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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

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THE  
REVENGER'S  
TRAGEDY.

*As it hath been sundry times Acted,  
by the King's Majesty's  
Servants.*

AT LONDON  
Printed by G. ELD, and are to be sold at his  
house in Fleet lane at the sign of the  
Printer's Press.  
1607.

The Revengers Tragedy.

ACT. 1. SCENA 1.

*Enter **Vindice**, the Duke, Duchess, Lusurioso her son,  
Spurio the bastard, with a train, pass over the  
Stage with Torchlight.*

*Vindice* DUke: royal lecher; go, gray-haired adultery,  
And thou his son, as impious steeped as he:  
And thou his bastard true-begot in evil:  
And thou his Duchess that will do with Devil,  
Four exc'llent Characters — O that marrowless age,  
Would stuff the hollow Bones with damned desires,  
And 'stead of heat kindle infernal fires,  
Within the spendthrift veins of a dry Duke,  
A parched and juiceless luxur. O God! one  
That has scarce blood enough to live upon.  
And he to riot it like a son and heir?  
O the thought of that  
Turns my abused heartstrings into fret.  
Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,  
My study's ornament, thou shell of Death,  
Once the bright face of my betrothed Lady,  
When life and beauty naturally filled out  
These ragged imperfections;  
When two heaven-pointed Diamonds were set  
In those unsightly Rings; — then 'twas a face  
So far beyond the artificial shine  
Of any woman's bought complexion  
That the uprightest man, (if such there be,

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That sin but seven times a day) broke custom  
And made up eight with looking after her,  
Oh she was able to ha' made a Usurer's son  
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss,  
And what his father fifty years told  
To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold:  
But oh accursed Palace!  
Thee when thou wert apparelled in thy flesh,  
The old Duke poisoned,  
Because thy purer part would not consent

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Unto his palsy-lust, for old men lustful  
Do show like young men angry, eager violent,  
Outbid like their limited performances  
O 'ware an old man hot, and vicious  
Age as in gold, in lust is covetous.  
*Vengeance* thou murder's Quit-rent, and whereby  
Thou show'st thyself Tenant to Tragedy,  
Oh keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,  
For those thou hast determined: hum: who e'er knew  
Murder unpaid, faith give Revenge her due  
Sh'as kept touch hitherto — be merry, merry,  
Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks  
To have their costly three-piled flesh worn off  
As bare as this — for banquets: ease and laughter,  
Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay,  
But wise men little are more great than they?

*Enter her brother Hippolito.*

*Hippolito* Still sighing o'er death's vizard.

*Vindice* Brother welcome,

What comfort bring'st thou? how go things at Court?

*Hippolito* In silk and silver brother: never braver.

*Vindice* Puh,

Thou play'st upon my meaning prithee say

Has that bald Madam, Opportunity?

Yet thought upon 's, speak are we happy yet?

Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.

*Hippolito* It may prove happiness?

*Vindice* What is't may prove?

Give me to taste.

*Hippolito* Give me your hearing then,

You know my place at Court.

*Vindice* Ay; the Duke's Chamber

But 'tis a marvel thou 'rt not turned out yet!

*Hippolito* Faith I have been shoved at, but 'twas still my hap

To hold by th' Duchess' skirt, you guess at that,

Whom such a Coat keeps up can ne'er fall flat,

But to the purpose.

Last evening predecessor unto this,

img: 3-b

wln 0077 The Duke's son warily enquired for me,  
 wln 0078 Whose pleasure I attended: he began,  
 wln 0079 By policy to open and unhusk me  
 wln 0080 About the time and common rumor:  
 wln 0081 But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts  
 wln 0082 Up in their built houses, yet afforded him  
 wln 0083 An idle satisfaction without danger,  
 wln 0084 But the whole aim, and scope of his intent  
 wln 0085 Ended in this, conjuring me in private,  
 wln 0086 To seek some strange-digested fellow forth:  
 wln 0087 Of ill-contented nature, either disgraced  
 wln 0088 In former times, or by new grooms displaced,  
 wln 0089 Since his Stepmother's nuptials, such a blood  
 wln 0090 A man that were for evil only good;  
 wln 0091 To give you the true word some base-coined Pander?  
 wln 0092 *Vindice* I reach you, for I know his heat is such,  
 wln 0093 Were there as many Concubines as Ladies  
 wln 0094 He would not be contained, he must fly out:  
 wln 0095 I wonder how ill featured, vild proportioned.  
 wln 0096 That one should be: if she were made for woman,  
 wln 0097 Whom at the Insurrection of his lust  
 wln 0098 He would refuse for once, heart, I think none,  
 wln 0099 Next to a skull, though more unsound than one  
 wln 0100 Each face he meets he strongly dotes upon.  
 wln 0101 *Hippolito* Brother y'ave truly spoke him?  
 wln 0102 He knows not you, but I'll swear you know him.  
 wln 0103 *Vindice* And therefore i'll put on that knave for once,  
 wln 0104 And be a right man then, a man o' th' Time,  
 wln 0105 For to be honest is not to be i' th' world,  
 wln 0106 Brother i'll be that strange composed fellow.  
 wln 0107 *Hippolito* And i'll prefer you brother.  
 wln 0108 *Vindice* Go to then,  
 wln 0109 The small'st advantage fattens wronged men  
 wln 0110 It may point out, occasion, if I meet her,  
 wln 0111 I'll hold her by the foretop fast enough;  
 wln 0112 Or like the *French Mole* heave up hair and all,  
 wln 0113 I have a habit that will fit it quaintly,  
 wln 0114 Here comes our Mother. *Hippolito* And Sister.

wln 0115 *Vindice* We must coin.  
 wln 0116 Women are apt you know to take false money,  
 wln 0117 But I dare stake my soul for these two creatures  
 wln 0118 Only excuse excepted that they'll swallow,  
 wln 0119 Because their sex is easy in belief.  
 wln 0120 *Mother* What news from **Court** son *Carlo*?  
 wln 0121 *Hippolito* Faith Mother,  
 wln 0122 'Tis whispered there the Duchess' youngest son

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Has played a Rape on Lord *Antonio*'s wife.  
*Mother* On that religious Lady!  
*Castiza* Royal blood: monster he deserves to die,  
If *Italy* had no more hopes but he.  
*Vindice* Sister y'ave sentenced most direct, and true,  
The Law's a woman, and would she were you:  
Mother I must take leave of you.  
*Mother* Leave for what?  
*Vindice* I Intend speedy travail.  
*Hippolito* That he does Madam. *Mother* Speedy indeed!  
*Vindice* For since my worthy father's funeral,  
My life's unnaturally to me, e'en compelled  
As if I lived now when I should be dead.  
*Mother* Indeed he was a worthy Gentleman  
Had his estate been fellow to his mind.  
*Vindice* The Duke did much deject him.  
*Mother* Much?  
*Vindice* Too much.  
And through disgrace oft smothered in his spirit,  
When it would mount, surely I think he died  
Of discontent: the Nobleman's consumption.  
*Mother* Most sure he did!  
*Vindice* Did he? 'lack, — you know all  
You were his midnight secretary.  
*Mother* No.  
He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.  
*Vindice* I' faith then father thou wast wise indeed,  
Wives are but made to go to bed and feed.  
Come mother, sister: you'll bring me onward brother?  
*Hippolito* I will.

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*Vindice* I'll quickly turn into another. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter the old Duke, Lussurioso, his son, the Duchess; the Bastard,*  
*the Duchess' two sons Ambitioso, and Supervacuo, the*  
*third her youngest brought out with Officers for the Rape two*  
*Judges.*  
*Duke.* Duchess it is your youngest son, we're sorry,  
His violent Act has e'en drawn blood of honor  
And stained our honors,  
Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state  
Which envious spirits will dip their pens into  
After our death; and blot us in our Tombs.  
For that which would seem treason in our lives  
Is laughter when we're dead. who dares now whisper  
That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim,  
With loud words and broad pens our closest shame.  
*Judge* Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years  
Full of confirmed gravity; — for what is it to have,  
A flattering false insculption on a Tomb:

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And in men's hearts reproach, the bowelled Corpse,  
May be seared in, but with free tongue I speak,  
The faults of great men through their fierce clothes break,  
*Duke* They do, we're sorry for 't, it is our fate,  
To live in fear and die to live in hate,  
I leave him to your sentence doom him Lords  
The fact is great; whilst I sit by and sigh.  
*Duchess* My gracious Lord I pray be merciful,  
Although his trespass far exceed his years,  
Think him to be your own as I am yours,  
Call him not son-in-law: the law I fear  
Will fall too soon upon his name and him:  
Temper his fault with pity?  
*Lussurioso* Good my Lord.  
Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant  
Upon the Judges' palate, for offenses  
Gilt o'er with mercy, show like fairest women,  
Good only for their beauties, which washed off: no sin is uglier  
*Ambitioso* I beseech your grace,  
Be soft and mild, let not *Relentless* Law,

Look with an iron forehead on our brother.  
*Spurio* He yields small comfort yet, hope he shall die,  
And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,  
Would all the court were turned into a corse,  
*Duchess* No pity yet? must I rise fruitless then,  
A wonder in a woman; are my knees,  
Of such low — metal — that without Respect —  
*1. Judge* Let the offender stand forth,  
'Tis the Duke's pleasure that Impartial Doom,  
Shall take first hold of his unclean attempt,  
A Rape! why 'tis the very core of lust,  
Double Adultery.  
*Junior* So Sir.  
*2. Judge* And which was worse,  
Committed on the Lord *Antonio*'s wife,  
That General honest Lady, confess my Lord!  
What moved you to 't?  
*Junior* why flesh and blood my Lord.  
What should move men unto a woman else,  
*Lussurioso* O do not jest thy doom, trust not an axe  
Or sword too far; the Law is a wise serpent  
And quickly can beguile thee of thy life,  
Though marriage only has made thee my brother,  
I love thee so far, play not with thy Death,  
*Junior* I thank you troth, good admonitions faith,  
If i'd the grace now to make use of them,  
*1. Judge* That Lady's name has spread such a fair wing  
Over all *Italy*; that if our Tongues,

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Were sparing toward the Fact, Judgement itself,  
Would be condemned and suffer in men's thoughts,  
*Junior* Well then 'tis done, and it would please me well  
Were it to do again: sure she's a Goddess,  
For i'd no power to see her, and to live,  
It falls out true in this for I must die,  
Her beauty was ordained to be my scaffold,  
And yet **methinks** I might be easier ceased,  
My fault being sport, let me but die in jest,  
*I. Judge* This be the sentence,

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*Duchess* O keep 't upon your Tongue, let it not slip,  
Death too soon steals out of a Lawyer's lip,  
Be not so cruel-wise?  
*I. Judge* Your Grace must pardon us,  
'Tis but the Justice of the Law.  
*Duchess* The Law,  
Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.  
*Spurio* Now, now he dies, rid 'em away.  
*Duchess* O what it is to have an old-cool Duke,  
To be as slack in tongue, as in performance.  
*I. Judge* Confirmed, this be the doom irrevocable.  
*Duchess* Oh! *I. Judge* Tomorrow early.  
*Duchess* Pray be a-bed my Lord.  
*I. Judge* Your Grace much wrongs yourself.  
*Ambitioso* No 'tis that tongue,  
You're too much right, does do us too much wrong.  
*I. Judge* Let that offender —  
*Duchess* Live, and be in health.  
*I. Judge* Be on a Scaffold— *Duke* Hold, hold, my Lord.  
*Spurio* Pox on 't,  
What makes my Dad speak now?  
*Duke.* We will defer the judgement till next sitting,  
In the meantime let him be kept close prisoner:  
Guard bear him hence.  
*Ambitioso* Brother, this makes for thee,  
Fear not, we'll have a trick to set thee free.  
*Junior* Brother, I will expect it from you both; and in that hope  
I rest. *Supervacuo* Farewell, be merry. *Exit with a guard.*  
*Spurio* Delayed, deferred nay then if judgement have cold blood,  
Flattery and bribes will kill it.  
*Duke.* About it then my Lords with your best powers,  
More serious business calls upon our hours. *Exeunt manet Duchess*  
*Duchess* Wast ever known step-Duchess was so mild,  
And calm as I? some now would plot his death,  
With easy Doctors, those loose-living men,  
And make his withered Grace fall to his Grave,  
And keep Church better?  
Some second wife would do this, and dispatch

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Her double-loathed Lord at meat and sleep,  
Indeed 'tis true an old man's twice a child,  
Mine cannot speak, one of his single words,  
Would quite have freed my youngest dearest son  
From death or durance, and have made him walk  
With a bold foot upon the thorny law,  
Whose Prickles should bow under him, but 'tis not,  
And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot,  
I'll kill him in his forehead, hate there feed,  
That wound is deepest though it never bleed:  
And here comes he whom my heart points unto,  
His bastard son, but my love's true-begot,  
Many a wealthy letter have I sent him,  
Swelled up with Jewels, and the timorous man  
Is yet but coldly kind,  
That Jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,  
Mocking his Master's chillness and vain fear,  
H'as spied me now.  
*Spurio* Madam? your Grace so private.  
My duty on your hand.  
*Duchess* Upon my hand sir, troth I think you'd fear,  
To kiss my hand too if my lip stood there,  
*Spurio* Witness I would not Madam.  
*Duchess* 'Tis a wonder,  
For ceremony has made many fools,  
It is as easy way unto a Duchess,  
As to a Hatted-dame, (if her love answer)  
But that by timorous honors, pale respects,  
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways  
Hard of themselves — what have you thought of me?  
*Spurio* Madam I ever think of you, in duty,  
Regard and —  
*Duchess* Puh, upon my love I mean.  
*Spurio* I would 'twere love, but 't has a fouler name  
Than lust; you are my father's wife, your Grace may guess now,  
What I could call it.  
*Duchess* Why th' art his son but falsely,  
'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.

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*Spurio* I' faith 'tis true too; I'm an uncertain man,  
Of more uncertain woman; may be his groom o' th' stable begot  
me, you know I know not, he could ride a horse well, a  
shrewd suspicion marry — he was wondrous tall, he had his  
length i' faith, for peeping over half-shut holiday windows,  
Men would desire him 'light, when he was afoot,  
He made a goodly show under a Penthouse,



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And when he rid, his Hat would check the signs, and clatter  
Barbers' Basins.

*Duchess* Nay set you a-horseback once,  
You'll ne'er light off.

*Spurio* Indeed I am a beggar.

*Duchess* That's more the sign thou art Great — but to our love.  
Let it stand firm both in thought and mind,  
That the Duke was thy Father, as no doubt then  
He bid fair for 't, thy injury is the more,  
For had he cut thee a right Diamond,  
Thou hadst been next set in the Dukedom's Ring,  
When his worn self like Age's easy slave,  
Had dropped out of the Collet into th' Grave;  
What wrong can equal this? canst thou be tame  
And think upon 't.

*Spurio* No mad and think upon 't.

*Duchess* Who would not be revenged of such a father,  
E'en in the worst way? I would thank that sin,  
That could most injury him, and be in league with it,  
Oh what a grief 'tis, that a man should live  
But once i' th' world, and then to live a Bastard,  
The curse o' the womb, the thief of Nature,  
Begot against the seventh commandment,  
Half damned in the conception, by the justice  
Of that unbribed everlasting law.

*Spurio* Oh I'd a hot-backed Devil to my father.

*Duchess* Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood rough?  
Who but an Eunuch would not sin? his bed  
By one false minute disinherited.

*Spurio* Ay, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapped in,  
I'll be revenged for all, now hate begin,

I'll call foul Incest but a Venial sin.

*Duchess* Cold still: in vain then must a Duchess woo?

*Spurio* Madam I blush to say what I will do.

*Duchess* Thence flew sweet comfort, earnest and farewell.

*Spurio* Oh one incestuous kiss picks open hell.

*Duchess* Faith now old Duke; my vengeance shall reach high,  
I'll arm thy brow with woman's Heraldry. *Exit.*

*Spurio* Duke, thou didst do me wrong, and by thy Act  
Adultery is my nature;  
Faith if the truth were known, I was begot  
After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish  
Was my first father; when deep healths went round,  
And Ladies' cheeks were painted red with Wine,  
Their tongues as short and nimble as their heels  
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rise,  
Were merrily disposed to fall again,  
In such a whispering and withdrawing hour,

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wln 0379  
wln 0380

img: 7-b  
sig: B3r

wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384  
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wln 0386  
wln 0387  
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wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407

When base male-Bawds kept Sentinel at stairhead  
Was I stol'n softly; oh — damnation met  
The sin of feasts, drunken adultery.  
I feel it swell me; my revenge is just,  
I was begot in impudent Wine and Lust:  
Stepmother I consent to thy desires,  
I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee,  
And those three Cubs thy sons, wishing confusion  
Death and disgrace may be their Epitaphs,  
As for my brother the Duke's only son,  
Whose birth is more beholding to report  
Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown.  
(Women must not be trusted with their own)  
I'll loose my days upon him hate all I,  
Duke on thy brow I'll draw my Bastardy.  
For indeed a bastard by nature should make Cuckolds,  
Because he is the son of a Cuckold-maker.

*Exit.*

*Enter Vindici and Hippolito, Vindici in disguise to  
attend Lord Lussurioso the Duke's son.*

*Vindice* What brother? am I far enough from myself?

*Hippolito* As if another man had been sent whole

Into the world, and none wist how he came.

*Vindice* It will confirm me bold: the child o' th' Court,  
Let blushes dwell i' th' Country impudence!  
Thou Goddess of the palace, Mistress of **Mistresses**  
To whom the costly perfumed-people pray,  
Strike thou my forehead into dauntless Marble;  
Mine eyes to steady Sapphires: turn my visage,  
And if I must needs glow, let me blush inward  
That this immodest season may not spy,  
That scholar in my cheeks, fool-bashfulness.  
That Maid in the old time, whose flush of *Grace*  
Would never suffer her to get good clothes;  
Our maids are wiser; and are less ashamed,  
Save *Grace* the bawd I seldom hear *Grace* named!

*Hippolito* Nay brother you reach out o' th' Verge now, — 'Sfoot  
the Duke's son, settle your looks.

*Vindice* Pray let me not be doubted. *Hippolito* My Lord —  
*Lussurioso* *Hippolito*? — be absent leave us.

*Hippolito* My Lord after long search, wary inquiries  
And politic siftings, I made choice of yon fellow,  
Whom I guess rare for many deep employments;  
This our age swims within him: and if Time  
Had so much hair, I should take him for Time,  
He is so near kin to this present minute?

*Lussurioso* 'Tis enough.

We thank thee: yet words are but great men's blanks  
Gold though it be dumb does utter the best thanks.

wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
wln 0413  
wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418

img: 8-a  
sig: B3v

*Hippolito* Your plenteous honor — an exc'ellent fellow my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* So, give us leave — welcome, be not far off, we must be  
better acquainted, push, be bold with us, thy hand:  
*Vindice* With all my heart i' faith how dost sweet Musk-cat.  
When shall we lie together?  
*Lussurioso* Wondrous knave!  
Gather him into boldness, 'Sfoot the slave's  
Already as familiar as an Ague,  
And shakes me at his pleasure, friend I can  
Forget myself in private, but else where,  
I pray do you remember me.

wln 0419  
wln 0420  
wln 0421  
wln 0422  
wln 0423  
wln 0424  
wln 0425  
wln 0426  
wln 0427  
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wln 0453  
wln 0454  
wln 0455

*Vindice* Oh very well sir — I conster myself saucy!  
*Lussurioso* What hast been,  
Of what profession.  
*Vindice* A bone-setter! *Lussurioso* A bone-setter!  
*Vindice* A bawd my Lord,  
One that sets bones together.  
*Lussurioso* Notable bluntness?  
Fit, fit for me, e'en trained up to my hand  
Thou hast been Scrivener to much knavery then.  
*Vindice* Fool, to abundance sir; I have been witness  
To the surrenders of a thousand virgins,  
And not so little,  
I have seen Patrimonies washed a-pieces  
Fruit-fields turned into bastards,  
And in a world of Acres,  
Not so much dust due to the heir 'twas left to  
As would well gravel a petition  
*Lussurioso* Fine villain? troth I like him wondrously  
He's e'en shaped for my purpose, then thou know'st  
I' th' world strange lust.  
*Vindice* O Dutch lust! fulsome lust!  
Drunken procreation, which begets, so many drunkards;  
Some father dreads not (gone to bed in wine) to slide from  
the mother,  
And cling the daughter-in-law,  
Some Uncles are adulterous with their Nieces,  
Brothers with brothers' wives, O hour of Incest!  
Any kin now next to the Rim o' th' sister  
Is man's meat in these days, and in the morning  
When they are up and dressed, and their mask on,  
Who can perceive this? save that eternal eye  
That sees through flesh and all, well: — If any thing be damned?  
It will be twelve o'clock at night; that twelve  
Will never scape;  
It is the *Judas* of the hours; wherein,  
Honest salvation is betrayed to sin,  
*Lussurioso* In troth it is too? but let this talk glide

wln 0456

img: 8-b  
sig: B4r

wln 0457

wln 0458

wln 0459

wln 0460

wln 0461

wln 0462

wln 0463

wln 0464

wln 0465

wln 0466

wln 0467

wln 0468

wln 0469

wln 0470

wln 0471

wln 0472

wln 0473

wln 0474

wln 0475

wln 0476

wln 0477

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wln 0480

wln 0481

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wln 0483

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wln 0487

wln 0488

wln 0489

wln 0490

wln 0491

wln 0492

wln 0493

wln 0494

img: 9-a  
sig: B4v

wln 0495

wln 0496

wln 0497

wln 0498

wln 0499

wln 0500

It is our blood to err, though hell gaped loud

Ladies know *Lucifer* fell, yet still are proud!  
Now sir? wert thou as secret as thou 'rt subtle,  
And deeply fathomed into all estates  
I would embrace thee for a near employment,  
And thou shouldst swell in money, and be able  
To make lame beggars crouch to thee.

*Vindice* My Lord?

Secret? I ne'er had that disease o' th' mother  
I praise my father: why are men made close?  
But to keep thoughts in best, I grant you this  
Tell but some woman a secret overnight,  
Your doctor may find it in the urinal i' th' morning,  
But my Lord.

*Lussurioso* So, thou 'rt confirmed in me  
And thus I enter thee.

*Vindice* This Indian devil,

Will quickly enter any man: but a Usurer,  
He prevents that, by ent'ring the devil first.

*Lussurioso* Attend me, I am past my depth in lust  
And I must swim or drown, all my desires  
Are levelled at a Virgin not far from Court,  
To whom I have conveyed by Messenger  
Many waxed Lines, full of my neatest spirit,  
And jewels that were able to ravish her  
Without the help of man; all which and more  
She foolish chaste sent back, the messengers,  
Receiving frowns for answers.

*Vindice* Possible!

'Tis a rare *Phoenix* whoe'er she be,  
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,  
In troth my Lord i'd be revenged and marry her.

*Lussurioso* Push; the dowry of her blood and of her fortunes,  
Are both too mean, — good enough to be bad withal  
I'm one of that number can defend  
Marriage is good: yet rather keep a friend,  
Give me my bed by stealth — there's true delight  
What breeds a loathing in 't, but night by night.

*Vindice* A very fine religion?

*Lussurioso* Therefore thus,  
I'll trust thee in the business of my heart  
Because I see thee well experienced  
In this Luxurious day wherein we breathe,  
Go thou, and with a smooth enchanting tongue  
Bewitch her ears, and Cozen her of all Grace

wln 0501  
wln 0502  
wln 0503  
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wln 0531  
wln 0532

img: 9-b  
sig: C1r

wln 0533  
wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538  
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wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548

Enter upon the portion of her soul,  
Her honor, which she calls her chastity  
And bring it into expense, for honesty  
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,  
Which ne'er so little broke, does never keep:  
*Vindice* You have giv'n 't the Tang i' faith my Lord  
Make known the Lady to me, and my brain,  
Shall swell with strange Invention: I will move it  
Till I expire with speaking, and drop down  
Without a word to save me; — but i'll work ——  
*Lussurioso* We thank thee, and will raise thee: — receive her name,  
it is the only daughter, to Madam *Gratiana* the late widow.  
*Vindice* Oh, my sister, my sister? — *Lussurioso* Why dost walk aside?  
*Vindice* My Lord, I was thinking how I might begin  
As thus, oh Lady — or twenty hundred devices,  
Her very bodkin will put a man in.  
*Lussurioso* Ay, or the wagging of her hair.  
*Vindice* No, that shall put you in my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* Shall 't? why content, dost know the daughter then?  
*Vindice* O exc'llent well by sight.  
*Lussurioso* That was her brother  
That did prefer thee to us.  
*Vindice* My Lord I think so,  
I knew I had seen him somewhere —  
*Lussurioso* And therefore prithee let thy heart to him,  
Be as a Virgin, close. *Vindice* Oh me good Lord.  
*Lussurioso* We may laugh at that simple age within him;  
*Vindice* Ha, ha, ha.  
*Lussurioso* Himself being made the subtle instrument,  
To wind up a good fellow.  
*Vindice* That's I my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* That's thou.

To entice and work his sister.  
*Vindice* A pure novice? *Lussurioso* 'Twas finely managed.  
*Vindice* Gallantly carried;  
A pretty-perfumed villain.  
*Lussurioso* I've bethought me  
If she prove chaste still and immovable,  
Venture upon the Mother, and with gifts  
As I will furnish thee, begin with her.  
*Vindice* Oh fie, fie, that's the wrong end my Lord. 'Tis mere impossible  
that a mother by any gifts should become a bawd to her  
own Daughter!  
*Lussurioso* Nay then I see thou 'rt but a puny in the subtle Mystery of  
a woman: — why 'tis held now no dainty dish: The name  
Is so in league with age, that nowadays  
It does Eclipse three quarters of a Mother;  
*Vindice* Dost so my Lord?

wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551  
wln 0552  
wln 0553  
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wln 0555  
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wln 0564  
wln 0565  
wln 0566  
wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570

img: 10-a  
sig: C1r

wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574  
wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577  
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wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594  
wln 0595  
wln 0596

Let me alone then to Eclipse the fourth.

*Lussurioso* Why well said, come i'll furnish thee, but first swear to be true in all.

*Vindice* True? *Lussurioso* Nay but swear!

*Vindice* Swear? — I hope your honor little doubts my faith.

*Lussurioso* Yet for my humor's sake cause I love swearing.

*Vindice* 'Cause you love swearing, 'slud I will.

*Lussurioso* Why enough,  
Ere long look to be made of better stuff.

*Vindice* That will do well indeed my Lord.

*Lussurioso* Attend me?

*Vindice* Oh.

Now let me burst, I've eaten Noble poison,  
We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent villains,  
Wilt not be angry when thou hear'st on 't, think'st thou?  
I' faith thou shalt; swear me to foul my sister.  
Sword I durst make a promise of him to thee,  
Thou shalt disheir him, it shall be thine honor,  
And yet now angry froth is down in me,  
It would not prove the meanest policy  
In this disguise to try the faith of both,  
Another might have had the selfsame office,

Some slave, that would have wrought effectually,  
Ay and perhaps o'erwrought 'em, therefore I,  
Being thought travailed, will apply myself,  
Unto the selfsame form, forget my nature,  
As if no part about me were kin to 'em,  
So touch 'em, — though I durst almost for good,  
Venture my lands in heaven upon their good.

*Exit.*

*Enter the discontented Lord Antonio, whose wife the Duchess's  
youngest Son ravished; he Discovering the body of her dead  
to certain Lords: and Hippolito.*

*Lord Antonio* Draw nearer Lords and be sad witnesses  
Of a fair comely building newly fall'n,  
Being falsely undermined: violent rape  
Has played a glorious act, behold my Lords  
A sight that strikes man out of me:

*Piero* That virtuous Lady? *Antonio* Precedent for wives?

*Hippolito* The blush of many women, whose chaste presence,  
Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks,  
And make pale wanton sinners have good colors. —

*Lord Antonio* Dead!

Her honor first drunk poison, and her life,  
Being fellows in one house did pledge her honor,

*Piero* O grief of many!

*Lord Antonio* I marked not this before.  
A prayer Book the pillow to her cheek,  
This was her rich confection, and another

wln 0597  
wln 0598  
wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
wln 0602  
wln 0603  
wln 0604  
wln 0605  
wln 0606  
wln 0607  
wln 0608

img: 10-b  
sig: C2r

Plastered in her right hand, with a leaf tucked up,  
Pointing to these words.

*Melius virtute mori, Quam per Dedecus vivere.*

True and effectual it is indeed.

*Hippolito* My Lord since you invite us to your sorrows,  
Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort,  
As to ourselves we may relieve your wrongs,  
We have grief too, that yet walks without Tongue,

*Curae leves loquuntur, Majores stupent.*

*Lord Antonio* You deal with truth my Lord.  
Lend me but your Attentions, and I'll cut  
Long grief into short words: last revelling night.

wln 0609  
wln 0610  
wln 0611  
wln 0612  
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wln 0640  
wln 0641  
wln 0642  
wln 0643  
wln 0644

When Torchlight made an artificial noon  
About the Court, some Courtiers in the masque,  
Putting on better faces than their own,  
Being full of fraud and flattery: amongst whom,  
The Duchess's youngest son (that moth to honor)  
Filled up a Room; and with long lust to eat,  
Into my wearing; amongst all the Ladies,  
Singled out that dear form; who ever lived,  
As cold in Lust as she is now in death;  
(Which that step-Duchess — Monster knew too well;)  
And therefore in the height of all the revels,  
When Music was hard loudest, Courtiers busiest,  
And Ladies great with laughter; — O Vicious minute!  
Unfit but for relation to be spoke of,  
Then with a face more impudent than his vizard  
He harried her amidst a throng of Panders,  
That live upon damnation of both kinds,  
And fed the ravenous vulture of his lust,  
(O death to think on 't) she her honor forced,  
Deemed it a nobler dowry for her name,  
To die with poison than to live with shame.

*Hippolito* A wondrous Lady; of rare fire compact,  
Sh'as made her name an Empress by that act,

*Piero* My Lord what judgement follows the offender?

*Lord Antonio* Faith none my Lord it cools and is deferred,

*Piero* Delay the doom for rape?

*Lord Antonio* O you must note who 'tis should die,  
The Duchess' son, she'll look to be a saver,  
Judgement in this age is ne'er kin to favor.

*Hippolito* Nay then step forth thou *Bribeless* officer;  
I bind you all in steel to bind you surely,  
Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,  
Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade,  
Strengthen my vow, that if at the next sitting,  
Judgement speak all in gold, and spare the blood  
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats,

wln 0645  
wln 0646

img: 11-a  
sig: C2r

wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651  
wln 0652  
wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655  
wln 0656  
wln 0657  
wln 0658  
wln 0659  
wln 0660

To let his soul out, which long since was found,  
Guilty in heaven.

*All.* We swear it and will act it,  
*Lord Antonio* Kind Gentlemen, I thank you in mine Ire,  
*Hippolito* 'Twere pity?  
The ruins of so fair a Monument,  
**Should** not be dipped in the defacer's blood,  
*Piero.* Her funeral shall be wealthy, for her name,  
Merits a tomb of pearl; my Lord *Antonio*,  
For this time wipe your Lady from your eyes,  
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,  
When we are more familiar with Revenge,  
*Lord Antonio* That is my comfort Gentlemen, and I joy,  
In this one happiness above the rest,  
Which will be called a miracle at last,  
That being an old man i'd a wife so chaste. *Exeunt.*

wln 0661  
wln 0662

ACTUS. 2. SCAENA 1.  
*Enter Castiza the sister.*

wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
wln 0670  
wln 0671  
wln 0672  
wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682

*Castiza* How hardly shall that maiden be beset,  
Whose only fortunes, are her constant thoughts,  
That has no other child's-part but her honor,  
That Keeps her low; and empty in estate.  
Maids and their honors are like poor beginners,  
Were not sin rich there would be fewer sinners;  
Why had not virtue a revenue? well,  
I know the cause, 'twould have impoverished hell.  
How now *Dondolo*.  
*Dondolo* *Madonna*, there is one as they say a thing of flesh and  
blood, a man I take him by his beard that would very desirously  
mouth to mouth with you.  
*Castiza* What's that?  
*Dondolo* Show his teeth in your company,  
*Castiza* I understand thee not;  
*Dondolo* Why speak with you *Madonna*!  
*Castiza* Why say so madman, and cut off a great deal of dirty  
way; had it not been better spoke in ordinary words that one  
would speak with me.  
*Dondolo* Ha, ha, that's as ordinary as two shillings, I would strive

img: 11-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687

a little to show myself in my place, a Gentleman-usher scorns  
to use the Phrase and fancy of a servingman.  
*Castiza* Yours be your one sir, go direct him hither,  
I hope some happy tidings from my brother,  
That lately travailed, whom my soul affects.



wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
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wln 0693  
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wln 0719

img: 12-a  
sig: C3v

wln 0721  
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wln 0732  
wln 0733  
wln 0734  
wln 0735  
wln 0736

Here he comes.

*Enter Vindice her brother disguised.*

*Vindice* Lady the best of wishes to your sex.  
Fair skins and new gowns,

*Castiza* Oh they shall thank you sir,  
Whence this,

*Vindice* Oh from a dear and worthy friend,  
mighty! *Castiza* From whom?

*Vindice* The Duke's son!  
*Castiza* Receive that!

*A box o' th' ear to her Brother.*

I swore I'd put anger in my hand,  
And pass the Virgin limits of myself,  
To him that next appeared in that base office,  
To be his sin's Attorney, bear to him,  
That figure of my hate upon thy cheek  
Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for 't,  
Tell him my honor shall have a rich name,  
When several harlots shall share his with shame,  
Farewell commend me to him in my hate!

*Exit.*

*Vindice* It is the sweetest Box,  
That e'er my nose came nigh,  
The finest drawn-work cuff that e'er was worn,  
I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek  
Shall still hence forward take the wall of this.  
Oh I'm above my tongue: most constant sister,  
In this thou hast right honorable shown,  
Many are called by their honor that have none,  
Thou art approved for ever in my thoughts.  
It is not in the power of words to taint thee,  
And yet for the salvation of my oath,  
As my resolve in that point; I will lay,  
Hard siege unto my Mother, though I know,

A *Siren's* tongue could not bewitch her so.  
Mass fitly here she comes, thanks my disguise,  
Madam good afternoon.

*Mother* Y' are welcome sir?

*Vindice* The Next of *Italy* commends him to you,  
Our mighty expectation, the Duke's son.

*Mother* I think myself much honored, that he pleases,  
To rank me in his thoughts.

*Vindice* So may you Lady:  
One that is like to be our sudden Duke,  
The Crown gapes for him every tide, and then  
Commander o'er us all, do but think on him,  
How blessed were they now that could pleasure him  
E'en with any thing almost.

*Mother* Ay, save their honor?

*Vindice* Tut, one would let a little of that go too

wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
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img: 12-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765  
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wln 0779  
wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784

And ne'er be seen in 't: ne'er be seen it, mark you,  
I'd wink and let it go —  
*Mother* Marry but I would not.  
*Vindice* Marry but I would I hope, I know you would too,  
If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter,  
To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about,  
That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning  
(For his white father does but mold away)  
Has long desired your daughter. *Mother* Desired?  
*Vindice* Nay but hear me,  
He desires now that will command hereafter,  
Therefore be wise, I speak as more a friend  
To you than him; Madam, I know y' are poor,  
And 'lack the day, there are too many poor Ladies already  
Why should you vex the number? 'tis despised,  
Live wealthy, rightly understand the world,  
And chide away that foolish — Country girl  
Keeps company with your daughter, chastity,  
*Mother* Oh fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire a mother  
to such a most unnatural task.  
*Vindice* No, but a thousand Angels can,  
Men have no power, Angels must work you to 't,

The world descends into such base-born evils  
That forty Angels can make fourscore devils,  
There will be fools still I perceive, still fool.  
Would I be poor dejected, scorned of greatness,  
Swept from the Palace, and see other daughters  
Spring with the dew o' th' Court, having mine own  
So much desired and loved — by the Duke's son,  
No, I would raise my state upon her breast  
And call her eyes my Tenants, I would count  
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks:  
Take Coach upon her lip, and all, her parts  
Should keep men after men, and I would ride,  
In pleasure upon pleasure:  
You took great pains for her, once when it was,  
Let her requite it now, though it be but some  
You brought her forth, she may well bring you home,  
*Mother* O heavens! this overcomes me?  
*Vindice* Not I hope, already?  
*Mother* It is too strong for me, men know that know us,  
We are so weak their words can overthrow us,  
He touched me nearly made my virtues bate  
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.  
*Vindice* I e'en quake to proceed, my spirit turns edge?  
I fear me she's unmothered, yet i'll venture,  
That woman is all male, whom none can Enter?  
What think you now Lady, speak are you wiser?

wln 0785  
wln 0786  
wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796

img: 13-a  
sig: C4v

What said advancement to you: thus it said!  
The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head:  
Did it not Madam? but i'll swear it does  
In many places, tut, this age fears no man,  
'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common.  
*Mother* Ay that's the comfort on 't.  
*Vindice* The comfort on 't!  
I keep the best for last, can these persuade you  
To forget heaven — and — *Mother* Ay these are they?  
*Vindice* Oh!  
*Mother* That enchant our sex,  
These are the means that govern our affections, — that woman

wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
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wln 0828  
wln 0829  
wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832

Will not be troubled with the mother long,  
That sees the comfortable shine of you,  
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do!  
*Vindice* O suff'ring heaven with thy invisible finger,  
E'en at this Instant turn the precious side  
Of both mine eyeballs inward, not to see myself,  
*Mother* Look you sir. *Vindice* Holla.  
*Mother* Let this thank your pains.  
*Vindice* O you're a kind Madman;  
*Mother* I'll see how I can move,  
*Vindice* Your words will sting,  
*Mother* If she be still chaste I'll ne'er call her mine,  
*Vindice* Spoke truer than you meant it,  
*Mother* Daughter *Castiza*. *Castiza* Madam,  
*Vindice* O she's yonder.  
Meet her: troops of celestial Soldiers guard her heart.  
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part,  
*Castiza* Madam what makes yon evil-officed man,  
In presence of you; *Mother* Why?  
*Castiza* He lately brought  
Immodest writing sent from the Duke's son  
To tempt me to dishonorable Act,  
*Mother* Dishonorable Act? — good honorable fool,  
That wouldst be honest cause thou wouldst be so,  
Producing no one reason but thy will.  
And 't 'as a good report, prettily commended,  
But pray by whom; mean people; ignorant people,  
The better sort I'm sure cannot abide it,  
And by what rule shouldst we square out our lives,  
But by our better's actions? oh if thou knew'st  
What 'twere to lose it, thou would never keep it:  
But there's a cold curse laid upon all Maids,  
Whilst other clip the Sun they clasp the shades!  
Virginity is paradise, locked up.  
You cannot come by yourselves without fee.  
And 'twas decreed that man should keep the key!

wln 0833

wln 0834

img: 13-b  
sig: D1r

wln 0835

wln 0836

wln 0837

wln 0838

wln 0839

wln 0840

wln 0841

wln 0842

wln 0843

wln 0844

wln 0845

wln 0846

wln 0847

wln 0848

wln 0849

wln 0850

wln 0851

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wln 0859

wln 0860

wln 0861

wln 0862

wln 0863

wln 0864

wln 0865

wln 0866

wln 0867

wln 0868

wln 0869

wln 0870

wln 0871

wln 0872

img: 14-a  
sig: D1v

wln 0873

wln 0874

wln 0875

wln 0876

wln 0877

Deny advancement, treasure, the Duke's son,  
*Castiza* I cry you mercy. Lady I mistook you,

Pray did you see my Mother; which way went you?  
Pray God I have not lost her.

*Vindice* Prettily put by.

*Mother* Are you as proud to me as coy to him?

Do you not know me now?

*Castiza* Why are you she?

The world's so changed, one shape into another,  
It is a wise child now that knows her mother?

*Vindice* Most right i' faith.

*Mother.* I owe your cheek my hand,

For that presumption now, but I'll forget it,  
Come you shall leave those childish 'haviors,  
And understand your Time, Fortunes flow to you,  
What will you be a Girl?

If all feared drowning, that spy waves ashore,  
Gold would grow rich, and all the Merchants poor.

*Castiza* It is a pretty saying of a wicked one, but methinks now  
It does not show so well out of your mouth,  
Better in his.

*Vindice* Faith bad enough in both,  
Were I in earnest as I'll seem no less?  
I wonder Lady your own mother's words,  
Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force.  
'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?  
'Tis but heaven's beggar; and what woman is so foolish to  
keep honesty,  
And be not able to keep herself? No,  
Times are grown wiser and will keep less charge,  
A Maid that has small portion now intends,  
To break up house, and live upon her friends  
How blessed are you, you have happiness alone,  
Others must fall to thousands, you to one,  
Sufficient in himself to make your forehead  
Dazzle the world with Jewels, and petitionary people  
Start at your presence.

*Mother.* Oh if I were young, I should be ravished.

*Castiza* Ay to lose your honor.

*Vindice* 'Slid how can you lose your honor?

To deal with my Lord's Grace,  
He'll add more honor to it by his Title,  
Your Mother will tell you how.

*Mother.* That I will.

*Vindice* O think upon the pleasure of the Palace,

wln 0878  
wln 0879  
wln 0880  
wln 0881  
wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886  
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wln 0905  
wln 0906  
wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909  
wln 0910

img: 14-b  
sig: D2r

Secured ease and state; the stirring meats,  
Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now quicken when they're eaten,  
Banquets abroad by Torchlight, Musics, sports,  
Bareheaded vassals, that had ne'er the fortune  
To keep on their own Hats, but let horns wear 'em.  
Nine Coaches waiting — hurry, hurry, hurry.

*Castiza* Ay to the Devil.

*Vindice* Ay to the Devil, to th' Duke by my faith.

*Mother* Ay to the Duke: daughter you'd scorn to think o' th'  
Devil and you were there once.

*Vindice* True, for most there are as proud as he for his heart i' faith  
Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,  
Dealing her short-lived beauty to the pictures,  
That are as useless as old men, when those  
Poorer in face and fortune than herself,  
Walk with a hundred Acres on their backs,  
Fair Meadows cut into Green foreparts — oh  
It was the greatest blessing ever happened to women;  
When Farmer's sons agreed, and met again,  
To wash their hands, and come up Gentlemen;  
The commonwealth has flourished ever since,  
Lands that were mete by the Rod, that labors spared,  
Tailors ride down, and measure 'em by the yard;  
Fair trees, those comely foretops of the Field,  
Are cut to maintain head-tires — much untold,  
All thrives but Chastity, she lies a-cold,  
Nay shall I come nearer to you, mark but this:  
Why are there so few honest women, but because 'tis the poorer  
profession, that's accounted best, that's best followed, least in  
trade, least in fashion, and that's not honesty believe it, and do  
but note the love and dejected price of it:

*Lose but a Pearl, we search and cannot brook it.*

*But that once gone, who is so mad to look it.*

wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
wln 0921  
wln 0922  
wln 0923  
wln 0924  
wln 0925

*Mother.* Troth he says true.

*Castiza* False, I defy you both:

I have endured you with an ear of fire,  
Your Tongues have struck hot irons on my face;  
*Mother*, come from that poisonous woman there.

*Mother.* Where?

*Castiza* Do you not see her, she's too inward then:

Slave perish in thy office: you heavens please,  
Henceforth to make the *Mother* a disease,  
Which first begins with me, yet I've outgone you.

*Vindice* O Angels clap your wings upon the skies,  
And give this Virgin Crystal plaudities?

*Mother* Peevish, coy, foolish, but return this answer,  
My Lord shall be most welcome, when his pleasure  
Conducts him this way, I will sway mine own,

*Exit.*

wln 0926  
wln 0927  
wln 0928  
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wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948

img: 15-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956  
wln 0957  
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wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970  
wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973

Women with women can work best alone. *Exit.*  
*Vindice* Indeed I'll tell him so;  
O more uncivil, more unnatural,  
Than those base-titled creatures that look downward,  
Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown  
Undo the world — why does not earth start up,  
And strike the sins that tread upon 't — oh;  
Were 't not for gold and women; there would be no damnation,  
Hell would look like a Lord's Great Kitchen without fire in 't;  
But 'twas decreed before the world began,  
That they should be the hooks to catch. at man. *Exit.*

*Enter Lussurioso, with Hippolito,  
Vindice's brother.*  
*Lussurioso* I much applaud thy judgement, thou art well read in a  
fellow,  
And 'tis the deepest Art to study man;  
I know this, which I never learnt in schools,  
The world's divided into knaves and fools.  
*Hippolito* Knave in your face my Lord, behind your back.  
*Lussurioso* And I much thank thee, that thou hast preferred,  
A fellow of discourse — well mingled,  
And whose brain Time hath seasoned.  
*Hippolito* True my Lord,

We shall find season once I hope; — O villain!  
To make such an unnatural slave of me; — but —  
*Lussurioso* Mass here he comes.  
*Hippolito* And now shall I have free leave to depart.  
*Lussurioso* Your absence, leave us.  
*Hippolito* Are not my thoughts true?  
I must remove; but brother you may stay,  
Heart, we are both made Bawds a new-found way? *Exit.*  
*Lussurioso* Now, we're an even number? a third man's dangerous,  
Especially her brother, say, be free,  
Have I a pleasure toward. *Vindice* Oh my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* Ravish me in thine answer, art thou rare,  
Hast thou beguiled her of salvation,  
And rubbed hell o'er with honey; is she a woman?  
*Vindice* In all but in Desire.  
*Lussurioso* Then she's in nothing, — I bate in courage now.  
*Vindice* The words I brought,  
Might well have made indifferent honest, naught,  
A right good woman in these days is changed,  
Into white money with less labor far,  
Many a Maid has turned to Mahomet,  
With easier working; I durst undertake  
Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life.  
With half those words to flat a Puritan's wife,  
But she is close and good; — yet 'tis a doubt by this time; oh

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wln 0975  
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wln 0981  
wln 0982  
wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985  
wln 0986

img: 15-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
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wln 1018  
wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021

the mother, the mother?

*Lussurioso* I never thought their sex had been a wonder,  
Until this minute? what fruit from the Mother?

*Vindice* Now must I blister my soul, be forsworn,  
Or shame the woman that received me first,  
I will be true, thou liv'st not to proclaim,  
Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame.

My Lord. *Lussurioso* Who's that?

*Vindice* Here's none but I my Lord.

*Lussurioso* What would thy haste utter?

*Vindice* Comfort. *Lussurioso* Welcome.

*Vindice* The Maid being dull, having no mind to travel,  
Into unknown lands, what did me I straight,

But set spurs to the Mother; golden spurs,  
Will put her to a false gallop in a trice,

*Lussurioso* Is't possible that in this.

The Mother should be damned before the daughter?

*Vindice* Oh, that's good manners my Lord, the Mother for her  
age must go foremost you know.

*Lussurioso* Thou 'st spoke that true! but where comes in this comfort.

*Vindice* In a fine place my Lord — the unnatural mother,  
Did with her tongue so hard beset her honor,  
That the poor fool was struck to silent wonder,  
Yet still the maid like an unlighted Taper,  
Was cold and chaste, save that her Mother's breath,  
Did blow fire on her cheeks, the girl departed,  
But the good ancient Madam half mad, threw me  
These promising words, which I took deeply note of;  
My Lord shall be most welcome,

*Lussurioso* Faith I thank her,

*Vindice* When his pleasure conducts him this way.

*Lussurioso* That shall be soon i' faith, *Vindice* I will sway mine own,

*Lussurioso* She does the wiser I commend her for 't,

*Vindice* Women with women can work best alone,

*Lussurioso* By this light and so they can, give 'em their due, men are  
not comparable to 'em.

*Vindice* No that's true, for you shall have one woman knit  
more in a hour than any man can Ravel again in seven and  
twenty year.

*Lussurioso* Now my desires are happy, I'll make 'em freemen now,  
Thou art a precious fellow, faith I love thee,  
Be wise and make it thy revenue, beg, leg,  
What office couldst thou be Ambitious for?

*Vindice* Office my Lord marry if I might have my wish I would  
have one that was never begged yet,

*Lussurioso* Nay then thou canst have none.

*Vindice* Yes my Lord I could pick out another office yet, nay  
and keep a horse and drab upon 't,

wln 1022  
wln 1023  
wln 1024

img: 16-a  
sig: D3v

*Lussurioso* Prithee good bluntness tell me.  
*Vindice* Why I would desire but this my Lord, to have all the  
fees behind the *Arras*; and all the farthingales that fall plump

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wln 1061  
wln 1062

about twelve o'clock at night upon the Rushes.  
*Lussurioso* Thou 'rt a mad apprehensive knave, dost think to make  
any great purchase of that.  
*Vindice* Oh 'tis an unknown thing my Lord, I wonder 't has been  
missed so long?  
*Lussurioso* Well, this night i'll visit her, and 'tis till then  
A year in my desires—farewell, attend,  
Trust me with thy preferment. *Exit.*  
*Vindice* My loved Lord;  
Oh shall I kill him o' th' wrong side now, no!  
Sword thou wast never a backbiter yet,  
I'll pierce him to his face, he shall die, looking upon me,  
Thy veins are swelled with lust, this shall unfill 'em,  
Great men were Gods, if beggars could not kill 'em,  
Forgive me heaven, to call my mother wicked,  
Oh lessen not my days upon the earth  
I cannot honor her, by this I fear me  
Her tongue has turned my sister into use.  
I was a villain not to be forsworn:  
To this our lecherous hope, the Duke's son,  
For Lawyers, Merchants, some divines and all,  
Count beneficial perjury a sin small,  
It shall go hard yet, but i'll guard her honor  
And keep the ports sure? *Enter Hippolito.*  
*Hippolito* Brother how goes the world? I would know news of you  
But I have news to tell you.  
*Vindice* What in the name of knavery?  
*Hippolito* Knavery faith,  
This vicious old Duke's worthily abused  
The pen of his bastard writes him Cuckold!  
*Vindice* His bastard?  
*Hippolito* Pray believe it, he and the Duchess,  
By night meet in their linen, they have been seen  
By stair-foot panders!  
*Vindice* Oh sin foul and deep,  
Great faults are winked at when the Duke's asleep,  
See, see, here comes the *Spurio*.  
*Hippolito* Monstrous Luxur?

img: 16-b  
sig: D4r

wln 1063  
wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066

*Vindice* Unbraced: two of his valiant bawds with him.  
O There's a wicked whisper; hell is in his ear  
Stay let's observe his passage —  
*Spurio* Oh but are you sure on 't.



wln 1067  
wln 1068  
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wln 1100

img: 17-a  
sig: D4v

wln 1101  
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wln 1103  
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wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114

*Servant* My Lord most sure on 't, for 'twas spoke by one,  
That is most inward with the Duke's son's lust:  
That he intends within this hour to steal,  
Unto *Hippolito's* sister, whose chaste life  
The mother has corrupted for his use.

*Spurio* Sweet word, sweet occasion, faith then brother  
I'll disinherit you in as short time,  
As I was when I was begot in haste:  
I'll damn you at your pleasure: precious deed  
After your lust, oh 'twill be fine to bleed,  
Come let our passing out be soft and wary. *Exeunt.*

*Vindice* Mark, there, there, that step, now to the Duchess,  
This their second meeting, writes the Duke Cuckold  
With new additions, his horns newly revived:  
Night! thou that look'st like funeral Herald's fees  
Torn down betimes i' th' morning, thou hangest fitly  
To Grace those sins that have no grace at all,  
Now 'tis full sea a-bed over the world,  
There's juggling of all sides, some that were Maids  
E'en at Sunset are now perhaps i' th' Toll-book,  
This woman in immodest thin apparel:  
Lets in her friend by water, here a Dame  
Cunning, nails leather-hinges to a door,  
To avoid proclamation,  
Now Cuckolds are a-quoyning, apace, apace, apace, apace?  
And careful sisters spin that thread i' th' night,  
That does maintain them and their bawds i' th' day!

*Hippolito* You flow well brother?

*Vindice* Puh I'm shallow yet,  
Too sparing and too modest, shall I tell thee,  
If every trick were told that's dealt by night  
There are few here that would not blush outright.

*Hippolito* I am of that belief too.

*Vindice* Who's this comes,

*Vindice* The Duke's son up so late, — brother fall back,  
And you shall learn, some mischief, — my good Lord.

*Lussurioso* *Piato*, why the man I wished for, come,  
I do embrace this season for the fittest  
To taste of that young Lady? *Vindice* Heart, and hell.

*Hippolito* Damned villain.

*Vindice* I ha' no way now to cross it, but to kill him.

*Lussurioso* Come only thou and I. *Vindice* My Lord my Lord.

*Lussurioso* Why dost thou start us?

*Vindice* I'd almost forgot — the bastard! *Lussurioso* What of him?

*Vindice* This night, this hour — this minute, now.

*Lussurioso* What? what? *Vindice* Shadows the Duchess —

*Lussurioso* Horrible word.

*Vindice* And like strong poison eats,

wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138

img: 17-b  
sig: E1r

wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162

Into the Duke your father's forehead. *Lussurioso* Oh.  
*Vindice* He makes horn royal. *Lussurioso* Most ignoble slave?  
*Vindice* This is the fruit of two beds. *Lussurioso* I am mad.  
*Vindice* That passage he trod warily: *Lussurioso* He did!  
*Vindice* And hushed his villains every step he took.  
*Lussurioso* His villains? i'll confound them.  
*Vindice* Take 'em finely, finely, now.  
*Lussurioso* The Duchess' Chamber-door shall not control me. *Exeunt*  
*Hippolito* Good, happy, swift, there's gunpowder i' th' Court,  
Wild-fire at midnight, in this heedless fury  
He may show violence to cross himself,  
I'll follow the Event. *Exit.*  
*Lussurioso* Where is that villain? *Enter again.*  
*Vindice* Softly my Lord and you may take 'em twisted.  
*Lussurioso* I care not how!  
*Vindice* Oh 'twill be glorious,  
To kill 'em doubled, when they're heaped, be soft my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* Away my spleen is not so lazy, thus and thus,  
I'll shake their eyelids ope, and with my sword  
Shut 'em again for ever; — villain, strumpet —  
*Duke* You upper Guard defend us. *Duchess* Treason, treason.  
*Duke* Oh take me not in sleep, I have great sins, I must have days,  
Nay months dear son, with penitential heaves,  
To lift 'em out, and not to die unclear,

O thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.  
*Lussurioso* I am amazed to death.  
*Duke.* Nay villain traitor,  
Worse than the foulest Epithet, now I'll gripe thee  
E'en with the Nerves of wrath, and throw thy head  
Amongst the Lawyers guard.  
*Enter Nobles and sons.*  
*1. Noble.* How comes the quiet of your **Grace** disturbed?  
*Duke.* This boy that should be myself after me,  
Would be myself before me, and in heat  
Of that ambition bloodily rushed in  
Intending to depose me in my bed?  
*2. Noble.* Duty and natural-loyalty forfend.  
*Duchess* He called his Father villain; and me strumpet,  
A word that I abhor to 'file my lips with.  
*Ambitioso* That was not so well done Brother?  
*Lussurioso* I am abused — I know there's no excuse can do me good.  
*Vindice* 'Tis now good policy to be from sight,  
His vicious purpose to our sister's honor,  
Is crossed beyond our thought.  
*Hippolito* You little dreamt his Father slept here.  
*Vindice* Oh 'twas far beyond me.  
But since it fell so; — without frightful word,  
Would he had killed him, 'twould have eased our swords.

wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176

img: 18-a  
sig: E1v

wln 1177  
wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210

*Duke* Be comforted our Duchess, he shall die. *dissemble a*  
*Lussurioso* Where's this slave-pander now? out of mine eye, *flight*.  
Guilty of this abuse.

*Enter Spurio with his villains.*

*Spurio* Y' are villains, Fblers,  
You have knaves' chins, and harlots' tongues, you lie,  
And I **will** damn you with one meal a day.

*1. Servant* O good my Lord!

*Spurio* 'Sblood you shall never sup.

*2. Servant* O I beseech you sir.

*Spurio* To let my sword — Catch cold so long and miss him.

*1. Servant* Troth my Lord — 'Twas his intent to meet there.

*Spurio* Heart he's yonder?

Ha? what news here? is the day out o' th' socket,

That it is Noon at Midnight; the Court up,  
How comes the Guard so saucy with his elbows?

*Lussurioso* The Bastard here?

Nay then the truth of my intent shall out,  
My Lord and Father hear me. *Duke.* Bear him hence.

*Lussurioso* I can with loyalty excuse.

*Duke.* Excuse? to prison with the Villain,  
Death shall not long lag after him.

*Spurio* Good i' faith, then 'tis not much amiss,

*Lussurioso* Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues,  
I pray persuade for me.

*Ambitioso* It is our duties: make yourself sure of us.

*Supervacuo* We'll sweat in pleading.

*Lussurioso* And I may live to thank you. *Exeunt.*

*Ambitioso* No, thy death shall thank me better.

*Spurio* He's gone: I'll after him,  
And know his trespass, seem to bear a part  
In all his ills, but with a *Puritan* heart. *Exit.*

*Ambitioso* Now brother, let our hate and love be woven  
So subtly together, that in speaking one word for his life,  
We may make three for his death,  
The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.

*Supervacuo* Set on, I'll not be far behind you brother.

*Duke.* Is't possible a son should be disobedient as far as  
the sword: it is the highest he can go no farther.

*Ambitioso* My gracious Lord, take pity, — *Duke.* Pity boys?

*Ambitioso* Nay we'd be loath to move your Grace too much,  
We know the trespass is unpardonable,  
Black, wicked, and unnatural,

*Supervacuo* In a Son, oh Monstrous.

*Ambitioso* Yet my Lord,  
A Duke's soft hand strokes the rough head of law,  
And makes it lie smooth. *Duke* But my hand shall ne'er do 't.

*Ambitioso* That as you please my Lord.

wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214

img: 18-b  
sig: E2r

*Supervacuo* We must needs confess,  
Some father would have entered into hate,  
So deadly pointed, that before his eyes,  
He would ha' seen the execution sound,

wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
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wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252

Without corrupted favor?  
*Ambitioso* But my Lord,  
Your Grace may live the wonder of all times,  
In pard'ning that offense which never yet  
Had face to beg a pardon. *Duke.* Honey, how's this?  
*Ambitioso* Forgive him good my Lord, he's your own son,  
And I must needs say 'twas the vildlier done.  
*Supervacuo* He's the next heir — yet this true reason gathers,  
None can possess that dispossess their fathers:  
Be merciful; —  
*Duke.* Here's no Stepmother's wit,  
I'll try 'em both upon their love and hate.  
*Ambitioso* Be merciful — although — *Duke.* You have prevailed,  
My wrath like flaming wax hath spent itself,  
I know 'twas but some peevish Moon in him: go, let him be released.  
*Supervacuo* 'Sfoot how now Brother?  
*Ambitioso* Your Grace doth please to speak beside your spleen,  
I would it were so happy? *Duke.* Why go, release him.  
*Supervacuo* O my good Lord, I know the fault's too weighty,  
And full of general loathing; too inhuman,  
Rather by all men's voices worthy death.  
*Duke.* 'Tis true too; here then, receive this signet, doom shall pass,  
Direct it to the Judges, he shall die  
Ere many days, make haste.  
*Ambitioso* All speed that may be,  
We could have wished his burden not so sore,  
We knew your Grace did but delay before. *Exeunt.*  
*Duke.* Here's Envy with a poor thin cover o'er 't,  
Like Scarlet hid in lawn, easily spied through,  
This their ambition by the Mother's side,  
Is dangerous, and for safety must be purged,  
I will prevent their envies, sure it was  
But some mistaken fury in our son,  
Which these aspiring boys would climb upon:  
He shall be released suddenly. *Enter Nobles.*  
*1. Noble* Good morning to your Grace.  
*Duke.* Welcome my Lords.  
*2. Noble* Our knees shall take away the office of our feet for ever,

img: 19-a  
sig: E2v

wln 1253  
wln 1254  
wln 1255

Unless your Grace bestow a father's eye,  
Upon the Clouded fortunes of your son,  
And in compassionate virtue grant him that,

wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259  
wln 1260  
wln 1261  
wln 1262  
wln 1263  
wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270

Which makes e'en mean men happy; liberty  
*Duke* How seriously their loves and honors woo  
For that, which I am about to pray them do  
Which, rise my Lords, your knees sign his release,  
We freely pardon him.

*I. Noble* We owe your Grace much thanks, and he much duty. *Exeunt.*

*Duke* It well becomes that Judge to nod at crimes,  
That does commit greater himself and lives:  
I may forgive a disobedient error,  
That expect pardon for adultery  
And in my old days am a youth in lust:  
Many a beauty have I turned to poison  
In the denial, covetous of all,  
Age hot, is like a Monster to be seen:  
My hairs are white, and yet my sins are Green.

wln 1271  
wln 1272  
wln 1273  
wln 1274  
wln 1275  
wln 1276  
wln 1277  
wln 1278  
wln 1279  
wln 1280  
wln 1281  
wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289

*ACT. 3.*

*Enter Ambitioso, and Supervacuo?*

*Supervacuo* Brother, let my opinion sway you once,  
I speak it for the best, to have him die:  
Surest and soonest, if the signet come,  
Unto the judge's hands, why then his doom,  
Will be deferred till sittings and Court-days:  
Juries and further, — Faiths are bought and sold,  
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.

*Ambitioso* In troth 'tis true too!

*Supervacuo* Then let's set by the Judges  
And fall to the Officers, 'tis but mistaking  
The Duke our father's meaning, and where he named,  
Ere many days, 'tis but forgetting that  
And, have him die i' th' morning.

*Ambitioso* Excellent,  
Then am I heir — Duke in a minute.

*Supervacuo* Nay,  
And he were once puffed out, here is a pin.

img: 19-b  
sig: E3r

wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302

Should quickly prick your bladder.

*Ambitioso* Blast occasion,  
He being packed, we'll have some trick and wile,  
To wind our younger brother out of prison,  
That lies in for the Rape, the Lady's dead,  
And people's thoughts will soon be buried.

*Supervacuo* We may with safety do 't, and live and feed,  
The Duchess' sons are too proud to bleed,

*Ambitioso* We are i' faith to say true. — come let's not linger  
I'll to the Officers, go you before,  
And set an edge upon the Executioner.

*Supervacuo* Let me alone to grind him.

*Exit.*

*Ambitioso* Meet; farewell,

wln 1303  
wln 1304  
wln 1305  
wln 1306  
wln 1307  
wln 1308  
wln 1309  
wln 1310  
wln 1311  
wln 1312  
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wln 1318  
wln 1319  
wln 1320  
wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325  
wln 1326  
wln 1327

img: 20-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1328  
wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332  
wln 1333  
wln 1334  
wln 1335  
wln 1336  
wln 1337  
wln 1338  
wln 1339  
wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
wln 1343  
wln 1344  
wln 1345  
wln 1346  
wln 1347  
wln 1348  
wln 1349  
wln 1350

I am next now, I rise just in that place,  
Where thou 'rt cut off, upon thy Neck kind brother,  
The falling of one head, lifts up another. *Exit.*

*Enter with the Nobles, Lussurioso from prison.*

*Lussurioso* My Lords? I am so much indebted to your loves,  
For this, O this delivery.

*1. Noble* But our duties, my Lord, unto the hopes that grow in you,

*Lussurioso* If ere I live to be myself i'll thank you,  
O liberty thou sweet and heavenly Dame;  
But hell for prison is too mild a name. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ambitioso, and Supervacuo? with Officers.*

*Ambitioso* Officers? here's the Duke's signet, your firm warrant,  
Brings the command of present death along with it  
Unto our brother, the Duke's son; we are sorry,  
That we are so unnaturally employed  
In such an unkind Office, fitter far  
For enemies than brothers.

*Supervacuo* But you know,  
The Duke's command must be obeyed.

*1. Officer* It must and shall my Lord — this morning then,  
So suddenly?

*Ambitioso* Ay alas poor good-soul,  
He must break fast betimes, the executioner  
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valor.

*2. Officer* Already?

*Supervacuo* Already i' faith, O sir, destruction hies,  
And that is least Impudent, soonest dies,

*1. Officer* Troth you say true my Lord we take our leaves,  
Our Office shall be sound, we'll not delay,  
The third part of a minute.

*Ambitioso* Therein you show.  
Yourselves good men, and upright officers,  
Pray let him die as private as he may,  
Do him that favor, for the gaping people.  
Will but trouble him at his prayers,  
And make him curse, and swear, and so die black.  
Will you be so far Kind?

*1. Officer* It shall be done my Lord.

*Ambitioso* Why we do thank you, if we live to be,  
You shall have a better office,

*2. Officer* Your good Lordship,

*Supervacuo* Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

*1. Officer* We'll weep and do your commendations, *Exeunt.*

*Ambitioso* Fine fools in office! *Supervacuo* Things fall out so fit.

*Ambitioso* So happily, come brother ere next clock,  
His head will be made serve a bigger block. *Exeunt.*

*Enter in prison Junior Brother,*

*Junior* Keeper. *Keeper* My Lord.

wln 1351  
wln 1352  
wln 1353  
wln 1354  
wln 1355  
wln 1356  
wln 1357  
wln 1358  
wln 1359  
wln 1360  
wln 1361  
wln 1362  
wln 1363  
wln 1364  
wln 1365

img: 20-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1366  
wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372  
wln 1373  
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wln 1378  
wln 1379  
wln 1380  
wln 1381  
wln 1382  
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wln 1384  
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wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398

*Junior* No news lately from our brothers?  
Are they unmindful of us?  
*Keeper* My Lord a messenger came newly in and brought this from 'em,  
*Junior* Nothing but paper comforts?  
I looked for my delivery before this,  
Had they been worth their oaths — prithee be from us.  
Now what say you forsooth, speak out I pray,  
Letter. *Brother be of good cheer,*  
'Slud it begins like a whore with good cheer,  
*Thou shalt not be long a prisoner.*  
Not five and thirty year like a bankrupt, I think so,  
*We have thought upon a device to get thee out by a trick!*  
By a trick, pox o' your trick and it be so long a-playing.  
*And so rest comforted, be merry and expect it suddenly!*  
Be merry, hang merry, draw and quarter merry, I'll be mad!

Is't not strange that a man should lie in a whole month for a woman,  
well, we shall see how sudden our brothers: will be in  
their promise, I must expect still a trick! I shall not be long a  
prisoner, how now, what news?  
*Keeper.* Bad news my Lord I am discharged of you.  
*Junior* Slave call'st thou that bad news, I thank you brothers.  
*Keeper* My Lord 'twill prove so, here come the Officers,  
Into whose hands I must commit you.  
*Junior* Ha, Officers, what, why?  
*1. Officer* You must pardon us my Lord,  
Our Office must be sound, here is our warrant  
The signet from the Duke, you must straight suffer.  
*Junior.* Suffer? i'll suffer you to be gone, i'll suffer you,  
To come no more, what would you have me suffer?  
*2. Officer* My Lord those words were better changed to prayers,  
The time's but brief with you, prepare to die.  
*Junior.* Sure 'tis not so. *3. Officer* It is too true my Lord.  
*Junior.* I tell you 'tis not, for the Duke my father,  
Deferred me till next sitting, and I look  
E'en every minute threescore times an hour,  
For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.  
*1. Officer* A trick my Lord? if you expect such comfort,  
Your hopes as fruitless as a barren woman:  
Your brothers were the unhappy messengers,  
That brought this powerful token for your death.  
*Junior.* My brothers, no, no.  
*2. Officer* 'Tis most true my Lord.  
*Junior.* My brothers to bring a warrant for my death  
How strange this shows?  
*3. Officer* There's no delaying time.  
*Junior.* Desire 'em hither, call 'em up, my brothers?  
They shall deny it to your faces.  
*1. Officer* My Lord,

wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402  
wln 1403

img: 21-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1404  
wln 1405  
wln 1406  
wln 1407  
wln 1408  
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wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440  
wln 1441

img: 21-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1442  
wln 1443

They're far enough by this, at least at Court,  
And this most strict command they left behind 'em,  
When grief swum in their eyes, they showed like brothers,  
Brimful of heavy sorrow: but the Duke  
Must have his pleasure. *Junior* His pleasure?

*1. Officer* These were their last words which my memory bears,  
*Commend us to the Scaffold in our tears.*

*Junior.* Pox dry their tears, what should I do with tears?  
I hate 'em worse than any Citizen's son  
Can hate salt water; here came a letter now,  
New-bleeding from their Pens, scarce stinted yet,  
Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it,  
Look you officious whoresons words of comfort,  
*Not long a Prisoner.*

*1. Officer* It says true in that sir, for you must suffer presently.

*Junior.* A villainous Duns, upon the letter knavish exposition,  
Look you then here sir: *We'll get thee out by a trick says he.*

*2. Officer* That may hold too sir, for you know a Trick is commonly  
four Cards, which was meant by us four officers.

*Junior.* Worse and worse dealing.

*1. Officer* The hour beckons us,  
The headsman waits, lift up your eyes to heaven.

*Junior.* I thank you faith; good pretty-wholesome counsel,  
I should look up to heaven as you said,  
Whilst he behind me cozens me of my head,  
Ay that's the Trick. *3. Officer* You delay too long my Lord.

*Junior.* Stay good Authority's Bastards, since I must  
Through Brother's perjury die, O let me venom  
Their souls with curses. *1. Officer* Come 'tis no time to curse.

*Junior.* Must I bleed then, without respect of sign? well —  
My fault was sweet sport, which the world approves,  
I die for that which every woman loves. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vindice with Hippolito his brother.*

*Vindice* O sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing,

*Hippolito* Why what's the matter brother?

*Vindice* O 'tis able, to make a man spring up, and knock his forehead  
Against yon silver ceiling.

*Hippolito* Prithee tell me,  
Why may not I partake with you? you vowed once  
To give me share to every tragic thought.

*Vindice* By th' Mass I think I did too,  
Then I'll divide it to thee, — the old Duke  
Thinking my outward shape, and inward heart

Are cut out of one piece; (for he that prates his secrets,  
His heart stands o' th' outside) hires me by price:



wln 1444  
wln 1445  
wln 1446  
wln 1447  
wln 1448  
wln 1449  
wln 1450  
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wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476  
wln 1477  
wln 1478  
wln 1479

img: 22-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491

To greet him with a Lady,  
In some fit place veiled from the eyes o' th' Court,  
Some darkened blushless Angle, that is guilty  
Of his forefathers' lusts, and great-folks' riots,  
To which (I easily to maintain my shape)  
Consented, and did wish his impudent grace  
To meet her here in this unsunned lodge,  
Wherein 'tis night at noon, and here the rather,  
Because unto the torturing of his soul,  
The Bastard and the Duchess have appointed  
Their meeting too in this luxurious circle,  
Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes  
Before we kill the rest of him.

*Hippolito* 'Twill i' faith, most dreadfully digested,  
I see not how you could have missed me brother.

*Vindice* True, but the violence of my joy forgot it.

*Hippolito* Ay, but where's that Lady now?

*Vindice* Oh at that word,

I'm lost again, you cannot find me yet  
I'm in a throng of happy Apprehensions.  
He's suited for a Lady, I have took care  
For a delicious lip, a sparkling eye,  
You shall be witness brother;  
Be ready stand with your hat off.

*Exit.*

*Hippolito* Troth I wonder what Lady it should be?  
Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,  
To have a Lady stoop to a Duke, that stoops unto his men,  
'Tis common to be common, through the world:  
And there's more private common shadowing vices,  
Than those who are known both by their names and prices  
'Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare,  
To the Duke's Concubine, — and here she comes.

*Enter Vindice, with the skull of his love dressed up in Tires.*

*Vindice* Madame his grace will not be absent long.

Secret? ne'er doubt us Madam? 'twill be worth  
Three velvet gowns to your Ladyship — known?

Few Ladies respect that? disgrace, a poor thin shell,  
'Tis the best grace you have to do it well,  
I'll save your hand that labor, i'll unmask you?

*Hippolito* Why brother, brother.

*Vindice* Art thou beguiled now? tut, a Lady can,  
At such all hid, beguile a wiser man,  
Have I not fitted the old surfeiter  
With a quaint piece of beauty, age and bare bone  
Are e'er allied in action; here's an eye,  
Able to tempt a great man — to serve God,  
A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot got now to dissemble  
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble.

wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
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wln 1500  
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wln 1515  
wln 1516  
wln 1517

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,  
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.  
Here's a cheek keeps her color let the wind go whistle,  
Spout Rain, we fear thee not, be hot or cold  
All's one with us; and is not he absurd,  
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set,  
That fear no other God but wind and wet.  
*Hippolito* Brother y'ave spoke that right,  
Is this the form that living shone so bright?  
*Vindice* The very same,  
And now methinks I could e'en chide myself,  
For doting on her beauty, though her death  
Shall be revenged after no common action;  
Does the Silkworm expend her yellow labors  
For thee? for thee does she undo herself?  
Are Lordships sold to maintain Ladyships  
For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?  
Why does yon fellow falsify highways  
And put his life between the Judge's lips,  
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men  
To beat their valors for her?  
Surely we're all mad people, and they  
Whom we think are, are not, we mistake those,  
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.  
*Hippolito* Faith and in clothes too we, give us our due.  
*Vindice* Does every proud and self-affecting Dame

img: 22-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520  
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wln 1522  
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wln 1538  
wln 1539

Camphire her face for this? and grieve her Maker  
In sinful baths of milk, — when many an infant starves,  
For her superfluous outside, all for this?  
Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares  
Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats, all are hushed,  
Thou mayst lie chaste now! it were fine methinks:  
To have thee seen at Revels, forgetful feasts,  
And unclean Brothels; sure 'twould fright the sinner  
And make him a good coward, put a Reveller,  
Out of his Antic amble  
And cloy an Epicure with empty dishes?  
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman,  
Look through and through herself, — see Ladies, with false forms,  
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.  
Now to my tragic business, look you brother,  
I have not fashioned this only — for show  
And useless property, no, it shall bear a part  
E'en in it own Revenge. This very skull,  
Whose Mistress the Duke poisoned, with this drug  
The mortal curse of the earth; shall be revenged  
In the like strain, and kiss his lips to death,  
As much as the dumb thing can, he shall feel:

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wln 1554  
wln 1555

img: 23-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1556  
wln 1557  
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wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587

What fails in poison, we'll supply in steel.

*Hippolito* Brother I do applaud thy constant vengeance,  
The quaintness of thy malice above thought.

*Vindice* So 'tis laid on: now come and welcome Duke,  
I have her for thee, I protest it brother:  
Methinks she makes almost as fair a sign  
As some old gentlewoman in a Periwig?  
Hide thy face now for shame, thou hadst need have a Mask now  
'Tis vain when beauty flows, but when it fleets  
This would become graves better than the streets.

*Hippolito* You have my voice in that; hark, the Duke's come.

*Vindice* Peace, let's observe what company he brings,  
And how he does absent 'em, for you know  
He'll wish all private, — brother fall you back a little,  
With the bony Lady. *Hippolito* That I will.

*Vindice* So, so, — now nine years' vengeance crowd into a minute!

*Duke* You shall have leave to leave us, with this charge,  
Upon your lives, if we be missed by th' Duchess  
Or any of the Nobles, to give out,

We're privately rid forth. *Vindice* Oh happiness!

*Duke* With some few honorable gentlemen you may say,  
You may name those that are away from Court.

*Gentleman* Your will and pleasure shall be done my Lord.

*Vindice* Privately rid forth,  
He strives to make sure work on 't — your good grace?

*Duke* *Piato*, well done hast brought her, what Lady is't?

*Vindice* Faith my Lord a Country Lady, a little bashful at first  
as most of them are, but after the first kiss my Lord the worst is  
past with them, your grace knows now what you have to do;  
sh'as somewhat a grave look with her — but —

*Duke* I love that best, conduct her.

*Vindice* Have at all.

*Duke* In gravest looks the Greatest faults seem less  
Give me that sin that's robbed in Holiness.

*Vindice* Back with the Torch; brother raise the perfumes.

*Duke* How sweet can a Duke breathe? age has no fault,  
Pleasure should meet in a perfumed mist,  
Lady sweetly encountered, I came from Court I must be bold  
with you, oh, what's this, oh!

*Vindice* royal villain, white devil; *Duke*. Oh.

*Vindice* Brother — place the Torch here, that his affrighted eyeballs  
May start into those hollows, Duke; dost know  
Yon dreadful vizard, view it well, 'tis the skull  
Of *Gloriana*, whom thou poisoned'st last.

*Duke* Oh, 't has poisoned me.

*Vindice* Didst not know that till now?

*Duke* What are you two?

*Vindice* Villains all three? — the very ragged bone,

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wln 1589  
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wln 1591  
wln 1592  
wln 1593

img: 23-b  
sig: F3r

wln 1594  
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wln 1629  
wln 1630  
wln 1631

img: 24-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1632

Has been sufficiently revenged.

*Duke* Oh *Hippolito*? call treason.

*Hippolito* Yes my good Lord, treason, treason, treason. *stamping*

*Duke* Then I'm betrayed. *on him.*

*Vindice* Alas poor Lecher in the hands of knaves,  
A slavish Duke is baser than his slaves.

*Duke.* My teeth are eaten out. *Vindice* Hadst any left.

*Hippolito* I think but few.

*Vindice* Then those that did eat are eaten. *Duke* O my tongue.

*Vindice* Your tongue? 'twill teach you to kiss closer,

Not like a **Slobbering Dutchman**, you have eyes still:

Look monster, what a Lady hast thou made me,

My once betrothed wife.

*Duke* Is it thou villain, nay then —

*Vindice* 'Tis I, 'tis *Vindici*, 'tis I.

*Hippolito* And let this comfort thee: our Lord and Father

Fell sick upon the infection of thy frowns,

And died in sadness; be that thy hope of life. *Duke.* Oh?

*Vindice* He had his tongue, yet grief made him die speechless.

Puh, 'tis but early yet, now i'll begin

To stick thy soul with Ulcers, I will make

Thy spirit grievous sore, it shall not rest,

But like some pestilent man toss in thy breast— (mark me duke)

Thou 'rt a renowned, high, and mighty Cuckold. *Duke.* Oh!

*Vindice* Thy Bastard, thy bastard rides a-hunting in thy brow.

*Duke.* Millions of deaths.

*Vindice* Nay to afflict thee more,

Here in this lodge they meet for damned clips,

Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.

*Duke.* Is there a hell besides this, villains? *Vindice* Villain?

Nay heaven is just, scorns are the hires of scorns,

I ne'er knew yet Adulterer without horns.

*Hippolito* Once ere they die 'tis quit.

*Vindice* Hark the music,

Their banquet is prepared, they're coming —

*Duke.* Oh, kill me not with that sight.

*Vindice* Thou shalt not lose that sight for all thy Dukedom.

*Duke.* Traitors, murderers?

*Vindice* What? is not thy tongue eaten out yet?

Then we'll invent a silence? brother stifle the Torch,

*Duke.* Treason, murder?

*Vindice* Nay faith, we'll have you hushed now with thy dagger

Nail down his tongue, and mine shall keep possession

About his heart, if he but gasp he dies,

We dread not death to quittance injuries; — Brother,

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wln 1668  
wln 1669

If he but wink, not brooking the foul object,  
Let our two other hands tear up his lids,  
And make his eyes like Comets shine through blood,  
When the bad bleeds, then is the Tragedy good,  
*Hippolito* Whist, brother, music's at our ear, they come.  
*Enter the Bastard meeting the Duchess.*  
*Spurio* Had not that kiss a taste of sin 'twere sweet.  
*Duchess* Why there's no pleasure sweet but it is sinful.  
*Spurio* True, such a bitter sweetness fate hath given,  
Best side to us, is the worst side to heaven.  
*Duchess* Push, come: 'tis the old Duke thy doubtful Father,  
The thought of him rubs heaven in thy way,  
But I protest by yonder waxen fire,  
Forget him, or i'll poison him.  
*Spurio* Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life,  
So deadly do I loathe him for my birth,  
That if he took me hasped within his bed,  
I would add murder to adultery,  
And with my sword give up his years to death.  
*Duchess* Why now thou 'rt sociable, let's in and feast,  
Loud'st Music sound: pleasure is Banquet's guest. *Exeunt.*  
*Duke* I cannot brook — *Vindice* The Brook is turned to blood.  
*Hippolito* Thanks to loud Music. *Vindice* 'Twas our friend indeed,  
'Tis state in Music for a Duke to bleed:  
The Dukedom wants a head, though yet unknown,  
As fast as they peep up, let's cut 'em down. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter the Duchess' two sons, Ambitioso and Supervacuo.*  
*Ambitioso* Was not his execution rarely plotted?  
We are the Duke's sons now.  
*Supervacuo* Ay you may thank my policy for that.  
*Ambitioso* Your policy, for what?  
*Supervacuo* Why was't not my invention brother,  
To slip the Judges, and in lesser compass,  
Did not I draw the model of his death,  
Advising you to sudden officers,  
And e'en extemporal execution.  
*Ambitioso* Heart, 'twas a thing I thought on too.

img: 24-b  
sig: F4r

wln 1670  
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wln 1676  
wln 1677  
wln 1678  
wln 1679  
wln 1680

*Supervacuo* You thought on 't too, 'sfoot slander not your thoughts  
With glorious untruth, I know 'twas from you.  
*Ambitioso* Sir I say, 'twas in my head.  
*Supervacuo* Ay, like your brains then,  
Ne'er to come out as long as you lived.  
*Ambitioso* You'd have the honor on 't forsooth, that your wit  
Lead him to the scaffold,  
*Supervacuo* Since it is my due,  
I'll publish 't, but I'll ha 't in spite of you.  
*Ambitioso* Methinks y' are much too bold, you should a little  
Remember us brother, next to be honest Duke.

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wln 1707

img: 25-a  
sig: F4v

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wln 1727  
wln 1728

*Supervacuo* Ay, it shall be as easy for you to be Duke,  
As to be honest, and that's never i' faith.  
*Ambitioso* Well, cold he is by this time, and because  
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,  
And let the glory be shared equally. *Supervacuo* I am content to that.  
*Ambitioso* This night **our** younger brother shall out of prison,  
I have a trick. *Supervacuo* A trick, prithee what is't?  
*Ambitioso* We'll get him out by a wile. *Supervacuo* Prithee what wile?  
*Ambitioso* No sir, you shall not know it, till 't be done,  
For then you'd swear 'twere yours.  
*Supervacuo* How now, what's he? *Ambitioso* One of the officers.  
*Supervacuo* Desired news. *Ambitioso* How now my friend?  
*Officer* My Lords, under your pardon, I am allotted  
To that desertless office, to present you  
With the yet bleeding head. *Supervacuo* Ha, ha, excellent.  
*Ambitioso* All's sure our own: Brother, canst weep think'st thou?  
'Twould grace our Flattery much; think of some Dame,  
'Twill teach thee to dissemble.  
*Supervacuo* I have thought, — Now for yourself.  
*Ambitioso* Our sorrows are so fluent,  
Our eyes o'erflow our tongues, words spoke in tears,  
Are like the murmurs of the waters, the sound  
Is loudly heard, but cannot be distinguished.  
*Supervacuo* How died he pray? *Officer* O full of rage and spleen.  
*Supervacuo* He died most valiantly then, we're glad to hear it.  
*Officer* We could not woo him once to pray.  
*Ambitioso* He showed himself a Gentleman in that: give him his due.

*Officer* But in the stead of prayer, he drew forth oaths.  
*Supervacuo* Then did he pray dear heart,  
Although you understood him not.  
*Officer* My Lords,  
E'en at his last, with pardon be it spoke,  
He cursed you both.  
*Supervacuo* He cursed us? 'las good soul.  
*Ambitioso* It was not in our powers, but the Duke's pleasure,  
Finely dissembled o' both sides, sweet fate,  
O happy opportunity. *Enter Lussurioso.*  
*Lussurioso* Now my Lords. *Both.* Oh! —  
*Lussurioso* Why do you shun me Brothers?  
You may come nearer now;  
The savor of the prison has forsook me,  
I thank such kind Lords as yourselves, I'm free.  
*Ambitioso* Alive! *Supervacuo* In health!  
*Ambitioso* Released?  
We were both e'en amazed with joy to see it,  
*Lussurioso* I am much to thank you.  
*Supervacuo* Faith we spared no tongue, unto my Lord the Duke.  
*Ambitioso* I know your delivery brother

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img: 25-b  
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wln 1746  
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wln 1755  
wln 1756  
wln 1757  
wln 1758

Had not been half so sudden but for us.  
*Supervacuo* O how we pleaded. *Lussurioso* Most deserving brothers,  
In my best studies I will think of it? *Exit* Lussurioso  
*Ambitioso* O death and vengeance. *Supervacuo* Hell and torments.  
*Ambitioso* Slave can'tst thou to delude us. *Officer* Delude you my Lords?  
*Supervacuo* Ay villain, where's this head now?  
*Officer* Why here my Lord,  
Just after his delivery, you both came  
With warrant from the Duke to behead your brother.  
*Ambitioso* Ay, our brother, the Duke's son.  
*Officer* The Duke's son my Lord, had his release before you came.  
*Ambitioso* Whose head's that then?  
*Officer* His whom you left command for, your own brother's?  
*Ambitioso* Our brother's? oh furies —  
*Supervacuo* Plagues. *Ambitioso* Confusions.  
*Supervacuo* Darkness. *Ambitioso* Devils.  
*Supervacuo* Fell it out so accursedly? *Ambitioso* So damnedly.

*Supervacuo* Villain I'll brain thee with it, *Officer* O my good Lord!  
*Supervacuo* The Devil overtake thee? *Ambitioso* O fatal.  
*Supervacuo* O prodigious to our bloods. *Ambitioso* Did we dissemble?  
*Supervacuo* Did we make our tears women for thee?  
*Ambitioso* Laugh and rejoice for thee.  
*Supervacuo* Bring warrant for thy death. *Ambitioso* Mock off thy head  
*Supervacuo* You had a trick, you had a wile forsooth.  
*Ambitioso* A murrain meet 'em, there's none of these wiles that  
ever come to good: I see now, there is nothing sure in mortality,  
but mortality, well, no more words shalt be revenged i' faith.  
Come, throw off clouds now brother, think of vengeance,  
And deeper settled hate, sirrah sit fast,  
We'll pull down all, but thou shalt down at last. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 4. SCENE I.

*Enter* Lussurioso with Hippolito.

*Lussurioso* Hippolito. Hippolito My Lord:  
Has your good Lordship aught to command me in?  
*Lussurioso* I prithee leave us.  
*Hippolito* How's this? come and leave us? *Lussurioso* Hippolito.  
*Hippolito* Your honor — I stand ready for any duteous employment.  
*Lussurioso* Heart, what mak'st thou here?  
*Hippolito* A pretty Lordly humor:  
He bids me to be present, to depart; something has stung his honor?  
*Lussurioso* Be nearer, draw nearer:  
Y' are not so good methinks, I'm angry with you.  
*Hippolito* With me my Lord? I'm angry with myself for 't.  
*Lussurioso* You did prefer a goodly fellow to me,  
'Twas wittily elected, 'twas, I thought  
Had been a villain, and he proves a Knave?  
To me a Knave.

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wln 1782

img: 26-a  
sig: G1v

*Hippolito* I chose him for the best my Lord,  
'Tis much my sorrow, if neglect in him, breed discontent in you.  
*Lussurioso* Neglect, 'twas will: Judge of it,  
Firmly to tell of an incredible Act,  
Not to be thought, less to be spoken of,  
Twixt my Stepmother and the Bastard, oh,  
Incestuous sweets between 'em.

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img: 26-b  
sig: G2r

*Hippolito* Fie my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* I in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,  
Made this a **desperate** arm, and in that fury,  
Committed treason on the lawful bed,  
And with my sword e'en razed my father's bosom,  
For which I was within a stroke of death.  
*Hippolito* Alack, I'm sorry; 'sfoot just upon the stroke,  
Jars in my brother, 'twill be villainous Music.  
*Vindice* My honored Lord. *Enter Vindice*  
*Lussurioso* Away prithee forsake us, hereafter we'll not know thee.  
*Vindice* Not know me my Lord, your Lordship cannot choose.  
*Lussurioso* Begone I say, thou art a false knave.  
*Vindice* Why the easier to be known, my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* Push, I shall prove too bitter with a word,  
Make thee a perpetual prisoner,  
And lay this iron-age upon thee,  
*Vindice* Mum, for there's a doom would make a woman dumb,  
Missing the bastard next him, the wind's **come** about,  
Now 'tis my brother's turn to stay mine to go out. *Exit Vindice*  
*Lussurioso* H'as greatly moved me. *Hippolito* Much to blame i' faith.  
*Lussurioso* But i'll recover, to his ruin: 'twas told me lately,  
I know not whether falsely, that you'd a brother,  
*Hippolito* Who I, yes my good Lord, I have a brother  
*Lussurioso* How chance the Court ne'er saw him? of what nature?  
How does he apply his hours?  
*Hippolito* Faith to curse Fates,  
Who, as he thinks, ordained him to be poor,  
Keeps at home full of want, and discontent.  
*Lussurioso* There's hope in him, for discontent and want  
Is the best clay to mold, a villain of;  
*Hippolito*, wish him repair to us,  
If there be aught in him to please our blood,  
For thy sake we'll advance him, and build fair  
His meanest fortunes: for it is in us  
To rear up Towers from cottages.  
*Hippolito* It is so my Lord, he will attend your honor,  
But he's a man, in whom much melancholy dwells.  
*Lussurioso* Why the better: bring him to Court.



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wln 1858

img: 27-a  
sig: G2v

wln 1859  
wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868

*Hippolito* With willingness and speed,  
Whom he cast off e'en now, must now succeed,  
Brother disguise must off,  
In thine own shape now, i'll prefer thee to him:  
How strangely does himself work to undo him.

*Exit.*

*Lussurioso* This fellow will come fitly, he shall kill,  
That other slave, that did abuse my spleen,  
And made it swell to Treason, I have put  
Much of my heart into him, he must die.  
He that knows great men's secrets and proves slight,  
That man ne'er lives to see his Beard turn white:  
Ay he shall speed him: I'll employ thee brother,  
Slaves are but Nails, to drive out one another?  
He being of black condition, suitable  
To want and ill content, hope of preferment  
Will grind him to an Edge — The Nobles enter.

*1. Noble* Good days unto your honor.

*Lussurioso* My kind Lords, I do return the like,

*2. Noble* Saw you my Lord the Duke?

*Lussurioso* My Lord and Father, is he from Court?

*1. Noble* He's sure from Court,

But where, which way, his pleasure took we know not,  
Nor can we hear on 't.

*Lussurioso* Here come those should tell,  
Saw you my Lord and Father?

*3. Noble* Not since two hours before noon my Lord,  
And then he privately rid forth.

*Lussurioso* Oh he's rode forth.

*1. Noble* 'Twas wondrous privately,

*2. Noble* There's none i' th' Court had any knowledge on 't.

*Lussurioso* His Grace is old, and sudden, 'tis no treason  
To say, the Duke my Father has a humor,  
Or such a Toy about him; what in us  
Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.

*3. Noble* 'Tis Oracle my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vindice out of his disguise.*

*Hippolito* So, so, all's as it should be, y' are yourself.

*Vindice* How that great villain puts me to my shifts.

*Hippolito* He that did lately in disguise reject thee;  
Shall now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.

*Vindice* 'Twill be the quainter fallacy; but brother,  
'Sfoot what use will he put me to now think'st thou?

*Hippolito* Nay you must pardon me in that, I know not:  
H'as some employment for you: but what 'tis  
He and his Secretary the Devil knows best.

*Vindice* Well I must suit my tongue to his desires,  
What color soe'er they be; hoping at last  
To pile up all my wishes on his breast,

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wln 1897  
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wln 1912  
wln 1913  
wln 1914  
wln 1915  
wln 1916

*Hippolito* Faith Brother he himself shows the way.  
*Vindice* Now the Duke is dead, the realm is clad in clay:  
His death being not yet known, under his name  
The people still are governed; well, thou his son  
Art not long-lived, thou shalt not joy his death:  
To kill thee then, I should most honor thee;  
For 'twould stand firm in every man's belief,  
Thou 'st a kind child, and only died'st with grief.  
*Hippolito* You fetch about well, but let's talk in present,  
How will you appear in fashion different,  
As well as in apparel, to make all things possible:  
If you be but once tripped, we fall for ever.  
It is not the least policy to be doubtful,  
You must change tongue: — familiar was your first.  
*Vindice* Why I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,  
And string myself with heavy-sounding Wire,  
Like such an Instrument, that speaks merry things sadly.  
*Hippolito* Then 'tis as I meant,  
I gave you out at first in discontent.  
*Vindice* I'll turn myself, and then —  
*Hippolito* 'Sfoot here he comes: hast thought upon 't.  
*Vindice* Salute him, fear not me. *Lussurioso* *Hippolito*.  
*Hippolito* Your Lordship. *Lussurioso* What's he yonder?  
*Hippolito* 'Tis *Vindici*, my discontented Brother,  
Whom, 'cording to your will I've brought to Court.  
*Lussurioso*, Is that thy brother? beshrew me, a good presence,  
I wonder h'as been from the Court so long?  
Come nearer.

*Hippolito* Brother, Lord *Lussurioso* the Duke son. *Snatches off*  
*Lussurioso* Be more near to us, welcome, nearer yet. *his hat and*  
*Vindice* How don you? god you god den. *makes legs*  
*Lussurioso* We thank thee? *to him.*  
How strangely such a course-homely salute,  
Shows in the Palace, where we greet in fire:  
Nimble and desperate tongues, should we name,  
God in a salutation, 'twould ne'er be stood on 't, — heaven!  
Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy.  
*Vindice* Why, going to Law.  
*Lussurioso* Why will that make a man melancholy?  
*Vindice* Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram — I  
went me to law in *Anno Quadragesimo secundo*, and I waded  
out of it, in *Anno sextagesimo tertio*.  
*Lussurioso* What, three and twenty years in law?  
*Vindice* I have known those that have been five and fifty and,  
all about Pullen and Pigs.  
*Lussurioso* May it be possible such men should breathe,  
To vex the Terms so much. *Vindice* 'Tis food to some my Lord.  
There are old men at the present, that are so poisoned

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img: 28-a  
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wln 1962  
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wln 1964

with the affectation of law-words, (having had many suits canvased,) that their common talk is nothing but Barbary latin: they cannot so much as pray, but in law, that their sins may be removed, with a writ of Error, and their souls fetched up to heaven, with a sasarara.

*Hippolito* It seems most strange to me,  
Yet all the world meets round in the same bent:  
Where the hearts set, there goes the tongue's consent,  
How dost apply thy studies fellow?

*Vindice* Study? why to think how a great rich man lies a-dying, and a poor Cobbler tolls the bell for him? how he cannot depart the world, and see the great chest-stand before him, when he lies speechless, how he will point you readily to all the boxes, and when he is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he of forfeitures and obligations, nay when to all men's hearings he whurls and rattles in the throat he's busy threat'ning his poor Tenants? and this would last me now some seven years' thinking or thereabouts? but, I have a

Conceit a-coming in picture upon this, I draw it myself, which i' faith la I'll present to your honor, you shall not choose but like it for your Lordship shall give me nothing for it,

*Lussurioso* Nay you mistake me then,  
For I am published bountiful enough,  
Let's taste of your conceit.

*Vindice* In picture my Lord. *Lussurioso* Ay in picture,  
*Vindice* Marry this it is — *A usuring Father to be boiling in hell, and his son and Heir with a Whore dancing over him.*

*Hippolito* H'as pared him to the quick.  
*Lussurioso* The conceit's pretty i' faith,  
But take 't upon my life 'twill ne'er be liked.

*Vindice* No, why I'm sure the whore will be liked well enough.

*Hippolito* Ay if she were out o' th' picture he'd like her then himself.

*Vindice* And as for the son and heir, he shall be an eyesore to no young Revellers, for he shall be drawn in cloth-of-gold breeches.

*Lussurioso* And thou hast put my meaning in the **pockets**,  
And canst not draw that out, my thought was this,  
To see the picture of a usuring father  
Boiling in hell, our rich men would ne'er like it,

*Vindice* O true I cry you heart'ly mercy I **know** the reason, for some of 'em had rather be damned indeed, than damned in colors.

*Lussurioso* A parlous melancholy, h'as wit enough,  
To murder any man, and I'll give him means,  
I think thou art ill-moneyed;

*Vindice* Money, ho, ho,  
'T has been my want so long, 'tis now my scoff.  
I've e'en forgot what color silver's of,

*Lussurioso* It hits as I could wish, *Vindice* I get good clothes,

wln 1965  
wln 1966  
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wln 1968  
wln 1969  
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wln 1971  
wln 1972

img: 28-b  
sig: G4r

Of those that dread my humor, and for table-room,  
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me,  
*Lussurioso* Somewhat to set thee up withal,  
*Vindice* O mine eyes, *Lussurioso* How now man.  
*Vindice* Almost struck blind,  
This bright unusual shine, to me seems proud,  
I dare not look till the sun be in a cloud,  
*Lussurioso* I think I shall affect his melancholy,

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wln 2008  
wln 2009  
wln 2010

img: 29-a  
sig: G4v

How are they now. *Vindice* The better for your asking.  
*Lussurioso* You shall be better yet if you but fasten,  
Truly on my intent, now y' are both present  
I will unbrace such a close private villain,  
Unto your vengeful swords, the like ne'er heard of,  
Who hath disgraced you much and injured us,  
*Hippolito* Disgraced us my Lord?  
*Lussurioso* Ay *Hippolito*.  
I kept it here till now that both your angers,  
Might meet him at once,  
*Vindice* I'm covetous,  
To know the villain,  
*Lussurioso* You know him that slave Pandar,  
*Piato* whom we threatened last  
With irons in perpetual prisonment;  
*Vindice* All this is I. *Hippolito* Is't he my Lord?  
*Lussurioso* I'll tell you, you first preferred him to me.  
*Vindice* Did you brother. *Hippolito* I did indeed?  
*Lussurioso* And the ungrateful villain,  
To quit that kindness, strongly wrought with me,  
Being as you see a likely man for pleasure,  
With jewels to corrupt your virgin sister.  
*Hippolito* Oh villain, *Vindice* He shall **surely** die that did it.  
*Lussurioso* I far from thinking any Virgin harm.  
Especially knowing her to be as chaste  
As that part which scarce suffers to be touched,  
Th' eye would not endure him,  
*Vindice* Would you not my Lord,  
'Twas wondrous honorably done,  
*Lussurioso* But with some five frowns kept him out,  
*Vindice* Out slave.  
*Lussurioso* What did me he but in revenge of that,  
Went of his own free will to make infirm,  
Your sister's honor, whom I honor with my soul,  
For chaste respect, and not prevailing there,  
(As 'twas but desperate folly to attempt it,)  
In mere spleen, by the way, waylays your mother,  
Whose honor being a coward as it seems.

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wln 2047  
wln 2048

Yielded by little force. *Vindice* Coward indeed.  
*Lussurioso* He proud of their advantage, (as he thought)  
Brought me these news for happy, but I, heaven forgive me for 't.  
*Vindice* What did your honor.  
*Lussurioso* In rage pushed him from me.  
Trampled beneath his throat, spurned him, and bruised:  
Indeed I was too cruel to say troth.  
*Hippolito* Most Nobly managed.  
*Vindice* Has not heaven an ear? Is all the lightning wasted?  
*Lussurioso* If I now were so impatient in a modest cause,  
What should you be?  
*Vindice* Full mad, he shall not live  
To see the Moon change.  
*Lussurioso* He's about the Palace,  
*Hippolito* entice him this way, that thy brother  
May take full mark of him.  
*Hippolito* Heart? — that shall not need my Lord,  
I can direct him so far.  
*Lussurioso* Yet for my hate's sake,  
Go, wind him this way? i'll see him bleed myself.  
*Hippolito* What now brother?  
*Vindice* Nay e'en what you will — y' are put to 't brother?  
*Hippolito* An impossible task, I'll swear,  
To bring him hither, that's already here. *Exit Hippolito*  
*Lussurioso* Thy name, I have forgot it? *Vindice* *Vindice* my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* 'Tis a good name that. *Vindice* Ay, a Revenger.  
*Lussurioso* It does betoken courage, thou shouldst be valiant,  
And kill thine enemies. *Vindice* That's my hope my Lord.  
*Lussurioso* This slave is one. *Vindice* I'll doom him.  
*Lussurioso* Then i'll praise thee?  
Do thou observe me best, and I'll best raise thee. *Enter. Hippolito*  
*Vindice* Indeed, I thank you.  
*Lussurioso* Now *Hippolito*, where's the slave Pandar?  
*Hippolito* Your good Lordship,  
Would have a loathsome sight of him, much offensive?  
He's not in case now to be seen my Lord,  
The worst of all the deadly sins is in him:  
That beggarly damnation, drunkenness.

img: 29-b  
sig: H1r

wln 2049  
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wln 2052  
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wln 2055  
wln 2056  
wln 2057

*Lussurioso* Then he's a double-slave.  
*Vindice* 'Twas well conveyed, upon a sudden wit.  
*Lussurioso* What, are you both,  
Firmly resolved, i'll see him dead myself.  
*Vindice* Or else, let not us live.  
*Lussurioso* You may direct your brother to take note of him.  
*Hippolito* I shall.  
*Lussurioso* Rise but in this, and you shall never fall.  
*Vindice* Your honor's Vassals.

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wln 2086

img: 30-a  
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wln 2103  
wln 2104  
wln 2105

*Lussurioso* This was wisely carried,  
Deep policy in us, makes fools of such:  
Then must a slave die, when he knows too much. *Exit Lussurioso*  
*Vindice* O thou almighty patience, 'tis my wonder,  
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,  
Should not be cloven as he stood:  
Or with a secret wind burst open!  
Is there no thunder left, or is't kept up  
In stock for heavier vengeance, there it goes!  
*Hippolito* Brother we lose ourselves?  
*Vindice* But I have found it,  
'Twill hold, 'tis sure, thanks, thanks to any spirit,  
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.  
*Hippolito* What is't?  
*Vindice* 'Tis sound, and good, thou shalt partake it,  
I'm hired to kill myself. *Hippolito* True.  
*Vindice* Prithee mark it,  
And the old Duke being dead, but not conveyed,  
For he's already missed too, and you know:  
Murder will peep out of the closest husk. *Hippolito* Most true?  
*Vindice* What say you then to this device,  
If we dressed up the body of the Duke.  
*Hippolito* In that disguise of yours.  
*Vindice* Y' are quick, y' have reached it.  
*Hippolito* I like it wondrously.  
*Vindice* And being in drink, as you have published him,  
To lean him on his elbow, as if sleep had caught him:  
Which claims most interest in such sluggish men.  
*Hippolito* Good yet, but here's a doubt,

Methought by th' Duke's son to kill that pandar,  
Shall when he is known be thought to kill the Duke.  
*Vindice* Neither, O thanks, it is substantial  
For that disguise being on him, which I wore,  
It will be thought I, which he calls the Pandar, did kill the Duke,  
and fled away in his apparel, leaving him so disguised, to avoid  
swift pursuit. *Hippolito* Firmer, and firmer.  
*Vindice* Nay doubt not 'tis in grain, I warrant it hold color.  
*Hippolito* Let's about it.  
*Vindice* But by the way too, now I think on 't, brother,  
Let's conjure that base devil out of our Mother. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter the Duchess arm in arm with the Bastard: he seemeth lasciviously  
to her, after them, Enter Supervacuo, running with a rapier,  
his Brother stops him.*  
*Spurio* Madam, unlock yourself, should it be seen,  
Your arm would be suspected.  
*Duchess* Who is't that dares suspect, or this, or these?  
May not we deal our favors where we please?  
*Spurio* I'm, confident, you may. *Exeunt.*

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*Ambitioso* 'Sfoot brother hold.  
*Supervacuo* **Wouldst** let the Bastard shame us?  
*Ambitioso* Hold, hold, brother? there's fitter time than now.  
*Supervacuo* Now when I see it. *Ambitioso* 'Tis too much seen already.  
*Supervacuo* Seen and known,  
The Nobler she's, the baser is she grown.  
*Ambitioso* If she were bent lasciviously, the fault  
Of mighty women, that sleep soft, — O death,  
Must she needs choose such an unequal sinner:  
To make all worse.  
*Supervacuo* A Bastard, the Duke's Bastard, Shame heaped on shame.  
*Ambitioso* O our disgrace.  
Most women have small waist the world throughout,  
But their desires are thousand miles about. *Exeunt.*  
*Supervacuo* Come stay not here, let's after, and prevent,  
Or else they'll sin faster than we'll repent.  
*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, bringing out their Mother*  
*one by one shoulder, and the other by the other, with*  
*daggers in their hands.*

*Vindice* O thou? for whom no name is bad enough.  
*Mother* What means my sons what will you murder me?  
*Vindice* Wicked, unnatural Parents.  
*Hippolito* Fiend of women.  
*Mother* Oh! are sons turned monsters? help.  
*Vindice* In vain.  
*Mother* Are you so barbarous to set Iron nipples  
Upon the breast that gave you suck.  
*Vindice* That breast,  
Is turned to Quarled poison.  
*Mother* Cut not your days for 't, am not I your mother?  
*Vindice* Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud  
For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.  
*Mother* A bawd? O name far loathsomer than hell.  
*Hippolito* It should be so knew'st thou thy Office well.  
*Mother* I hate it.  
*Vindice* Ah is't possible, *Thou only*, you powers on high,  
That women should dissemble when they die.  
*Mother* Dissemble.  
*Vindice* Did not the Duke's son direct  
A fellow, of the world's condition, hither,  
That did corrupt all that was good in thee:  
Made thee uncivilly forget thyself,  
And work our sister to his lust.  
*Mother* Who I,  
That had been monstrous? I defy that man:  
For any such intent, none lives so pure,  
But shall be soiled with slander, — good son believe it not.  
*Vindice* Oh I'm in doubt,

wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162

img: 31-a  
sig: H2v

wln 2163  
wln 2164  
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wln 2198  
wln 2199  
wln 2200  
wln 2201

Whether I'm myself, or no,  
Stay, let me look again upon this face.  
Who shall be saved when mothers have no grace.  
*Hippolito* 'Twould make one half despair.  
*Vindice* I was the man,  
Defy me, now? let's see, do 't modestly.  
*Mother* O hell unto my soul.  
*Vindice* In that disguise, I sent from the Duke's son,  
Tried you, and found you base metal,

As any villain might have done.  
*Mother* O no, no tongue but yours could have bewitched me so.  
*Vindice* O nimble in damnation, quick in tune,  
There is no devil could strike fire so soon:  
I am confuted in a word.  
*Mother* Oh sons, forgive me, to myself i'll prove more true,  
You that should honor me, I kneel to you.  
*Vindice* A mother to give aim to her own daughter.  
*Hippolito* True brother, how far beyond nature 'tis,  
Though many Mothers do 't.  
*Vindice* Nay and you draw tears once, go you to bed,  
Wet will make iron blush and change to red:  
Brother it rains, 'twill spoil your dagger, house it.  
*Hippolito* 'Tis done.  
*Vindice* I' faith 'tis a sweet shower, it does much good,  
The fruitful grounds, and meadows of her soul,  
Has been long dry: pour down thou blessed dew,  
Rise Mother, troth this shower has made you higher.  
*Mother* O you heavens? take this infectious spot out of my soul,  
I'll rinse it in seven waters of mine eyes?  
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace,  
To weep, is to our sex: naturally given:  
But to weep truly that's a gift from heaven?  
*Vindice* Nay I'll kiss you now: kiss her brother?  
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,  
And honorably love her. *Hippolito* Let it be.  
*Vindice* For honest women are so seld and rare,  
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.  
Oh you of easy wax, do but imagine  
Now the disease has left you, how leprously  
That Office would have clinged unto your forehead,  
All mothers that had any graceful hue,  
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you:  
It would have grown to this, at your foul name;  
Green-colored maids would have turned red with shame?  
*Hippolito* And then our sister full of hire, and baseness.  
*Vindice* There had been boiling led again,  
The duke's sons great Concubine:  
A drab of State, a cloth-o'-silver slut,



img: 31-b  
sig: H3r

wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205  
wln 2206  
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wln 2236  
wln 2237  
wln 2238  
wln 2239

To have her train borne up, and her soul trail i' th' dirt; great.  
*Hippolito* To be miserably great, rich to be eternally wretched.  
*Vindice* O common madness:  
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,  
She'd give the world to make her honor good,  
Perhaps you'll say but only to th' Duke's son,  
In private; why, she first begins with one,  
Who afterward to thousand proves a whore:  
Break Ice in one place, it will crack in more.  
*Mother.* Most certainly applied?  
*Hippolito* Oh Brother, you forget our business.  
*Vindice* And well remembered, joy's a subtle elf,  
I think man's happiest, when he forgets himself:  
Farewell once dried, now holy-watered Mead,  
Our hearts wear Feathers, that before wore Lead.  
*Mother.* I'll give you this, that one I never knew  
Plead better, for, and 'gainst the Devil, than you.  
*Vindice* You make me proud on 't.  
*Hippolito* Commend us in all virtue to our Sister.  
*Vindice* Ay for the love of heaven, to that true maid.  
*Mother.* With my best words.  
*Vindice* Why that was motherly said. *Exeunt.*  
*Mother.* I wonder now what fury did transport me?  
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me.  
Oh with what forehead can I look on her?  
Whose honor I've so impiously beset,  
And here she comes,  
*Castiza* Now mother, you have wrought with me so strongly,  
That what for my advancement, as to calm  
The trouble of your tongue: I am content.  
*Mother.* Content, to what?  
*Castiza* To do as you have wished me,  
To prostitute my breast to the Duke's son:  
And put myself to common Usury.  
*Mother.* I hope you will not so.  
*Castiza* Hope you I will not?  
That's not the hope you look to be saved in.  
*Mother.* Truth but it is.

img: 32-a  
sig: H3v

wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246

*Castiza* Do not deceive yourself,  
I am, as you e'en out of Marble wrought,  
What would you now, are ye not pleased yet with me,  
You shall not wish me to be more lascivious  
Than I intend to be. *Mother.* Strike not me cold,  
*Castiza* How often have you charged me on your blessing  
To be a cursed woman — when you knew,

wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249  
wln 2250  
wln 2251  
wln 2252  
wln 2253  
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wln 2257  
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wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272  
wln 2273  
wln 2274  
wln 2275  
wln 2276  
wln 2277  
wln 2278

img: 32-b  
sig: H4r

Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,  
You laid your curse upon me, that did more,  
The mother's curse is heavy, where that fights,  
Suns set in storm, and daughters lose their lights?  
*Mother* Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark  
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee, oh let my breath,  
Revive it to a flame:  
Put not all out, with woman's willful follies,  
I am recovered of that foul disease  
That haunts too many mothers, kind forgive me,  
Make me not sick in health? — if then  
My words prevailed when they were wickedness,  
How much more now when they are just and good?  
*Castiza* I wonder what you mean, are not you she  
For whose infect persuasions I could scarce  
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado  
In three hours' reading, to untwist so much  
Of the black serpent, as you wound about me.  
*Mother* 'Tis unfruitful, held tedious to repeat what's past,  
I'm now your present Mother. *Castiza* Push, now 'tis too late,  
*Mother* Bethink again, thou know'st not what thou sayst.  
*Castiza* No, deny advancement, treasure, the Duke's son.  
*Mother* O see, I spoke those words, and now they poison me:  
What will the deed do then?  
Advancement, true: as high as shame can pitch,  
For Treasure; whoe'er knew a harlot rich?  
Or could build by the purchase of her sin,  
An hospital to keep their bastards in: The Duke's son,  
Oh when women are young Courtiers, they are sure to be old beggars,  
To know the miseries most harlots taste,  
Thou 'dst wish thyself unborn, when thou art unchaste.  
*Castiza* O mother let me twine about your neck,

wln 2279  
wln 2280  
wln 2281  
wln 2282  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
wln 2286  
wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289  
wln 2290  
wln 2291  
wln 2292  
wln 2293  
wln 2294

And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips,  
I did but this to try you. *Mother* O speak truth.  
*Castiza* Indeed I did not, for no tongue has force to alter me from honest  
If maidens would, men's words could have no power,  
A virgin honor is a crystal Tower.  
Which being weak is guarded with good spirits,  
Until she basely yields no ill inherits.  
*Mother* O happy child! faith and thy birth hath saved me,  
'Mongst thousand daughters happiest of all others,  
Buy thou a glass for maids, and I for mothers. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Vindice and Hippolito.*  
*Vindice* So, so, he leans well, take heed you wake him not brother  
*Hippolito* I warrant you my life for yours.  
*Vindice* That's a good lay, for I must kill myself?  
Brother that's I: that sits for me: do you mark it,  
And I must stand ready here to make away myself yonder — I

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wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301  
wln 2302  
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wln 2318

img: 33-a  
sig: H4v

wln 2319  
wln 2320  
wln 2321  
wln 2322  
wln 2323  
wln 2324  
wln 2325  
wln 2326  
wln 2327  
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wln 2334  
wln 2335  
wln 2336  
wln 2337  
wln 2338  
wln 2339  
wln 2340  
wln 2341

must sit to be killed, and stand to kill myself, I could vary it not so little as thrice over again, 't has some eight returns like Michaelmas Term. *Hippolito* That's enow a conscience.

*Vindice* But sirrah does the Duke's son come single?

*Hippolito* No, there's the hell on 't, his faith's too feeble to go alone? he brings flesh-flies after him, that will buzz against supper time, and hum for his coming out.

*Vindice* Ah the fly-flop of vengeance beat 'em to pieces? here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest hour, to have made my revenge familiar with him, show him the body of the Duke his father, and how quaintly he died like a Politician in hugger-mugger, made no man acquainted with it, and in Catastrophe slain him over his father's breast, and oh I'm mad to lose such a sweet opportunity.

*Hippolito* Nay push, prithee be content! there's no remedy present, may not hereafter times open in as fair faces as this.

*Vindice* They may if they can paint so well?

*Hippolito* Come, now to avoid all suspicion, let's forsake this room, and be going to meet the Duke's son.

*Vindice* Content, I'm for any weather? heart step close, here he comes?  
*Enter Lussario.*

*Hippolito* My honored Lord? *Lussurioso* Oh me; you both present.

*Vindice* E'en newly my Lord, just as your Lordship entered now? about this place we had notice given he should be, but in some **loathsome plight or other.**

*Hippolito* Came your honor private?

*Lussurioso* Private enough for this: only a few Attend my coming out. *Hippolito* Death rot those few.

*Lussurioso* Stay yonder's the slave.

*Vindice* Mass there's the slave indeed my Lord; 'Tis a good child, he calls his Father slave.

*Lussurioso* Ay, that's the villain, the damned villain: softly, Tread easy.

*Vindice* Puh, I warrant you my Lord, we'll stifle in our breaths.

*Lussurioso* That will do well:  
Base rogue, thou sleepest thy last, 'tis policy,  
To have him killed in 's sleep, for if he waked  
He would betray all to them.

*Vindice* But my Lord. *Lussurioso* Ha, what sayst?

*Vindice* Shall we kill him now he's drunk? *Lussurioso* Ay best of all.

*Vindice* Why then he will ne'er live to be sober?

*Lussurioso* No matter, let him reel to hell.

*Vindice* But being so full of liquor, I fear he will put out all the fire,

*Lussurioso* Thou art a mad **breast.**

*Vindice* And leave none to warm your Lordship's Golls withal;  
For he that dies drunk, falls into hell fire like a Bucket o' water,  
qush qush.

*Lussurioso* Come be ready, nake your swords, think of your wrongs

wln 2342  
wln 2343  
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wln 2348  
wln 2349  
wln 2350  
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wln 2352  
wln 2353  
wln 2354  
wln 2355  
wln 2356

img: 33-b  
sig: 11r

wln 2357  
wln 2358  
wln 2359  
wln 2360  
wln 2361  
wln 2362  
wln 2363  
wln 2364  
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wln 2380  
wln 2381  
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wln 2384  
wln 2385  
wln 2386  
wln 2387  
wln 2388  
wln 2389

This slave has injured you.

*Vindice* Troth so he has, and he has paid well for 't.

*Lussurioso* Meet with him now.

*Vindice* You'll bear us out my Lord?

*Lussurioso* Puh, am I a Lord for nothing think you, quickly, now.

*Vindice* Sa, sa, sa: thump, there he lies.

*Lussurioso* Nimble done, ha? oh, villains, murderers,  
'Tis the old Duke my father. *Vindice* That's a jest.

*Lussurioso* What stiff and cold already?

O pardon me to call you from your names:

'Tis none of your deed, — that villain *Piato*

Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered him,

And left him thus disguised. *Hippolito* And not unlikely.

*Vindice* O rascal was he not ashamed,  
To put the Duke into a greasy doublet.

*Lussurioso* He has been cold and stiff who knows, how long?

*Vindice* Marry that do I.

*Lussurioso* No words I pray, of any thing intended:

*Vindice* Oh my Lord.

*Hippolito* I would faine have your Lordship think that we have  
small reason to prate.

*Lussurioso* Faith thou sayst true? i'll forthwith send to Court,  
For all the Nobles, Bastard, Duchess, all?  
How here by miracle we found him dead,  
And in his raiment that foul villain fled.

*Vindice* That will be the best way my Lord, to clear us all: let's  
cast about to be clear.

*Lussurioso* Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest. *Enter all.*

*1. Attendant* My Lord. *2. Attendant* My Lord.

*Lussurioso* Be witnesses of a strange spectacle:

Choosing for private conference that sad room  
We found the Duke my father 'gealed in blood.

*1. Attendant* My Lord the Duke — run hie thee Nencio,  
Startle the Court by signifying so much.

*Vindice* Thus much by wit a deep Revenger can:  
When murders known, to be the clearest man  
We're fardest off, and with as bold an eye,  
Survey his body as the standers by.

*Lussurioso* My royal father, too basely let blood,  
By a malevolent slave.

*Hippolito* Hark? he calls thee slave again. *Vindice* H'as lost, he may.

*Lussurioso* Oh sight, look hither, see, his lips are gnawn with poison.

*Vindice* How — his lips by th' mass they be.

*Lussurioso* O villain — O rogue — O slave — O rascal:

*Hippolito* O good deceit, he quits him with like terms.

*1. Noble* Where. *2. Noble* Which way.

*Ambitioso* Over what roof hangs this prodigious Comet,  
In deadly fire.

wln 2390  
wln 2391  
wln 2392  
wln 2393  
wln 2394

img: 34-a  
sig: I1v

*Lussurioso* Behold, behold my Lords the Duke my father's murdered  
by a vassal, that owes this habit, and here left disguised.

*Duchess* My Lord and husband. 2. *Noble* Reverend Majesty.

1. *Noble* I have seen these clothes, often attending on him.

*Vindice* That Nobleman, has been i' th' Country, for he does not lie?

wln 2395  
wln 2396  
wln 2397  
wln 2398  
wln 2399  
wln 2400  
wln 2401  
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wln 2430  
wln 2431  
wln 2432

img: 34-b  
sig: I2r

*Supervacuo* Learn of our mother let's dissemble too,  
I am glad he's vanished; so I hope are you?

*Ambitioso* Ay you may take my word for 't.

*Spurio* Old Dad, dead?

Ay, one of his cast sins will send the Fates

Most hearty commendations by his own son,

I'll tug in the new stream, till strength be done.

*Lussurioso* Where be those two, that did affirm to us?

My Lord the Duke was privately rid forth?

1. *Noble* O pardon us my Lords, he gave that charge

Upon our lives if he were missed at Court,

To answer so; he rode not anywhere,

We left him private with that fellow here? *Vindice* Confirmed.

*Lussurioso* O heavens, that false charge was his death,

Impudent Beggars, durst you to our face,

Maintain such a false answer? bear him straight to execution.

1. *Noble* My Lord? *Lussurioso* Urge me no more.

In this the excuse, may be called half the murder?

*Vindice* You've sentenced well.

*Lussurioso* Away see it be done.

*Vindice* Could you not stick: see what confession doth?

Who would not lie when men are hanged for truth?

*Hippolito* Brother how happy is our vengeance.

*Vindice* Why it hits, past the apprehension of indifferent wits.

*Lussurioso*, My Lord let post-horse be sent,

Into all places to entrap the villain,

*Vindice* Post-horse ha ha.

*Noble* My Lord, we're something bold to know our duty?

Your father's accidentally departed,

The titles that were due to him, meet you.

*Lussurioso* Meet me? I'm not at leisure my good Lord,

I've many griefs to dispatch out o' th' way:

Welcome sweet titles, — talk to me my Lords,

Of sepulchers, and mighty Emperor's bones,

That's thought for me.

*Vindice* So, one may see by this,

How foreign markets go:

Courtiers have feet o' th' nines, and tongues o' th' twelves,

wln 2433  
wln 2434

They flatter Dukes and Dukes flatter themselves.

*Noble* My Lord it is your shine must comfort us.

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wln 2436  
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img: 35-a  
sig: I2v

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wln 2480  
wln 2481  
wln 2482

*Lussurioso* Alas I shine in tears like the Sun in April.  
*Noble* You're now my Lord's grace?  
*Lussurioso* My Lord's grace? I perceive you'll have it so.  
*Noble* 'Tis but your own.  
*Lussurioso* Then heavens give me grace to be so?  
*Vindice* He prays well for himself.  
*Noble* Madam all sorrows,  
Must run their circles into joys, no doubt but time,  
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.  
*Vindice* He were an Ass then i' faith?  
*Noble* In the mean season,  
Let us bethink the latest funeral honors:  
Due to the Duke's cold body, — and withal,  
Calling to memory our new happiness,  
Spread in his royal son, — Lords Gentlemen,  
Prepare for Revels. *Vindice* Revels.  
*Noble* Time hath several falls,  
Griefs lift up joys, feasts put down funerals.  
*Lussurioso* Come then my Lords, my favors to you all,  
The Duchess is suspected, foully bent,  
I'll begin Dukedom with her banishment? *Exeunt Duke*  
*Hippolito* Revels. *Nobles and Duchess.*  
*Vindice* Ay, that's the word, we are firm yet,  
Strike one strain more, and then we crown our wit. *Exeunt Brothers*  
*Spurio* Well, have the fairest mark, — (so said the Duke when  
he begot me,)  
And if I miss his heart or near about,  
Then have at any, a Bastard scorns to be out.  
*Supervacuo* Not'st thou that *Spurio* brother.  
*Ambitioso* Yes I note him to our shame.  
*Supervacuo* He shall not live, his hair shall not grow much longer?  
in this time of Revels tricks may be set afoot, seest thou yon  
new Moon, it shall outlive the new Duke by much, this hand  
shall dispossess him, then we're mighty.  
A masque is treason's license, that build upon?  
'Tis murder's best face when a vizard's on. *Exit Supervacuo*

*Ambitioso* Is't so, 'tis very good,  
And do you think to be Duke then, kind brother:  
I'll see fair play, drop one, and there lies t' other. *Exit Ambitioso*  
*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, with Piero and other Lords.*  
*Vindice* My Lords; be all of Music, strike old griefs into other countries  
That flow in too much milk, and have faint livers,  
Not daring to stab home their discontents:  
Let our hid flames break out, as fire, as lightning,  
To blast this villainous Dukedom: vexed with sin;  
Wind up your souls to their full height again.  
*Piero.* How? *1. Noble* Which way?  
*3. Noble* Any way: our wrongs are such,

wln 2483  
wln 2484  
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img: 35-b  
sig: I3r

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wln 2528  
wln 2529  
wln 2530

We cannot justly be revenged too much.

*Vindice* You shall have all enough: — Revels are toward,  
And those few Nobles that have long suppressed you,  
Are busied to the furnishing of a Mask:  
And do affect to make a pleasant tale on 't,  
The Masking suits are fashioning, now comes in  
That which must glad us all — we to take pattern  
Of all those suits, the color, trimming, fashion,  
E'en to an undistinguished hair almost:  
Then ent'ring first, observing the true form,  
Within a strain or two we shall find leisure,  
To steal our swords out handsomely,  
And when they think their pleasure sweet and good,  
In midst of all their joys, they shall sigh blood.

*Piero* Weightily, effectually, *3. Noble* before the t'other Maskers come.

*Vindice* We're gone, all done and past.

*Piero* But how for the Duke's guard? *Vindice* Let that alone,  
By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down,

*Hippolito* There are five hundred Gentlemen in the action,  
That will apply themselves, and not stand idle.

*Piero* Oh let us hug your bosoms. *Vindice* Come my Lords,  
Prepare for deeds, let other times have words. *Exeunt.*

*In a dumb show, the possessing of the young Duke.*

*with all his Nobles: Then sounding Music.*

*A furnished Table is brought forth: then enters the Duke  
and his Nobles to the banquet. A blazing-star appeareth.*

*Noble.* Many harmonious hours, and choicest pleasures,  
Fill up the royal numbers of your years.

*Lussurioso* My Lords we're pleased to thank you? — though we know,  
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.

*Noble* That shine makes us all happy.

*3. Noble* His Grace frowns?

*2. Noble* Yet we must say he smiles. *1. Noble* I think we must.

*Lussurioso* That foul Incontinent Duchess we have banished,  
The Bastard shall not live: after these Revels  
I'll begin strange ones; he and the stepsons,  
Shall pay their lives for the first subsidies,  
We must not frown so soon, else 't 'ad been now?

*1. Noble* My gracious Lord please you prepare for pleasure,  
The masque is not far off.

*Lussurioso* We are for pleasure,  
Beshrew thee, what art thou? mad'st me start?  
Thou hast committed treason, — A blazing star.

*1. Noble* A blazing star, O where my Lord. *Lussurioso* Spy out.

*2. Noble* See, see, my Lords, a wondrous dreadful one.

*Lussurioso* I am not pleased at that ill-knotted fire,  
That bushing flaring star, — am not I Duke?  
It should not quake me now: had it appeared,

wln 2531  
wln 2532  
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wln 2542  
wln 2543  
wln 2544  
wln 2545  
wln 2546  
wln 2547

img: 36-a  
sig: I3v

Before it, I might then have justly feared,  
But yet they say, whom art and learning Weds:  
When stars were locks, they threaten great men's heads,  
Is it so? you are read my Lords.

1. *Noble* May it please your Grace,  
It shows great anger.

*Lussurioso* That does not please our Grace.

2. *Noble* Yet here's the comfort my Lord, many times  
When it seems most it threatens fardest off.

*Lussurioso* Faith and I think so too.

1. *Noble* Beside my Lord,  
You're gracefully established with the loves  
Of all your subjects: and for natural death,  
I hope it will be threescore years a-coming.

*Lussurioso* True, no more but threescore years.

1. *Noble* Fourscore I hope my Lord: 2. *Noble* And five-score, I,  
3. *Noble* But 'tis my hope my Lord, you shall ne'er die.

*Lussurioso* Give me thy hand, these others I rebuke,  
He that hopes so, is **fittest** for a Duke:

Thou shalt sit next me, take your places Lords,  
We're ready now for sports, let 'em set on.  
You thing? we shall forget you quite anon!

3. *Noble* I hear 'em coming my Lord. *Enter the Masque of*

*Lussurioso* Ah 'tis well, *Revenge the two Brothers, and*  
Brothers, and Bastard, you dance next in hell? *two Lords more.*

*The Revengers dance?*

*At the end, steal out their swords, and these four kill the four at*  
*the Table, in their Chairs. It thunders.*

*Vindice* Mark, Thunder?

Dost know thy cue, thou big-voiced crier?

Duke's groans, are thunder's watchwords,

*Hippolito* So my Lords, You have enough.

*Vindice* Come let's away, no ling'ring. *Exeunt.*

*Hippolito* Follow, go?

*Vindice* No power is angry when the lustful die,  
When thunder claps, heaven likes the tragedy. *Exit Vindice*

*Lussurioso* Oh, oh.

*Enter the other Masque of intended murderers? Stepsons; Bastard;*  
*and a fourth man, coming in dancing, the Duke recovers a*  
*little in voice, and groans, — calls a guard, treason.*

*At which they all start out of their measure, and turning towards*  
*the Table, they find them all to be murdered.*

*Spurio* Whose groan was that? *Lussurioso* Treason, a guard.

*Ambitioso* How now? all murdered! *Supervacuo* Murdered!

4. *Noble* And those his Nobles?

*Ambitioso* Here's a labor saved,

I thought to have sped him, 'Sblood how came this.

*Spurio* Then I proclaim myself, now I am Duke.

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img: 36-b  
sig: 14r

*Ambitioso* Thou Duke,! brother thou liest.  
*Spurio* Slave so dost thou?  
4. *Noble* Base villain hast thou slain my Lord and Master.  
*Enter the first men.*  
*Vindice* Pistols, treason, murder, help, guard my Lord the Duke.  
*Hippolito* Lay hold upon this Traitors? *Lussurioso* Oh.  
*Vindice* Alas, the Duke is murdered. *Hippolito* And the Nobles.

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wln 2623

img: 37-a  
sig: 14v

*Vindice* Surgeons, Surgeons, — heart does he breathe so long.  
*Antonio* A piteous tragedy, able to **make**,  
An old man's eyes bloodshot; *Lussurioso* Oh.  
*Vindice* Look to my Lord the Duke—a vengeance throttle him.  
Confess thou murderous and unhollowed man,  
Didst thou kill all these?  
4. *Noble* None but the Bastard I,  
*Vindice* How came the Duke slain then;  
4. *Noble* We found him so, *Lussurioso* O villain,  
*Vindice* Hark. *Lussurioso* Those in the masque did murder us,  
*Vindice* Law you now sir.  
O marble impudence! will you confess now?  
4. *Noble* 'Slud 'tis all false,  
*Antonio* Away with that foul monster,  
Dipped in a Prince's blood.  
4. *Noble* Heart 'tis a lie,  
*Antonio* Let him have bitter execution,  
*Vindice* New marrow no I cannot be expressed,  
How fares my Lord the Duke.  
*Lussurioso* Farewell to all,  
He that climbs highest has the greatest fall,  
My tongue is out of office.  
*Vindice* Air Gentlemen, air,  
Now thou 'lt not prate on 't, 'twas *Vindice* murdered thee,  
*Lussurioso* Oh. *Vindice* Murdered thy Father.  
*Lussurioso* Oh.  
*Vindice* And I am he tell — tell nobody, so so, the Duke's departed,  
*Antonio* It was a deadly hand that wounded him,  
The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway,  
After his death were so made all away,  
*Vindice* My Lord was unlikely, *Hippolito* Now the hope,  
Of *Italy* lies in your reverend years?  
*Vindice* Your hair, will make the silver age again,  
When there was fewer but more honest men,  
*Antonio* The burden's weighty and will press age down,  
May I so rule that heaven **may** keep the crown,  
*Vindice* The rape of your good Lady has been quited,  
With death on death. *Antonio* Just is the Law above

wln 2624  
wln 2625  
wln 2626  
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wln 2654  
wln 2655  
wln 2656  
wln 2657  
wln 2658  
wln 2659

But of all things it puts me most to wonder  
How the old Duke came murdered *Vindice* Oh, my Lord.  
*Antonio* It was the strangeliest carried, I not heard of the like,  
*Hippolito* 'Twas all done for the best my Lord,  
*Vindice* All for your grace's good? we may be bold to speak it now,  
'Twas somewhat witty carried though we say it.  
'Twas we two murdered him, *Antonio* You two?  
*Vindice* None else i' faith my Lord nay 'twas well managed,  
*Antonio* Lay hands upon those villains. *Vindice* How? on us?  
*Antonio* Bear 'em **to** speedy execution,  
*Vindice* Heart was't not for your good my Lord?  
*Antonio* My good away with 'em such an old man as he,  
You that would murder him would murder me,  
*Vindice* Is't come about; *Hippolito* 'Sfoot brother you begun,  
*Vindice* May not we set as well as the Duke's son,  
Thou hast no conscience, are we not revenged?  
Is there one enemy left alive amongst those?  
'Tis time to die, when we are ourselves our foes.  
When murders shut deeds close, this curse does seal 'em,  
If none disclose 'em they themselves reveal 'em!  
This murder might have slept in tongueless brass,  
But for ourselves, and the world died an ass;  
Now I remember too, here was *Piato*.  
Brought forth a knavish sentence once, no doubt (said he) but time  
Will make the murderer bring forth himself?  
'Tis well he died, he was a witch,  
And now my Lord, since we are in for ever:  
This work was ours which else might have been slipped,  
And if we list we could have Nobles clipped,  
And go for less than beggars, but we hate  
To bleed so cowardly we have enough,  
I' faith, we're well, our Mother turned, our Sister true,  
We die after a nest of Dukes, adieu, *Exeunt*  
*Antonio* How subtly was that murder **closed**, bear up,  
Those tragic bodies, 'tis a heavy season:  
Pray heaven their blood may wash away all treason. *Exit*

*FINIS.*

img: 37-b  
sig: [N/A]

## Textual Notes

1. **3 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *Vindice* is amended from the original *Vendici*.
2. **55 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *her* comes from the original *her*, though possible variants include *his*.
3. **120 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Court* is amended from the original *Cour*.
4. **226 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *methinks* is amended from the original *my thinks*.
5. **384 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *Mistresses* is amended from the original *Mistesses*.
6. **651 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *Should* is amended from the original *Sould*.
7. **1146 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Grace* is amended from the original *Gtace*.
8. **1169 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *will* is amended from the original *wlll*.
9. **1598 (23-b)**: The regularized reading *Slobbering* is amended from the original *Flobbering*.
10. **1673 (24-b)**: The regularized reading *Supervacuo* is amended from the original *Spu..*
11. **1686 (24-b)**: The regularized reading *our* is amended from the original *out*.
12. **1785 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *desperate* is amended from the original *desperare*.
13. **1800 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *come* is amended from the original *comes*.
14. **1952 (28-a)**: The letters *ets* in this word are printed beneath the line, due to slipped type. EMED reinstates the letters to the correct position.
15. **1956 (28-a)**: The regularized reading *know* is amended from the original *hnow*.
16. **1995 (28-b)**: The regularized reading *surely* is amended from the original *furely*.
17. **2107 (30-a)**: The regularized reading *Wouldst* is amended from the original *Woult*.
18. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *loathsome* is supplied for the original [ $\diamond$ ].
19. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *plight* is supplied for the original [ $\diamond$ ].
20. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *or* is supplied for the original [ $\diamond$ ].
21. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *other* is supplied for the original [ $\diamond$ ].
22. **2318 (32-b)**: The regularized reading *.* is supplied for the original [ $\diamond$ ].
23. **2337 (33-a)**: The regularized reading *breast* comes from the original *brest*, though possible variants include *beast*.
24. **2464 (34-b)**: The regularized reading *Ambitioso* is amended from the original *And..*
25. **2549 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *fittest* is amended from the original *sittest*.
26. **2587 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *make* is amended from the original *wake*.
27. **2621 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *may* is amended from the original *nay*.
28. **2633 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *to* is amended from the original *two*.
29. **2657 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *closed* is amended from the original *elosde*.

