

Werk

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The Cobbler's Prophecy.

Von

Robert Wilson.

Herausgegeben von Wilhelm Dibelius.

Fünf Exemplare der alten Originalausgabe von 1594 sind bekannt: zwei befinden sich in Oxford auf der Bodleiana, je eins im Britischen Museum, im Besitze des Earl of Ellesmere und in der Pepysian Library (vgl. Hazlitt, *Handbook to the Literature of Great Britain*. London 1867. Seite 659). Sie sind alle untereinander gleichlautend. Ein Exemplar der Neuausgabe von 1655, die Baker (*Biographia Dramatica II, 111*) erwähnt, habe ich nicht entdecken können. Die vier erstgenannten Exemplare der Ausgabe von 1594 habe ich selbst benutzt, und sie, da noch kein Neudruck existiert, in Folgendem möglichst genau wiedergegeben. Nur die Eintheilung in Akte und Scenen habe ich beigelegt, auch die Bezeichnung der Personen (Ceres, Mercurie), die im Original oft nur angedeutet ist, ausgeschrieben. Die Orthographie ist, abgesehen von einigen Druckfehlern, die des Originals. Die Interpunction ist modernisiert.

Der Dichter, Robert Wilson, ist der ältere dieses Namens, der, wie Fleay (*A Biographical Chronicle of The English Drama II, 279*) ausführt, im Jahre 1594 bereits gestorben war. Nur dieses Stück ist ihm mit voller Sicherheit zuzuschreiben; doch ist es wahrscheinlich, daß er auch *The three Ladies of London* (gedruckt 1584) und *The three Lords and Ladies of London* (gedruckt 1590) verfaßt hat, weil als Dichter dieser Stücke auf dem Titelblatt ein R. W. genannt wird, und beide Stücke mit dem *Cobbler* einen Hauptpunkt gemein haben: die Verwandtschaft mit den Moralitäten. Daß dieser Robert Wilson auch *The Pedlar's Prophecy* und *Fair Em* geschrieben habe, wie Fleay (a. a. O. 281.–283) behauptet, ist eine bloße Vermuthung.

Unser Robert Wilson war Schauspieler in der Truppe des Grafen von Leicester im Jahre 1574, und im Jahre 1583 in der Truppe der Königin.

In der Form steht das Stück den Moralitäten schon in der Wahl der Figuren nahe. Personifikationen von fünf Ständen und sieben reine Allegorien treten auf. Eine dieser Allegorien hat sogar eine Hauptrolle, die des Verführers, und spielt insofern die Figur des *Vice*. *Contempt* hat nämlich im Himmel die Venus umgarnt und aus der hohen Liebesgöttin die Göttin der sinnlichen Lust (*Lust*) gemacht; auf der Erde hat er den Höfling, den Gelehrten und den Edelmann bereits gewonnen und sucht nun auch den Soldaten zu verführen. Um seine Opfer zu täuschen, giebt er sich den harmlosen Namen *Content*, wie sich z. B. *Hypocrisy* in *Lusty Juventus* unter dem Namen *Friendship* bei den Menschen einschleicht. Den *Vice* als *Contempt* einzuführen, war, wie es scheint, ein origineller Gedanke unseres Dichters; die anderen allegorischen Figuren des *Cobbler* aber gehören zum alten Hausrath der Moralitäten: *Lust* findet sich in dem Moralspiel *Nature* und in *The Trial of Treasure*, *Folly* in Skelton's *Magnificence* und in *World and Child*, *Dalliance* ebenfalls in *World and Child*, *Newfangle* in *Like will to Like*. Wenn endlich, um auf eine einzelne Scene einzugehen, *Contempt* seine Unterthanen darüber streiten läßt, wer von ihnen am bequemsten und besten zu leben wisse, so läßt *Newfangle* in *Like will to Like* eine ganz ähnliche Disputation zwischen *Tom Tossopot* und *Ralph Roister* aufführen.

In der Tendenz ist unserm Stücke auffällig verwandt *The Looking Glass for London and England*, verfaßt von Thomas Lodge und Robert Greene († 1592), gedruckt 1594, also in demselben Jahre. Im *Cobbler* werden uns alle Stände als verderbt gezeigt, bis auf den Soldaten und den einfachen Handwerker, der die Schuhe flickt. Der Schuster Raph, obgleich der niedrigste von allen, weisagt den Schuldigen ihr baldiges Ende; er kommt an den Hof, mahnt den Herzog an die strafende Gerechtigkeit und bewirkt, daß Herrscher und Staat sich vom Bösen abwenden — *Contempt's* Haus wird verbrannt — und daß sich die verschiedenen Stände zu gemeinsamer Arbeit für das Staatswohl vereinigen. Im *Looking Glass* werden uns ebenfalls Vertreter der besseren Stände, Könige, Prinzen, Höflinge, Bürger, Gelehrte, in ihren Sünden vorgeführt; nach jeder Missethat erscheint der Prophet Hosea und verkündet Gottes Gericht; zuletzt tritt Jonas auf, wie Raph wider seinen Willen zum Propheten bestimmt, und predigt Buße vor König und Volk. Die Sünder bekehren

sich, und das Stück schließt, wie der *Cobbler*, mit der Aussicht auf eine bessere Zukunft.

Daß die Rolle des Propheten in unserem Stücke gerade einem Schuster übertragen worden ist, hängt damit zusammen, daß der *Cobbler* wegen seines Mutterwitzes und seiner Eulenspiegelereien eine der beliebtesten Typen des englischen Volkshumors ist. Er war eine häufige Figur in Sprichwörtern (vgl. Hazlitt, *English Proverbs* S. 102, 385), er erscheint in den *Merie Talys of Skelton* Nr. 12, in den *Hundred mery Talys* Nr. 6 (Shakespeare Jest-Books I S. 20). Auch in das Lustspiel hatte er schon Aufnahme gefunden, z. B. in Greene's *Pinner of Wakefield*, wo die lustigen Schuhmacher von Bradford ihre närrischen Privilegien gegen jedermann, selbst den König, dreist verfechten, ähnlich wie der *Cobbler* in unserem Stücke Göttern und Menschen furchtlos gegenübertritt. Selbst eine prosaische Nachahmung der Canterbury-Geschichten war 1590 unter den Titel: *The Cobler of Canterbury* erschienen; der Schuster hat darin nicht nur die erste Erzählung zu liefern, sondern auch das Ganze herauszugeben, als *an Inyective against Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie* (gedruckt auch 1590), um an Witz und gutem Englisch mit einem Lilly und Greene zu wetteifern. Aus späterer Zeit sind die lustigen Schuhklopfer in *Patient Grizzel* (1603) zu erwähnen, die das schöne Lied von der Zufriedenheit singen, ferner die kleine Cobblersgeschichte in Dekker's *Newes from Helle* (1606; Dekker's Werke 1, II 146); und daß der Schuhflicker bis in unser Jahrhundert hinein seine Beliebtheit noch nicht eingebüßt hat, lehrt die Aufzählung von Stücken, in denen er die Hauptrolle spielt, in Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* (II, 111), sowie eine Geschichte von einem lustigen Schuhflicker in Clouston's *Popular Tales* II 43, die vielleicht auf einen sehr alten Schwank zurückgeht. In unserem Stücke ist das Auftreten des Schuhflickers um so wichtiger, als es neben der scharfen Satire auf Hof und Gelehrte dem Ganzen eine besonders volksthümliche Färbung verleiht.

In auffälliger Weise stellt Wilson den Soldaten Sateros als Muster von Festigkeit, Redlichkeit, Treue und Muth in scharfen Gegensatz zu dem feigen und habsüchtigen Edelmann, dem hinterlistigen und niedrig gesinnten Gelehrten und dem verrätherischen Höfling. Sateros wird des Näheren als ein Feldherr geschildert, der von einer kühnen Kriegsfahrt aus der Ferne zurückkommt und noch einmal auf Befehl des Herrschers einen erfolgreichen Zug unternimmt, aber trotz seiner Verdienste mit Ränken der Hofleute zu kämpfen hat. Es liegt sehr nahe, dabei an eine wirkliche Person zu denken, am ehesten

an den auch bei den Schauspielern sehr beliebten Grafen Essex, der im Jahre 1589 aus Portugal und 1592 aus Frankreich zurückkehrte, wo er sich persönlich sehr hervorgethan und beträchtliche Erfolge erungen hatte, der aber bei Hofe durch den Wankelmuth der Königin und allerhand Ränke des Hofes nicht die verdiente Anerkennung fand.

Schließlich sei noch auf einige Uebereinstimmungen mit Shakespeare's Sommernachtstraum hingewiesen, der, wie jetzt wohl allgemein angenommen wird (vgl. Sarrazin im Archiv für neuere Sprachen 1895, Bd. 95, S. 291), in demselben Jahre 1594 entstanden ist, in dem unser Stück gedruckt wurde. In beiden Stücken nimmt ein Soldat, hier Sateros, dort Theseus, unter den menschlichen Figuren die ehrfurchtgebietendste Stelle ein; in beiden erscheinen über den Menschen Gottheiten, die sich streiten und ihren Streit auf die Menschen verpflanzen, dort Oberon und Titania, hier Mars und Venus. Dort werden zwei Liebhaber, hier der Schuhflicker und seine Frau, durch den Götterboten im Interesse der Gottheiten verzaubert und wieder entzaubert; endlich dürfen sich in beiden Stücken clownische Handwerker unter die Götter mischen und ihnen sogar besonders nahe treten.

Eine angenehme Pflicht ist es mir, Herrn Professor Dr. Brandl für die Anregung zu dieser Arbeit, sowie für seine lebenswürdige Unterstützung während derselben auch hier meinen verbindlichsten Dank auszusprechen.

Zur leichteren Uebersicht sende ich eine knappe Inhaltsangabe voraus.

1. Aufzug.

Aus einem Gespräche zwischen Merkur und Ceres erfahren wir die sittliche Verderbtheit, die in Böotien herrscht, und daß ein Gericht der Götter über Venus, die Göttin der Lust, erwartet wird. Unterdessen macht Merkur den mit seiner Frau Zelota fortwährend in Unfrieden lebenden Schuhflicker Raph zum Boten einer Weissagung an Mars, durch die dieser aus den Banden der Venus befreit werden soll; Zelota wird in Wahnsinn versetzt. (1. Auftritt.)

Auf seinem Wege zu Mars trifft Raph mit Männern verschiedener Stände, einem Soldaten, einem Höfling, einem Gelehrten und einem Landedelmann, zusammen. Alle diese Stände, der Soldatenstand ausgenommen, sind innerlich verderbt; sie alle huldigen dem *«foul monster» Contempt*, der die Verkörperung aller Weltverachtung und alles verbrecherischen Eigennutzes ist. In einer großen Disputation legen alle ihre Ziele und Denkungsart dar, und Raph weissagt ihnen baldigen Untergang. (2. Auftritt.)

Nur der Soldat weigert sich, vor *Contempt* sein Knie zu beugen. Er sucht Mars, wie Raph, um ihn zu neuen Thaten anzuspornen. (3. Auftritt.)

2. Aufzug.

Raph und der Soldat treffen die Musen. Sie beklagen sich über die Zustände unter den Menschen und geben dem Krieger den Weg zu Mars an. (1. Auftritt.) Raph trifft Charon, den Fährmann der Hölle, der gleichfalls in den bittersten Ausdrücken über die zunehmende Schlechtigkeit der Menschen klagt. (2. Auftritt.)

Emnius (der Höfling des Herzogs), der soeben *Contempt* gehuldigt hat, enthüllt dem Zuschauer seine Pläne gegen das Leben seines Herrn. (3. Auftritt.)

3. Aufzug.

Sateros (der Soldat) und Raph erfahren vom Herold und vom Waffenträger des Mars dessen Aufenthalt. (1. Auftritt.)

Contempt und Venus treten auf; Venus ist von *Contempt* verführt worden. (2. Auftritt.) *Contempt* flieht bei Mars' Ankunft; der Soldat und Raph erscheinen jetzt. Sateros versucht vergebens, Mars zum Handeln anzuspornen; erst die Prophezeihung des Schuhflickers, die dem Kriegsgotte die Untreue der Venus voraussagt, hat den gewünschten Erfolg. Doch Venus hat ihn sofort wieder umgarnt, und erst als sie thatsächlich mit *Contempt* geflohen ist, erkennt Mars ihre Untreue und schwört ihr und ihrem Verführer Rache. (3. Auftritt.)

4. Aufzug.

Unterdessen sind Sateros und Raph an den Hof des Herzogs gekommen. Sateros hat von Mars gehört, daß der Herzog ihn in Dienste nehmen wird; Raph's Zweck ist, den Herzog von der Untreue seines Höflings Emnius zu überführen und ihn von der Nothwendigkeit einer gänzlichen sittlichen Erneuerung des Staatslebens zu überzeugen. Der Verräther wird entlarvt, aber begnadigt; trotzdem läßt er von seinen Plänen nicht ab und sucht nun zuerst Raph zu ermorden. (1. und 2. Auftritt.)

Merkur verkündet das Urtheil der Götter über Venus und *Contempt*. Venus ist aus dem Olymp verstoßen worden, und Böotien, wo *Contempt* sich aufhält, soll so lange von auswärtigen Feinden bedrängt werden, bis sein Haus dem Erdboden gleichgemacht ist. (3. Auftritt.) Auch Mars ist jetzt zum Krieg entschlossen. Merkur deutet ihm die Weissagung des Schuhflickers. (4. Auftritt.)

5. Aufzug.

Raph verkündet dem Herzoge den erneuten Verrath seines Höflings und den Beschluß der Götter gegen Böotien. Emnius wird, bevor er seine Pläne zur Ausführung bringen kann, von Zelota plötzlich im Wahnsinn erstochen; sie wird dadurch geheilt, aber mit ihrem Manne verhaftet. Der Krieg wird beschlossen, Sateros zum Oberbefehlshaber ernannt. (1. Auftritt.) Der Landedelmann versucht vergebens, sich vom Heeresdienste loszukaufen; Raph und andere Gefangene werden befreit, um im Kriege verwendet zu werden. (2. Auftritt.)

Venus wird nun auch von *Contempt* verstoßen. (3. Auftritt.)

Opfer und Gebet zu den Göttern. Ein Bote bringt die Nachricht vom Siege des Heeres; *Contempt's* Haus ist verbrannt, die Feinde sind verjagt. (4. Auftritt.) Sateros und Raph kehren zurück, von Mars und Merkur begleitet. Merkur erklärt Raph, warum er ihn zu seinem Boten gemacht habe. (5. Auftritt.)

Schlußscene: Raph will wieder zu seinem Handwerk zurückkehren. Sateros wird hochgehrt. Er steht mit dem Gelehrten jetzt in bestem Einvernehmen, und dies Zusammenwirken von Wehrstand und Wissenschaft eröffnet jetzt, wo *Contempt's* Macht vernichtet ist, die besten Aussichten für die Zukunft des Staates.

Personenverzeichnis

(nicht im Original).

Jupiter	Melpomene	The Duke of Bœotia
Juno	Clio	Emnius, a Courtier
Mars	Thalia	A Scholler
Venus, called Lust	Eccho	A Countrey Gentleman
Apollo	Charon	Sateros, a soldier
Bacchus	Follie	A Priest
Vulcan	Nicenes	The Duke's Daughter
Diana	Newfangle	Raph, a Cobler
Mercurie	Dalliance	Zelota, his wife
Ceres	Jealozie	Two Messengers
	Ru	
	Ina	
	} Maids of Venus	
	Contempt, naming himself	
	Content	
	The Porter of Mars	
	The Herrald of Mars	

THE | COBLERS | Prophecie. | Written by Robert Wilfon,
Gent. | [Arabeske] | *Printed at London by John Danter for Cuthbert |
Burbie: and are to be sold at his shop nere | the Royall-Exchange. |
1594.* |

[Am Kopfe Arabeske: Satyrn mit Hörnern und Blumengewinden.]

[Am Kopfe der ersten Textseite dieselbe Arabeske wie auf dem Titelblatt, mit
Monogramm ID.]

THE
COBLERS
Prophecie.

Erster Aufzug.

Erster Auftritt.

Enter Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after him Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana wringing her hands: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie from one end, Ceres from another meete.

CERES.

FRESH Mayas sonne, fine witecrafts greatest God,
Herrald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou witst, why these celestiall powers
Are thus assembled in Bœotia.

5 Mercurie. Plenties rich¹⁾ Queene, cheerer of fainting souls,
Whose Altars are adornde with ripend sheaues,
Know that securitie, chiefe nurfe of sinne,
Hath bred contempt in all Bœotia.
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
10 Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods.
Heauen is long suffering, and eternall Powers
Are full of pitie to peruerfekt men:
Which made the awful Ruler of the rest
15 Summon this meeting of the heauenly States:

* A 3

¹⁾ Original: Plentie srich.

The first was Jupiter; Juno with him;
Next Mars and Venus — him I know you knew not,
His Harnesse is converted to soft filke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
20 That scandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate;
Apollo next; then Bacchus, belly-God;
And horned Vulcan, forger of heauens fire;
The last poore Cynthia making woful mone,
That she is left sweet virgin post alone.
25 I am but messenger, and must not denounce,
Til the high senate of the Gods decree it;
But sacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen shall Venus vaunt but little time.

Ceres. So please it mighty Ioue, the doome were iust,
30 Amongst that holy traine what needs there Lust?

Mercurie. I see a sort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with wauing of his rod
And holy spels inioines to fit and see
35 th' effectuall working of a Prophecie.

Ceres. And Ceres sheds her sweetest swetes in plentie,
(Cast Confects.)

That, while ye stay, their pleasure may content ye.
Now doo I leaue thee Mercury, and will in to take my place;
Doo what thou canst in wanton lusts disgrace.

40 **Mercurie.** Ceres, I will; and, now I am alone,
wil I aduise me of a messenger,
That will not faint: will not said I?
Nay shall not faint sent forth by Mercurie.
I am resolut: the next I meete with, be it he or she,
45 To doo this message shall be sent by me.

Enter Raph Cobler with his stoole, his implements and shooes,
and, sitting on his stoole, falls to sing: *

Hey downe downe a downe a downe,
hey downe downe a downe a:
50 Our beauty is the brauest Laffe in all the towne a!
For beauties sweete sake, I sleepe when I should wake —
shee is so nut browne a.
Her cheekes, so red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,
So that I cannot choose in cobling of my shooes
55 but sing hey derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within.

Zelota. Go, too Raph, youle still be singing loue songs, its your fashion.

Raph. Content your selfe, wife, tis my own recantation;
No loue song neither, but a carrol in beauties condemnation.

- 60 *Zelota.* well, year best leaue finging and fall to work by & by,
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hie.
- Raph.* And you were best leaue your scolding to, & get you away.
- Zelota.* And I come to you, Raph, Ile course ye, as I did a laterday.
- Raph.* Course me, fnowns, I would thou durft come out of dore;
And thou doft, Ile knock thee on the head, thou arrant thou!
65 was not this lustily spoken? I warrant, she dare not come out.
- Enter Zelota.*
- Zelota.* Ile see, what yeele doo; where are yee, goodman Lout?
He creepes vnder the stoole.
- Raph.* O, no bodie tell her, that I am vnder the stoole!
- Zelota.* wheres this prating Affe, this dizzardly foole?
- Mercurie.* why, here I am, Dame, lets see, what thou canst fay;
70 Bestirre your Distaffe, doo the worst ye may.
- Zelota.* Alas that euer I was borne to see this fight:
My Raph is transformed to a wicked spright.
- Raph.* Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the stoole.
- Mercurie.* Let me alone, Raph, hold thy peace, thou foole.
75 I am a sprite indeede, a fiend, which will pursue thee still,
Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.
And, for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,
I charme thee and inchaunt thee, queane:
Thou henceforth shalt be mad,
80 And neuer shalt thy foolish braine cut off this franticke fit, *
Till with thy hand vnwillinglie thou murder doe commit.
- He charmes her with his rod.*
- Raph.* Nay, she is mad enough already,
For she will doe nothing with me but fight;
And ye make hir more mad, shele kill me outright.
- 85 *Zelota.* Make me mad, Raph, no faith, Raph,
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be goffippe,
The childe shall not be christned to night.
Go to the back-houfe for the boy,
90 Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.
Ile buy no plumme porredge,
Ile not be made such a mome.
And because thou hast a fine rod, Raph,
Ile looke in thy purse by and by:
95 And if thou haue any money in it,
Wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c.
- Here she runnes about the stage, snatching at euerie thing
shee sees.*
- Raph.* Out of doubt she is mad indeed,
See what a coyle she doth keepe.

140 thou shalt the better learne:
When thou shalt onelie letters fine
 within one name discerne,
 Three vowels and two consonants,
 which vowels if thou scan,
145 Doth sound that which to euerie pace
 conducteth euerie man. — *B
 Then call to minde this Prophecie,
 for thats the bastards name;
 Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
 and win thy wanted fame.
150 Now, Raph, awake; for I haue done
the taske for which I came. Exit.

 Raph stretches himselfe and wafes.

Raph. Heigh ho, wake, quoth you, I thinke tis time,
 for I haue flept soundly;
 And me thought in my fleep, this was God Markedy,
155 that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.
 Above me thought I law God Shebiter,
 that marloufly did frowne,
 With a dart of fier in his hand,
 readie to throw it downe.
160 Below, me thought, there were false knaues,
 walking like honest men verie craftely
 And few or none could be plainly seene
 to thriue in the world by honestie.
 Me thought, I saw one, that was wondrous fat,
165 Picke two mens purses, while they were large and faire,
 Kept backe shops to vtter their baddest ware.
 What meddle I with trades? Men, maisters and maids,
 Yea, and wiues too and all are too too bad,
 Beiudgd by my wife, that was neuer well, till she ran mad.
170 But O, the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,
 And ran away from the takers tallants.
 The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,
 For its their tricke to blow vp leane meate with a quill.
 And with the stroke a Butcher gaue an oxe
175 that lowd bellowing did make,
 I lost fight of all the other trickes,
 and so sodainly did wake.
 But now muft Raph trudge about his prophetation —
 Faith ye shall heare me troll it out after my fashon. Exit. *

 Zweiter Auftritt.

 Enter Sateros, a souldier, and Contempt, naming
 himselfe Content.

Sateros. Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres
 Against the Perfian and the Asian Powers:

- Mercurie. Raph she shall trouble none of vs; Ile charme her
 100 fast a sleepe.
- Jelota. Come, Raph, lets goe sleepe, for thou must mend
 Queene Guiniuers shooes to morrow.
 I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow. Exit.
- Mercurie. So sleepe thy fill, now, Raph, come forth to mee.
- 105 Raph. Come forth, quoth he; marrie, God bleffe vs.
 Now you haue made my wife mad, what shall become of me?
- Mercurie.¹⁾ Feare not, come forth, I meane no hurt to thee.
- Raph. Well, Ile trust you for once; what say yee?
- Mercurie. Raph, hie the home, & thou shalt finde vpon thy bed
 110 Attire that for a prophets sute shall stand thee in good stead;
 A prophet thou must be and leaue thy worke a while. *
- Raph. A Prophet speaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle.
 What are you, I pray?
- Mercurie. I am Mercurie, the Messenger of the Gods.
- 115 Raph. And I am Raph Cobler, twixt vs there is some odds.²⁾
 But heare ye, God Markedy, haue you retortie
 To take a free man of his companie
 And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,
 And, when ye set him a worke, giue him nothing for his labor?
- 120 Mercurie. I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.
 Ile please thee well, I prethee, Raph, sit downe.
- Raph. Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.
- Mercurie. We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.
 He charmes him with his rod asleepe.
 Not farre hence standeth Mars his Court,
 125 to whom thus see thou say:
 Mars, though thou be a Cocke of the game,
 that wontst to croe by day,
 And with thy sharpned spurres
 the crauen Cockes didst fill and slay;
 130 Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings
 and make thy fethers gay,
 A dunghill Cocke, that croes by night,
 shall flilie thee betray
 And tread thy Hen, and for a time
 135 shall carrie her away.
 And she by him shall hatch a Chickē,
 this Countrey to decay.
 And for this pretie Pulletts name

¹⁾ Original: Mar.

²⁾ Das Exemplar des Britischen Museums enthält den Druckfehler Gods statt odds, wie die anderen Exemplare richtig vermerken.

- The cole-blacke Moore, that reuels in the Straights,
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood.
- 5 My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes —
My wrinckles in my face (made old by care,
When yet my yeres are in their chieft prime)
Are glaffes of my grieffe, lights of my languor,
That liue difgracde, and haue deferued honor.
- 10 **Contempt.** I am the admiredft in Bœotia,
By honoring me thou fhalt obtaine preferment.
- Sateros.** Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,
And wert thou one of thefe, I would adore thee.
- Contempt.** I am of power more than all the Gods
15 To fit and rule the harts of all degrees.
They haue in me content, as thou fhalt fee
A prent instance in thefe entring men.
- Enter Emnius, a Courtier, with him a Scholler and
a Countrey Gentleman.**
- Countrey G.** Haile to Contents diuineft exelence!
- Scholler.** Content, our sweeteft good, we doo falute thee.
- 20 **Courtier.** Though laft, I am not leaft in duteous kindnes
To thee, Content, although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.
- Scholler.** But if ye knew his name wer Olygoros, which fignifieth
Contempt, you would not miftake him and name him Content.
- 25 **Contempt.** O Mas, scholler, be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature: and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the difcourfe intended at our laft meeting: and in that con-
ference this Gentleman a souldier, I prefume will make one.
- Courtier.** Being a foldier, his companie is fit for anie honeft gen-
30 tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.
- Sateros.** I thanke you fir. * B 2
- Souldier.** Though the Courtier fpeake him faire, in hart I knowe
he difdaines him for his bace apparell: wherein he obserues one
principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.
- 35 **Scholler.** To me a Souldier is a welcome man.
- Souldier.** I kindly thanke you, fir.
- Enter Raph.**
- Raph.** Sir: what fir, or what ftir haue we here? Why ye proud
Pagans and Panem noftrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet
than ye would of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me
40 than ye doo of a Cobler?
- Contempt.** As thou art.
- Raph.** As I am? No, ye little goofecap God, knowe that God
Markedie made me a Prophet, and fent me of a meffage to the

45 blundring God of the thundring warre, to Mars, to Maua aua a-
ua ars: twill come nere your nose, little God; I can tell ye.

Contempt. Well, hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gen-
tlemen dispute.

Raph. Will they spout? whereon?

50 **Contempt.** He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of
Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph. And I of Prophefie.

Contempt. No, thou and I will fit still and giue our iudgements of¹⁾
this controuerfie.

55 **Raph.** Well, Content, but Ile speake my minde when I list,
thats flat.

Contempt. Sit downe then, Gentlemen, when you please, begin.

Emnius. First I am a Courtier, daily in my Prince's eye: which
one good of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboue all o-
ther happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on
60 me attend luters, praying, paying and promifing more, than ei-
ther fometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times ex-
pect.

Raph. Thats true; for I was a luter three yere vnto ye for men-
ding your pantables, and I was promift more than I could euer
65 get, or did euer looke for.

Emnius. At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Cour-
tier is in braue account? or to the heauenly fellowfhip of diuine-
est beautie and fweete confort of louely Ladies, who but the
Courtier is called? while the Scholler sits all day inuenting fyllo-
70 gifmes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds,
and this bare fouldier here carrowfing among his prating com-
panions.

Souldier. Why, a fouldier of a defert (as with no other do I con-
fort) can be no lesse than a Gentleman, and some Courtiers are
75 scarce so much. Defert, I denie not, is oft preferd, but oftner flat-
trie. Befcaufe I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable: but
in this plaine sute haue I been, where you dare not with all your
filkes.

Emnius. Why, I haue been, where thou darest not come.

80 **Souldier.** I, thats in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

Raph. A word with ye Mas, fouldier.

Souldier. Now, fir.

Raph. Tis, 'caufe the Mercer will not trust ye: for he knowes his
85 booke is as good as a sponce for ye; youle neuer out, till you bee
torne or fired out.

¹⁾ Original: indgemeets.

Souldier. How ere despised, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the
conflict of Arbaces, Generall of Persia at Marathon, I rescued
the colours of Bœotia. I haue had hony words and some reward,
too little to bestow among my maimed souldiers. Souldiers ob-
90 ferue lawes — therein appeares their iustice, at least equalling the
scholler: bring Princes to thraldom, then triumphing ouer cour-
tiers: are liberall to giue — wherein for the most they excell the
Countrey Gentleman. In briefe, they are the swords of heauen¹⁾
to punish: the salue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number bee-
95 ing not the meanest, I thinke my selfe nothing inferiour to anie
of these Gentlemen.

Raph. But thou hast made manie a Cocke a cuckold by stea-
ling away his Hen.

Country G. Nay, my life excelleth all; I in the Countrey liue a
100 King; my Tenaunts (as vassalles) are at my will commaunded:
fearfuller, I know, they are to displease mee, than diuers of you
Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come there anie taskes to bee
leuied, I tuch not mine owne store; for on them I take it: and, I * B 3
may say to you, with some surplufage: my wood they bring
105 me home, my hay and corne in haruest: their cattell, seruants,
fonnes and felues are at my commaund.

Scholler. O iure, quaque iniuria!

Raph. Nay, and you speake Latin, reach me my lasse.
Harke ye, mas Scholler, harke ye!
110 The time shall come, not long before the doome,
That in despite of Roome
Latin shall lacke,
And Greeke shall beg with a wallet at his backe.
For all are not sober that goes in blacke.
115 Goe too, scholler, theres a learning for your knacke.

Country G. At my list can I rack their rents, fet them to fines, bind
them to forfeits, force them to what I please. If I build, they bee
my labourers: if bargaine, on them I build: and for my good
looke they are content to endure any trauell.

120 Raph. But for all this ill and wrong
Marke the Coblers song:
The hie hill and the deepe ditch,
Which ye digd to make your felues rich,
The chimnies so manie, and almes not anie,
125 The widowes wofull cries,
And babes in streete that lies,
The bitter sweate and paine
That tenants poore sustaine,
Will turne to your bane, I tell ye plaine,
130 When burning fire shall raine,

¹⁾ Original: heaun.

- And fill with botch and blaine
The finew and each vaine.
Then theſe poore, that crie,
Being lifted vp on hie,
135 When you are all forlorne,
Shall laugh you lowd to ſcorne.
Then where will be the ſchollers allegories,
Where the Lawier with his dilatories,
Where the Courtier with his brauerie
140 And the money monging mate with all his knauerie? *
Bethinke me can I no where els,
But in hell, where Diues dwels.
But I fee, ye care not yet,
And thinke theſe words for me vnfit,
145 And geffe, I ſpeake for lacke of wit:
Stand aſide, ſtand aſide; for I am diſpoſed to ſpit.
- Contempt. Be quiet, Cobler, lets heare the Scholler ſpeake.
- Raph. I giue him reſtoritie: to it!
- Scholler. What the Courtier dreamingly poſſeſſes, the Coun-
150 trey Gentleman with curffes and the Souldiour with cares: I
quietly enioy without controll. In my ſtudie I contemplate,
what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thou-
ſands¹⁾ doo with pikes; I ſtrike him that fees me not.
- Raph. I thought, you were a proper man of your hands, to come
155 behinde one.
- Scholler. I fee the height of heauen.
- Raph. But thou makeſt no haft thither.
- Scholler. I view the depth of hell.
- Raph. Is there anie roome in hell for curft wiues and Coblers
160 fhops?
- Scholler. Content is my Landlorde; peace and quiet are my
companions; I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce at-
tendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende
on mee. I poſſeſſe pleaſure more than mortall, and my con-
165 templation is onely of the life immortall.
- Courtier. But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the
Court, Scholler, and not be curious of the meanes, for all your
coyneffe.
- Scholler. I will not acquaint you, ſir, with my intent; for they
170 are fooles that in ſecret affaires are too familiar; know this, that
I intend to awaite occaſion.
- Souldier. Faith, Maſter Scholler; yet it ſtands not with your
proteſtation.
- Countrie G. Nor with you, Soldier, to be thus blunt
175 after your rude faſhion. *

¹⁾ Original: touſands.

- Souldier.** Alas, fir, you muft needes be exelent: for Piers & Plaine,
your poore tenants, pray for ye: their bread and cheefe is feldom
denied to anie, when your fmall beere is fcarfe common to man-
nie. You know, what wil be made of a fat oxe as well as the Gra-
fier, of the tallowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as
180 well as the Stapler.
- Countrey G.** What hath any man to doe, what I doe with mine
owne?
- Souldier.** I alls thine owne, that comes in thy hands.
- 185 **Countrey G.** Sir, you would make enough of it in yours to.
- Souldier.** I, mafter Courtier, thats to deale as you doe.
- Scholler.** This fouldier is as rough, as if he were in the field.
- Souldier.** Where you would be as tame.
- Contempt.** Has a proud hart though a beggers habit.
- 190 **Souldier.** Where I frequent, this habit ferues my turne: and as
goodly a fight were it to fee you there in your filkes, as the fchol-
ler skirmifhing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman rid-
ding on a fat Oxe with a mole spade on his necke.
- Raph.** What riding, running, brauing, bralling!
195 I fee, ye paffe not for a Prophets calling:
Therefore I will not be fo mad,
To caft Pearles to fwine fo bad.
- Contempt.** Prethee, Raph, ftay a little.
- Raph.** Little, little feeing God, I fhall fee you in a fpittle! **Ex.**
- 200 **Contempt.** Your difputation being done, Gentlemen, which hath
highly contented mee, what will ye now doo?
- Emmuis.** Marry, we will all to the eighteene pence Ordinary, how
fay ye Gentlemen?
- Countrey G.** No, fir, not I, tis too deere by my faith.
- 205 **Scholler.** Why, you fhall be my gueft for this once. How faye
you mafter fouldier?
- Souldier.** No, fir, I muft turne one of your meales into three,
and euerie one a fufficient banquet for me.
- Courtier.** Faith, and you had kept your newes untill now, yee
210 fhould haue bin my gueft; for your talke would haue ferud well
for the table.
- Souldier.** Thats a practife of thine owne arte; it makes thy com-
panie borne withall, where otherwife thou wert no fit gueft; for
tales at fome tables are as good as tefterns.
- 215 **Courtier.** Nay, then I perceiue, yee grow chollericke; come firs!
(**They proffer to goe in.**)
- Contempt.** Why, Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God?

All three. Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our felues dutifull.

Contempt. Tis enough, fare yee well!

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.

Dritter Auftritt.

Contempt. Now, souldier, what wilt thou doe?

Souldier. Faith, fir, as I may.

Contempt. Wilt thou serue me, and doe, as I will thee, and thou shalt not want.

5 Souldier. No: for, if thy name be Contempt, as the Scholler said, I abhorre and desie thee.

Contempt. Euen as the child doth wormeseed hid in Raifons, which of it selfe he cannot brooke: so thou canst not abide my name, but louest my nature: for prooffe, wanting liuing raylft on the Ci-
10 ty, greeuft at the country, yea grudgest at the King himselfe: thou saist, thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a fuplication for bettring thy estate, and how? — by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge; all which thou esteemest not off, so thy owne want be supplied.

15 Souldier. Contempt, herein thou reasonest like thy selfe. Bafeminded men, I know, there are in field, That doe delight in murder, rape and blood, As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers, And enuious snakes among the fleeting fish:
20 But for the noble souldier, he is iust To punnish wrongs, protect the innocent, Weaken the tyrant and confirme the right; Want cannot make him basely mutinous, Wealth cannot make him proudly insolent;
25 In honourable thoughts dwell his content, And he is foe to all that loue contempt.

Contempt. Then, Sateros, thou art no mate for mee.

Souldier. No, Vpstart scornors are fit slaues for thee.

* C

Exit.

Exit.

Zweiter Aufzug.

Erster Auftritt.

Enter Clio, Melpomine and Thalia: Clio with a penknife, Melpomine being idle, Thalia writing.

Thalia. Clio, a pen!

Clio. Both pen and quill I misse.

Thalia. One Elfridge penne yet in my penner is, Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

5 Melpomine. The feathers of a gluttonous bird flew what the wearers be.

Thalia. Melpomine, lend me a pen!

Melpomine. Mine pierce too hard for your writing.

Enter Raph Cöbler.

Thalia. Quickly a pen! — ha, ha, — fond foolish men!

10 Raph. Foole? no foole neither, though none of the wisest Dame,
But a Prophet, one of Merlins kinde, I am.

Melpomine. Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?

Raph. Raph Cob.

Clio. — ler, speake out!

15 Raph. Ye ha' it yfaith.

Thalia. A pen, a pen in haft,
That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

Raph. Comes there a Pageant by, Ile stand out of the greene
men's way for burning my vestment.

20 Thalia. A pen, good Clio; fie, how ye make me stay!

Clio. Make shift a while you shall haue this straight way.

Raph. If I had a pen, as I haue none,
For I vse no such toole,
Thou shouldst haue none an it;
25 For at my first comming thou caldst me foole.

Thalia. A pen, a pen; it will be gone incontinent!

Clio. Hold, theres thy pen. *

Raph. But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you
make pens so fast, trow we?

Enter souldier.

30 Clio. O fifters, shift! we are betraid;
Another man I see.

Souldier. A filly man at your commaund;
Be not afraid of me!

Raph. No, no, tis the souldier; heele doo yee no hurt, I war-
35 rant yee.

Melpomine. To see a man come in this place,
It is so strange to vs,
As we are to be held excusde,
That are amazed thus.

40 But art thou a souldier?

Souldier. Yea, Lady.

Melpomine. The better welcome vnto me.

Thalia. Not so to me.

Raph. And what am I?

- 45 **Thalia.** Be whift awhile, Ile tell thee by and by.
Raph. Thats some mends yet for calling of me foole.
Souldier. Thanks, Ladies, for your curtesies; but the fight of three
such Goddeffes on the fodaine, hath driuen mee into certaine
muses.
- 50 **Eccho.** certaine muses.
Souldier. Especially being alone so follitarie in this wood.
Eccho. In this wood.
Raph. Harke, souldier; some body mocks thee.
Eccho. Mocks¹⁾ thee.
- 55 **Raph.** Mocks me much.
Eccho. Much.
Souldier. Hold thy peace, good Raph!
Eccho. Good Raph.
Raph. Raph, thats my name indeede;
60 But how shall I call thee?
Eccho. I call thee.
Raph. Dost thou? — Mas, and Ile come to thee, and * C 2
I knew, where thou art.
Eccho. Thou art.
- 65 **Raph.** Art: faith, and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these
three, my mad wife shall neuer know, that I play a mad part.
Eccho. Part.
Raph. Part: Ile come.
Eccho. Come.
- 70 **Raph.** Faith, and I will, haue at thee! **Exit.**
Melpomine. Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled
our talke: and this artificiall eccho hath told thee what we are:
certaine muses, dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many
more as we be here.
- 75 **Souldier.** Your names, good Ladies?
Melpomine. Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes, Thalia.
Souldier. Might I without offence intreate three things,
I should be greatly bound.
Melpomine. We will not denie thee three things, that can partici-
80 pate to thee thoulands.
Souldier. Firft would I request of this Ladie, whether she write
with this Eltridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.
Thalia. Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose: the men
which now doe minister me matter to write, are nere of the na-
85 ture of the Eltridge: who, hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the
head of a beaft: she is greedy, deuouring and digesting al things,

¹⁾ Original: Mocs.

and builds hir neaft in fand: fo are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beafts to imagine beaftly thinges on earth: downe to the which their Cammels necks doe draw their verie nofes: greedy are they, deuouring the Orphanes right, and difgefting the widdowes wrongs; Foolifh, forgetful and froward, building their neft on fand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth fcatter and wafh away. Thus art thou answered for the firft, demaund the reft.

- 90 **Souldier.** Next Ladies why doo you twaine ftand idle,
And let Thalia take the paine?
- Melpomine.** On geeres and gefts the world is onely fet;
For me there is no worke, no tragicke fcene;
100 **Battailes** are done, the people liue in reft;
They fhed no teares, but are secure pafte meane.
- Souldier.** Why lend you not Thalia then fome pens?
- Melpomine.** My pens are too too fharpe to fit hir ftile,
I fhall haue time to vfe them in a while.
- 105 **Souldier.** But, gentle Clio, me thinks, your inke is dry.
Clio. It may be well, I haue done writing I.
- Souldier.** What did you register, when you did write?
- Clio.** The works of famous Kings and facred Prieffts,
The honourable Acts of leaders braue,
110 The deeds of Codri and Horatii,
The loue¹⁾ Licurgus bore to Spartans ftate,
The liues of auncient Sages and their lawes,
Their memorable works, their worthy lawes.
Now there is no fuch thing for to indite,
115 But toyes, that fits Thalia for to write.
- Souldier.** A heaue tale, good Lady, you vnfold.
Are there no wortheie things to write, as were of old?
- Clio.** Yes, diuers Princes make good lawes,
But moft men ouer flip them.
120 And diuers dying giue good gifts,
But their executors nip them.
- Melpomine.** Tifiphone is stepping to the ftage, and fhe hath fworne
to whip them.
- Souldier.** The third and laft thing I require, is, if you can:
125 fhew me the mightie Mars his court.
- Melpomine.** Walke hence a flight fhoot vp the hill,
And thou fhalt fee his caftle wall.
- Souldier.** Ladies, the gifts that I can giue,
Is humbly thrice to thanke you all.
- 130 **Melpomine.** Farewell pore fouldier!

Exit.

¹⁾ Original: lone.

Clio. Thalia, now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you
cald for pens euen now fo haftely, to end?

Thalia. Twas thus; You know the Gods long since sent downe
Pleasure from heauen to comfort mee on earth; * C 3
135 Pleasure, abuzde in country, Court and towne,
By speeches, gestures and difhoneft mirth,
Made humble fute, that he to heauen might paffe
Againe, from world, where he fo wronged was.
His fute obtaind, and ready he to clime,
140 Sorrow comes sneaking and performes his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer fince that time
Tis paine, that masks difguifde in pleafures weede.
The Pageant's thus, with coft and cunning trim,
That worldlings welcome Paine infteede of him.
145 Loath was I that vnpend one iote of this fhould goe,
Beaufe I fmile to fee, for weale how fweetly men fwill woe.

Melpomine. Woe is the firft word I muft write, beginning where
you end.
I haue incke inough and pens good ftore.

150 Clio. Perhaps the world will mend.
Melpomine. I would it would.
Clio. Why, if it fhould, you faile in your account.
Thalia. Then you perhaps will haue fome worke.
Clio. Tufh, come lets mount the Mount. Exeunt.

Zweiter Auftritt.

Enter Raph Cobler whooping.

Raph. Waha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body
fee the mocking fprite? I am fure I haue followed her vp and
downe all this day crying and calling, while my throat is hoarfe
again. Ile coniure her too; but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath
5 knockt that in the braine; but be it diuel or be it fpright, Ile call
again to haue a fight. Ye ha how: Nay Ile call againe.

Enter Charon.

Charon. Againe, I, and againe too, I trow,
What, night and day no reft but row?
Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx;
10 For, if thou ftay a while, I thinke
There will come fo many, my boate will finke.

Raph. Ouer ftix I and ouer ftones,
Heres a question for the nonce,
Why, what art thou? I pray thee, tell

15 Charon. Why, Charon, Ferriman of hell. *

Raph. Why, what a diuel doo I with thee?

Three or foure within: A boate, a boate, a boate!

Charon. Harke, what a coile they keepe; come, if thou wilt to hell
with mee.

20 A small voice. A boate, a boate, a boate!

Raph. This should bee the voice of a woman; comes women
thither too?

Charon. why, men & women euery houre, I know not what to do.

A great voice. A Boate, a Boate, a Boate!

25 Raph. This should be the voice of some great man.

Charon. Why, Popes and Prelates, Princes and Judges, more than
I number can,

But the couetous misers, they fret me to the gall;

I thinke, they bring their money to hell;

30 For they way the diuel and all.

Raph. Mas, and may well be, for theres little money stirring on
the earth.

A voice hastilie. Charon, a boate, a boate; Ile pay thee well for
thy hire.

35 Charon. Why, what art thou, that makst such haft?

voice. The Ghost of a gray Frier,
So troubled with Nunnes, as neuer Frier was;
Therefore, good Charon, let me be first,
That ouer the Foord shall pas.

40 Charon. Come, firra, thou hearst, what a calling they keep; wilt thou
goe?

Raph. Why, Charon, this calling makes thee mad, I gesse,
Why, I am no spirite, but liuing Raph,
And God Markedie sends me of bufines.

45 Charon. rush, if thou be sent of God, we cannot hold thee, farewell!

Enter Codrus.

Codrus. Yet, gentle Charon, carrie mee?

Charon. Thee? Why what art thou, that liuing suest to go to hell?

Codrus. the wretchedst man of wretches most, that in this
wretched world doth dwell:

50 Dispisde, disdaine, starude, whipt and scornd,

Prest through dispaire, my selfe to quell;

I therefore couet to behold, if greater torment be in hell.

All the voices. A bote, a bote, a bote!

Charon. I come, I come!

55 Raph. Nay, I prethee, let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

Charon. Codrus, I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wifh thee wel;
Theres scarcely roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.

60 But when the ditch is digged downe, as cleane, as is the wall,
 That parted hel and purgatorie, then, if thou chaunce to cal —
 Because I fee, as thou art pore thou art impatient,
 To carry thee quickly vnto hell, Codrus, ile be content.
 And now the time will not be long, for thers commiffion gone
 For workemen, that haue power to make Elysium & Limbo one,
 65 And there are fhipwrights fent for too, to build me vp a bigger bote ;
 A bote, faid I? nay, a whole hulke:
 And that the fame may fafely flote,
 Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton
 Shal al be digged into Styx:
 70 For where one wont to come to hell,
 I tel thee now comes fiue or fixe.
 For ignorance, that wont to be,
 Is wilful blindnes now become.
 So thou muft come, when roome is made;
 75 I tel thee, yet there is no roome.
 Raph. I pre thee, tel me one thing.
 Charon. That I wil, Raph; whats the matter?
 Raph. Charon, why doth thy face looke fo black, and thou vfe
 fo much the water?
 80 Charon. O, night was my mother, this is hir marke,
 I cannot wafh it off. Codrus, farewell!
 Codrus. Charon Adieu! Exit.
 Raph. Botefman?
 Charon. Hagh? Exit.
 85 Raph. theres a scoffe, thats a waterman indeed. *
 Well, I muft to God Mars for all this.
 I would, I could meete my fouldier agein! Exit.

Dritter Auftritt.

Enter Emnius Courtier folus.

Emnius. Euen as the Eagle foares againft the funne,
 And, fpite of Phœbus fhine, pries in his face:
 Euen as the fwordfifh meetes the mighty Whale,
 And puts the hugie monfter to difgrace,
 5 So Emnius' thoughts intending to aspire,
 Sore gainft the funne, and fleete in wrathfull yre;
 The Duke the funne, that dazles Emnius' eyes,
 The Duke the hugie Whale, that ouer-beares mee;
 But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,
 10 And play the fwordfifh, though he little feares mee.
 The leffe fufpected fooner fhall I ftrike him,
 And this my reafon is; for I miſlike him,

His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,
But I diddaine her, were fhee fairer farre:
15 Tuff, tis for rule I cast and Princely throne,
The state of Prince, brighter than brightest starre.
And who doth hinder Emnius, but the Duke?
And therefore, who should perish, but the Duke?
20 Shortly a solemne hunting he entends,
And who but I is put in chiefest trust?
Well, Ile be trustie, if my Pistol hold,
In loue and kingdomes *Youe* will prooue vniust.
He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,
And so shall winne a Crowne by one mans slaughter.
25 Suppose he haue beene kinde, liberall and free;
Why, I confesse it; but its my desire,
To be as able to bestow as hee,
And, till I can, my hart consumes in fire.
O soueraigne glory, chiefest earthly good,
30 A Crowne! to which who would not wade through blood?
Then ruthles of his life doo I resolue, * D
To wait my time, till I haue wrought his end.
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Emnius raigne,
Were he my father or a dearer friend.
35 Teares shall not hinder, praers shall not intreate mee;
But in his throne by blood I foone will seate mee.

Dritter Aufzug.

Erster Auftritt.

Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustie | armour and a broken bill,
the Herrald with | a penfill and colours.

Raph. Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas, good father, thou art lame,
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,
Thy beard is gray, thy armour rustie,
5 Thy bill I thinke be broken too.
Porter. Friend, make not thou so much adoo;
My lamenes comes by warre,
My amour's rustines comes by peace,
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,
10 Lo, this am I: now questioning cease.
Raph. And what are you? A Painter with your penfill and
your colours braue?
Herrald. No Painter, but a Herrald, firrha, to decipher a Gentle-
man from a knaue.

- 15 **Raph.** Pray, fir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one
man? — and yee can, fir, I pray you, doo it in me.
- Herrald.** Indeed, I cannot in thy selfe,
For all is knaue that is in thee.
- Raph.** Sing one, two and three, fing after mee,
20 And so shall we right well agree.
- Souldier.** Sir, take no heed what he doth say,
His foolifh humor you doo see,
But tell me pray, are, you a Herrald?
- Herrald.** I am.
- 25 **Souldier.** I should haue rather tooke you to haue beene
Appelles' prentife, you were with colours so prouided. *
In auintient times haue Heralds beene esteemd,
And held companions for the greateft Kings.
Augustus Cæsar made a law, so did Antonius too,
30 That without Heralds graue aduice Princes shoulde nothing
doo.
- Herrald.** Well, then was then, these times are as they be.
We now are faine to wait, who growes to wealth,
And come to beare some office in a towne.
35 And we for money help them vnto Armes;
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?
- Souldier.** A lamentable thing it is; but tell vs, I intreate,
Where might we finde adored Mars?
- Herrald.** From, hence, fir you to Venus Court muft passe,
40 Adowne the hill; the way is steepe, smooth, fleeke as any glaffe;
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis
Afke Nicenes, for she best can tell, where hir fair Lady is?
Both day and night the dores are ope,
The strongest closet dore is but of fethers made;
45 Ruffh boldly in, stand not to afke and neuer be afraide.
- Souldier.** At Venus' Court, fir, doe you say, that Mars is to be found?
- Porter.** Gentleman, we haue told yee truth, although vnto our
harts it be a wound,
For searhing, as wee bid you, fir,
50 No doubt a wondrous hap,
But you shall finde God Mars a fleepe,
On Lady Venus' lap.
This one thing more: you cannot come
The way you thither passe:
55 'Tis dangerous, the hills too steepe and flipperie all as glaffe.
Take this of me, the fairest way from Venus' Court is beggerie.
There are more waies, but they are worfe and threaten more ex-
treamitie.
- Herrald.** I, thats for such, as thither passe,
60 Of pleafure and of will:

But these for other purpose goe,
Doubt therefore, fir no, ill. * D 2

Souldier. I thanke you both, that haue vs warned by your skill.
Raph. I and Ile end with a Prophecie for your good will:

65 You thinke it is a pleafant iest,
 To tell the times of peace and rest;
 But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
 Into the hundreds shall decline,
 Then shall they speake of a strange time:
70 For it will be a woondrous thing,
 To see a Carter lodge with a King.
 Townes shall be vnpeopled seene,
 And markets made vpon the greene:
 This will be as true I tell yee all,
75 As Coblers vse the thred and nall.
 And so becaufe that all men are but mortar,
 I leaue the paltrie Herral and the Porter.

Souldier. I pre thee, come away, Gentlemen; with thanks I take
 my leaue.

80 Herald. Adieu, good fir!
 Porter. Farewell vnto you both! Exeunt omnes.

Zweiter Auftritt.

Enter Contempt and Venus.

Contempt. Come, Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thine
 beloude.

Venus. Ah, my Contempt, it will be spide too soone,
 So shall our pleasures haue a bitter end.
5 Prouide some place, for I am big with childe,
 And cleane vndone, if Mars my guilt espie.

Contempt. Sweet Venus, be affurde, I haue that care;
 But you perchaunce will coylye scorne the place.

Venus. What ift some Abbieei or a Nunnerie?¹⁾

10 Contempt. No, they abound with much hypocrifie.
 Venus. Is it a Gentleman's or a Farmer's house?
 Contempt. Too much resort would there bewray your being. *

Venus. Some Husbandman's,²⁾ some Inne, some cleanly ale-house?
 Contempt. Neither of these; a Spittle, louely Loue.

15 Venus. What, where foule Lazars and loathed Lepors lie?
 Their stinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe.

Contempt. Why, gentle Venus, I intreat yee, be not ouer nice;
 What thinke, ye as the Prouerb goes, that beggers haue no lice?
 Procters them felues in euerie Spittle house,
20 Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

¹⁾ Original: Munnerie. ²⁾ Original: Husbandmands.

Venus. But I haue seene euen verie meane mens wiues
Against their child-birth fo prouide for,
As all their husbands wealth was scarce the worth
Of the fine linnin vsed in that month.
25 And shall not Venus be as kindelie vsde?
Contempt. It must be, as we may; Ile goe prouided
And spie my time, flylie to steale thee hence. Exit.
Venus. Awaie, for Mars is come.

Dritter Auftritt.

Enter Mars.

Welcome, God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?
Mars. Walking about the¹⁾ garden, time for to beguile.
Whereas between Nifenes, your maide, & Newfangle, your man,
I heard such sport, as for your part, would, you had bin there than.
5 Quoth Nicenes to New fangle: Tou art such a Jacke,
That thou deuifst fortie fashions for my Ladies backe.
And thou, quoth he, art so poffest with euerie fantike toy,
That following of my Ladie's humor thou dost make hir coy.
For once a day for fashion sake my Lady must be ficke,
10 No meat, but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chicke;
To day hir owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behold;
To day in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to walke she wilbe bold,
To morrow cufes and countenance for feare of catching cold.
15 Now is shee barefakt to be seene, straight on hir muffler goes,
Now is shee hufft vp to the crowne, straight nuffed to the nose.
These seuen yeares, trust me, better sport I heard not to my mind!
The Dialogue done, then downe came I, my Lady Loue to finde.
Venus. And thou hast found hir all alone, half sickly by ill hap; * D 3
20 Sit for a while, Mars, and lay thy head vpon my lap.
I see, my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee.
Mars. And so they haue.
Venus. They are too Idle: soft, Mars, doe you see?
Mars. I see some lawcie mates presse in. Nowe, firs, what
25 would you haue?
Sateros. Be not offended, fir, we seeke God Mars.
Mars. Why, and Mars haue you found, fir, whats your will
with him?
Raph. Are you he I cry you mercie; I promise you, I tooke you
30 for a morris dauncer you are so trim.
Mars. What sayes the villaine?

¹⁾ Original: th.

Sateros. If thou be Mars, the cause which makes me doubt, is that I see
thy bodie lapt in soft filke, which was wont to bee clad in hard
steele, and thy head so childifhlie laid on a woman's lap. Pardon,
35 I humbly beseech thee, the plainnes of thy poore seruant, and
vouchsafe to read my poor petition.

*He deliuers the petition, Mars takes and reads it, meane
while Venus speaks.*

Venus. Rough shap'd souldier,emie to loue,
Why dost thou thirst so much for bloody warre,
wherein the strong man by a stronger queld,
40 Or reacht far off by dastard darter's arme,
Breathes forth his spirite with a booteles cry,
Leauing behinde his earths anatomie: —
By warre the Infant trampled vnder steeds,
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,
45 And she is rauisht while hir yongling bleeds.
Yet to abide death's stroake doth quaking stand
The twice forst virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiected at the mercie of the wolfe,
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,
50 That will not kill hir while hir beautie stayeth,
But stab her when her teares her faire decayeth:
Away, thou bloody man, vex not my Lord!
By warre true loue is hindred and vndone,
And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
55 whose heads did beautifie their tender knees.

Raph. You need not plaine; your laps full inough.

Souldier. Faire Venus, be propitious; I will fight
To maintaine true loue and defend the right

Venus. On that condition, souldier, I am won.
60 Receaue this fauour; Mars, let it be done!

Mars. Sateros, I haue receiued thy supplication, and forrow
I cannot as I would giue thee immediat comfort. If I should
oppose my selfe against the Gods, they would soone set fire on
my feat; Sixe double as there are, three at libertie, three imprifon-
65 ned, and one their keeper: at libertie, — wilines, wrong and wan-
tonnes; in prifon are warre, wreake and woe; their keeper is won-
der; who, once giuing way to libertie for those he holds, shall set
thee and thy fellowes on worke. In meane time goe thou to the
Duke of Boœtia, commend vs to him, when he can, he will im-
70 ploy thee, I am sure; let that be thy answer for this time, and so,
good Sateros, be contented.

Sateros. I humbly take my leaue, adored Mars;
Proue a good night, Rauen Venus, I intreat.

Venus. Farewell, pore souldier; weare that for my sake.

75 **Sateros.** Of both your Godheads dutious leaue I take.

Venus. And when goe you, fir?
Raph. Who I? Good Lord, there hangs a matter by.
Mars. why, what are you? get gone, or I will fend thee gone.
Raph. I pray you, beare a while, gentle matter mine,
 80 And you shall heare my in speech I warrant.
Venus. Goe too, fir foole; lets heare what you can say.
Raph. And shall, I warrant yee, to your cost, my Lady do-little.

Mars, though thou be a Cocke of the game,
 that wontst to croe by day,
 85 And with thy sharpned spurres
 the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay;
 Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings
 and make thy fethers gay,
 A dunghill Cocke, that croes by night,
 90 shall flie thee betray
 And tread thy Hen, and for a time
 shall carrie her away.
 And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,
 this Countrey to decay.
 95 And for this pretie Pullets name
 thou shalt the better learne:
 When thou shalt onelie letters five
 within one name discerne,
 Three vowels and two consonants,
 100 which vowels if thou scan,
 Doth sound that which to euerie place
 conducteth euerie man, —
 Then call to minde this Prophecie,
 for thats the bastards name;
 105 Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
 and win thy wonted fame.

Now haue I done the taske for which I came,
 And so farewell, fine Master and nice Dame.
 Mars rises in a rage, Venus offers to staie him.

Exit.

Mars. A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?
 110 Breake forth, yee hangrie powers,
 And fill the world with bloodshed and with rage!
Venus. My Lord, my Loue!
Mars. Venus, I am abusde!
Venus. Why, will yee trust a foole, when he shall speake,
 115 And take his words to be as Oracles?
Mars. But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.
Venus. Aye mee!
 Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
 And nere let Lady trust a souldier!

- 120 **Mafe as if ſhee ſwounds.**
- Mars.** Why faintſt thou, Venus? why art thou diſtreſt?
Looke vp, my loue, ſpeake Venus, ſpeake to me!
- Venus.** Nay, let me die, ſith Mars hath wronged me.
- Mars.** Thou haſt not wrongd me, Mars beleeuēs it not.
- 125 **Venus.** Yes, yes, baſe Coblers vtter Oracles,
And al are ſooth faſt words againſt pore Loue.
- Mars.** I will beleeuē no words, they are all falſe:
Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,
And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen.
- 130 **Venus.** Now comes your loue too late, firſt haue you flaine
Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe.
- Mars.** I will doe pennance on my knees to thee.
And beg a kiſſe, that haue bin ſo vnkinde.
- Venus.** And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?
- 135 **Mars.** I know it doth; ſweet forgiue my fault!
- Venus.** I will forgiue ye, now ye beg ſo hard;
But, truſt me, next time Ile not be intreated.
- Mars.** Now haſt thou cheard my drooping thoughts, ſweet loue,
Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,
Sing one ſweet ſong; thy voice will rauiſh me.
- 140 **Venus.** Follie come forth!
- Enter Follie.**
- Follie.** Anone forfooth.
- Venus.** Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the reſt bring
forth their Muſicke; Mars intends to ſleepe.
- 145 **Follie.** I will, forfooth. **Exit Follie**
- Mars.** I thinke indeede, that I ſhall quickly ſleepe,
Eſpecially with Muſicke and with ſong.
- Enter Follie with a Fiſe, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and Iealozie
with Inſtruments; they play, while Venus ſings.**
- Sweet are the thoughts that harbor full content,
Delightfull be the ioyes that know no care,
The ſleeps are ſound that are from dreames exempt,
150 Yet in cheefe ſweetes lies hid a ſecret ſnare;
Where loue is wachd by prying iealous eyes,
It fits the loued to be warie wiſe. * E
- Follie.** Peepe, peepe, Maddam, he is a ſleepe.
- Enter Contempt, and kiſſe Venus.**
- 155 **Sing.** Sleepe on ſecure, let care not touch thy hart,
Leaue to loue hir, that longs to liue in change,
So wantons deale, when they their faires impart;
Rome thou abroad, for I intend to range:

- 160 Yet wantons learne to guide your rouling etes,
As no suspect by gazing may arise.
- Venus. Hold on your Musicke, Follie, leaue thy play,
Come hither, lay his head vpon thy knee.
Fie what a loathed load was he to me!
Come, my Content, lets daunce about the place,
- 165 And mocke God Mars vnto his fleepie face!
- Contempt. Venus, agreed, play vs a Galliard!
- Musicke plaies, they daunce and leap ouer Mars, and making
hornes at euerie turne at length leaue him.
- Mars. Why sings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet, let the Fife be further f[ro]m mine eare!
 Follie holds still the fife.
Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.
 Follie plaies againe.
- 170 What still so nere my eare? — sweet Venus sing!
Sing: — where is she?
Out, foole, what doos my head vpon thy knee?
- Follie. Forfooth, my Mistris bid me.
- Mars. Wheres Venus? speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,
175 And neuer speake againe except I see hir!
Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone: Exeunt duo.
Or perrish flaues, before my angrie wrath!
- Follie. Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.
- Mars. Away, yee foole, tell Venus of my rage *
180 And bid hir come to Mars, that now begins
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie. Exit Follie.
- Enter Newfangle and Dalliance.
- Newfangle. My Lord, we cannot finde hir any where.
- Mars. Hence, villaines, seeke the garden, search each place;
Mars will not suffer such abhord difgrace.
- Enter Follie.
- 185 Wheres Venus, Follie, prethee, tell me foole.
- Follie. Forfooth shees run¹⁾ away with²⁾ a man called Contempt.
- Mars. What, hath Contempt robd mightie Mars of loue?
Hence, fooles and flatterers, flie you from my fight.
Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne;
- 190 Away, yee helhounds, Ministers of shame,
Vanish like fmoke; for you are lighter farre.
- Alle runne away.
- 'Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open warre.
Vnconstant women, I accuse your sexe

¹⁾ Original: lun. ²⁾ Original: wid.

Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud.
195 You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,
The plague of mankinde and the wrath of heauen,
The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre;
By you the peopled townes are deserts made;
The deserts fild with horror and distres.
200 You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,
One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile.
Hold on in lightnes¹⁾; lust hath kindled fire,
The trumpets clang and roaring noise of Drums
Shall drowne the echoes of your weeping cries,
205 And powder's smoke dim your enticing eyes.
These wanton ornaments, for maskers fit,
Will Mars leaue off and sute himselfe in steele,
And trumpet Venus with that vile Contempt * E 2
I will pursue vnto the depth of hell.
210 Away with pitie, welcome Ire and Rage,
Which nought but Venus' ruine shall affwage! Exit.

Vierter Aufzug.

Erster Auftritt.

Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler and Raph Cobler.

Duke. Well doe I like your reasoning, Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,
The learned is preferred, the souldier shall not want,
But, Sateros, yee must forbear a while;
5 I cannot yet employ ye as I would:
Meane time attend the Court; you shall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content.

Sateros. Thanks to your highnes.

Duke. Scholler, lead him in.
10 Be kinde to him, he is a souldier.
Attend vpon vs to our hunting, Sateros,
We must haue pleafant warre anon with beafts.

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler.

Raph. When will these fellows make an end?

Duke. Depart, my friends; I haue a little busines
15 With this pore man, that doth attend to speake with me.

Exit Scholler and Sateros.

Zweiter Auftritt.

Duke. Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

Raph. You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I wish yee vnderstand,

¹⁾ Original: lighnes.

5 That Princes giue to many bred
Which with them shorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier, Emnius namde,
whose flattering tongue hath many blamde;
He lowteth low, doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to feele, *
10 And quaintly romes your perfon nie,
willing to see it fall and die.
You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loneth her and she loues him.
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
15 So are his secret treafons hid:
He dares not once his passions moue,
For feare, your highnes should reprove,
Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he defires fo faire and cleare:
20 He coueteth your dignitie,
And therefore this intendeth hee!
To day you meane to hunt in wood,
And, for he doth pretend no good,
He hath with shot intended ill,
25 And meanes your noble Grace to kill.
I that desire for to explaine
The manner of your Graces paine.
Giue counsell ere the deed be done,
That you may al deceiuing fhun:
30 I see, that Emnius commeth nie;
My protestation quickly trie.
And if you finde, as I haue faide,
That you should be by him betraide:
Remember, Raph, the Cobling knaue,
35 You warning of this mischiefe gaue.
So leaue I you to searck the flaue. Crit.

Enter Emnius the Courtier.

Emnius. My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes' sport:
And I am sent from other of estate,
40 To pray your Grace to haue your wonted presence.
Dufe. Emnius, they must attend a while;
For I haue secrets to impart with thee. *
Emnius. Say on, my Honorable Lord, to me.
Dufe. Thou knowst, we must vnto the wood.
45 Emnius. True, my most Gracious Lord.
Dufe. Suppose, there were a traitrous foe of mine;
What wouldst thou doe, to rid me from my feare?

- Emnius.** Dy on the traitor and prepare his graue,
Before he should one thought of comfort haue.
- 50 **Dufe.** But tell me, Emnius, didst thou see a tree,
That bore faire fruite delighting to the eye,
And by the straightnes of the trunkes they grow too hie: —
wouldst thou oppose thy selfe against the tree
And worke the downefall ere the fall should be?
- 55 **Emnius.** I would regard no hight to claime the fruite,
That should content me, but attempt, to clime
The highest top of hight or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will.
- Dufe.** I am right ioyous you are so resolute,
60 Such Courtiers should become a noble Prince.
But tell me, Emnius, had I any foe,
That secretly attempted my distresse,
what secret weapon haue yee to preuent?
- Emnius.** Onely my sword my Lord, that is my rest,
65 My resolution to defend your Grace.
- Dufe.** And haue you not a Dag to help me too?
- Emnius.** A Dag, my Lord?
- Dufe.** I, man, denie it not;
I know, ye haue a Dag preparede for mee.
- 70 **Emnius.** I haue a Dag not for your Maiestie.
- The Dufe takes it from him.**
- Dufe.** Yes, Emnius, poure thy selfe into thy selfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy hart's true witnes.
wearst thou this Dag to iniure any beaft?
Bearst thou these bullets for a foemans life?
75 Or art thou bent against thy loyall Lord,
To reauce his life, that giues thee life and breath?
- Emnius.** 'Gainst beafts, my Lord, doth Emnius like to deale,
He is not so beaftlie and abhominat,
As he delights to ioy in trecherie. *
- 80 **Dufe.** So smiles Hiena, when she will beguile,
And so with teares deceiues the Crocodile.
Are not these tooles prepared for my end?
Speake, ill intending man, Ah — Emnius!
Haue I for this maintained thy estate,
85 Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,
To be rewarded with ingratitude,
with murder, trecherie and these attempts?
And all in hope to win my realme and childe?
I will not shew thy sinne vnto the world,
90 But, as thou didst intend, so shalt thou fall.

Emnius kneeles downe.

Receiue thy death, desertfull man of death,
And perrifh all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

Emnius. welcome, my death, desertfull I confesse,
Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes bleffe.

The Duke raises him vp.

95 **Dufe.** Heauens pardon thy intent and fo doe I,
Be true hereafter, now thou shalt not die.
Come follow vs, Emnius, learne to know this lore:
Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

Exit

100 **Emnius.** O that same Cobling Rogue, that raving runs,
And madding aimes at euerie hid intent,
Reueald this practife, but Ile stab the flauie,
And he once dead the Duke's death will I haue.

Exit.

Dritter Auftritt.

Enter Mercurie with a Trumpet sounding, and two of Venus waiting maids,
the one named Ru, the other Ina, Ina bearing a Child.

Mercurie. Be it knowne vnto all people, that, whereas Venus, alias
Luft, hath long challenged a preheminece in heauen and been
adored with the name of a Goddeffe, the Synode of the Gods
being assembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, discou-
5 red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they both¹⁾ were ta-
ken in an yron net: wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparant:
and since that, many other escapes considered; but lastly and
most especially, her publike adulterie she hath committed with
that base monster Contempt they haue all consented, and to this
10 decree firmed, that no more shall Venus possesse the title of a
Goddeffe, but be vtterly excluded the compasse of heauen: and
it shall be taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus a-
ny other title than the detested name of Luft or strumpet Venus.
And whofoeuer shall adore Contempt or intertaine him, shall be
15 reputed an enemy to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre
shall be rayfed against Bœotia²⁾, and victorie shall not fall on their
side, till the Cabbin of Contempt be consumed with fire. Giuen
at Olympus by Jupiter and the celestiaall Synode.

*

Ru. Ill tidings for my Lady these.
20 **Ina.** Ill newes, pore babe, for thee.
Mercurie. What who are these?
I take yee to be two of Venus virgins, are yee not?
Ru. Faith, she is a pure virgin indeed,
For the childe she had by Venus chaplin,
25 Is a big boy and followes the Father.

¹⁾ Original: both. ²⁾ Original: Bœotia, wie auch öfter.

- Ina. And fo are you a maide too, are ye not?
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,
Shees dead and troubles not the Mother.
- Mercurie. Then I perceiue ye be both maids for the moft part.
- 30 Ru. well, for our maidenheads it fkill not much.
For in the world I know are many fuch.
- Ina. I, Mercurie, I pray let that goe,
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but fo,
And in our Ladies caufe we doe intreate
35 To know, if that be true thou didft proclaime.
Or was it fpoken but of pollicie,
To fright vs whom thou knewft to be her maides?
- Mercurie. As true as neither of you both are maides
So true it is, that I haue vttered.
40 The fentence is fet downe, Venus exile.
- Ina. Ay me, poore babe, for thee.
- Mercurie. Whofe child is that you beare fo tenderly?
- Ru. My Ladies' child, begotten by Contempt.
- Mercurie. O, is it fo? — and whether beare you it?
- 45 Ina. To nurfe.
- Mercurie. To whom?
- Ru. Vnto fecuritie.
- Mercurie. Is it a boy or girle, I praie ye, tell.
- Ina. A girle it is.
- 50 Mercurie. Who were the godmothers?
- Ru. We two are they.
- Mercurie. Your names I craue.
- Ru. Mine Ru and hers is Ina.
- Mercurie. And whether name, I praie yee, beares the girle?
- 55 Ina. Both hers and mine.
- Mercurie. And who is godfather?
- Ru. Ingratitude, that is likewife the grandfather.
- Mercurie. Ruina, otherwife called Ruine, the child,
Contempt the father, Venus alias Luft the mother,
60 Ru and Ina the godmothers,
Ingratitude the Godfather¹⁾ and grandfather,
And Securitie the nurfe;
Heeres a brood that all Bœotia fhall curfe.
Well, damfels, hie you hence, for one is comming nigh
65 Will treade your yong one vnder foot.
- Ina. Tis Mars, O let vs flie!

Exeunt.

¹⁾ Original: Oodfather.

Vierter Auftritt.

Enter Mars in Armor.

- Mercurie. Now, Mars, thou seemest lyke thy selfe,
Thy womens weeds cast off,
Which made thee be in heauen a scorne,
On earth a common scoffe.
- 5 Mars. O, Mercurie, how am I bound to thee,
That blazest forth this strumpets iust reproofe.
O could I finde the harlot or her broode,
I would reuenge me of indignities: * F
Now, Mercurie, I minde a prophesie
10 A simple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantonning vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke should tread my hen,
And she should hatch a chicke this countrie to decay,
The bastards name he tolde me too,
15 But it was riddle-wife,
Helpe me to search it, Mercurie,
I know the quicke and wise:
When I should onely in a word
Fiue letters iust dilcerne,
20 Three vowels and two consonants,
The name I soone should learne;
But those same vowels hee dyd bid,
That I should duly scan,
And they would signifie the way
25 That guideth euery man.
Hast thou not heard of such a thing?
- Mercurie. Yes, and dyd send that prophesie,
And euen as thou camest hether
The bastard and the godmothers
30 Were in this place together.
- Mars. Were they in deed, where are they now?
He search, He follow them.
- Mercurie. Be patient, Mars, they will be quickly found:
Ruina is the bastards name; *R, N* the consonants,
35 *V, I,* and *A* the vowels be, and *Via* is the waye.
- Mars. Now haue I found it, Mercury, thou hast resolud me.
I wyll raise warre, I will aduenged bee;
Go with me, Mercurie, thou my reuenge shalt see.
- Mercurie. I will go and do my best for thee. Exeunt.

Fünfter Aufzug.

Erster Auftritt.

Enter the Duke, Scholler, Cobler.

- Raph. Tis true, ô Duke, that I do say,
He still would make thy lyfe away, *

- He is too frolike and too lustie,
 Thou too simple and too trustie.
 5 Warres shall in thy lande begin;
 For pride, contempt and other sin,
 Nothing shall appeale heauens ire,
 Til the cabin of Contempt be fet on fire,
 And wantonnes with lewd desire
 10 Be trampled vnder foot as mire.
 The Cobler has no more to say,
 But for the peoples finnes good princes oft are tane away.
- Dufe. Well, Godamercie, fellow, go thou in. Ex. Raph.
- Schoffer. He raues, my Lord, its ill aduifd of you,
 15 To suffer him so neere your princely excellence.
- Dufe. His prefence breeds me no offence.
*U cry within: help, murther, mur-
 ther. — Raph comes running out,
 Emnius after him with his dagger
 drawn, after Emnius¹⁾ Zelota, the
 Coblers wife, who snatches the
 dagger from Emnius and runs ra-
 uing.*
- Zelota. What, Raph, Raph, so fine you wil not know your wife?
 What a gilden sword and a siluer knife?
 There, there, Raph, put it vp!
She stabs Emnius, and he falls dead.
- 20 Why so? *She stands againe sodainly amazde.*
 What so? Why, where am I?
- Raph. Faith, where ye ha' made a fayre peece of worke.
- Dufe. Lay holde on them! — what violence is this,
 To haue one murdred euen before our prefence?
- 25 Schoffer. What cause hadst thou to kill this Gentleman? * I 2
- Zelota. None in the world, I neuer knew him I.
- Raph. No, faith, shees mad, & has beene euer since I was
 a prophet, and cause she sawe a dagger without a sheath,
 she euen put it vp in his belly.
- 30 Dufe. Why, what acquaintance hast thou with this woman?
- Raph. O, Lord sir, she has bin acquainted with me a great
 while, with mine eares, with euery part of me; why, tis my
 wife.
- Schoffer. The lykelyer may it like your grace of his consent;
 35 Twere good, they both did suffer punishment.
- Dufe. Commit them both, but she has long bin mad,
 It may be, heauen referud her to this end.

¹⁾ Original: Ennius, wie auch öfter.

- Scholler. Come, firra, you and your wife muft goe to ward,
Till you be tride for cleerenes or confent.
- 40 Raph. O fir, whether you will, I am content;
God Merkedy has ferud me pretily,
Has made my wife mad and sayd, fhee fhould not be well,
Till by her hand a traitor fell,
And I muft euen be hangd for companie.
- Exeunt with the Cobler and his wife;
some beare out Emnius' bodie.
- 45 Dufe. I doe not geffe the woman guiltie of this crime;
But the iuft heauens in theyr feueritie
Haue wrought this wreake for Emnius' trecherie.

Enter Scholler and Meflenger.

- Scholler. Here is a melfenger, my gracious Lord,
That brings ill tidings to your quiet ftate.
- 50 Dufe. What are they, felow? let vs heare them; fpeak! Spare not!
- Meflenger. The Argiues and the men of Theffaly
With mightie powers are come vpon your coaft;
They burne, waft, fpoyle, kill, murther, make no fpare
Of feeble age or harmleffe infant youth;
55 They vow, to triumph in Bœotia
And make your Highnes vaffall to their will.
They threaten mightily, their power is mightie, *
The people fall before them, as the flouwing graffe
The mower with his fyth cuts in the meade.
60 Helpe your poore people and defend yor ftate,
Elfe you, they, it, will foone be ruinate.
- Dufe. I will prouide as farre as heauenly powers
And our abilities fhall giue confents;
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
65 Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To mufter vp the people with all fpeed. Exit Dufe.
- Scholler. Now fee I, that this fimple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine.
The Gods when we refufe the common meanes
70 Sent by their oracles and learned prieffts,
Raife vp fome man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breath the purenes of theyr fpirits
And make him bolde to fpeake and prophesie.

Enter Sateros, the fouldier.

- 75 Welcome, friend Sateros; you are fitly come.
The Duke intends, that you fhall leade to field
The powers of Bœotia 'gainft his foes.
Are you prepard, and willingly refolud?

- Sateros. Why, you, fir, by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing, but *ſac ſimile*.
- 80 Scholler. Souldier, ſtand not on that, diſcharge your duetie;
The countrie needs our ſeruiſe and our counfell;
He doo my beſt, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Beotias honor.
- 85 Sateros. Well, I forget your ſcornes giuen me in peace,
And rate all enuie at an humble price.
He doe my dutie, doe not you neglect.
Armes will not Art, Art, ſhould not armes reiect.
- Scholler. A bleſſed concord; I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee, Sateros, to thy glorious warre. * F 3

Zweiter Auftritt.

Enter haſtily the Countrie Gentleman.

- Countrie G. O fir, I haue bin ſeeking ye all day,
And greatly do I praiſe my fortune, thus to meete ye
- Sateros. In good time, fir, be briefe, I pray.
- Countrie G. You do remember me, I hope.
- 5 Sateros. Not verie well, I promiſe ye.
- Countrie G. Lord fir, and you bee aduiſde, I was one of them
that reaſoned before Contempt, when you defended war,
another arte, one the court and I the countrie.
- Sateros. I remember in deede ſuch a reaſoning, before that
10 vile monſter Contempt, but you I haue forgot.
- Countrie G. O Lord, fir, yes, by that token we went afterward
to the Ordinarie.
- Sateros. True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was
not able to reache commons and ſo was caſhierd out of
15 your companie.
- Countrie G. Twas againſt my will, Ifaith: ye ſawe, I was ano-
ther man's gueſt.
- Sateros. Its no great matter. But whats your buſines wyth
me now, that you ſeeke for me ſo haſtily?
- 20 Countrie G. Marie fir, there is warres toward, do ye not heare
on it?
- Sateros. Thats to too ſure.
- Countrie G. And I feare by reaſon of my wealth I fhall bee
choſen for a Captaine ouer ſome Companies.
- 25 Sateros. And what of that?
- Countrie G. Why, I haue no ſkill, and therefore woulde hyre
you to ſerue in my place. He pleaſe ye well.

Sateros. The Duke wantes men, fir, and therefore muft yee
ferue your felfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-
30 ting your perfon. You offer me moneie; why, man, Ile deale
kindly with ye, ye fhall haue fome of me, here take it, be not
nice. In the Duke's name I charge ye with horfe and furni-
ture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the bufi-
nes askes fpeed.

35 Countrie G. But I hope, ye will not deale fo with me? *

Sateros. But I am fure I will, therefore difpatch on perill of
your life.

Countrie G. Why, what a life is this, that fuch as I muft ferue?
A fhame on warres for me, that ere they were.

Exit.

Enter Raph and other prifoners with weapons.

40 Sateros. Why, now fellowes, what are you?

Raph. What, fouldier, do not you know me?

Sateros. Yes Raph, but what are thefe?

Raph. Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin
mued vp, & now the exclamation goes, we fhall haue wars,
45 we are all fet at libertie, and fent to you, to be trailld vp.

Sateros. Why wert in prifon?

Raph. Ifaith I prophesied fo long, that I had like to haue
bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue
kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer, thats
50 flatte; after I haue done beeing a fouldier, Ile to cobling a-
gaine.

Sateros. So doeft thou well: But fellowe, tell mee why wert
thou in.

Prifoner. Faith, fir, for nothing but riding another man's horfe.

55 Sateros. That was but a fmall matter.

Raph. A thing of nothing, for when he had ftollen him,
he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Prifoner. Faith, thats euen the truth on it.

Sateros. I thinke, you all haue bin of fuch condition;
60 But now betake you to another courfe.
The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie,
Where otherwife your deeds deferued death;
If now you doo offend vnder my charge,
Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe,
65 Death on the next tree without all remiffion,
And if ye like not this I will returne yee
From whence ye came to bide the doome of law.
Speake, will ye liue and ferue as true men fhould?

2111. I, I, I. *

70 **Raph.** I am sure, ye take me for none of theyr number.

Sateros. No, Raph, thou shalt be still with mee;
I haue an hoast of worthie souldiers
Readie to march, to them now will I goe.
Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.

Sound drums. *Exeunt omnes.*

Dritter Auftritt.

*Enter Contempt, Venus following him, he pushing her from
him twice or thrice.*

Contempt. Awaie, thou strumpet, scandall of the world,
Cause of my sorrow, author of thy shame;
Follow me not, but wander, where thou wilt,
In vncouth places loathed of the light,
5 Fit shroude, to hide thy lustfull bodie in,
Whose faire's distaind with foule adulterous sin.

Venus. Ah my Content, proue not so much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind.
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
10 To defart, to the dens of furious beafts,
I will descend with thee vnto the graue;
Looke on me, loue; let me some comfort haue!

Contempt still turnes from Venus.

What, not a word, to comfort me in wo?
No looke, to giue my dying heart some life?
15 Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but scornes, disdaines?
Woe to my pleasures, that haue brought these paines!
Haue I for this set light the God of warre,
Against whose frownes nor death nor heauen can stande,
Haue I for this procurde the angrie Gods
20 To make me exile from all blessednes?
Haue I for this loft honor and renowne¹⁾,
Become a scandall to the vulgar world,
And thus to be repaide? Ah, breake, my hart!
Had all these euils falne vpon my head,
25 And millions of more harmes than heauen could heap,
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content
Rewarded me thus vilie with contempt.

Contempt. Shape of collusion, mirrour of deceit,
Faire forme with foule deformities defilde:
30 Know, that I am Contempt, in nature scornefull,
Foe to thy good and fatall to thy life:
That wile, I ioyde in glorie and account,
Disdaine all vertue, and contemnd all vice.
Good, bad were held with me of equall price.
35 And now the waning of my greatnesse comes,

¹⁾ Original: renowne.

Occasiond by thy loue, whome Mars aspected,
And I, that all despisde, am now reiected.
For which I thee reiect, disdaine and hate,
Wifhing thee die a death disconfolate.

40 Venus. Yet once regard me as a thing regardles,
Thou art the abiectst wretch aliue esteemed,
I worfe than vilenes in the world am deemed:
I scornd, thou hated, each like other beeing,
Liue we together void of other being!

45 Contempt. Lightnes of lightest things, that vaunt of life,
Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the sea,
Leaue to folicite him that loathes thy lookes,
Spitting vpon thy faces' painted pride.
I will forfAKE thee, and in filence shrowd
50 This loathed trunked despisde and abhord.

Exit.

She offers to follow, he driues hir backe.

Venus. So flies the murderer from the mangled lims,
Left limles on the ground by his fell hand.
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,
[Which] when his fell stomacke is of hunger stancht.
55 Thou, murdrer, Tyger, gluttet with my faire,
Leaft me forlaken, mad¹⁾ of grieffe and care.

* G

O what is beauty humbled to the base,
That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?
O what is fauor in an obscure place?
60 Like vnto Pearles, that for the swine are bought:
Beauty and fauor, where no vertue bides,
Proues foule, deformd, and like a shadow glides.
Ah that my woe could other women warne,
To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life:
65 For me too late, for them fit time to learne
The honour of a maid and constant wife;
One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,
The laft like Lampes both earth and heauen lights.
But the foule horror of a harlots name
70 Euen of the Lecher counted as a scorne:
Whose forehead beares the marke of hatefull flame,
Of the lust-louer hated and forlorne.
O, such is Venus, so shall all such bee,
As vse base lust and foule adulterie.

Exit.

Vierter Auftritt.

Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Priest and Scholler: then compasse the stage;
from one part let a smoke arise: at which place they all stay.

Priest. Immortall mouer of his glorious frame,
That circles vs about with wonder great,

¹⁾ Original: map.

Receiue the offrings of our humble harts
And bodies prostrate on the lowly earth.

They all kneele downe.

5 Our finnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath
And turnd our peace to miserie and warre:
But if repentant foules may purchase grace,
We craue it humbly and intend to liue
Hercafter more reformd than wee haue done:
10 For pride, we entertaine humilitie:
For our presumption, due obedience:
loue for contempt, and chastitie for luft: *
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our finnes are cast, and there confume.
15 Heare vs, yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitious to the penitent.

Entr a Messenger.

Messenger. Rife from the humble earth, my Noble Lord,
Rife vp yee Priests, Princes and people, rife,
And heare the gladfome tidings I vnfold
20 Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all rise and cast incense into the fire.

Dufe. For that sweete voice offerd to vs by man,
Cast sweetest incense into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That wee may heare and honour heauenly Powers.

25 **Messenger.** When Sateros, my Lord, had brought your power
In view of our presuming enemies
And equall place was chofen for the field,
He sent a Herral, willing them restore
The wrongs that in Bœotia they had done,
30 And leaue the Countrey turning to their home,
Or els resolue on doubtfull chance of warre.
They, proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an anfwere filled with disdain.
Then was the signall giuen, and stremars red,
35 Menacing blood on either side aduancede.
Drums, Fifes and trumpets drownd the cries of men,
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens swords.
Mars there showd ruthles rage on either part,
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke.
40 Duft dimd the sunne's light, and the powders smoke
Seemd like thicke cloudes in ayre congluminate.
Thus was seauen houres consumde, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, sometime with them abode:
Till at the length our Generall gaue charge
45 To found retreat, which made the hopefull Foe,
Pursue regardlesse our retyring bands, * G-2

That, being knit together in firme ranke,
Afreth perfude their ftragling followers.
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne
50 Before the Cickle and the Reaper's hand:
In briefe, some fled, moſt flaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Bœotia.
Dufe. To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For thy reward receiue this recompence.
55 **The Dufe giues him his vpper garment.**
Our felues will forward to ſalute our friends,
That fought for honour of Bœotia.
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly.
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie. **Exeunt.**

Fünfter Auftritt.

Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead between Mars | and Mercurie,
Raph Cobler and his wife following, | and other ſouldiers.

Mars. Thus, Sateros, haue we affifted thee,
Our true ſworne ſouldier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Bœotian Duke hath heauen appeafde,
By firing falſe Contempt and loathed Luſt.
5 Mercurie, the ſonne and meſſenger of Joue,
With me ſhall paſſe vnto my warlike houſe.
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,
That longs to ſee thee and requite thy paine.
Sateros. To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
10 Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duety.
Raph. Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curſe the time that he ere knew your company.
Mercurie. What, mine man?
Raph I yours, what reaſon had you to make my wife mad?
15 I, and ſo mad to kill one? and then make me a Prophet?
Mercurie. It was the ſecret iudgement of the Gods. Sateros, ſpeak
to the Duke, to thinke on him and to remit hir fault.
Sateros. It ſhall be done. *
Mars. Is this the Prophet?
20 Raph. I, that it is, that told you your owne when twas.
Mars. Sateros, vſe him well.
Raph. Nere doubt you that: are yee bemembred, ſince ye told
him, if ye ſet your ſelfe againſt the Gods, they would driue you
out of heauen.
25 Mars. Well, what of that?
Raph. Faith, at that time the world might well haue afforded
you a Cart to ride in.
Sateros. Go too Raph, ceaſe.

Raph. I, I, and great folke doo amiffe,
30 Poore folke muft hold their peace.
Mercurie. Mars, fhall we hence?
Mars. I, farewell Sateros! Exeunt Mars and Mercurie.

Sechster Auftritt.

Enter with honour the Dufe and his traine.

Dufe. Welcome, braue fouldier, welcome to you all,
Ioy ftops my words, I cannot fpeake my minde,
But in this triumph paffe we to the Court,
Where you fhall all receiue your due deferts.
5 Sateros. Thanks, Noble Lord.
Raph. What fhall I doe then and my wife?
Dufe. I will prouide for thee and pardon her.
Raph. Faith, then farewell the Court;
For now Ile not run and ride, nor no more abide,
20 But fince my mad wife has changde her mad life,
Ile euen leaue to be a Prophet fpeaker,
Take clouting leather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the
gentle craft, the Cobler.
Zelota. I, Raph, that will be fitteft for vs.
12 Dufe. Come, Sateros, let me yet honour thee,
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie
And tooke in worth our worthles facrifce,
Wherein Contempt and Luft with old Ingratitude
Haue perifhed like Fume, that flies from fire. * G 3
20 March forward, braue and worthy man at Armes;
Thy deedes fhall be rewarded worthily:
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends;
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre:
Counfell preuents, counfell preuailes in warre.
25 Sateros. My thoughts are free from hate; let me not liue,
When fouldiers faile good Letters to defend.
Scholler. Let euery Scholler be a Souldier's friend,
As I am friend to thee and fo will reft.
Raph. I fo liue, and yee are bleft.
30 How faift thou Zelote, is not that life beft?
Dufe. Then with due praife to heauen let vs depart,
Our State fupported both by Armes and Art. Exeunt.

fortuna Crudelis.

FINIS.

[Arabeske wie am Ende des Titelblattes.]