

Beaumont Francis, Fletcher John

**Beaumont & Fletcher's Works (3  
of 10): The Loyal Subject**



Francis Beaumont

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(3 of 10): The Loyal Subject**

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# Beaumont Francis, Fletcher John Beaumont & Fletcher's Works (3 of 10): The Loyal Subject

## Persons Represented in the Play

*Great Duke of Moscovia.*  
*Archas, the Loyal Subject, General of the Moscovites.*  
*Theodore, Son to Archas; valorous, but impatient.*  
*Putskie alias Briskie, a Captain, Brother to Archas.*  
*Alinda alias Archas, Son to Archas.*  
*Burris, an honest Lord, the Dukes Favourite.*  
*Boroskie, a malicious seducing Councillor to the Duke.*  
*Ensign to Archas, a stout merry Souldier.*  
*Souldiers.*  
*Gentlemen.*  
*Guard.*  
*Servants.*

## WOMEN

*Olympia, Sister to the Duke.*  
*Honora, } Daughters of Archas.*  
*Viola,*  
*Potesca, } Servants to Olympia.*  
*Ladies,*  
*Bawd, a Court Lady.*

## The Scene Mosco

The principal Actors were,

<i>Richard Burbadge.</i>	<i>Nathanael Feild.</i>
<i>Henry Condel.</i>	<i>John Underwood.</i>
<i>John Lowin.</i>	<i>Nicholas Toolie.</i>
<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>	<i>William Eglestone.</i>

## Actus primus. Scena prima

### *Enter Theodor and Putskie*

*The.* Captain, your friend's prefer'd, the Princess has her,  
Who, I assure my self, will use her nobly;  
A pretty sweet one 'tis indeed.

*Put.* Well bred, Sir,  
I do deliver that upon my credit,  
And of an honest stock.

*The.* It seems so, Captain,  
And no doubt will do well.

*Put.* Thanks to your care, Sir;  
But tell me Noble Colonel, why this habit  
Of discontent is put on through the Army?  
And why your valiant Father, our great General,  
The hand that taught to strike, the Love that led all;  
Why he, that was the Father of the War,  
He that begot, and bred the Souldier,  
Why he sits shaking of his Arms, like Autumn,  
His Colours folded, and his Drums cas'd up,  
The tongue of War for ever ty'd within us?

*The.* It must be so: Captain you are a stranger,  
But of a small time here a Souldier,  
Yet that time shews ye a right good, and great one,  
Else I could tell ye hours are strangely alter'd:  
The young Duke has too many eyes upon him,  
Too many fears 'tis thought too, and to nourish those,  
Maintains too many Instruments.

*Put.* Turn their hearts,  
Or turn their heels up, Heaven: 'Tis strange it should be:  
The old Duke lov'd him dearly.

*The.* He deserv'd it;  
And were he not my Father, I durst tell ye,  
The memorable hazards he has run through  
Deserv'd of this man too; highly deserv'd too;  
Had they been less, they had been safe *Putskie*,  
And sooner reach'd regard.

*Put.* There you struck sure, Sir.

*The.* Did I never tell thee of a vow he made  
Some years before the old Duke dyed?

*Put.* I have heard ye  
Speak often of that vow; but how it was,  
Or to what end, I never understood yet.

*The.* I'll tell thee then: and then thou wilt find the reason:  
The last great Muster, ('twas before ye serv'd here,  
Before the last Dukes death, whose honour'd bones  
Now rest in peace) this young Prince had the ordering,  
(To Crown his Fathers hopes) of all the Army:  
Who (to be short) put all his power to practise;  
Fashion'd, and drew 'em up: but alas, so poorly,  
So raggedly and loosely, so unsouldier'd,  
The good Duke blush'd, and call'd unto my Father,  
Who then was General: Go, *Archas*, speedily,  
And chide the Boy, before the Souldiers find him,  
Stand thou between his ignorance and them,  
Fashion their bodies new to thy direction;  
Then draw thou up, and shew the Prince his errors.  
My Sire obey'd, and did so; with all duty  
Inform'd the Prince, and read him all directions:  
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,  
And anger into wild words broke out thus:  
Well, *Archas*, if I live but to command here,  
To be but Duke once, I shall then remember.  
I shall remember truly, trust me, I shall,  
And by my Fathers hand – the rest his eyes spoke.  
To which my Father answer'd (somewhat mov'd too)  
And with a vow he seal'd it: Royal Sir,  
Since for my faith and fights, your scorn and anger  
Only pursue me; if I live to that day,  
That day so long expected to reward me,  
By his so ever noble hand you swore by,  
And by the hand of Justice, never Arms more  
Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here, Sir:  
The Conflicts I will do you service then in,  
Shall be repentant prayers: So they parted.  
The time is come; and now ye know the wonder.

*Put.* I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,  
The Duke will have but poor and slight defences,  
If his hot humour raign, and not his honour:  
How stand you with him, Sir?

*The.* A perdue Captain,

Full of my Fathers danger.

*P[ut]*. He has rais'd a young man,  
They say a slight young man, I know him not,  
For what desert?

*The*. Believe it, a brave Gentleman,  
Worth the Dukes respect, a clear sweet Gentleman,  
And of a noble soul: Come let's retire us,  
And wait upon my Father, who within this hour  
You will find an alter'd man.

*Put*. I am sorry for't, Sir. [*Exeunt*.]

## SCENE II

### ***Enter Olympia, and two Gentlewomen***

*Olym*. Is't not a handsome Wench?

*2 Wom*. She is well enough, Madam:  
I have seen a better face, and a straighter body,  
And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

*Olym*. What thinkst thou *Petesca*?

*Pet*. Alas, Madam, I have no skill, she has a black eye,  
Which is of the least too, and the dullest water:  
And when her mouth was made, for certain Madam,  
Nature intended her a right good stomach.

*Olym*. She has a good hand.

*2 Wom*. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,  
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a Lute.

*Olym*. What think ye of her colour?

*Pet*. If it be her own  
'Tis good black blood: right weather-proof  
I warrant it.

*2 Wom*. What a strange pace she has got!

*Olym*. That's but her breeding.

*Pet.* And what a manly body! me thinks she looks  
As though she would pitch the Bar, or go to Buffets.

*2 Wom.* Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,  
For me thinks she is too bashful.

*Olym.* Is that hurtful?

*2 Wom.* Even equal to too bold: either of 'em, Madam,  
May do her injury when time shall serve her.

*Olym.* You discourse learnedly, call in the wench. [*Ex. Gent.*  
What envious fools are you? Is the rule general,  
That Women can speak handsomly of none,  
But those they are bred withal?

*Pet.* Scarce well of those, Madam,  
If they believe they may out-shine 'em any way:  
Our natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,  
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top:  
Suppose there were here now,  
Now in this Court of *Mosco*, a stranger Princess,  
Of bloud and beauty equal to your excellence,  
As many eyes and services stuck on her;  
What would you think?

*Olym.* I would think she might deserve it.

*Pet.* Your Grace shall give me leave not to believe ye;  
I know you are a Woman, and so humour'd:  
I'll tell ye Madam, I could then get more Gowns on ye,  
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more Silk-stockings  
With rocking you asleep with nightly railings  
Upon that Woman, than if I had nine lives  
I could wear out: by this hand ye'would scratch her eyes out.

*Olym.* Thou art deceiv'd fool;  
Now let your own eye mock ye.

### ***Enter Gentlewoman and Alinda***

Come hither Girl: hang me and she be not a handsom one.

*Pet.* I fear it will prove indeed so.

*Olym.* Did you ever serve yet  
In any place of worth?

*Alin.* No, Royal Lady.

*Pet.* Hold up your head; fie.

*Olym.* Let her alone, stand from her.

*Alin.* It shall be now,  
Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd for,  
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;  
And might my promise carry but that credit  
To be believ'd, because I am yet a stranger,  
Excellent Lady, when I fall from duty,  
From all the service that my life can lend me,  
May everlasting misery then find me.

*Olym.* What think ye now? I do believe, and thank ye;  
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,  
To see that honest faith die unrewarded:  
What must I call your name?

*Alin.* *Alinda*, Madam.

*Olym.* Can ye sing?

*Alin.* A little, when my grief will give me leave, Lady.

*Olym.* What grief canst thou have Wench?  
Thou art not in love?

*Alin.* If I be Madam, 'tis only with your goodness;  
For yet I never saw that man I sighed for.

*Olym.* Of what years are you?

*Alin.* My Mother oft has told me,  
That very day and hour this land was blest  
With your most happy birth, I first saluted  
This worlds fair light: Nature was then so busie,  
And all the Graces to adorn your goodness,  
I stole into the world poor and neglected.

*Olym.* Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee,  
Made me both like and love thee: now I know it;  
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you:  
I hope ye are a Maid?

*Alin.* I hope so too, Madam;  
I am sure for any man: and were I otherwise,  
Of all the services my hopes could point at,  
I durst not touch at yours.

***Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gent***

*Pet.* The great Duke, Madam.

*Duk.* Good morrow, Sister.

*Olym.* A good day to your highness.

*Duk.* I am come to pray you use no more perswasions  
For this old stubborn man: nay to command ye:  
His sail is swell'd too full: he is grown too insolent,  
Too self-affected, proud: those poor slight services  
He has done my Father, and my self, has blown him  
To such a pitch, he flyes to stoop our favours.

*Olym.* I am sorry Sir: I ever thought those services  
Both great and noble.

*Bur.* However, may it please ye  
But to consider 'em a true hearts Servants,  
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame:  
Do but consider royal Sir, the dangers;  
When you have slept secure, the mid-night tempests,  
That as he marcht sung through his aged locks;  
When you have fed at full, the wants and famins;  
The fires of Heaven, when you have found all temperate,  
Death with his thousand doors —

*Duk.* I have consider'd;  
No more: and that I will have, shall be.

*Olym.* For the best,  
I hope all still.

*Duk.* What handsom wench is that there?

*Olym.* My Servant, Sir.

*Duk.* Prethee observe her *Burris*,  
Is she not wondrous handsom? speak thy freedom.

*Bur.* She appears no less to me Sir.

*Duk.* Of whence is she?

*Ol.* Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman,

But far off dwelling: her desire to serve me  
Brought her to th' Court, and here her friends have left her.

*Du.* She may find better friends:  
Ye are welcom fair one,  
I have not seen a sweeter: By your Ladies leave:  
Nay stand up sweet, we'll have no superstition:  
You have got a Servant; you may use him kindly,  
And he may honour ye: [*Ex. Duke and Burris.*  
Good morrow Sister.

*Ol.* Good morrow to your Grace. How the wench blushes!  
How like an A[n]gel now she looks!

*I Wom.* At first jump  
Jump into the Dukes arms? we must look to you,  
Indeed we must, the next jump we are journeymen.

*Pet.* I see the ruine of our hopes already,  
Would she were at home again, milking her Fathers Cows.

*I Wom.* I fear she'l milk all the great Courtiers first.

*Olym.* This has not made ye proud?

*Al.* No certain, Madam.

*Olym.* It was the Duke that kist ye.

*Al.* 'Twas your Brother,  
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.

*Ol.* But say he love ye?

*Al.* That he may with safety:  
A Princes love extends to all his subjects.

*Ol.* But say in more particular?

*Al.* Pray fear not:  
For vertues sake deliver me from doubts, Lady:  
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his promises,  
His glories, and his greatness stuck about me,  
Can make me prove a Traitor to your service:  
You are my Mistris, and my noble Master,  
Your vertues my ambition, and your favour  
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:  
And when I fail in that faith —

*Ol.* I believe thee,  
Come wipe your eyes; I do: take you example —

*Pets.* I would her eyes were out.

*I Wom.* If the wind stand in this door,  
We shall have but cold custome: some trick or other,  
And speedily.

*Pet.* Let me alone to think on't.

*Ol.* Come, be you near me still.

*Al.* With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENA III

***Enter Archas, Theodor, Putskie, Ancient, and Souldiers, carrying his armour piece-meale, his Colours wound up, and his Drums in Cases***

*Theod.* This is the heaviest march we e're trod Captain.

*Puts.* This was not wont to be: these honour'd pieces  
The fierie god of war himself would smile at,  
Buckl'd upon that body, were not wont thus,  
Like Reliques to be offer'd to long rust,  
And heavy-ey'd oblivion brood upon 'em.

*Arch.* There set 'em down: and glorious war farewell;  
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,  
Begot in bloud, and nurs'd with Kingdomes ruines;  
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers  
Through fires and famins, for one title from thee —  
Prodigal man-kind spending all his fortunes;  
A long farewell I give thee: Noble Arms,  
You ribs for mighty minds, you Iron houses,  
Made to defie the thunder-claps of Fortune,  
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye:  
And thou good Sword that knewst the way to conquest,  
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,  
That when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction,  
Sleep now from bloud, and grace my Monument:  
Farewel my Eagle; when thou flew'st, whole Armies  
Have stoopt below thee: At Passage I have seen thee,  
Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy furie;

And bang 'em up together, as a Tassel,  
Upon the streach, a flock of fearfull Pigeons.  
I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,  
The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his head up,  
And rais'd his waters high, to see the ruins;  
The ruines our Swords made, the bloody ruins,  
Then flew this Bird of honour bravely, Gentlemen;  
But these must be forgotten: so must these too,  
And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.  
Take 'em you holy men; my Vow take with 'em,  
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,  
And sacred Rites of war to adorn the Temple:  
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master  
Is now Devotions Souldier, fit for prayer.  
Why do ye hang your heads? why look you sad friends?  
I am not dying yet.

*Theod.* Ye are indeed to us Sir.

*Puts.* Dead to our fortunes, General.

*Arch.* You'l find a better,  
A greater, and a stronger man to lead ye,  
And to a stronger fortune: I am old, friends,  
Time, and the wars together make me stoop, Gentle[men],  
Stoop to my grave: my mind unfurnish'd too,  
Emptie and weak as I am: my poor body,  
Able for nothing now but contemplation,  
And that will be a task too to a Souldier:  
Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well  
Of what I have done, I think I should have ventur'd  
For one knock more, I should have made a shift yet  
To have broke one staff more handsomly, and have died  
Like a good fellow, and an honest Souldier,  
In the head of ye all, with my Sword in my hand,  
And so have made an end of all with credit.

*Theod.* Well, there will come an hour, when all these injuries,  
These secure slights —

*Ar.* Ha! no more of that sirrah,  
Not one word more of that I charge ye.

*Theod.* I must speak Sir.  
And may that tongue forget to sound your service,  
That's dumb to your abuses.

*Ar.* Understand fool,  
That voluntary I sit down.

*Theod.* You are forced, Sir,  
Forced for your safety: I too well remember  
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em:  
You made this Vow, and whose unnobleness,  
Indeed forgetfulness of good —

*Ar.* No more,  
As thou art mine no more.

*The.* Whose doubts and envies —  
But the Devil will have his due.

*Puts.* Good gentle Colonel.

*The.* And though disgraces, and contempt of Honour  
Reign now, the Wheel must turn again.

*Ar.* Peace Sirrah,  
Your tongue's too saucy: do you stare upon me?  
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it,  
Down with that disobedience; tye that tongue up.

*Theod.* Tongue?

*Ar.* Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah.  
And draw that fatal Sword again in anger.

*Puts.* For Heavens sake, Colonel.

*Ar.* Do not let me doubt  
Whose Son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:  
Do not play with mine anger; if thou dost,  
By all the Loyalty my heart holds —

*Theod.* I have done, Sir,  
Pray pardon me.

*Ar.* I pray be worthy of it:  
Beshrew your heart, you have vext me.

*The.* I am sorry, Sir.

*Ar.* Go to, no more of this: be true and honest,  
I know ye are man enough, mould it to just ends,  
And let not my disgraces, then I am miserable,  
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

***Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attend. and Gent***

*Puts.* And't please ye, Sir, the Duke.

*Duk.* Now, what's all this?  
The meaning of this ceremonious Emblem?

*Ar.* Your Grace should first remember —

*Boros.* There's his Nature.

*Duk.* I do, and shall remember still that injury,  
That at the Muster, where it pleas'd your Greatness  
To laugh at my poor Souldiership, to scorn it;  
And more to make me seem ridiculous,  
Took from my hands my charge.

*Bur.* O think not so, Sir.

*Duk.* And in my Fathers sight.  
*Ar.* Heaven be my witness,  
I did no more, (and that with modesty,  
With Love and Faith to you) than was my warrant,  
And from your Father seal'd: nor durst that rudeness,  
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'haviour,  
I ever yet knew duty.

*Du.* We shall teach ye,  
I well remember too, upon some words I told ye,  
Then at that time, some angry words ye answer'd,  
If ever I were Duke, you were no Souldier.  
You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you,  
From henceforth I dismiss you; take your ease, Sir.

*Ar.* I humbly thank your Grace; this wasted Body,  
Beaten and bruis'd with Arms, dry'd up with troubles,  
Is good for nothing else but quiet, now Sir,  
And holy Prayers; in which, when I forget  
To thank Heaven for all your bounteous favours,  
May that be deaf, and my Petitions perish.

*Boros.* What a smooth humble Cloak he has cas'd his pride in!  
And how he has pull'd his Claws in! there's no trusting —

*Bur.* Speak for the best.

*Bor.* Believe I shall do ever.

*Du.* To make ye understand, we feel not yet  
Such dearth of Valour, and Experience,  
Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,  
That all should be confin'd within your excellence,  
And you, or none be honour'd, take *Boroskie*,  
The place he has commanded, lead the Souldier;  
A little time will bring thee to his honour,  
Which has been nothing but the Worlds opinion,  
The Souldiers fondness, and a little fortune,  
Which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

*Theod.* O that I durst but answer now.

*Puts.* Good Colonel.

*Theod.* My heart will break else: Royal Sir, I know not  
What you esteem mens lives, whose hourly labours,  
And loss of Blood, consumptions in your service,  
Whose Bodies are acquainted with more miseries,  
And all to keep you safe, than Dogs or Slaves are.  
His Sword the least share gain'd?

*Du.* You will not fight with me?

*Theod.* No Sir, I dare not,  
You are my Prince, but I dare speak to ye,  
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions  
That be informers to you, dare once think of;  
Yet truth will now but anger ye; I am sorry for't,  
And so I take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*Du.* Ev'n when you please, Sir.

*Ar.* Sirrah, see me no more.

*Du.* And so may you too:  
You have a house i'th' Country, keep you there, Sir,  
And when you have rul'd your self, teach your Son manners,  
For this time I forgive him.

*Ar.* Heaven forgive all;  
And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.  
And you Lord General, may your fights be prosperous.  
In all your Course may Fame and Fortune court you.  
Fight for your Country, and your Princes safety;  
Boldly, and bravely face your Enemy,  
And when you strike, strike with that killing Vertue,  
As if a general Plague had seiz'd before ye;

Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind ye;  
And then come home an old and noble Story.

*Bur:* A little comfort, Sir.

*Du.* As little as may be:  
Farewel, you know your limit. [*Ex. Duke, &c.*]

*Bur:* Alas, brave Gentleman.

*Ar:* I do, and will observe it suddenly,  
My Grave; I, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,  
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,  
To buckle with that old grim Souldier now:  
I have seen him in his sowrest shapes, and dreadfull'st;  
I, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:  
That audit's cast; farewel my honest Souldiers,  
Give me your hands; farewel, farewel good *Ancient*,  
A stout man, and a true, thou art come in sorrow.  
Blessings upon your Swords, may they ne'r fail ye;  
You do but change a man; your fortune's constant;  
That by your ancient Valours is ty'd fast still;  
Be valiant still, and good: and when ye fight next,  
When flame and fury make but one face of horreur,  
When the great rest of all your honour's up,  
When you would think a Spell to shake the enemy,  
Remember me, my Prayers shall be with ye:  
So once again farewel.

*Puts.* Let's wait upon ye.

*Ar:* No, no, it must not be; I have now left me  
A single Fortune to my self, no more,  
Which needs no train, nor complement; good Captain,  
You are an honest and a sober Gentleman,  
And one I think has lov'd me.

*Puts.* I am sure on't.

*Ar.* Look to my Boy, he's grown too headstrong for me.  
And if they think him fit to carry Arms still,  
His life is theirs; I have a house i'th' Country,  
And when your better hours will give you liberty,  
See me: you shall be welcome. Fortune to ye. [*Exit.*]

*Anc.* I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,  
And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no money:  
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;  
And if I can do that, I care not for money:

I could have curst reasonable well, and I have had the luck too  
To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,  
That like a Devil didst possess the Duke  
With these malicious thoughts; mark what I say to thee,  
A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

*Sold.* O take the Pox too.

*Anc.* They'll cure one another;  
I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking:  
Or look ye, let the single Pox possess them,  
Or Pox upon Pox.

*Puts.* That's but ill i'th' arms, Sir.

*Anc.* 'Tis worse i'th' Legs, I would not wish it else:  
And may those grow to scabs as big as Mole-hills,  
And twice a day, the Devil with a Curry-Comb  
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em: I warrant him he has 'em.

*Sold.* May he be ever lowzie.

*Anc.* That's a pleasure,  
The Beggar's Lechery; sometimes the Souldiers:  
May he be ever lazie, stink where he stands,  
And Maggots breed in's Brains.

*2 Sold.* I, marry Sir,  
May he fall mad in love with his Grand-mother,  
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,  
And one fall cross his throat, then let him gargle.

## Enter a Post

*Puts.* Now, what's the matter?

*Post.* Where's the Duke, pray, Gentlemen?

*Puts.* Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

*Post.* I thank ye. [*Exit.*]

*Anc.* If he be married, may he dream he's cuckol'd,  
And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,  
Sue a Divorce, and after find her honest:  
Then in a pleasant Pigstye, with his own garters,  
And a fine running knot, ride to the Devil.

*Puts.* If these would do —

*Anc.* I'll never trust my mind more,  
If all these fail.

*I Sold.* What shall we do now, Captain?  
For by this honest hand I'll be torn in pieces,  
Unless my old General go, or some that love him,  
And love us equal too, before I fight more:  
I can make a Shooe yet, and draw it on too,  
If I like the Leg well.

*Anc.* Fight? 'tis likely:  
No, there will be the sport Boys, when there's need on's.  
They think the other Crown will do, will carry us,  
And the brave golden Coat of Captain *Cankro*

*Boroskie.* What a noise his very name carries!  
'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,  
He needs no Souldiers; if he do, for my part,  
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think too,  
And all the Army; No, honest, brave old *Archas*,  
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,  
So soon forget thy goodness: he that does,  
The scandal and the scumm of Arms be counted.

*Puts.* You much rejoice me now you have hit my meaning,  
I durst not press ye, till I found your spirits:  
Continue thus.

*Anc.* I'll go and tell the Duke on't.

## Enter 2 Post

*Puts.* No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,  
When once occasion comes: Another Packet!  
From whence, Friend, come you?

*2 Post.* From the Borders, Sir.

*Puts.* What news, Sir, I beseech you?

*2 Post.* Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;  
The *Tartar's* up, and with a mighty force,  
Comes forward, like a tempest, all before him  
Burning and killing.

*Anc.* Brave Boys, brave news, Boys.

*2 Post.* Either we must have present help —

*Anc.* Still braver.

*2 Post.* Where lies the Duke?

*Sold.* He's there.

*2 Post.* 'Save ye, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

*Anc.* We are safe enough, I warrant thee:

Now the time's come.

*Puts.* I, now 'tis come indeed, and now stand firm, Boys,  
And let 'em burn on merrily.

*Anc.* This City would make a fine marvellous Bone-fire:  
'Tis old dry timber, and such Wood has no fellow.

*2 Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and whining,  
Like so many Pigs in a storm,  
When they hear the news once.

### ***Enter Boroskie, and Servant***

*Puts.* Here's one has heard it already;  
Room for the General.

*Boros.* Say I am faln exceeding sick o'th' sudden,  
And am not like to live.

*Puts.* If ye go on, Sir,  
For they will kill ye certainly; they look for ye.

*Anc.* I see your Lordship's bound, take a suppository,  
'Tis I, Sir; a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*  
They burn and kill, and't like your honour, kill us,  
Kill with Guns, with Guns my Lord, with Guns, Sir.  
What says your Lordship to a chick in sorrel sops?

*Puts.* Go, go thy ways old true-penny;  
Thou hast but one fault: thou art ev'n too valiant.  
Come, to'th' Army Gentlemen, and let's make them acquainted.

*Sold.* Away, we are for ye. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV

### ***Enter Alinda, and two Gentlemen***

*Alin.* Why, whither run ye Fools; will ye leave my Lady?

*Petes.* The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes.

*Alin.* Why, let him,  
I thought you had fear'd no men: upon my conscience  
You have try'd their strengths already; stay for shame.

*Pet.* Shift for thy self, *Alinda*. [*Exit.*]

*Alin.* Beauty bless ye:  
Into what Grooms Feather-Bed will you creep now?  
And there mistake the enemy; sweet youths ye are,  
And of a constant courage; are you afraid of foining?

### ***Enter Olympia***

*Olym.* O my good Wench, what shall become of us?  
The Posts come hourly in, and bring new danger;  
The enemy is past the *Volga*, and bears hither  
With all the blood and cruelty he carries,  
My Brother now will find his fault.

*Alin.* I doubt me,  
Somewhat too late, Madam. But pray fear not,  
All will be well, I hope. Sweet Madam, shake not.

*Olym.* How cam'st thou by this Spirit? our Sex trembles.

*Alin.* I am not unacquainted with these dangers;  
And you shall know my truth; for ere you perish,  
A hundred Swords shall pass through me: 'tis but dying,  
And Madam we must do it: the manner's all:  
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely thoughts to you,  
And take my counsel too; go presently,  
With all the haste ye have, (I will attend ye)  
With all the possible speed, to old Lord *Archas*,  
He honours ye; with all your art perswade him,  
('Twill be a dismal time else) woo him hither,

But hither Madam, make him see the danger;  
For your new General looks like an Ass;  
There's nothing in his face but loss.

*Olym.* I'll do it.  
And thank thee, sweet *Alinda*: O my Jewel,  
How much I'm bound to love thee! by this hand, Wench,  
If thou wert a man —

*Alin.* I would I were to fight for you.  
But haste dear Madam.

*Olym.* I need no Spurs *Alinda*.

## SCENE V

### Enter Duke, 2 Posts, Attendants, Gentlemen

*Du.* The Lord General sick now? is this a time  
For men to creep into their Beds? What's become, Post,  
Of my Lieutenant?

*Post.* Beaten, and't please your Grace,  
And all his Forces sparkled.

### Enter a Gentleman

*Du.* That's but cold news:  
How now, what good news? are the Souldiers ready?

*Ge.* Yes Sir, but fight they will not, nor stir from that place  
They stand in now, unless they have Lord *Archas*  
To lead 'em out; they rail upon this General,  
And sing Songs of him, scurvy Songs, to worse tunes:  
And much they spare not you, Sir: here they swear  
They'll stand and see the City burnt, and dance about it,  
Unless Lord *Archas* come before they fight for't:  
It must be so, Sir.

*Du.* I could wish it so too;  
And to that end I have sent Lord *Burris* to him;  
But all I fear will fail; we must dye, Gentlemen,  
And one stroke we'll have for't.

### **Enter Burris**

What bring'st thou, *Burris*?

*Bur.* That I am loth to tell; he will not come, Sir;  
I found him at his Prayers, there he tells me,  
The Enemy shall take him, fit for Heaven:  
I urg'd to him all our dangers, his own worths,  
The Countries ruine; nay I kneel'd and pray'd him;  
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed  
Thus with his finger to the Ground; a Grave  
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.  
Your Grace was much to blame:  
Where's the new General?

*Du.* He is sick, poor man.

*Bur.* He's a poor man indeed, Sir:  
Your Grace must needs go to the Souldier.

*Du.* They have sent me word  
They will not stir, they rail at me,  
And all the spight they have – [*Shout within.*  
What shout is that there?  
Is the Enemy come so near?

### **Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda**

*Olym.* I have brought him, Sir,  
At length I have woo'd him thus far.

*Du.* Happy Sister,  
O blessed Woman!

*Olym.* Use him nobly, Brother;  
You never had more need: And Gentlemen,  
All the best powers ye have, to tongues turn presently,  
To winning and perswading tongues: all my art,  
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;  
Let it be yours to arm him; And good my Lord,  
Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,  
Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,  
And not to urge ye farther; yet, see your Country,

Out of your own sweet Spirit now behold it:  
Turn round, and look upon the miseries,  
On every side the fears; O see the dangers;  
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, Sir.

*Du.* Next hear your Prince:  
You have said you lov'd him, *Archas*,  
And thought your life too little for his service;  
Think not your vow too great now, now the time is,  
And now you are brought to th' test, touch right now Souldier,  
Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle;  
Now if thou beest that valued man, that vertue,  
That great obedience teaching all, now stand it.  
What I have said forget, my youth was hasty,  
And what you said your self forgive, you were angry.  
If men could live without their faults, they were gods, *Archas*.  
He weeps, and holds his hands up: to him, *Burris*.

*Bur.* You have shew'd the Prince his faults;  
And like a good Surgeon you have laid  
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,  
Let 'em not fester now, Sir; your own honour,  
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,  
'Gainst which I take it, Heaven gives no Command, Sir,  
Nor seals no Vow, can better teach ye now  
What ye have to do, than I, or this necessity;  
Only this little's left; would ye do nobly,  
And in the Eye of Honour truly triumph?  
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing.

*Alin.* Last, a poor Virgin kneels; for loves sake General,  
If ever you have lov'd; for her sake, Sir,  
For your own honesty, which is a Virgin,  
Look up, and pity us, be bold and fortunate,  
You are a Knight, a good and noble Souldier,  
And when your Spurs were given ye, your Sword buckl'd,  
Then were you sworn for Vertues Cause, for Beauties,  
For Chastity to strike; strike now, they suffer;  
Now draw your Sword, or else you are recreant,  
Only a Knight i'th' Heels, i'th' Heart a Coward;  
Your first Vow honour made, your last but anger.

*Ar.* How like my vertuous Wife this thing looks, speaks too?  
So would she chide my dulness: fair one, I thank ye.  
My gracious Sir, your pardon, next your hand:  
Madam, your favour, and your prayers: Gentlemen,  
Your wishes, and your loves: and pretty sweet one,  
A favour for your Souldier.

*Olymp.* Give him this, Wench.

*Alin.* Thus do I tye on Victory.

*Arc.* My Armour,  
My Horse, my Sword, my tough Staff, and my Fortune,  
And *Olin* now I come to shake thy glory.

*Du.* Go, brave and prosperous, our loves go with thee.

*Olymp.* Full of thy vertue, and our Prayers attend thee.

*Bur. &c.* Loaden with Victory, and we to honour thee.

*Alin.* Come home the Son of Honour,  
And I'll serve ye. [*Exeunt.*]

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima

### *Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen*

*Duke.* No news of *Archas* yet?

*Bur:* But now, and't please ye,  
A Post came in, Letters he brought none with him,  
But this deliver'd: He saw the Armies join,  
The game of Blood begun, and by our General,  
Who never was acquainted but with Conquest,  
So bravely fought, he saw the *Tartars* shaken,  
And there he said he left 'em.

*Du.* Where's *Boroskie*?

*1 Gent.* He's up again, and't please ye.

*Bur:* Sir, methinks  
This News should make ye lightsome, bring joy to ye,  
It strikes our hearts with general Comfort. [*Exit Duke.*  
Gone? What should this mean, so suddenly?  
He's well?

*2 Gent.* We see no other.

*1 Gent.* Would the rest were well too,  
That put these starts into him.

*Bur:* I'll go after him.

*2 Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, Sir: h'as some secret in him  
He would not be disturb'd in: know you any thing  
Has crost him since the General went?

*Bur:* Not any:  
If there had been, I am sure I should have found it:  
Only I have heard him oft complain for money:  
Money he says he wants.

*1 Gent.* It may be that then.

*Bur:* To him that has so ma[n]y wayes to raise it,  
And those so honest, it cannot be.

### ***Enter Duke and Boroskie***

*I Gent.* He comes back,  
And Lord *Boroskie* with him.

*Bur.* There the game goes,  
I fear some new thing hatching.

*Duke.* Come hither *Burriss*.  
Go see my Sister, and commend me to her,  
And to my little Mistriss give this Token;  
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

*Bur.* Yes, I shall, Sir. [*Ex. Bur. and Gent.*]

*Duke.* Wait you without: I would yet try him further.

*Bor.* 'Twill not be much amiss: has your Grace heard yet  
Of what he has done i'th' Field?

*Duke.* A Post but now  
Came in, who saw 'em joyn, and has delivered,  
The Enemy gave ground before he parted.

*Bor.* 'Tis well.

*Duke.* Come, speak thy mind man: 'tis not for fighting,  
A noise of War, I keep thee in my bosom;  
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood  
Thou brought'st me up: and like another nature,  
Made good all my necessities: speak boldly.

*Bor.* Sir, what I utter, will be thought but envy  
Though I intend, high heaven knows, but your honour,  
When vain and empty people shall proclaim me —  
Good Sir excuse me.

*Duke.* Do you fear me for your Enemy?  
Speak on your duty.

*Bor.* Then I must, and dare, Sir:  
When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him not,  
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praises,  
That Glass will shew him ten times greater, Sir,  
(And make him strive to make good that proportion,)  
Than ere his fortune bred him, he is honourable,  
At least I strive to understand him so,

And of a nature, if not this way poyson'd,  
Perfect enough, easie, and sweet, but those are soon seduc'd, Sir;  
He's a great man, and what that Pill may work,  
Prepar'd by general voices of the people,  
Is the end of all my Counsel, only this, Sir,  
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it  
Than you know yet: there if he stand a while well,  
But till the Souldier cool, whom, for their service  
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,  
And showre your self into 'em; 'tis the bounty  
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery.

### **Enter two Gent**

*Duke.* But where's the Money? how now?

*2 Gent.* Sir, the Colonel,  
Son to the Lord *Archas*, with most happy news  
Of the *Tartars* overthrow, without here  
Attends your Graces pleasure.

*Bor.* Be not seen, Sir,  
He's a bold fellow, let me stand his Thunders,  
To th' Court he must not come: no blessing here, Sir,  
No face of favour, if you love your honour.

### **Enter Theodore**

*Duke.* Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, Sir. [*Ex.*]

*Bor.* Conduct him in, Sir – welcome noble Colonel.

*The.* That's much from your Lordship: pray where's the Duke?

*Bor.* We hear you have beat the *Tartar*.

*The.* Is he busie, Sir?

*Bor.* Have ye taken *Olin* yet?

*The.* I would fain speak with him.

*Bor.* How many men have ye lost?

*The.* Do's he lye this way?

*Bor.* I am sure you fought it bravely.

*The.* I must see him.

*Bor.* You cannot yet, ye must not, what's your Commission?

*The.* No Gentleman o'th' Chamber here?

*Bor.* Why, pray ye, Sir?  
Am not I fit to entertain your business?

*The.* I think you are not, Sir; I am sure ye shall not.  
I bring no tales, nor flatteries: in my tongue, Sir,  
I carry no fork'd stings.

*Bor.* You keep your bluntness.

*The.* You are deceiv'd: it keeps me: I had felt else  
Some of your plagues ere this: but good Sir trifle not,  
I have business to the Duke.

*Bor.* He's not well, Sir,  
And cannot now be spoke withal.

*The.* Not well, Sir?  
How would he ha' been, if we had lost? not well, Sir?  
I bring him news to make him well: his enemy  
That would have burnt his City here, and your House too,  
Your brave gilt house, my Lord, your honours hangings,  
Where all your Ancestors, and all their Battels,  
Their silk and golden Battels are decipher'd:  
That would not only have abus'd your buildings,  
Your goodly buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,  
Purloin'd your Lordships Plate, the Duke bestow'd on you,  
For turning handsomly o'th' toe, and trim'd your Virgins,  
Trim'd 'em of a new cut, and't like your Lordship,  
'Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the curse is  
You had had no remedy against these Rascals,  
No Law, and't like your Honour; would have kill'd you too  
And roasted ye, and eaten ye, ere this time:  
Notable Knaves my Lord, unruly Rascals:  
These youths have we ty'd up, put muzzels on 'em,  
And par'd their Nails, that honest civil Gentlemen,  
And such most noble persons as your self is,  
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine thread.  
These news I bring.

*Bor.* And were they thus deliver'd ye?

*The.* My Lord, I am no pen-man, nor no Orator,  
My tongue was never Oyl'd with Here and't like ye,  
There I beseech ye, weigh, I am a Souldier,  
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, Sir;  
I come not to stand treating here; my business  
Is with the Duke, and of such general blessing —

*Bor.* You have overthrown the enemy, we know it,  
And we rejoyce in't; ye have done like honest Subjects,  
You have done handsomely and well.

*Theo.* But well, Sir?  
But handsomely and well? what are we juglers?  
I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.  
But handsomely and well? does your Lordship take us  
For the Dukes Tumblers? we have done bravely, Sir,  
Ventur'd our lives like men.

*Bor.* Then bravely be it.

*Theo.* And for as brave rewards we look, and graces,  
We have sweat and bled for't, Sir.

*Bor.* And ye may have it,  
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves first  
For any good they do, take off the lustre,  
And blot the benefit.

*Theo.* Are these the welcomes,  
The Bells that ring out our rewards? pray heartily,  
Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:  
Do my good Lord, pray seriously, and sigh too,  
For if there be —

*Bor.* They must be met, and fought with.

*Theo.* By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.  
Why, what a Devil ail'd ye to do these things?  
With what assurance dare ye mock men thus?  
You have but single lives, and those I take it  
A Sword may find too: why do ye dam the Duke up?  
And choak that course of love, that like a River  
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?  
But if ye use these knick knacks,  
This fast and loose, with faithful men and honest,  
You'll be the first will find it.

***Enter Archas, Souldiers, Putskey, Ancient, and others***

*Boros.* You are too untemperate.

*Theo.* Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful:  
Pray use this old man so, and then we are paid all.  
The Duke thanks ye for your service, and the Court thanks ye,  
And wonderful desirous they are to see ye;  
Pray Heaven we have room enough to march for May-games,

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