.
Why sayst thou man? Go to I say: what meane these blubbling teares?
Why weepst thou thus? Alas to tare. Leave of the foolish teares.
And is it enough to weep thinkest thou? Shall teares and weeping serve?
No wretch it shall not be. Thou dost ten thousand deaths deserve.
Myne eyes doe daily with mee I see, and teares doe still our powre.
Shall teares suffice? No, no, not so I shall them better stowse,
Out with thine Eyes (he sayd:) and than with fury fierce enflamde.
Like to a bloody Eies raging, and monstrous beast biume.
With fierie flaming spotted Cheeks his beard he often bear.
And scratch, and teare his Face he doth and Skin a Sunder treats.
That teares his eyes in head could stand to soze he them befores.
With furious fierce outrageous minde her Lamps and cries aloud:
And roares & raples, with ramping rage. Thus in this case he food,
Perplexed, and beipd soze in minde, with deadly sighs and teares.
When sordenly all franticke like himselfe from ground her resirs.
And rooeth out his wretched Eyes, and light a Sunder teares.
Then gnatheth his bloody Teeth, and bites, and gnawes, b champs,
His Eyes all bathd and blood in blood, for fury fierce he Lamps.
And raging more then needes (alas,) his Eyes quight rooted out:
The very holes in bays he scrape to soze the Wretch doth doue:
Lead light should chance for to remayne he rents and mangels quight.
His Face, his Nose, his Mouth, and all whereon his hands do light.
Hee eyes
Oedipus

In thy trembling fatal course of fortunes wretched, the wheel is round, to the same place, for it doth run all swiftly uncontrouled. And care and tears are spent in vain, for it cannot be stayed; with this decree of Heaven's power, force must be obeyed. What mankind by thee do? on Earth it comes from above, Then wayling groans poured out in grief doth nought at all become. Our life must have her pointed course (alas) what shall I say? As fate decreed, so things do run, no man can make them stay. For at our birth to God is known our latter being day. No prayer, no Art, no God himself may fatal fate recall. But fainted all in fixed course, unchangeable they persist. Such ends them still ensues as they appointed were to have. Than thy all fear of fortunes hanging, seeketh not to put a slave, Enthralled in bondage, it doth to teare. For fear doth often bring. Destructs that dreads him and mischief feared upon his king. Yet many a man hast come unto his fatal end by fear. Wherefore set ye to fear alone, and worthy courage bear. And thou that subject art to death. Regard thy latter day. Think no man blest before his end. Audite thee well and stay. Be sure thy life, and death, and all, be quity exempt from mystery. Ere thou do once presume to say: this man is blest and happy. But out alas, see where he goes: a witch withouten Guide, Bereft of light. Hail spigid of life: without all Pomp, and Pride

(That unto Kings Estate belongs.)

T H E

Chorus.

Insile the trembling fatal course of fortunes wretched, the wheel is round, to the same place, for it doth run all swiftly uncontrouled. And care and tears are spent in vain, for it cannot be stayed; with this decree of Heaven's power, force must be obeyed. What mankind by thee do? on Earth it comes from above, Then wayling groans poured out in grief doth nought at all become. Our life must have her pointed course (alas) what shall I say? As fate decreed, so things do run, no man can make them stay. For at our birth to God is known our latter being day. No prayer, no Art, no God himself may fatal fate recall. But fainted all in fixed course, unchangeable they persist. Such ends them still ensues as they appointed were to have. Than thy all fear of fortunes hanging, seeketh not to put a slave, Enthralled in bondage, it doth to teare. For fear doth often bring. Destructs that dreads him and mischief feared upon his king. Yet many a man hath come unto his fatal end by fear. Wherefore set ye to fear alone, and worthy courage bear. And thou that subject art to death. Regard thy latter day. Think no man blest before his end. Audite thee well and stay. Be sure thy life, and death, and all, be quity exempt from mystery. Ere thou do once presume to say: this man is blest and happy. But out alas, see where he goes: a witch withouten Guide, Bereft of light. Hail spigid of life: without all Pomp, and Pride

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T H E
THE SECONDE
SCENE.

OEdipus. Chorus, Iocasta.

Tell, well, tis done: more yet? No, no,
No mischief more remaines.
My Fathers Breas performed are.
What God on myers vayues
That rues within this Cloud hath roide,
And warpt my wretched Pate.

Th'ire: this is a life alone.
This is a happy State.
This is a safe ene sit for thee,
for thee thou wretched, for thee.

From whose accurfed light the Sun, the Stars and all doe see.
Yet mischiefs more, who gives to doe? The headfull day I have
Escape. Thou slye Paracide: thou idle mischiefous Slave.
Unto thy right hand nought thou owst, all things performed bee.
O woe is mee that ever I sawe this lucklesse day to see...
Where am I now? Alas, alas, the light and all doth mee
Ahos: O wretched OEdipus this looke is still for thee.

CHO. See, see, where Iocasta comes, with fierce and furious moode,
Might past her felle. For very rage hee frests and wrath woode.
Much like to Cadmus daugther mad, who late her Sonne did kill.
Fayne would she speake her mynde: for fear (alas) she dares not: still
Shee dares, and yet from out her head shee tills have quight excede
All shamefastnes. See how shee lookes, with cost:naunce fierce a while.

O. Fayne would she speake, I am afraide. For what should I thee call
My Son? doubt not. Thou art my Son. My Son thou art for all
These mischiefes great: alas, alas, alas I blame my Son to see.

O cruel Son. Where doth thou turne thy face? Why doth thou fle.
From me. From me thy Mother deare? Why dost thou shun my light?
And leave me this in mistery, with Carees consumed quight.

O. Who troubles me? Let me alone. I thought not to bee founde:
Who now restores igne Eges to mee, Mother? or Mothers founde?
Our labour all is spent in vain, now may we meete no more.
The seas devise those meetings vile that we have had before.
The gaping earth devise vs both, th’one from th’other quight.
Still let our feet repugnant bee. So shall I shun the light
That most of all me greues. So shall I space obtaine to waple
These bleeding woss on every side, that doe my thoughtes assaype.

OED. Spare now. Leave of to speake in vayne, spare now O Mother
By these Reliques of my dismemrzed body I thee pray.

By myne unhappy Children pledges left, What shall I say?
By all the Gods I thee beseech. By all that in my name
Is good or bad, let mee alone. Alas you are to blame
To trouble mee. You see what hell my baptised heart doth waple.
You see that in my Conscience ten thousand horrid raine.

OCT. Dying heart: O your good soule. Why doth thou faint alas?
Why dost thou seek and tople in vayne these tills to querpas?
What meane these sighes, these lamenting teares? why doth thou death refuse?
Thou mate of all his mischief, thou, by whose meanes oneys runs
The law of nature all: by whom, Ah, Ah, confounded lies.
Both God, and man, and beast, and all that eyther lives or dies.
Diew thou, dispatch at once thrust through thy till incessuous huzz: Thou hast none other meane (alas) to set thine heart at rest.
Dost thou, if God himself, if he his flaming sters should throw
On thee, all mischief all by heapes upon thy body shrow.
Couldst once for thy deserved tills due paines or vengeance pape?
Some meane therefore to break Gods wrath upon thy selfe away.
Death, death now best contenteth mee, then seek a way to bye.
So macts thou yet at length finde end for all thy misery.

D Son tend mee thy hand: Ah that thou art a Paraclete.
This labour last of all remaynes, this labour thee both byde.
Dispatch rid mee thy mother deare from all my deadly woe.
It will not bene prayers useless. Thy selfe this deedes must doe.
Take by this sword. Go to, with this thy husband late was slaine.
Husband thou termst him false: hee was thy seer: O deadly panye.
Shall I quight through my breast it drive, or through my throat it thrust?
Canst thou not chose thy wound? away: die, die, (alas) thou must.
This hateful wound then would (O wretich) this, this is thine own hand.
Strike, strike it hard: (O spare it not) 6th both a husband and

(The same a Son it bare.)

CHOR. Alas, alas, thee is claine, the is clanye, dispatched with a push:
Who euer sawe the like to this: see how the bloud doth gush.

Oheuy
The fifth tragedie.

O heavy doubtfull case, who can this dysefull light endure
Which for the hideousesse thereof might teares of stones procure:
OED. Thou God, thou teiler out of Fates. On thee, on thee, I call,
My Father only I did owe, unto th. Deities all.
How twice a Paradise, and woxes than I did feare to bee:
My Mother I have slaine. (Alas) the fault is all in mee.
O OEdipus accursed wretch, lament thine owne Calamity,
Lament thine fate, thy griefe lament, thou Caduce borne to misery
Where wilt thou now become (alas?) thy Face where wilt thou hyde:
O dyeable Slave, canst thou such shamefull topmentes byde?
Canst thou which hast thy Parents clain? Canst thou prolong thy life?
Wilt thou not dye? desiring Death thou cause of all the griefe,
And Plagues, and deadfull mischiefes all that Thebans City praise.
Why dost thou seeke by longer life, thy sorrows to encreas?
Why dost thou toyle and labour thus inayne? It will not bee.
Both God, and man; and beast, and all abhorrse thy Face to see.
O Earth why gasps thou not for me? why doe you not unfold
You gares of hell mee to receive? why doe you hence withhold?
The fierce Infernall Feends from me, from mee so wretched wight?
Why break not all the Purges lose this hatefull head to snlegate
With Plagues which them deserued hath (alas) I am left alone,
Both light, and light, and comfort all from mee (O wretch) is gone.
O cursed head: O wicked wight, whom all men deadly hate.
O Feast, what meant thou still to live in this unhappy state?
The Skies doe blush and are ashamed, of thee thy mischieues great
The Earth laments, & Heavens weeps, the Seas for rage doe tear.
And blustering rise, and storms doe surr, and all thou wretch for thee.
By whose inces, and bloody deedes all things disturbed bee.
Dught out of course, displaced quight, O cursed fatefull day.
O mischieues great, O deadfull times, O wretch, away, away,
Erie thy selfe from all mens sight, thy life haile spent in misery,
Goe end consume it now outright in thyse as great calamity.
O lying Phoebe thine Phates my sin, and home surrounde:
My Mothers death amongst my deedes, thou never diest recount.
A mere Exploit for me that am to Nature deadly Foe.
With trembling heartfull pace goe forth, thou wretched monster goe,
Groppe out thy wages on knees in darke thou miserable Slave.
So maiest thou yet in tract of time due paynes, and vengeance have,
For thy mischieuous life. Thus, thus, the Gods themselfes decree.
Thus, thus, the Fates: thus, thus, the skyes appoint it for to bee.
Oedipus

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

All you that wearyd bodies hau, with Skenenesse overprest.
Looe, now I say: I say away, the cause of your wreted.
Lift vp your heads: a better state of Ayse shall straught ensuwe.
When I am gone; for whom alone,these dreadful mischiefs grewe.
And you that now, halfe dead yet live in wretched misers case.
Help those who present taxments press forth, bye you on space.
For loe, with me I care hence, all mischieses under Skyes.
All cruel Fate, Diseases all that for my sake did rise,
With mee they goe: with me both griefe, Plague, Pocks, Botch, fall
The ills that either now you giue, of ever after shall.
With me they goe, with me: these Pates bin mettis of all for mee.
Who am the most unhappiest wretch that ever Sun did see.

FINIS.
THE SIXTE
TRAGEDIE OF THE MOST GRAVE
& prudent Author IUVIS ANNÆVS SENECA,
entituled TROAS, vwith diuers and
 sundrye Additions to the same,
by IASPER HEYWOD.

To the Reader.

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

 crave thy patience in reading, and facility of judgement; when thou shalt apparently fe my witles lacke of learning, praying thee to consider how hard a thing it is for mee to touch at ful in all poyns the authors mynd, (beyng in ma-
ny places verye harde and doubtsfull, and the worke much corrupt by the default of euil printed Bookes) and also how farre aboue my power to keepe that Grace and maiefyle of stile, that Seneca doth, when both so excellent a writer hath past thereach of all imitation, and also this our English tong (as many thinke, and I here fynd) is farre un-
able to compare with the Lattens: but thou (good Reader) if I in any place haue swerued from the true sence, or not kept the roialty of speach, mete for a Tragedie, impute the one to my youth and lacke of judgement: the other to my lacke of Eloquence. Now as concerninge sondrye places augmented and some altered in this my translation. First forasmuch as this worke seemed unto mee in some places unperfite, whether lefte so of the Author, or parte of it loste, as tyme deuoureth all thinges, I wot not, I haue (where I thought good,) with addition of myne owne Penne supplied the wante of some thynge, as the firste Chorus, after the first acte beginnynghe thus. O ye to whom &c. Also in the seconde Acte I haue added the speache of Achilles Spright, ryssing from Hell to require the Sa-
crifice of Polyxena beginnyng in this wyse. Forsakinge now. &c. Agayne the three laste staves of the Chorus after the same Acte: and as for the thrde Chorus which in Seneca beginneth thus, QU.E VOCAT SE-
D E.S? For asmuch as nothing is therein but a heaped number of farre and straunge Countries, considerynge with my seife, that the names of so manye unknowne
To the Reader.

Countreyes, Mountaynes, Desertes, and VVoods, should haue no grace in the Englishe tongue, but bee a straunge and unpleasant thinge to the Readers (excepte I should expound the Historyes of each one, which would befarre to tedious,) I haue in the place therof made another beginninge, in this manner. O I oue that leadst. 

Vvich alteration may be borne withall, semyng that Chorus is no part of the substantive of the matter. In the rest I haue for my slender learninge endeavored to keepe touch with the Latten, not word for word, or verse for verse, as to expounde it, but neglectyng the placinge of the wordes, observed theire fence. Take Gentle Reader this in good woorth with all his faultes, fauour my first beginninges, and amender rather with good will such things as herein are amisse, then to depraue or discommende my labour and paynes, for the faultes, semyng that I haue herein, but onelye made waye to other that canne farre better doe this or like, desyryng them that as they can, so they would. Farewel gentle Reader and accept my good will.
The Argument.

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

But Dares Phrygian, well can all report,
With Dictis eke of Crete in Greekish toung:
And Homer telles, to Troye the Greekes resort:
In scanned verse, and Maro hath it song
Ech one in writ hath pend a stoary long,
Who doubtes of ought, and cafteth care to knowe:
These antique Authors, shal the story shewe,
The ruines twayne of Troy, the cause of each,
The glittering helmes, in fieldes the Banners spread,
Achilles yres, and Hector's fightes they teach.
There may the ieftes of many a Knight be read:
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Ajax, Diomed,
With Troylus, Parys, many other more,
That day by day, there fought in field full sore:

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

But as for me I naught therof endight,
Myne Author hath not all that story pend.
My pen his wordes in English must resight,
Of latest woes that fell on Troy at end,
What final fates the cruel God could send.
And how the Greeces when Troy was burnt gan wreake
Their ire on Troians, therof shall I speake,

Not I with sphere who pearced was in field,
Whole throat there cutte, or head ycorued was
Ne bloodyshed blowes, that rent both targe and shield
Shal I resight, all that I overpasse.
The worke I wryght more woeful is alas,
For I the mothers teares must here complayne;
And bloody of babies, that giltes have bene slayned:

And such as yet could neuer weapon wreast,
But on the lap are wont to dandled bee,
Ne yet forgotten had the mothers breast,
How Greeces them flew (alas) here shal ye see:
To make report thereof ay, woe is mee,
My song is mischief, murder, misery,
And hereof speakes this doleful tragedy.

Thou fury fel that from the deepest den,
Couldst cause this wrath of hell on Troy to light,
That workest woe guyde thou my hand and pen,
In weeping verie of sobbes and sighes to wryght,
As doth myne author them bewayle aright:
Helpe woeful muse for mee be semeth well
Of others teares, with weeping eye to tell.

When battered were to ground the towres of Troy
In writ as auncient authors do resight,
And Greeces agayne repayrde to Seas with joy,
Vp riseth here from hel Achilles Spright,
Vengeance he craues with bloud his death to quight,
Whom Paris had in Phoebus temple slayne,
With guile betrapt for loue of Polyxeine.
And wrath of hell there is none other price
That may all-wage: but bloud of her alone
Polyxena he craues for sacrificye,
With threatninges on the: Grecians many one
Except they shed her bloud before they gone.
The Sprightes the hell, and depest pittes beneath,
O Virgin dere, (alas) do thrust thy death.

And Hectors sonne, Aftyanax (alas)
Pore seely foole his Mothers onely joy,
Is iudged to die by sentence of Calchas
Alas the whyle, to death is led the boy,
And tumbled downe from Turrets tops in Troy.
What ruthless teares may serve to wayle the woe
Of Hectors wyfe that doth her child forgoe.

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

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

HECVBA. Queen of Troy.
A company of women.
TALTHYBVS a Grecian.
AGAMEMNON King of Greeks.
ASTYANAX.
NUNCVS.

CALCHAS.
PYRRHVS.
CHORVS.
ANDROMACHA.
VLYSSES.
HELENA.

The Spirit of Achilles.

THE FIRST ACT.

Hecuba.

Ho so in pompe of powde estate  
Of Kingdome sets delight:  
Or who that rises in Princes courte 
To beare the swag of might. 
He dreads the faces which from above 
The wauering Gods downe slings: 
But fast allianse fixed hath, 
In sturpe and sticke thinges; 
Let him in me both so the Face, 
Of Fortunes stattering top:  
And che respect the ruffal end of thee (Drunous Trop)  
For never gaus thee playner prose, then this ye present fee. 
How sturpe and brittle is the state of pride and high degree,  
The howse of sloowyng Asa, loe whose some the heauens resound,  
The Worthy worke of Gods above, is battered downe to ground.  
And whose assaultes they sought afar, from West to Wanners sped  
Where Tanais cold her branches seven, abroad the world both fled.  
Where Tigris in makle mynde, from the East, where spinges the newes bee.  
Where Lukewarme Tygris channell runnes, and meets the ruddy sea.
And which fro wandring land of Sephe, the band of widowes sought:
With fire and cloudes thus battered be her Turrets downe to nought.
The walles but late of high renowne to here their ruinous fall:
The buildinges burne, and shewing flame, sweepes through the pallas al.
Thus every house ful hie it smokes, of old Amarakis lande:
No yet the flames with holdes from spoyle, the greedy Victors hand.
The surging smakes, the asure face, and light hath bid away:
And (as with cloude before) Troyes When flaynes the dusty day.
Through peale with ice and greedie of hart, the victor from a farre.
Dost view the long attaunted Troy, the gaine of ten yeares warre,
And she the miseries thereof abhorres to looke upon.
And though she the pestilence himselfe, believes shee were wonne,
The spoyles thereof with greedy hand, they snatch and beare away;
A thousand ships and would not receive abord to huge a pazz
The yeeful might. I do protest of Gods adverse to mee,
My countres dust, and Tropan King I call to witnes thee,
Whom Troy now hydes, and underneath the stones art overtrode:
With at the Gods that guides the Ghost, and Troy that lately, foode.
And you also you flocking Chorles of at my children bere:
Ye lesst Sprights what ever ill, hath hayned to by here.
What ever Phoebus watcht face, in fury hath foresaye:
Not raging rise from seas when eath, the monster had him frayde.
In childbed bade ye, I law it pore, and will it should be so:
And I in hayne before Casandra told it long agoe.
Not falles Vlysce studied hath these fire, nor none of hir;
Nor yet deceptful Simons craft, that hath beene cause of this.
My lyce it is when we burne, and Parys is the band.
That smoketh in thy eares (O Troy) the flower of Phrygian land.
But age (alas) unhappy age, why does thou yet so sore.
Bewail thy Countres fatal fall, thou knewest it long before.
Bewail the latt calamities, and them bewail with tears.
Account as old Troys overturne, and past by many yeares,
I law the Daughter of the King, and how he took his life.
By Thauring (no) (more misthede was) with croake of Pyrrhus knife.
When in his hand he wound his lockes, and drew the King to ground.
And bid to hent his wicked sword, in deep and deadly wound.
Which when the good King had tooke, as willing to be layne.
Out of the old mans throate he drew his bloody blade againe.
Not vittor of this yeares (alas) in mans extremest age:
From Daughter might his hand withhold, ne yet his eye alluage.
The sixt tragedie.

The Gods are witnesses of the same, and take the sacrifices,
That in his kingdom holden was, that flat on ground now lies.
The father of so many Kings Pryam of ancient name,
 Untomb'd lieth and wants in blast of Troy his funerall flame.
He yet the Gods are weak, but for his Souces and daughters all,
Such Lodes they serve as death by chance of lot to them befall.
Whom that I follow now for praytor, where shall I be led
There is perhaps amongst the Greeks, that Hector's wife will wed.
Some melancholy Helen's spouse some would Antenos have,
And in the Greeks their wants not some, that would Cassandra crave.
But, (alas) most woeful wight whom no man seekes to chuse,
I am the only refuge left, and me they cleanly refuse.
Pe carefull captaine company, why stints your woeful crye?
Beat on your breasts and piteously complaigne with voyces so hge,
As meete may be for Troyes elate; let your complaignes rebound.
In topes of Trees: and cause the hills to ring with terrible sounde.

THE SECOND
SCENE.

The VVoman, Hecuba.

Or folke vnapt, nor nevy to vveepe (O Queene)
Thou wilt to vvayle by prattile are vvee taught,
For all these yeres in such case haue vvee bene,
Since first the Troyan guest, Amiclas soughthe.
And saile the Seas, that led him on his vvay,
With sacred ship, to Cibell dedicate.
From whence he brought his virepyning pray,
The cause (alas) of all this dire debate,
Ten tymes novv hydde the hilles of Idey bee,
With snow of Syluer hevv all ouer layd.
And bared is, for Troyan rages each tree,
Ten tymes in field, the haruest man a'fraye.
The spikes of Corna hath reapt, since never day
His waylyng wants, new caufe renewes our woe
Lift vp thy hand, (O Queene) crie well away
We follow thee, we are wel taught thereto.

HEC. Ye faithful fellowes of your casualty,
Vntie that tyre, that on your heads ye weare,
And as behoueth state of misery,
Let fall aboute your woeful neckes, your hayre.

In dust of Troy rub all your armes about,
In slacker weede and let your breaftes be tyed
Downe to your bellies let your limmes lye out,
For what wedlocke should you your boffomes hyde?
Your garmentes loose, and haue in readines
Your furious handes vpon your breaft to knocke
This habite well beemeth our diffresse,
It pleaseth me, I know the Troyan flocke
Renew agayne your longe accustomde cryes,
And more then earst lament your miseryes.

We bewayle Hector.

W.O. Our hayre we haue vntide, now euerychone,
All rent for sorrow of our cursed case,
Our lockes out spreds, the knottes we haue vndone
And in these athes stayned is our face.

HEC. Fill vp your handes and make therof no spare,
For this yet lawful is from Troy to take
Let dowe ye your garmentes from your shoulders bare.
And suffer not your clamour so to flake.
Your naked breaftes wayte for your handes to smight
Now dolor deepe now sorrow shew thy might:
Make all the coaftes that compas Troy about
Witnes the soude of all your careful crye
Cause from the Causes the eccho to call out:
Rebounding voyce of all your misery:
Not as she wontes, the latter word to found

But
The sext tragedie.

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

VV e bevrayle Hector.
VV O. Our naked armes, thus here vve rent for thee,
And bloudy shoulders, (Hector) thus vve teare:
Thus vvith our siltes, our heads lo beaten bee
And all for thee, behold vve hale our heare.
Our dugges alas, vvith mothers hands be torne
And vwhere the flesh is wounded round about
VV which for thy sake, vve rent thy death to morne
The flowvng streams of bloud, they spring thereout.
Thy countres shore, and destinies delay.
And thou to vwearied Troians vwait an ayde,
A vwall thou vwait, and on thy shoulders Troy
Ten yeres it ftode, on thee alone it ftaide,
VV with thee it fell: and fatall day alas
Of Hector both, and Troy but one there vvas.

HEC. Enough hath Hector: turne your plaint and mone
And shed your teares for Pryame every chone.
VV O. Receive our plaintes, O lord of Phrigian land
And old vvife captiue king, receive our feare,
VV While thou vvert king, Troy hurtles then could stand
Though shaken vvife, with Grecian sword it weate,
And twife did shot of Hercles quiner bear,
At latter losse of Hecubes sonnes all
And rogés for kings, that high on piles we reare:
Thou father shat flour latest funerall.
And beaten downe, to Ioue for sacrifies.
Like liuues blocke, in Troy thy carkas lies.

HEC. Yet turne ye once your teares, another way,
My pryams deatb, shoule not lamented be.
Troas

O Troyâns all, ful happy is Pryame say,
For free from bondage, downe descended hee,
To the lowest Ghoste: and neuer shall sustayne
His Captiue necke with Greekes to yoked bee.
Hee neuer shall behold the Atrids twayne.
Nor falle Vlisses euer shall he see,
Not hee a pray for Greekes to triumph at
His necke shall subject to their conquestes beare
Ne geue his handes to tye behynde his backe,
That to the rule of Scepters wonted weare,
Nor following Agamemnons share, in bande
Shall he bee pompe, to proude Mycenas land.

W O. Ful happy Pryame is, each one wees say
That toke vwith him his Kingdome then that stooede
Now safe in shade, he seeks the wandring way,
And treads the pathes of all Elizius wood,
And in the blefled Sprightlyes, ful happy hee,
Agayne there seeks to meete with Hectors Ghost.
Happy Pryam, happy who so may see,
His Kingdome all at once with him be lost.

Chorus added to the Tragedy by the Translator.

Ye to whom the Lord of Lande and Seas,
Of Life and Death hath granted here the powre
Lay downe your lofty looks, your pride appeas
The crowvned King fleeth not his fallall howre.
Who so thou be that leadst thy land alone,
Thy life was limite from thy mothers wombe,
Not purple robe, not Glorious glittering throne,
Ne crowvne of Gold redeemes thee from the tombes:
A King he was that wayting for the vayle,
Of him that fliew the Minotaure in fight:
Begilde with blacknes of the wonted faile
In seans him fonke, and of his name they hight:
So he that wild, to vv in the golden spoyle
And first vvith ship, by seas to seeke renovne,
In leser vvaeue, at length to death gan boyle,
And thus the daughters, brought their father dovyn:
Whose fonges, the vvoodes hath dravven, and riuers held,
And birds to heare his notes, did theirs forfaie,
In ppeece meale throvyn, amid the Thracian field,
Without returne hath fought the Stigian lake;
They fitt aboue, that holde our life in line,
And vvhat vvwe suffer dovyn they fling from hie,
No carke, no care, that euer may vntwine.
The thrids, that vvouen are aboue the skie,
As vvitnes he that sometyme King of Greece,
Had Iaon thought, in drenching seas to drovyn
Who scapt both death and gaid the Golden fleece,
Whom fates aduance, there may no powre plucke dovyn.
The highest God sometyme that Saturne hight.
His fall him taught to credite their decrees.
The rule of heauens: he losit by their might,
And Ioue his fonne nowvturnes the rolling Skies.
Who vveneth here to vv in eternall vvelth,
Let him behold this present perfeite proofe.
And learnc. the secrete stoppe of chaunces stelth,
Most nere alas, when most it seemes aloofe.
In slipper ioy let no man put his trust:
Let none dispayre that heavy haps hath past.
The pweete vvith povre she mingleth as she luft.
Whose doubtful web pretendeth nought to laft.
Fraitie is the thride, that Clothoes rocke hath fpone.
Novv from the Difstaffe drayyn novv knapt in tvvane.
Troas

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

The Second Acte.

The Spright of Achilles added to the tragedie by the Translator.

The first Scene.

Orsaking now the places tenebrous,
And deepdennes of thinfernall region
From all the shadowes of illusious
That waider there the pathes ful many one.
Lo, here am I returned al alone,
The same Achil whose fierce and heauy hande
Of all the world no wight might yet withstand.

What manso stout of al the Grecians host,
That hath not sometyme crau'd Achilles aide,
And
And in the Troyans, who of provost most
That hath not feard to see my Banner plaide
Achilles lo, hath made them all affrayde.
And in the Greekes hath bene a pillar post,
That stvrdy stode agaynst their Troyan host.

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

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

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

The deepe Avernemy rage may not sustayne;
Nor beare the angers of Achilles spright
From Acheront I rent the spoyle in twayne,
And though the ground I grate agayne to fight:
Hell could not hide Achilles from the light;
Vengeance and bloud doth Orcus pit require,
To quench the furies of Achilles yre.

The hatefull land, that worse then Tartare is
And burning thirst excedes of Tantalus,
There beholde againe, and Troy is this
O, trauell worse, then stone of Sisyphus
And paines that palle the panges of Tityus
To light more losthesome furie hath me sent
Then hooked wheele, that Ixions flesh doth rent.

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

Now mischiefe, murder, wrath of hell draweth here
Achilles death shall he revenged here
V V With slaughter such as Stygian lakes desyre
Her daughters bloud shal flake the spirites yre,
V V hose tonue we slew, whereof doth yet remayne,
The wrath beneath, and hell shalbe their Payne,

From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,
And fire that nought but streams of bloud may flake
The rage of winde and seas their shippes shall beate,
And Ditis deepe on you shall vengeance take,
The sprites crie out, the earth and seas do quake
The poole of Styx vngratefull Greekes it leath,
V V With slaughterd bloud revenge Achilles death,

The
The sixte tragedie.

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

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

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

THE SECOND

SCENE.

Talthibius, Chorus.

Last how long the lingering Greeks
in haven do make delay,
When e'er they warfare by sea they seek
or home to pass their way.
Ch. Why, what cause doth hold your
and Grecian navy stops,
Declare if any of the Gods
have stopt your homeward ways.
Tal. My mind is mal'd, my trembling
news quake and are afraid,
For stranger newes of truth they these,

I think we were never heard.

Lo my selfe have plainly seen in dawning of the day,
When Phoebus first gan to approach and drive the stars away.
The earth all shaken todayly and from the hollow grounds:
My thought I hard with roaring eyes a deep and dreadful sound:
That shook the woods, and at the trees rong out with thunder stroke,
From Ida hills downe set the Sonne, the mountains toppes were broke.
And not the earth hath onely quake, but all the Sea likewise,
Achilles presence felt and knew, and high the surges rise.
The clownd ground Erebus pitres then shewd and deepest deeme,
That downe to Gods that guide beneath, the way appeard from hence.
Then shoke the tombe from whence alone in flame of fiery light,
Appeard from the hollow caves Achilles noble spight.
As wolded he his Thracian armes and baneza to display
And wold his weighty weapons with great and the partes of Troy,
The same Achilles feend he than that he was wont to bee
Into the holes and alleys could I know that this was her.
With carkall stynge in furious light, that spote and stic each sounde.
And who with slaughter of his hand made Xanclus rumus with blood.
As when in Chariot high he sate with loose Romache Route,
Wyle Hector both and Troy at once he drew the waftles aboute.
Blowd he ered, and every coast rang with Achilles sound,
And thus with hollow voyces he spake, from bottom of the ground.

The
The sixte tragedie.

The Grecykes had not with title price redeeme Achilles prize,
A princely roundsome in us they gave, for so the fates require
Unto my sire Polyece stood that here be slayne
By Pyrrhus hand, and at my tombe her bloud that overlayne.
This day, he straighte sanke downe agayne to Plutus depe region,
The earth then cloased, the hollow caves were vancied and gon
Theer with the weber waxed clere, the raging wondes did shake,
The tumbling seas began to rest and at the tempests brake.

THE THIRD
SCENE.

Pyrrhus, Agamemnon,
Calchas.

What tyme ouryles we should have spread
Upon Sygion seas,
With swift returne from long delay
To seek our homeward wayes.
Achilles rose whole onely hand,
That gaven Grecykes the spoyle.
Of Troias foe annoide by him,
And leued with the spoyle.
With speede requiting his abode
And former long delay.
At Scyros ple, and Lesbos both amid the Agon sea.
Eli be came here in doubt in Cood of fell op serue estate.
Then though ye had to graunt his wil ye sl all it gane to lare.
How have the other cepayes all the price of their manhood.
What ye swert reward for his prouesss then her al onely blode?
Are his defectse thinke you but light, that when he might have fled,
And passinge Pelyus peace in peace, a quiete lice have led.
Deterred yet his mothers crafte, fo seche his womans weede.
And with his weapons pou'd himselfe a manly man indeed.
The King of Mysia, Telephus that woulde the Grecykes with land,
Commasing to Troy, forbidding us the passage of his lands.
To late repenting to have felt, Achilles heavy stroke
Was glad to crave his health agayne where he his hurt had tooke
For when his loze might not be sauf'd as told Appollo playne,
Except the speare that gave the hurt, resloared help agayne.
Achilles plasters cur'd his cuttes, and sau'd the King alive:
His hand both might and mercy knew to stay and then reanye.
When Thebes fel'.Election saw it and might it not withstand,
The captuie King could nought rebelle the ruin of his land.
Lyraesus title likewise felt his hand and downe it fell,
With ruine overthrown like from top of haughty Hill.
And taken Bypeys land it is and prisoner is he caught
The cause of strife betweene the Kings is Chy'ses come to haught.
Tenedos ple wel knowyne by name and fertile soyle he tooke
That so striet the Thracian stoccks and sacred Cilla hooke
What bootes to blase the bynte of him whom trumpe of fame both show.
Through all the coaste where Caicus floude with swelling stream both
The ruthful ruine of these realmses so many towmgs bee downe, slow?
Another man would glory count and worthy great renowne.
But thus my father made his way and these his tourneys are,
And batailles many one be fought whytewarre he both prepare.
As wiste I may his merites more hall yet not this remayne.
Wel knowne and counted prauple enough that he hath Hector playne
Duryng whole life the Grectans at might never take the towne.
My father onely banquetd Troy, and you have place it downe.
Reloyce I may your parentes prauple and bynte abzroade his actes,
It seemeth the sonne to follow wel his noble fathers facts,
In fght of Priam Hector playne, and Memnon both they lay.
With heavie chere his parentes wayd to mourne his byng day.
Himselfe abold his hande worte in fght that had them playne,
The Sonnes of Goddes Achilles knew were borne to die agayne
The woman queene of Amazons that grend the Grecques full loze.
Is turned to flight then read our fear we breaed their bowes no more.
If ye wel weigh his wortheynes Achilles ought to haue
Though he from Argos of Myecnas would a Virgin crane,
Doubt ye hereinfallow ye not that straight his will be done,
And count ye cruell Pryams bloud to give to Peleus some?
For Helen take your owne children bloud appaude Dianas gre
I wanted thing and done ere this it is that I require.
Ag. The onely fault of youth it is not to refraine his rage.
The Fathers bloud already floures in Pryams wanton age:

Some-
Somtine Achilles grievous checkes I bare with patien hart,
The more thou mayst, the more thou oughtest to suffer in good part.
Whoso would see with slaughterd blood a noble spirit spaine?
Think what to weere the Greekes to do, and Troyans to sustayne.
The pride the state of tyrannie may never long endure.
The king that rules with modest means of safety may be sure.
The higher steep of princely state, that fortune hath to dign.
The more behoueh a happy man humility of mynd.
And dread the change that elsewse may bring, whose gifts so fine be lost.
And chiefly then to fear the Gods, where they the favour most.
In beating downe that warre hath wone, by profe I have been taught.
What pompe and pride in twinkle of eye, may fall and come to naught.
Troy made me fierce & proude of mynde, Troy makes me ftrong within.
The Greekes now stand where Troy late fled, each thing may have his fall.
Somtine I grant I did my selfe, and Scepters proude to bear.
The thing that might advanct my hart makes me the more to fear.
Troy Priam prest profe presents thou art to mee eishes.
A cause of pride, a glance of fear a mirrour for the nones.
Should I accoumpt the sceptors ought, but glorious bauntie.
Much like the boupowed brawded harse, the face to beautify.
One sodaine chance may turne to naught, and mayne the might of men.
With fewer then a thousand Hippes, and peares in less then ten.
Not she that guedes the flippert wheels of fate, both so delay:
That she to all possession grantes, of ten peares settledSay.
With issue of Greece I will conside, I would have wone the town.
But not with rustie thus extreme, to see it beaten downe.
But loe the battel made by night and rage of fervent mynd.
Could not abyce the blyeling bittie that reasow had assign.
The happy sward once sign with blood unfeastable is,
And in the darke the severnt rage both strike thee more ames.
Now are we weerst on Tropy so much let all that may remayne.
A Virgin borne of Princes blood for offering to be sign.
And gien be to sign the tombe and ashes of the ded.
And under name of weelocke see the guilties blood be shed.
I will not grant for myne should be thereof both fault and blam.
Who when he may, forbid doth not offence: both wilt the same.
Py. And all his strengths have no reward their anger to appease.
Ag. Yes very great, for all the world shall celebrate his praise.
And landes unnownen that never saw, the man so praised by same.
Shall hear and keep for many peares the glory of his name.

P 3.
TROAS.

If bloodshed bafle his ahes ought strike of an Ores he'd
And let no blow that may be cause of mothers tears, be shed,
What furious tranf may this be that both your will to see
eThis earneft carefull suit to make in travaile for the dead?
Let not such envy towards your father in your heart remayne,
That for his sacrifice pee would procure an others paine,
Pyr. Prudence tirant, while prosperity thy stomache doth advance,
And cowardly wretch that thinks for feare in case of fearfull chance.
Is yet againe thy bread entain'd, with brand of Venus might?
Wilt thou alone so oft deprive Achilles of his right?
This hand shall give the sacrifice, the which if thou withstand,
A greater daughter shall I make, and worthy Pyrrhus hand.
And now to long from Princes daughter dote, my hand abide,
And meete it were that Polyxene were layde by Priam's side.
Aga. I nor deny, but Pyrrhus chiefe renownes in warre is this,
That Pryam flame with cruell wroth, to your father humbled is.
Pyr. Be fathers foes we have them known, submit yourselves humble,
And Pryam presently see not, was glad to crave mercy.
But thou for feare not shant to rule, lett close from foes by hit:
While thou to Aiax, and Vlysies, dost thy will commit.
Aga. But needes I must, and will confeffe, your father did not feare:
When burnt our fleete with Hectors bandes, 3 Greeks they slaughtered
While loytering then a loose he lay, munndfull of the light. (warre,
In fleede of armes with scratch of quill, his sounding harp to smight.
Pyr. Great Hector then deserting thee, Achilles songes did feare:
And Thessalie ships in greatest dread, in quiet peace yet ware.
Aga. For why aloose the Thessalie fleete, they lay from Troyans handes,
And well your father might have rest, he felt not Hectors bandes.
Pyr. Well seems a noble king to give an other king reliete.
Aga. Why hast thou then a worthy king bereaved of his life?
Pyr. A pointe of mercy sometime is, what lines in care to kill.
Aga. But now your mercy mooste you a virgins death to will.
Pyr. Account pee cruelly now her death whose sacrifice I crave.
Your own deere daughter once wee knowe, your lesse to th'author gaue.
Aga. Daught'rs could saue the Greecees fro seaz, but th'only bloud of
A king before his children ought, his country to prevere. (her
Pyr. The law doth spare no captives bloud noz wilth their death to stay
Aga. That which the law doth not forbid, yet shame doth oft say nay.
Pyr. The conquerour what thing he list, may lawfully fulfill.
Aga. So much the lesse he ought to list, that may do what he will.

Pyr. Thus
The sixte tragedie.

PYR. Thus boast ye these as though in all ye were not bare the stoke:
When Pyrrhus tooled both the grekes, from bond of ten vocye.
A. Both Scipios ple such stomachs bred; P. No brethren wash it knock.
A G. Beseit about it is with wawe. PYR. The feas it do enclose.

The noble eocke I know and Acreus cke full well.
And of the brethrens dire debate, perpetuell same both tell.
A G. And thou a bastard of a mayde, deflowred prouely.
Whom then a boy Achilles gat, in the lechery.

PYR. The same Achill that both possesse the rainge of Gods above,
With Thetys feas: with Acolus spightes, the scarred heauen with Jons.
Aga. The same Achill that was stain, by Strock of Paris hande.
PYR. The same Achilles, whom no god, burst ever yet withstand.
Aga. The stoutest man I rather would his cheke he should restraine;
I could them tame; but all your bagges, I can full well sustaine.
For even the captives spares my sword: let Calchas called be.

If desynes require her blood, I will thereto agree
Calchas whose counsel vuide our chips, and nauy hither brought;
Unlookst the poole and hait by arte the secretes thereof sought,
To whome the bowelles of the beast, to whom the thunder claps.
And blasing starre with flaming traine, broken eth what shall hap.
Whose words with dearest price I bought, now tell me by what means
The will of Gods agreeth that we retorne to Greece againe.

Cal. The fates apoint the Grekes to buy their waies with wonted price.
And with what coll ye came to Trop, ye shal repase to Greece
With blood ye came, with blood ye must from hence returne againe,
And where Achill as hee lich, the virgin shal be stain.
In seemly cost of habite, such as maydons wont ye see,
Of The Salie, or Mycenas els, what time they wedbed be.
With Pyrrhus hand the shal be stain, of right it shalbe so.
And meere it is that he be borne, his fathers right should do.
But not this enely그래, our chirpes, our Syates may not be sped.
Before a worthier blood then thine, (Poltirena) be shed,
Which thirt therfor the fates, for Priames nephew. Hercoys title boe:
The Grekes that tumble bylonge down, from highest towpe in Trop.
Let him there die, this only way ye that the gods appeas,
Then spread your thousand Syates with top ye neede not feare the teas.

Chorus
Ay! this be true, or doth the Fable fayne,
When corps is deade the Sprite to live as yet?
When Death our eies with heauy hand doth strain,
And fatal day our leames of light hath riht.
And in the Tombe our athes once be set,
Hath not the soule likewyse his funerall,
But stil (alas) do wretches liue in thrall?

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

What euer then the ryse of Sunne may see,
And what the Weft that fets the Sunne doth know.
In all Neptunus raygne what euer bee,
That restles Seas do wash and ouerflow,
With purple waues stil tombling to and fro.
Age shal consume: each thing that liuth shal die,
With swifter race then Pegasus doth flie.

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

For
The fixt tragedie.

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

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

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

These three staues following are added
by the translatour.

O dreadful day, alas, the sory time.
Is come of al the mothers ruthful woe,
Asianax (alas) thy fatal line
Of life is wore, to death strayght shalt thou goe,
The fitters haue decreed it should be so.
There may no force (alus) escape there hand,

There mighty Ioue their will may not withstand,

To see the mother, her tender child forsake,

What gentle hart that may from teares refrayn
Or whom so fierce that would no pity take,

To see (alus) this guiltles infant slayne,

For sorry hart the teares myne eyes do slayne

To thinke what sorrowe shall her hart oppresse,

Her little child to lese remediless.

The double cares of Hectors wife to wayle;

Good Ladies have your teares in readines,

And you with whom should pity most preuayle.

Rue on her griefe: bewayle her heauines.

With tobbing hart, lament her deeps distress.

When she with teares shall take leave of her son.

And now (good Ladies, heare what shall be done.

THE THIRD ACTE.

Andromach. Senex.

Vliiss:

Les ye careful company;

why hate ye thus your happe?

Why beate you so your boiling breast

and slayne your eyes with teares?

The fall of Troy is new to you

but unto me not so.

I have foreseen this careful case.

ere it, is since long agoe.

When fierce Achilles Hector slew and drew the Tropes about.

Then then me thought I wist it well, that Troy should come to naught;

In sorowes songe I hearken am and waxt (alus) in woe.

But sore except this bade me held, to Hector would I goe.

This seem sole me stomache tames amid my misery.

And in the howze of beautefull happest permittes me not to die.
The sixt tragedie.

This onely cause constraines me yet the gods for him to pray
With trance of syme prolonges my patne, delays my dying day:
He takes from me the taste of feare the only fruit of till,
For while he lives yet how? I live whereof to feare me still.
No place is left for better chance with worst we are oppresse
To feare (alas) and see no hope is worst of all the rest.
Sen. Wbat todoyne seare thus moves your mynd, & breath you so sore?
And, Sill still (alas) of one mishap there resth more and more,
Noz yet the doole full sentencies of Trop be come to end.
Sen. And what more gruisous chancses yet prepare the Gods to send?
And the causes and bennes of hell be rent for Trogans greater seare,
And from the bottoms of their tombs the hidden sprihtes appeare.
May none but Grecckes alone from hell returne to life agayne?
Would God the fates would finsh soon the sprouses I sustayne.
Death thankful were, a common care the Trojans all oppresse,
But me (alas) amaseth most the searefull heavines.
That all astonded am for deade, and hopour of the light
That in my sleepe appeare to mee by dreeame this latter night. (seare
Sen. Declare what lightes your dream hath shewed, & tell what doth you
And. Two parts of at the silent night almost then pasted were.
And then the clearre seuen clustered beams of starse were fallen to rest
And first the sleepe so long unknowne my weareed eyes opprett.
If this be sleepe the astonded male of mynd in heavie moode,
When todoyne before myne eyes the spriht of Hector shone.
Not like as he the Grecckes was wont to battall to require:
O when amid the Grecians ships, he threw the brandes of fire.
Noe such as raging on the Grecs, with slaughtring stroake had slayne
And bare inbed the spartes of him that did Achilles slayne.
His countenaunce not now so bright, noe of so lttlye cheere,
But sad and heavie like to owres and clad with dark hope
It did me good to see him though when shaking then his head:
Shake of the sleepe in hast he spaid, and quickly leave thy bed.
Conuey into some secrete place our sonne (faithful wife)
This onely hope there is to helpe and meant to save his life.
Leave of thy piteous teares he spaid, dost thou yet wande for Trop?
Would God it lay on Ground ful flat sope might save the boy.
Up sterile he spaid thy selfe in hast conuey him pittily.
Save if pe may the tender blood of Hector vogeny
Then straight in trembling seare I wake and told myne eyes about
Forgetten long my child poyse wretch, and after Hector sought.

But
Troas

But straight (as it I will not how the Spirit of joy did passe, And me to looke before I could my husband once embrace.
O childe, O noble fathers broode and Troians only top,
O worthy se:de of theancient bloud, and beaten house of Troy.
O image of thy father Ioe, thou lively bearst his face,
This counuauice to my Hector had, and count such was his pace.
The pitch of all his body such, his handes thus would he beare,
His shoulders high his threatening browes, even such as thine they were
Of fame: begot to late for Troy, but borne to soone for mee,
What eter tymc yet come againe, and happy dare may be,
That thow mapst once revenge and build agayne the towies of Troy,
And to the towne and Troians both restore their name with top?
But why doe I (forgetting state of present defense).
So great things with enough for captiues is to true only:
Alas what piny place is left my little child to hide?
What state so secret may be found where thou maist safely sconde?
The towies that with the wailes of goos so vallant was of might,
Through all the world so notable, so flourishling to sight,
Is turnde to dust: and the bed at confounde that was in Troy,
Of all the towne not so much now is left to hide the boy.
What place were best to choose for guile, the holy tonge is here,
That then mities sword will sparte to spoile wyth my husband dere.
Which costly woake his father built: being Pyrene liberall:
And it up raised with charges great, so Hector's funerall.
Herein the bones and ashes both of Hector (for) they lie,
But is that I commit the same to his fathers custodie.
A coide and fearfull sweat both runne, through out my members all,
Alas I carefull wretch do see, what chance may thee betell,
Sen,Hide him away: this onely way hath saved many more,
To make the enimies to beleue, that they were dead before,
He will be sought:scant any hope remaineth of saucenes,
The paide of his nobilitie both him to sode oppes:
Andr,What way wer best to work: that none our doings might bevaie?
Sen,Let none beare witnesse what ye do remove them all awaie.
Andr,What if the enimies aske me:where Astianax both remaine?
Sen,Then shall ye boldly answere make that he in Troy was slaine.
Andr,What if it helpe to have him hid:at length they will him finde.
Sen, It seeth the enimies rage is fierce, betwixt both flake his minde.
Andr, But what prevails, since free from feare we may him never sconde?
Sen,Let get the presently take his defence, me careless there to bide.
The fixt tragedie.

And, What land unknowe out of the way what unfrequented place
May keep thee safe, who say's our seares who shall defend our case?

Hector, Hector, that evermore thy frendes didst weel defend
Now chiefly ape thy wifte and child and vs some succour send.

Take charge to keep and cover close the treasures of thy wife,
And in thy Abes hide thy name prefere in combe his life.

Draw neare my Childe into the Tombe, why sted thou backward so
Thou takest great scores to lurke in dyng thy noble hart I know.

All shoule aban'd to fear shaks of thy princely mynd,
And heare thy peace as thee behoues as chance hath thee attend.

Behold our case: and is what shoule remayneth now of Troj
The tombe I worful captive wretch and thou a seel boy,

But peed we must to sope fates thy chance must break thy head,
Go to, creepe underneath thy fathers holy seats to rest.

If ought the fates may wretches helpe thou hast thy safeguard there.
If not already then poole thou hast thy sepulchre.

Sen. The tombe him closely hides: but lead your seare should him betray
Let him here lie and fare from hence goe to some other way.

And, The tale he fears that seares at hand, and yet if neede be so,
If ye thinke mee a little henge for safety let vs goe.

Sen. A little whyle keep thence now refrayne your plaint and cri,
His cursed foote now wether moues the Lord in Cephalie.

And, Now open earth, and thou my spouse fro Styre rend by ground,
Drepe in thy hosome by thy some that he may not be found.

Vlydes comes with doubtfull pace and chaunged countenance
He knettes in hart deceitful craft for some more grievous chance.

Vl. Though I be made the messenger of heavy newes to you,
This one thing first I that veltye that ye take this for true.

That though the woordes come from my mouth, and I my message tell
Of truth yet are the none of myne ye may believe me wel.

It is the word of all the Greekes, and they the autho's be,
Whom Hectors bloud doth yet forbid their countries for to see.

Our carefull trust of peace unstable doth still the Greekes depayne,
And evermore our doubtfull seare pet drawth vs backe againe.

And suflery not our wraped handes, our weapons to take,
In chid pet of Andromachi, while Tropang comfort take.

An. And sayth your Atrage Calchas so'Vl. Though Calchas nothing
Pet Hector refelles it vs himselfe, of whose seede are we frayde.

Saye. The worthy bloud of noble men o't tymes we sett playne,
Doth after in their heires succede and quickly springes againe.
Troas

For to the hopynes rout gling yet, of high and sturdyistle, 
With lofty necke and braunches bowe, both slightly rule the rest. 
The tender twig that of the topp'd nocke doth yet remayne, 
To match the tree that bare the bough, in time harres by again. 
With equall top to forster wood the round is doth supply, 
And spreads on sopre slow the shade, to heaven his braunches bye. 
Thys of one sparke by chance yet left it hapneth to ful off. 
The flye hath quickly catcht his sperre and flaneth again aloft. 
So scarce we yet tell Hectors bloud might rise er it be long, 
Fear e callis in all the extremity and oft interpreters wrong. 
If ye respect our case ye may not blame these old soldiers. 
Though after years and moneths twice fume, they scarce again the wars. 
And other trauaile studing Troy, not yet to be well done, 
A great thing both the Grecans saw, the scare of Hectors lye. 
Kid vs of scare, this slippery our ninee, and plunches vs backe agayne, 
And in the haven our nauy nickes, till Hectors bloud be layne. 
Count me not sence for that by fates I Hectors some require, 
For I as well if chance it would Orestes should defy. 
But since that needes it must be so, bear it with patient hart. 
And Suffer that which Agamemnon suffered in good part. 
And, alas my child would God thou were yet in thy mothers hand. 
And that I knew what desencies thee held or in what land. 
For never should the mothers speach her tender child forsake: 
Though though my brest all the enimes at, their cruel weapons strake. 
Nor though the Grecians with pinching bandses of you my handes had 
Orest is in fervent flame of spred desymp body revolve. (bound. 
But now my little Child (poze wretch alas) where is he bee? 
Alas, what cruel desynes what chance hath happt to thee? 
Art thou yet ranging in the fields and wandrest ther abroad? 
Oz smotherd else in dusty snoaks of Troy: oz over roade? 
Oz have the Grecians thee slayne (alas) and sought to seethy bloud? 
Oz some art thou with jaws of beasts: oz call to soules for foodes? 
VI Dispose not, hard is for thee Vlies to decease. 
I can ful wel the mothers craftees and subtyle percease. 
The polices of Goddesses Vlieses hath undone, 
Set all these fanned wordes aside, tel me where is thy sonnes? 
An Where is Hecors where all the rest that bad with Troy their fall? 
Where Priamus? you aske for one but I require of all. 
VI Thou shalte beware and breake not, to tell the thynge thou dosta deny. 
And, a happy chance were Death to her that doth desymp to spee.
VII. Who most desires to die, would saye I live when death draweth on,
Theensible words with present fear of death would be soone be gone.
And Viliis if ye wil contraye Andromacha with fear,
Threaten my life and now to take my ches be ye were.
VI. With Arpis with ye to tormenting my death we wil the truth out wrest
And danger that the force to tell the secrets of thy best.
And what thy hart hath depekt I doe vague thou shalt expresse,
Of tythes the extremity pynalles much more then gentleness.
And see me in midst of burning flame with woundses my body rent.
This at the meance of cruelty that ye may al intent.
Prove me with thirst and hunger bath, and earie torment trye,
Spare though my lives with burning pons in prison let me lie.
Spare not the wofes I can decease (if thought be wofes then this)
Yet never get ye more of me. I wot not where he is.
VII. It is but vague to hyde the things that surpris I wil detect.
No teares may move the mothers hart, she both them at neglect.
This tender love ye beare your child, wherein ye stand so sole,
So much more circumpectly warmes the Grecians to vse about.
Least after ten yeares tract of tyne and haste to home so farre,
Some one should slee that on our children might renew the warre,
As for my selfe, what Calchas sayth, I would not feare at all
But on Telemachus I dread, the smart of warres would fall.
And how will I make Viliis glad and all the Grecians also,
Hecules must thou woorlfull wretch consolle declare thy hidden woe.
Betray pe sones of Acreus there is no cause of dread.
Be glad Viliis tell the Grecians that Hecors sone is dead.
VI. By what assurance princes thou this shew that we credite thee.
And What ever thing the enemys hand may threaten hap to me.
Let speedy fates me slay forthwith, and earth me hyde at ones.
And after death from Romee agayne, remove ye Hecors bones,
Except my sone already now, do rest among the dead.
And that except Aelianax into his tomb be led.
VIII. Then lastly are the fates fulfild with Hecors childrens disease.
How hal I heare the Grecians word, of sure and certaine peace.
Viliis why what doth thou now the Grecians will every chone
Believe the words, whom credites thou the mothers tale alone.
Think thou for sauegard of her childe the mother will not lie.
And dead the more the worse mishance to gene her sone to die.
Her faith she bendes with bond of oath, the truth to her say.
What thing is most of weight to feare, then so to sweare and ye?
Now call thy craftere togeth'er at, beserre thy writter and mynd;
And hew thy felle. Vlisses now, the truth herin to find.
Search wet thy motheres mynd: behold shee weepes and wepeth out;
And here and ther with doubtful pace, the rauenger at aboute.
Her careful ears the doth apply to harken what I say,
More teard shee sermene then sorrowful. How workes some wily way.
Now most most neede of wit there is and crafty pollicy,
Per once agayne by other meanes I will the mother take.
Thou wretched woman maft rejoyce, that death he is: (alas)
More dolorful death by wertene for him decreed ther was.
From Turrets top to have bene cast and cruelly bene layne.
Which onely towre of all the rest doth yet in Troy remayne. (founde)
And, My spight ful thine me, my limmes do quake, fear doth my wisnes.
And as the Ice congeals with frost, my blood with cold is bound.
VI. She trebleth tost in this way, this way I will the truth out weaste,
The mothers fear detecteth all the secrets of her breast:
I will renew her fear goest first, deterr you speedely
To seke this empe of the Grekes where euer that he lie.
Wet done he will be found at length, goe to still seke him out.
Now that he dre, what doth thou feare why doth thou looke about?
And would God that any cause there were yet left, that might me fray.
My hart at last now all is lost hath lapt all fear away.
VII. Sins that your child now hath ye lay already suffred death.
And with his blood we may not purge the holles as Calchas sayeth.
Our sheete passe not (as well inspired both Calchas prophecy)
Till Hectors athes call abond the warres may pacify.
And tombe be rent now sins the boy hath slapt his deseny.
Gredes must we abreake this holp tombe wher Hectors athes lies.
An. What haif I do my mynd distraeted is with double feare.
On thon my sonne, on the other side my husbandes athes deare,
Mas which part shoulde move me most, the cruel Goddes I call
To witnes with me in the truth, and Ghostes that guide thee all
Hector that nothing in my sonne is else that pleaseth me.
But thou alone God grant him life he might resemble thee.
Shal Hectors athes drowned beethide I such cruelty,
To see his bones cast in the Seast yet let Afyanax die,
And canst thou wretched mother bide, thyne owne children death to see?
And suffer from the hie towres top that headlong thowne he be?
I can and wil take in good part, his death and cruel payne,
So that my Hector after death be not remou'd agayne.

The
The first tragedie.

The boy that life and sense hath seene his paine and dre,
But Hector his death hath put at rest in tombe to lie.
What dost thou say? determine which thou wilt preserve of twayne.
Art thou in doubt? say this: icy here thy Hector both remaine,
Both Hector be, those suﬃce of spright & drawing toward his Strength
And one that may perhaps revenge his fathers death at length.
Was I cannot save them both: I thinke that best it were,
That of the twayne I saved him that both the Grecians scarce.
VI. It hathe done that Calchas words to be both prophercpe,
And now hal all the sumptuous worke be thowe done betterly
An That once ye told? VI. I will it all from toppre to bottome rend.
An. The faith of Gods I call uppon Achilles vs defend,
And Pyrrhus and thy fathers right. VI. This tombe abroad sl, all lye:
An. O mischeste, never durst the Greekes how yet such cruelty.
Ye frame the temples and the Gods that most have favoured you,
The dead ye spare not, on their tombe your fury rageth now.
I will their weapons all read my selfe with naked hand,
The pye of harde that gave me strength their armours to withstand.
As sincere as did the Amazones best the Greekes in sight,
And Menas once enuioed with God, in sacriﬁce doth spright.
With speare in hand, and while with furious pace he treades the ground
And wood as one in rage the Arches, and stealeth not the wound:
So wil I rumme on midd of them, and on their weapons ye,
And in defence of Hectors tombe among his ashes lie.
VI. Cease ye: both rage and fury vayne of women more ye ought?
Dispatch with speede what I command, s plucke downe al to naught.
An. O say me rather here with sword rid me out the way,
Breake by the depe Avern, and rid my desenties delay.
Rise Hector and be set thy foes, beake thou Vliettes phe,
A spright art good enough for him, behold he calleth thee,
And weapon shakes with mightie hand do ye not Greekes him see?
O els both Hectors spright appear but onely into me.
VI. Downe quight withal. An. What wilt thou suffer both thy sonnes be
And after death thy husbands bones to be remou’d agayne? (waine)
Perhaps thou mapst with prayer yet appease the Greekes all.
Els downe to ground the holy tombe of Hector, freight ye all sal.
Let rather die the childes poyse wretch and let the Greekes him hit,
Then father and the sonne should cause the tone the others yll.
Vliettes, at thy knees I fall, and humbly ask mercy,
These bandses that no mans secte ets knew, ﬁrst at thy secte they see.

D.   Takes
Troas

Take pity on the mother's case and sorrows of my breast,
Touch not my prayers to receive and grant me my request.
And be so much the more the Gods have thee advanced hie,
More easily strike the poor estate of wretched misery.
God grant the child bed of the gods wife Penelope,
May thee receive, and so againise Laerces may thee see,
And that the same Telemachus may meete thee tostally.
His grandfathers cares, and fathers witt, so paffe so happily.
Take pity on the mothers teares, her little child to saue,
She is my only comfort left, and th'only toy I haue.

VI. C Byng forth thy sonne and ask.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Andromacha,

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

Once
Once Troy hath seen the weeping of a child,
When little Priam turned Alcides threats,
And he to whom all beasts in strength did yelde,
That made his way from heaven brake their gates.
His little enmies tears yet overcame,
Priam he sayd receive thy liberty,
In fear of honor keep thy Kingly name.
But yet thy Sceptors rule more Faithfully.
Lo such the conquest was of Hercules.
Of him yet learn your hartes to mollify.
Do eunely Hercules cruel weapons please,
And may no end be of your cruelty?
No lesse then Pryam, kneales to thee this boy,
That lieth and asketh onely life of thee.
As for the rule and gouernance of Troy,
Where euer Fortune will ther let it bee.
Take mercy on the mothers ruthful teares.
That with their streames my cheekes do overflow,
And spare this guiltles infantes tender yeares.
That humbly falleth at thy feete so lowe.
O

If truth the mother's great sorrow,
both move my hart full sore.
But yet the mothers of the Greekes,
of needs must move me more,
To whom the boy may cause in time
a great calamity.

And. May euer he the burnt ruines
of Troy recollected?
And shall these handes in time to come,
erect the towne againe?
If this be thone only helps we haue, there both no hope remain
For Troy, we stand not now in case to cause your scare of mynde,
Doth ought enucle his fathers soare, or stocke of noble kinde?
His fathers heart abated was, he drawen the wallies abought.
Thus call haply, the haughty heart at length they byng to nought.
If he will needs oppress a woman what thing more grievous were
Then on his noble neck he should the yoke of bondage hie:
To serve in life both any man this to a king denye?

VI. Not Villess with his death, but Calchas prophecy.
And false inventors of deceit and hainous cruelty,
By manhode of whose hand in warre no man did euer dye.
But by deceit and crafts trayne of mynde that mischief seekes,
Before this ymme ful many one dead is, yea of the Greekes.
The Prophets wordes and guilty Gods said thou my sonne require,
Say: mischief of thy breake it is, thou dost his death desire.
Thou night souldier, and stout of hart a litte child to slay.
This enterprise thou takest alone and that by open day.
VI. Villess manhood met to Greekes so much to you is knowne,
I may not spend the ymme in wordes, our Naup will be gone.
The sixt tragedie.

And. A little step, while I my last farewell gave to my child:
And have with oft embracing him my greedy sorrows slid.

Vii. Thy grievous sorrows to redresse, would God it lay in me,
But at thy will to take delay of time I grant it the.

How take thy last leave of thy Sonne, and fill thy selfe with tears,
Of times the weeping of the eyes, the inward griefs our weares.

An. O deer, O sweete, thy mothers pledge, farewell my only top.
Farewel the flouer of honor, left of beaten bowes of Troy.

O Tropans last calamity and scare to Grecians part
Farewel the mothers onely hope, and base comfort of hart.

Oft while I see thy fathers strength and halfe thy ground gresa yeares
But all for nought the Gods have all dispointed our Tile gresa.

Thou never haste in regal court thy sceptres take in hand,
To the people greve becrees not leade with law thy land.

Yet thine enemies overcome by might of handy stroke,
Send the conquerde nations all under thy seruile pole.

Thou never haste beat downe in sight, and Grecies with sword purslew,
At thy Charp of Pyrhus plucke, as Achill Hector drew
And never that these tender handes thy weapons weild and weast,
Thou never haste in woods pursue the wily and mighty beast.

As accustom'd is by gyple and sacrifice in Trop,
With measure swiftt, betweene the aulters that thou dauncie with top.

O grievous kind of cruel death that doth remayne for thee,
More woeful things in Hector's death the walter of Trop shall see.

Viss How break of at thy mothers tears I may no more tyme spends.
The grievous sorrows of thy hart will never make an end,

An. Vlisses spare as get my teares and graunt a whole delay,
To close his eyes pet with my handes or he depart away.

Thou wile but young: yet seard thou are thy Trop doth wayte for thee,
Goe noble hart thou haste againe the noble Tropans see.

Art. Help me mother! An. Art. my child why tak'st thou holie by me?
In base thou call where helpe alone is I can not succour thee.

As when the little tender beast that heares the Lyon cry,
Straight for defence he seekes his damme, & crouching downe both he.
The cruel beast when once removed is the damme away,
In greedy raw with rauing bit doth snatch the tender pay.

So straight the enemie will thee take, and from my side thee heare.
Receive my kisse and teares poze childe, receive my rented bage.

Depart thou hence now ful of mee, and to the father goe,
Salute my Hector in my name and tell him of my woe.

Com.
Troas

Complaynesthymotheragrielehtohimifformeercareyesmaymove;
Thesprights:andthatinthelatterallflametheyleekeoutalltherehons;
O cruel Hector suffretshouthywolesbeopposed?
WithbundofGreeksheavypoleandliethoustillatrest?
Achillesrose:takehereagainstmytearesandtearedhears,
And(atthatIhavelefttofeed)thiskissethyfatherbear.
Thecoatget formidableearth,thecombhathtouchedit:
IfofhisathesoughtherebyJeelooksiteverywhite.
VI.ThereisonemasureoftheterasesImaynotlongerstay,
Defirenofurtherourreturnbreakofourshipsdelay.

Chorus altered by the

translatour.

Love that leaft the lampes of fire,
and deckt with flaming starrs the skye.
V Why is it ever they desire
ro care their course so orderly?
That now the frost the leaves hath worned
& now the sprig doth close the tree.
Novv fiery Leo types the corn,
and still the soyle should chaunged be;
But why art thou that all doft guide,
betwenee whole hands the poale doth ssway,
And at whole vvil the Orbs do slyde,careles of mans estate alway?
Regardingnot the goodmans case, nor caryng how to hurt the yll.
Chaunce beareth rule in euery place and turneth mans estate at vvill.
She seizes the wronge the upper hand the better part she doth oppresse,
She makes the highest lowe to stand,her Kingdom all is ordered.
O parfite profe of her frailty, the princely covettes of Troybear downne,
The flowrre of Asia here ye see with turne of hand quight ouerthrowne.
The ruthless eade of Hecorts son,who to his death the Greekes have led,
His fataall howerse is come and gone, and by this symet the child is ded:
Yet still (alas)more cares encrease, O Troyans dolesful desstenie,
Fast doth approach the maidens deceale, and nowy Polixena shall die.
Helena, Andromacha, Hecuba

Hat ever woeful wedding yet, were cause of funerall,
Of weeping, tears, blood, slaughter eis;
o other mischieues all,
A worthy watch for Helena, and more for mett ware,
By wedding torch hath bene the cause of all the Troys care.
I am contraynd to hurt them yet, after their overthrow,

The false and fapned marriage of Pyrrhus must I shewe,
And give the mappe the Grecians styke and by my pollepy,
Shall Paris latter be buried and by deceopt shall die.
But let her be begotted thus, the lesse should be her payne.

If that you ware without the fear of death, he might be layne.
What ceasest thou the wil of Grecians, and message to fulfill?

Of hurt consrapnd the saute returned to the author of the ill.

O noble Virgin of the famous house and stocke of Troy,
To thee the Grecians have me sent I bring thee news of top.
The Gods rue on thy afflicted state more mercifull they bee,
A great and happy marriage too, they have prepared for thee.

Thou never should if Troys had iskote, so nobly wedded bee,
Nor Priam neuer could prefer thee to so his degree.

Whom shoue of all the Grecians name the prince of honour his,
That beares the Scepters over all, the lande of Thessaly
Both in the law of wedlocke chose, and for his wyfe require.

To sacred
To sacred rightes of lawful bed, both Pyrrhus thee desire:
Lec Thetis, great with al the rest, of Gods that guide by sea.
Each one shall thee accompt as theirs and they by wedding day.
And Peleus that thee daughter call when thou art Pyrrhus wyfe,
And Nereus shall accompt thee his the space of all thy life.
Part of thy mourning garment now, this gall is butt were
Fogget henceforth thy captaine sate and seemly by thy happe.
Thy fall hath lift thee higher vp, and doth thee more advaunce
Dost to be taken in the warre doth bring the better chance.
An. This till the Tropans never knew in all their griefs and paine
Before this time ye never made vs to reloue in bayne.
Troy townes geue light, O seemely time for mariage to be made.
Who would refuse the wedding day that Helayne both persuade?
The Plague and ruine of each parte behold dost thou not see,
Theis tombeis of noble men, and how their bones here scattered bee?
The bypdebed hath bene cause of this for thee all these be ded
For thee the bloud of Aka hath and Europe hath bene shed.
When thou in joy and pleasure both the fighting folk from farre,
Hast viewde in doubt to whom to wish the glory of the warre.
Go to, prepare the mariages, what neede the Tropes light?
Behold the Tropes of Troy do shine with brands that blase ful bight.
O Tropans all see to your handes, this weelocke celebrate;
Lament this day with woeful cry and tears in seemly rate.
Nel. Though care do cause the want of wits, and reason rule denye,
And heauy hape both of tympes hate his mates in misery.
Yet I before most hateful judge dare we defend my part,
That I of all your gressous cares in Tropes the greatest stame.
Andromachia for Hector weepes, for Priam Hecuba,
For only Paris pittuely bewayleth Helena.
A hard and gressous thing it is captivity to beare,
In Troy that yoke I sufferd long a prisoner whose ten peare.
Turnd are the fates, Troy beaten downe, to Greece I must repeare,
The nation counterp to have lost is till, but worse to feare.
For dread therof you neede not care your euillcs all be past,
On me both partes will vengeance take at lites to me at last.
Whom each man prisoner takes God wot thee handes in slippery stay.
And me not capture made by lot yet Paris let swap,
I have bene cause of all these wars, and then your woes were wrought.
When first your hipples the Spartan Seas land of Grecia soughed.
But
The sixte tragedie.

But if the Goddesse wold it: so that I their pray shou'd be,
And soz reward to her beautyes judge shee had appoynted me;
Then pardon Paris: thinke this thing in wrathful judgge both lie,
The sentence Menelaus guesse, and the this case shall trye.
Now turne thy pietudes Andromaca, and wepe for Polyxeyne,
Whose eyes for sozrowes of my harte theyzz teares may not refrayne.
An. Alas, what care makes Heleyn wepez; what greze doth the lament?
Declare what craftes Vlisses calles, what mischief hath he sent?
Shall shee from height of Ider hit be hedlong tumbled downe?
Or else out of the currets toppe in Troy that she be thrown?
Or will they cast her from the cliffs into Hygeon sea?
In bottom of the surging waves to end her ruthful dayes?
Show what thy countenance hides and tell the secrets of thy breast:
Some woez in Pyrrhus wedding are farre worse then all the rest.
Go to, gene sentence on the map, pronounce her desesp:
Delude no longer our mishappe, we are prapar'd to die.
H. Would God the'prouder of the Gods would geue his dome so right
That I also on pormt of sword might lese the tothesme sight,
Or at Achilles tombe with choake of Pyrrhus hand be layne:
And haere a part of at thy fates O wretched Polixeyne.
Whom yet Achilles worthe to wed, and where his ashes lie,
Requireth that the blood be shez, and at his tombe to die.
An. Behold loye how her noble mynd of Death both gladly heare,
She deckes her selfe: her regal weede in femepe wyle to weare,
And to her head she settes her hand the bropved happe to lay,
To wed she thought it Death, to die she thinkes a wedding day
But helpez( alas) my mother soundes to heare her daughters death,
Arise plucke vp your heart and take agayne the panteing breath,
Wache good mother how slender day, that both thy life sustayne
A little things shall happy thee thou art almost past payne.
Her breath returns: she doth repuzue, her lims their life do take.
So se when wyches payne would die, how death doth them toazeke.
Hee. Doth yet Achilles triu(e alas) to work the Trogans spight?
Doth he rebell against vs yet? O hand of Paris right.
The very tombe and ashes loe, yet thirteenth for our bloud,
A happy heape of children late on every side mee payde.
It weared me to desye the mothers kide among them al,
The rest are lost, and this alone now doth me mother call.
Thou onely child of Hecubz, a comfort left to me.
Troas.

A flayer of my spoie State and shall Iow leese thee?  
Depart O wretched soule, and from this carefull carcass site,  
And ease me of such ruthfull fates, to see my daughter die.  
My weeping wept (alas) my eyes, and staines them over al,  
And downe my cheeckes the sovaine DREAMES and howses of teares do fale.  
But thou deare daughter maire bee glad, Cassandra would relispe,  
O Hector's wife thus wed to bee if they might have their choice.  
And we are the wretches Hecuba in cursed case we stande.  
Whom straight the chippe halloste by seas into a sopraine land.  
But as for Hecurns grievues bee gone and turned to the best,  
She shall againe her natyne councel se and live at rest.  
Helc. Pe would the more enuy my State if pe might know your owne,  
And: And grough there yet more griesse to me that erst I have not known?  
Hed. Such masters must pe serve as doth by chance of 10s defal.  
Andr. Whose servaunt am I then become whom shall I mailler call?  
Helc. By let pe call to Pyrhus hands you are his prisoner.  
Andr. Cassandra is happy, fury sausces perhaps and Phoebus her.  
Helc. Chiefe kinge of Greekes Cassandra keapes and his captive is she.  
Heq. Is any one amonge them all that prisoner would have me?  
Helc. You channell to Achilles are hys pray pe are become.  
Heq. Alas what cruell, dyce and presful dealer of the dome.  
What god enuist doth so beneke the captives to their loydes?  
What grieuous arbiter is he that to such chopece accordes,  
What cruel hand to wretched felike, so evil fate hath calee?  
Who hath amonge Achilles armour, Hector's mothers plaister?  
Now am I captive, and beier with all calamitie.  
My bondage grievues me not, but him to serue it shame me.  
Be that Achilles spoyles hath won, shall Hector's also have;  
Shall barraine lande encloose with seas receive my boanes in grave?  
Leade me Ulysses where thou wyle, leade me. I make no way,  
My master I, and me my fates, shall follow every way.  
Let never calme come to the seas, but let them rage with winte,  
Come fire and sword, mine owne mischaunce and Pismus let me vide.  
In meanie time hap this bepe deserues my cares can know no calme:  
I ran the race with Pismus, but he hast won the Palme,  
But Pyrhus comes with swiftilde pace & therning bowes both with,  
What capte thou Pyrhus? Strike the sword now through this woful  
And both at ones the parentes of the fathers wise now say, (brash)  
Murderer of age, likes thee her blood the draw my daughter away  
Defile the gods and slaine the spights, of hel with slaughterd bloud,
To aske your mercy what anapes?our prayers do no good.
The vengeance aske I on your ships, that it the gods may please,
According to this sacrifice, to guide you on the seas.
This I wish to your thousand sappes, Gods wrath light on them all,
Even to the ship that beareth me, what ever may befall.

Chorus.

Comfort is to mans calamity
A dolefull flocke offellowes in distres.
And sweete to him that mournes in miserie
To here them wayle whom sorrowes like oppres
In deepest care his grieve him bites the les,
That his estate bewayles not all alone,
But seeth with him the teares of many one.

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

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

Sweete
Troas.

Sweete is to him that stands in deepe distresses,
To see no man in joyful plight to bee,
Whose onely vessel wind and waue oppresse,
Ful sore his chaunce bewayles and weepeth hee,
That with his owne none others wracke doth see
When he alone makes shipwracke ove the land,
And naked falles to long defyréd land.

A thousande sayle who seeth to drench in Seas,
With better will the storme hath overpast
His heavy hap doth him the lesse displease
When brocken boardes abroade be many cast,
And shipwrackt shippes to shore they hit ful fast,
With doubled waues when stopped is the floud,
With heaps of them that there haue lost theyr good.

Ful sore did Pirrhus Helens losse complayne,
What time the leader of his flocke of shepe,
Ypon his backe alone he bare them twayne,
And wet his Golden lockes amid the deepe,
In piteons playnt (alas) he gan to wepe,
The death of her it did him deepe displease,
That shipwracke made amid the drenching seas.

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

Anone these playnts and Troyans teares shall qualle,
And here and there the ship them tosse by seas.
When trompetts found shal warne to hoyfe vp sayle,
And through the waues with wind to secke their waies.

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

What state of mynd shal then in wretches bee?
When shore shall sink: from fight and seas aryst?
When Idey hill to lurke aloofe they see?
Then poynct with hand from farre wher Troia lies,
Shall child and mother: talking in this wyfe:
Lye yonder Troy, where smoke it sumeth lie,
By this the Troyans shal their countrey spie.

THE FIFTH
ACTE.

Nuncius, Andromacha.
Hecuba.

Dye, fierce,wretched,hostile,
D cruel late accurse,
Of Mars his ten yeares bloudshed blows
the wosufl and the wors.
Was which should I first bewapte
thy cares Andromacha?
O, els lament the wretched age
of wosful Hecuba?
Hec. Whateuer mans calamitpes
pe waspe for myne it is.

I heare the smar of all their woes each other sectes but his
Who euer he, I am the wretch all happens to me at last.
Nun Slayne is the mayd, and from the waile of Troy the child is cast.
But both(as them became)they toke their death with somache sour.
And. Declare the double slaughters then, & tell the whole throughout.
Nun. One towre of all the rest ye know both yet in Troy remaine,
Where Pryam wonted was to sit, and bles the armes twayne.
His little Nephew eke with him to lead. and from a farre,
His fathers fightes with fire and sword to shew on feares of war.
This towre,sometime wel knowne by fame, and Troyans honpe most.
Troas.

Is now with captaynes of the Grecians, best on every coast.
With swift recourse and from the shippes, in clustred heaps anon.
Both ragge and ragge they Ramsey to gale what thing should ther be done.
Some clime the hilles to seeke a place where they might see it best,
Some one the rocks a tptare stande to overtake the red.
Some on their toppes were the pine, some beech, some crowne of bay.
For garnerades tome is every tree, that standeth in th'rez way,
Some from the highest mountayges top aloose beholde all.
Some scale the buildinges halfe burnt, and some the rumous wall.
Pea some there were (O mischieue too) that for the more delpyghte,
The tome of Hector the uppon beholders of the light.
With princely pace Viisses then past through the prested band.
Of Grecians, King Prias's little nephew leading by the hand.
The Child with unrepning gate past through his enimes handes,
Up toward the walles, and as alone in current too he standes,
From thence abownde his lofty looks he cast on every part,
The nerer death more free from care he found, and fear of hart.
Amid his foes his Romache_stelves, and fierce he was to sight;
Like Tyrers whips, that drive in worm to rot, too chap to right.
Kiss, for pity then each one, reow on his tender pears,
And at the route that present were, for him they shed their teares,
Pea not Viisses them restraynd, but trickling downe they tal,
And one by, went yet (pagey 
But while on Gods Viisses said, and Calchas words expound,
In midst of Pryans land (as al) the child leant downe to ground.
And, What cruel Calchas could of such uncouth slaughter take in hands.
O by the hope of Calpyan Sea, what barbarous lawless land.
Bysydes to th'auliers yet no infantes blood bathshed.
Dow, neuer yet were children slayne for scall of Diomed.
Who that alas in tombc the lay, or hph the limmes agayne?
Nu, What limmes from such a headlong fell could, in a child remayne.
His bodies paull through downe to ground, hath basted all his bones.
His face, his noble fathers marke, are 
His necke bountyned in his head, to daire with frue Loane Broakes.
That scattered to the barrn about, the scull is al to breake.
Thus lift he now dismemmber coppes, defound and all to renr.
An loc herein both by yet likewise, his father represent.
Nun. What time the Child hath headlong fallen thys from the walls of
And at the Grecians the fayres h walled & slaughter of the Boy. (Troy,
Per Drayght returnes they backe, and at Achilles tombc agayne.  

The
The second mischifes goe to wokke the death of Polixeine.
This come the waeres of surging seas, before the biret fue,
The other part the seides encloate aboute, and padeus wyde.
In daie europioned with blis, that round aboute do rps,
A shape on hight erected are the bankes in Theatre wyse.
By at the hore then swarme the Grekes thrice on heaps they prase
Some hope that by her death they shall thep's sheppest delay relase.
Some other by their enemies thrice thus beaten downe to see:
A greece part of the people, both the saugher hote, and see.
The Tropons she no leste frequent their owne calamities
And all affraid, beheld the last of all their miseries.
When first proceeded taches bright as gates of wedlocks ly.
And autho thereof led the way, the Lady Piedrara.
Such wedlocks may the Tropons then, God and Hermione
And would God to her husband so, resroad were Helena.
Fear make each part, but Polixeine her balsful locke downe call
And more then cars her glittering eyes and beauty dayn'd at last.
As sweered seems then Phoebus right, when downe his beams do swap.
When Karres agayne with night at hand oppsset the doubtable day.
Abound much the people were, and all ther her commende,
And now much more then ever cale, they prased her at her end.
Some with her beauty moved were, some with her tender peares:
Some to behold the turnes of chance, and how each thing thus ware's.
But most them moves her valiant minde, and lep't somache hie,
So strong, so vogue, so ready of harte and wylle prepared to dre.
Thus passe they sooth and bold before king Perichus goth the mapde,
They pitt her, they maruel her, their harte were all affaye.
As son as then the hard bit top, where vie the mould, ther trode,
And bie uppon his fathers tombes the youthfull Perichus goode.
The manly mapd the nearer Spanke one foote, not backward drew,
But boldey turnes to meere the stroke, with doute vachanged hew.
Her couage moves eche one, and lea a strange thing monstrous like.
That Perichus even himselfe goode sti, to deed, and duret not drake.
But as he had, his glistering sword in her to hills up tow,
The purple bloud, at wosteall wound, then gushing out in spoon.
He set her couage her stopoake, when dieing in that sounde,
She fell as the'th shoud her revenge with treful rage to grodd.
Each people wept the Tropons hert with priu seafull cte,
The Grecians cwe, each one bewaplo her death apparantly.

This
Troas.

This order had the sacrifice, her blood the tomb by decree,
No pop remantth above the ground, but downe forthwith it sinks.
Her how go,nor go ye Greeks, and now repaire ye safely home.
With careless ships and hoised sailes now cut the salt seas some.
The Child and Virgin both be slaine, your battles now are.
Alas where shall I end my age, or whether bear my care?
Shall I my daughter, or my nephew, or my husband mone?
My country els, or all at once, or else my selfe alone?
My wish is death that children both and virgins fiercely takes.
Where ever cruel death doth haste to strike, it me so takes,
Amid the en mies weapons all, amid both sword and lyze,
All night sought for, thou sleepest from me, that do thee most despise.
Nor flame of lyze, nor fall of tower, nor cruel en mies hand
Death rid my life, how were (alas) could death to Priam stand?
Nup. Now captures all with swift recourse repaire ye to the sailes,
Now spread the ships their sails abroad, so forth they seek their wales.

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

The Argument.
To the Tragedy, by the
Translator.

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

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

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

R,

The names
The Speakers names.

Medea.  Creon.
Chorus.  Jason.
Nymrix.  Nymphis.

The First ACTE.

Medea,

Gods whose grace doth guide their gholes
That top in wedlocke pure,
O Juno thou Lucina hight,
on whom the charge cure
Plotted is of those, that grone
In paynsfull chidled handes,
O Pallas by whose heauenly arte,
Sir Typhus cunning handes

Have learnt to bridle with his helme his newly framed boate,
Where with the force of lighteing fluids bee breaking rides a hoaste.
O God whose faced Mace both Roames in rigorous rough appear,
And cause the ruffling surges couch amind the rampingg Seas:
O Titan who upon the swift and werting Hemisphare
Denides the chearefull day and night by egall turns e appere,
O threesolves shapen Hecate that sendes forth the light,
Into the Silent Sacrifice that offered is by night,
By whom my Jason sware to mee O heaunely powers all,
And yee on whom Medea may with safer confidence call,
O Dungeon darkes, most dreadfull den of everlasting night,
O dampted Ghosts: O kingdom set against the Gods aright:O Lord of sad and lowering takers,O Lady bye of Hell,
(Whom though that Pluto caste by force yet did his truth excell
The sole faith of Jasons love, that he to mee doth beare,)
With cursed throate I conjure you, O grisly Ghostes appeare.

Come out,
Come out, come out, ye hellish hagges, revenge this beate so dyce,
Ryng in your errant paws a burning hand of deadly fire.
Rise vp ye hideous diuellish Feendes, as deadfull as ye wee ware,
When unto me in wedlocke harte ye did sometime appeare.
Worke ye, worke ye, the dolesfull death of this new wedded wife.
And marrie ye this Father in lawe: despire of breath and life.
King Creons ruthfull family: in plunge of passing page.
Topnet ye mee, that on my Spouse doe the this wo with rainge.
Preserue my laons life, but yet let him be hasted out
Anyching, roging, ranagate, in soeren towres about.
To palle from hope to hope, with care to begge his needy bread.
Not knowing in what harbing place to couche his cursed head:
A banish't wretch, distaynde of all, and still in feare of ipse,
Then let him with ten thousand times to me agayne his Wife:
This famous gell whom every man will entertainse and have.
Let him be drwe at Draungers gates the table croumes to conte.
And that my better bannings may with mischiefe mee abounde,
God graunt in guility of like distress his chilbeyn may be bounde.
To sinkre in sorowes stomes, that doe their mother overlowe:
Now, now, I haue, I have the full reweing of all my wor;
I have dispatch: my precous plant and wordes in bane I lose.
What shall not I with brotence get by agaist my foes?
And wange out of them; blested hands the wedding torch so bright?
Shall I not force the armament to lose his shinking lyght?
What doth my Grandfils Phæbus face this heavie hap beholde?
And standing galoping at this garde? et westwarde is the rode,
On glazing chariot hopple bylyght, and keeps his beaten Race,
And the chittall colourde ships, why turnes hee not his Face,
Reaping fast into the East backe by the day to twene?
Of Father Phæbus to mee, to mee, thy Chariot reynes resigne,
That I aduanced by, about the marble ships may ride,
Bequeath thy bylyght into mee, and give me grace to guide
Thy poked pawning steame, with reeking lase of burning whisp,
That with thy fervent ship beames on purple poale doe slip.
Let Corinth countreple burnt to dust by force of flame end fire
Drue place, that both the tumblest seas may drue: whom to retyme,
It both compell, and dasheth of from banke on syuer syde,
Least meete in one their channels might, whose dremes life both deuide.
No way to worke ther, deadly woe I haue but this at hand,
That to the wedding I should beare a ruthfull bydall brande.

Roging
Medea

Anonying Creons carollese Court: when finished I have
Such solenne service, as that right of sacrafice doth crave,
Then at the Altars of the Gods my chyldren shalbe flayne,
With crimsne colourde bloud of Babes their Altars will I slayne.
Though Lycers, Lungs, the Lightes & Heart, though ever gue, a gall,
For vengeance breake away perforce, and spare no bloud e at all:
If any lute lyfe as yet within the soule doe rest,
If ought of auncient coage still doe dwell within my brest,
Exe all foolish Female feare, and pry from thy mynde,
And as th'unnamed Tygers ble to rage, and rauie hnkynde,
That haunt the croking compons Caues, and clumped frozen cluyes,
And cragge Rockes of Caucasus, whose bitter colde deppycues
The toole of all Inhabitours, permit to lodge and rest,
Such saluage brutish tyrann in thy blased brest.
What ever hurte hurtly wroghte: all Phans understand,
What mighty monstrous bloudy feate I wroughte by Sea or Land:
The like in Corynth shalbe scene in most outrageous guise
Mol hydous, hatefull, hoztile, to heare, ox see wyth eyes,
Mol ditelous, desperate, deadefull beede, yet never knowne before,
Whose rage shall force heauen, earth, and hell to quake and tremble sore.
My burning brest that rowles in wath, and doth in rancour borle,
Soze hyghlyth after bloud, and wounds with slaughter, death & spoile,
By renting racked lyms from lyms to diue them downe to grave;
Such these be but as Fleabttings, that mentioned I have:
As weughtly things as these I did in greener girlthe age,
Now sozrowes smart both rub the gall and frets with harper rage.
But thist my wounde hath yeelded fruict, it doth mee well behove,
The strength and parlous puillance of weightier tiles to prove.
Be ready wath, with all thy might that furp kindle may,
Thy foea to their destruction bee ready to assay:
Of thine devotionest let the Pyre to match, and counterpage
The proude & precious pytene pomp of these new wedding dayses.
Now wilt thou from thy spouse depart? as tym thou followed hast
In bloud to bath thy bloudy handes and tragmentous lynes to wash.
Breake of in time thiste long octapes, abandon now agayne,
This lewd alliance, got by guilt, with greater guilt refragne.

Chorus.
Who hath not wish that windy words be vayne,
And that in talkke of trust is not the grounde,
Heere in a mirrour may hee see if playne,
Medea so by proofe the same hath founde.
Who being blind by blinded Venus Boy,
Her bleared Eyes could not beholde her bliss;
Nor spy the present poyson of her joy,
While in the gradle the Serpent lurked is,
The shaft that flew from Cupids golden bowe,
With feathers so hath dimd her daefeld Eyes,
That cannot see to shun the way of wo:
The ranckling head in dented heart that liyes,
Sodolles the same, that can not vnderstand
The cause that brought falfe Iason out of Greece,
To come unto her fathers fertile Land,
Is not her loue, but loue of golden Fleece.
Yet was his speache so pleasaunt and so milde,
His tongue so silde, his promises so fayre,
Sweete was the fowlers Song that hath beguilde
The seely byrd, brought to the limed snare.
Faith, in his Face, trust shined in his Eyes,
The blushing brow playne meaning teende to shewe,
In double hearte blacke treaason hydden lies,
Dissembling thoughts that weaue the webbe of wo.
The henyed Lyppes, the tongue in sugar dept
Doe sweete the poyson rancke within the breast,
In subtle shew of paynted sheath is kept,
The rusty knife of treaason deemed leaft;
Lyfe feemes the bayte to fill that lyeth brim,
Death is the hooke that vnderlies the same,
The Candell blase delights with burning trim,
The Fly, till shee bee burned in the flame.
Medea,

Who in such showes least deemed any ills.
The hungry fyft he feares not the bayte to Brooke,
Till vp the lyne doe pluck him by the gylls,
And fast in throate hee feelest the deadly hooke.
Woe lason, woe to thee most wretched man,
Or rather wretch Medea woe to thee,
Woe to the one that thus dissimble can,
Woe to the other that trayned so might bee.
Thoughtst thou Medea his eyes to bee the glasse,
Wherein thou might the Face of thoughts beholde?
That in his breast with wordes so couered was,
As cancred brasse with gloste of yealow golde?
Did thou suppose that nature (more then kinde)
Had place his heart his lying lyppes betweene,
His lookes to be the mirrour of his minde?
Fayth in fayre Face hath seldome yet ben seene.
Who liftneth to the flatering Miremaides note,
Muft needes commit his tyred eyes to sleepe,
Yeelding to her the taking of his boate,
That meanes vnware to drowne him in the deepe.
What booteth thee Medea to betray
The golden Fleece, to fawning lason hande,
From Dragons teeth him safely to convay,
And fyry Bulles the warders of the lande?
Why for his sake from father haft thou fled,
And thrust thy felfe out from thy natiue soyle?
Thy brothers bloud what ayed thee to shed,
With lason thus to trauell and to toyle?
Beholde the meede of this thy good desarte,
The recompence that hee to thee doth gyue.
For pleasure, payne, for joy, most eger smarte,
With clogging cares in banishment to liue.
Thou, and thy Babes, are like to begge and starue.
In Nation straunge. (O myserable lyfe)
Whyle lason from his promyfes doe swarue,
The seventh tragedy.
And takes delight in his new wedded Wyfe,
O Ground vngrate, that when the husband man
Hath tilled it, to recompence his toyle
No Corne, but Weedes, and Thyflies render can,
To flinge his handes, that Fruiet seekes of his Soyle.
Such venome growes of pleasaunt coloured flower:
Loo, Prynces loe, what deadly poyson sup
Of Bane, erst sweete, now turned into fower.
Medea dranke out of a goulden Cup.

THE SECOND
ACTE.

Medea. Nutrix,

Pe mee, (alas) I am undone;
For at the Bydall cheare,
The warble note of wedding songes
resounded in mine eare.
Yet for all this scante I my selfe,
Yet scante beleeue I can,
That Iason would play such a prancke,
as most unhappfull man,
Both of my Countrey, and my Sphe, and kynghome me to sople,
And yet for sake mee wretch forlorn, to stray in forrest sople.
O hath be such a lony heare, that doth no more esteem,
The great good turnses, and benefits that I employe on him?
Who knowes, that I have lewdly bled enchantments for his sake,
The rigour rough, and flammy rage, of swelling Seas to take.
The grunting stry fowling Bulles, whose smoking guts were stust,
With smoaking cunes, that seth them fastes, a nothpills out they puste.
I slop their gnashig moching mouths, I quench their burning breath,
And vapor's hot of Newing parch, that els had weareth his death.
Dr fabric he thus his lande fond, to thinke my skill of charme,
A bated is, and that I have no power to doe him harme.
Medea,

Extract of wise, with waering minde perpetre on every part.
I tossed, and tumulted am, wryth wayward crasy hart.
Now this, now that, and neither now, but now another way.
By divers meanes People, that so my wrong reueng I may.
I would the wretch a brother had; but what? he hath a Wife.
Goe cut her throate, with gally wounds bereue her of her lyfe.
On her ile wokke my deadly sight: her, her alone I crave,
To quire such bitter lowling noises, as I sustayned have.
If any ground notious guilt in all Pelas: Land
We putt in practise, yet halkeynow unto the harrning hand,
Thereof to get experience the time dodd now begin:
The former feates doe by thee take good hope, to chyple herein:
Let all thy guiltes with thronging thick assemble thee to spide.
The golden Fleece (the chiefe Nouell) of Colchis Ille betragde,
My tender Brother she, that with my Sprie did mee pursuue,
Whom with his secret partes cut of, I wicked Virgin newe,
Whose headebed and dismembred corps, with sword in scabbitts hand,
(A wofull Coarse toth' Father's heart) on Pontus ground I Drewd.
How hony headebed Pelias his wythned age to dyft
To greener peares, for longer lyfe: his daughters by my dyft
His members all and mangled fell with licour scalding hot
Blodden, and perdbolped hauie, in seething brawn pot.
How oft in haynous bloud hauie these my cruel handes bene dyed?
And never any guilt as yet by wrath inflambe I tryed.
But now the parlous poysning wound of Cupids percing dart,
Dost boyle, and rage within my breast, it rancilles at my hart.
But how could Iason it redelle, whom fortunes froward web?
Dost grebe into another hande, at last to save or still?
D rage of rufly canceld minde, this sclaundrous take amendes.
If Fortunes grace will grauntte this, let him into his end
Lyne still my Iason as he was; but if not Iason myne,
Yet captiue suffer Iason live, though Iason none of thynne:
Who being mindesfull still of vs some favoure let him shewe,
For these good turnses that our good will could earke on him bellowe:
King Creon is in all the fault, and onely worthy blame,
Who psycht by with Scepter proude, unable to frame
His tickle minde to modefty, maked breauch twize vs agayne,
Whom Hymens bands, and link of love had made but one of etwane,
By whom else from her tender brests the mother (wretch) is drawne,
She breakes the bower, that gaged is with such a precious pawne.

Seeke at-
The seventh tragedie.

Seeke after such a villaine's blood, in daunting pangs of smart.
Let him alone bee surely downe, such as his due defart,
A dungell kept of Cinders burnt his Hallayce make I shall,
That Malea where in wounding frights, the tingling ships due crack,
Shall gale on smothing turrets tops turneaside in cracking flame.
NV. For godsake (Madame) I proue your tongue to silence frame.
Ea byde your proue languishing and greefe in secret laylie:
Who with a modest minde abides the Spies of pricking pynce,
And suffereth sorrowes patientely, may it repay agayne.
Who bares a proue grudge in breast, and keepes his malyce close,
When least suspicion is thereof, may most annoy his foes.
He lesett opportunitie who vengeaunce doth requyre,
That swees by open sparkses the flame the heat of kindled fire.
ME. Small is the greepe of greefe that can to reasons tyme obey,
And bucking downe with sealing steppes can sliply slip away.
But they that thoroughly swold are with flowers of greater pynce,
Can not digest such coshes harpe, but call it by agayne: (allwage
Fayre would I giue them trouncing girds. NV. Good daughter beare
Th'unbyedled swap, and bobling heat of this thy goodly rage:
Scant maist thou purchase quietnesse, although thou hold thy tongue.
ME. The ballyant heart dame Fortune yet durst neuer harme to weake,
But breading ballards downe the drives. NV. If any cooyage dure,
And harped be in noble breast, now put the same in bice.
ME. The show of sturdy ballyant heart, at any tyme both shyne.
NV. No hope doth in aduerse the way to scape allaygne.
ME. Hee that hath none affiance left, nor any hope at all,
Yet let him not my trust the luck of ought that may defall.
NV. Thy Countriep cleane hath cast thee off, to let thee sinke or swim,
As for thy husband lacon bee, there is no trust in him:
Of all the wealth, and worldly nuche wherewith thou didst abounde:
No portion remaines at all, whereby some helpe is founde.
ME. Medea yet to lefe, (to much) and here thou mayst espy
The Seas to succour vs in flight, and landes asole that ly:
Peason tootes, with burning hands we haue to woske them woe,
And Gods that with the thunder dint shall ouerquell our foe:
NV. Who weares 5 goldecrefead crowne him dead with awe wee shoule.
ME. By Father was a king, yet I betrayed his Fleece of gould.
NV. Can not the deadly violence of weapons make thee seare?
ME. No, through such grisly Lads they were as whitom did appeare,
Medea.

That bred of gargell Dragons teeth in hollow gaping grounde,
When mutually in bloody sight eche other did confounde.

N. The wilt thou cast thyself to death. M. Would God I were dead.

NV. Fly, fly to save thy life. ME. Woe worth the time that once I fled.

N. What of Medea. M. Why shall I fly? N. A mother deere art thou,
Fly therefore for the childrens sake. ME. Pe cee by whom, and how,
T wretched Mother I am made, NV. Thy life by sight to save
Dost thou mistrust? ME. Nay, fly I will, but vengeance first I have.

NV. Then some shall thee at heele pursue, to weake the same agayne.
ME. Perhaps ite make his coming short. NV. Be still, and now refraine
O despier dame thy thundering threats, and take your raging ire.
Apply, and frame thy sowerd will to time and tides requit.

ME. Full well may fortunes wending wheele to begging bring my state,
As for my worthy copage, that thee, never shall abate.

Who bouncing at the Gates, doth cause the creaking dozes to jar?
It is the wretch (Creon his selfe,) whom princely power far
Bath lift aloft, with loudly looke, just by with pouncing pypde,
That her may Corinth country, with the sway of Scepter guide.

Creon. Medea:

N. Medea that vngracious Imp, king Æneas wicked chyld;
Yet hath not to our careful realme her lingering foote exlide.
Some naughtie sprite she goes about, her knacks of old we know.
Her tugling arts, her harminning hands are known we long ago.
From whom will thee withhold her harme? whom will this cruellest beast
Permit to live, from perrill free, in quietness and rest?
Cleane to cut of this parious plague it was our purpose bent.
But lafon by entretting hard did cause vs to relent.
At his request we graunted haue, her life she shall enioy.
Let her acquit our countrey free from fear of all annoys.
Peacefully let her pack her hence, in eger giddy st,
With lumpish lowing looke she comes in talke with me to knit:
Sirs keep her of and let her hence, least vs she touch perhapse,
And drieue her backe from coming nigh commande her keepe her clap.
And let her learn at length, how that her selfe submit the map.

The praise
The seuenth tragedie.

The puissant paxe and maledly of Princes to obey.

Sun, rise thee quickly, erudge apace, haue hence out of my sight
This horrible, most obious quean, this monstrous wicked wight.
ME. My soueraigne liege, what greater crime haue I of lesse offence
Committ against thy maledly, to be exiled hence?
CR. Answ, the guiltlesse woman both demaunde a reason why.
ME. If thou be Judge indifferent, oxdaynde my cause to try,
Consider then my doubtfull case, and wey the ground of it:
If thou be king, commaund a Judge for such a matter st.
CR. The princes powre thou haile obey, b't ether right or wrong.
ME. The prosperus paxe of wronging crownes cannot endeuer long.
CR. Buaut, yeall out thy complaints at Colchis, get thee hence.
ME. Full gladly will I get mee home, if he that brought me thence,
Wouchsafe to heare mee back agayne. CR. Answ, to late argle
Entreating wordes, when as decree is taken otherwise.
ME. By that not hearing ether part, pronounced his decree,
Unrighteous man accompted is, though right his sentence bee.
CR. Where Pelia trusted to th' tale, from life to death bee fell.
Go to, begg, we gue you leave your goodly tale to tell.
ME. That type of Regall maledly, that erst by Fauaines hand,
Advanc'd to I dyd attayne, hath taugh mee bnderstand,
How hard a thing it is of worth the regour to allwage,
When burning heate of borgling brest in flamkes beign to rage.
The for th'advancement of their power maie to display in light
They kingly cozeage boilc'd out with maledly of might.
They become it both import alway, and hath a greater grace,
Whose late tytle scepter causer to climbbe aloft to prouder place.
To persever with fancie fonde, in that to reason spight,
Whose greene choyce attapted seth his minde with vague delight.
For though in pitious plight I passe, shrownde downe to great decay,
With heauy hap, and ruthfull chaunce, to miserable slay.
Thus hunterd out from place to place, fosioke and left alone,
I wyddow while my husband lye, with cause to ware and more,
Perplex in maze of misery, with closing cares so ryse,
Yet whylome I in golden trone have led in happy lyfe.
By high and noble parentage my bryght renowne both byne.
From Phoebus sake my Grundfire great bertyued is myigne.
Whear fluer dredmed Phass flodd his walking waues both fted,
By with contrary croking wares his bating channell spred.

What e-
Medea.

What every wandring coast stretcht out is left aloofe behinde,
From whence the roaming Scithyan Sea his channel sooth both lynde,
Where as Maotis fenny plaee with pure fresh water springes,
Doe seamen sweete the biny Sea, that tythe byther springes.
She all the coasts envyzyoned and kept within the banke
Of Thermodon, where warlike troupes, armed wyddowes ranches,
With painted bucklers on their armes wode all the land in fear,
With togeour roughe of threatening sword, with foyce of denting speare.
So farre to all these wandring coasts and countreyes round about,
My Fathers ample regiment at large is stretcht out.
I being thus of noble Race, and in a happy plight,
With glozious glorie of pynxely pamp in honour shining bright.
Then paynelesse Peares my Spouſall bed did fecke and sue to haue,
But those to be theye louing Ferees, now other Ladys crave:
Rabye, ticle, peulch, undifferete, and wavering Fortunes wheelre,
Dath call me our; he evablyng cares of banthment to feele.
In Scyther proud and hauty Crowne the thine affrance lost.
Sith bydowne with weleth wheelre, whole mounthes of wealt hits call.
This Pynxes doe posselle, that should theys royaltie display,
Whose fame hall never raged be, with howme of howning day,
To succour those whom unfer in pri of pynxes then sole.
To shield and harber suppliants in roote of topall house.
This onely brought I from my Realnie, the precious golden Fleece,
That Jewell chiefe, and eke the flower of Chymatry in Greece.
The Sturdy prop, the Ramiper strang the butcherke of your wealth,
And Hercules the hoptrollous Imp of love kept in health.
It was by meanes of my good will that Orpheus did escape,
Whose harmony the linelesse Rocks with such delight did rape,
That foazed even the clotherd lumpes with hobbling prickt to praunce,
And eke the incordes nodding woods with footinge line to daunce.
And that those heavenly twins Caſtor, and Pollux did not dy,
As dew desart is doubled twice, sth them preferred I.
Of Boreas blustering out with puffed Cheakes, his blasing Breath,
His wynged Sons I kept alivie both Calais, and Zead.
And Linaeus that with pearcing beames, and sharper light of Efe,
Could Pauies that on the farther banke of Sicil those ksy.
And all the Myntians that did come the golden Fleece to win.
As for the Princ of Princes all, I will not bring him in.
With Alince Iason will I passe, for whom though him I saue,
Yet do not Greece in debt to mee, no recompence I crave.
The seuenth tragedie. 125

To no man him I doe impute, the rest I brought agayne
For your apace, that you thereby some profit might attayne.
But only on my lason deare, him for my owne loues sake
I kept in feare, that bee of mee his wedded Wife should make.
None other fault(God wot)pee have to chastise mee with but this,
That Argo Ship by means of mee returned faukely to.
If I a shamefull mayde had not with Cupides bapte bene caught,
If more my Fathers health to have then lasons I had sought,
Pelasga land had bene undone, and saime to great decay,
The lutey bataunte Captaynes, had cleane bene cast away:
And toy lason spst of all this now thy sonne in lawe,
The Bulls had rent his swallowed lims in sheer chomping lawe.
Let Fortune light against my case as lit her cluste will,
Yet never shall it grewe my heart, repent my deede I will,
That I should for so many kings their reling honour save,
The guerdon bee that I for this my crime commit must have,
I lete Creon in thy hande, it thus it leketh thee,
Condemne my guilty ghost to death, but render spst to mee,
My fault that forced me offend, then Creon graunt I this,
Receaving lason cause of crime) I guilty did amisse.
Thou knowst that I was such an one when courting low I lay,
Before thy seete in humble wise and bid entreating pray,
Thy gracious goodness mee to graunt some succour in thy hande.
For me a wretch and wretched Babes I alue within this lande,
Some cottage base, in outcast hole, some courtage corner bile,
If from the towne thou dyue be out to wander in exile,
Then some by place aloose within this realme let be obiane.
CR. How I am none that tyrant like with churlish Scepter bagge,
But proudell with hevy copage bie,
With visiting soone do stamp them downe that underbroden lye,
And daunted are in carefull base, this plainly doth disclose,
In that to mee of late I such a some in lawe have chose,
Who was a wandring pilgrim poore, with sore affections fraught,
Dismarpe with terror of his foe, that lap for him in waught.
Because Acastus havinge got the crowne of Thesail lande,
Requyribeth in thy guilty bluide to bath his weakefull hands,
He doth bewaste that good obie man his feeble father lapyne,
Whom waught of yerex with bowing back to Coupie alow constrayne.
The godly minded spisters, all blinde with misty bale
And cloaking colour of thy crafe burn bently alaftie.
That mount of myschifes marueplous, to mangle hate, and cut
Their fathers were uniornted limnes in boyling. Calypson put.
But for thy open guiliemies if thou can purge the same,
Straght Iason can discharge him selfe from blote of guilty blame.
His gentie hondes were never flinde with gesse of any bloude.
I loose from your conspircacie refrapping faire hee noode.
His harameless handes put not in the with gerry tools to fell.
But thou that sett on thee these mighty mischifes fell
Whom shamelesse womenes wyle braine and manly Romack loues
Do set a Cog for to attempt to bing all ls about.
And no regard at all thou hast, how sounding trumpes of Fame.
With ringing blote of good vsill doe bowes aboide the name.
Get out and cleanse my spied realme, away together beare.
Thyne heardes bneible of secrete, my Legered my to seare.
Transporte thee to some other landes, whereas thou may at ease
With obious nope of dulcily charme, the troubled Gods diseases.
ME. If needes thou wilt have me auowde, my typ to mee respose.
Oe els my mate with whom I spes argued on this shope.
Why doest thou bid that by my selfe Ionely should be gone.
I came not heather at spes without my company store.
If this do thee aggryse, that brune of warres thou Past sustayne.
Command be both the cause the selfe to then thy realme agayne.
Sith both are guilty of one se, why doest thou part vs twayne?
For Iasons sake not for myne owne, pouge Pelias was laerne.
Inne into my trapprous flight the conquers brothe braine,
My hoary headded naureall, whom I forsaken have.
With brothres bloody fish that mangled was with caruing knife.
Ought of Iasons forged lies he gabbles into his typo.
These dreary deedes are none of myne, so oft as I offend,
Not for myne owne comodity, to come thereby in thende.
CR. Time is expired, by which thou ought to have bene gone away.
With keeping such a chat, why doest thou make so long delay?
ME. Proe of thy bounty ere I goe, this one boone will I crave.
Although the mother banished, so saile offended have,
Yet not the vengeauce of my soule through thysfull deadly hate.
Nor innocent and guileless Bantes segement in wrecked stage.
CR. A waye with loving friendly gryse thy children I espable.
And as a father naturall take pity on these cates.
ME. Even for the prosperous good encreace of fertill sposall bed,
Of Glauce bright the Daughters beare, whom Iason late hath wed.

And by
Chorus.

Auifh of life and dreadlesse was the wyght,
Attempting fyrist in slender tottering Barge
Wyth liuing Ore the slayced waue to Smyte,
And durst commit the dainty tender charge
Of hazered life to inconstant course of wynde,
That turnes with chaunce of chaunces evermore,
To vew the land forsooke aloof belhynde,
And shouing forth the Ship fro safer shore,
And glauncing through the fomy Channell deepe
On slender cut with slender Stemme the waue,
Twixt hope of lyfe, and dread of death to sweepe,
In narrow gut him selfe to spill or faue:
Experience yet of Planets no man had,
They needed not the wandering course to knowe
Of Starres, (wherewith the paynted sky is clad,)
Not Pleiads, (which return of sayling show)
Nor Hyads (that with showers the Seas doe beate)
No nor the sterne Amaltheas horned head
(Who gaue the lyppes of fucking longue the Teate)
Were wont to put the blundering ships in dread.
They feared not the northerne Ily wayne,
Whych lazy olde bootes wieldes behinde,
And twynes about, no name yet could they fayne
For Boreas rough, nor smother western wynde.
Yet Typhys bould on open seas durst show
His hoysted sayles, and for the wyndes decree
New lawes: as now full gale aloofe to blow,
Now tackle turrende to take syde wynde alee,
Now vp tofarle the croselayle on the mast,
There safe to hang, the topsayle now to spred,
Now misfel sayle, and drabler out to cast,
VWhen dagling hanges his shottring tackle red
VHysteartman flur, and busye neuer blin,
VWith pyth to pull all sayles eke to display,
VWith tooth and nayle all force of winde to wyn,
To sheare the seas, and quick to scud awaye.
The golden worlde our fathers haue postrf,
VWhere banyghtt fraude durst neuer come in place,
All were content to lue at home in rest,
VWith horye head,gray beard, and furrowed face.
VWhych tract of time within his countrey brought.
Riche hauing lytle, for more they did not toyle,
No vente for wares,nor Traficquefar they sought,
No wealth that sprange beyond their native soyle,
The Thessal shyp together now hath set.
The seventh tragedie.

The Theslaill ship together now hath set,
The Worlde that well with Seas disleuered lay,
It biddes the floods with Oares to be bet,
And streams unknown with shipwrack vs to fray
That wicked Keele was lost by rughtfull wrack
Ytossed through such peryles passing great,
Where Cyane: Rocks gan rore as thunder crack,
Whose bouncing boults the shaken soyle doth beat.
The sowing Surges daffhed euery starre,
The pestlel seas the cloudes aloft berayde,
This scuffling did bold 7 T P H I S minde detarre,
Hys helme did slip from trembling bande dismayde,
Then O R P H E V S with his drowping Harp was mum
Dead in her dumpes the flaunting  • A R G O S  glee,
All hulht in rest with silence wexed dum,
What hartie heart astood heere would not bee?
To see at once eche yawning mouth to gape,
Of Syllas gulph compact in wallowing paunch,
Of dogges, who doth not loth her mongrell shape,
Her vilage, breast, and hyddeous uly baunce:
Whom erketh not the scoulde with barking still?
To here the Mermaydes dyre who doth not quayle,
That lure the Eares with pleasaunt singing shrill
Of such as on  A u s o n i u m  Sea doe sayle:
When O R P H E V S on his t w anckling Harpe did play,
That earst the Muse Calliope gaue to him
Almoyst those Nymphes that wonted was to say:
The shyps, he caufd fall following him to swim.
How deereely was that wicked journey bought?
Medea accurst, and eke the golden Fleece,
That greater harme then storme of seas hath wrought.
Rewarded well that voyage first of Greece.
Now seas controuide doe suffer passage free.
The Argo proude erected by the hand
Of  P A L L A S  first, doth not complayne that shee,
Coneyde hath back, the kynges vnto theyr land.

S,  Eche whir.
Medea

Eche whirry boate now sculles aboute the deepe,
All stynys and warres are taken cleane away,
The Cities frame new walles themselues to keepe,
The open worlde lettes nought rest where it lay:
The Hoyes of Ind. Arexis lukewarme leake,
The Perseans stout in Rhene and Albis streame
Doth bath their Barkes, time shall in fine out breake
When Ocean wawe shall open every Realme.
The wandering World at will shall open lye.
And TYPHIS vwill some newe founde Land suruay
Some travelers shall the Countreys farre espye,
Beyonde small Thule, knowen furtheft at this day.

THE THIRD
AC T E.

Nutrix. Medea.

He trost thou asking in and out
To rash from place to place?
Stand still, and of thyne ege wrath
Suppresse the rashfull race,
The rigour rough of ramping rage
From burning breast out cast,
As Bacchus bedlem pugues that of
His spynet have felt the blast,
Run franticke, hopping by and downe
With stretch warward wits,
Not knowing any place of rest, so plight with crowarde siris,
Dac cloudy top of Pindus Hounte all byd with Snow so chyll:
Detts upon the losty credge of braunched Nis a hill:
Thus stanting still with frowned mynde he waiters to and froe,
The signes pronouncing proffe of pungues her frense Face both shew
With glowing cheeke, and bloud red Face with shortes gasping breath,
Shee farre depe ascending sighes from sobbing heart beneath,
Now bath she smyle, ech turled thought in ponding blaine the beats,
Now standes she in a manmering, now myschiefe soxe she threat.

With cha.
The Seventh Tragedie.

With chafing flame he burns in wrath, and nowe he doth cployne,
With blubbering teares a fresh byline he weeps a wayte so agayne.
Where will this lumpish loade of carees with headlong swep allight?
On whom entended shee to worke the threates of her despight?
Where will this huge tempestuous surge flake downe it selfe agayne?
Embundled surp newe in breaf begins to boyle a wapne.
Shee secretly entendes no mischief small noz mane of life
To passe her selfe in wickednes her busie hyaes devise.
The token oble of pinching tre full well ere this know I:
Some hapnoys, huge, outrageous, great; and dyed full sloame is lye;
Her sty, scowling, glaring Eyes, her hanging Gronne I see,
Her pow'ring, puffed, crowling Face, that signes of treating bee.
O mighty love beguile my feare, ME. O witch if thou desire,
What measure ought to passe thy wrath then leare by Cupids fire,
To hate as lope as thou didst love, shall I not them anoy?
That doe unite in spousall bed, they? wanton lust confop?
Shall Phoebus stery footed horse goe lodge in western wave
The drowning day, that late I did with humble crowltng cran,
And with such ernest bulse suite so hardly granted was?
Shall it depart ere I can bring my deepth dypt to passe?
While heuering heauen doth counterplesed hang with egall space,
Amid the marble Hemispheres, whole rounde with stiner race.
The glorious Sky above the Earth doth spinning roll about,
Wholes that the number of the sandes, ies hid unferched out.
While dawnig day doth kepe his course with Phoebus blase so bright,
While twinkling stars in golden trapes doe garde the storie night,
While Ie under propping poale with whistling swyng so swift,
The shyning Beares ubnbarde about the frozen Sky doe lift,
While shalynge foades the frothy Freames to rustling Seas doe send,
To gird them grip with plonging punges my rage shall never end.
With greater heare it shall rebbyte, lyke as the brutitlc beast,
Whose trannyn most horrible, exceedeth all the rest,
What greedy gaping whyle poole wide what parious gulch humidle,
What Sylla coucht in roting Weakes, or what Charbydes whyde,
(That Sicill, and Ionium Sea by frothy waves doth sup)
What Aara bolting blasing flames, and dusty vapores yp,
(Whose heavy poale & Gewling heare doth smoltyng cruash beneath
Encelades, that seere flacks from chobed thpe doth breath)
Can with such dreadfull menaces in sweeter surp sty?
No vger swift no troubled surge of lying Sea so sty.

128
Medea

But sturdy gales (whom rustling winds with raging force do move)
But piteous gale of tope, whose might by boisterous blast is more,
Might have my angers violence; my fury shall it fope:
His court In over hourte, and lay it leaue till with the soyle,
My Iaison heart did quake for faire of Creon cruell king.
And feafe the king of Thebans would warre upon him bring.
But loyall love that hardens hearts makes no man be a right.
But beeste, that he conuert hath yeeld himselfe to Creons might.
Per once hee might have visited, and come to me his wyfe,
To take, and take his last farewell, if danger of his life
In doing this (hard harted witch most cruell) he should feares,
He being Creons some in lawe, for him it felfe were,
To have propozed somwhat yet my heavy bannishment,
To take my leave of children twayne one onely day is lent:
Per doe I not complayne, as though the time to spot I thought,
As prooue shall plague pronounce, to day, to day, it shall bee wrought,
The memory whereof no trace of time shall wipe away.
With malice bent against the Gods my wrath shall them assay:
And rifting euer thing, both good, and bad, I will turmple.
NV. Madame thy munde that troubled is, and tost with such abysle
Of swarming tills, thy vexed brest now set at rest agayne,
The peares fond affections all of troubled munde refrayne.
ME. Then onely can I be at rest, when euer thing I see
Throwe head long topple turuely downe to ruthfull ende with mee.
With mee let all things cleane decap: thy selke if thou doe spitt,
Thou maite drive to destruction what els with thee thou will:
NV. If in this folly like thou stand, behold what after clappes
Are to bee fearde, none dare continue for Pygmaes training trappes.

Iason. Medea.

Lacklesse lot of frowarde Fates, O cruell Fortunes hap,
Both whe the lift to smite, oyspare, in woe the both by wrapp
But whe, the salue b God hath geuen to ose, to cure our grieue,
Poze nother then the tope it selfe, and sendeth selfe relieue:
If for her good desires to me, amendement I should make,
I hazard should my boisterous spse to selfe it for her sake.
If I will hun my dismall day, and will not for her dy,
Then want the love of loyalty, O wretched man must I.
For all sorts dread my remonstrate, now can cause, to depart this chance,
Even ere remonstrance effect us, what can be left, I think:
For why? when careful patience are once set of life and breath,
Some after them their watch to seek and draw to death.

O Sacred right careless (as thou beholdest the worthy place)
In perfect bliss of happy heaven) I call upon the grace,
And thee for witness here declare, how for my children's sake
With pite pite I have commit these things against my heart.
And so I think Medea, her selfe the Mother rather had:
(Though feauntly as now she sakes with rage of heart so mad
And both abhor with pite full of mostious cares to topic)
Her soulfull bed, then that her seeds should take the plunging sode,
I did determine in my mind to get her to entreate
With gentle words, a pass her cease, in frequent want to streake;
And loe, on me when once the sate the beams of glauncing Eye,
Full blithe she keepes, he jumps for joy, in his the gimes to stri.
Deeply deadly blasheth hart she seemes in outward brow to beare,
And wholly in her crowning face both glittting grace appears.

ME, I packing, packing. I afe am: this ill to chop, and change
The fleeting sode of my abode, to me it is not strange.
The cause of my departure yet (to me it is strange) and new.
I would was in following the all places to eschew:
I will depart, and get me hence, to whom for helping handy
Entended thou to sende vs south, whom hence to be the land
Thou dost compel with thine citie, shall I represse againe?
To Phaethons flood, to Colchis Isle, or to my fathers raghe?
O? goat the tender fiddlest, that with my brothers blood do reche?
What hast ye ginds else the dove thou canst and be out to seek?
What seas appoint thee to passe? shall I my journey endue,
Upon the purloyned handfull wawes of Pontus to arrive,
By which I did haste conduct some kings valiant armies great,
Where rearing rocks with thundering noise the lapping waves do beate
O? on the narrow workfull shore, of Simplegades wreste?
O? els to seaall Hioeou no we can I represse againe?
O? topic, the glad sonne pleassant lande of Tempe to appeare?
O? there, there in all Hioeou no we can I represse againe?
O? let the glad sonne pleasant lande of Tempe to appeare?
All places that I opened have unto the passage free,
I shut them up against my selfe, not whether sende or they me?
A bani sh watch to banishment they wouldd I have encline,
Yet to the place of her espicy, how canst not her sone.
Yet for all that without delay I must depart and go:  
And why? for tho't the king his son in law commanded so.  
Yet: nothing will I stand against, with grappes of falling Payne  
Let me be scourge, of my desarts such is the gattten Payne.  
Let Creon in his prynce suffe rap to his heavy handes,  
To whop ad whose in countenances sharp, with iron grues, and bandes  
Let her be chapny, in hiduous hole of night for age her locke:  
Let her be clozed with pelting paffe of restless rowling rocke.  
Yet more than I deserved have, in all this hall I have:  
O thou uncereous Gentleman, consider in the mynde  
The same pusses, and spy gaspes of gally gaping bull,  
And Eneas carrieth with Fierce of gorgeous golden wooll,  
That went to graze amid so great and mighty feraes in Aelise,  
Of varieous ouled Martin, whose soyle bath armies yeilde.  
Remote to minde the deadly pusses of soddyne baring for.  
When gally warour (Tellus broode) to ground agayne did goe,  
Though daughter red of mutuall launce, to this per further pale.  
The touched Fierce of Phrixes Ramme, that all thine errand was.  
And bysome Argo or Lumberlees, whom fast I cause to kepe  
His were watching winning eyes with vnquayned sleepe.  
My brothe eke, whose fatal tooth of feeble lyse I hired,  
And guilt that wrought so many guiles when as with thee I fled.  
The daughters whom I set on woaks entrap in wilp treague,  
To lay the 3cire, that shall not rese to quickened lyse agayne.  
And how to trauell other realmes, I set myn owne owne at nought.  
Yet at good hope which of thy seede conceaved is in thought,  
Ecke by the stabe Mantion place and mighty monsters, that  
Downe beaten for thy health, I causest before the seete to squat,  
And by these draggins hands of myne unspared for thy sake;  
For dead of bayngers our past that caused thee to queke,  
By heavenes above, and seas belowe, that withelc bearers bee,  
To knitting of our warmage by, the mercy vable to mee.  
Of all the heapes of treasure great so farre of being let,  
Which Eneas fauage Scythians byd treauell for to get.  
From Ind, where Phæbus seaching blase doth bse the people blacke.  
Of all this golde which in our bowers whee could not well compacke,  
But trice and treynt wee garnished our grounds with golde so gay,  
A bandeth wash of all this feste gat nought with mee away,  
Except my brothe slaughtred hee, yet I emploped the same  
Duree: the care of countreyes health, my honestly and name.  

By Father
By Father, and my brother both hast receiued place to thee. This is the dowry that thou hadst my wedded spouse to bee. To her whom thou dost adore, agree to here goods againes. IA. When Creon in malicious mood had thought thee to have slaine, Entreated with my tears, gentle and wise, he gave to thee. ME. I rooke it for a punishment, but surely as I see This banishment is now become a friendly good rewardes. IA. While thou hast time to goe, be gone, for most severe, and harde The kings displeasure ever is. Thys wouldst thou bode mee out? Thy hated trull cast of thou dost, that pleasant Creuse thou mought. IA. Dost thou Medea vpsetthee with the heirde enmyssh of love? ME. And slaxture bple, with treachery, whereo thou didst mee move. IA. When all is done what canst thou say my guiltines to slay? ME. Even whatsoever I have done. IA. Yet more this doth remayne: That thy barbarous wickednes of harme should mee accuse. ME. Thine, thine they are, they are all thine whatsoever I did bse. Whoe that of lewdnesse respes the freude, is gratter of the same. Let every one with infamy thy wretched spouse despise. Per dye thou only take her part, her only doe thou call A just and wonderfull wight, without offense at all. If any man shall for thy sake polove his hand with thee, To thee let him an innocent yet be accompted still. IA. The life is tothsome that both wroke his shame which it chose. ME. The life whose choice both wroke the shame thou oughtest againes to. IA. Let reason rule thy egges made so best with crabbedd tre, close. And for thy tender childens case to bee at rest require. ME. I doe despise, whole I detest it, I forswear, That brethern had unt to my harm Creusas wench shall beare. IA. It will be trim, when as a Queene of maiefty and might. Hath issue, bane unto the seede of thee a bountif wight. ME. So cursed art thou neuer on my wretched childens ches, To mingle base borne bastardes with the blood of noble Lygne. Shall Phaebus solcke (that bares the lamp of heauen in sterry thone) Be made with bredging, Sifiphus that roules in hell the paine? IA. What meaneest thou wretched, with thee a mee in banishment to pake? I pray then here. ME. When humbly I repynde to Creon bokes, Hee gave an earne unto my suire. IA. What lyeth in my might To doe for thee? ME. If no good suire, then doe the worst dispaign. IA. In this lie with his suire in land king Creon doth mee scaree; On other part with armed host Acast both were deare.  

The seventh tragedy. 130
Medea

ME. Medea's to come with these, that more approve us may;
Go to, to support the late fall, let Jason be the way:
I. A. Prepare whom these adversaries have trod with heap of sway.
Learn how to dizz thy lucelle lot that often thee assay.
ME. I courage have ruled the wings of squires wounding will,
I. A. Achaetus is at hand, and nigh is Creon thee to spill:
ME. Take thou thy hecates to place them both, I do not thee refuse,
That thou again thy father in law in traytious arms should take.
Nor in Achaet the cities blood thy wounding handes to goe,
The bowes unto Medea made, doe trouble thee so sore.
While yet thou hast not split there bowd, yet fly with mee away.
I. A. When armes twain their banners of defiance shall display,
And marching forth in peace to seeke scarce battle at my hande,
Who then for his encounter shall their puissance to withstand?
ME. If Creon and Achaetus king encampe together hale,
Admit that these in one with them should oppose their powers all
By Countrepmen of Colchis Ille, and Asia I do longings,
Suppose the Scythian to take with Greckes, to ground I will the bring,
Cleanse put to toilo. I. A. The puissance power of hawpe make I fear,
ME. Take heed, looke more thou doth the same, then fox to clear;
The self of Creon seruiute poke. I. A. Lead some suspiccion grow,
Of this our ratling long here let us make an end and goe.
ME. Now Ione hurke out the flame's a force thy thundering bolts to fly,
With fiery fiakes night brandishing disparrd in burning sky:
Strippe forth thy dreadful throning armes, dispose in one apar.
The rolling dint of lightening rude, that wesse our quarrell map.
With rumbling cracks of renting cloud can't all the word to quake.
And yet tell not thy houing hand to strike with ashy flake.
Upyon my pate and crushed corpor, or I son Carcaus flake pne;
For whether of us thou mightest to death his due reward peace shall gain,
The thumps of his hawing strokes on his amule they cannot light.
I. A. If, let thy impasse on matters now, it that smeare a modest night.
And use to have more cheerefull talke, if any thing thou crave.
Within my fathers house to safe thy flight, thou hast it have.
ME. Thou knowest no minde both can, the is wont to doe no lese,
Then to confume theestre wealth that Scythes doth possess.
This, this hath the one in boone that at the hande I crave,
As mates with me in bountie of, my childe let mee have
That resting on their flying heastes my careful mourning hed,
I may my chystall teare streames into there bolstered hed.

But as
The seventh tragedie.

But as for thee, now gotten some of wise new med doth say,
1A. I grant that unto thy request I will I might obey:
But nature mee with pity pitty, that needs I must deny.
For though both Creon and Achaem in tormentes force mee by,
I could not peele into thee willes: on this my lyke doth rest:
In times of teares, this is the top of dull afflicted head
For better farre I can abde the wante of vital breath,
And succour of my limmes, or lost, the light of wolden by death,
ME. What love but his seely Babes is deeply grast in him?
This worketh well I have him tryst, let now there lyth by
An open place whereby receafe a benigne sooner he may,
Let mee or I departe, into my seely children say.
These lessons of my last adwe, and grant to mee the space,
With tender grype of calling last they, loving limmes remembre:
This wilde commotre to my heart; yet at the latter woode
I aske no more but onely that you shoulde mee this afoorde.
If eger anguith cause my tongue to call out our wodds vakinde,
Let all thing fly, let nothing be engraued in your minde
But for remembrance otherwhyle of mee to touch your thought,
Let other things be wynde a waye that blye of wrath hath wrought.
1A. I have forgotten every white God grant thou may of shake,
These surging qualmes of frounced minde a milder mapste it make.
For quietnesse both woldhe thepp ease that dented are with war:
ME. What is he fap and gon? falls out the matter so?
Orason doth thou lisse thee awaye, not having minde of mee,
Nor of those former great good turnes that I have done for thee?
With thee now am I cleane forgot: but I will bring about
That from the carefull sighting minde shall not bee bastiffe out:
Apply to bring this to effect, call home thy witts agayne,
And all the wpeke ferces farre, every artificial trayne.
This is the perfect frucce that may to thee of mitchieste sprung,
To presuppose that mitchieste is not grast in any thing;
Scant have I opportunitie for my pretended guile,
Because wee are mistrusted sore: but epy I will the while
To set upon them in such sorte, as none can deeme my streight:
March towth how ventures on, fall to, both what ther in thy might,
And also what hath passeth power. Of soythfull narrate and make
Of all my heavy heart breaking, and brumes caufed tare.
Come help our simple means frucce, Remaining yet I have
A robe of Palt the present that our heauenly Greamlire gave,
Medea.

Chiefest monument of Cholchis lies, which Phoebus did belowe
On Aras for a pledge, that him his father he might know.
A precious suigent goytser cekne, that bravelie gletteres byght,
And with a fomeley adning scame of golden thredys to light,
Though wrought betwene the row of pircles doe Land in borderes rand,
Wherewith my golden crispen Locks is wanted to be crowd.
My kyte children they shall beare these presents to the Hynde;
That first with aberber Babbar sotue of chamiments Halbe thredys.
Request the syde of He cate in reduntle prepare.
The lamentable sacrifice, upon the bloody Xare.
Enforce the Xers catching holde upon the rafers hype.
With cracking noide of lamp sparkes rebound in azurs hype.

Chorus.

0 fers soye, not xubling rage of bostrus blushing winde,
Do bar that whirling in the skyes, such terror to 3 minde.
Can distre, as when xtreble wise both bole in burning hate.

Dispried of her spousall bed, and comfort of her mate,
No where the lompy southerne winde with dankish tabby face,
Of hoary winter sendeth out the gushing showers space.

Where weighevent fers waunbling streame comes waunbling downe &
Forbidding both the banks to meete, s cannot of containe.

But he within his channels scoure, but further breaks his way.
No Rodanys whole rushing streame both launch into the sea.
But when the soured spring with hotter burning flame,
The winteres froide disolute with heate downe to the ravers runne:
The cledered top of Haemus hill to water thin both cair.
Such desperate gogin flame is wrath that inwardly both burns.
And modest rule regardeth not, no hedges can stope.
No dreadfull death, both with on dinte of naked blade to syde.

O Gods be gracious unto vs, for pardon we do crave,
That him who stand, the swocking waues, vouck safe ye would to saue.
But Neptune yet the Lord of Seas wrsrowning face will lower,
That ouer his second Scpteer men to triumph have the power.
The boe that rashly vurts attempt that great unweldy charge.
Of Phoebus everlastinge Carte, and routing out at large.
Not bearing in his recklesse breast his fathers warnings wise,
Was burned with the flames which hee did scatter in the Skyes.
None knew the costly glistening glades, where fragglng Phaëton rode,
Past not the path, where people sake in former rhyme have rode.
Dandling, willful, wanton boy, do not dissolve the frame
Of heaven, let love with sacred hand hath halow the same.
Who rode with valiant Dares tough, that were for Argo made,
Hath powdered naked Pelon mounte of thycke compacted shade.
Who entered hath the steeving rocks and steeched out the tople
And spring travails of the seas, and hath on salvag tople
But fast his stretched Cabie rope, and going forth to land.
To clope swap the frozen glode with greedy snatchling hand.
Unto the seas (because that her transgress they) lawes beame)
By this unlucky end of his, he pays his forfepte fine.
The troubled seas of theye unrest for vengeaunce howie and weeps.
Spy Typhis who did conquer first the daunger of the depe,
Hath yeelded by the cunning rule of his unweldy sirene,
To such a guide, as for that he had neede as yet to earne.
Who giving by his Ghost aloofe from of his native lande,
In soeuen more were burried bile with burtye saddles in lake.
He fl among the flattering faules that strangers to him wears,
And Aulis Ile that in her minde her masters stole deth beare,
Held in the Ships, to stand and waple in crossing narrow noake:
That Orpheus Callops some who layde the running Brooke,
While he records on heauenly Harpe weel swaying singer fine,
The wynde layde downe his puiling blastes: his harmony divine
Prootede the woodes to spy them: flues, and trees in trappes along
Came forth with bydes that held their tapes and listened to his song.
With lims on lunder rent in fised of Thrace be both dead.
Up to the top of Heber houde, eke haled was his head.
Gone downe he is to Stygin dampe, which scene he had before,
And Tarcar boring pits, from whence returne he shall no more.
Alydes baying bat did bringe the Northern ladders to groundes.
To Achelo of sundry shapes he gave his mostall wounde.
Yet after he could purchase peace both unto seas and land,
And after Diris dangon blacke rent open by his hand,
He sprung sped himselfe along on burning Oetis hill:
His members in his proper flame the wretch did thirst to spill:
His bloud he drew with Neltors bloud, and lost his lothsome lyfe
By trauetous gyle that popsoned lyt, receaved of his wyfe.
With luske of bottlled grooting Boze Aneus lyms were tope.
O Mcleagar (wicked might) to graue by thee were borne
Medea.

The mother's brother twaine, and thee, for it with ruthfull hand,
Hath wrought the dextre: desency, to burne thy fellow brand.
The rash attempting Argonantes destroyd all the death
That Hyllas whom Alcides lost beree of fadding breath.
That springit which in flowing wavel of water desirous was; 
Goe now receitely blowit, the seas: with doubtlest lot to passe.
Though idmon had the calling skell of desencies before,
The serpent made him issue his lyfe in tombe of Liby hope.
And Mopsus that to other men could well theye sates elczy.
Yet onely did decease him selve uncertaine where to dy.
And he that could the secre hap of things to come busoulde,
Per heve not in his country Thebes. Dame Thisis husband oulde.
Did wander like an outlawt: man Our Palmedes sty.
Did headlong whelm him selve in seas. Whos at the Greebes regyes.
From Troy, to rush on rockes did them slurr with wily light,
Shour Ajax Oleus did sublap the bote of thunder bright,
And cruel hysme of surging seas, so sute the hepious guilt,
That by his country was commyn, in seas he lesth spiste.
Alciste to redemt her husband Pheres lyfe from death.
The godd Wpse upon her spouse bestowd her panting breath.
Proude Pelias that wrescht him selfe who bad them first assap.
The golden Fleece that boody brave by slip to ferch'awes,
Perboplye in glowing cauldson hoate with fercuent heate bee fynes,
And fleeting peecresble by and downe in water thin be lyes.
Though, though, revenged are O Gods the wyonges of seas.
Be good to lason, doing that she did, his Came to pleaze.

THE FOURTH ACTE.

Nutrix.

My chilish minde amazed is, agast, and sore dismarned:
My chilish minde with quaking colde do tremble all afraide.
Such plagues a benegrace is at hand, in what exceeding wile
Do sharp saulles of grevy griete still more: more arise,
And of it felte in smothering breast enbindlesse greater heate?
O that I scene how ramping rage bath forced her to create.

With strenu
The seuenthe tragedy.

With frantikes fits, mad, bewrlem wise, against the Gods to rage,
And eke the bewitched gods of heaven in plunging plagues torage:
But now Medea bears her busie hrayne to bring to passe
A myschifull greater, greater sate, then ever any was.
Crewbithe when hence the trimt away abandoneth so sope,
And of her popson clostes clost she entred had the bope:
Shee powruth out her Jewels all, abode to light shee bringts
That which she yeading loathed long, most irksome ugly things:
Shee mumbling conjures up by names of ills the rable rout,
In bugger mugger cowed long, kept close, burscherd out:
All patient plagues she calleth upon, what euer Libic lande,
In frothie bogling dream doth wolk, or mabdy belching lande:
Where raving toppments Taurus bredes, with snowes unhawed till
Where winter flawses, and hopy frost knit hark the craggie hill,
She sapes her cursing hands uppon each monstrous conurde thing,
And over it her magick verse with charming doth she sing:
A mowisle, rowisle, rude route with cancerd Scales Iland
From musple, fulp, dusty dens where lurked long they had,
Doe cruel: a wallowing serpent huge, his versusous Corps out drags,
In sere coming blaring mouth his forked tongue he wags.
He haers about with sparkling eyes, if some he might esp,
Whom snapping at with stinging spit he might constrain to by:
But hearing once the magick verse he buist as all a gaff,
His body boalne big, wapt in lumps on running knots shee call.
And wambting to and fro his rape in lufkes he rowles it round.
Not harsh enough (quoth she) the plagues & tooles that hollow gross
Engenders for my purpose are, to heasen by will I call,
To reach me stronger popson down, to frame my seate with all.
How is it at the very point, Medea thou asleep,
To bring about some matter fether fetch, then common Witches may.
Let downe, let downe, that spawling Snake that doth his body spred,
As doth a running brooke abreede his mighty channell thro.
Whose swelling knobs of wondrous size & busieous bobbing lumps
Doth thump the great & lesser beare that seale his heayunge lumps.
The bigger beare with golden glede the greechish, aete each gape:
But by the luffe the Sidon ships their passage have espene.
He that with pinch of griping doth hewe the adders suare,
His streening hand & clasping bande, let him brake againe.
And crutche their squeased bosome out, some further shou our charme
O slayp serpent Python, whom Dame Iuno sent to harme

Diana, and
The text is a passage from a classical English text, describing various landscapes and mythological entities. The passage includes references to Greek mythology, such as Medea, Hercules, Tigris, and Danubius. The text is written in a poetic style, typical of classical English literature. The text is too long and detailed to be fully transcribed here, but it describes the beauty and danger of various natural and mythological scenes.
The seventh tragedy.

This hearbe aboade the edge of knyfe in dawning of the day
Gre Phæbus face gan pepe, bedect with glittering gouden spap
His slender falke was stope of in depe of slent night.
His coune was crystal, whyle th: C charme her posited naples did light.
Shee chops the deadly hearbes, a wytngs the squeeled clotted bloud
Of Serpentes out: and stily bydes of tryesome mery mud:
Shee tempers with the same and sake: shee bages the heart of Owle
Foreswewing death with glaring Eyes, and moaping Tlegate soufe,
Of Phæbe Owle hoarse alpine she takes the durtly stinking guts,
All these the framre of this seare in dyeres perculs puts.
This hath in tedurous force of greedy spoiling flame,
The frozen phel dulling couldle engenders by the same.
Shee chaunte on thofe the magick verse, that workes no letser harme,
With bustling frantickely lyce Stamps, and ceaseeth not to charme.

MEDEA.

Flittring Flockes of gristy ghosles
that sit in silent seat
Douglove Bugges, Dobblins grym
of Hell I you intreat:
D lowlyng Chaos dungeon plande,
and dreadful darkned pit,
Where Ditis muffled by in Clowdes
of blackest shades both sit,
D wretched woeful wawling soules your ape I doe imploze,
That linked lye with gingling Chapnes on wayling Limbo hope;
D mosty Den where death doth couche his gisly cartapne face:
Relieve your pangues, D spyrghets, and to this wedding lyce space.
Cause ye the snagge wheels to pawsle that rentes the Carkeas bound,
Permitt lixions racked Lymmes to rest upon the ground:
Let hungry byttren Tantalus wyth gawnt and gyned panche
Soupe by Pireoes gulped Dreame his suelling thy: to swanche,
Let burning Creon hyde the hypnot and grasses of greater panye,
Let pypes of oppery floying nonet pe pours backe againne
His moaping Father Sivyphus, amonges the craggy Rockes.
Vee daughters for of Danaus whom perced Phæbus mochtes.
Medea.

So oft with labour lost in vain this day both long for you
That in your house with bloody blade at once your husband slew.
And though whose ares I honored have, O teach and lampe of night,
Approche O Lady myne with most deformed bystage right:
O three soide hope Dame that k缶d more threatening bowes then one,
According to the country guise with dagging locks voidone
And naked foote, the fericie group about I halowed have,
From dusty day hunnish clouds the showers of rapine I crave.
Though me the chanked gaping ground the foked seas hath drunk.
And mayner streame of the ocean fluid beneath the earth to sunk,
That sweeter out through hollow guipth with stronger guishing rage.
Then were his fuddy wambing waues whose power it both assaye
For the waters with wrong disturbed course and out of order quight,
The darkned sunne, a glistering stars at once hath shewed the?z light,
And drected Charles his straunging wayne hath dute in dashing waue,
The framed course of roaming time recte out of frame I haue.
So my enchantments haue it brought, that when the flaming sunne
In sommer takes the parched sopte then hath the twigges begunne,
With spawling blosson fresh to blome, and hagle winter come
Bath out of harnes scene the fruite to barnes on sudden borne.
Into a hollowe foode his flour disstreame bath PhaLs wal,
And flers channell being in so many branchcs cast,
Washed hath his weakfull waues, on every nent those
He spede calm: The tumbled floods with thundring nose did rope,
When couched clock the winde were not moving pipping soft,
With working waue the pausing seas have swolle a steep aloft,
Whereas the wood in alder time with thicke and brancht home
Did spread his shade on glad some softe no shade remaineth now.
I rolling by the magicke here at noontime Phoebus day,
Ampd the darkned Sky, when she was light of day by day.
She at my chambe the waues cockes of Heyds went to glade.
Time is it Phoeb to respect the service to thee made:
To the, with exell bloody bands reds garlands greene were twände.
Which with his folding circles neare the serpent rough did bynde.
Have here Tiphonas steale, that doth in a teas Fuchsia grone,
That roke with batterie violent king loves assaulted trone.
Thus to the Centaures passloned blood which Nestus bilayne vyle
Who made a rase of Dianne entencing her to spie,
Sequished her when in vig wounde he gaipng lay for breath.

While Her-
While Hercules shaft dack in his ribs, whose jarce did worke his death;  
Behold the Funerall cinders heere which by the popson dyed;  
Of Hercules who in his haste on Oeta mountaine dyed;  
Loe here the sattall brand, which late the sattall flers three  
Confipped at Melegers byth, such should his deshyn bee,  
To saue alpuc his breathyng coppes, while that might whole remayne;  
Which saue his mother Althe kep, till he his buches tawpe,  
(That from Atlantia would have had the head of conquered Boze,)  
Had rest of lyfe whose spightfull death Althea tooke so slowe,  
That both she shewed her ferventnisse in systers godsly love,  
When to revenge her brothers death meere nature bid her move,  
But yet as mother most vunynde, of nature most vunyplde,  
To basse the bursuely grace of her beloved childe,  
While Melegers sattall brande she wasted in the flame,  
Whose stelving guts and bowels mould consumed as the same,  
These plumes the Harpies rauening towres for hast did leane behinde,  
In hidden hole whose close assesse no mortall wight can send.  
When fast from Zeues charming them with speedy slight they fled.  
Put by no these the fethers which the Seryphal byde did shed,  
Whom d substing Phoebus dpanned light for Hercules did spunge,  
And galled with the hautes, that he in Hydras byde did spunge,  
You lare s have yeerd a clattering noyle I knowe, I knowe of olde,  
How unto mine my Diacles are wanted to bee tawde,  
That when y trembling towre doth shake then hath my Goddes great,  
Doubtless to grant mee my request as I did her intreate,  
I see Dianas waggon swife, not that whereon thee glides,  
When all the night in darkned Sky with face fullope thee rydes:  
With countenaunce bight: and blandishing, but when with heauy cheare,  
With busky shimmering wandr globle, her lamp doth pale appeare,  
Dr when thee trots, down the heauen with horsebeades rayned spye,  
When the skyle Witches with the threats of charming her doe bate,  
So with thy dunkish bulled blase, thy cloudy serering light,  
Sende out, amid the louying sky, the heart of people loygeth  
With agonies of sudderne dread, in strauing and scarcefull wyle,  
Compell the pruencs busken pannes with tarrying noyle to rise  
Though Corinth countrie every where, to fryste them fro this harme,  
Least heandlong daune thou be from heauen to earth by force of charme.  
An holy solenmpe sacrestrie to worship ther weere make,  
Imbrowed with a bloody tarphe the kindled Toche doth take  

The seuenthé tragedie.

Thy sa-
Medea

The sacred burning night fire at the dace the holy grave.

Soes charged with th' troubled ghost my head I shaken have,
And bucking downe my neckes above by hewing lowe have I sigh'd.
And groaning flat on floor in strange have yen in dead mans plight.
My ruffled Lockes about my ears downe doging have ben bound.
Cuckt up about my temples 'twaspne with gladsome garland crownde.
A drye branche is offer'd thee from stilyy Stiges flood.

As is the guile of Bacchus priestes the Coribanthes wood,
With naked breast and dugges lappe out Ite pricke with sacred blade.
To ye ame, that for the bulking bluide an issue may bee made,
With trilling Dreames my purple bluide ser drop on Thaunter stones.
My tender Childrens crushed sleepe, and broken brooded bones
Lerne how to brooke with hardned heart : in practise put the trade.
To slothe fierce, and keepe a cople, with naked glittering blade.
A sprinkled holy water haue, the launce once being made.
If yeeld thou complaineest that my eyes thee overlade,
Give pardon to my cruel fate, O Perseus after deare,
Still Iason is the onely cause that bygnet mee to rese.
With squeaking voice thy noysome beames, that ring like hot of bo.
So season thou those sawned robes to worke Creulias was,
Where with when her shall prakste her selfe the posson by and by
To rother inward marke out: within her bones may lye.
The secret speer bleares their eyes with gloas of yellow golde,
The which Prometheus gave to mee that speer specher bolde.
On whom for robbery that he did in heavens above commit,
With many parts great Cauclus thy unwedyd hill both he,
Where under with unwalled wombbe he lees, and papes his pape,
To seeke the charming soule with gubs of guts that growes agayne.
He caught mee with a seyntly floute of conning, how to hyde
The strength of speer close kept in, that may not be spyde.
This luxurye tender Malciiber hath forge'd fo: my sake,
That tempteth us with hys mystone quick at first touch and take.
Eke of my Cosen Phaecon a wheateyer flake I have
His flames the monstrous staghard rough Chimera to mee gave,
In head and breath a Lyon grim, and from the Rump behinde.
He sweeps the floor with lagging Tapple of Serpent farsee by hyde.
In Bydes, and Lynes along his parnche shaped like a Coate.
These Fumes that out the Bull perchtake from pep: spewinge about.
A gotten hawe and byspede it with Medusal bitter gall.
The seventh tragedie.

Commanding it in secret sorte to dazzle and cover all:

Breath and these benoms Hecate with deadly might insigne,

Preserve the touching pouder of my secret covert spere,

O grant that these my cloked crafes so may bewitch these? 

That lykelyhode of treason none may here in surmoge:

So works that they in handling it may taste no kynde of heate:

Her Sewing bread, her seething vaynes, tretruent lyer freate

And force her rosted pynging hemes, to drop and melt along,

Let smoke her rotten crouling bones, ensame this hyebe to dayes.

To cast a light with greater gleses on crouled blasing heare.

Then is the pynging flame that both the wedding torches beare,

By suite to harde, thys Hecate a dreadfull barkynge saue.

From doefull cloude a facted flayl of flamy fathes thee dwayne.

Eche pygions pyde fulfilled is: call forth my chyldren heare,

By whom unto the cursed Byde these presents you may beare:

Goe forth, goe forth my loutie Babes, your mothers cursed fruite,

Goe, goe, empoy your vaynes with hyrbe and earnest humble suitte

To purchase grace, and els to eare you favour in her sight:

That both a mother to doo, and rules with Ladies myght.

Goe on, apply your charge space, and bpe you home againe,

That with embracing you I may my last farewell attayne.

Chorus.

Hat sharpe assaultes of cruell CVPI DS flame
Wyth gyddie heade thus toseth to and froe,

This bedlem Wyght, and diuelysh despret dame
What rouing rage her pricks to worke this woe?

Rough rancours vile congeales her frozen face,

Her hawty breaft bumbafted is wyth pryde;

Shee shakes her heade, shee stakkes wyth stately pace.

Shee threateth our king more then doth her betyde.

T2. Who
Who would her deeme to bee a banisht wyght,
Whose scarlet Cheekees doe glowe with rofy red?
In sauing Face, with pale and wanny whyght
The fanguyne hewe exyled thence is fled.
Her chaunging lookes no colour longe can holde,
Her shifting feete still trouasse to and froe.
Euen as the fearce and rauening Tyger olde
That doth vnware his sucking whelpes forgoe,
Doth rampe, and rage, most eger force and wood,
Among the shrubs and bushes that doe growe
On Ganges stronde that golden sanded floode,
Whose siluer streame through Inda doth flowe.
Euen so M E D E A sometime vvantes her wits
To rule the rage of her vnbrideled ire,
Nowe U E N V S Sonne, wyth busie froward fits,
Nowe Wrath, and Loue enkyndle both the fire.
What shall shee doe? when will this heynous wyght
With forward foote bee packing hence away,
From Greece? to eace our Realme of terrour quight,
And prynces twayne whom she so sore doth fray:
Nowe Phoebus lodge thy Charyot in the West,
Let neyther Raynes, nor Brydle stay thy Race,
Let groueling light with Dulceast nyght opprest
In cloking Cloudes wrapt vp his muffled Face,
Let Hefferus the loadesman of the nyght,
In Western floode drench deepe the day so bryght.
One thing are topsy turvy turndes, and wasted clean to nought. To passing great calamity our Kingdome State is brought. The Syce, and Daughter burnt to dust in blinded Eyndres ype.

What trapue hath them entrap? Nt. Such as are made for Kings to ype, false traitrous gifts. C. What praye gentle could wrapp be in those? N? And I doe merueyle at this thing and shant I can suppose that such a mischese might be wrought by any such device. Ch. Repose how this destruction and ruine should arise. Nt. The synning flame most eagerly both scour with sweeping swep each corner of the Princes court, as though it should obey. Commanded there into so flat on owre the Pallaces tallies: We are in deed least further it will take the townislic wallies. Ch. Cast quenching water on it then to take the greedy flame. Nt. And this that seemeth very Strange doe happen in the same. The water feedes the fier fast, the more that wee doe tope. It to supresse, with better rage the bate begins to hopse: Those things that we have gotten for our help it doth enjoy. Nt. Medea thou that dost so lose King Pelops lande anor, Twine hence in hath thy to; warde froote, at all stotes depart To any other kindes of coaste. Me. Can I finde in my harte. To 0, un this lande? if hence I had first same away by night, I would have traveled backe agayne, to gese at such a sight. To stande and see this wadding ne? why 0, 0, thou boing mynde? Apply, apply, thy lose areen ye, that good successie both finde. What great exploit is this, that thou of vengeance doest intor? Still are thou blinded with the wench with hate of Venus boy?
Medea

Is this sufficiency for the grieve? is roote of rancour bed,
If Jason make a single lyke in solitary bed?
Some netting, some, ringing plagues unpactised devout?
Prepare thy selfe in revenge and fall to on this wyse;
Let all bee she that commes to thee, have no respect of ryghte,
From upade on mischief fired fast for shame be banished quiet:
The vengeance they receaue at my lyke chldrens hand,
Is nothing worth: in earnest tre ententue must thou stand.
When heare of warre begins to coole, cheer ye thy selfe agayne:
Mayse by those touches old that wonder were in thee to rage,\r
That buried deep in breast doe lye: and as foL all the same.
That yet is wrought: Of godlinesse let it bluer the name:
Do this, and I shall reach them learned, what treausting cast it was,
And common praticle him flamr trick that erst I brought to passe.
By this my raging malady a preamble hath made,
To shew what howgter heapes of harmses hale shortly them invade.
What durst my rude unskillfull hand assay that was of weught?
What could the mallice of a Gystle invent her foes to bave?
Still contumelion with wicked feates Medea am I made.
My blunt and dulle harmses hath so ben beate about this trade.
O so I say, I say, that I remorse of my brothers head,
And lash: his members of: sake that from parents had I A.d:
And stiched haue the pilus fleace, Joe Mars that sacred was.
It glads my heart that I to bring olde Pelias death to passe;
Have let his daughters all on wakke: O grieve pickes out a way.
Not any guilt thou haile with unacquainted hand assay
Against whom warre intended thou to bend thyne Irefull might?
Or with what weapon dost thou meane the tragorous foes to smitge?
I know not what my wrathfull minde contastad hath within,
And to be away it to himselfe, I dare not yet begin.
O rash and unprised tooke, I make to hasty spee:.
O that my foe had gotten of his harlots body Seede:
But what so ever thou by him entot, supposte the same.
To bee Creusas Babes, of them letther enioy the name.
This vengeance this hath the me well good reason is there, why,
The last attempt of his, thou must with Comaske have apply.
Also ye little seely tooles that crie my child conure.
The plaguing price of Fathers fault submit your lisues to heare.
O, horrous huge with soayne Aroke my heart both outron:.
With yele duling colde consounds my Members all benune.
The seventh tragedy.

My mourning limbs appalled soe for gosly fear doe quake:
And banish rage of malice note begins it selfe to shake:
The hatefull heart of wife against her Spouse hath yielded place;
And pitious mothers merci wilde revolue natures face.

O shall I fed their guiltlesse bloude? Shall I the frame vsoulde
Of that, which loving natures hande hath wrought in me her mould:
O dotting fury change the minde, conceide a better thought,
Let not this hopenous savage drede by meanes of mee be wrought.
What crime have they (poze foules) comt, for which they should aby?
Upon theye father take a right all blot of blame should lye.
Medea yet theye? Mother I am wyster farre then hee.
Tush let them frankly goe to wrachke no bith no kin to mee
They are: despatch them out of hand, holde, holde, my babes theye be.
God wot, most harnetlesse lambes they are, no crime no fault have they.
As they bee mere innocentes, I doe not this despay:
So was my brother whom I know: O saile revolting mynde.

Why doth thou flagging to and fro such change of sanctes hande?
Why is my face be spred with teares, what makes mee fatter so,
That wrath & love with drivning thoughts doe leave mee to and fro?
Such sighting sanctes bickrings soymes my swauring minde deterre,
As when betwene the wrestling windes is rapped wrangling warre.
Ecehere the tumbling wallowing waves, are hoist and reared bye.

Amid the tumulting sowles of seas, that hot in fury frye:
Eve so my hart with strugling thoughts now saith, now swells amaine,

Whath sometime chasteth vertue out, and vertue wrath agayne.

O yeilde the yeilde, a greifing grieue, to yeilde yeilde thy place:

Thou surely consoled of our fecke in this afflicted case,
Some heathen, some dere vere Jove, with calling mee in peace,

While that by me your mother dere sweete Borese pee are enjoyd,
So long God graunt your Father may you kepe from harme enclosed.

Exile and flighte approach on mee, and theye shall by and by
Be guilde perfocce out of myne armes, with vsownde weeping Eye.
Some languishing with mourning heart, yet let them goe to grave.
Before their fathers face, as theye before their mothers have:

Now rancorues griese, with styre styre begins to Boyle agayne.
The quenched coules of deadly hate do flether soe attayne.
The rusty rancour hardyed long within my cancred brest
Stars by, and strews my hand sneeu in mistyfie to be prest.

O that the rablement of baste which swearnde about the fode
Of Niobe that scornefull Dame, who perisse by her pryde.
Medea

Had taken she out of his bournes, that the fates of heaven
A fruitfull mother had me made of children seven and seven.
My base reproome for my revenge bath pleased little hope:
Yet for my sire and brother, twayne I have, there needs no more:
Whom seke this raving woman of Feendes with gargell Usage right?
Where shall this deed be done, tripes, or who with warps of her mind?
De: whom with cruel serching blande and Stygian faggot fell,
With mischief great to clap, entendes this army black of hell?
A chapping power gave him with wrathings wrapped rounde,
As soon as did the lastyng wiphe Sterre out with perking sounde.
Whom dashing with the rapping pole Megara wile thou crush?
Whose ghost both here with ype from hell with scattered members rush?
My slaughtered brothers ghost is that vengeance comes to braue:
According to his owe requed due vengeance shall bee have.
But slay thou scarce the thiebiesdotes full dashed in myne eyes,
Dig, rent, scrape, burne, and squeeze them out, looke up my beard it lies.
To fighting curtes bobbing brokes, O brother, brother bid
These ropes, that praiseth to worest mee, them fleues swap to rid.
Downe to the silent soules alone not taking any care:
Let mee be left hearde by my selfe alone, and doe not spare,
To bat, and capperclove these armes that drew the bloody blade:
To quench the cutres of thy spite, that thus doe mee enuade,
With this right hand the sacrifice on thauter halibemade.
What meanes this sudden ramping roples? A band of men in Armes
Come bulking towards vs, that mee will clop with deadly-harmes.
To end this slaughter let upon I will my selfe comply
Up to the garrets of our house, come Purce with mee away,
Bellow the bawes hence with mee from daunger of our foes.
Now thus my mynde on mischief let thou must the selfe dispose,
Let not me a coynge name and pryple in darknesses bee espide
O! Romack butt, that you did die in murtherag of thy child.
Proclaiming peoples ears the praise of cruel bloody hand.
1. If any faithfull man here be, whom crime of his land,
The daughter of my Prince doe cause in penitence heart to bleed:
Step forth that ye may take the wretch that wrought this deadly deeds.
Here, here, ye takee champions lap to ade with weapons here.
Doo now, boit by this house, from low Foundation up it reare.
M5. How now my Deeper guilt! I have recovered once agayne:
My fathers wrongs revenge are, and eke my brother twayne:
The goot-
The seuenthe tragedy.

The gouldens cattels Fleece returnes is to my natiue land,
Possession of my realme I have reclaimed to my hand:
Come home is my virginity, that whilst went astray.

O Gods as good as I could be wishe, O to full wedding day,
Goe shew they selue in darkeste dim, dispache I have this seate:
Yet vengeaunce is not done though, to cool our thirsty heate.

O soule why dost thou make delay? Why dost thou doubting stande?
Goe forwarde with it pe thou mapst, while doing is thy hande:
The watch that might should mentler doth quafe thy flame:
The pykes of sorrow watch my heart attaynt with blushing flame:
Through regour of the heinous gone, O wretch, what hast thou done?

Though I repent a catiple sile I am, to les a my sonne:
Alas I have committed it, imp datatable delight,
Still legg'd on my keowards mynde that did against it sight:
And se the baye conte of this delight increaseth still,
This onely is the thing, that wants but to my wicked will,
That lasons eyes should se this sight as yet I doe suppose.
Nothing it is that I have done, my travell all I lose,
That I employe in deep depresses, unless she see the same.

1. A. Now here the see looketh out, and leaves upon the houes frame,
That pitchlong hanges with falling way: here seepe your hers fall,
Whereby the flames that see her selue enkindled, may her wall.
ME. Goe lafon, goe the obit rightes the wondinge seepe and graue
Make ready for thy sonne, as last behooueth him to have,
Thy spouse and else thy father in lawe that are enomde by mee
Reciue have the butges that to deare mens ghotes agree.
This childe hath felt the deadly stroke and launce of latall knifes,
And this with waillemae nuchere like shall lose her tender life.
1. A. By all the sacred ghotes of heaven, and by thy owne exile,
And spousall bede, which breache of fowre in mee did not deisile,
Now spare, and sawe the life of hym my childe and also thyne:
What ever cyme committed to, I graunte it to be myne:
Make mee a bloody sacrifice to dew deserued death,
Take from my Asuall gruity head the vise of vitall breath.
ME. Day achi thou wilt not have it so as greues thy pynched mynde,
Here to wekck my vengeaunce fell, my burning blade shall finde,
Assaune, now hence thou pesante proue emploie thy hurly pape,
To reape the fruites of virgins bed, and call them of againe
When mothers they are made. 1. A. Let one for dew revenge suffice.
ME. It greedie legge of hungry handes that lill for vengeaunce cries.
Medea.

Wright quenched bee with bloude of one, then aske I none at all;
And yet to nauarche my hungry greese the number is to small,
If onely twayne I sea, if pleadge of love be secrete made,
My bowels Ie vnbrest, and search my wombe with poking Blade.
I A. Now finishe out thy deadly dece, that enterprised is,
No more entretanence will I sce, yet onely grant mee this,
Delay a whyle his dolefull death, that I may take my flight.
Leas that myne eyees to bleeding hearte should bow that heauy sight.
ME. Pet linger eger anguished pet to see his chylde of thyne.
Ronne not to rashe with hasty speede, this dolefull day is myne.
The time that wee obtained haue of Creon, wee enipt.
I A. O bite malitious mynde wretch thy losome life destroy.
ME. In craving this thou speakest, that I should shew thee some releafe,
Well goodenough, all this is done: O ruthfull gidding greese,
This is the onely sacrifce that I can thee provide,
Unthankfull I see hether calk thy copeshe lookes asde.
Loe hearte dost thou beholde thy wyke thys ever wonted I,
When mother I had made, to scape, my way doth open lye.
That I may sping into the sykes: the sying serpentes twayne.
Submitte haue they? sealy neckes to poake of ratling wayne,
Thou Father haue thy soules agayne, I in the wandering Skye.
In nimbly wheeled Waggen swystre, will ryde aduanced hye.
I A. Go through the ample spaces wyke, infect the poploued wyke,
Beare witness, grace of God is none in place of thy reparse.

FINIS.
The Eighth Tragedye of
L. Annaeus Seneca,
Entituled Agamemnon: Translated out of Latin into English,
by
John Stvdley.

The Argument.

Agamemnon, Generall of that Noble Army of the Greekes, which after tenne yeares siege waine Troy, committted the enterur Gouernment of his Countrey & Kingdome (duringe his absence) to his Wyfe Clytemnestra. Who forgetting all Wyuely loyalty, and Womanly chastity, fell in lawcleffe loue & vied adulterus company with Aegysthvs, sonne to Thyestes, whom afoiretime Atreus being his owne naturall Brother, and Father to this Agamemnon, in requeng of a former adultry had, caused to eate his owne two Children.

At length, understandinge by Evrybates, that Troy was wonne, & that her husbād Agamemnon was comming homeward with a yonge Lady named Casandra, daughter to king Priamvs: partly enraged with icenoluely, & disdainede thereof, & partly loath to loose the company of Aegysthvs her Coadulterer, practyzed with him how to murther her hus bande. Which accordinly
The Argument.

dingly they brought to passe: & not resting so contented, they also put Cassandra to death, imprisoned Electra Daughter to Agamemnon, and soughte to haue slayn his Sonne Orestes. Which Orestes fleeing for safeguard of his lyfe to on Strophilvs, his dead Fathers deare friend: was by him secretly kept a longe time, till at length, comming priuely into Mycena, and by his Systers meanes condutcted where his Mother Clytemnestra and Aegisthus were, in reuenge of his Fathers death, killeth them both.

The Speakers names.

Thvestes. Evrybates.
Chyrs, A company of Greekes.
Clytemnestra. Cassandra.
Nutrix. Agamemnon.
Aegisthus. Electra.
Strophilvs.

THE
The eyght tragedy.

THE FIRST

ACT E.

THYESTES.

Expartinge from the darkned dens
which Dies low doth keep,
Loc here I am sent out agayne
from Tatta dungeon deepe,
Thyestes I, that wheather coall
to shun doe stand in doubt,
Th' infernall sendes I see, the foolske
of earth I chase about.

My conscience to abhors, that I should heather passage make,
Appaunted foe with fear and dread my trembling shews shake:
My fathers house, or rather ye my brothers Jespy,
This is the oloc and antique poche of Pelops progeny.
Here sithe the Grecians on princes heads doe place the royall crowne,
And here in throne aloft they lie, that tetterth up and downe,
With Castely Scepter in th' hand, eake here theye courtes doe ly,
This is the plase of banqueteing, returne therefore will I.

May better were it not to haunt the lothsome Limbo lakes,
Where as the stygian poore doth advances with husely creaks
His treple goale he song with Manes shag hairy, ruspy blacke:
Where lixions Carthian linked fast, the whirling wheel doth racke,
And rowletsh still upon him solfe: where as full oft in vine
Much tople is lost, (the rotering done down tumbling backe agayne)
Where growing guts the greedy grpe do gnaw with rauncing bits.
Where parched by with burning thirst amid the waves he lies,
And gapes to catch the sweeping flood with hungry chaps beguilde,
That papes his paprefull punishement, whose feast the Gods deaide:
Yet that olde man doth steet in yeares at length by tract of time,
How great a part belongs to mee and portion of his crime?
Account wee all the grusly ghostes, whom guilty founde of ill,
The Gnuoan Judgees: Plouces preyes doth tolse in tormentes still:
Thyestes I in shery decees will sarre surmount the rest,
Per to my Brother yelde I, (though I gozde my bloody brest)

And suf-
Agamemnon

And suffred have my pampered pounte even with my children three.
That crammed me within my kybes and have they? Tounbe in mee.
The bowels of my swallowed Babes, bewrayd by I have,
No sickle Fortune mee alone the Father doth depast,
But enterrying greater gutters then that is put in bse.
To sile my Daughters bowdy Bed, my lust thee doth allure.
To sile these words I doe nor spare, I wrought the banious deed.
That therefore I through all my looke, might parent still procede.
My Daughter betun by foyce of Fates and beslenpes deuoe,
Both brede prunge bones, & fades her wombs, But full sode of myne.
Lor, nature changed by side downe, and out of other roymbe
This mingle mingle hath thee made, (Of fact to be slofonde)
A Father and a Grandpse loe, contently I am,
My daughters husband both become, and Fathere to the same.
These babes? should my Nepeheved bee, when nature rigthly rumeres,
She being tumbled both confounde, and mingle with my sones.
The chyrelfull clearenelle of the day, and Phoebus beams so bright,
Be minged with the foggy cloudsde, and darkenesse dim of night.
When wickednes had wyed me, to late truce taken was,
Even when our destable deeds were done and brought to passe.
But hyaunt Agamemnon hee ground captaine of the Hose,
Who bare the sway among the Kinges, and ruled all the rolle.
Whose flanting flagg, and Fanner haue, displaide in royall spore,
A thousand saue of fowling ships did garde to Phrygian poxe,
And with their swellin g lattling sapees the surging seas did hide,
That beareth on the banches of Troy, and groweth by her side:
When Phoebus Caste the Zodiac ten times had owr rume,
And wake the battred Walles doe le of Troy desported and woonne.
Returne he is to reorde his throate unto his trespresse Wyfe.
That sall with foyce of bloodly blade bereve him of his lese.
The glistening Sword, the hewing Axe, and wounding weapons moe.
With blood for bloud new fer abroche Sall make the boose to flow.
With sturdy stroke, and daystrous blow, of pithy Pollace givne
His beaten Bisnes are valye abroade, his cracked Skull is reuen.
Now myschere marcheth on a pace, now fathode both appeare,
Now Bouchers slaughter both approche, and murder dwartly nears.
In honour of thy naugue day Agiithus they prepare.
The solenne feast with tuncturing, and banquet tothsome fare.
Ip, what doth shame abache thee so, and cause thy courage quagle?
Why doubts thy right band what to doe? to smite why doth it sallt?

What.
The eyght tragedy.

What he foreseeing might suspect, why shouldst thou take aduance? Why seest thou, demanding if thou mayst enter up:le? Nay: if a mother it beseeme, thou rather mightst surmise.

What now? how hastnerth it that thus the smiling sommers night, When Phoebus from Th'antipodes shoulde render soone the light, On sudden chaung their turnses with nightes that tall and longer longe, When winters Boreas bitter bluses, both pulse the trees amonst? O: what doth cause the gleeding Darres to stay still in the sky? Wee waught for Phoebus: to the Mornide blying day now by and by.

Chorus.

Fortune, that doth sayle the great estate of kings, On slippery sliding feat thou placest lofty things And setst on tottring forts, where perils do abound Yet neuer kigdome calme, nor quiet could be foud: Noday to Scepters sure doth shine, that they might say, To morow shall wee rule, as wee haue done to day.

One clod of croked care another bryngeth in, One hurly burly done, another doth begin: Not so the raging Sea doth Boyle vpon the Sande, Where as the southerne winde that blows in Afryck Lande, One Waue vpon another doth heape wyth sturdy blaff: Not so doth Euxine Sea, his swelling waves vp cast: Nor so his belching stremes from shallow bottom roll, That borders hard vpon the yfy frosen poall: Where as Botes bryght doth twyne his Wayne about, And of the marble seas doth nothing stande in doubt.

O how doth Fortune toffe and tomble in her wheele The flaggring states of Kynges, that readdy bee to reele? Fayne woulde they dreaded bee, and yet not sealed so When as they feared are, they feare, and lyue in woe.

The silent
The silent Lady nyght so sweete to man and beast,
Can not bestow on them her safe and quiet rest:
Sleepe that doth overcombe and breake the bonds of grieve,
It cannot ease theyr heartes nor mynister reliefe:
What castell strongly buylt, what bulwarke, tower, or towne,
Is not by mischyefes meanes, brought topsy turuye downe?
What rampard walles are not made weake by wicked warres?
From stately courtes of Kings doth iustice fly afarre:
In princely Pallaces, of honesty the lere,
And wedlocke vowe devout, is let by lytle store.
The bloudy Bellon those doth haunt with gory hand,
Whole light and vaine concept in paynted pomp doth stand.
And those Ermineys wood tumbyoles with frensyes fits,
That euer more in proud and hauty houses fits,
Which ficle Fortunes hand in twinkling of an eye,
From high and proude degre dreues downe in duff to lye.
Although that Skyrmishe cease, no banners be displayed
And though no wyles be wroughe, and pollecy be stayed,
Downe payshed with theyr waight the mafty things do sink.
And from her burden doth vnfaile Fortune shrinke.
The swelling Sayles puff vp, with gale of westren wynde;
Doe yet mystrust thereof a tempest in theyr mynde:
The threatning tops (that touch the cloudes) of lofty towres
Bee moste payde, and bet with louth wynde rainy showres.
The darkesome woode doth see his tough and sturdy Oke,
Well waynde in yeares to be cleane overthrown and broke.
The lyhtnings flashing flame out breaking in the Sky,
First lyghteth on the mounts, and hilles that are most ly.
The bodies corpulent and of the largest lyfe
Are ryfled styll to catch diseases when they ryfe.
When as the flocke to graze, in pasture fat is put,
Whose Necke is larded best, his throate shall first be cut:
What Fortune doth aduaunce and hoyfteth vp on hye,
Shee lets it vp to fall agayne more greeeouly.
The eyght tragedie.

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

THE SECOND
ACTE.

Clytemnestra, Nutrix

Drowse dreaming doting soule,
what commeth in the byagne
To seeke about for thy defence
what way thou mayst attayne?
Whatakes thy skittish wantward wits,
to waver by and downe?
The fairest ship prevented is,
the best past overgrowne
Thou mightest once springtained have
thy wardench by chamber chaff,
And sake have ru'd with maledly, by fayth contoynd salt:
How nurtureis to be neglected is, all right both clean decay
Religion and dignity with faith are wonne away:
And ruddy shame with blushing cheeckes so faire god wot ly pale,
That when it would it cannot now come home againe at last.
D let me now at randon raine with biddle at my will:
The fairest path to mischief is by mischief open still
Now put in practice, seeke about, search out and learne to find

B.
Agamemnon

The vile trapsnes, and crafty guiles of wicked woman-kind:
What any brutal, trapserous dame durst do in working woe,
Or any wounded in her wits by shot of Cupid's bowe.
What ever rigorous stepdame could commit with despeate hand,
Or, as the which who flaming fall by Venus porlanting hand,
Was drowed by lewd incestuous love in ship of Thesal land,
To slit away from Colchos plie, where Phialc channel beleepe.
With other dreame downe from the hylls of Armene both sweepe.
Get weapons good, get byldowblades or temper popson strong,
Or, with some yonker trudge from Greece by theft the seas along:
Why dost thou want to take of them, exile or private flight?
The se came by hap, thouTherefore must on greater mischiefe light.

Nur. O worthy Queenet among the Greekes that beares the swinging
And house of Leas royall bloud, what muttering dost thou say? (I say,
What fure set into ther, bereaved of thy wits.
To rage and raeue with hedlam haznes, to frett withfranticke sights?
Though madam thou do countable keepe, and not complaigne thy case,
Thynne anguall playne appeareth in the pale and wanny face.

Reveal therfore what is thy griefe, take teasure good and lay,
What reason could not remedy, oft cured hath delay.
Cle. So grecious is my careful case which plungeth me so soze,
That deale I cannot with delay, nor linger any more.
The flashing flames and furious force of fery fervent heate,
Outraging in my hoyling bree, my burning bones both beate.
It suckes the sappy marrow out the juice it doth conuap,
It frets, it teares it rents, it gnaws, my guttes and gall away.
How feble feare all egges mee on (with dolor being yeld)
And cankerd hate with whacking thumpes both bounce upon my brest.
The blinde boy that lovers hartes both reaue with deadly strake,
Enraged hath my linked mynd with feaund and wanton yoke:
Refuling still to take a foyle, or cleane to be confound:
Among these bishops, and agonies my mynd beleging round,
Loe feble, weare, barred downe, and bindre troden shame,
That weake, strinched, strugelyt hard, and lighted with the same.
Thus am I druen to divers shores and beaie from banke to banke,
And lost in the swam floods that strinche with coagre cranke.
As when here wynd, and ther the dreame when both their force wil try,
From sandes sowe both howst and reare the seas with furges bye.
The wattering wane both staggerynge stand nor weting what to do,
But (houeryng)doubles, whose furious force he best may yeld him to.
The eyght tragedie.

By kindome therefore I call of, my seeript: I soysake
As anger, spoil, hope, me leade, that way I meane to take.
At all adventure to the seases I yeld my beaten Barge,
At randome carles wil I runne, now will I rone at large
Whereas my mynde to fancy fond bath gab and runne astray,
It is the best to chuse that chaunce, and follow on that way.
Nu. This defpise dotage both declare, and raisnes rude and blinde,
To chuse out chaunce to be the guyde and ruler of thy mynde.
Cly. He that is drunke to bitter pinch and furibell drift of all,
What neede he doubt his doubtful lot oz how his lucke befall?
Nu. In lent hope thou sayles yet thy trespass we may hyde,
If thou thy selfe detect it not, no causse it be descripe.
Cl. Tas it is more blash abroade, and further it is blowen,
Then any cryme that ever in this princely court was lowen.
Nu. Thy former salt with penstue hart and sowrow thou dost sew.
And fondly yet thou goest about, to set abpoch a newe,
Cl. It is a very foolishnes to kepe a measse therein.
Nu. The thing he sares he doth augment who leaped shone to shone.
Cly. But fire and sword to cure the same the place of saline supply.
Nu. There is no man who at the first extremity will trep.
Cl. In working mischift men do take the reliest way they sende.
Nu. The sacred name of wedlocke once renove and haue in mynde.
Cly. Ten peaces have I bene delocrate, and led a widowes life.
Pet shall I entertayne a new my husband as his wyfe?
Nu. Consider yet the sonne and heres whom he of thee begot.
Cly. And take my daughters wedding blate as yet forget I not.
Achilles eke my sonne in law to mynde I do not spare,
How wel he kept his bow that he to me his mother swere.
Nu. When as our nauye might not passe by wynd noz yet by streame,
 Thy daughters bloud in sacrifice their passage did redeem:
She so turnd and byake the nuggish seas, whose water still did stand,
 Whose seabe force might not horse by, the wolves from the land.
Cl. I am ashamed herewithall, it maketh me repynye,
That Tyndaris (who from the Gods doth seerch her noble tigne
Should gene the ghost t'allwage the wrath of Gods and them appease,
Whereby the Greekes nauye might have passage free by seas.
My grudging mynde stil harpese hypon my daughters wedding day,
Whom he hath made for, Pelops lock the bloody ransome pay,
When as with cruel countenance embled with goze bloud,
As at a wedding after fede th'unpitiful parent lyke,

V.

As
Agamemnon

Hearked Calchas woful lart, who did adhote the same,
His Oracle he read and eke the backe reflecting flame.
Wicked and ungracious flocce that windees it with plf,
Triumphing in thy lithe fears encreasing leaundnes first
By blood we win the wateringe wintes, by death we purchase warre
But by this means a thousand ships at once released are:
Cly, With lucky fate attempt the seas did not the losted roge
For Aulis Ile, the ungracious slocce from poit did tumble out
Is with a lewde unlucky band the warre he did beginne,
So Fortune favored his successe to thtie no moze therin.
Her lour as captiue holde thin whom captiue he did take,
Not moved with the earnest lute that could Achilles make,
Of Phoebus pietat Sminthcal he did respe the spoyle:
When eaz the sacred virgins lour his furious breast both boyle:
Achilles rough and thundring threats could not him qualify,
Not he that both direct the fates above the Barry shepe.
To vs he is an Augur innocence and keeps his promise due,
But while he threats his captiue truts of wo he is not true.
The savage people slocce in warth once might not mone his spight,
Who did purloyn the kindled tentes with seer blasing byght:
When daughter great on Grecian was made in most extremest light
Without a foe he conquered, with leanes pines awake,
In lewd and wanton chamber strickes he spends the idle day,
And freedly still he sedes his lust, least that some other while
His chamber shall should want a swerred, that might the same deslite.
On Lady Brises lour against his fancy fonde noth stand,
Whom he hath got, that wrested was out of Achilles hand.
And carnal copulation to have he doth not shame,
Though from her husbands borne he hath stiched the wicked dame,
 عليه, he that doth at Paris grudge, with wound but newly stroke
Gladd with Phrygian Prophets lour, his bolting best both smoke.
Now after Troyon batles brave, and Troy once whelm'd he saw,
Retourned he is a prisoners spouse, and Pryams sonne in law.
Now heart be bold, take courage good, of homacks now be stowt,
A field that easely is not fought, to pitch thou goest about.
In practise mischief thou must put, why hopl thou so a day,
While Priams daughter come from Troy in Greece do beare the swage
But as for the poodse lerp worth, a wapeteth at the place
Thy weddow, birgens, and Orest his fatherlike in face.
Consider they, calamities to come, and take their cares.
The eyght tragedie.

Whom all the peril of the byple both threat in thy assayes.
O cursed capture, woful pecuch why dost thou loyer so?
Thy little harts a sterame hawe whose wrath will worke their woe.
With gaiety sword (and if thou can none other way prooue)
No thrust it through others ribbes then launcy thy gore bye.
So wurther twayne with brewed bloude, let bloude immixt be,
And by destroying of thy selfe destroy thy house with thee.
Death is not sawne with soppes of Sozrow if some man els I have,
Whose breathlesse coule I wish to passe with me to deadly grave.
No Queene, byplye thyne affections, and wpishly rule thy rage,
Thy swelling moods now mitigate, thy choller cake allwage.
Way weel the warthy enterprise that thou dost take in hand,
Triumphant victor he returns of mighty Asa land.
Auenging Europes injury with him he brings away.
The spoiles of Saced Pargamy a huge and mighty prey.
In bondage he leads the foole of long assaulted Troy.
Yet darest thou by pollicte attempt him to annoys.
Whom with the dye of glittering sword Achilles drest not harmes,
Although his red and desperate dykes the crouard Knight bid armes.
No Ajax yet more hardy man up polding hitall breath,
Whom frenshike fury fell ensnib to wound himselfe to death.
No Hector he whose onely life procure the Greekes delay.
And long in warre for victory enforced them to play.
No Paris shaste, whose coming hand with shot so sure did syne.
No mighty Memnon swart and blacke, had power to hurt the same.
No Xanthus flood, where to and fro deade carckales did swimme,
With armour head and therewithall some marred broken limme.
No Symois, that purple wastines with slaughter died both streake.
No Cygnus little whyte, the Sonne of seny God so beare.
No pet the murthering Thessian hoist; no pet the Rhesus kinge.
No Amazons, who to the warres did poynted Quileres bring,
And bare theyr hatches in their handes with Target and with sheld,
Yet had no power with ghestly wound to kope him in the field.
Sith he such scouringes hath escape and plungde of perilles past
Entended thou to murther him returning home at last?
And sacred alters to prophan with slaughters so unpur.
Shal Grec thauenger let this wyche long breuenegde endure
The grene and seare poopous hope, the battueldes, shotes, eyes
The swelling less which pruised barke to dree when shomes apples?

Behold
Behold the fieldes with treames of blood opflowne & deeply ground,
And at the charactery of Troy m seruall bondage bounde,
Which Greekes haue wrote in registers. The subboone Nowache bynd,
Subduing sond affections, and pacty the mynde.

THE SECOND
ACTE

THE SECOND
SCENE.

Agamennon

Aramemnon

He cursed tyne that evermore
my mynde did most detest,
The vares that I abhorred have
and hated in my breast,
Are come, are come, that myne estate
will bring to venter vrance:
Alas my hart why dost thou sayle,
and leaping lippes backe?
What dost thou meane at first assault,
from armour thus to fire,
Trust this, the cruel Gods entend my doleful deserte,
To wrap thee in with pretis round and catch thee in a bind:
Endeuer drudge with all the power their plagues for to with hande:
With Nowache lose rebellious to hate and sword appeale
Clie. Ill no plague, if such a death the nature designtes deale.
Ac. (O partners of my pritty all begar of Leda know.)
Direct thy doymes after me, and unto thee I bow.
This dooist flaggyth ringleader, this fawne strong harted fire,
Salpae thee so much blood agayne as thee he bad in lyte.
How japs that his remon ting cheerles to be to pale and weight.

Lying
The eyght tragedie.

Lying agast as in a trauers with sounting face uprigh.

Cl. His conscience weblocke how both picke a brings him home againe.

Let us returne the selfe same trade a newe for to returne,

To which at firste we should have sticked and ought not to forsake,

To continue continuance a newe let by our selves besides.

To take the trade of honesly at no tyme is to lose.

He purged is from punishment whose hart the cryme doth hate.

Aeg. Why whether wilt thou glad a rush and unadvised done?)

What doest thou easily believe and firmly trust the same.

That Agamemnon's Foulsall bed wil oppall be to thee?

That nought doth underprop thy send which might the terrorous bee?

His proud lucce is puff'd up to high with lucky blaze of wende.

Witness makes so cranke and let aloft his hawpe swelling wond.

Among his peers he lately was ere Troyan turrets borne.

How think ye then his Souacke house by nature seuen turrets.

In haughtines augmented is more in himselfe to top,

Through this triumphant victory and conquer got of Troy.

Before his vourge Miscane king most mightly did he rage,

But nowes a Tyrant truculent returne he is againe.

Good lucce and proude prosperite to make his hart to rase.

With what great preparation prepared solenne wph,

A rabblement of strippes eme that clown about him st.

But yet the Prophetesse of Thesee (whom God of truth we call)

Appeares about the rest she keepes the King, see both him guide.

Wilt thou in wedlocke have a mate and not for it persuade?

So would not see, the greatest grace this is unto a wife,

Her husbandes winton in her house to trade an open life.

A Queene efface cannot dbye her peerce with her to regale,

And tellous wedlocke wilt not her companion suffone.

Cl. Aegist in despit made again why shall thou once a soare.

Why kindleft thou the sparkes of fire in thunders couered bee.

If that the victors owne tree will release his captives care.

Whys may not I his Lady spouse have hope as well to care?

One law both rule in royal throne, and can pous princely Tournaments.

And among the bulgar sope, another in present ample bowers.

What though my grandsire long desere that at my husbandes hand,

Sharpe execution of the law I sutterly with Gaunt.

Recollecting this that sariously offered him I have:

He gently will me pardon gaunt who neede the same to crave.
Agamemnon

Aeg. Even so on this condition thou mayst with him compound.
To pardon him if he agree to pardon the be bounde.
The subtil science of the law, the natures of our land,
(That long ages decreed were,) thou dost not understand.
The Judges be malicious men, they spight and supe us,
But he that have them partial his causes to discuss.
This is the chiefeft priviledge that both to Kings belong.
What lawes forbid otherwise men, they doe, and doe no wronge.
Cly. He pardned Helen, she is wed to Menela againe
Which Europe all with Asia did plunge alike in payne.
Aeg. No Ladies Lust hath rauieth yet Accrdes in his life.
No privately purloyned his hart betrothed to his wyfe.
To picke a quarrel he begins and matter thee to blame,
Suppose thou nothing hast commit that worthy is of shame?
What boretly him whom Princes hate an honest life to frame?
He never doth complayne his wrong, but ever beares the blame.
Wilt thou repaire to Sparte and to thy countrey trudge aright?
Wilt thou become a rommage from such a worthy wight?
Deuorment made from Kings wil not so let the matter scape,
Thou safest fear by stichle hope, that eallly thou dost have:
Cly. My trespas is disclosd to none, but to a trulaste wight:
Aeg. It princes gates floetly yet never enter might.
Cl. I will corrupt and feede him so with fluer and with golde,
That I by triumphing bend him that no secrets to unfold.
Ac. The trust that hyzed is and bought by hybhes and monets see,
The counsell to be may agayne with hybhes entwye will be
Cl. The remanent left of shamefashnes of those ungracious trickes,
Wherein of late I did delight, my conscience treacleickes.
Why kep' sthou such a bulke sturer and with thy startling speach,
Enstructing me with seued groynes dost wicked counsell preach
Shall I forsooth of royal blood with at the speed I can
Refuse the King of Kings, and wed an outcast banishd man?
Aeg. Why should you thinke in that Thicke was rather unto mee,
And Agamemmon Accius some he should my better bee.
Cly. If that be but a truuple small, and nephews to the same.
Aeg. I am of Phcebas lineage borne, whereof I do not shame.
Cl. Why makst thou Phcebus author of thy wicked pedagrewe,
Whom one of heaven ye foroke to sige when bitter bache he drew,
When Leyd, Night with mantel blakke did spread her lothen hode.

Wh
Why makest thou the Gods in such reproachfulnes to haste?
Whose father hath thee coming made by deceit and subtil guyle
To make thy kinman Cockold while his wyfe thou do deple.
Wher man is he whom we do know to be thy fathers mate,
Abusing tull of Lechery in such unlawful rate?
Awaunt, go packe thee hence in hald, dispatch out of my sight
This infamy, whose blemish staines this blood of worty wight.
Aeg. This is no new exile to me that wickednes do hannte,
But if that thou (O worthy Queene) command me to auaunt,
I will not only straght awope the house the town and field
My life on sword at thy request I readie am to yeeld
Ch. This heynous beve permite shall I (most curteous cruel d:ab)
Againsst thou whether I offend, the fault I should not blabe:
Day, rather come apart with mee, and let vs copne our wittes:
To wrap our selues out of this woe and parcous threatning fire.

Chorus.

Ow chaunt it lusty laddes,
Apollos prays ye subborne,
To thee the frolickke flocke
their crowned heads adorne.
To thee King Inachs stocke
of weoldocke chamber voyde,
Brayd out their virgins looke
and theron haue employd
Theyr savoury garlandes greene Irwist of laurell bow.
Draw neare with vs O Thebes our dauncing follow thou.
Cometh ye that drinck of Ismen bubling flood,
VVeras the Laurell tree ful thicke on bankes doth bood.
Eake ye whom Mando mild, the Propheteles divine,
(Foreseyng sate) and borne of high Tiresias lygne,
Hath staid to celebrate with sacred vs and right.
Appollo and Dian borne of Latona bright.

OVict-
O Victor Phæbe unbend thy noked bow agayne.
Syth quietnes and peace anew we do retayne.
And let thy twanckling harpe make melody to shril,
Whyle that thy nimble hand stryke quauers with thy quill.
No curious descant I nor lusty musick craue,
No iolly rumbling note, nor trouling tune to haue.
But on thy treble Lute (according to thy vse)
Stryke vp a playnong note as when thy learned muse;
Thy lessons do record, though yet on bafer string
It lyketh thee to play the song that thon did singe:
As when from fyery heauen the dint of lightning flue,
Sent downe by wrath of Gods the Titans ouerthrew
Or else when mountaynes were on mountaynes heaped hie.
That rayle for Giauntees fell their steppes into the skye,
The mountayne Osfa flood on top of Pelion layd,
Olymp(where the Pynes theyr budding braunchesbraide)
Downe pased both:drawe nere O Iuno noble dame,
Both spouse of mighty Ione and fifer to the same.
Thou that doest rule with him made lynter of his mace,
Thy people we of Grece geue honor to thy grace:
Thou onely doest protect from perilles Argos land,
That ever careful was to haue thyne honour stand,
Most suppliend thereunto thou also with thy might.
Dost order joyful peace and battails fearse of fyght
Accept O conquering Queene these braunches of the bayes:
That Agamemnon here doth yeld vnto thy prayse:
The hollow boxen pype (that doth with holes abound)
In fynging vnto the doth geue a tolenne found:
To thee the Damfels eake that play vpon the stringes,
With conning harmony melodious musicke finges.
The matrons eke of Grece by ryper years more grave,
To thee the Taper pay that vowed off they haue,
The Heyfard young and whyte companion of the Bull.
Vulfulful yet by profe the paynful plow to pull.  
   Whose
The eyght tragedie.

V V hose neck was never worn nor gald with print of yoke,
Is in thy temple flaine receiving deadly stroke.
O Lady Pallas thou of most renowned hap
Bred of the brayne of love that finites with thunder clap.
Thou lofty Troian towres of craggy knotty flint
Haft bet with batttring blade, and stroke with iaeling dint:
The elder matrones with the dames that yonger be
Together in myngled heapes do honour due to thee,
V When thou approching nigh thy comming is espyde,
The priest vnbarres the gate, and opes the Temple wise:
By clurtring thronges the flocks thine altars haunt apace,
Bedecke with twisted crownes so trim with comely grace.
The olde and auncient men well rest and grown in yeares,
V V hose seeble trembling age procureth holy hayres
Obtayning their request craude of thy grace deuine,
Do offer vp to thee their sacrifysed wyne,
O bright Dian whose blafe sheds light three sondry waies.
V V e myndful are of thee, and render thankesfull prayse,
Delan thy natuie soyle thou diddest fyrmely bynde,
That to and fro was wont to wander with the wyndes:
V Which with foulation sure mayn ground forbyds to passe
For Nauies (after which to swim it wonted was)
It is become a road defying force of wynd,
The mothers funerals of Tantalus his kinde.
The daughters seuen by death thou viestrefe doft accompt
V V hose mother Niobe abydes on Sipil mount
A lamentable rocke and yet vnto this howre
Her teares new gushing, out the marble old doth powre.
The Godhead of the Twins in sumptuous solemnse wyfe,
Both man and wyfe adore with fainery sacrifysce,
But thee above the rest O father great and guide,
V V hose mighty force is by the burning lightning tryde:
Who when thou ganest a beckes and didst thy head bur shake
At once the extremest poales of heauen and earth did quake,
O Lu-
Agamemnon.

O Jupiter the roote that of our lynage arte,
Accept these offered gifts and take them in good partes:
And thou O graundfire great to thy posteritie.
Haue some remorse, that do not swarue in chyualrie.
But yonder lo with stiuing steps the soouldier comes amayne
In all post halft, with token that good newes declareth plaine
A Lawrell braunch, that hangeth on his speare head he doth
Euribates is come, who hath ben trusty to the kyng: (bringes)

THE THIRD
ACTE.

Euribates.  Clytemnestra.

The tyed after many yeares
With tranapple and wypth tople:
Seant cedting my selfe, the Gods of thys my natyre tople,
The temple, and the altar of the fainets that rule the skye,
In humble sort with reverence devoutly worship I:
Now pay your bowles unto the Gods:
returned is againe
Unto his countrey court, where wont he was to rule, and reign.
Pynce. Agamemnon, victor he, of Grece the great renowne.
Cly. The rydings of a message good buto mine eares is blowne.
Where stapes my house, who longing for ten yeres I have out scanda.
What doth he per sayle on the seas, or he is come a land?
Yet hath he spet and let his soore back stepping home againe.
Upon the landy hope, that longe he willed to attayned.
And doth he spet entere his health ehaunte in glory great.
And painted out in pompe of pyraphes whose fame the sky doth beare?
The eyght tragedie.

Eu. Bistle we with burning sacrifice at length this lucky day
Cl. And eke the Gods though gracious, yet deale long delay;
Declar of that my brotheres were upon the upp'rae
And tel me to what kind of Coas my master both reparte.
Euri. God graunte, a garve da better newses then this that thou dost crave
The heavy hap of fighting floods forbindes the truth to haste,
Our scattered sects the sweling seas attempts in such a plight,
That ship from ship was taken clean out of each others sight.
Atrides in the waters wro, to world and shaping farre
More yeolence by seas susipad then by the bloody warre
And as it were a conquered man escaping home at weate
Now bringeth in his company of such a mighty selle,
A sort of bruised broken barkes, be taken, come, and rent.
Cl. Show what unlucky chance it is that hath our nauy spent.
What some of seas distresed hath our Captaines hear and there
Eury. Thou wilt make record of heavy wosful geare.
Thou diddest me most gresous newses with ydings good to part:
For burning of this wosful hap my feeble mouth doth start.
And horribly appaulest this so monstruous ill.
Cly. Speake out and utter to himselfe with terrorre he doth fill,
Whose hart his owne calamity and carke both loath to know:
The hart whom doubted domage bulles with greater griefe doth grow
Eu. When Troyan buildings biafling bright did burne away and bopple,
Enkindled first by Grecian hand, they fall to part the spople:
Repaying fall into the seas agayne we come aboard,
And now the sodliers weary lopes were eased of his sword,
Their bucklers call aude, upon the hatchets lie above.
Their warlike handes in practise put, and Ders learne to move.
Ech little hindrance stvens to much to them in halfe plight,
When of recourse the Admiral all gaze watchword by his light;
And trumpet blast begunnt to cal our army from delay.
The painted Pup with glided showe did first guide on the way:
And cut the course, which following on a thousand horses did reape,
Then first a wynd with pipling pushes our launcing ships did drype,
Which glided downe upon our lapes the water beying calme
With breath of westerne wynd so myld scant moved any waime.
The hyming seas bespped about with horses both glister bright.
And also couered with the same lay hid from Phoebus light:
It doth vs good to gale uppone the naked trope of Troy:
The desart Phrygian plots so bare to vew wee hop for tope:
Agamemnon.

The youth each one bestures themselves, and striking altogether,
They rough their oars with their tople they helpe the wind & weather.
They tug and clearely row by course, the spiring seas by bark,
Against the raling ribs of ships the slapping floods do lash
The hore froth of weeling waves which goes aloft both rapse.
Do draw and trace a furrow through the marblefaces seas.
When stronger blast with belly swolme our hoysled caples did sl,
They row no more, but let the Pup to goe with wynd at will.
Their chirping oers lap beside our Pilot both esyce,
How farre from any land aloose our caples reculing lye.

Of blody barteles both display the threates of Hector shone,
Of his raling waggings tels,wherein he rode about.
Of how his gashed carcas slayne and traynd about the field.
To funeral flames & obit rightes for copne agayne was yeld.

How Jupiter embathed was at in his royal bloud.
The frolickke fish disposed was to mirth in Tyren clouds,
And latching strikes both in and out places on the waters him,
And on his broade and sump backe about the seas both swim,
With gambals quicke in ringes around and side to side enclynd,
Erwhile he sportes afront the pup, and whips agayne behind,
How sidling on the snout before the balking wanton route
With icerunday tole triches both skip the fietce about.

Somtyme he standeth gazling on and eyes the vessels bright,
How every hose is covered cleane, and land is out of sight,
The parlous point of Ida rocke in sight both open lye,
And that alone espie we could with styny fixed eye,
A busye coldwe of sitting smoake from Troy did smolter blacke,
When Tiron from the wearp neckes the heavy yokes did slacke.
The fadding light did grouelling bend, and downe the day did hrowd,
Against the Starres amounting by a little miste coldwe
came belching ouit in priske some lompe, and Jhebus gatland beams
We spewd bypon, beasping them duit downe in Western heame.
The Sunne set swarting in such lye with divers chauge of face,
Did gene us cause to have mistrull of Neptunes doubted grace.
The evening first did burnish bright, and paryt with starres the sky.

The
The eyght tragedie.

The wyndes were layd, and cleane folesooke our saples that quiet lie.
When cracking, rattling, rumbling noyse, ruhe down to thundring swa\nFrom top of hills, which greater starres both threaten and bewaze.
With bellowings, and yellings lowde, the hoies do grunte a grone.
The craggey clues and roaring rocks do howse in hollow stone.
The bubbling waters swelles uppredd before the waisting wynd,
When sodainly the lowering light of Daye is hid and bynd.
The glimsting starres do goe to glade, the surging seas are lost.
Even to the skyes among the clowdes the light of heauen is lost.
Dowse nightes in one compaunded arc with shadow dim and blacek,
One shadow upon another both more daranes heape and packe,
And every sparkes of light consum'd the waues and skipes do mete,
The ruffling windes range on the seas, through every coast they fit.
They heave it by with violence, oezurnde from bottom low,
The waiste wynd flat in the face of Easterne wynd both blow.
With hurte burley Bozes set op his blasting mouth,
And girdeth out his boisterous birth against the Nozy my south,
Each wynd with all his might both blow and worketh daungers deepes.
They shake the floods, a sturdy blast along the seas do swepe.
That rolles and tumbles wave on wave, a notheren tempest stronge,
Aboundance great of slacke snow both harte our chippes amonse.
The southwynd out of Libia, both rage upon a hole,
And with the putillant force ther-of the quells andes up be rold,
Noz bydeth in the south which both with tempest lume and lower,
And force the flowing floods to rise by pouning out a flower.
The stuberne Eurus, Earthquakes made, and shoke the countries East,
And Eos cost where Phæbus first arysteth from his rest.
How violent Corus streche and rare his pawning breast ful wyde?
A man would sure have thought the world did from his center lyde,
And that the frames of heauen broke by the Gods adowne would fall.
And Chaos darke confused heape would shawe and cover all.
The streame traue with the wynd, the wynd byd beate it downe againe.
The springing sea within his bankes can not it selfe contenye,
The raging howze his retilling droppes both mingle with the seas,
And yet in all this misere the tend not so much ease.

To see
Agamemnon

To see and know what ill it is, that worketh they; decay
The darkness dim appeareth still and keepes the light away;
Their blackest night with Helleke hue was clad of Stygian lake
And yetfull oft with gloome beams the sparkling fire out brake.
The cloude both cracke, and bring rent the lightinge leape out,
The wretches like the same so well it hypping them about,
That till they with such light to have (although God not but pl)l
The naue swaping downe it selfe both cast away, and spill.
One side with other side is cracke, and heine is rent with helme,
The ship it selfe the gulping seas do headlong overwheleme.

Wry pile a greedy gaping gulph both sup it by amayne,
Then by and by toke by afoft it shewes it out againe,
She with her swagging full of sea to bottome towne both sink;
And drencheth kepe alde in floodes her totting broken halke.
That underneath a dosen waues lay drowned out of light,
Her broken plankses swim by and downe, sopod is her tackle quight:
Both saple and Oers cleane are lost, the mayne mast eke is gone,
That wonted was to beare uprigh the saple yard thereupon,
The timber and the broken bordes flye on the waters bim,
When cold and stiuering faire in by both on the through every lim,
The wylest wits entychaste dare nothing enterprise,
And cunning practice naught anaples when seareful storms arise,
The mareners letting dype flue land staring all agast,
Their copping oes so dappy out of their handes are wust.
To prayer then apiece we fall, when other hope is none,
The Greekes and Trojans to the Gods alpke do make their mone,
Placke what succour of the fates may we pooe wretches fynde?
Aganist his father Pyrrhus beares a spreyful tankred mynd,
At Ayax grudge Vlieter doth, king Menela doth hate.

Great Hector: Agamemnon is with Priam at debate.

D happy man is he that both the flayne in Trowan ground,
And hath deserve by handy stroke to take his fatal wound;
Whom same pferueth, taking by his tome in conquerd land
Those monks whose melting cowardes hart durst never take in hand.
Dy enterprise no noble acte, those force of Gods shall drowne
But fate forbearing long, will take flute Brutes of high renowne,
Ful wel we may ashamed be, in such a fort to dye,
If any man his spreyful mynd yet can not satisfe,

With these outrageous plunging plagues that downe for Gods are set;
Euen Troys pity would have wept, to see our woeful case,
But if that in they boiling breasts black concurre still have place,
And that the Grecers to ruin run, it bee thy purpose bent.
Why doe these Trojanos goe to wracke? for whom thus are wee spent?
Allowe the regre of the sea that thrashing billows up tears:
This drenchd Friece the Troyan solde and Grecers together beares;
Then from there prayers are they put, theye southing tanges doe tary.
The roaring seas both drowne their boece and carpe their cries away.
Then mightie Pallas armed with the lepping lighting fire,
That really love both sile to hurie provokt to swelling wyre.
With thrashing Javeling in her hand, her prouesse means to try,
And eke her force whose boiling breast with Gorgon steas both sty,
O! what with Target he can doe, and with her Fathers sty.
Then from the Skyes another stome begins abroade to flye,
But Axion nothing yet dissuade all force withstandeth snow,
Whom when he spyd his swilling spyles with CABLE streched out,
She lighting downe did wyng him hard, and waft in her stame,
And slung another slashing div of lighting on the same,
With all her force and violence her hand brought back againe,
She cast him out, as late that seate her father taught her playne,
Both ouer Axion and his Pop the stony overthwart,
And resting man and stypp, of both thee beares away a part,
His cowse nought abated yet hee all to suche both stane,
Euen like a Subberne ragged Rocke amid the striving streme,
Her tranes along the roaring seas and eke the waiting warre
By shouing on his baurly breast in sunder quite he dian.
The Barke with hand he caught, and on it selfe did espe it over,
Yet Axion synpeth in the fluid which darknesse blinde both course,
At length appraising to a rocke his thundring crakes were these,
A conquerd haue the force of styce and rage of fighting seas,
It both mee good, to mayster thys the anger of the skye,
With Pallas wrath, the lighting stanes and floods sunstellong styce.
The terror of the warlike god once could not make me styce,
The force of Mars and Hector both at once subsumde have I.
No! Phoebus darest could me contrayne, from him one coote to shoo;
All these beside the Phrygians subdued we haue, and soon.
When other Muses singes his darts shall I not them withstand?
Pea, what if Phoebus came himselfe, to pitch them with his hand?
When in hys melancholy moode he boasted without means.
Then fater Neptune left his heat aboue the waters cleane,
Agamemnon

The beaten rocks with foaked mace he undermening plucke
From bottom looke, and flitcke it downe, when downe himself he ducked.
There Aix lag, by land, by fire, and some of seas destroyed.
But we by sufferings nighly, are with greater plagues anody.
A subtile hollow sound there is downe on a sonegold.
Where cracky Caphar out of sight the turkyng rocks both hold.
Upon whose sharpe and ragged tops the swelling tide both flow,
The boiling waves do hear thereon still sweasing to and fro;
A turret nodding over it doth hang with falling sway.
From whence on either side from height prospect espie we may
Two seas: and on this land the coast where Pelops once did raigne,
And Ithamus sound in narrow creeke, reciting back againe,
Both sop Ionian sea, leaft into Helleespoint it run.
On the other part is Lemnon sound that came by bloodshed wood.
On the other side Caledon to one both stand against this foze,
And Aulis Ile that layde our ships that thither did re Joyce.
This Calseil heere inhabyte both our Palmedes her,
Whose cursed hand helde in the top a brand of flaming her.
That did alure our santee, to turne on turkyng rocks a right.
Entering them with wily blaze to come into the light,
All into sitters shaken are the bestes on the sould.
But other some doe swim, and some upon the rockes are roulde.
And other slipping backe agayne so to eschew the Rocks.
His brused lyce, and rasing sides against ech other shocks.
Whereby the other hee both breaks, and broken to himselfe.
Then woulde the grace into the depe, for now they dread the helke.
This peak of troubles shamm to hap in dawning of the day.
But when the Gods (besought of vs) began the rage to step.
And Phoebus golden beams began a freshe to render light.
The dolesfull day discrised all the domage done by night.
CLY. O whether may I now lament, and weep, with wayling sad?
O! shall I es in that my Spouse returned to bee glad?
I doe rejoice, and yet I am compelled to be wape.
My countreyes great calamity that doth the same afflage.
O Father great whose matelie doth turkyng Scepters shake,
The loweing Gods onto the Greekes now favourable make.
With garlands greene let every head rejoicing now be crownde.
To thee the pyre in sacrifice melodiously both sounde,
And on thyne auter lyce layne an Heereed little whight.
Besoote the same doe present hand with hanging lockes undight.

I carefull
The eyght tragedie.

A carefull Trojan company in heavy woufull plight;
On whom & by high the Lawzell tree with speeding brawnch both shine,
Whose vertue hath inspired them with Phoebus grace divine.

CHORVS. CASSANDRA.

As the cruell sling of love
how sweetely doth it taste,
A misery to mortall man
annext whyle life both lack?
The path of mischiefe soz to age,
now &t there is a gap,
And wretched soules be frankly caide
From every woufull hap,

By death, a pleasant post, foze age in rest them selues to赞扬,
Where dreadefull tumutes never dwell noz flowers of Fortune proude.
No yet the burning fire flakes of love the same both doubt,
When wrongfully with swacking thumpes he raps his thunder out:
Here Lady Peace th' inhabitours both never put in flight,
No yet the victors threatening wrath appraoching neigh to flight,
No whysling western wynde doth urge the ramping seas to praunce,
No dulce cloud that rapsed to is sauege Remaince,

On hopple back riding ranche, by ranche, no scarce and cruellest host,
No people slaundered, with their towmes cleane topple turnue tolost:
Whyle that the loe with flaming fire both people and waste the wall,
Untamed and unbridled Mars destroyers and batters all:
That man alone who soeetteth not the fiets fates a strawe,
The vyleage grime of Acheront whose eyes yeuer never sawe,
Who never bewd with heauy cheare the vsomke Limbo lake,
And putting ipse in basarde, dare to death him selfe take.
That person is a Pynces pearle, and lyke the Gods in myght,
Who knoweth not what death both means is in a pitious plight
The ruthfulw ruini of our natuque country we see behelde:
That woufull night, in which the rooves of houses overquede,
In Dardans City blazing bygnot with shadding flery flames.
When as the Grecies with burning brandes enkindie did the frames,
That Troy whom war's deedes of armes might not subdue and take.
As once did mighty Hercules, whose Duper causde it quake,

\[ 2. \]
Agamemnon

Which neither he that Peleus sone, and some to Thetis was,
Nor whom Achilles loved to wel, could euer bynge to passe,
When glistering bright in fielde he ware false armour on his back,
And counterfying fearte Achill the Tropans brave to vaack.
Nor when Achilles he hym sette his minde from fowow was,
And Tropan women to the walles did scudying leap in half.
In myterie he left her proud estate, and lost renowne,
By being floutly overcome, and hardly pulled downe.
Peares thus did Trop resile, that yet hereafter must,
In one nyghets space by desente be laped in the dust.
These faind gistes well haste we tried that huse and fallet gin:
We lyght of credit, with our owne right hand have hated in,
That fallet gist of Greeks: what tyms at entry of the gap
The hagre hons did hyoueryng hand, where in them selues did leaf
The captains close, in hollow bauites with bloody war ystreight.
When lawfully we might have tryde, and cherched their decet:
So by theys owne contruyed seares the grekes had bin confound:
The brassen bucklers being hooke did gve a clattering sound.
A pytter whispering often spares came rychting in our ear.
And Pyrrhus (in a murreynes name so ready fo to heare.
The cracky counsell picked out of false Villes sayneyne).
Did tangle in the hollow Wauers, that range thereof agayne.
But fearing and suspecting nought the headye yorh of Troy
Layde handes upon the sacred rope, to hale and pull with toge.
On this lyfe younge Asyanaax came garbed with his trayne.
On th'other part Pollixena dispensed to bee staine.
Upon Achilles tombe, he comt with mapbes, and het with men,
A toly flocke with equall peares as younge as they were then.
Theyt bowd oblations to the gods in holy day atyne,
The matrons byng and so to church repayreth every lyze.
And all the cirt did alpyke, peys Hecube our queene.
(That since the woful Hectors death o2 now was never sene)
She mere is: O greife accord, of all thy souowes depe.
For whych that Art, o2 laft betelled than to wepe?
Our bared walles which heavenly hands erected hauie and framde?
O cels the burning temple which upon their Idols flamde?
Lamenting these calamities we have not time and space.
O mighty parent Pryam we pooze Tropans wapse thy cale.
The cire mons thatting throte I laue, (as for) I saw hobby.
With cruel Pyrrhus blade, that seante with any blood was goode.

CAS. Re-
The eyght tragedie.

CAS. Refrain your tears; down your cheeks should trickle evermore;
With woefull waylings pitifully your private friends deploze.
My spirits refuse a mate, so much suffers as I:
To hide my carefull case, refrain your lamentable cry.
As for my owne distress to moan, I well suffice alone.
CHO. To mingle tears with other tears it doth vs good to mone;
In those the burning teardreams more ardently doe breste,
Whom secret thoughts of lurking cares in pitie breast turnbridle:
Though that thou were a Collop stout, that brooke much sorrow may
I warrant thee, thou mightest well, lament this soxe decay.
Not late and solenne Acion that in the woodes both Ange
Her sugred Ditties finely sound on sweete and pleasant strings;
Reciting Irys woefull hap in briefe bybde of note.
Whom Progne though he were her chyld and of her wombe begot,
For to revenge his fathers fault, he did not spare to kill:
And gave his flesh and bloude for food the fathers Law to fill.
For Progne who in Swallows shape: upon the ridgetes lie,
Of houses sits in Biston towne bewraying pitously,
With chattering thraotes, of Terens her spouse the cruel act,
(Who did by strengthe and force of armes a shamefull brutall sack
Despite the splendor of his wife, sappre Philomel by name,
And she cut out her tongue, least she should blab it to his name.)
Though Progne this her husbands rage lamenting her soxe
Doe wepte, and weeps with piteous plaint, yet can she not deploze
Sufficiently, though that she woulde, our countreyes piteous sighs:
Though he himselfe among the Swans by Cygnus lily white.
Who dwelleth in streame of Ister loud, and Tanais channell coulde;
His weeping voyce most cruelly though bitter out her woude:
Although the morning Halcyons with dolesfull sighes doe wauple,
As such time as the fighting haules their Cyx did ascent.
D3 rashly weyng houde attenter the Seas now laptcr ast red,
D2 being very fearfull feare their hooode in tottering nest,
Although as sheere the hearted men those pikeses in bedlam rage,
Whom nother Cyble being borne on high in lofty stage;
Doth mope, to play on shalnes, Aris the Phrygian to lament.
Yet can not ther this los warpe, though known 360 times they rend.
Casandra, in our tears ther is no measure to refraigne,
Those weeps seal all measure pase, that plungd vs in pague.
The sacred filets from the heads, why doll thou hate and pull?
They eftsoones ought to worship God; whose hearts with grieke be dull.

F 3.  CAS.  Hg.
Agamemnon

CAS. We feare by this affliction is cleane abated all,
For praying to the heavenly Gods for mercy will I call.
Although they were disposed to chafe and fret in sudden flames;
They nothing have me to displease, For thine her force consumes.
Her spyte is wone unto the stumps, what country have I left?
Where is my Spire? am I of all my sylters quite bereft.
The sacred tombs and altar stones our blood have drunk & spide;
Where are my brethren blessed knot & destroyed in the spide.
All widow Wives of Priam's sons may solely now behold,
The Palace voide and cast of course of silly Priam old;
And by so many marriages so many Widowes are.
But only Helen coming from the coast of Lacon faire.
That Hecuba the mother of so many a pryncely Wight,
Whose fruitful Womb did breave the brand, of her blasing byght:
Who also bares the change in Troy, by practise now both learn,
New Lawes and guile, of desiring in bondage to discern.
On her hee fayeth heart of grace with to shew so serious and wyde,
And bardeth as a bedlam bitch about her strangell child:
Dear Phoebe, the remnant left, and only hope of Troy,
He for, and Priam to revenge, and to revenge her top.
CHO. The sacred Phoebus Prophets with soane Melene hush;
A quaking trembling shivering feare throughout her lims hath ruff:
Her Face as pale as Ihes is, her Fillies flande byght.
The soft and gentle goldstrokes flarte by of her auffright.
Her panting breathing breakes flaste by within both grune and groane.
Her glaring byghte and flaming Eyes are heether and thyther thowne.
How glancing by and downe they roll:now standing like they dare.
She strectheth by her head more freight then commonly the bare.
Bout by she goes, her wailing Lawes that fall together clinge,
She doth attempt by divers meanes, on funder how to wyngre.
Her mumbling words in gabbling mouth shut by he doth allwage,
As Menas mad that Bacchus aares doth serve in furious rage.
CAS. How doth it hap (O sacred tops of high Parnassus hill)
That me bereape of sense, with pinckes of fury fresh ye sefill?
Why doe you me with ghost inpprze, that am before my wife?
O Phoebus none of thine I am, relese me from the fire.
Indeed in my burning dreads the flames extrinclusly out,
Who lozeth me with fury fell to gad and trot about?
O ye whose false inppriz with shpere mad mumbling make must I?
Why play I now the Prophet solde, Alth Troy in dust doth ly?
The eyght tragedie.

The day both hysyne, for drede of warre, the night both blit by the eyes.
With mantell blacke of darkness deepse cleene covered is the skyes:
But loe two shining Sunnes at once in heauen appeareth bright,
Two Grecian houes muste doe their armies twynges to fight.
Amonge the mightie Goddesses in lea woodes I see,
The farall shepheard in his throne as ympler plass to bee:
I doe advise you to beware, beware (I say) of briges,
(A kindred in whose sancred heartes olde pilie grudges sypinges)
That countrey clowne Agishus he this blocke shall overthowe.
What doth this foolish despact dame her naked wepons showe?
Whose crowne entredeth she to caracce in weede of Lacon lande,
With Hatchet (by the Amazons inuented first) in hand?
What face of mightie mataly bewitched hath myne eyes?
The conquerour of saluage beastes Hermathen Lyon spee,
Whose noble necke is wurtied with curishe sange and tooth
The churchs snips of eager Lyons slyde shee dogh.
Blauchee egebolles of all my frendes why should ye say that I,
Amonge the rest am onely safe, from perills farre to ly?
Fayne father follow the I would, Troy being large in dust,
O brother terror of the Grecers, O Troyans adde and trutk,
Our ancients poynt I doe not see, nor yet by warred handes,
(That scarce on Grecish flaming steere did sting the theyp handes)
But mangled members, schoched corps, and take my halant armes,
Hard piniond and bounde in bands sustaineing greuious harmes:
O Troyolus, a manch base encounteringly with Achill
(That mightie man of armes) to soone come unto the I will.
I doe delight, to sappe with them on linking Sygian pood.
To bveu the churchis maftiste cur of hell, it doth ne good.
And gaping mouthed Kingdoms darke of greedy Diris targo.
The Barge of silty Phlegathon this day shall enteranne,
Nee conquering, and conquered, and Pyneesoutes with all.
You steerling shades I you beseeche, and seek on thee I call,
O Sygian poble (whereon the Gods they) solemnly other doe take
Unboth a while the Bashen bars of saysome Lymbode take.
Whereby the Phrygian folk in hell may Mecanate behold.
Looke by ye silly witched soules, the fates are backward routste,
The sallye liftes doe approch, and darte their bloody strokes,
Their fruitering leggits in their handes taste brunt to ashes smokes,
Their epilages so pale doe burne, with theyp flaming eyes:
A garment blacke theye gnawed guts doth grade in mourning gups.

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Agamemnon

Dire head of night begins to bowle, the bones of body fall
With lying long doe not corrupt in miry ponde cast.
Beholds, the wop age and his burning thyse forgot,
The waters balping at his lippes to catch enemys not:
But morneth for the fundall, that shall enure anon.
The Trogan Pyrrch his roylall robes triumphant puteth on.
CHO. The furious rage cleane overpast begins it selfe tolake,
And flyes away, even as a Bull that deadly wounde both take
On gasheth neck asfont the aares: come let vs ease at last
Her lymbes, that of the lytte of God hath felt the mighty blast.
Returning home agayne at length and crownde with Lawell bow
(A signe of worthy victory) is Agamemnon now.
The Wyfe to meete her Husband, both her speedy passage ply.
Returning hand in hand, and soote by soote most lovingly.

THE FOURTH
ACTE.

AGAMEMNON. CASSANDRA.

To length I doe arrire agayne
Uppon my native soyle:
God save thee O deare loved Lande,
to ther so huge a spoyle.
So many barbarous people reedde:
the flowre of Asia, Troy:
To beare the spoake submits her selfe,
that longe did live in top.

Why doth this Prophet (on the grounde her sprawling body layde)
Thus reele and stagger on her necke, all trembling and disnappe?
Staie, take her vp, with Lycour warme let her bee cheerished.
Now prepes the vp agayne, with drouping eyes sonke in her head:
Plucke by thy spere, here is the poote wilt toth in misery:
This day is festivall. CAS. At Troy so was it wont to bee.
AG. Let vs to Th'alters worship geue. C. At Th'alters died my fire.
AG. Pray wee to louse. C. To lose whole grace divine doth me inspire.
AG. Dost
The eyght tragedy.

AG. Dost thou suppose that Troy thou seest? C. And Priam eke I see.
AG. Troy is not here. C. Where Helen is there take I Troy to bee.
AG. Fear not as madmen serve thy dame. C. Nay freome draweth my.
AG. Take thou no thought how thou hast done. C. All cares for to defy.
Death gives a courage unto me. AG. Pec sape once again.

There is no danger lest, whereby thou mightest have sustaine.
CA. But ye much troublous danger both hang over thy head I wot.
AG. What mischance may a victor dread? CA. Even hee dreaddeth not.
AG. Pec truly many of my men come cary her away,
Till of the soper she red her selfe, least surf force her say
That may be prejudicial, her tongue she cannot frame.

O. Father flinging forth the lightnings flashing flame,
That doth disperse the clouds, and rule the course of every starre,
And guide the Globe of Earth, to whom the bootes soon by warre
With triumphal victors dedicate to thee O Iuno high.

The fater deare of dougoure love, (thy husband full of might)
Both I and Greece with flei and bloude, and she our bowed beast.
And gogious gletteres of Arabic, give worship to thy self.

Chorus.

GREECE by noble Gentlemen
in honour hymning cleare,

GREECE to wrathfull I VNO thou
that art the darling deare,
Some solly worthy lustie bloude
than fleses evermore;
Thou hast made even the Gods, that were
a number odde before.

That prouiaunt wyghte Hercules a noble Image of thyne
Deferred by his trauels twelve, rapte by in heaven to thyme.
For whom the heavens did alter course, and Lupier with all
Did iterate the houres of night, when chas the dewe both fall.
And chasred Phoebus chariot flynte to troe with lower pace,
And forby the bright ladie Phoebe thy homwarde Wayne to trace,
Bight Lucifer that yeare yeare his name a newe both change,
Cam backe againe, to whom the name of Hesper seemed strange.

Aurora to
Aurora to her common course her reared head address,
And couching backward downe againe the same shee did are.
Upon the shoulder of her spouse, whose pearses with age were wise:
The east did see, so felt the west, that Hercules was home.
Dame nature coulde not cleanse dispatch, to utter in one night,
That bounteous lad: the whistling woilde did waeright for such a wight.
D bade whose shoulders underlay, the ample spacious sky,
In clasped armes ehe prowess did the crashed Lyon ery.
Who from his spee pawning throats sheeved out his brawling hene,
The nimble hene in Menall mount hath knowne ehe heavy hene;
The Boe hath felt the spee, which did Arcadia destrey.
The monstorous conquerde Bull hath roade that Cretan did span.
The Dragon dyce that breeding beast in Lerna poole helee;
And copping of one head forbad thereof to rpe antrew.
Wirh clubbed brawling barring bate he crunkly did subdue.
(The hethen twins spee on Teare) whereof three monsters grew.
Of treple formed Gerion the spee into the east,
A breed of Cattell Hercules did fetch out of the west,
Away from tyuant Diomede the Thracian horse he led,
Which neither with the greese that grew by Stromon flond he fed,
No yet on Heber bankes, but them the bullane did refresh.
His greedy mounching cramming lades with animals bloud and flesh.
Their rawfed Jamies in breode were with the carmans bloud at last.
The spoules and hastes Hipolyte saw from her bosome waste.
As soon as he with clattering shaft the daspe cloude did shone,
The Symphall bayde that shadowed the sunshine, did take her flight.
The fertill tree that apples bearde of golde, did scare him soe.
Which never yet acquaintance had with Easteors tooth before.
But whipping vp with lively twidges into the spy she spyes.
And while the chinking plate both sound then Argos full of spyes.
The watchman shrinking close for colde that sleepe yet never knew,
Deth bearde the noole whilee Hercules with metalls of yellow hue.
Well loden packes away, and left the grave deslabred cleane.
The hound of hell did holde his tongue drawn vp in treple heane.
No barks with sap boughinge throse, nor coulde abyde the heave.
Of colour of the heavenly light, whose beames hee neuer knewe.
When thou wert captaine Generall, and didst conduct our house;
(Thy that) of Dardans Argue, to come there Stocke noe costly booke,
Were vanquished by force of armes and since they felt agraine.
The Gray goole wings, whose bitterness to tear might the constrayne.
The eyght tragedy.

THE FIFTE

ACTE.

CASSANDRA.

Within a recoll rete to kepe,
as long as ever was,
Even at the ten yeares siege of Troy:
What thing is this? (alas)
Get by my soule, and of the rage
enengent worthy scarce:
Though Phrygians were bee banished,
the victory we have.
The matter well is brought about:
by Troy thou repsect now,
Thou flat on Flooe hast attoke down Greece, to p as low as thou.
Thy Conquerour doth turne his Face: my prophesying spight
Did never yet disclose to me so notable a sight:
I see the same, and am thereat, and bursted in the breple.
No vision fond fantastical thy senses both beguile:
Such fare as Prygians feasted with on last unhappie night
At Agamemnon's royall couere full daintily they dight:
With purple hangings all adorn'd the broidred Beds doe shyne,
In olde Astartes goblets girt they winceke and swill the wine.
The King in gorgious royall robes on chapse of Sare doth sit,
And princely with pride of Pryams pomp of whom he conquered it.
Put of this hostility weede, to him, (the Queene, his Wife gan say,)  
And of thy loving Lady wought weare rather thes aray.
This garment knit. It makes me loth, that shivering here I stonde.
O shall a King be murthered, by a banliht wretches bands?
Out, shall Th'adulterer destroy the husbande of the Wife?
The dredefull destinies approche, the toode that last in lefe
He talled of before his death, they msters bloud shall see,
The gubs of bloud downe dropping on the wynde shall poynte bee.
By trearrous tricke of trapping weede his death is brought about,
Which being put upon his heade his handes could not get out,

The stop
The flapped poake with mouth set ope his muffled head both hyde;  
The mandle dame with trembling hand the sword drew from her side,  
No to the bottom of her might re in his steeply he stand,  
But in the gleaming of the stroke she flaped all agast.  
She as it were a blushed Boze entangled in the net:  
Among the byars in bushy woods yet trysteth out to get.  
With strugling much the drinking bands more straightly he both blind.  
He strues in byars, and would spit of the snare that both him blind.  
Which catcheth holde on every shoe. But yet thy entangled to catch.  
Doth grope about, his subtle foes with grieveing hand to catch.  
But furious Tyndaris preparde the Pollace in her hende,  
And as the priest do sacrifie at Th'after shee both flande,  
And bewes with eke the Bullockes necks, eare that with dce he smite;  
So to od fro shee heaves her hand to strype and leavell right.  
He hath the stroke: dispatch it is: not quite shote of the head  
It hangeth by a little crop: here from the Carbase dead  
The spouting blonde came gushing out: and there the head both lye:  
With wallowing, babbling, mumblying tongue: no they do by and bye  
Forsake him so: the breath: lose coarse Agist doth all to corne:  
And mangled hath the gaftled corpses: whereof they do both him spoyle:  
She pusteth to her helping hand: by detestable dece.  
They both arcade into the lynde, whereof they doe procede.  
Dame Helens faster right shee to, and shee Thysfes sonne:  
Loe doubtfull Titan sendeth still the day now being done:  
Not knowing whether best to keep still on his wanted day:  
De turne his wheeles into the path of bye Thysfes day.
Thou whom of our Fathers death
the onely helpe wee haue,
Fly, fly, from force of furious foes,
make hast thy selfe to save:
Our house is topsey turvey toke,
our Stocke is cast away.

Our ruthfull realms to ruin runne, our kingdoms doe decay.
Who cometh here in Chariot swift thus galloping a mayne?
Brother, disguised in thy weede let mee thy person sayne.
O Hylard blinde, what dost thou meane from forayne solke to fli?
Whom dost thou hunt? it both behoore to feare this family.
Orcles now bee boulde, and set all shivering feare a side,
The certayne succour of a truly friende I have espide.

THE
Agamemnon

THE FIFTE
ACTE.

THE THIRD
SCENE.

Strophilus. Electra.

Ich soleme Pompe I Strophilus
saeking Phocis lande,
Bearing a bunch of Paulme, that grows
at Eliz, in my hand,
Returned backe I am, the cause
that wild me heather wend,
is with these gifts to gratie
and welcome home my friend,
Whose valiant arm she made,
and hooke
the tattered Troyan wailes.

Who weared with the ten pears warre, now fast on hooze thee fallés,
What wosull wight in this that flayres her mourning face with tears,
And drowned deeps in dusty dumes oppressed is with tears?
I know full well this damself is of Princes lynage bozne,
What cause Electra hath this topfull family to move?
ELE. By treason that my mother wrought, my Father lieth slayne,
And drining of their fathers cup the children doe complaine,
Agist engrooth Castles got by sovmication.
STR. A lack that of so longe a tame, felicity is none.
ELE. I thee request even for the love my father thou doest owe,
And for the honour of the crowne, whose bites abode both growe
In every coast: and by the Gods that divers doe deales,
Take into thy tuition, convey, away, and neale.
This poore Orest: such kinde of thefe is piety in deed.

STR. Although that Agamemnon's death both teach mee to take heed,
Yet will I undertake the same, and with all diligence
Orestes shall I goe about with strength to have thee hence.
Prosperity requisite faith, but trouble exacts the same,
Have here a pyece for those that doe contend and wage in game.
An Ornament with comely grace odaynde to deck the bow,
And let thy heade be couerde with this greene and pleasant bow,
And care this victorians triumphant branch in hand.
God graunt this Paulme that planted was in ferttil Pisa land,
(Where solemn games were celebrate loues honour to express)
May both a sauegarde bee to thee, and bring thee good successe.
Thou that bearest thy fathers deeds, as he before bath done,
Goe Arype a league of amity with Pylades my sonne.
How nimble Ragges let Greece hereof recording tellify,
With headlong scouring course amayne this traptrous country by.
ELE. Hee is escape and gone, and with unmeasurable might
The Chariot horse with rayne at will doe stand out of my light.
How free from peril on my foes attendance will I make,
And offer willingly my head the deadly wounde to take.
The cruell conqueresse of her spoule: is come, whose spotted weede
With sprinkels (agne of slaughter ) doe beare recomp of her deede.
Her spoyl handes new bathde in bloud as yet they bee not dry.
Her rough and churlish rigorous looks the face doe nottify.
Unto the Temple will I trudge, Callandra suffer mee,
Opprest with egall griefe, take parte of sacrifice with thee.
Agamemnon

THE FIFTE

ACTE.

THE FOURTH

SCENE.

Clytemnestra, Eletra, Egisthus, Cassandra.

Thou thy Mothers Enemy,
Ungracious saucy face,
After what sorte dost thou a mapde appeare in publique place?
ELEC. I have with my virginly the bowpes of Haudes solesoke.

CLY. What man is hee, that ever thee to bee a virgin tooke?
E. What your own daughter? C. With the mother more modest should
EL. Doe you at length begin to preach, such godlines to me. (thou be.
CL. A manly flamke shut thou hast with sweling haunt heart.
Subdued with sorrow leane thou shall to play a woomans part.
EL. A sword and buckler very well a woman both become;
(Except I doe.) CL. Thy selfe dost thou hapleselwe to be esteem?
EL. What Agamemnon new is this, whom thou hast got of late?
CL. Hereafter shall I name, and teach thy gynplish tongue to prate.
And make thee know, how to a Queene the wanting to spake.
EL. The whils (thou Weddow) aswre we were directly to this geare.
Thy husband is berefed quight of breath, his life is donne.
CL. Enquirer where thy brother is, so seek about my sone.
EL. Hee is departed out of Greece, CL. Go fetch him out of hande.
EL. Fetch thou my father unto me. CL. Give me to understand.
Where both he lurking hyde his head? where is he spunkes away?
EL. All pluge of perils past hee is, and at a quiet slay.
And in another Lyndsome where no harme hee both withtrust.
This answeare were suffcient, to please a Paris suit.
The eyght tragedie.

But one whose breast both boyle in wrath, it cannot satisfy.
CL. To day by death thou shalt receive thy fatal destiny.
EL. On this condition am I please, the Tatter to forgive,
If that this hand shall doe the deede, my death when I shall take.
O els if in my throat to bath thy blade, thou doe delight,
Most willingly I recede my throatate, and give thee leave to smite.
O if thou wilt chey of my heart in hurt the beastly guise,
My necke a wayeing for the wounde out Cretched ready lies.
Then hast committed sinfully a great and grievous guilt.
Goe purge thy hardned hands, the which thy husbonds blood haue spilt.
CL. Dost thou that of my perills all dost suffer part with mee,
And in my realme dost also rule with egall dignity;
Aglishus, are thou glad at this? (as doth her not behaving)
With cheeks and taunts & daughter doth her mothers mallice woue.
Shee keepes her brothers counsel close conceale out of the way.
AGL. Thou maliceuse and willette wenche, thrue eluiche prating lay.
Beaspe those wordses vntill the Mothers glowing cares to her.
EL. What shall the breeder of this boyle controul me with his checks,
Whose fathers guilt hath caused him to have a doubfeull name,
Who both is to his ilferlone; and nephew to the same?
CL. To snap her heade with thy sword Agist doest thou refrayne?
Let her gue by the ghost; or byng her brother straung agayne;
Let her be lockt in dungeon barke, and let her spend her days,
In Caves & Rocks, with painefull pungue, to mement her every waye.
I hope him whom the hidden hath shee will agayne disserp,
Though being clapt in prison strong and suffering pouerty.
With pilsome and banausty smells in every heare annorde,
Easped to weare a weddowes weedes, or wedding day encape;
Put in exile and banishment when cche man doth her hate.
So shall she bee by mistery compeled to recede to late,
Prohibited of hollesome appre frution to have.
EL. Grant me my dome by meenes of death to passe into my grave.
CL. I would have gourned it to thee, if thou should it denye.
Unskifful to the tyrant, who by suffering wretches by
Both ende their pannes. EL. What after death doth anything remane?
CL. And if thou doe desire to be, the same see you refrayne.
Lay hands lye on this wondrous wretch, whom being caried on,
Even to the furthest corner of my jurisdiction
Farre out beyond Mycenae land in bonds let her be bound,
With darknesse dim in hideous holde let her be closed round.

P.
Agamemnon

This captive Spouse and wicked Meane, the Trull of Princes bed
Shall pay her pannes, and suffer death by tolling of her head.
Come, hate her on, that he may follow, that way my spouse is gone,
Whose love from me enticed was. CAS. Doe not thus hate me on.
I will before you take the way, these epoings first to tell
Into my country men of Troy beneath in lowest hell.
How overqueiled ships eke where, are spread the seas upon:
And Mome country conquerer, is brought in absoluteon.
He that of thousand captaines was grounde captaine generall,
Come to as great calamity as Troy itselfe did fall,
Entrapped was by treasons trapne, and whose some of his Wyse,
And by a gyse receaude of her, depuited of his Lyse.
Let vs not linger on me, and thanks I doe you giue.
I top, that it might be my hap, thus after Troy to live.
CL. Go to, prepare thy selfe to dye thou frantique raging wight.
CAS. The feaues flies of fury fell on you shal also light.

EVRIBATES.

Added to the Tragedy, by the Translator,

Las pee hatefull hellish Haggis.
pee furies foule and fell.
Why cause pee rustly rancours rage
in noble hearest to dwell?
And cancred hate in bogling breasts
to grow from age to age?
Coulde not the groundures pannfull pangues
thechildren washed affwage?

Not sampne sauye of penyng paunch, with burning thyse of hell,
Among the blackest flame of firens where poping breathes do dwell.
Where vapors bise parbreaking out from dampish myy mud,
Increase the pannes of Tantalus deferrde by guittles bloud,
Could not thine owne offence suffice Thyestes in thy Lyse,
To sale thy birothes spousall Wed, and to abufe his Wyse?
But after breath from body fled, and Lyse thy Lymmes hath left,
Can not remembrance of revenge out of thy breast be rest?

What,pee
The eyght tragedie.

What, yet hast thou not large thy lips, to taste of Leches bawde?
Now after death why dost thou come to move thy some to bloude?
Coulde cruel Ditis grante to thee thy pastoure backe againe?
To wotke this woe upon the world, and make such rigour targe,
That Clytemnestra to become the styf after dyes?
Of Danaus daughters, that did once theyr husbands death conspire.
Loe here how sickle fortune giues but byts: sading top.
Loe, she who late a Conquerour triumphed over Troy,
Enduring many hurly noises with mighty tople and payne.
To sowe the seede of fame, hath receav small frutice thereof againe.
When as his honour budding forth with lowre began to bloome,
(Alas) the flocke was hewed downe and sent to deadly doome.
And they that of his victoye and coming home were glad,
To sodayne mourning change their myght with haudable beflad.
The lusty pompe of royall courts to deade: (O dolesell day)
The people mone theyr pyrce death with wo and weale away:
With howling, crying, winging hands, with slege, Wrightes, & teares,
And to their sides they bate their breasts, they pull a hale their heares.
And as the shepe amased run, and rame aboute the field.
When as they the shepher to the Wolfe his goary throate both yeelde?
Even so as mad they rage and rane throughout Miconas land,
Deppured of theyr Prince, they feare the bloody Tyrantes hand.
While thus were woesful waplings hard in euerie place about,
The good Castandra (come from Troy) to death is haled out.
Like as the Swan, who when the time of death approcheth ype,
By nature borne is therof, and pleased well to dre,
Both celebrate her funerall with birge and solemn songe:
Even so the noble byrgin who in wo hath lined longe,
Most tofulles goes she to her death with milde and pleasant face.
Stout boulshing out her baryr breast with pyrcele postye and grace;
Nothing dismayde with courage bold, and sheerfull countenance;
On stage openned for her death she gan her selfe advance:
As though she had not thither come, to leave her tosome lyfe,
As though she had not come, to taste the stroke of fatal knyfe.
But even as it tobydale bed her tourny were to meete
Corebus deare, not bauing mynde of death, not winding sheete,
When looking rounde on every side she tocke her lease of all,
From vapourde eyes of younge and oyle the trickling teares doe fall.
The Greekes them selues to griefe are moude to see thys heauy light,
Sopy pearts the headmans heart, that thys aboute to smit.
Agamemnon

He lade the knot, with shining hand yet once again he tried.
And from his shoulders, broke his head. And thus the yezgin dyed.
But now the Greekes another cause, to mourning have in hand:
Orestes, Agamemnon saws, is for to fly the land.
Amonge oide rotten ragged Rocks, there lies an ugly place,
A Dungeon deep, as darke as hell, unknowne to Phoebus face.
A hollow huge wyde gaping hole, with way still bending downe,
Whose mouth with benonous wythied weeds is hid and overgrown, Where stinking stiences come belching out from filthy durty dyke, Where Verrment byle doe creep and croule, in hell is not the lyke.
In uncourte, touse mishapen bugges, doe lurke about this caue,
With dreadfull sounds, and roaring noyle within the pit they rane.
Even baeme is Elektra sent, in darkenee deep to lye, In poverty, and comfoytlesse without the light of skye,
Falt cloape, with Phoebus boults and Charyse, thus by her mother lade In torment, till by her to death Orestes be breapde:
Who (as Cassandra telleth) shall revenge his fathers death, Depyee with sword th' adulterour, and Mother both of death, So after all these bloody people, Greece never shall be free: But bloody for bloody, and death by turnes, the after age shall see.

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

The Argument.

Octavia daughter to prince Claudius grace,
To Nero espoused, whom Claudius did adopt,
(Although Syllanus first in husbandes place
Shee had receiv'd, whom she for Nero chopt)
Her parents both, her Make that should haue bene,
Her husbandes present Tyranny much more,
Her owne estate, her case that she was in,
Her brothers death (pore wretch) lamenteth sore.

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

For Senecks counsel he doth lightly passe
But Poppie joynes to him in marriage rites,

The people wood into his palacie runne,
Hir golden fourmed shapes which them sore spytes,
They pul to ground; this vprore now begunne,
To quench, he some to greefly death doth send,
But her close cased vp in dreadful barge,
With her vnto Campania coast to wend.
A band of armed men, he gaue in charge.
Octauia.

THE FIRST
SCENE.

The Speakers names.

Octauia, Nuntius,
Nutrix, Agrippina,
Chorus Romanorum, Poppea,
Seneca, Prefectus.

Octauia.

"Ow that Aurore with glittering streams,
The gladding stars from skye doth chase,
Syr Phœbus pers, with spouting beams,
From dewy nearest both mount apace:
And with his cheerefull lookes doth yeeld,
Unto the world a gladdome day.

Go to, O weetch, with ample fieldes
Of heavy cares oppressed eye,
Thy grievous wonted playytes recount;
Do not alone with ligges and howles,
The Seaph Alcyones surmounte,
But also passe the Pandyon soules:
Pax yklome is thy state then theirs.
O Mother deare whole death by fits,
I will lament but still theye teares.
My ground of grieffe in thee it sits,
If that in shade of darksome venne,
Perceying hence at al remayne,
Heare out at large, O mother then,
My great complaynutes, and grievous payne
O that immortall Clothos wiss,
Had come in twayne my vitall chzed:
Ere I into my grieafe had wiss"
The nynth tragedie.

Thy woundes, and face of sanguine red,
O day which are both me amoy;
Since that tyme did I more delights,
The fearful darknes to enjoy,
Than Phæbus fresh with faye attire.
I have abode the bitter hell
Of stepdame dire, in mothers place,
I have abode her cruel leas,
Her stomake stout, and fighting face.
She, she, for bynte unto my case,
A dolefult, and a grave Cryn,
To Bridesgomes chamber spousall space,
The Egygian flashing flames brought in,
And thee, (alas) most pitious Sphe.
With traperous craynes hath she bereest
Of breathing soule with poploned myre:
To whom ere whyle, the world all left
Unvanquish from the Ocean Seas
By marciall seats did freely yeeld:
And didst subdue with wondrouses case,
The Britayne hytes that fledde the fieldes
Whom living at their propre swaye:
No Romanye power did earst invade,
How lo(sful we tament I may)
Thy & poure decepyte thy proves hath laide
And now thy court and child of yore,
Wit homagae serva Tyranie tope.
Octavia.

THE SECOND
SCENE.

Nutrix.

When so the glittering pompe of royal place,
With seven light prunnd doth quite disgrace,
Who so at courtly fleeting ebbing blaze,
Altonied soe, himselfe doth much amase:
Lo see of late the great and mighty flocke,
By lurking Fortunes todayne forced knocke,
Of Claudius quite subuerse and cleane extincte:
To soe, who held the world in his precinct:
The Britayne Oceane coast that long was free,
He ruld at wil, and made it to agree,
Their Romaine Gallies great for to embrace.
Lo, he that Taras people first did chaze,
And Seas unknowne to any Romayne wight
With lucky sheering shippes did overlight,
And sake amid the savage breekes did sith,
And rusing surging seas hath nothing dead,
By cruel spousles girt doth lye all dead.
Her some likewise more send then Tigre fierce,
Of naturall mother makes a funerall herse,
Whole brother drenched deepe with poysioned cup.
 Pope Britannick, his senseles soule gaue vp
Octavia sister and unhappy make,
Doth sore lament her case for Britans sake,
He can her ruthfull piteous sorrow sole,
Though Neros wath do slaxe constrayne her grace
She nile esteemes the secretes closet place:
But boylinge stille with equal peplo divayne.
With mutuall hate gayne doth burne agayne,
By true and crusty love that I do beare.
The nynth tragedie.

In bayne I see doth strive to comfort her.
Reuenging greefe both straitly reprime,
Tappease her smarte the counsel that I giue.
No fame of worthy hease doth once relent
But heaps of greefe, her courage to augment.
Alas, what greeefully doedes so to ensue
My feare foreseeth: God graunt it be not true.

THE THIRD
SCENE.

Octavia, Nutrix.

Staggering state, O peerelss void.
With ease Elestra I repeate,
And call to mynd thy mourning will.
With wacred eies like smarcig sweat
Thou mightst lament thy father slaine.
Still hoping that thy brother myght.
That deadey deede revenge agayne.
To hom thou O tender loving wight
Dost safely shield from bloody toye.

And naturall love did closeley kepe:
But Neroes dreaded vilage toye,
Dost feare me that I dare not weape,
Nor wayle my parentes ruthful case.
By cruell lot this slaughter caught:
He suffres mee this geniall face.
To bath with teares to dearely bought
With brothers bloud: who onely was
Byne onely hope in all my griefe,
And of so many mishieues, as
Octauia.

By comfort greate, and sole reliefe,
Now loe refered, for greater care,
And to abyne more lingring payne,
Of noble famous lineage bare,
A grouping shade I do remayne.

Nutrix. By Ladies heauen voyce mee thought
Within my listning eares can sounde,
And snappish age in going soft,
Unto her chews is not ybounde.

Octauia. O Nurse our dolours witnesse sure
By curroll checkes distilling rayne,
And heauy heareses complaynt endure.

Nutrix. alas, what day shall rive of payne.
With care your weyne wastted heart.

Octauia. That lends this guttles ghost to grave.

Nutrix. This talke (good madame) set apart.

Octauia. In rule my state theire destenies have,
And not thy prayers (O matrone) inst.

Nutrix. The boone lost easie God shall gene.

Your troubled nyne a tyme I trust,
Hope sweete then ever you did lyue.

With surrell fayre as one content,
And glosed face, but onely please.

Your man, and make, he will relent.

Octauia. The Lyon fierce I shall appease,
And sooner tame the Tygrie stoute,
When mankynd Tyran tes brutish beaste.

He spycs the noble racest rout,
Contenmes hygh powres, distaynes the least;
He can wele use that princely weede,
Which venemous parent wrappt him in.

By huge unspeakeable griesly deede,
Although that wight unthankfull, grynne,
In Kingly thone that bee doth raygne,
Through the cruel cursed mothers ayde:

Although
The nth tragedie.

Although hee pay with Death agayn.
So great a gift, it shall be sayde.
And after fates in long spent age,
That woman wight that have alwaye,
This eloge yet and sayng sage,
That he by her both beare the swa.
Nutrix. Let not your ragious mynde so walke,
But doe compresse your moody talke.

THE FOURTH
SCENE.

Octavia, Nutrix.

Hough much I beare that boyling breest do beate
And tollerably take diuorcements threate,
Deathes only deadly darte, I see an end,
Of all my broyle and pinching Payne can send,
What pleasant light to me (O wretch) is left,
By natural Mother Payne, and Sype bereft,
Of breathing life, by treason, and by gift:
Of Brother sake demonde: with miferyes spile:
And wayling overcome: kept downe with care,
Enyed of Bake, which I dare not declare.
To myden subject now, and now rested:
What pleasant light can me (O wretch) abyde,
With seareful hart suspecting always ought:
Because I would no wicked dece were wraughte:
Not that I feare Deathes griely gyning face,
God graunt I do not so revenge my case.
A better
The Tyrantes village grimme, with browses didsove
And with soft tender lippes my soe to kisse,
And stand in awe of beckes and noddes of his,
W hose will to please my griefe with cares ysfirde
S ince brothrs death by wicked wyle conspire,
Could never once vouchtake soez to lustayne,
Lesse griefe to die, then thus to live in payne.
His Empyre Nero rules and iopes in blood:
The cause and ground of death that Tirant wood.
How oft (alas) doth Fanlie fondaie payne,
Wheslumber sweete in penfue parts doth raigne,
And sleepe in eyes, all cyd with carez doth reh,
I apprehend deare Britans lively hrest:
Ere whylle me thinkes his feble shuering hands.
He fentfeth sure with deadly blasing brandes,
And fiercely on his brothrs Nerose face,
With sturdy stinging stroakes he flies apace.
Ere whylle whylke wretch recoupleth backe agayne,
And to my thewes for aide recydes amayne:
Him foming soe pursues with hafft to haue:
And whylle my brothre I desire to fave,
And in my clasped armes to shield him free,
His goary bloodied falchion keene I see.
The boisterous raumping fiend to tugge, 9 hale.
Through out my shuering limnes,as athes pale.
Forth with a mighty trembling chattering quake.
From weary lims all couplle sleepe doth shake,
And makes me woeful wretch for to recount,
My wayling sobbing sozrowes that surmount.
Here to,put to that gorgeous stately Houfe,
All glisstring bright, with spoyles of Claudius house.
His parent deare in bubbling boate did douse,
That wicked Senne, this siking dame to please.
Thom yet escaping daungers great of Seas.
The onhtr tragedy.

He fiercer strake than waves that scantily rest,

With bloody blade hit bowels did unself.

That hope of health, can me, O wretch, abide,

That after them thilke way I should not ryde:

My speciall foe, triumphant wise both weight,

With naked nates to prest by louers sleight,

Our spousall, pure, and cleane unspotted bed:

Saint whom, she burns, with deadly fodoe bloud red.

And, for a meede of stichy trumpers spoce,

She causeth Bake from spoyle to to divore.

O ancient Dyie, step forth from Limbo lake,

Thy daughters heavy troublous cares to flake:

O? your espoused hellyps poche unfold,

That downe through gaping ground I may bee resde.

No. O piteous wretch, in vaine, (alas) in vaine

Thou calst upon thy fahers senselesse spire:

In whome, God wot, there both no care remaine

Of moatall broode, that here both take delight.

Shall he, thinke you, all wage your sopy cheere,

O? shape you forth some sleight, t'appall your paine,

That could pereferre, before his Brittan decere,

Th' imperall rhone, a straunge begotten swaine?

And with incestfull love vennummed quyte

His brothet Germanicks daughter that could plight,

And ioyne to him insa hectic mariage rites,

With woefull, and unlucky louers lightes:

Here spang the roale of hurly hurly great,

Here beastly venomous slaughter gan to sweate,

Here wylie treasons traines appeared first,

Here rules desire, and brutish bloudy thirst.

Syllanus first Prince Claudius some in lawe,

A bloudy mangled strung fall we lawe,

That in our graces Hymeneal bed,

Ymarch with you, he might not couche his hed.
Octavius:

D-monstrous slaughter, worthy endless blame.
In stead of gift unto that wanton dame,
A Carrack-colde poxe foule, and currellese coyle,
Sillane was giuen against his will perforce.
And falsely then attache of traitors crime,
As one conspicing death in Claudius time,
With lothsome streaikes siewde out upon the wall,
Ye all besath your fathers princely hall.
Eft stepped into servile Pallace stoke,
To filthy vices loose, one easty broke.
Of Diuellish wicked wit this Pincocks powde.
By stepdames wyle prince Claudius Some auoude.
Of home deadly damne did bloody matchlyght.
And thee, against thy will, for scare did plight.
Through which succelle this Dame of coage fine,
Durst venture, mighty love to undermine.
Who can so many cursed kindes report.
Of wicked hopes, and acts in any sort.
Of such a womans glazed gyples can name,
That rampes at rule, by all degrees of shame.
Then holy sacred zele put out of grace,
Her stagring steppes, directed forth apace,
And sterne Erinnis in with deadly steps,
To Claudius Court, all desert left pleys.
And with hir dircie drakes of Stygian sofr,
Bach quite vistaine the sacred princely port.
And raging riven in twaine both natures lose,
And right to wrongs mishapen fourme yach toye.
That haughty minded dame first gauze her make,
A deadly popsoned cup, his thirst to slake.
Straight wapes againe through vile unkindly touch,
Her Nero causde with him in hell to couch.
And thee, unhappy Brits, in all that bryple,
Till that of birth, and life he did dispoyle.

Think:
The nynth tragedy.

Think greedie bloody tyrant never lented.
A those doest full death for age we may lament.
Ere while into the world the same that shone.
And was the stay of princely court alone,
Now lock, lightnashes easly past a zone,
And griesly goost to graun with to the ybone.
A than blessed Babe, thy weptame did lament;
Not from his gushing teares, did scarce relent,
A then as shee gane eche trimme appointed parte,
And goodly porspasive limmes with nature's arte,
Of slaming stake to be devoured quique,
And sawe the searcching fervent sire in light
Thy nacked joytes to rannin by a pace
And like the stearing God thy comely face.
A dispatch be me least with this hand he fall.
Nur. That power you, nature graunted not at all.
A. But wondrous dolor, great and wrathfullyegraunt
And miseries will it graunt without desyre.
Nur. May rather cause your angry moody make,
With couple cheere his fury to to slake.
A. What, that he will by guilt once slaine before,
Alue againe my brother mee restore?
Nur. May, safe that you may lice and issue beare:
Your fathers amnient court for to repaye.
A. That court doth wayte another byrode they say.
And poose Britis death tugges me another way.
Nur. Yet let the cities lour into your grace,
Your troubled minde consume but for a space.
A. Their mindes so prest to pleasure me, I know
Great comfort bringes: but do not flake my wo.
Nur. Of mightye power the people have bene ape.
A. But princes for by beare the greater sway.
Nur. He will respect his lawfull wedded wife,
A. His opinion brane can not so leave her life.

Nur.
Nv. Of no man shee esteemde. Ost. But dear to make:  
Nv. She cannot truely yet of wifehood crake.  
Ost. Ere longe she shall a mother eke be made,  
So farre therein I dare most boldly wade.  
Nur. His youthfull heat at first in filthy lave,  
With lusty, crutsty pangs doth boyle above:  
Thylke coage quickly colde in lust apace  
As vapour alone extinct in flame gives place,  
But holy, loving, chastfe unsusptotted spoule,  
Her love endur eth aye with sacred bowes.  

That wanton first that there durst couche hir bed,  
And tumbling styned quyte your spoufalle bed,  
And being but your mayde hath ruled longe,  
Sir soueraine Lord, with beauties grace beftong,  
That pranked Paramour pert shal croucht with paine,  
When she your grace shall see preferd againe.  
For Poppie subiect is, and mecke of spright,  
And now begins her goastly combs to night:  
When thereby the closly graunting doth beway,  
Her secret hidden feare eche other day,  
That swift, unconstant, double winged lad  
With cloute, before his blinded eyes, pclad;  
That sickle baphed God, thonhappye boy,  
Shall leaue hir in the midst of all hir tope:  
Although for beauty bright the bell she beare,  
And goodly glistering garments new she weare,  
And now do vaunt her selfe in gorgeous geere,  
Shee shall not long enjoy this gladome cheere.  
Be not dismayde, Dame, foe such like paine,  
The queene of gods was forced to sustaine,  
When to ech pleasant shape the heavenly guide,  
And type of Gods ybrnor, from skyes did glide,  
The swannes white wings, to se how they coude fadge  
He did on him, and cuckoldes bullysh badge,  

That:
The nynth tragedie.

That Goddmon bright in Golden raynie shouze
To Danaes brest through top of sorted towne,
The twinkling starres the twinnes of Leda bright,
Whom Pollux, some, and Castor, call aright,
In large and ample space of starry scope,
With cristal glimmering faces shyne wyde open.
And Semeles sonne, whom Bacchus we do call,
In heauenly bytheight both himselfe ystall,
And Hercules that puissant Championoute,
His sturdy brownes, his Hebe wyndes aboute,
Noz once regards how Godselle Iuno fare:
Whose lowing stepdam now she is ystrande,
That while on earth his prowes he did declare,
Agaynt that maryage, ape, was soe instande,
Yet loe her wise, and closly couched greese.

Debaire face, obeisance to her leese,
Causde him at length his mynd so to remove,
Through notall seeres estraundge from Iunos louse,
And now that mighty heauenly Godselle great,
No more azed of notall trumpets seat,
Aloft alone in cloudy bowye contenctes.
The thundrings Lorde, which now to her relentes,
Noz now with earthly Ladyes beauty bright.
Pryze, leaves his starry specked right.
Now madam fish on earth your powre is right,
And have on earth Queene Iunos princely place,
And sister are, and wyse to Neroes grace,
Your wondrouses resles doles great appease.

Of May, sooner sall the roaring troathy sea,
And mounting flaming greates perch the skye,
And smowting, stifling parching fier eyre,
With dankish pooles agree and watry fumes;
And griesly Piuoes filthy fetere dome;
With starbright heaven that sooner coupled be,
And spynning light with glory shades agree.

3. And
And with the cleere dyce day the remayne night, Than unto seruile lase of husbande wight, That lustrie wyle in blood takes his delight, My heayn woeful mynde can I addresse, While brothres death my heart doth stil possesse.

O that of heauenly powers the prince and lyne, That shogges and shakes the earth with thundring lyre, And with his woundous, fearfull, cursed crackes, And strange mishapen monsters which he makes, Our fearfull muling myndes doth sore amase, Would coune some curious burning wildslyre blace, To pele and path with thumling ever bright, That daivelish pace, that cruell cursed wight, We law from heauen, with beames forthshoting farre Doubles a dreadfull heavy, blazing starre:
That spouted out a mottail serye slate, Whose force a princes bloud can only stake; Even where that hauping carman saxe Boote With chilling cold at starcke of frosten pole, Doth gyeve aright Charles whirling running rote, In stead of night that never away doth rote.
Loe now the open ayre in euery strete, With doggish tyrances breath, is poulaned, quite, And dreadful stares some louayne death do threate, To people rude, by wicked Nereus lyght. So sterne a streake, of mankynd tyrant stoute, Nor Tellus with the Gods displeaeth brought out, When mighty Ione neglected the uphorde
Huge, uulg, monstrous Typhon to the woorde, A loyer plague, a cleaner scouring source, With bloody pames that cityes boundes doth purge, Is Nero dyce, this cruel cursed wyght.
That doth himselfe gayste God and man lyght.
And thrustes from sacred hymnes their quiet port, And godly temples gay the sancted spo.

That
That cityes dwellers puts from countries far;  
That hath bereft his brother of his lyfe;  
And launche his mothers sides with goary knifes;  
Yet doth this present lightsome day enioye  
And leads his lyfe, that doth us soe annoy;  

O Father of heaven, in vayne why dost thou throw  
Thy great brawling thistle razing thundring blowe  
Upon the whirling woods and ample seas,  
With force of princely power thy wrath appeasse;  
On such an hurtfull and pernicious freake,  
Thy due and just correction to wakke.  
Why stay thy mighty puillant brains so long,  
 Ere thou sting doothe thy raling cracking through?  

O Lord that Nero once might pay the price  
Of all his devils woees and ev ery blee  
The whole wyde world's tyrant terme whee hea a stroke  
To ch bee; which he overlaces with burdous yoke  
Of princely lyce placd, but doth defame  
With beauteous manners byle his princely name;  
Nun, unworthy he is your spoufall chamber place;  
 But yet your deuile's force, you multitude.  
And wel, abyde your fortune's crooked race.  
No more unkindly Nerces gaulty yee.  

One day perchaunce, there wilt as I desyre.  
Some God reuenge your lamentable case;  
And once I trusse a glasome day shall be.  
When you shal joy a fresh in wondred place.  
Oh, Ah, no, now, long this court (alas) we see  
With heauie wrath of Gods displeased yee  
Rath ouercharged bene: which Venus yee  
With Messalinas monstrous ramping lust,  
Shee first hath brought adowne into the dust.  
Who madly marped to prince Claudius grace,  
But little myndful then of that same case.
Octavia.

And not regarding much thappoyted panye,
With cursed cresles maried once againe,
To which unlucky incestuell by dall bed,
That brofelf dyre that furious flit Erin,
With hanging houre aboute her hellish hed,
And gypt with snakes with deadly step went in,
And slaming handes from spoullall chamber caught,
In both their blouds yathd hath quenched cleane:
And hath incest prince Claudius burning thought.
In bloudy thatling stroake to passe all meane.
My mother first of weches all the most,
With stripe of deadly sword gave up her ghost.
And now extingvish quite, left me soleone,
With dolours pynings panges and mourning worne.
And after her in hellish teme both hayle,
Unto the sentence soules of Plutoes table.
Her made, and Britannick her soune that wayes.
And first this ruinous courte bid she betray.
Nun let he, Madame, with teares your face to light.
Me to rend your bitter waying lytt.
Cesse troubling now your parents pience lyght,
That payed hath the price of raging lytt.

The
THE FIFT
SCENE.

Chorus.

Oft graunt the talke wee hearde of late,
To rashly trusted every where,
And blowne abroad through each estate,
No badge of truth that it may beare.

And that no fresh espoused dame,
Our Princes themes do enter in,
But that OCT AV I A keepe the same,
And that the seede of CL A D I V S kin,
May once bring forth some pledge of peace.
That to the world rest may redowne.

And wrangling stryfe may easly cease;
And Rome retayne her great renowne.
The peerlesse Princesse Iuno hight,
Her brothers wedlocke yoke retaynes:
VV hy is AV GV ST V V sister bright,
VV where like betroathed league remaynes.
From slately pompe of court retect,
VV what doth denoutnes her auayle?
VV what doth her Virgins life preuayle?
And CL A D I V S now in ground played,
Euen wee to much unmyndfull be.

Z3.  VVbole
Whose worthy blemes we have betrayed
Through feare that made us to agree,
In breast our elders did embrace,
The perfect Romayne puissauce,
The true unstayned worthy race,
And bloud of Mars they did advance.
The proude and lofty stomackt trayne
Of lusty bauty mynded Kings,
They could not suffer to remayne
Within this noble Cities winges.
And justly they revengd thy death,
Of virgin chast, VIRGINIA pure,
Deprynde by fire of vitall breath,
That bondage thou mightst not endure.
And that his shameles brutish lust,
So good a meede might not enjoy.
Although by filthie force vnjust
Thy chastity he would annoy.
The heirlikewyse whom thine owne right hande,
With sword did pærce, LVGRETI A true,
Who tyrantes rape could not withstand,
Did blody broyles and warres ensue.
And with her proude disdainfull Make
Lord TARQVIN ympe of cursed seed.
Correction due doth TVLLIA take
For her unkindly shameles deed,
Who on her Fathers mangled corse,
To mischiefe bent, and wicked bane,
The Carman shee to drine did force,
His cruell bruising wobbling wane.

And
The nynth tragedie.

And quite agaynst all natures law,
Euen from her owne dismembred syre,
The sacred rytes she did withdraw,
Denaying wonted burial fire
This griefe our woeful age doth seele,
Through monstruous act agaynst all kinde,
When as in deadely crafty keele,
To T Y R R H B N seas, and wrestling wynd,
The proude presuming Prince did put
His mother trapt in subtil sort,
The Mariners appoynted cut,
The swelling Seas from pleaunt port,
The clash resoundes with stroake of Ores,
The Ship out launcht space doth spinne,
In surging froath aloofe from shores,
And ample course of seas doth winne,
Which glydyng forth with lewinsd planks,
In pressed streames with pesied weight,
The riftes do open closed crankes,
That hidden were with secrete sleights:
And gulphet up the leaking wane,
The woeful roaring noyse and crye,
With woomans shrikes themselves to saue:
Doreach and beate the starry skye,
Then griesly present death doth daunce.
Before their eyes with pyning Cheekes:
Whose deadly stroake and heavy channce:
For to auyde,then eachman/eeke:
On ryuened ribs/ome naked lie,
And cutte the beating waues in twayne:
And some theyr skilful swimming trye,  
To get unto the shore agayne.  
The greatest part that sail'd there,  
By destines dire to men pres't,  
In whirling swallowes drowned were,  
The brinkes of Seas and ground betwixt.  
Queene Agrippina her garments rendes,  
She teares her ruffled lockes of hayre  
Abundant blubbring teares she spends,  
Through deepse distresse of saynting feare.  
Who when no hope of health she spies,  
Enflamde with wrath, which moes appeas'd,  
O sonne, for so greate giftes shee cryes,  
Hast thou with such reward me pleased?  
This keele I have deserved sure,  
That bare and brought thee first to light.  
Who empre with titles did procure,  
And Caesar's title for thy right.  
Shew forth thy seareful Britishe face,  
O CLAD IV Snow from Limbo lake,  
And of thy wyse in wretched case,  
Reuenge and due correction take.  
Thy deth I caus'dles did consyre,  
Which now I rue with woeful harte.  
I dressed cake a funerall syre  
Unto thy sonne by deadly smart.  
So now as I deserved hau'e,  
Vntombe go to thy guiltles Ghost,  
Encloafe in seas instead of grave.  
And wrestling waues of Romayne coasts.  

The
The ninth tragedie.

The flashing flaws do flappe her face,
And on her speaking mouth do beate,
Anone shee sinks a certayne space,
Depressed downe with surges great:
Anone shee fleetes on weltring brim,
And pattes them of with tender handes
Through faynting feare then taught to swim
Approaching death and fates withstandes
At length on troubled seas diplayde
Shee goeing ouer working vayne
And tyr'd with streames is weary layd,
Not able toyling strenght to strayne
In close and secrete silent breastes,
Of mates with her to sea that yode,
In whom no feare of death there restes
True fayth unto their Queene abode.
Their Ladies weare beaten limmes
To helpe, some freely venter dare,
Some in the combrous waters swymmes
And desperate daunger do not spare.
With cheerfull voyce theye comfort her,
Though drawling dragling limmes shee drew,
To lift her up with helpe they stirre,
And nummed corpes to strenght renew.
What bootes it thee the death to shonne
Of roaring raging rauening waues.
From deadly sword of wicked sonne,
Alas pore wretch thee nothing saues?
Whose huge and heinous cursed rage,
Agynst all course of natures lore.
Our after slow beleewing age,
WVil scarce beleene it done before;
The devillish man repynede with grieuer,
When he is mother saued sawe,
From swallowing seas haue saue releefe,
And that she vitall breath did draw,
He grudgde with grieue and in his heate,
He huger mischiefe heapes to this:
He doth not once delay his feate,
But headlong rasty caryed is
Upon her death. A souliour sent,
Dispatcheth that he had in charge,
His Ladys breast his blade doth hent:
She yeelding up her soule at large,
From wretched corpes for to entombe
Her slaughter man she then besought,
That bloudy blade within her wombe,
That fyrd this woe to her had brouht,
This this accursed breast (quoth shee)
Whiche this unkindly monster bare,
From pinching payne may not be free:
Digge, slashe the same, no mischiefe spare.
When this with foltring tounge was sayde,
At last her sad and trembling ghost,
With latter sobbing sighes unstayd,
Through goryd woundes leaves vitall coast.

The
THE SECON D
ACTE
THE FIRST
SCENE.

Seneca.

In me with like consent why didst thou smile,
With glos'd looks deuding mee a while,
Of fortune much of might and princely pow'rs
To life aloft to noble royall bowre:
To the woe that I to honours court excord,
From stately seates might have the greater fall,
And round about in every place beholde,
Such dreadful, threatening daungers to vs all,
I safer lay aloofe from enuyes knockes,
Renow'd among the craggy cockleke rockes:
Where as my mynd there free at proper sway,
With leasure did repeate my studies eye.
A glad some joy alone it was to viewe,
And earnestly to marke the heavens so blew:
And sacred Phoebus double wheeled wayne:
And eke the worldees swift whirling motion mayne.
The Sunne so even his second course to keepe:
And Phoebes glinging globe to swiftly sweepe:
Whom wondroues starting starres encompass round.
And to behold that synes in every stound,
The glistening beauty bright of welkin wyde:
That which in all the world nothing beside.
Of all this huge and endless worke the guyde,
Hope wondroues nature framde that helpe.
Odauia.

For all the bumping bignes it both beare,
Yet waring old is like agayne to weare,
And to be chaungde to an unwydy lumpes.
Now prest at hand this worldes last day both lumpes,
With boystrous fall, and tumbling rush of skye.
To squeeze and make this cursed hynd abyde,
That springing once agayne, it may peeld out
An other strange renued vertuous route,
As once before it did, new spring agayne,
What tyne Saturnus held his golden raygne?
That blamelesse, chast, unspotted Virgin cleere.
A goddess much of might clept Justice here,
With sacres sooth sent downe from heauently space,
At ease on earth did rule the mortall race,
That people playne knew not of warlike seates.
No trembling trompeter tunes that rendes and beats,
The sooldiers cares: no chashing arourme bright.
That warring wightes defend in field and fight.
No wonted was with walles to rampyre round.
Their open cityes set in any sound.
To each man passage free lay open then.
Nothing there pruate was to any man.
And then the ground it selfe and fertile toyle,
Hir fruitful bosome baard all boyd of toyle,
Into such bounden barnes a Matrone good.
And peaceable unto looyst a boode.
But then an other second race arode,
Perceyued not to be so mecke as thoes.
A third more wyse and witty sort by startes.
Of nature forged st, invent new artes.
As yet unspotted quite with filthy byce.
Soone after thoes, they ramgo with new devyce.
That boldly venture dare in scudding race.
Unwely beasts for to pursue space.
And mighty weeping struggling sisters great,
With watry coats yelad with sisters tear,
With net in window wele draw forth, and streeke
With craft of guilt, the wilting lusts cheeke,
And silly byrdes begylde with pyuing trapne:
And light foote deare for lyse that sping amayne
Intangling gins entrap, that lately hold.
And sturdy scowling viloage buts controll,
On sleype fillet neckes, make weare the yoake:
And earth ere that ungrubbed by that yoake:
Which then turnyd by with Plowmans snyng share,
In sacred bolome deepe, her fruets kept thare.

But now this age much worse than all the rest,
Bath lept into her mothers broken breast:
And rivi lumpith you and manye Gold,
Bath digged out, that was quite hid with mold.
And fighiting sides have armo without delay:
And mawing forth their bones for rule to stay,
Have certayne leucral holy kingdones made,
And cities new have rasphe now ruilde with blade,
And seenseth eyther with their proper force
Straunge froundes of them assauts the which is woyle.
The Starry specked virgin bowye of skies,
Which lustice high, that guilty folke diceries,
Now lightly esteemd of moare people here,
Each earthly fround is ked, and comes noe neere
The sausage named route, and beastly ende,
With babbed volkes in goary blood embroude,
The great desche of grievly warre is strong:
And raving thurst of gold, it is not young,
Throughout the worlde a mighty monstruous vice,
Fowle, filthy, monstrous lust hath got the price,
A pleasaunte tickling plague, whom longer space,
And erroour deepe have solted yp apace.
The heaps of vyce rakte up in yeares long past,
Octavia.

Abounding flowe in these, our days at last,
And this same troublous time, and combersome age,
Opprest all men sore, both young and sage.
Wherein those wicked wapes that be do raygne,
And cruel, ramping woodnes boyles againe.
 Lust strong in lychy touch, doth beare a sway,
And Princes, sport, now doth catch away
With greedy pawes, to bring it to decay.
Th whole worldes incredible wealth, without delay.
But loe, which staggring steppes where Nero stinges,
And vilage grynne, I feare what newes bee bynges.

THE SECOND
SCENE.

THE SECOND
ACTE.

Nero, Prefectus, Seneca.

If patch with speere that we commanded hanes:
Go send forth with some one or other flame,
That Plauteus cropped scalpe and Sillas cke,
May being befor our face: goe some man seekes.
Pre: I will protract your noble graces hest.
But to their campes to goe am ready presst.
Se. Capust lynage naught should rashly pointed bee.
Ne. A light thing tis for to be iust, I use
For him, whose heart is boyd of shrinking feare.
Se. A soueraigne suale for feare is for to beare,
Your selfe deboart to your subjectes all.
Ne. Our foes to sla, a cheftaynes berue call.

Se. A
Se. A worthier vertue ris in countriess tyue,
His people to defend with sword and tyre.
Ne. It well beleeueth such aged weightes, to teach,
Unhydred ytringolles yong, and not to preache,
Both to a man and prince of ryper yeares.
Se. Nay, rather frolicke youthfull bloud appeares,
To have more neede of countell wyle and grave.
Ne. This age sufficient reason ought to have.
Se. That heavenly powres your doinges may allow.
Ne. A madnes were to Godes for me to bow,
When I my selue can make such Gods to be:
As Claudius now proceint is we see.
Se. So much the more because so much you may.
Ne. Our power permittes vs all without denay.
Se. Gene slender trust to Fortunes slattring face:
She topson curvyn turns her wheel syace.
Ne. A patch he is that knoweth not what he may.
Se. A Princes prays I compted haue alway,
To do that same which with his hony toode,
Not that which frantick fancy counteth good.
Ne. If that I were a meacocke or a louch,
Each stubbounes, clibbish daw would make mee touche.
Se. And whom they hate, with force they ouerquell.
Ne. Then dynt of sword the princes defended well.
Se. But sayth more sure defence doth seeme to mee.
Ne. Ful meete it is that Cesar dreaded he.
Se. Doze meete of subiectes for to be belon'd
Ne. From subiects myundes, feare must not be remou'd.
Se. What so by force of armes you do winge out,
A grieuous worke it is to bring aboute.
Ne. Well hardly then our will let them obey.
Se. Will nothing then, but that which wel you may.
Ne. We wil decrece what we shall best suppose.
Se. That peoples voyce doth jointly lynd and lose.
Let that confirmed stand. Ne. Swords bloody dynte,
Oceania.

Shall cause them else at me to take their hint.  
Se. God shield, and far that fate from you remotest. 
Ne. What then, why Seneca do you that appoyne, 
That we contemnde, despysde and set at nought, 
With finger put in hole (full wysely wrought) 
Our bodies bloud to secke shoud them abyde, 
That they might us someyme destroy unsypyde: 
Their nature country bounds to banisht bee, 
No Plautius best no Scillas eake we see.  
Yach spoke of tamd: whose tankred churlish prey, 
Shapes bloudy freakes to quench our bodies spreded Do, 
And chiefly when these trayterous absent cloumes, banned, 
Such wondrous favour Syn in cities boundes, 
Which those lame exiles ringeing hope doth feeders, 
Suspected foes with hooold we wil out weede, 
And so Octavion shall that toby daie, 
Continue after them their bloudy game, 
And wend that way her nowme whyer brothere went, 
Such hye mistrusted things must needs be bent sorne in So.  
It is (O Prince) a worthy famous thing, 
Amids redoubled Loyes alone to ring: 
And wylely worke your countires plple to saunter ouer, 
And wel your selfe to capture folke behaue: 
From cruell brutish slaughter to abstayne, 
And boarde of inoode to wreake your angry paynes, 
And to the world a quiet calme to geue, 
That all your age in peace their lines may lineamential. 
This is a Princes plple without al cryme: 
This is the path to heven wherby we clyme to a bushery. 
So is Augustus prince and father caid. 
Of countriye first in staright thorney stade, 
Whom as a God in minsters we adonne, 
Yet troublous fortune tossd him before, 
A great white long on lands and ruffling seas, 
Until his fathers foes he could appease.
The nynt tragedie.

And through wars diverse course could quel them quite.
To you did fortune yee do her power, and might.
And rapynes of rule without all blood, and sight.
And to your beck both land, and seas hath bent.
Grim deadly enuye daunted both relent.
The Senate Lopees gave place with free consent.
The battayous route of knyghts with willing hartes
(That same decree from sager Stone departes)
Unto the ray mens choyse do well agree.
Your grace the lyning of peace they count to bee.
And chosen Judge, and guyde of mortall stocke.
Your grace, your countres sacred hye, doth rocke.
And rule with princely gorgeous typle right.
The cyrcled world in ronde wyse ydyght.
Which mighty mounting name to kepe so great.
This noble city Rome both you entreat.
And doth commend unto your royall grace
Her lively limmes in charge for your lines space.
Ne.The gyft of Gods it is, as we discus.
That Rome with Senate Lozte both honz ys.
And that the feare of our displeasure great.
From rankred enuious stomackes maketh sweet.
Both humble talke and supplications mecke.
And were not feare all these would be to seek.
Unweldy, combous citres, members ill.
That Prince and countre both do seek to spill.
To leave alpye (which swell, and pulle bee).
Bycause of lynage great, and high degre.
That madnes meere is it when as we may.
Euen with a word, such freakes dispatch away.
Sir Brutus stern, his bratnes and armes did dight.
His soueraygne liege to layne by force and might.
That erst had holpen him, and gaven him heath.
And had endued him with princely wealth.
In binte of raging warre undaunted out.
That vanquished many people strong and stout,
Prince Cæsar match'd by great degrees of power
To love, in stately chaple of starry bower,
By diu'lish citizens wicked wyse was slayne.
What store of bloudy stifling streams on molde,
Did tressed Rome, of her owne lims, behold:
He by his noble vertues worthy praise,
Whose peoples, common byquite to heare both raise.
August among the Gods playnted well,
How many noble breasts did he compel,
How many springgolde young, and hoary heads,
Each where dispers'd to lig in molded beds:
How many men did he bereaue of breath
Toofe proscript that were condemned to death?
When for the griesly fear of deadly dare
From propre home they were constrained to part
And sly Octavius fosse, and Lepidus might,
And not abyde sterne Marke Antonius sight,
Which then the ample world at once did gynde,
That into kingdoms three they did depye,
To dumpish fadded sipes, with heaue cheere,
Their childrens griesly cropped pates appeere,
Hang out before the Senates judgement scare,
For each man to behold in open strete:
He durtl they once lament their piteous case,
Noz inward leuine to mourne to Claudius face,
The marke head with bloud from bodyes spued,
And lothsome maccrie streams, is all imbued:
And quite thourghout their faces soule arayed,
The piteous gubbes of blood drop downe untayd.
Noz here did this lamed slaughterous bloodshed stay,
Phillyps Pharlia thea gaily fieldes each day,
The cromming raunening soules, and cruell beasts,
Long led, with gables bigge of ample breasts,
Belpde all this, the cost he loured quite.
Of Sicil sea and ships to ware pyght
With force of armes did win, and hauncke made
Of popper Indicteres slayne with his owne blade.
The rundle round of landes with mighty mayne
Of noble Chiestaynes stroake rebylesaygne.
Antonius overcomne in nauale sight,
To Egypt poales in shippes preparde to sight.
Not lacking long to live nor hoping life,
Incestuous Egypt (through Antonius wyde)
That worthy Romayne princes bloude did sucke;
And couerd ype their ghostes with furye mucke.
Long wicked, waded-civil warre thereStayed,
In Marcke Antonius graue with him played.
Augustus at the last of conquest greate
His dulled swords that wounded soules did beate,
In peaceable speaches repoold his hoxe layd at rest:
And fearde doth rule, and gynde his kynstone best
By ready force of armes at all attaynes,
And Captaynes sayth he shieldes him selke alwaies
Who how his fones most worthy vertuous praise;
To heauen a consecrated God both rape,
And causeth all in Churches fo to place
The sacred picture of Prince Claudius grace.
And vs the starry raigne of Gods shall vide
It first with dreadful sword about vs wyde
We wippe away what to our person slayne,
And found our court with worthy stem agayne.
Se. Your noble spouse, strong forth of sainted peer
Of Claudius stocke, the starbyght diament clere.
That Goddess luno wise her brothers bed
Partaking pressed downe with buttockes red.
Your graces princely court shall garnish gay,
With wondrous heavenly taype descendde taype.
Ne. Incestuous marred dames from stocke & stem,
Detract all hope, that we shoulde have of them.
Octavia.

No, vs, could the once love that we could see,
No, with our person once at all agree.

Ne. In tender budding pears, when love supplicated,
With blushing hydes the flames of burning breast,
Scant playne appeares the love they bare indeed.
Ne. Thus wee our selves with hope in vaine did feed.
Although undoubted signes, as bodye wyped,
And crowning lookes, which we have of espied,
Her syppeful hating stoniacke did bewray
Which see doth beare, whom duty hyndes t'obaye.
Which yet at last, big, boyling, grievous payne,
With death determind hath t'auenge agayne,
Wee have found out, for byrth and beauties grace.
A worthy make for such an Empresse place:
To whom that lonely Goddess Venus bright,
And mightie love his Spoule that looigth,
And goddessse fierce in boysterous warlike artes,
Gene's place for bodyes seemly portrayed partes.
Ne. Fayth, meeknes, manners mild, & bashfull shame
Of Spoule, that ought an husband to reclayme.
The perles of judging mynd, alone remayne,
Not subject once to any rulers ravynge.
The passing pyrde of beautyes numming grace
Each day appals, and bleamissteth apace.
Ne. What paythes woman wights haue in them close;
All those in her alone hath God repolde,
And such a peerleste peerce, the guypyes of lyfe,
The destines would haue borne to be our wyse.
Ne. O noble prince such bloud unlawfull love,
(Do rashly credite naught) from you remove.
Ne. Whom love can not repell that rules the cloudes,
And pearcing raging floods, therein him thowdes,
And rammeth through the raigne of Pluotes pit,
And pullet downe in welkin bie that sit.
The mighty powers of heauen, the God of love?
The nyntth tragedie.

And can I then his force from me remove?
Se. Swift winged love, mens fancy fond, inayne
A mercy wanting God to be, bothayne:
And armes his handes with woundinge weapons keen,
And bowes with burninge bowdes, for lovers greene.
Of Venus to be strong they al accorde,
And blyndly forge of thunders umping Love.
B: And love the myndes great torment sore appears,
And buddeth first in freicke feathful yeare.
T: howe the we drinke of Fortunes pleaunt cuppe,
With layfe pamping root, is nestled by:
W hom is to toster by you leaue at length
It slecting, falles away with broken strengthe,
This is in all our life (as I suppose)
The greatest saute how pleasure first arose;
C high with mankind by hooodyng by deth ape,
Through gladsom love's fierce wild beasts doth saue
It never can from manly breaste depart.
Ne. This selfe same God I wish withall my hart
Te. the wedlocke lightes to beare before our grace,
And fasten Poppie sure in our bed place.
Se. The peoples grieue might never peeld to it:
No verie can the same at all permit,
Ne. Shalt I alone to do, forbidden be:
That every patch may do, that grieueth mee
Se. No tryning toyes the people lockes to have:
Of hun, that ought to rule with widsome grace,
Ne. It pleaseth bs with vaunted power to trye.
If peoples rash conceiuer rage will flie.
Se. Seche rather for to please and calme their moode.
Ne. Ill ruled is that raygne where people woe,
Their subject Prince doth wle, as they thinke good
Se. When nought that they require they can obtayne.
They fully then agrieved are agayne.

Se. That
Ne. That gentle prayers cannot win with ease,
By force to wring it out, it both vs please.
Se. An hard thing tis the people not to have
That of the? Prince, which they do unjustly crave.
Ne. And horrible tis a Prince to be constraynd.
Se. Let not your subjectes then so sore be raynd.
Ne. Why then the common brute abroad wil be.
How that the people have subdued mee.
Se. That no man trustes that is of credite light.
Ne. Be it so, yet many it markes with deadly spyghte.
Se. With countrie peers to medle it is afraid.
Ne. To quip and crump, tis nothing lest be dismayd.
Se. Your grace may eashy couch that budding brute.
Let Sanyted sires deterte with piant sute,
Your graces mynd remoue; let spoules age,
And curceous batfull shamee distume your rage.
Ne. Leave off (I lay) that we entend to grutch.
For now your calke our paciencce moueth much;
I pray you let it lawful be to do,
That Senec geueh not adupse into.
And we our peoples wishes do deser,
While Poppie feele in wombling wombe to sterre,
The pledge of faithful love to me and her.
Why do we not appoynt the morrow next,
When as our mariage pompe may be context.

The
THE THIRD

ACTE

THE FIRST

SCENE.

Agrippyna.

Though paunch of ruened earth, from Plutocs rainge
With ghostly steps, I am returnagayne.
In wretched wrothes, that blood do most desire,
Forgyuing wedlocke ycle with Stygian fire.
Let Poppie, which these cressets coupled sure,
Unto my sonne be foynd in mariage pure:
Whom mothers griefe, and hand renenging wackes,
S hal send with heau and hoe to funeral stackes.
I always do remember wel beneath
Where piteous, ghostly, crawling lousles do breath,
Th'unkindly slauhterous deede, which to our right
Yet unrenengd is grievous and of right;
And for the good I did a cruel prise,
That deadly framed shyp in crafty wyle.
And due reward that he gave me agayne,
For helping him to rule of Emppyes raygne.
And eate that night, when as I did bewaple,
Both loss of shippe wherein we then did sliple,
And mates unhappe death, and whyle I thoughte,
For this accursed deede to have behoulhe.

Act 4.
Octavia.

The Gods to trickling teares he gave scant tyme
But twice increas'd hath his detestable crime.
Quite slayne with sword, thrust through my bodyes boundes
And stichy laped through goary marrering woundes,
Delivred safe from seas, devouring lyf,
In antique court my ghost I receyved by.
Nor yet his cancel'd, and unlatiate hate.
For all this bloud doch Nero once abate.

That Tyrant dyde doch rage at mothers name.
And seeketh waies my deedes fo to defame.
Who threat'ning death to them that doe withstand,
My shapes he dingeth downe in every land:
My princely cythes large hee scrapeh out
In every place, the whole wydewopd aboute,
Which my unlucky parentes love did gene,
To much unto my paine whyle I did live,
Unto a boy to gynde, which now I rue.
My poisoned make, my Ghost doth oft pursuie:
And in my face with burning hyndes doch lyve.
He stays a space with earnest talke hard by,
And threatneth sore, and doth impute his death
And coin'd he should have had to mee beneath.
And now desyres to have some facitious wight,
That dare despoyle my somne of breathing lyght.

Let be you shall have one to worke this crime,
I do require no long delayed tyme.
Rememging lyght Erin, a death doth coine,
Of life, that wicked tyrant to purloyn.
Some smarting leaden stryppes and shamefull slignt,
And yning pangs with churc and hunger dyght:
That Tantalus springlike thursty mouth befurde,
And Silyphus tale shal passe, and Tity us burde,
And liones pynful wormbling wheele aboute,
That teareth all his bodyes partes throughout.
Although that Tyrant mone and scrounful wight,
His court with marble slape do strongly dyght.
The nynth tragedie.

And princelye garnish it with glistering golde:
Though troupes of souliours shielded wre, upholde
Their chieftaynes princelye pompe; and though yet still
The world dye with takers even to his will,
Great heapes of riches peeld themselves to sake,
Although his bloody helpe the Parchian raigne,
And Kingdomes bring, and goods at that they have,
The pyne and day shall come, when as he shal
Forloynce, and quite undone, and wanting all.
Unto his cursed deedes his life and more,
Unto his foes his bared throrate restore.
Alas, unto what ende is all my paine?
O! in what case do now my bowes remayne?
Witherto doth now thy rage and destynes ypee?
Draw thee O Same, with rayne benummed quiete.
That to such monstrous heapes of piles thy dame
(Whom thou with cursed mischiefe overcame)
Yf thine wrath should yeeld; O that ere to the light
A sucking babe I thought thee southe in sight,
And seod thee syne with pappe as princelye borne,
The fierce, wild, suage beastes had rent and teune
My wombe and bloody entrails all before.
Without all crime, and wanting ceasons ypride,
Mire owne deere dadding child thou shouldst haue live.
And fastned sure to me shouldst aye beholde,
The quiet place, where Ghostly soules be resde:
And se thy grandshipes great of worthy fame,
And thy Domitius sake of princelye name,
(Whom now both shame and wayling both abyde,
That while they dure, from them shal never flyde.
For which both thee, O curst Barne, they may,
And mee, that thee have borne geneue thankes for aye.
But why cease I, with hel to hyde my face,
Whyse, Repdame, mother dice, in my life spac.

THE
Odtauia.

THE SECOND SCENE.

Octauia Chorus.

D not, alas, thus loie lament,
But rather yet your mourning stay,
Sith that the city whole is bent
To celebrrate this joyful day:
Least your great lore and sufavour both,
Which I do count to be most sure,
The more cause Nero me to loth,
And eake his bitter wrath procure:

And I fall out to be the ground
To you of many mischieues yble,
This lame is not the first deepes wundre,
That I have felt now this good elyle:
Farre worse then this haue I abode:
But of these troublous cares this day
Shall make an end I trust in God,
Although with Death he do me pay,
No man to see hal me constrayne
His bendes browes knit furrowyle,
Nor step within the Chamber ragyne
Of mayde dyets by in bydall guise.
Augustus sister I wil bee,
And not his wyse as wond I was:
But onely paynes remoue from mee,
And feare of death I wil not passe,
Yet canst thou pitieous mereh once trust,
Thy cruel husbands father law,
Of these few things to have so trust

To yble
The nynth tragedie.

Why le mischicnes yet in mynd are rawes?
Now long reseued, until this day,
And these same maryage epites be past,
Thou shalt poore wretch without delay,
A bloudy offering yde at last.
Why thus with teares disfigured loze
Thy woned home doss thou behold?
Make haste to shunne this deadly shooe
And leave this straughtrous Princes sole.
Cho. Let see that day suspected long
And whispered Fame in all mens cears,
With glistering pompe of bydall thigh,
To vs poore wretches now appeares.
And Claudius brode Octavia's grace,
From Neroes wedlocke place expelde,
Departed is, whose spouall space,
Hath Poppie conquerour long tyme helde.
The while, our preyt couched ydes
Kept downe with heavy, combzous seare.
And slow reuenging grieflikewyle:
Where both the peoples power appeare,
That brake the force of Princes great,
That conquerous citie lawes hath framde,
That worthy men to honours feat
Preferd, that warre and peace proclaynd,
That saugge people strangue did tane
That Kingses and Princes caught in sight
Shut surely by in ylison frame
To keepe them close from all mens sight.
Loe, which wee cannot once abyde,
To see where Poppies ymage tyde
Coniopned unto Neroes lyde
All glistering bright shynes very hight.
Let force of Armes put downe that frame
And march with grounde that Ladyes face
Too likely carned to his name,
And snatched her downe from beddig place,
And let it forth with flye with handes
With Dargets and Taulins sterely flonge,
From pythy braunes and sturdy handes
Unto the prynces courtely thongs.

THE FOURTH ACTE.

THE FIRST SCENE.

Nutrix. Poppea.

Rom out of spousal bower distinpyd with seare,
Whither go you? what secrets daughter deare
Unknown, makes you to looke sooursely;
Why spungelike takes your face in tears to eye
That fell of truth the tymes delayed long,
And wished for by prayers, and bowes among
Path spyned bright, Caesars wedlock are you:
Your golden grace, where of he tooke the view
Him prisoner caught, and did him surely tynde,
So much the more, how much Senec his inynd
Did seeke to change, and wild from true to weely
And Venus chiese in love hath made him yeeld.
O in beauty palling all, what beds then downe
Mote soft, have borne thy weight when thou with crowne
Didst sit in middes of court the Senate all.
At thy great beauty agast, thou diest appar.
Whyst thou the Goddes with perfumie sendest tyne,
And
And sacred alters dreacht with thankful wynne,
Thy head attyr'd with veyle of yellow hiew
By Casars side thou went'st as princeste new:
When he aloft extold aboue the rest,
With hauy courage merily went to feast.
Like as kyng Peleus went sometimes to take
Queen Techoices, whom salt leas come hery, his make.
Whole bydinge chambers, banquet wise yrest,
The Gods vouchsaff to hallow with their hest,
Both they that rule in skyes and cake in Seas.

But tel, O Lady, tell, if it you please,
What todayne chance doth shade your beatyges light.
What meanes your colour change from red to white?
What moues those trickling tears, how standes your plight?
Po. With dreames, and grieved lightes, this last night, Nurse,
By myne was troubled sore, but stayd much worse.
For when sir Phoebe his weary course had ryd,
While quiet resting night each thing shawid,
My fences weary fel in number deefepe,
While Nero one within his armes did sleepe.
Resolving lims, at length gan sleepe discharge,
And long I rest not under quiets targe,
For loe, I saw a route that brought me feare,
Come to my chaumber with discheuled happe.
The Patrons sage of Latin land did mourne,
And sounded shuyking lightes as though so lounue
They were, the dolefulst lightes that lye on ground,
And oth among the warlike trumpets sound,
I sawe my husbands mother teribly stand,
With threatning looke berayed with bloud in hand
A light lyse brand she bare which oft the shooke,
And made me goe with her through seareful loke.
When downe we came through op'ned earth shee ley
The way, I after went with bowing hed,
And makynge much therat, marke what I say.
Octavia.

By bed, me thought I saw, wherein I lay,
When first espousde I was to Rufe Chryspyne:
And me thought, with first some of his lyne,
With many following them agaynst me falk
Did come, and me to sleepe did twist his hale,
And as he wented was he kist me oft,
Then rush'd into my house with pace not lost
Amased Nero lone, in Chryspine's breast
That hide his saulcioun kene: feare shak'd of rest
From mee's trembling stowe with quivering seare,
And byest disinapt to speake made me forbear,
Til now (O Nurse) I met with thee, whose trust,
And sayth into these woryes have made me hyst,
Alas, what threateneth mee eche grisly syright?
What meanes o. husbands blood that doeful light?
No, the hidden sacre sayne that mouthy swift,
Which fantasie we call by secret yift,
Then we do take our rest doth shew agayne,
The thingseth both good and bad that hyole in hynees
You maruel that you saw your make, and bowre,
His ghostly tunerall stackes, at that same hower,
Round clapp'd close in armes of husband new:
Vereto, the beatenbreastes with handes mou'd you,
And mappid sayne, on marriage baye displayed:
Octavius friends with heape hartes bewrayed,
Amids hir brothers both and fathers fall,
Their heape chere for her unlickye fall,
That dreadful blasing flame of lyce foypone
In Agryppynas hand your grace before,
Which you did follow streight declares renowne
To you, though enyte stryue to keepe it downe:
The seat you saw beneath both promise you
Your state to stand ful sure not chanaging new:
That Nero prince in Crispins threat did hyde
His sword, it tellis that he in peace shal hyde,
Unknown
Unknownen to bloody ruffful warre for aye.

Therefore (Namam) plucke by your hate I pray:
Receive both mirth and glee cast feare aside,
With joy, and ease you may in bowe abide.
Pop. To temples he where mighty Gods do dwell,
I wil repayre, and offeringes to them fell
In humble wyle their heavy wrath e'pease,
And me of mighty light, and dreams to eale.
My seconde wish that be, that this feare all
Uppon my foes as todayne chaunce may fall.
O Nurse pray thou for mee some bowes to make
Toth' Gods, that ghostly feare his flight may take.

THE SECONr D
SCENE.

Chorus.

F stealth discloasse by blabbing fame,
And lusty, pleasante, thankfull lone,
Of LOVE be true: whosourme didframe
Of swan to come from skyes above,
And did enjoy the sweete consent
Of Ladye LEDAS loves delight:
Who like a Bull his labour spent,
Through flowing floods to carry quire,
EVROPA silylie holne awaye:
Hee will no doubt leane raygne of Skye
And POPPIES s lone disguisa essaye.

If
Octauia.

If hee her soueraygne beauty prey;
Which hee might wel preferre before
Fayre LAE D AS sugred sweete delight:
And DAN AE whom hee wonne of yore,
Amasde with golden shoure so bright:
Let SPARTE now for HELEN'S sake,
Of beauty bragging fame uprasye:
Admit the TROIAN heardsman make
Of gayned spoyle triumphant prayse:
Fayre HELEN here is slayned quight:
Vhose beauty bredde such boyling yre,
That earth was matched euen in light
Vith TROIAN towres consumde with fyre.

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

THE THIRD
SCENE.

Nuntius, Chorus;

What sturdy champion coute doth ioy with glee:
Our chieftaynes royal tower safe to see,
Then to his court I counsel him to wend,
Gains where the populus rout their force doth bend,
The rulers runne amsde to fetch the garde,
And armed troupes of men, they towne to ward.
No woodnes rashly caught through feare doth cease,
But more and more, their power doth encrease.

Cho,
The nyth tragedy.

Ch. What sovain rage doth beat their boolling braine,
Nun. The Garrison great with fury attend on aigne,
And spurred by for Queens Ockanas sake
With monstrous mischief vile, their rage to slake.
They rumbling rush into the Wallace faire.
Cho. What dare they do, their counsellors who are?
Nun. Aduance their Eymselle old, subvert the new,
And grant hir, brethren beds as is hir due.
Cho. Whiich Poppie now, with hole content both hold?
Nun. Pea that unhewied rage in breést uphold,
Sets them agog, and makes them wondrous wood,
That ever ymage grauen in marble stone,
If Poppies badge it bare, or if in sight,
It tended soz to shew hir beauty byght,
Though it on heavenly aulars brave did stand,
They break, or pull it down, with sword or hand.
Some parts with ropes sure tide, they trample the forth
Which spurnd with dury seete, as though naught worthy
With filthy stinking myre, they it all deray.
And with their decees their talke both tumpe agree,
Which mine amased minde, thinks true to bee.
For fierie flames they threat soz to prepare,
Wherewith to waile, the princes Wallace faire,
Unlesse, unto their curious moode he give
His second wife, and with Ockavias line,
But he by me shall know in what hard stay
The City stands: the rulers Ile obey.
Cho. Slack, what made you cruel warres, in vaine
To move, thich prisoner love you can not gaine.
You can not hime overcome, your fiery flame
He reeketh not: his lyre overcome his same.
He darkened hath those thundring thumps that shake
Heauen, Earth, Hel, sea, at things y makes to quake.
Pea mightly love, in heaven that weares chief crowne
His flamme from welkin hie hath brought adowne.
And you, not victors now, but vanquished.

By. Shall
Octavia.

Shall ramraine pay, the price of hearts blood ren.
Lone, pacient, cannot be, but hate in rage,
No easie thing it is, his wrath call wage.
Achilles worthy might, that was to stout,
To twang the Harpe he made in Ladies rout,
Prince Agamemnon thence that hop bemuing,
And rable rage of Greekes with love bounds bumb.
King Priams raigne he toppic cyricle toss,
Asgoodly Cities great he chiefly lost.
And now my minde love frighted stands against,
What Cupides furious force brings us at last.

THE FOURTH

SCENE.

Nero.

O, ah, our captaines sowe dispatching coyle,
And our long suffering yee in such a yrope,
That streams of bloud yet do not quench their rage.
Which they against our propre person wage.
And that all Rome, with corse strewd about,
Those cruell villains bloud, doth not sweat out.
But deeds already done, with death to pay.
A small thing this, a greater slaughters day.
The peoples cursed crime, and eke that dame,
Whom I did ave suspect, deserves the same.
To whome, to yeeld those pealantaes would me make.
At last she shall, with life our snow flake.
And with her bodies bloud shall quench our yee.
Then shall their houses fall by force of ype.
What burning both, and buildings fayne decay,
What beggerly want, and wailing hunger may.
Those villaines shall be lure, to have ecb day.
Ah, propounder pricks that vile rebellious race.
He can they once our favoure well embrace,
Not be content, with peace in quiet state.

But
The nth tragedy.

But hysplng raunpe about with troubled gates.
Hereon with boldnesse straithe, hereon they flie.
With harebrained rashnesse heholg by, and by.
Well, they must tamed be with heavy stroke.
And done be kept with peele of weightyvoke.
That they, with like attempt, do not arise.
For once call up their deadly pealants eyes.
Against our loveing spoules golden looks.
First punisht, then ture, then ture hal their hooks.
To teacht them, at their Princes beck today.
But see at hand, whom saith, and vertue rare.
Liejent.nant.chiefe of camps, appointed thare.

THE FIFTE
SEANE.

Praefectus. Nero.

Be vultur. people's taff unruy rage.
The slaughter of a fewe did lone alware,
O, his long indrode our valiant force in bate.
To tell your grace this newes, I come againe.
Nero. And is this then enough, doth thou so well.
O shouldour marke what dooth thy capatine tell?
Past thon with holde the hand from bloody pyes.
Is this the due revenge that we require?
Pra. The captaines guites of treason payd their hype.
By desperate death of bloody sword in light.
The route which fought with flaming pyes to light.
Ner. Our royall Palace great, who would assighe.
Their Prince what he should doe: and pull in fine.
Our mate from bs dissoluing wedlocke handes:
Whose hardy slanderous tongs, t wicked handes.
Dir princely grace reprochfully with handes,
From due revenge, are they dismissed free:
Pra. Shall subjectes payne, by griefe assiged bee?
Ner. It shal assigne which time, shall nener weare.
Pra. Which neither wrath may end, nor yet your fear.
Nero. She sends ill appears our rate displeased minds,
Who slip for what deserved due to love. (quire)
Pref. Declare whole death your moose both mott ret.
Let not my hande be stayde from your desire.
Nero. It seekes our sisters beach, and traverrous bed.
Pref. Those words through all my limbs, hath stiffness
Opprest with grievous fear; Nero. Is it obey. (sighed,
Stands thon in doubt? Pref. On sayth why do you lay
So great a fault; Nero. Because thou sparedst our foe.
Pref. Deserves a woman to be termed so?
Nero. If treason she begin. Pref. Is any man
So sure, that his accuse of treason can;
Wight's
Nero. The peoples rage; Pref. Those madde unveloype
Who nder could; Nero. Who could stir up their spirits?
Pref. No creature as I thinke. Nero. A woman could,
In whome a mind Dame nature hath vsploud,
To mischiefe pone: shee armed hath hir heart,
To hurt by wiles yet strength shee set apart.
Least shee unmaunted force with hir should beare:
But now hir tender power with doubting feare,
Is quickly qualyde, or elles with punishment,
Which hir condemn'd slate to mischiefe bent.
To late both endead away with grave adultery,
Us with entreating seek not to entype.
Dispatch that we commaund on shippoorde borne,
Farre off to those aloose with dashing woyne,
Commaund shee be that tuilke swelling breest.
At length in bloyning stomack may take rest.

THE SIXTE SCENE

Chorus. Octavia.

A lack the peoples bitter love,
And ye good will to many one,
Which, when they hopted sayles abow,
With plealaunte blasts it made to groane.
And
The ny nth tragedy.

And cursed them from quiet shores,
That wavering, leaves them in the deeps;
And tumbling, raging waters rose.

Cornelia piteous wretch did weep,
And sore bewrayle her fonnes estate.

The peoples love did bende them,
And wondrous favour, yed them hate.

Great worthy peces of noble stem;
Of high renowne for vertues payse.

In faith and eloquence did pass
Their stomacks stout for their fame did raine.

And the lawes chose one most excellent was,
In every thing considered.

And Scipio, thee did Fortune yeeld,
Unto lyke death, and cursed wrath.

Whom nepther honours pompe could heede:
None knew the lost choic.

Noe fenced house thy foes keepye backe,
Moe to repeate, although I coude.

Pure present grieves forbideth hape;
Ere whyle to whom the people would,

Her Fathers antique Courte restore,
And Brothers wedlocke once againe.

Now weeping, winging hands poote wretch, to thee is sent.
Unto her cruel, deadly payne,
The armed fouldiers doe her fetch.

Now safe from poverty I see.

In sheathed house safe shoued, there is no power, nor minde.
High rapsed towers with bloods are bent,

T. high often tyme they stand over heare.

Oft, Where pull you mee poote wretch's alas.
Into what banishexile's place.

Woulde Nero have mee for to passe,

Or Fortune bids, with scowling face?

If now with fayning strength quite coolde,
And with my boyles all wearied cease,

And longer lyke thee graunt mee woode,
If that thee wooke for to increase.
My sorrowes great with deadly darts
Why is she then so much my foe,
In country that I may not part,
And leave my life before I goe?
But now to helpe of health I seeke,
Alas I see my Brothers boate;
This is the same, whose solitie seeke,
His Brother once did set a boat,
And now his piteous Sister I,
Excluded cleane from spoufull place,
Shall be so caried by and by;
No force hath vercue in this case,
No Gods there be my woes to wecke.
The grievel, dreadfull plag-Eryn,
Dost wend the worlde at noo and becke,
Who can lament my state, wherein
I am, alas, sufficientlie:
How can Aedon duely playne,
My smarting streames of cates that I
Do shedde whose wings I would be tame,
If destines would them graunt to weare,
Then would I leaue my mourning mates,
As wisely fled, as wings could beare,
And to anoyde these bloody pates.
Then sitting sole in shiwood shirles,
And hanging sure, by dandling tugge,
With plaintue pipe I light out twistle,
My heavy tuned note so bigge.
Chor. The mostall broode the destines guide:
Themselves they nothing can assure,
What certainly noth steadfast hide:
With which our last day of life procure,
(Whereof we alwayes should veware,) Much daungerous chancnes for to trye,
Unto your troubled minde with care,
Now many laumpes do apply,
Which your accursed course hath brouthe,
The nyntth tragedy.

To boldly you in all your boyle,
For what hath more your troubles wrought,
That doth against you sover cope,
Than fortune doth: the first of all,
Agrippas child brought forth to life,
To home we Tyberius daughter calle,
By lawe, and eke Prince Cæsars wife.
Of many comes a carefull name,
I cannot chose but now recount,
Whose worthy, glorious ample name,
Throughout the world both much surmount,
So oft with belly boyle that bare,
Desire fructs, and peace pledge,
Ere long thou suffrers eriles care,
Strypes, chains, and holles of iron wedges,
And mourning much, which so did frame,
That death they cailde thee to abydes.

So Lulia, Drusus lucky dame
In male kinde babes, did hedling spyde,
Into a cruel monstruous seed,
And death soe pearing deadly dart.

Her mothers fate both Lulia speeded,
Toslow freight with all her heart,
Who after longer wasted time
With bloody saucion kene, was slaine,
Although for no tult cause of crime,
Your mother eke that once did raigne,
Who then esteemed of Claudius well.
Did wisely wield his cour at will,
And fruitfull, as you can tell,
What could not her desire fullfill.
She sometime subiecte to her slaine,
To death was put with souldiers blade.

What shee, that eazy hope might have,
To death, the skies, her raigne to rife have made,
Pynce Neros lusty Parent great,
First tost with shipmans boystrious force.
Octavia:

Then came with sword in princes hands
Did she not bleed senselesse Gore
Oft. Loe mee the tyrant sterr will tend
To yeckome shades and Melissa spits.
Why wretch doe I the syne thus spend?
Draw mee to death you to whole myghtes,
Folle Fortune hath besquarched mee.
A witnesse now the heauenly power,
What doth thou bedrane? leave to see,
With prayer to God, who on thee lowes,
I call to witnesse Tarcar deepe,
And syppes of Hell reuenging streakes
Of haynous facts, in Dungeon deepes,
And Syre whom death deferred weakes.
I doe not now repent to dye,
Deck by your Ship, and hoyle your Saple,
On frothine seas to windes whype.
Let him that guides the Helm not saple,
To seeke the shope of Pharian Land.
Cho. O pippling puffe of western wynde,
Which sacrifice didst once withstand,
Of Iphigen to death alligne:
And close in Cloude congealed clad.
Did cary hit from smoking aares,
Which angry, cruelle Siegin hadd.
This Synce also opprest with cares,
Save from this paynesfull punishment.
To Dias temple safely borne.
The barbarous Moores to Duncanelle bent,
Then Synes Courtis in Rome soloping,
Duary farre more Cyuile curtesie
For there doth strangers death appeale,
The angry Gods in heauens on hye,
But Romayne bloudy court Rome.
The Tenth Tragedy of L. Annae Seneca, En.

Entitled Hercules Oetevs:

Translated out of Latin into English by L. S.

The Argument:

Hercules, having subdued the Sonnes of Evritus Kynge of Oechalas, (who contrary to their promise, denied to give their Sister Iole vnto him) & having made conquest of the City and countrey thereabout, meant to sacrifice vnto the Gods for his victory in that behalf, and success in bringing away, perforce, his beloved Iole. For the solemn celebration whereof, he sent Lyca his seruaunt vnto Deianeria his Wiffe, to fetch his Robe, which hee alwayes vised when hee sacrificizd. Deianeria dippinge and besprinkling the same Robe in the bloude of Nessus the Centaure, because she feared least her husband loued Iole better then he did her, (for Nessus being shot through, and slayne by Hercules, had perswaded & aduised her that she should so doe, whensoever shee doubted that her husbands loue were alienated from her to any other,) sent it vnto him. Which Garment when Hercules had put on, the poyson wherein it was dipped, and washed, enuenomed all his Vital partes, and drue him into most intollerable tor-
The Argument.

ble tormentes. For remedy vwhereof hee sent to \textit{Apol-}
LO his Oracle at \textit{Delphos}: from vwhence hee receivd aun-
swere, that hee should bee caried vnto Mounte \textit{OEtus}, and
there, that a greate fier should bee made: and as for all other
things, they should bee referred to the pleasure and direction
of \textit{IVPITER}. The fier being there made and kindled by
\textit{PHILOCTETES}, (vnto vwhom \textit{HERCULES} be-
queathed his Arrowes,) \textit{HERCULES} went vp into it, &
was there burned. Whose boanes being afterward sought for
and not founde, the standers by vvere fully perfwaded that
he vvas deified, & taken vp into Heauen. When knowledge
thereof vwas broughte vnto \textit{DEIANIRA}, shee
thinking her selfe to bee the cause of her hus-
bandes tormenting death, strangled her selfe.

FINIS.
The Speakers names.

HERCULES. IOLE.
ALCMEENA, CHORVS.
HYLVS. PHILECTETES.
VITRIX. DEIANIRA.

THE FIRST
ACTE.

HERCULES alone.

Lord of Ghostes whose lyke flashe
(that forth thy hand both shake)
Dost cause the trembling Lodges irwayne
of Phoebus Carre to quake,
Raghe reachesthe nowe: in every place
the peace procuerde I have
Aloose where Nereus lockes up landes
Empaide in winding Waue.

Thwack not about with thunder thumpes, the rebell singer bee downe.
The ravening resantes Scepterless, are pullid from their crownes:
By mee all daunted is whercon, thy boldes thou shouldst belewe.
And yet O Father, yet the Heauens are still withhelde mee free,
At all aesses I serue, as might an Impre of Love behove,
And that thou ought to Father wee, my Goddame well doe prove.
Why doe thou linger in delay, is Heauen of be afraide?
Serue wee so swoll, fell, and fierce? and wherefore are wee haide?
And cannot Aegas, boisteous backe on slouping shoider tough,
Upholde the papse of Hericules, and heauen well though?
Hercules Octaeus.

What is it Sir? what is it Loue that thee so much detrees?
What may thee force keepe backe the sunne from sealing of the Starres? For death hath let me passe againe from dungeon darke to thee.
When mischiefes fell and monsters all destrope and spoile dreee
That either Lune, or Sea, or Tree, or hell engender coude.
Arcadian Lion none to raunge in salvage Nemes wolde.
The Symphall Fowle hath chased bin with Bowe, and Brasell bowe;
No nimble heart of Menalus both lye in hill not bowe.
The Dragon daunting with his blood hath goarde the goulden growe.
And Hydra hath his courage coude, and Diomedes sword:
Whose puffed paunches ported were with score of strangers blood.
That scorade the Coaste and barren bankes of cruel Hebe floyd
I slauhterd them, and that the force of foe might well bee seen.
I provide away the houltts of the proude Amazon Queene,
Of silent shades in glittery Goulphers the dreadfull doomes I saw
On Cerber blacke the Tarrar Tike the sonne did shine with awe,
And he with steaming Gogglere eyes hath gipede upon the sonne:
Ancreus pawns, and gopes no more whose gasping breath is doone:
I front his alters But fell was knockt into the groundes,
By him whose hande gave Geron his deep and deadly wounds:
And flew the mighty Bull that was to hundred heares a droade,
All noesop plaguys I shippd have that ever Tellus bread,
And daunted by my hand they lye: the Gods now neede not free:
The worlde to annuure I nooTs, no monsters now can get.
Now shew the battaunt sonne his tre, or set him in the clowdes:
Thou hast not neede to bee my guide, my selfe will clime the cloudes.
Doe thou my passage but allow, and I shall finde away;
But if thou deroade, that monsters move the earth engender may,
Haft on cache monster hideous, to shew t' selfe in time.
While Hercules bath his abode beneath the heavenly Threne.
For who encounter that the Ganges, who ist that Grecis bath,
That may be meete, to hide the haunt of mighty runes with?:
My prate doth not my health: my fame both from land to land:
The yth poale both know mee, where the noxemare brate both land:
The eastering encombed with the glorde of scorching sunne:
The south, where Phoeb by crooked elaz of Tropicke Crab doth shine:
In euer coast O Titan where thou dost thy selfe reveal.
How I have met thee face to face, to thee I doe appeale.
Loose beyond the compass of thy sight I let my noote,
And never coude thy blaze so farre his gleamings glory shoote.
The tenth tragedie.

As I have lost the honour of my triumphes for to Stretch,
The day it selfe hath had his Start, within my trauell's reach
Dame Nature lapide, the worde was logo beside his center dew,
And other night in shimering shade, from dungeon pars I drew.
And caught the Chaos lodged aloafe enclosed mee amayne:
Yet from the deepe I gat to ground, whence none returns againe.
Wee straine against the Ocean stoumes, I balanced the keele
Fraught with my weight, the waving waves could not cespell it rele.
What heapes of hazardes tempted me through all the open eyes,
To quavity thy wedlocks wrath can mischief none repaye.
The earth would loath such baggage bred as I would match by might.
Peer monsters none are to be founde, the Sendes doe shun my sight.
And Heracles for want of Sendes against him selfe did rage:
What elushe creatures could I with naked armie allwage.
Was ever any peysant thing so big upon the ground
That coape with mee, but that my hand alone did confound.
Not hether to from vermin vple through snarling seare I leap.
In babish peares, not when to me in Tredell lorde they leap:
Schee thing that was commanded me, at ease I did obey:
Thusse free from paynestfull toyle to me there never past a day.
What vermin have I vanquished, no king commanding it?
My courage closes me more then all the wyes of Books witt.
But what aumelet me to rid mankinde of sickle scare?
The Gods yet cannot raygne in rest: while by the world both peace,
Newe rid of curious Sendes, it lies a lost in Sarry skies.
The cruel creatures all, that earth on earth did peace agresse.
Dame Luno hath transport the elues, The scorching Crab both creeps
About the burning zone, and loose at Africa both keeps.
The Tropicke line: and Harhest far he heedes with parching seare:
To Virgo, Leo turns the time, and in a reckless wade.
He buckling by his burning Sunne, both by the drooping South.
And swallowed by the labby cloudes in epy coming mouth.
The Urchins all are creape to skies, and have prevented mee:
I Conquere: from Earth to Heauen, my trauells all may see:
These gaggle faces grim on heauen, Dame Luno first did set:
As though thereof the terror might to skies my passage set:
Although the scatter them in Skyes, oz make the Heauens soptome
More then 5 Earth, oz hellike Goulphes, (whereby 7 Gods are sowne)
Per roome for Heracles halbe made, if after monsters quelse,
0: battells fought, oz hellike hound in Chaynes as captue heide.
If all
Hercules Oetheus.

Although this cannot please, in these a place to gaze:
Then doubt by bee the midland Sea twist Barbaric, and Spaynes,
That eather flow may yopne in one, with channel none betwixt none.
There will I dam the running Streame, that Sea shall none be seen.
Oz as for Corinth out hot land that twixt two seas both lie.
It shall give way to eather Streame, that through the same Hall fly.
And when the seas on passage have, the Fleece of Athens Towne
May floate in Channel new; thus shall the world turne tops & downe:
Let Iber turne his Streame, and Tanais grow another way.
Grannt love a placket, graunt, whereby the Gods upholdes I may.
Discharge thy Thunder dute, where I shall keepe due watch & wares.
If eather to the sky poale thou bid me have regardes,
Or burning zone, here be the Gods falt safe all force defy:
Paynce Pellan purchas hast an house amid the cristall sky.
And well deserved the temples of Pernasus hill:
For slaughter of a Dragon made how oft recovering still.
In Hydra popfon Python lap, with Bacchus Perseus strong.
By these deirt then Hercules, have crept the Gods among.
But all the East (a mightie coast) to bond is brought by him.
Whom Iuno spightes, how scarce a bug was shaky Gorgon grim?
What Impo to he, begot betweene my Nepdace daze and thee.
Whose prased paynes have purchase him a place in heauen to be?
The heuen that on my shoulde, I have bolded by Iraue:
But Lycaes, (partner of my paynes) dispatch our triumph bace.
Displace in pomp the ruin of Euritus house, and Crowne:
And so the sacrife with speede strike bee the Bullocks owne:
Where as the rare (that doth aduance the Church of Cenci love.)
Lyes open to Euboea sea: that wantfull wane doth move.

Chorus,

He Gods in blisse that man doth conterualile,
That can at once both Graue, & glory gayne,
Death upon death the whilst doth him assaile;
Whole wretched life is lingred on in payne
With frowning fate in spurng foighe who strives,
And sets the Keele of gaping goulphee at nought.

Will not
The tenth tragedie.

Will not submit his captive hands to giues,
As dute of dishonour in triumph to bee brought:
Like carefull caytife hee shall never droupe,
Whelmed in storming thoughts of fower annoy.
Whose fomacke scornes, for dawn ting death to floupe,
Though seas amid the deepe in hoysted hay
Drive him aloofe, when as a southerne gale
Beates Boreas back, or eastern pufse agayne
Recoiles the western winde, and feemes to hale
From deepest handes the surges torne in twayne,

The broken planckes to catche hee scrambles not
Of wracked barke, as one that hopes to haue
Amid the Channell deepe a landing plot,
When dismall death appears in every waue
Hee cannot suffer shipwracke all alone:
With pined-karrayne coarse, and streames of teares,
And with our countrey dust our heads upon,
Powldring our lockes, we languiethe out our yeares.

Neyther flashing flame, nor thumping thunder cracke
Will once dawnte vs: O death thou dost purswe,
Where fortune fawnes: but where thee worketh wracke,
Thou shunnest those, that woulde thee not eschew,
Wee stand not in our razed countrey wall,
Whose ground shall now bee ouergrowne (alas)
With bramble, and bryer, and down the temples fall:
While mucky sheepcotes are planted in their place.

And now the frostfaced Greeke (alas)
This way, this way, with all his droue of Neate
By so much of Æchalia must passe,
As heapt on ashes gloweth still with heate.
The Tefsayle sheepherd sitting by the way
On iarringe Pype shall play his countrey ryme,
Singing wyth sighes alacke, and weladay,
Thus to bewayle the sorrowes of our time.

Ere ryme shall roll the race of many a yeare,
It will bee asked, where earst the towne did stand?

O well
Hercules Oetleus.

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

And in the way lesse woods vntrode before
All comfortlesse, a fright and in a maze
Needs must I trot alone, that would abhorre
The saluage beastes, that on the mountaynes graze.
But better lot (if any Dames may haue)
They ouer Inach wambling streame shall row,
Or throwd in Dirce Walles, where Ifmen waue
With feeble force of shallow foure doth flow.

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

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

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

No nor the glaues, with which Sarmacians fresh,
Hot skirmishes in th'ysy Clyme doe kepe.
No nor the Parthian better Archer farre,
Then Creete, who parcht with Phaetons soultirg flame,
Vnder the Equinoctiall rayleth warre,
Gaynst th' easterling discomfetinge the same.
Hee with his body did batter downe the wall,
Of Oechalie: nothing may him withstande.
By valiant prowesse hee hath conquerd all:
Tis woon before, that hee doth take in hande:
The howgy Briar that fifty paunches had,
The hawte Giges with hundred armes likewise,
That clamb vp Phaistyle hills as Gyant mad,
When rebels rage woulde take from loue the skies,
Such steaming eyes, such gastly visage soule,
Such Gargle face, such countnaunce glaring grim,
Wherewith stearne Heracles glowingly dote soule.
The Gyaunts had resembling playnely him.

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

IOLE.

We carefull captife I
do not bewprie soigne
The sweeping flames, no; Idolles, wyth
their tatterd Temples gone:
No that the Fathers burne
 together with theyr Soures,
That Gods, men, that tombe a Church
at once to rum runnes.
Upon the common care
wee doe not pover: our playnt.
For Fortune wills yt turne our teares with other woes attaynte.

End song.
Hercules Octæus.

And thus my crowning Face allotted unto me
Another kind of wretchednes, that must lamented bee.
What shall I first bewepe? Or chiefly what complainte?
And to bewail them all at once, would be mitigare my paine.
Thus that but on heare, Dame Nature did me frame.
That blowses agreeing to my griefe might bounce upon the same.
With weeping Sipill rocke, browne pee my balefull breast,
Oz on Eridanus alone, how in grovves let mee rest.
Where as the mournning troupe of Nymphes doe hale their heares,
To wail the death of Phaëton with потowes of dropping teares.
Oz els in Sicil rocke cause mee enough to dwell,
Where Seilla Hag with howling note, and barbarag big both yell.
Oz else in Lyones shape let mee rest on my tale,
And wepe with Adon in the woods, of tumbe to Nightingale.
As Lady Philomel, recordes with weeping lay.
In hape of hawe on ismar hill by a tender spray,
With looking Aghes her griefe, O Gods: and mee oldigh.
In hape, that may be suitabe unto my plaintiffe plight.
And of my piteous moane let cragge Trachin sounde,
Sicb Myra sawe the carces where in Dame Venus eyes were drounde,
That shee for Adonus with smoky Aghes did shed,
And Halcion might wape at will her louing Ceyx dead:
The Lady Tarsalis gat life to wepe alone,
And Philomel did change her shape, and carrefuly did monse.
Her tender liis death; (alas) why are not per
With sickerin Fathers se for wronges, my naked armes beset?
O happy shall I bee, and happily bee blest,
When in the woods as in an house I make my howling neale,
And flting like a birdie upon my countrie grounde.
In balefull harmony Hall tune the carces, that mee confounde.
That thus the people fond may talke how they have scene
In piteous likenesse of a Birdie, the Daughter of a Museene.
I carefull captifike, J, behelde my Fathers tale,
When in the Court a deadly clud did fall him on the pate,
And sprawling on the floor with braynes patee out her laye.
Baleffates would let the Courtie beasyne in pit of Crape,
What flowing teares (O Sper) would I on thee bewowe?
And cause I prophe it Toxeus, to feele thy death with woe?
That were unwaund in pears, and cates in pits bapspoe,
Upon whose naked Checkes the pignore sap no harices had rapsoe.

Why should
Why should I parents beare your fates with teares delist,  
Whom death with hand indifferet hath taken hence to tell?  
My fortune seares my teares, due to myne owne distress,  
Now as a captiue must I dawncence attendance more and tell,  
Upon my Ladys rock; and twist her thred plespon,  
Woe worth my beauty, for the which in rade of death I run,  
And for thy sake alone my dock bath lost his life,  
While that my sper Denpea me to Hereles as his wife  
And did for Fear refuse his Sperfather to bee,  
But to our Ladys balefull bower as Captiues hence goe wee;

THE SECONDE ACTE.

Nutrix. Deianira.

The furious his of ramping rage  
both bogle in Womanes braise,  
When in one rooke both wedded wife  
and Harloe doe remaine?  
Both Scylla, and Charibdis guile  
no daunger like it have,  
That raging roll on Sicill shose  
by heapes the wailing wave.  
No satage beast so bad there is  
that better nor the same.

For brute no sooner blew abraude the captiue Harloes name,  
And that the beauty of tolas counteannace signed brym,  
As both the day, when marble fata, no stydy fog both bume?  
D2 like the giants of swiching farr, that in the welkin bright  
Displyes abraude the shooing heames amid the trosly night:  
But Deianira Hereles Was all bedlam the both shande,  
And crows with the Tiger Wife which couched on the lande.  
In hade of rocke both throwde his whels, and buskets by in halle,  
Eloping him that of his younge both come to make the waile:  
D2 like as Meros our charg with Bacchus licour fteete  
With Joy bunche on thurled Darte from place to place both thee:  

Cc 2.  
Shee makes
Hercules Octæus.

She makes a pause, in doubt where to her might direct her pace,
Then frantickly as on bestraught, she asks from place to place
In Hercules house, thus was she rapt in rage of flaming ye.
The house to narrow was, to coole the despet dames desire.
She runneth in, she trots about, she makes a fantastic lay.
The malady in crowning face it selle both playne display.
No galling grieveremances at heart. The teares gush from her Eyes,
No in an kind of temper still in frende fits she eys:
Her glowing looks with sarp fell doe change her former bow,
How glaring stonde her steaming Eyes, and paleness doth ensue
The ruby colour in her Cheekes: the anguish of her heart
Druss out her dolors deeps, to show them selues in every part:
Shee languisheth, shee moanes for helpe, shee waples her sorrow fat,
And all the house an Echo makes resounding her estate.
Loe headlong to and froe shee hies, and running still about
Goes mumbling, and the secrets of her minde shee mutters out:
Oh Juno Spouse to love, what part of heaven locuer thou keepe,
Rayse by some fatUAGE beast, against lende Hercules to crepe,
That I shall think sufficient: If any combions make
With heaving hee doe crawlts, more big in all the limy lake,
That may not take a tole: or if that ought doe pet remayne,
So oulsome, gristly, currst, and grim, so fraught with filthy bayne,
That hee may loathe to lookthereon, that may his light appasse.
Undoe their Demes, from heavedous hosties procure such vermin crawlts.
O: if that stendes can none believe, then coute thou my ghost
To what thou list: this soule of mine can well abode the mists:
Some baccouth shape, some gally face, such one bellow on me,
Whereby the hounor of my pungues may counteraugled bee:
My boiling breath cannot conceale the vengeance, I woulde ege:
Why searchest thou the corners farre, of landes aloofe that ye?
And turnst thou shut thus spyle downe? why seekst thou harme of hell?
To transease him, furious stendes enough within this breath doe dwell:
Make me thyne instrument of hate: this stepdame I will bee,
And thou mayest work the overthrow of Hercules by me:
Appoynt my hand to anything. Why doest thou make deare?
Use thou my freindy, as the means to compasse his decay,
The mischiefe shall be brought to passe, what euer thou will use:
Why haste ye as winging till thenceon? continued all I have:
Thou mayst to sheare the mallice now: my rancour shall suffice,
To bying this wretche into his ende, my selfe can well devise.

NV. 39
The tenth tragedie.

N. V. Mr. Fosber's advice, of saving mynde: these dreary plaenets alwight,
Forbear this heare, and by the ill the rigour of the rage:
Because thy tale thus uncan one, as men may wispry judge
The noble Sowle of Hercules. DEI. Shall Iole (sauith dyndge)
Bring balned heurthen to my Babes 7 of her that is a faire
Shall Jupiter the God of heaven sooth soothe a daughter have?
The burning flame, and fighting Goedest shall toke together Art?
The northern bear, to Marble seas shall sloop to quench his thirst.
Pea vengeance, vengeance, will I have, though on thy back thou swelt
The boasteous heavens, and all the wold doe peace unto thee pride:
There is a thing shall stinge thee worse then Hydra; the Snake,
The conely cutt of angry Wyse. Doh any slip Flaxe,
Upbrowne from Eneas hopling Foarge, so loose the beaten strees:
More then all things that thou hast daunt, my ghost shall thee aggryple.
Shall thou prefer a servill Trull before thy wedded Wyse?
For fear of many monsters more I tended still thy lyfe,
And now for to increase my care, I see now monsters turke,
And now steps in an hateful whooze, (which more my mind doth lyke)
To cumber BS, as ill as frenses. O Father thou of might,
The shield of Gods: and Titan thou, that beare the Lamp of light,
Love unto Hercules a loyal wyse abode,
And to an Harvard's wse are surnde my prayers made to God:
The fruit of my felicity a Strumpet both obtayne,
And so you Harvard's love see Gods have harde my prayers barge:
Is Hercules returnde to her? O griece not yet content.
Deute some tearing tormentes, seek some pungues, and punishment,
Let Iuno learne of mee, what force a woman surp hath.
Shee knowes not how in deep desyght, to ds her harming wrath.
For mee you did these battaries wage; for my sake Aceloe
Did let his streaming blood amidst his wambling waves to floe.
When snaring Adders shape shee tooks, and to the boasteous Buff
Shee greating by his sloughly shape did bene his mallice full,
And thus thou forde a thousand sore by conquest of this one:
Yet presently thou plunged art, and that by mee alone:
A prisoner now must be preferde before thy loyal wyse.
He none of that; but even the day that first begun the strife,
And to our wedlock brings the breech, shall he thy dismall day,
And knap in twayne the forail wuite whereon thy lyfe both lay?
What meanest this? my mynde relents. My mallice breaks his rage:
O wretched griece why dost thou sayne? thy spight will thou allwage?

C3. With
Hercules Oetaeus.

With zeal of a sappy soul Why doe thou the conscience charge? Why leas thou not my bowling yoke to increase at large? Why dost thou make the supining seas? this madly still suruer? Even now I able was with him for maistership to strive. In office I have not caused apye; yet Stephane luno will, To weilding haunders to rooke his scape, bee here a &ante still? NV. What treachery entendedst thou mad bedlem to commit? Thy husband wilt thou murder wretch? whose flickering frame both sites From east to west: whose bright renowne the earth couldst not contayn But raspbe aloft, from marble skies it both rebounde agayne. The mother Earth shall rest in armes for to revenge his graue. His former Stephane's cocke hereby the overthrow shall have: And all Etiol's royal blood will felse an utterfall. In quarrel of thy Hercules the worlde consister shall. Then All whye how many places hath thou alone apye? But bee't that from the face of man thou might the body hyde. Yet love the lightening teemes of heaven doth hold in armed hand. Beholde the slaying PKK makes in rances all ready stand. And threatening thunders thumping thicke doe bounce out all the day. Deathes dungeon (that thou doke) full duty lease thee may. For there his Uncle Inumpys is: Whiche where thou mayst be escape. And every where thou shall perceive the Gods to him allied. DE. I grant it despert deede, whereto dispose now both me dyue. NV. Die sure thou shall. DE. And die I will, (as presently I live) The lopall spouse of Hercules. And ere this night doe passe, Day shall not see that Deianire a living Wybow was. Not of my spoufall bed an whose shall get the interest. The dawning day shall loone make the morning piece in West, Unto the eastwardes Indians the E. popole shall well. And freezing Scichian first shall fry with flames that bee hath set. Di Phoebus fervent wheels: ere mee Thessalia Truths shall see. And at my bydall blade shall with my blond squended bee. And either let him murthred bee, or take away my Lye. So soothely let him count among the fayled kenderes his Wyke. Among Alcides laboura let mee reckned bee as on. His tove in heart I holde, untill the verer gypse bee gon. Thus battrowd (not barevengoe) I will to Hercules tombes. A! Iole be with chylpe by him, the rare is from her wombe. And rent it with these pawes of mine. Psy in the wedding place, I lying at her sarce will set my tullantes in her face:

Let him
The tenth tragedie.

Let, him not spare in rauming rage a sacrifice to make
Of me upon his wedding day, when he his Trull both take,
So that I sitting downe may light on Iole's succession
He doth a happy man, that first hath quitted his foes by force.
No. Wretched wight why boast thou thus increaseth cunning heat:
And feede thy fapt muttering least hap should thee desolate.
He lovd Lady Iole, but while her fathers crowne
Stood slopping in rostaff state and were not bated downe,
And as into the daughter of a King her father was,
But when from type of ha w p pampe she did to this Rome haste;
He stooke her of her love was cold, and now her bitter bale
Would not allow the wack'd kett to beare to hie a fate;
Uncertful things that should be, and we greedly before.
But matters meet for our state we sicome do require.
The preying of adversite doth often make more
The fervent fueres of love, and this perchappe doth urge him soze,
To see her ract of natuwe sope, it may his lance touch;
Her hapy not tuck with tresses trimme, nor deck with golden ouche.
Perhaps the man with purp ytte doth love her for her care
Into his noble hart to pitty prisoners its not rare.
The other beare of Primus [lapze Lady Helen] he
Did cause to Thalamon the Grecke a wedlocke knelt to bee;
Account how many wyves before, and maunders did he love,
And raung'd abroade to coote the rage that Venus brand did moue.
Lapse Augus made of Arcady entente set to slee.
Dianas durance, by force of him did seek her maundred he.
And yet no token could he shew nor pledge of any love.
What shall I speake of any more, or both it mee boone,
To praise what pranks he played with skilp daughters in one night.
And yet how fome of such a pange he overcame the night,
He set much store by Omphale of Lydia and the Queene,
When like a guest on Timolus the mount he bath bene seen.
He was so peace with Cupido dart, and caught in Venus trap,
That ruche in womanes weere he fat with bis not in his lay.
And spoone the flage with fondling fylk, and rudely thumbedde the threree
And song from him the speme safe the price of noble deede.
With tresses riches on platted lockes he warped as a marke
With wyre his trifled poase was sincere, and cursed bush was hysped.
Thus every where as tancy sits, the fondling dores in love,
But in such sort as ealely he can the same remove.

Cc.4.
Hercules Oetaeus.

DEI. But they whose filike fantasies his have captur'd, doe learn at last,
In tyme of tons by trace of time to See acquaintance fall.

NV. Trow ye that hee this captu're queue, and on whom hee doe see
The daughter of his deadly foe, will more eschew then thee?

DE. As glad some groves at Prime of spring in beauties pride are scene
When freshfull warmth the naked twijgis both clod in pleasant greene,
But when bouts Boreas boyfickous blast the piping purfes both top
Of southwinte sweete, rough winter pouies the naked bushes top:
The barewoode with mildyapen stumps doth shew a withered Face,
But my beauty marching forth a season on his Race
Still fades away, and evermore abates his glimmig gloze,
And what so ever was in me, by care is come to life.

And that which earth by fante led the greedy gazing eyes,
Is fallen away by bearing childe: so oft it droopes, and dies.
And since I came to mothers fate, I faded fast away.
And winkled age with sorrowed face steps in with quick decay.

But yet this bondmades scavuer fresh her sorrow better bookes,
Her comely countenance crazed is with leane and wanpy looks,
And yet for all her kari and care amud her deep distress,
Shee beares a glimse of beauty bright, and favour nothing lesse.
Her beauty hay, and crowning rate can nothing from her plucke,
Save Scepter from her royall hande by all this lowling lucis.

By means of this first springing seare did lodge within my breas,
That makes me wake the weary nights, and leele my kindely rest.
In all mens eyes at first I seemd to be a blessed Wele.

And Ladies all at our estate repining very pef.
Did yse the my match in spite of fate what Scepter shall I hope
As match in matelie to love within the heavenly coaze?

Dear fatherdame whom shall I make my seere in snowyall bed?
Although Euesf that Hercules to all these topes hath led,

Doe take with mee in bid all bandes, my state quall be impayed;
This small worth to dererue to bee to kingly wedlock rapde.

NV. But Illue is the thing that doth in marriage kindell love.

DE. And Illue is the thing that doth in marriage mallice move.

NV. This while the bondmades to thee for present yall be brought
DE. Loe hee letterd by and downe with pipecely post full haught.

And bucktes fast about his lyones the nice lyons case,
Who doth trust the wretched with the right of kingly mace,
Depoting those from honourns type that lare to lofty far.

And ye מאת his purfante pawses with huge unwellby bat,

Of whoole
Of whose employes, and masters acts the Soph's fleg'aloos,
And all enclosed in Ocean see thereof have persif pynke
As now become an amorous knight: the honour of his name
Dost nothing touch his conscience; to render since his fame,
Hee raueth through the worlds, as on that doth no white exteme.
Although that men as soon as hate shall him blindwise-see.
Not like the man whose credit through the towns of Greece is greatest,
He seeks to compose his deler, to worke a Loures feares.
With single Dames is his delight: If any him deny,
Then to allay his lawlesse lud by rigour doth hee try.
With men hee swearth treangibly, to others smart and blame.
Hee wins his Wques, his folly fragle is cloache by herues name.
The noble Cyp Ochalie is made a razed towne.
The Sunne twiter moanze and even did set, in one day up, and downe.
One day did see in hand in flate, the same did see it fall.
These blonzy broyles, and walking warres of Love proceeded all.
As oft as parents unto him deny theyr daughters deare,
So oft I warrant them they need his wrathfull fury deare.
So oft a man with Hercules shalbe at deadly foode:
As hee denies his stepfather to bee by toping blonze.
If hee may not be some in law, then both his rage, and race.
WYth doe these guiltlesse bandes of myre still keep him from his grave,
Till hee dissemble fragile his, to bend his ayning bowe,
And deaths wounde on my chypte, and me with blonzy hands beslowe:
Thus hauye Hercules woue his weelockes to beneuge
Yet taught there is, that Iawe of guite on him might have recorde.
Hee makes the woride blame Iuno, for the this hee hath committ.
O rigour, of my rage why dost thou qualify my ste?
Now must thou se thy hands on worke, tooe: while thy hands bee hot.
N. Thy husband wile thou sayt D. Him who his Leman towd hath got.
NV. But yet he is the some of love. D. E. And so Alenemea some.
N. With stroke of steel. D. With stroke of steel if it cannon bee done.
Then for to bring his death to passe, Ie see for him a care.
NV. What kindes of madnesse may it be that makes thee thus to faire?
D. Such as my husband hath mee taungt. N. Wilt thou thy spoufe de-
On whyms Chlepames sprite yet had no power to woze annoy? <Drop.
D. The wrathes of heaunly minds is to make the blis on whos they light.
So doth not sprite of mortall men. N. Oh fiue werched wight
Fo beare thy rage, and feare the while; mans force may not atape
Him, that agast the power of hell, and death, coude once pyncle.

D. E. Jte
Hercules Oetæus.

DE. His venter on the blue of sword. N. Thy wrath (deare foster child).
Is greater than the crime, that hath thy Hercules deside.
With egali mallece measure faules. Fals why do thou bying.
So great and force, a penatle upon so finate a thing?
Let not thy grievce be greater, then the soverow thou susternes.
DE. Set you it light that with our weboclhe intuck an harlot vragens?
May rather think it still to much, that both thy sozrous bredre.
NV. And is the love of Hercules revolt from thee in deede?
DE. Tis not revolt, deare foster Dame, fast in my bones it stickes.
But ye hopias house in burning blaze, when love to anger pickes;
NV. It is almost a common guise, that wedded wyues doe haunte,
They, husbands hearts by magickes Arte, and wire, craft to enchaunts.
In winter coulde I charmed have the woods, to make them sprout.
And so the thunder but recorde, that heth bin bounting out.
With waitring furies I have hooke the seas amid the calme.
I smoothed have the wading wyues, and lay do down every waiuer,
The dry grood gaped bad like gylphs, a our new springs have gult.
The roynge rocks have quaking stood, a none thereof hath pust.
Hell gloomy gates I have byast open, where gylphs ghosts all huch.
Have flood a answering at my charme the gobins grim have scowled.
The three hide hundred hounds of hell to barking shrews hath hounde.
Thus both the seas, the lande, the heavens, a hell bowe, at my behche.
Moone day to midnight, so and tree curnes at my charming chesce.
At my enchauntment every thing declines from nature's lawe.
Our charme shall make his Homaste soupe, & bring him more in aw.
D. What heartes doe grow in Pontus sea? Or else on Pindus hill?
To crowne this wachelfe champion, where haue I finde the ill?
The magickes beare enchaunts the Moone from Starky skies to grond.
And fructifull harrest is thereby in barren winter sound.
The whisling flames of lightning leames oft sorcery both day.
And noother be cropy turp in bole the bulgy day.
And leave the wealthe to the harres, and yet not cause hie soupe;
N. The Gods them selues by charme of love have forced bin to soupe.
DE. Perhapes he shall be woone by one, and recede to her the soupe.
So love shall be to Hercules the last and latest topic.
By all the hoffe of heavenly powers, and as thou best me scare,
The sectes that I shall attempt, in counselle see thou take.
NV. What may it be, that thou woulde have me keep so secrecyly?
DE. A bygole of blades, no grudge rate, no stery yosey perdre:\nI roo
The tenth tragedy

NV. I you assure I can conceal, if mischief: none be meant.
For then the keeping close of it is sure a lewd current,
DE. Then look about, if none be here, our counsel to betray
Look round about; on all Glades call the comitance every way.
(NV. Behold the place is safe enough from any tilting care.)
DE. Behold the place of our estate there is a secure nooke,
A covert corner for our talke, that some which never tooke.
Neither at morne, nor evening tyde, when Tyans blaze both quench.
And he in trippinger waste his fire wheels both quench.
Three secret eyes the prity proofes of Hercules amorous thought,
He tell thee all fear to yer name: This witcherst Nellas taught,
Whom Ixion engendered of a mighty growing cloudes,
Where Pindus heap hill his top among the Arres both howerd,
And other Arres both heave his Tress above the tripping races
When Achelous our topde, with many a thumping thwack
Of Hercules club, did shift him selfe to every kinde of shape,
And tryst made of all his Argets none servd to escape,
At length he turneth him selfe into the phulenece of a Bull,
And so was lowly banished in forme of boying scull,
(While Hercules being Conquerour did me his Wyfe entie.)
Returning home to Greece agayne, it hapned Euen lake
To overflow the drowned marshes and channels to Surfe,
And strongly streames to seare her runnes, and swells about his banc(es)
And Nellas side to passe the poole, and search the croking cranckes
As Serrman demands his fare, and bare mee on his backe,
And wading forward brake the Wavens, and surges of the lake.
At length yet Nellas maved our pass the farther Shore,
Yet Hercules had sworn but halfe the river and no more:
And pipe it hard to cut the streame: but when espied had she,
That Hercules was farre behind, Madam (quoth he) to me.
(He thou my booke, and my wyfe, and closling mee about)
I way he sungs, and Hercules befarres him manger Wawe:
Though Ganges guttph and after streame (quoth he) thou trystour flawes
Might room in on, yet shift to scape them both, well could I make,
And in thy halfe a shaft shal some thy running over take:
And ere he spake the word, his arrow flew out of his bowe,
And wrought a wounde in Nellas ribbes, he could no farther goe,
It sped him sure, to looke for death. Hee cried, well away.
The baggage running from the wounds reserved as hee lay,
And pus:
Hercules Cetaus.

And putting it into his booke the which bare tomg. hee
In curing pr with his owne hand, did genke it unto me.
And thus at letter gaper he sayde, the witches have me roulde,
That ioure may charmed be by this, to have and keepe his boule.
The cunning witch Dame Michale did teach Thessalia damas,
Who onely foule thé stone to oupe to her from heavely frames.
Therefore (quoth he) at any tyme when hateful women abuse
The spousall bed, or wakeryng man do haunt to any seues.
Then with this same annoint his eyes, and let it see no soule,
But kepe it close in cuzyes darke, the blood therin shall not shone,
His strengt, and thus but sodenly he fete his talke with rest:
And deadly dreye with sences death his feeble lims oppression.
Thou Dame to whom in hope of trust me secret all bowray,
On that the person soaks into the vessel bright, it may
Preace through his limmes, into his hart, a fluke through every bones.
I will dispatch it all in bale, make thou thy earnest more
Unto the God, whose render hand his moste darthes doth weild,
D. If thee befeech that art of earth and heaven in honour heilde.
And thou that makest burning bales, thou curce and cruel bop.
Whose lastth weapons make thy mother saire thy sharp se anony.
Now armeth hand with speedy bale not of the flinder sort.
But biggest boultes, with which as yet thou bale assault no sort.
We neede no little shaft that may hyare Hercules to louse
Bring cruel handes and force thy bow his depel draught to growes.
Now drawe forth thy shaft wherewith thou caused cruelly
The burning breath of Ioue by lytes of fervent love to shpe.
When as the God his thunderbolt and lightmning tayl aside,
Can boale with bampes on so ahead big: and through the waue he hid.
And swam with Europ on his backe in shape of hony Bull.
Now powre downe love, and therwithall let Icules hart be full.
If loles beauty handle beate and Hercules hart doth mowe,
Drench thou these coales, and force him glow with vs in lawfull love.
Ful off the thunder thumping Ioue had chopped to thy poke:
And him that wellides the moare mace of blacke Iouene to smoke.
The flames enforc, and sake the lord of glummy Stigian take.
But onely match thou Hercules, and of him triumph he take
O Ioue, whose wrath more warkeful to then prefent lunoes might.
The charmers made in perfecte forge to at our medicine right.
Wherein the bitt hat steeped bee that weared many wightes.
The tenth tragedy

Whole handes on Pallas distaste spoone the weare Web with payne,
And it for Hercules aapple half dispatche by all the hane.
And with my charme Ile strengthe them. But loe yee in the nick
Defte Lycas commeth heret at hand who will dispatche it quicke:
But tell him not what force it hath least hee the guilt betray.
DEI. Was that saith to hinges dwell not in bowles of estate:
Have Lycas heret this shire, the which my handes have spun of late,
Where Hercules at roand rotes, and overhot with wyne
Dost rudely handle on his lip the Lidiane Lady sene.
Now doates her after lote: but this his boiling rage
That burneth in his heart I will with curtsey off wage,
For curtsey conquers cahed charles. See thou my spouse desire,
Her spare the Shirrt, until she set the Franchinces on fire,
And offer up his lacrosse, and weare his Carlond gray
Of Popier boughes on weathed lackes, And I will goe my way
To th royal Gods, and will beseeke the cruel Cupids dame.
Per lades and companions that wish mee heather came,
Now for thee the fourtapers of poyre teares from waterd eye to roon,
To waie our Countrey Calydon on every side undoon.

Chorus.

DEIANIRE deare daughter of our King
OENEVS late, to see thy frowning fates
Woe after woe thus downe on thee to fling,
It icks our heartes, that were thy foster mates.
O woefull wythe it pitieth vs to see,
Thy wedlock in this tackling state to bee.
Wee Lady, wee, that with thee woned were
With flapping Oare on Acheloe to rowe,
When hauing past the sprynge tyne of the yere,
With Channell smoth hee newlye wexeth lowe,
And makes agayne his swelling surges calme,
And boobling runnes at Ebbe withouten walme.

Through
Hercules Octæus.

Through weale and woe wee still with thee remayne,
And now what griefe for euer thou feare in mynde,
Account thou vs as partners of thy payne,
For commonly when Fortune turnes the wynde.

And makes thee beare thy beaten Sayle but low,
Then friendship ebbes, where it before did flow.
And who so guydes the sway of golden mace,
Though people thicke doe haunte his stately courte.
And in at hundre gates doe preace a pace,
Yea though that thou mayntaine so great a porte,
To garde thee with this garrifon, yet shall
Thou scarcely finde one faithfull heart of all.

In paynted porche, and gates of guilded bowers
The lurking hagge Eryn her turkes doth whet,
And flurring strike with quarreling face shee lowers.
The portly doares no sooner can be set,

But treason black, pale enuy, deepe deceight,
With priuy knyfe of murther step in streight.
And when the Prynce appears in open place,
To shew him selfe before his subiects sight,
Swelling despight attendeth on his grace;
As oft as dawning day remoueth the nyght,
And every time the sunne at West goes downe,
They looke another man should clayme the Crowne.

Fewe heartes loue kings, not few their kingly might.
The glorious shew of courtly countenaunce.
Bewitcheth many: where one sets his delight.
How next the king hee may him selfe aduaunce,
That through high streetes hee may as lorde of rule.
With lofty lookes, ryde mounted on his Mule.
Ambitious heate enflames his hawty breast,
Another would, his greedy hunger staunch.
With gubbes of goulde, (and though hee it possedt)
Rich Arabie serues not his pyning paunch.
Nor western India (a worlde for to behoule)
Where Tagus flowes with streames of glittering goulde.

The.
The tenth tragedy

The covetous charle, the greedy groffe indeede,
In whom from cradell nature fo it plantes,
No houred heapes his endlesse hunger feedes,
In plenty pines the wretch, in wealth hee wantes.

Some other fondings tasty thus doth guyde,
To fawne on kings, and still in courte to byde.

As one disdayning lyke a Country mome
And crooked clowne, the plowe to follow still:
Although the dinghryste dayly keepe at home
A thousand drudges, that his ladde doe Tyll:

Yet wantes his will and will shew wealth therefore,
Onely to wafte on other men the more.

Another claweth and flattreth fiat the King,
By clymbing vp to tredde downe euery wyght:
And some at least to blockem Feaste tobyng.
And thus hee strikes to arme him selfe with myght

In bloude: but of their ship doth Fortune fayle,
When lafe they thinke to hoate with highest fayle,
Whom Moone at morne on top of Fortunes wheele
High swayed hath feene, at fulnesse of renowne,
The glading sunne hath feene his Scepter reele,
And him from high fall topley turuey downe.

At morne full merry, blith, in happy plight,
But whelme in woes and brought to bale ere nyght.
These sildome meeete hoare hayres and happy dayes:
The Lord that lyes on stately crimfen bed
Sleepes more in teare, then snoring drudge, that layes
Upon the countreyd clod his drowly head.

In goulden roves, and hauty courtes they keepe,
Whose dreafull dreames doe make them starte in sleepe.
The purple robes lyeth waking many a night,
And slombres not, when homely ragges doe reft.

O if as at a Grate efpy wee might
The sorrowes, shrined in a Princes breaft.

What pangues, what stormes, what terrour, O what hell
In sighing Heartes of prowde estates doth dwell?

The Trishe
Hercules Oetaus.

The Iryshe Seas doe nener roare for ruffe,
When waftling waues, and swelling surges ryfe,
That hoyfted are with flurdy northern pufhe,
As fearefull Fanfyes doe theyr myndes aggryfe.
But hee fighes not, nor combred is with care,
Whom Fortune hath bequeath'd de a slender share.

In woodden dishe and blacke boche Bole hee swills,
And heaues it not to mouth with quaking hand.
With homely fare his hungry Mawe hee fills,
And leaves not backe for feare of those that fland
With naked swerdes: but Kings in goulden cup
Wyne blent with bloude (moft dreadfull draughts) do fip.

In dainty dishe the poyfon bayte is layde,
And treafon lurkes amid the ~ugred wyne
At euery bit they quake, and are a frayde,
The tswerde will fall, that hanges but by a twyne,
And euers as hee liftes his head, and drynkes,
The rebelles Knysfe is at his throate hee thinkes.

Such flattering ioyes these happy worldlings haue.
Thei ouerwarde pomp pretendeth lusty hues.
When inwardely they drowpe, as doth the flawe,
That pines in pangues fast clogde in goulden giues.

Strive not in haff to climbe the whirling wheele,
For hafty climers oft in haffe doe reele.

Meane dames defy both pearles and glittering spanges,
And goulden chaynes with rubies ryche beft,
Nor at theyr eares doe masly Jewel'es hange
With turky stones: nor pranked prowde they jet.

In murrey gownes: nor doth the wooll they weare
Of Crymsen dye the costly colour beare.

Neyther in Tiffew, nor silken garments wrought
With needle, nor embroardred Roabs they goe:
And yet this flate is free from Jealous thought,
Theyr wedding is not vnto them theyr woe.

When thoufand storms in Ladyes hearts doe dwell
By wedlocke breach, that breedes their noyfome hell.

Whose hee
Who so he is that hunneth the middle waye,
Shall never fynd fast footing any where.
The wilful lad that needes would haue a day,
And mighty charge of Fathers charyot beare:
While he from wonted wayes his lades doth iaunce,
Amonge strange starres they pricking forward praunce,
Enforcing them with Phoebus flames to fyr e,
Whose roaming wheele refuse the beaten rutt:
Thus both himselfe, and all the Cristall skye
In peril of the southerning fyre he put.
So hau cy myndes that clymbe aboue their skill,
Do worke their owne decay, and others yll.
While Daedalus in flying through the ayre
Did keepe the midst betweene the skie and grounde
He could in safe to Italy repayre,
And gaue no gulph his name by being dround.
But Icarus presumes to mount on hie,
And stryues aboue the fethered foules to flye.
And cornes the guying of his fathers trayne.
And in his flight will coape to lofty sonne:
Which molt his wings so downe he droppes agayne
Into the seas, whereby his name they woone
Thus proud attemptes of hau cy clymging hier
Receiue shrewde falles to quit their fond defyre.
Let other mount aloft let other fore,
As happy men in great estate to sitte.
By flattering name of Lord I set no store:
For vnder shore my little keele shal all fitt:
And from rough wyndes my sayles sayne would I kepe,
Least I be driven into the daunegerous depe.
Prowde Fortunes rage doth never shoupe so low
As little roades, but then shee overflyes.
And seekes amid mayne seas her force to shew.
On argofoles, whose toppes, do reach the skyes.
But lo, here comes our Lady Deianire,
Straught of her wits, and full of furious yre.
Deianira, Chorus,

As through all my quivering veins
a running fear doth swell,
By flaring bayes flandes little upright
and to my quaking breast
Deep terror dwells, and eate my hart,
with dread amazed both pant,
With swelling bayes my liver beats,
as when the wind doth want
All wayes in calm day, and yet
the raging seas do rise;
Whose wailing waues were rai'd afooth
by Southeren blazes before.

So yet my wifes be racklacte, although my fear be gone:
Thus God turmeples vs when he means to cloe th'unhappy one.
Thus proud attempts be abat at length, Ch. Oh wretch, O carefull
What mitchfe heir be aughter with thou art so forre affright... (right,
Dei. The shire with Nellus bane imbised no sooner hence was sent,
And wretched woman that I am toth closer,Strapthe I went;
(Wh mynd mistrusts I know not what, and treason doth surpise)
And Nellus by the heare bewared, that taunted was the blood:
The God sae sheed that here the force of all the treason floode;
For by good hap the same globe no foggy cloudo doth lim.
But with full power of burning beames he lyned blasing him.
Scant yet I can for feeble fear unkote my fslaned towers,
The searing heathe doth dree away, and by by force it draws
The seared blood that beprag layd amid the fring sciss:
And boiling heathe of lyning soane did shrinke before the same;
Wherein the lytt was seep, and all the royall robe imbised;
I cannot shew the villany wherewith it was indewed;
For as the Easterne wynd doth force the winter snow to melt,
D; lukewarme South when in the spring fro Mimas mount they swell
As Lucas els that frowyers on Ionian sea, a land

Doth break the wave the beaten surge lies foaming on the strand
D; by the warmth of heavenly heat the frankinence both drop
So all the venim wastes away, and melancholy croppe.

And while I wonder still heron the wonder shipues away
But with a frost re spotted the ground, and here the popcon lap,
It rots the cloth, my woman boaste and sweed doth follow me,
And shakes her head, my sonne as one astonishe I see:
And lying hether all in hale declare what newes ye bring.

Hillus, Deianira, Nutrix.

O mother goe, seek out aloofe
Of place of bydyng dwell
Beyond the ground both goulse and sturrees
Beyond both heaven and hell,
Five mother far beyond the boundes
Of Hercules his topp.
Dei. A mischeffe great I know not what
Within my breast both boole.

Hil. Unto the royall temples of dame Junoes triumph his
These will allow the sanctuary though other it denye
Dei. What heauey hap is it that may annay my guittless ghost
Hyl. Oh mother, O that diambond of the world that pistler poft
Whom fate as loyes licteramunct hearte have placed for the none
Is dead: and Nestor burning bane deuours: Hercules doares
The daunter of the brutish beasts he conquering knight before
Is conuert now:he mournes, he wittes, what a shepe any more
Dei. We wretches love the order of our wretches to hear,
Tell me the state now of our stocke what countenance both it beare?
O stock, O sly wretches stocke now shall I be esteemde,
A widow now, a cast of now, and now a beggar doomed.
Hil. Thou dost not languish all alone for Hercules yes dead:
For whom the eymes of all the world have cause their teares to fall,
Count not thy fate allotted thee alwenc to all our kind,
Do howse and manner for him whom thou bewayles in thy minde.
Thou sufferest greece, the smart whereof belongs to every land
Although the lower part thereof first happen to thy hande.
Thou careful captife dost not wape for Hercules alone.

D. Speak, speak, how high to Deathward was my dear Alcides gone?
Hi, Death whom in his owne empyse he had conquered before,
Did shinke from him and late burst not heere a breve so spoise,
And Cloothe the plese, or perhaps put out her rocke with trembling arme.

As one, that hasting Hercules death, did feare to do such harme,
O day, O dismal day, and half even Hercules the greate.

Passe thus to death, and silent shades and to a woyster state
(De. If he think you already dead or may I ope before)
Speak on, if ye be not deceased, Euboea that both rise,
With hauie crees riddles every where, and Caphar rocks likewise:

Deuippeth Hellespontus sea and turns that side to south,
Whereas it bides the horrible blades of Boreas windy mouth:
Euripus bends his wandering streame and windees in creakes about
His crooked course seamenyes and doth as often break it out:
While Phoebus dzenche his weare streame and the Weirne waue
(Here on a rocke about the reach of cloudes a temple stand)

Of Ceani luce the how bright while all the beatles for sacrifice
Art after (boode, and through the woode the noise began to rise,
Of all the herd: then of he put he matterd Lyons case,
And likewise did discharge hym of his hauge and heauy mace
And calde his shoulder from the burthen of his quitter light.

Then ract in your attyre he shone among the people bright
With ougly lockes, and on the alter made the fier flame
Receive (quoth he) these fruits (O lorde) though ster send the same
And not the hauest Sithen, but let with frankinsence good spoze
The fier burne that far the riche Arabyan therfowe

Both gather out of Saba trees for Phoebus sacrifice
The earth (quoth he) is now at peace, so be both sea and skyes
All beatles be conquered, and I am victor come agayne.

Cap down th' lightning leames (O lorde) in seare thou nede not rainge
In middes of his prayers thus whereat I was agast,
He fell to sigles and grievous groanes, and at the skyes at last
With dreadful crying Lowe he siles Even as the braync licensed bull.
When with the age in wounde he scapes both at the temples fall
Of roaring nople.

O, as the thunder throwne from heaven both tumble in the skyes,
Even so the sege and starrs of heaven both Hercules shake with cryes
The tenth tragedie.

Both Calpe chune, and Cyclas pte well hard his yelling have,
Here Caphar rockes there all the woods thereof an Echo gane.
We saw him wepe, the people thought his former franticke spilt
Had now againe as earst they did bereave him of his wittes
His seruaung scatter then for feare, while he with flaming eyes,
At standing Vandes with flowring looks among them all the p-ex
For Lyca: him alone he both pursueth who in his arme
With trembling hand the alter held and sealed at the harme,
By doing still for sayning staine, and while Ancydes helde
The quaking Carbas in his hand, thou shal! (quothe) be quell
And beaten with this fist of myne, 0 Gods eternall rage
Wretch Lucas killere Hercules, and bath his conquereous layne,
But to another slaughter yet: for Hercules agayne
Killes Lyca: thus the sacrest of Gods with blood they slayne,
With Lyca: thoug his labours end thiswone by to heaven they lay
That with his dropping blood the clouds he floured all the way.
Even as the pitched burt of Crete with 9th both scoope the 9kpes
O3 as the whirling sling of Crete dyd make the pellet rype:
So swift he mounted by to heaven, but downe his body dropte.
And as his Carbas fell, among the rocks his necke it chopp.
The grave prepared for their corps (quothe Hercules) bedell.
{ I am no franticke franticke man, but for this despeere
Wope no more is then rage or wrath, it catch much my will
To wrecque my rage upon my selfe, his wallaby he straw.
Weares: but wretch franticke: and he himselfe doth rent
His timmes, and torning them, with mighty hand a Sunder stear.
And strives to strie him selfe of all the apparel that he weares
And one by this was so, of all the things that I do know,
That past the power of Hercules yet Vandes he pulling so
And plucketh of his timmes without the vesture both not thinne.
To bring of lumpes of filthy shee the 9th stiches to the lyne
But what should ante the popes tanke none knoweth what, not lyke:
And yet there is good cause thereof: now groouldyng both helpe
And beate his face against the ground to water now he hys.
But water cannot cool his herte, and now to hys he preyes.
And fo this furiousse seekes to sean: at length his men him catch.
We holding him (alas the whittles were able him to catch)
Now in a keele and to the sean we launched were aloofe
And Hercules pasfe was hasted with a little southerne pufe
My Ghost then left my careful coarse and darknesse blind my sight.
Hercules Oetaus.

Why did I weene? why doth this daer ar deede make mee aftright.
Her coapefellow dame Iuno both reekynge, and loue his sonne,
The world must render him: then doe as much as may be done,
And boare my body with a twozde such lower sauce to dew.
To her, whose cursed captaine bound her love so tightly lowe.
O loue with fier and lightning flash destroy thy wretched Preece.
Let not thy mighty hand be armed with a tender preece.
Let brav the boule from fates wherewith thou wouldest Hydra bane.
If Hercules had not bin the sonne thereof to serve the turne
Srike mee with uncouth peisilence, and with such weapon smite,
It may be larre more yksome plauge then all my stepdames pite.
Dive faith these deadly darte that earl young Phaethon overthrew
When he full cranche in dry carte, about the heavens few:
For thus by slaying Hercules,ake Nations slaine I have
What neede thou Delian of Gods a toote of death to crave.
How trouble not thy Keller loue, thinkes some may Hercules wyle
To wilhe for death, so to her heart her hand shall set the kynde.
Dispatch then quickly with the blade, set set thy blade alone,
For who with weapon endes there lese his long ere they be gon
I wilbe headlong hurled from a rocke as hie as sties,
The Oce wall this failed be, where first the sonne both ryse,
Thence will I throwe my body downe, the edge of braketh rocke
Shal cleave my coups, and every crag shall give a brooding knook.
My hand Hall hang to me by the way the rugged mountayne ho
Shall with the guiding bubbles of my dropping bloud be dyde
On death were vengeance small, though small pet may it be delapde.
What desper death I should attempt it makes my heart dismayde:
Alas alas, that Hercules sword within my chamber stucke
Then well were Ile far to dye on that it were my tocke.
It to though if one right hand doe bring vs both to grave.
Come neare, come neare see Patrona, now let all people have
In rednisse, both done and fer the same to throw at me.
Now holde your hands, and take ye to your rooles for I am the
That of your succour spoited you now cruel Kaylers may
All uncontrolled tyrantise, in kingdoomes where the sky.
Now every mishchefe may start by, and not rebuked bee.
The alters now shall by agayne that wanted were to see
A bloody offering like him sette in hinde that offer shoulde.
Thus have I made the guilty gap to let in bloudshed boulde
I render you to tyrants kings, buffes, beasts, and gretely duelles.

By taking
The tenth tragedie.

By taking him away that should revenge you of those evilles.
Dispouse thou of the thunderer and can you yet forbear
Wilt thou not sting thy flames from heaven as did thy brother beare?
Dispatch me hence sent up to Jove, wilt thou not me destroy
The greatest palse that thou mightst winne then hale thou not enjoy
No lusty triumph; I am he that barest the name to be
The daughter of the man that would in promes cope with thee.
N. Why wilt thou spare thy Soche which hath unjusted me before?
This it proceedes of ignorance although it be yet sole;
Ie is not grerp that committs the gryle not with his will.
D. Well may be erre of ignorance that favoured his ill.
And spares himselfe: my selfe of death most worthy I do breste.
N. He both condemne himselfe to die that needs must guilty seeme.
D. Death can become no one but such as innocents may bee.
N. Wilt thou for sake the gloriuous soude D. The soune forlaken mee.
N. Wretch wile thou call away thy life. D. Pea though it be to death,
I follow wile my Hercules. N. He hath both life and breath.
D. When he perenced him overmatch he had sect his death.
N. Wilt thou forgote the soune and takeprence thy dying day?
D. Her selfe hath lived long enough who burnt both her childe.
N. And wilt thou follow on to death thy spouse D. Pea Ladies mild.
Before their husbands bye to die. N. The selfe thou dost accuse
Of guilty if thou condemne thy selfe. D. No guilty one both bye.
To take revengeemence of themselues. N. But those are pardoned still.
That do offend of ignoraunce and not of youth will
Who will condemn the docede bee both D. Each man both seekes to huse
His lot when spouse of stoving fate against him seems to loome.
N. And he for whom thou languished wilt row how his wife
High Megara, and did destroy his tender chidens life.
When as a baronicks beast in hand he tost his kentle mee.
That quaffes the snake in Lorna lake before his fathers face.
He played thereby the murderer, himselfe yet he forgave.
And for the haynows get her bee when frenzy made him rave
He purged himselfe in Cynips spring toward the Southerne pole.
And in the water bath'd his hand agayne to make him soale.
Now whether wilt thou carisse wrecch? why dost thou dan thy handes?
D. In condemnation of these the ghost of Hercules standes,
I mean to plague the treacherous. N. Your Hercules well I know.
Perhaps he will be heart agayne and nester at his wor.
Then shall your flamed grieve unto poor Hercules gone place.
Hercules Oeneus.

DE. They say the serpents popson doth devour him space
The popson of his wicked Wyle his lucky stans destroys.

NV. And think ye it to bee the serpents bane that him annopes,
That hee cannot escape who bare the bume of it allure,
And how to parte of Hydreas heads he could full well contrue
When as the vixtous noode with graitning teath amid the moods,
And all his body tauerbe bowles with venomous spit and bide,
And shall the Centaur Nessus gabo against the man preeapple
That made the pitby strength it feyte of Nessus for to qualy.

DE. In vain ye see rescue her that is of purpose set to dye
Therefore I have determinde with my seye this lye to lye
And long though hee lyued hath that map with Hercules dye.

NV. I doe beseech thee humly for this grap and hoary head,
And for these pappes that as thy Mother haue thee nourished,
Remove the seruent lies that rage within the bapung brak,
And suffer not these desipr thoughtes of death in thee to rest.

DE. Who would persuade a watch to lye. He hath a cruel heart
And though that death hee unto me a great and gresious smart:
Yet unto other some it is an easling of their paper.

NV. Wretch execuse thy hands worldly, and lay at last agayne,
This ignoaince that did the beede, and not the willfull Wyle.

DE. It will be quie whereas th' infernall flentes shall strike the Bryse
And quie my guilty ghost: my conscience both my handes condemn.

But: Plac Prince ouglumg goulph shall purge from slaughter them:
Before thy bankes I will appeare for greuell Lethes Lake,
And being thin a dolesfull ghost my husband will I take.
But thou that wealds the keepet blacke of darke infernall skies
Apply thy togle: the baynous guile that none durft entrappe,
This ignoaince hath overcome, Dame luno neuer dare
to take away our Hercules. Thy plunging plagues prepare,
Let ships home on my neck force my scowping shoulders the lyke,
And let the fleeting licour from my gaping gums to lyke
Yet let it mock up thy mouth throat when as I mean to lyke,
And thou that rackes Ixion King of Thessalye O thou Wheelie,
The bagnous haundes desiresque bare thy swinging swag to seel,
And let the greedy gripe scratch out these guts on other side,
If Danaus pitchers cease: by mee the rume hath be suphlide,
Set open hell, take mee Medea as partner of thy guilt,
This hand of mine, then both of thy more cruel blood hath spitta
Whoe then thou did as in respect of mother to thy childe.

Op: look
The tenth tragedie.

"O' looking to thy brothers ghost whom goest hath thee desploied, yet not! Have with the Lady thou of Thrace for such cruel usage and ill, And the Alecto that burn't the brand of Meleager's life.

Receiv' the daughter now, denote me not thy bate to thee: for more Why such a one should quake by you, some reason let by thee, not. Pe nosele masures that entrop the graves of holy woodes, and to Agape shot, thy heavens, or such whose handes, husbandes blood Have here imbrow'd, if any of the city filler apprehend the same. Defying howell duty all that wedlocke did require, I may hint at ill! But delphat dames, with goare blades blood amndes in Hell; let them See and allow they, bloody handes that other will condemn.

I will go get my selfe among the trowps of cruel inques. But they will hume such greedy handes as shed their husbandes lines. O bastant spouse, a guillitlese ghost, but greedy handes: I have no hand. Inilly woman, was to me, that given light credite have ordain'd. O trapp'd: Nellus while I mete by Centaure s subtil charity. To draw from Iole Hercules love my selfe sustaine the harms: wouldst.

Hence Phæbus, hence, and thou O stinking life of her that lackes no Her Hercules and grieved day to wretches in their walkses. This is a vsatile day to thee Small penance held I with, comend'st no And life with all my well fart that I continue now, and under the Deferring death, O spouse of thy hande. I may be blame, let me call And dor's their any spark of life yet in the beast remembrance. O! can thy hand yet draw the bow, Sarmatian shaft to call, Do weapons cease, and have the fable handes given by at last, Thy bowe, but if thy hardy, yet to 'thee a toole may reach: I long to perep of thy hand, my bowe, byr pet will I stretch.'

Like guillitlese Licas mangle me despere in other towndes, and so forth. My coopers, and hurt me, to a world beyond the troublesome bowens. Trounce me like monster Arcadie 0 ought that did rebell, And yet thou shalt do nought but that becommes an husband wel. Hi. I pray you mother spare your selfe, forgive your sonne lot, If ye offend of pynone, then blame devise ye not. Do. If thou regard true honesty, thy wretched mother say. Why tremblest thus thy seareful hand, why lookest thou away? Such lane shalbe a sacrifice why dallard dost thou fear? I prouide thy father Hercules, this hand, this hand atear Hath murderd him whereby I have done thee a more despyre, Then say I did, for that my wonder did bring thee for to light. It yet thou know not how to kill, then prouide thy son on me.
Hercules Oeteus.

If as thou like within my throat the blade that sheathed be
Or if to paunch thy mother soone thou meanes to take in hand
To yield her headis to ghost to thee thy mother still shall wanders.
It shall not wholly be thy deede, by thee it shall be done.
And caused by my wit to be, Art thou Alcides soon
And art afraid do that thou never great exploits achieve as she
How passe the weake such steel of armes and neighbours so to continue.
If any monster should be bred thy fathers courage new
And to it with uncareful armes, to overcharge with woes.
By breath, ten bare into thy hand, Steppke, I thy guilt vengeous.
The fiends infernal for their fame thy soule shall never greese a nook.
What yoking nephe is this we hear, what hagge here have weounded.
That heares about her wytten taken these blyes adders woundes.
And one her at some temples upkeep her blackest innes do wastes.
Why chafe me with burning brandes Megera swiftly hagges, goe to
Alcides calms burne, vengeance these, and that I will him get.
But have the judges doke of hell for it in counsell se.
But of the headfull dungeon dozes why thundrfuling leaves the ground.
What auence yere to be that on his carred shoulder brests.
The unworthy stone that borne, both top againe both downward receveth.
O what is it that plauers his king upon the whirling wheeles.
To heare solitary Tiphon, with Arme and gladly face,
And did demande with Scaring eyes the manner of the case.
O spare thy grapes Megera spare, and with thy brandes away.
Th' offence I did was mere in love, but whether do I swape.
The grand and linkes, the stone doth ercase, whether went this raging.
How at the world with gazing eye stand glaring me about as froustes.
On every side the people grudge and call for their defence.
Be good to me O nations whother, shall I get me hence.
Death onely in my soode oflaid there may my sorrowes by.
I do press the steep wheels that Phebus charro guide.
That bearst I dye and leave the worlde, ther Herales per behindes.
Hi, I sweep the runners agast: ape me, she hath fillede her mynd.
For purposed she was to die and now remaynes my will.
For to prevent her that by force besette she shall not kill.
O misers ble pities, if I ny mother sake
I am a goe to my father then, but if into the grave.
I let her go, then to see her respose some there times.
And thus alas on either side great mischiles dotharies.
The tenth tragedie.

But needs her purpose must be had to his and take in hand
To stop her desperate enterprize and mischief to withstand.

Chorus.

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

Dame Natures byrdes each on must slope
when death throwes out the lure,
The head wyth Crispen lockes,
or goulden hayres full:
In time hath borne an hoary bush,
or bin a naked skull.

And that which tract of time
doeth bring out of the grayne,
Olde S A T V R N E sharps his Syth at length,
and to reape it downe agayne.

Though P H O E B V S ryse at morne,
with glistring rayes full proude,
Hee runnes his race, and ducketh downe
at length in foggy Clowde.

To th G etans O R P H E V S sang
such kinde of melody.

And how the gods themselves were bounde
to lawes of destiny.

The God
The God that doth the yeares
By egall partes dispose,
Howe fatall webbe in euery clyme:
are dayly spunne he showes.
For all thinges made of mould
The grunde agayne will gape,
As Hercules preacheth playne by profe
that nothing can escape.
For shortly shall ensue
Discarge of Natures Lawe
And out of hanc in the gloming claye
of doome shall ouerwaide drowne
Then all that lies within
The scorching Libicke clyme,
The poale antarticke of the South
shall ouerwhelme in tyme;
Poale articke of the North
Shall imycle all that byes
Within the Axeltree, whereon,
drye BORES blasing styes
The shiuerenge Sunne in Heauen
Shall lese his fadyng lighte.
The Palace of the frames of Heavens
shall runne to ruin quight.
And all these blockish Gods
Some kynd of Death shall quell,
And in confused CHAOS bynde:
they shall for ever dwell,
And after ruin made
Of Goblin Hegge, and Else,
Death shall bringe small destynye,
at last upon it selfe.

Where
V Vhere shall be then bestowed
The world so huge a masse,
The beaten hie way unto hell
is like away to passe,
To leade unto the Heauens
That shall be layed flatt:
The space betwene the Heauen and earth,
inough thynke ye is that?
Or is it not to much
For worldly miseryes:
V Vher may such heaps of sinnes be lodgd
what place aboue the skyes?
Remaynes, but that the sea
V Vith Heauen and lowest Hell,
Three Kingdomes caft in one are like
within one roofe to dwell.
But hark what roaring cre,
Thus beates my fearefull eare
But lo its Hercules that yelles
tis Hercules I heare.
Hercules Oetenus.

THE FOURTH
ACTE

Hercules, Chorus.

Cry ye, retie thy breathing breasts,
O Titan bleeding bright,
Unfold thy mitsy mantle blacke
of dim and darksome Night:
And dash this dreary day wherein.
I Hercules must die.

With blentish black of stitky fogge despite the grievly sterve:
Preser my stepdames naughty wind. Now should I have resignde,
(O Father) my inheritance of Pluocrates dungeon bynd
Heaven frames would here & there be bust, & either post could crack,
Why spared thou the naves and left the Hercules go to wight?
Now Ioue take round about the heavens, and if thou canst stoppe
On grant heave the Thebeall cityes against thatslated stype
Unburnded be Enceladus of bigge Offe hill,
And hurled be on Hercules the mighty mountane still
Browde Pluto shall unbare the gates of blacke and glummy cause.
Yet maugre all their might (o Father Ioue) I wil thee saue
From tory of thy foes, and fer thee by againe in shres,
Yet to Ioue, loe, hes that on earth thy thunderdome supplies,
And for to be thenrtaunt of the boutees on earth was honde.
Is sent to burning Limbo lake in remenences to be tyme
The serene Enceladus agayne in ramping rage that rys-
And hurt the weightie (that now doth crowd him downe) against the
Thug by my death they shall presume to conquer heaven all
But ere that day bypon my cozye compel the heavens to fall
Breake downe, breake downe, the wellin that thou suffrest to decay.
Ch. O some of thundr thumping Ioue no shadowes do theye frag.
Now Ossa mount of Thesalie that Pelion hill downe crueth.
And Athos pride on Pindus toppe his blysly hed shall pull
Among the stary skes therebye aboue the cragge rockes.
Typhon's sly charm, and thund'ret with nope of bale toying knoc'hes
Uranus borne in Tyrian sea from thence eke Ham he beat.
The snaky forge of Ae'na mount, that glod'ed with glowing heate
Encle'adus not overthrown yet with the thunder cracke.'!
Shal hern the mountaine spire in twayne, and trulle it on his backe.'
The lig'es of heauen that follow thee, and gee with thee to wrecke
Her, I that returnde from demes of death, and sigian streame desye'd:
And ferred over Leches lake, and drage up, chained, and spye'd
The triple headded mastiffe hownd, when Tyran's teeme did caste
So at the aungly light that he set almost from his cart.
Even I whole with the kingdome's three of Gods ful we have knowne
To ye myne end I daunted am by death and overthowne.
But yet no bloude blade against my riued ribsbes, both crash
It is no rock that vnto death my bruised bones doth paly
No, as it were with Oly hill that cloven were in twayne,
No; with the sway of all the mountaine falling am I shown.
The staring eyed giant greem both not now squeeze my coarse
With paste of Pindus roch and thus not seing enempes foce
I conquerd am and yet alas this coarste frees me more
O feeable force of man: he whom no might could match before
Withouten any conquest made doth end his letter day,
Without ecplot or fear of armes my selfe I passe away.
O mighty bumpter of the world and all ye Ghostes abow
That witness how in quarell good my right hand ever strove
O all ye landes, Death alas, may it your mercy please
To spople the spiteful fling of death that dauntes your Hercules
Es, ese, what shame is it to be a what stichy fate we have?
A woman prordwe Hall boost her bone brought Hercules to his grave.
Then what are they whose mortall mayne Alcides weapon gane
If thus with swop invincible my fatal wheele do run
And neede must on this shamefull rocke my fatal weel be spunne:
As by a woman curfed by my bloud shoule thus be spied
Yet lunoces mastiffe migh have poued this venge lance on my head.
So ought a woman's deadly hand have brought me to my bleece:
But yet a woman weldeing swop amond the welkin clere.
But this seemde every prowde attempt for Gods to take in hand
The paples daine in Scithia borne where plight on his doth stand
The Apestree whereon the underprop'd poates do swop.
It might as wel have been her hap to take by breast away,
What womans might may matter me Junoes hatefull fee.
Hercules Oteus.

For Neptune spry the following fame by this to thee both grow.
Why doest thou triumph in this day? why did fame Tellus breathe
Such various bugges thy humour rash of colour horse to feed?
A mostall womans praeliske sight doth passe thy racour rough,
Thou shalt thou cannot have revenge on Hercules though
Then are we twayne & passe the power the Gods may blithe for they
To see their might overcome by such a mostall dame.
Would God the ramping Lyons pawe that naged Neme woodes,
Had Alide his greedy mounting Jawes with plenty of my bloude:
Or while the twaining flakes had humberde mee in by hundreds thick,
Why might nor Hydra swallow up my wretched body quick?
Why was it not the centaures hap my stiff flesh to gnawe ?
Or that I bounte on Tantalis rothe shoulde gape with greedy Jawes:
In bryn to catch the queting foode when steep from Tartar soyle,
Where at the Gods aggrized were, I did purpoyne the spoole.
And from the darch infernall Syx I get againe to light,
Or Dire's dungeon all the foops and stanes I conquored plight.
Death stapanke from mee in every place that I a noble knight
As length might ende my dares to shawe, and in dishonour spoyle.
Oh love the creatures terrible thou knowest that I have spoile
The ephodde shapen matrife cure whome by I dragge in chayne,
Hee startting from the somewarde could not bale mee back againes.
The shepehers churliche rabble that aloose in Icer bee
Under the Spanshe fierent chyve could never matter mee.
Drop serpentes twayne that [uru mee in tender crash's crash.
Aye were is mee that valiant death so oft I overriape:
What honour shall I dye withall? CH. Beholde how death and hell
Cannot appease the veroccus mynde that of deluring well.
By guillesses conscience wart out hath the death that doth him spoyle,
Itkes not as thus of such an one to take this STiby spoyle.
If with this tormenttie were lost, his mynde would much be casde,
As with unwelldy Spantes swap hee had his body squeade.
CH. Tityan burden with his monkers all he woulde abyde,
Or wishes of raging Spants rent in pieces to have byde,
And if thy delesfull death because that monker none is left.
Who may be wordly thought by whom Alcides life bee rest?
But shune one hand to doe the deed. HE. Are me and will away,
What Scoptyon scapest within my Pawe? what crafting Crab I say
With crookring cleaze to comber mee, from scoetching zone returnes,
And hoate within my bopling bones the seathing Varows burnes.

By Blaise
The tenth tragedie.

My River whilst ranke of blinde my rotting Lungs it lawes, And teareth them in hatred gabs, and silly withered stawes. And now my Call is tyed by my burning Lyuer gloves. The seething heate bath strike about the blinde, and looke thee knowes My upper skin is scorcht away and thus the Carbussttke. Dooth eare an hole that get it may wretched Limmes amonge, And from my spring Ribs (alias) my Lyuer quites rent. It gluowes my flesh, devovers all, my Carbussttke is spent; It loseth into the empty bones, and out the force it suckes. The bones by loose part of while it the torntes a Sunder pluckes. My sapulent Carbussttke is confamnde of Hercules stucly him. Per chaunche nor the severing rot that feeded fast on him. O what a tingling ache it is that makes me thus to smart; O bitter plague, O pestilence that gripeth to the heart.

Are these the armes that did with stripes the roaring Lyon bathe? And in Nemeas wood did teare him from his hayr cafe. Might this hand bea thow from cloudes the Stymphall soule to chases Are these the shadows that copy the heart who hising pace full off? Did beare his braunchd head pyraunch with garlond gap aloft? Was Calpe craggy clitte of these my feeble cloches broake? To raspe a dam in seas that did their foamy channel choke. Had these armes pith the breast of Kings of Beastes, and hogs to stop? Or might these shoulders tough the palse of heauen underpop? Are these the lusty Limms and Neck that spank nor at the palse? Are these the hands that Iagpyt the weating heauen did raspe? Alas whose handes that all now perfecst from hence bell Joylours leade? Alas the noble courage earth that now in mee is brayde.

Who call I love my Father great of whom my Rock should speke? Why by the Thunderer make I my chalenge to the skies? Now, now Amprio is my ste all men may it aunch. Come our shou murrepp soule that doth within my bowells stouch. Why doth thou thus with purp wound my carsefull Carbus stoule? What gulph under the frozen Clime in salvage Scithian stoule Engendred thee? what water Hag did spawned thee on the hose? O, O, Calpe Rock in Speyne that borders on the Moare. O pines one till, and art thou not the Serpente that doth sing With crest an owly head, or ols some other lothly thing, O, sponge of Hydras bloude, or left here by the hellick hound. Art thou no plague? and yet a plague in whom all plagues abound?
Hercules Oetaeus.

What gentle countenance carst thou (alas) yet let me know?
What kind of mischief may thou be that dost torment mee so?
What savage loze, or murreyn strange, or uncouth plague thou beest?
With open combat face to face thou shouldst encounter mee.
And not thus rashcal in my flesh, nor soke into the sap.
By soweering heart within my bones the boiling bane to warp,
And in the mid thereof to try the Maroe that both melt.
My tagged skin is ript, and out my smoky Bvelleis swell.
From burnen paunch my selke do clea the skin with grasping pawse.
And from the naked bones do rear the mangled flesh by flames,
I searched for thee through my Maroe, yet further dost thou creeps.
And felting farther in my flesh hath gnawne an hole more deep.
Of mischief meet to Hercules, what griefes could make mee grieve?
Where flow these dreams of trilling tears, & down my cheeks do fleets.
The time hath bin no plunging pangues could cause our courage quaille.
That never ble with crystal tears our angushy to bewraye.
Ah, I, am ashamed that I should weare these teares to shed:
That Hercules in weeping wise his griefes hath languished:
Who ever saw at any day in any time or place?
All bitter bounts I bare with dry, and eake bareby face.
The manhoode that so many ills hath maistered hereof?
Hath yeelded onely unto thee, to thee thou Cankar soze,
Thou art of all hale estrange the teares out of my weeping eyes.
The gargle face thy visage wan that both mee soze aggriese.
More tough then moste Rodes, more harte then Gods of harte steele,
Of roaming dreame of Simplegade, whereby this smart I see.
Hath cruel my cracking Iawes, s wrong the creaming teares from mee.
O winder of the Welkin twilite, loe, loe the Earth both see.
How Hercules both weere and waple, and to my greater paine.
My Stepdame Luno sees the same, beholde, beholde again.
My Lunes doe fry, the scotching heate pseuoplyt moxe, and moxe.
Whence fell this thunder Boulte on mee that burns in mee so ze.
O, who daupher not whie griefes doth gatt moxe tough the Aem of Thrace.
Whos whitemearty Hercules, and did no moxe grieue place.
Then doe the marble exlittere, his Lins mee now doth estibe.
To papneall pangues: and on his Neck his aung heade both wiede,
And toiling still from Ade to Doc, hee bendes with huge swap,
And ocke his noble heart both foze his trilling tearees to say.

Hercules.
The tenth tragedie.

Hercules. Alcmena.

Father with thy heavenly Eyes,
Behold my wretched plight,
For never HERCUL'ES till now
Did crave thy hande of might,
Nor when as Hydra's fruitful heads
About my Armes were wounde,
Nor when I Locke in Lakes slow
Fought with th' infernal houndes.

These hideous fends I sloyde, with kings, & mauntes powde likewise,
Yet in these broples I never look for succour to the lykes.
This hand did still avouch the powre, no thunder for my sake
Did glitter in the holy heauen, this day hath bid mee make
Some sute to thee, and of my boonese ye be heeres the first and last.
One onely thunder bout: I crave at mee D I love to call.
Count mee a Giaunt of my selfe, I can no leste deuise,
While love I thought of promis true, I spandre the sarry stiles.
Beware the crueller, of pity if thou have,
Yet lend thy londe thy selfe, and get the glory of my graue:
Preventing this my beare death, of this if thou doe skorne,
O that thy hand abhorre the guilt, from Sicil clime subpome.
The soutirng Gaunts that in hand high Pindus mount can wellde,
Ossa that it hurde on mee I may therefore beseteste,
Blast up hell Gates, and let Bellone scourge mee with Iron rod,
And lee in armes encounter mee the mighty Mariall God,
My brother I acknowledge him but by my stepdames side,
And Dallas thou my other cake, let at thy brother side
I thirling Darte. O stepdame myne with humble suitte I crave
A wounde of thee that womanes hand may bring mee to my graue,
Why dost thou seeke thy fury nowe as one whose wath were ende
And satisfied what seeke yet more? I loupe, I perde, I bend.
Thou seest Alcides humbly layde, where as unto this day
That ever I entreated thee, no Hand, no Beast can says.
Now doe I neede thy deadly wath to rid mee of my paine,
And now thy ransoure is approade, thy hate to quencht againe.
And thou sparest mee my life, when as I wilke to dye:
Earth will none make mee the firr wherein my bones may rep?
Nor reach a blade to Hercules, convay pee all from mee?
So let no country Monsters breed, when I shall buried be,
Hercules Octæus.

And let none waple the losse of mee if monsters more appe, God lend another Hercules to succour Earth and Sages. But as for mee on every side ding out my beased dayne, And crash with hardy Stroke of stones me cursed Scoll in twayne And rid my tormentes: wilt thou not? O wostede to mee daynde, And are so soone our benefits forgotten in the mynde. 

Son to this hourer with bugs and beasts thou hast bin over layde, Had not I bin: good people cause his tormentes to beayde. That succeth you: time glues you to reve to recompence my payne, If pee with death will garen me. I sake none other payne. 

AL. Where shall I wretched mother of Alcides wiste to bee? Where is my chylde? where is my sonne? If light deceave not mee With gaffing mouth, and panting heart tse where bee spiralling eyes. Where as (alas) in raging heart of hoyling fits bee eyes, Here gone, all is dispache, beare child bee Alcides myne. Embrace thy pining limes: with bitter enlouside my armes in thyne. Where are the limes? where is the necks that bare the stiles alone? What thus hath mangled thee that all thy corps is waste and gone? HE. I am your Hercules mother beeare, whom thus see here lost, Acknowledge mee all though God knowes I seeeme but as a ghost. Why doe you turne your face away and mourning blisage imple. Are see ahande that Hercules should counted bee your chylde? 

AL. What wold we haue this vacouthe bug? what land engendred it? O els what monstrous mischief may on thee triumphing sit? Who is that conquers Hercules? HE. By treason of his Wife Thou seest how wretched Hercules do lease his loathed Lyke. 

AL. To over or how my Hercules, what treason hath the might? HE. That which a sathfull Dame doth seake to ease her of her spight. AL. How hath this pestilence gotten to thy Lungs and bleeding bones? HE. Into a Shpct the woman had consayde it for the nonce. 

AL. Where is the Shpct for nothing but the naked corps I see? HE. The beakure by the popson ranke denonzed is with mee. AL. And can such popson be countred? HE. I thinkes within my guts, That hideous Hydra bissing Snake his owghe body puts, A thousand plagues of Lena Poole within my Bowles rampes: What raging heate is this that dozes up all Sicilia dampe? What Clime of Hell forbidst the das to paste the boiling zone? O Duces amid the greedy galphes and pooles let me be throwne. What lite can my Cruise coote is not the Ocean mayne. Of these my shewing vapours may the raging quench agayne?

Ell mog-
The tenth tragedie.

(Almoplyre of my limes in these my skies are f; be away)

The tyrce wil fone be soaked up, what president of he
Let me returne from under grounde agayne with Ioue to dwell.
He ought to have respand me still, receive me once agayne
Into the dungeon darke that yet may in this pitcke planne
Behold the man that conquered fe, no booty hings I will
Swap with me: why doth then quake for fear of Hercules still.
Set on me death copagiously for now I may be hide
A how blent the tender tears that down th' chekes so long have flild,
And marster this thy malady compleatly foppres floupe.
And now that in these plunging panges Alcides did not broupe,
And as it bath bene cast thy gursse force death and hel to shynke.
Her. If eugly gressed Caucas, In pathway of proue linke
Should bend me as agronting pray the greedy grepe to secede
Yet from mynerees it should not Arayne a broke teare in deed.
If wandring Symplegads wer me with ephir rocke stattys,
To bove the bunt of double wraike my courage would not quail.
Let Pindus tumble be on me, howge Aemus let me have
O! Achos rocke in Thaetan seas that breaks the wettering wave,
And boke the boulites of thonding Ioue although thunweedy masse.
Of all the world should sat on me and might be brought to passe
That Phæbus flaming speclere should burne uppon my grave
No uncorrh crpe should force the mind of Hercules thus to raue.
Let mere a thousand saugge beales and rent me at al once
Let Symphal routes with bunting hoares tep strokes uppon my bones.
O! scrowling but on thother Wyde Orkhe on with head and hopne.
O! els of other serpentes withde let at my partes be toge
With rozmg earthquakes, howge lumps be puffed uppon me.
With griping greese let all my limes to nothing prec bee
Although I be to powder ecruch I will with pacience peace
In spite of beales or hugging blowes my sghes and teares that sears.
A£, It is not somne the wanting bone that in the bones both botte
But seeling teares and brooking knocbes of the continual tople.
The watches old with aking panges begin to smartly swor.
HE. O where to death where is hee now? of all that I do rewe?
Can any witness what it is yet death now bend his bow
A naked band is streng enough to make mee floupe but low
Let any might in at the worlds attempt to ser on mee
I warrant him, appnow hee him, By watched might I be

Cr 39

This
Hercules Oetaeus.

This wayward agony hath take his peril wits away.
Domence here his toolest, and tace his shaftes for daunger hence comyn.
His ruddy gills that glow like her some mischise doe pretend.
To showde my selfe (alas) into what corner hall I wend?
This malady a freusly is, this onely is the meane
To conquer Hercules, why then doe I as doting quane
Thus fail to teares and seekst to pryke, may bee that she will have.
Alcmenas hand to give the stroke, to bring him to the graue.
But dye he in a Murreynes name, ere I for coward will
Such deable penance bee enyoynde, that on my doings still,
His bayous hand may haunt it selfe, loe how the paunges full beere,
With daggling caed, doe binde the purple bannes with deady beere,
And bateing sore life vp and downe his sante and panting beed:
If I D Gods of this my noble Childe bee disposed:
Be gracious yet, and for the worde some lufy champion sake.
Bid his anmog and let his laines agayne theyr courage have.

Hyllus. Alcmena, Hercules.

Dismall day, O anguyle, O
the beaperby of ill.
Ioues Sonne isayne, his Daughter dyes,
his Nephew yspeth still.
First by the Stepdames treason, is
the Sonne to ruin brought.
The Daughter Likewise trapt in trapnes,
and thereby come to naught.

What hoary head in chaunge of tunes, or teanour of his age
Hath seene, that Fortunes crowning Face hath fured such stormy rage.
One dolefull day bereaunth mee (alas) of parents swayne.
But leaft I speake to spire the Gods, I will somewhat refrayne.
I lost a Father, Hercules this onely I complayne.
AL. O noble Impe of Hercules, (alas) my Nephew beare.
That dole of wretched Alcmenas Sonne the lively feature beare.
Refrayne my childe thy worling woodes, this quiet beere perhaps
Will overcome these plonging bee. But loe! loe! in my lap.
Shee doth begin to stirrie agayne, his she beginneth.
Sleepe grieving by the leabe ghost to randike in the flesh.
The tenth tragedie.

HE. What meanest Thrachin craggy crest to view before mine eyes?

OP. now toppling man am I aduanst above the skies.

Why do the heavens procure for me the father Jove I see,

And take my stepdame Juno dire appeased now with me.

What heavenly harmony is this that soundeth in mine ear?

Dame Juno calls me some in law,like the palace clear

(Of choral skies and beaten rakes of Phoebus blazing wheels)

I see the dumpish moary doun of glowing lady night.

Here be commandeth darkness dim to shew it self in light.

What meaneth this, who is it that the heavens against me spares?

And am I thus my fether mine brought doun againe from heavens.

Euen now Apollon's sweating car did hum about my face.

Soone I past the pinch of Death, to I thrachin top in place.

Who brought me backe to ground againe, beneath me cast it lay.

And at the world was under me, thou smaile were wonne away.

Thou fozeke me confess the same. Thy mercy, mercy now.

In stead of farther vengeance do these humble words allow.

To Hillas, to the mothers giften such presents she prepare

Ah, my truncheon punch her puddinges once as whilom farts.

The haughty Ladye Amazon well troubled for her pride.

On thedge of the Caucasus afront the mountayne side.

O noble lady Megara were thou my wretched wife.

When rapte in rage of frantike stres, I rest thee of thy life.

Give me my bate and bow in hand, my wrestles I wil imbrow.

And force ye all your bages on me with blently blacke to rue.

Thus let of Heracules exploits a woman be the last.

Hi, fo, beare O Sire thy hateful threats, he hath it, all is past.

The vengeance that ye seke on her already hath her spoed.

With wound receyued at your hand my mother leest dead

(Her, I blindest anquish; bye the should of Heracles furious hand)

Thus Liceas hath his marrow lost the beast of burning brest.

Wil have me on the breastless coarse for to revenge the rest.

Why doth she not ye seke her force both let her want a graces.

And on her cursed flesh to feede let beateles her carkasse hawe.

Hi, the wily woman was more woe then ye that bite the smare.

We will release some part hereof for pity in your hart.

For greese of you with her owne hande, alas her life the new.

Thus more then ye do alke of her, the death her doyng rows.
Hercules Oetæus.

But is it not your Wikes illdeede that brought you to this plighe?
Do not my mothers treauprue hand hath wrought this diepee decole.
This treason Nellus did contrue whom see reed pay his hire;
With arrow shot into his Ribs for rape of Deianire.

Thus father with the Centaures bloud your nypt was sace embrewe.
At Nellus hand the vengeauce of your deede thus have pecreoved.
HE. He dith his will: all is dispache, our Fates themselves display.
This is the day of death to mee. Thus earc to mee did say;
A charmed Oake, and all the wood that range with petting nope;
Of Parnoss hill the Temples shooke, and thundred out his booles.
The dead mans hand whom thou before haste layne,
O Hercules, shall marther thee agayne.
Thou hauing mot the space of gulph and grounde,
And deapth of hell, heare shall thou bee confounde.
I therefore doce be weare no more, thus should our ending bee.

That Hercules conquerde after him no man attre may see.
Now let mee dye a manly death, a sour and excellent,
And mee for mee: this noble day shall vallantly bee spent.
Fell all the timber on the grounde new downe all Of Eta wood.
Let coales devour Hercules, let her fry his bloud.
But ere I dye thou noble Impre of Peens royall race.

This dolefull durye doe for mee: See that an whole day space,
Wp funerall for flaming burne, And now my tender Hill,
The last perctton of my mouth make unto thee I will.
Among the captiue Ladies, one there is, a noble Dame,
Of royall bloud, Eurius Chryse, Iole is her name;
Accept her to thy souall Bed, whom biceour I buikind.
Have trayned from her natuye home and but my heart, and mynde.
Poore slip maybe I gaue her nought, and now shee shall mee lose.
Looe the best wounded woman wotles her still encreasy woce.
But let her knowe that the bath conceaued as loves slip,
And childe to mee, beere mynde her that earst begot bave I;
And so for thy deare mother wote youe darcy pole forgoe.

Your Hercules shall hauue: do ce not poyntte reece on him bestowe;
My manhood made a strumper thought a Steppame unto thee.
But if that other Hercules by thy wotde her valoure to bee.
Or be a man my fer of els be satisfied my kin.

How let Iones ruthless scale, and let my mothers Haunter kin,
I have descened a father well that have aduanst to hpe.
The glory of the rolling heauens, of nature trands was I.

To worke
The tenth tragedy

To work the wonderous people of love, and love him selfe both joy,
To have the name of Hercules, begetting such a boy.
But pardon now my dragned tears, but you as love his niece,
Shall as a fairely marrow bee among the Daues of Greece.

Though Juno with the thunderer in spousall chamber yses
And in her haerunts hand both weide the sceptre of the skies;
When ever bare shee such a Babe, and yet though heauen shee should
In heart against a mortall man the fowlers matrice ouilde,
For lyghtes that borne of womenes wonds becounted thus I should.

Goe Titan goe, run out the Race; see onely I to take.
I there went with thee foote by foote nowe to th'heavenall lake,
And Ghostes, I goe yet with this people to th'pit down will I passe
That Hercules of open for yet never copied was.

But bee in open combats brought his conquests all to passe.

Chorus.

O Titan crownd with blazing buff whose morning moystures make
The Moone her foamy bittel from her riper teame to take.
Declare roth Gairelings whereas the roodi moone both ryse.
Declare unto the Irishmen loose at western Skyes.
Make knowne unto the Moores annoyned by flaming arentree.
Theose that with the ryse Wayne of Achaia pester bee.
Display to these that Hercules to th'eternal ghoeses is gone
And to the bailing matriffes den from whence returneth none.

With bulging bame of blithe fog O Titan choose thy biaze,
With towneing light of warny Globe on wofull wordsline gaze.
And let thy head bee maffed by with cloudes and darknesse dim.
For Hercules sake, when shall thou finde ay where the lyke to him?
(Drenched wordle to whom wilt thou henceforth thy woes espaine.)
If any scattering pestillence on earth Hall be renewde,
By venom rank, from popson mouth of scaly Dragon swewde :
If any Horse of Arcadic Hall comber all a wood.
And rear the travellers lees with tusks embowed in goopy blood:
If any champion rought of Thrace, with heart more hard in breast,
Then are they more roches, where as the frozen Heare both red.
Shall trample thicke his taba soule with blood of daugterd men,
When people quake for feare of warre, who shall allis them twin?

If wath.
Hercules Octaeus.

If wrathfull Gods for vengeance will some monsters to be bred?
Loo nowe infected all of force his Barbasse leech head,
Whose nature would had made a march to the dying love in length.
Hate out (alas) and let your playne be hearde to towres at length.
Let women beat their naked arms, and bying their trembling hands
Unruffle their hapze, and from theri locas pluck of their binding bands.
Woule by, and lock the Temple gates of Gods, and saxe bee none.
But despiit lunoes Chapple doares, O Hercules thou art gone
To Lethes lake, and streame of Sux, from whence no Hoote agayne
Shall bring thee backe: O Alas soule thou goest to repairne
Among the grisly godlings gremme: from whence thou whilom came.
With triumph sooner daunted death, and conquest of the same.
With gassy race, and harsayne armes, and such that recollects to weight.
The ghost returns, but Caans hoaste then shall not have her straige,
As balsased with the onely page, and yet a site thou not be do.
Among the refall sprites, but sit on bench by Lacus Aide,
And with the Judges tranye of Creete as Umpiter there to bee,
Appoynting vppes to soules that mare to their desartes agree.
Fro slaughter how yore guiltlesse hands, hath not yore bladeis in blood.
See stater, that bear high force on earth, and sante in worldly good:
It merite people a mayden sword buldye in geare to beare.
And while thou rape, to keep thy reatime from cruell doings cleare.
Bat vertue hath a papulous to passe unto the stater.
Tod top of frosten Apill tree O Hercules wilt thou rise?
O where the sunne with scorching blaze his burning beames both rest?
O wilt thou bee a Syrting starre amind the lukewarme west?
Where Calpe Roke is heard with roaring noile of waisting wave?
What place amid the azur skye extended thou to have?
What place shall be in all the heavens from hurley hurley tree?
When Hercules amid the stardes shall enterreved bee?
Let love appoynt the byding from the ougley Lion carre,
And burning Crab leat thou with grizzly countenance do the starre.
And make the trembling starres in heaven for free to break aray
And Titan quake:while spring both prakn with flowers y tender sprake, 
Then halie winter sup the trees of all their branches greene.
O sudden Summer decke with leaves in bushy woods be scene.
And from the trees the Apples fall, the hardnest being done:
No age on earth shall wipe away the same that thou hast wone.
As farre as Sun,2 Stars can shine, the glorious name shall goe.
Amid the botome of the Sea first Epeine shall sprout, and grow,
And blace.
And brackish Seas his waters salt to water fresh shall change:
And fixed starre of thy beare from Clime to Clime shall range,
And sink into the frozen poole against his kindly sway,
Ere people cease the honours of thy triumphes to display:
With bloody champions let the earth encombz bee no more:
Call downe the hafty sway of Courtes: if ought annoyance loze
Shall cloy the earth, a champion to bee our lyfe bee eare,
Whom as an honour of the Crowne his rumpfull realm may have.
(That still will keepe his sword from being taint with guiltie bloud.)
But loe what means this rumbling noize? loe Herocles sier both grove,
And aggheth for his sonne: is it the Gods that wage, and more.
Or is it Iunoes fearefull shrike, whom Herocles doth agrise,
That seeing him for fear his roares, and runneth from the hyges.
Or els did Aclas sating feere with feeble flurring rumble?
And seinking from his rorring weight thus force the Gods to rumble?
Or seared he the wanting ghostes, the which to seare he blame?
Or Cerberus doth his gingling Thymes with builderling in his cave.
It is not so: but loe where Philoetes doth appeare,
And Herocles famous name to him bequeathd doth bee beare.
Hercules Oetæus.

THE FIFT
A C T E.

Nutrix, Philoctetes.

If Hercules most heavie hapd
Good young man make report:
How did he hear it at his death?

PH. In such a chearefull sorte
As no man lives. NV. And could he with
so sweeter and merry lookes,
The scorching pangs and tormentes of
his ending her brooke?

PH. That there was any heare at all his face did not bewray,
Who prov'd that power might force all things to thope and to obey:
That under some unarme he. NV. Where did the noble knight,
Among the waftling waues of sea display his matchlesse might:
PH. That in these which all only yet the worlde knew not before,
Even she hath bin conquer'd as braves, and monsters more.
Among the topics of Hercules the sere is crept in.

NV. Declare us how the flaming force of her couldst thee win.
PH. As soon as she with smarting hand the Oetæ hill had Griffith,
And forthwith from her breasted chest she shuffling shad was wipst:
And fellst from the stumps it lies, a pyn tree hard he bentest,
That cracks the clowdes, down from shyes his hawpe head he leades:
The booke did tother ready for to recite, and with the same
It tumblith downe, a little group withall it beares away.
A spreading Oak of Chaoon big, whose leaves did ever rush,
And dimde the sunne, and did beneathe the woodes his branches push.
It being hewed both crack, and cake in twaine the wedges knappes:
The steele staktes back and thus the toole of Iron bides the rappes,
And flies out of the Logge, at length at roceze it sedge and hooke,
And falling downe full lythly the overthrow it tooke.

Forthwith the place lost all his light, the brode senced fro their nest
Doe soare about the crept wood, and holes wherein to rest,
And chirping with their weary wings about the plot they sicker.
In every tree the ringing strokes were multiplied theicher.

The holy
The tenth tragedy

The holy Dakes in hugy hand the Iron Axe did seake.  
No tender on the fallen rocks might scape the burning steel,  
Thus all the wood upon a pile is heape, and one by one  
The Logges are lade as hight as heauen that Hercules thereon  
Might have a narrow room: his burning bones for to hewlow.  
On Penetree top, and towghes Dake the bar begins to glowe.  
And on the slomped willowe Ramth, and thus the forest wyde  
Doth make the Hill: the Popier wood all Hercules blocks both hyde.  
But as the puissant Lyon when his stre boe heere his foze,  
Lies wallowing on his back, and through the forest bowde both roze.  
So faireth he, who woulde have thought he had to burning gon?  
As one that climbs to heauen, not her, he was to looke upon  
When vp he stept on Oeta mount and gaz'd on his Hill.  
Being lade aloft he brake the blocke, so beauf was hee still.  
The hygnes yet coulde not beare his weught he calling for his bow  
Did say to me, have Philocler, on thee I it bow low,  
This space is it that Hydra with his swarming heads did know, 
This did setch downe the Umphall toules, and all that we had daunting.  
Goe thou with this let victoy, and happinesse thee haunt,  
For never shall thou have against the foes with these bat spede:  
It at a bynde amid the cloudses thou same thee dies indeede.  
The rest of these shotes shall bring thy matter downe from the azur sky.  
This bow shall not because the hand, full oft I it try,  
And made it more to beare a shafe, and cast his teame still dew.  
The seares shall not sapye thyne same if that thou nock them trew.  
I ask but only this of thee, put her to the Stack,  
Bellow on mee my funerall flame to bring me to my wack.  
The clarke Club (quoth her) the which no hand shall ever tosse  
Shall only with his Hercules in her goe to tosse.  
The other (quoth her) shouldst thou have if thou couldst the same,  
Beside his matter let it lye to help towards the flame.  
And then beside him down he lapes the Lyons happy skin  
To burne with him: the shagre case hit all the pile within.  
The people slabe, and none there was but sorrow sympathe his teares.  
The mother mad for esgar griefe her breast all bare her beares,  
And naked downe with bell all shee stede displaces her tender teares.  
And languishing with wrunged hands her naked bugges, her beares  
And crept out upon the Gods on love himselfe thee caile.  
Her shakke rang through all the place so womanlike shee gateth.
Hercules Octæus.

Be still (quoth he) good mother: force your bowyes of tears to cease;
Your bieare doe disgracefully much the death of Hercules.
War is secret into your selfe: why make ye luny glad,
To see that you a weeping day with store of tears have had?
(If both her good to see her bawdes, to stand with weeping eyes.)
Forbear, forbear your malady, this deadly flame for ye,
To see the teares, and rent the wombe, that first did foster me.
And as he wistfully grunting, when earth he fed in chaise
The howld aboute the townes of Greece what yme he came agayne:
Triumphing over conquered he by dispence Pluto's might,
And dreadful desitie: so on the lyne he lay upright.
What conquerour ever saw in coach with such a cheerfull grace?
What tyrant did control his liffe by law with such a face?
Now hie he was al stye at his death himselfe he could not weep:
And so we had clean forgot the wound of sorrows deepe.
None both lament him at his death now were it shame to wepe:
Alcmena (whom nature ought to move) her teares now doth spee.
And thus as ill as was the same the mother floode almost,
N. But at his burning did he not call on the heavenly hold,
Remembering Jove to heare his suete. Ph. As on in depe displays;
He lay, and staring up so round his eyes into the ape:
To spee if Jove lookt downe to him from any turrete bye.
The grace by his handes displayed to heaven (quoth he) Where to thou ly.
And lookt downe to se thy suete, this same, this same is he.
Whom one day reeved with a night engendred bane to thee.
At Cass and West of Scithia, and every burning plot.
That parched is with glowing glede of Phoebus her hot.
Both sing in praises and if the earth ful satisfie with peace.
If languishing and warling woodes in every towne doe cease.
If none their alters do imbrow with any guiltles gose,
Then Jove let my benaged spirite have heaven for evermore.
As to thicke walled towne of death they do not me delarre,
Pop scouring Plutos dungeon dark, but Jove I do abhorre.
Unto those gallly Goobins as a slip shade to goe,
Sith I am he whose conquering hand gave them their overthowe.
Withdraw these fogge clowdes of night, display the glimming light.
That Hercules hyed with flying flames the gods may have in sight.
And if thou do benze (O lyne) he harretts and heaven to mee.
To gene me them against thy will thou shalt constrained be.
If gliming greese do lye thy speech, the Egyptian goulphes let loose,
And let mee dye, but first declare within the heauenly coape.

That
The tenth tragedy

That thou accept me as thy slave: this day it shall be worked,
That to bee rash and loath to scarce, I may be worthy thought.
Thou hast done little for me yet: it may be doubted well
Whether thou didst beget in thy name, or damned him still to hell.
And (quoth he) let my servante see, how well I can abyde
The severe heat of burning brands: for fear then he cride,
And sup to me O Philomel in hard upon me throw
The burning feges, why quaked thou didst daud shaw slow,
For fear to this wicked decev? O coward, pestant slave,
Thou art to weake to bend my bow,不断增强 my hate to have
What ailest thou to take so pale? and as thou seest mee thege
With cheerfull looke courageously do thou the ser pike.
Behold me wher that people and burne my father opes the Skyes
And unto me sonne Hercules come, come away he cryes.
O father Jove (quoth he) I come: with that I waxed pale
And toward him a burning bence with might and maine I hate
But backe from him the billies; he and tumbling out they escape,
And from the limmes of Hercules downe fallith all the heapes,
But he encrocheth on the pyre as it from him both hinke.
That many mountaynes whole were set on pyre a man would thinke
No noke was hard, and all was huel, but that the pyre did hisse
In Hercules glowing paunch when as his liuer burning is.
If boastous giant Typhon had apted this fire bene thousand,
Their tormentes would have stand his teares 3 foist him light & groine.
O tough Euclidus that tost a mountayne on his backe.
But Hercules lifted him selfe amond his pyres all blace,
With smoke befome his corps halfe burnt in liuers, gibes & flaws,
And downe the throate his gasping breath & flames at once he spawes.
Then to Alcmen he turnd him selfe: O mother myne (quoth he)
Should ye so stand at Hercules death? should ye thus waite for me?
And thus betweene the fire and smoke, upright and lisse he standes.
And neither loups nor teares awake, but moves and stirs his hands,
With all his sturdy gestures still, and thus he doth persuade.
His mother leave the langaishing, and mourning that she made.
And did encourage all his men to increase the pyre than
As though he were not burning, but would burne some other man.
The people stoode aghast, and scant they would believe
That fire had any force on him, or that it did him greene.
Because his cheerful looke had such a manner and grace.
And neuer wilde be more the pyre that he might burne space.
Hercules Octaeus.

(And now when as he thought, he had endured pangues enough.)
And sounly bode the bunt of death, the blocks her doth remoue,
That smothering lay, to make the brune: then downward both he shoue:
And where the newing breafe did chesely search, and burne most hot,
That way he threus his drying lims, and thither bath her got.
(With scrawling countenance despauide his mouth now doth he sill)
With burning coales, his comely Bearde the blaze about his cheskes:
And now when as the sparkling fer unto his village seekes,
The flame light by his angled hurpe, and yet he did not winke:
But open kept his fusing eyes. But what is this? my thynke:
Alcmena cometh ponder as a woefull wight forsoone,
With sighes and sobes, and all her hoppe besrowned rent, and toymes;
And beares the remnaunt in her Lap, of Hercules the great.

Alcmena. Philoctetes.

Carne Lordings, learne to feare and brede
the unweildy fatal force.
This little dust is all that is left
of Hercules huge course.
That boastous Giant is consume:
unto these ashes small
O Titan what a mighty masse:
tis come to nought at all.

Aye me an aged womans lappes all Hercules doth shroude;
Her lap doth serveth him for a grave, and set the champion powdes;
With all his lumpes stills not the room, Aye mee a burthen small;
I feele of him to whom whole heaven no burthen was at all.
O Hercules, deare childe, O sonne the season which was,
That thou to Tartar pitts and Suggil, due aloofe due pitch
For to reposs: from deepes of hell when wilt thou come againe?
Not to purporte the Exples thereof, or bring from captives change;
To life thy friendly Thesers. But when wilt thou returne
Stone: can flaming Phlegathon thy ghost in represents burne:
O can the mast Dege of hell keepe downe thy woefull sprite?
Where then might I come see thy loue and leave it, is fatterd light?
When shall I rep at Tartar gate? what Jowes shall mee desolver?
What death shall daunt mee: goest thou to hell, and hast no power.

To come?
The tenth tragedie.

To come agayne: alas why do I wail, the day in tears and plaigne
O wretched life why dost thou last thou shouldest drope and sayne,
And loath this deare bane? bow: can I heare to Joue agayne
Another noble Hercules, what sound may I obtaine
So valiant to call mee thus (Alcmena mother mine)
O happy soule Amphitric twpe happy haile thou bene
In entering at the doors of death, and through the noble sonne
The Devils at thy presents quake to see thee therethere come.
Though thou but forged father went to Hercules of late
What shall old belam goe whom many kings do hate:
If any prince remayne with bloody breast and marling mynde
Then woe to mee: if groning babes be any left behynd.
That sorrow for the parents deathes now, now for: Hercules sake
ThepropTypes let them wreake on mee, on mee dyse bengeance take
If any young Bufris be, I fear the Persians foe
When come and take mee captaine hence in chapnes for euermore.
If any repute seede his bosome with gubbes of strangers stich
Now let his pampld jades unto my Barkes sail a shore.
Perhapp dare Juno couteth on me to wrekke her yce.
And on vs of her burning breast will turne the flaming fire
Her wretched hand both loyster now she Hercules is slaine.
And now to see her spurning lypte as harlot I remayne.
My valiant sonne in cause of this my wombe shall baryaghe be,
Least I shoul beare another child as hardy as was her.
Oh whether may Alcmena goe to: whether that she wende?
What countrey: or what kingdoms may my careful had defend
Where may I touch my wretched course, that every where am knowne?
If I unto my native soyle repayre among myne owne,
Euristes is of Argol lord thus wootfully soylone.
I wil to Thebes where I was wed, and Hercules was borne:
And where with Ione I did enjoy Dame Venus deare delight.
O blessed woman had I bene and in most happy plight,
If Ione with stally of lightening teams and blazing flake of lyse
Had smothered me as Semele was sowle at her desyre.
Would God that Hercules while he was a babe, had riped bene
Out of my wombe, then wretchedly I should not this have seen.
The pangues and tormentes of my sonne, whose prate doth contemnast
Even Ione: then had I learnt that death at length might him assaile.
And take him from my sight: O child, who will remember thee?
For now unthankfulness is great in men of every degree:

F s.
Hercules Oetetus.

(That for the sake I do not know where enteraynd to bee).
The curse of the Cleonies I will attempt and trye.
Whom from the Lyon restewde and made the monster dre.
O may I too th' Archadian go where thou dost see the bourse.
Where thy renowne remoueth all of great exployes before.
The parous feruent Hydra heare was slaine there fel he dead,
That with the fett of slaughterd men his greedie botes se the
And wonder were the Scimphall bures compel to leave the flue.
And tared by the handie tope, now both the Lyon fre,
And bellketh sifting fumes in heavens where thou lest in the grave.
O if mankynd but any sparkes of thankfyl nature have.
Let all men peace to succour mee Alcmena thy mother deare.
What if among the Thracians I denter to appeare,
O on the bankevs of Heber cloud: thy provyse every where.
Hath succoured all these stories: fo earl in Thrace thou did put doone.
The sathy mungers of the king and put him from his crowne,
By slaughter of the saunage prince the people live in peace.
Where diddeth thou benve thy helpe to make cogmpling cease?
Unhappy mother that I am a slaine where may I have.
To shwode the coarsee: for all the world may desire about the grave
What temple may be more to hyrme thy reliques sake for are.
And hallowed bones:what nations unto the ghost that pray?
O noble some what recueth here what hearst may recuere thee.
The world it sally through string flame thy fatal tombe shalv:
Who taketh here this pape from me his aches which I bare.
Why loath i them to brace his bones keepes at his aches here.
And they shal be shewed o thee his dust that thee defend.
To see his shadow: princes proude for trear that shoupe and head
Ph. O mother of noble Hercules forheare your dreary plaine:
His valliant death taings should not be with femail tears attaynt.
Ye should not languish thus for him, nor count him wretched man.
In dyng: who by noble mynd prevent his despe rau.
His cheasyre forbyddeth vs with tears to him to bewaple:
The satety Romache doth not shoupe: they shigh whole hertes do faple.
Alc. (Tis mone no more: behold, behold, most wretched mother I)
Haeve lost the hyd of land and sea, where glittering Phoe be displays
With whirlring wheels in fomie galphes, and red and purple rage:
The lisse of many sones I may lement in him alone.
Though him I lifted kings to crowne: when crown my selfe had none
And never any mother hude, that needed lette to crowne.
The tenth tragedie.

Of Gods, then I, I asked naught while I my some might have.
What could not Hércules tender love like on me to bestow?
What God would once deny to grazant, or what he held me free,
Owas in my powre to stike and hate. If your would ought deny,
My Hércules did bring to passe I had it by and by.
What mortall mother ever bare and lost, so beare a sonne?
Earth downe the cheeckes of Niobë the teares did runne.
When of her deare and tender hearts she wholly was bereuen,
And did her wile with Araped Lages her children seven and seven
And per might I compare this one (my Hércules) unto those
And I in him so much as Shee in all her teares did lose.
The mothers that are mourning dames do lacke on bed and chese.
And now Alemene hath her depriu of all release.
These woeful mothers cease, till that among you any are
Constraine to shed your streaming teares by force of penitent care:
Ye Lady whom lamenting long of women lourned rocks,
Grie pe place into my glutting grecce, best on with burning knokkes
Ye banes upon my tortured breast, alas am I alone
Enough for such a tume call to languish and to monke.
Whom at the world shall shortly needes, re-stroch the fable arms,
To thump upon the sounding breast thy grecce with doleful lattres
And in deiprie of al the gods powre out the woeful crye
And to receive the flowing teares the watry cheeckes applie.
Hear ple Alemena woeful fate; the sonne of Those beweple.
Whose birth did cause the dastard day in kindly course to take.
The Call compact two nights in one: Lo, Io, a greater thing
Then glorious day the world both lost now let your sorrows ring.
 pee people at whose lowering loxes he draw to dennes of death
They bladed (that rest with guiltyes gose) be put into the stheath.
Below on him pour Christall teares, which be permitted well.
Howle out re heavens, re marble seas, and goulphes with groanings pell.
O Cret. Deere darling into love For love of Hércules rope,
pee hundred times beate pore armes: my some for evermoore
In gore among the gretly ghodes, and him weening ledes of hell
Lament for him re woeful wightes, that here on earth do dwell.
Hercules Oetaus.

Hercules. Alcmena.

Why, thither wayls you mee as rayl in toments host of hell? Do piunge in panges of death, Cith I among the Spheres doe dwell? Forbear, forbear, to moane for mee for Verme opened bath To see the passage to the Starses: and se mee in the path. That guides to everlasting Life, where's come this dreadful sounde?

Alc. Whence roares this thundering boister, both against mine ear's reddish, And hideth mee to site my tears? I know it now, I know, The darksome dungeons daunted are, and Dennes of Lakes below. O Sonne art thou returned to mee from Stygian gulph agayne? And can thou raise of onglie death the conquest thus to term? And blast the basefull patrons twice, of glum and gally night. Against th' infernal sparke, soode peculiarly this by night? May any scape from Acheron? O, dost thou scape alone? Hath hell no power to holde thy spirit, when breath from breath is gone? Else hath Pluto baide thee out, for scarce least thou alone Should clope his Seaper from his hand, & pluck him from his throne? For I am sure I save thee torde upon the burning trees: And from the Corpse the flame and sparkes agaisst the welkin signes: That sure thou wast to poulter burnt, and开来ly lyfe was lost: But sure the depees and pits of hell did not lock by thy ghost. Why were the devils astrapt of thee? why quak'd Div's grim? And did thy noble ghost seeme such a gally bug to him? HE. The dampy dikes of Cocitas could not kepe me from light. Nor Carons fully must Barge transported bath my sprite. Now mother mourn no more: once sure I seene the legs of hell, And all the Carne and steaming hendas in dungeons drepe that dwell. That mortall mother I tooke of you to nought the names loose rype: Heaven hath the substance that I tooke of love: in her pour's died. And therefore sawe your playning teares, which parents vile to shed, When wretchedly they wail their soules, that boldardly are dead. Thus bul-
Thus vulgar varlets weep: loe vertue hopes the Starres to get:
But taming fear not dreams on death, from heaven where I am set.
You hear my tope: Eurus now Hal byde the deadly push
With charge to snap his cruched skull re hal on snder cbruch
How must I hence advance my Ghost up to the rolling skys
Once more I haunt the bellies, and do the goblins grim aggresse
Alc. But stop awhile my sonne; he fades and spinketh from my light
Tosunse he is among the Starres: both this my charmed Spirits
Dote in a trance? or do I dreame that I have seene my sonne
A troubled mynd can steante belowe the things he seeth done,
But now I see thou art a God possesting heaven for are,
I see it sure. I will to Thebes the triumphes to display.

Chorus.

O vertue scapes the gasky shades of hell,
Yenoble peere that hyne in vertue bright
Dire desteny cannot constayne you dwell
Among the glomming glades of ougly might,
Nor sinke your fame in loathsome lakes of spyte.
But when deaths day drawes on the gasping howre,
You purchaft glory shall direct your right
To fynd the passaage to the heauenly bower.

When flesh doth fall, and breathing body dies
Then (Fame the child of Vertue) doth arise.
But sluggish fottes that slyee thei dayes in sloth,
Or geue their golden age to loath some luft.
Them and their names the wretches bury both,

When as their bones shall shryned be in dust:
The clay shall couer their carkases forlorn,
As though such kaytiffes neuer had bene borne.
But if that ought of memory they haue.
Hercules Oetēus.

in thafier age it shalbe filthy, shame.
The gnawing wormes torment not so in grave
Their rotten flesh, as tounges doe teare their name,
That dayly kild to further mischiefe liues.
Lo both the fruite: that vice and virtue giues.

FINIS.

Ovid.
Omne genus scripti grauitate Tragedia vincit.

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