THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.
A Comical History.
As it hath been often presented with good allowance by her Maties Servants at the Phoenix in drury Lane.
Written by PHILIP MASSINGER.
LONDON: Printed for JOHN MARRIOT. 1636.

- COzimo, Duke of Florence.
- Giovanni, Nephew to the Duke.
- Lodovico Sanazarro, the Duke's Favourite.
- Carolo Charomonte, Giovanni his Tutor.
- Contarino, Secretary to the Duke.
- Alphonso,
  - Hippolito,
  - Hieronimo,
- Calandrino, A merry fellow servant to Giovanni.
- Bernardo,
- Caponi,
- Petruchio,
- Fiorinda, Duchess of Urbin.
- Lidia, daughter to Carolo Charomonte
- Calaminta, Servant to Fiorinda.
- Petronella, Servant to Lidia.

TO THE TRULY HONOURED, AND MY NOBLE Favourer, Sir ROBERT WISEMAN Knight, of Thorrell's Hall in ESSEX.

SIR:

AS I dare not be ungrateful for the many benefits you have heretofore conferred upon me, so I have just reason to fear that my attempting this way to make satisfaction (in some measure) for so due a debt, will further engage me. However examples encourage me. The most able in my poor Quality have made use of Dedications in this Nature, to make the world take notice (as far as in them lay) who, and what they were that gave supportment, and protection to their Studies, being more willing to publish the Doer, then receive a benefit
in a corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealousthankfulness acknowledge, that for
many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your Bounty. But it is above
my strength, and faculties, to celebrate to the desert, your noble inclination, (and that made
actual) to raise up, or to speak more properly, to rebuild the ruins of demolished Poesy. But
that is a work reserved, and will be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to
the life express it. Accept I beseech you the tender of my service, and in the list of those you
have obliged to you, contemn not the Name of

Your true and faithful Honourer PHILIP MASSINGER.

On his great Duke of Florence; To
Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, my much
esteemed friend.

ENjoy thy Laurel! ’tis a noble choice,
Not by the suffrages of voice
Procured; but by a conquest so achieved
As that thou hast at full relieved
Almost neglected Poetry; whose bays
(sullied by childish thirst of praise)
Withered into a dulness of Despair,
Had not thy later labour (heir
Unto a former industry) made known
This Work, which thou may'st call thine own,
So rich in worth, that th'ignorant may grudge
To find true virtue is become their judge.

GEORGE DONNE.

To the deserving memory, of this
worthy Work, and the Author, Mr.
PHILIP MASSINGER.

ACTion gives many Poems right to live,
This Piece gave life to Action; and will give
For state, and language, in each change of Age,
To Time, delight; and honour to the stage.
Should late prescription fail which fames that Seat,
This Pen, might style The Duke of Florence Great.
Let many writ; Let much be Printed; read,
And censured; Toys; no sooner-hatched, then dead.
Here, without blush to Truth of commendation,
Is proved, how Art hath outgone Imitation.

JOHN FORD.
A COMICAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.

Actus primi Scaena prima.

• Carolo Charomonte.
• Contarino.

Carolo.

YOU bring your welcome with you.

Contarino.

Sir, I find it
In every circumstance.

Carolo.

Again most welcome.
Yet give me leave to wish (and pray you excuse me)
For I must use the freedom I was born with)
The great Duke's pleasure had commanded you
To my poor house upon some other service,
Not this you are designed to; but his will
Must be obeyed, howe'er it ravish from me
The happy conversation of one
As dear to me as the old Romans held
Their household lares, whom they believed had power
To bless and guard their Families.

Contarino.

'Tis received so:
On my part Signior; nor can the Duke
But promise to himself as much as may
Be hoped for from a Nephew. And 'twere weakness
In any man to doubt, that Giovanni
Trained up by your experience and care
In all those Arts peculiar, and proper
To future Greatness, of necessity
Must in his actions being grown a man
Make good the Princely education
Which He derived from you.

Carolo.

I have discharged,
To the utmost of my power, the trust the Duke
Committed to me, and with joy perceive
The seed of my endeavours was not sown
Upon the barren sands, but fruitful glebe,
Which yields a large increase; my noble Charge,
By his sharp wit, and pregnant apprehension  
Instructing those that teach him; making use  
Not in a vulgar and pedantic form  
Of what's read to him, but 'tis straight digested  
And truly made his own. His grave discourse,  
In one no more indebted unto years,  
Amazes such as hear him; horsemanship  
And skill to use his weapon are by practice  
Familiar to him; as for Knowledge in  
Music, He needs it not, it being born with him,  
All that He speaks being with such grace delivered  
That it makes perfect harmony.

Contarino.
You describe  
A wonder to me.

Carolo.
Sir, he is no less,  
And that there may be nothing wanting that  
May render him complete, the sweetness of  
His disposition so wins on all  
Appointed to attend him, that they are  
Rivals e'en in the coursest office, who  
Shall get precedency to do him service.  
Which they esteem a greater happiness  
Than if they had been fashioned, and built up  
To hold command o'er others.

Contarino.
And what place  
Does he now bless with his presence?

Carolo.
He is now  
Running at the ring, at which he's excellent.  
He does allot for every exercise  
A several hour, for Sloth the Nurse of vices  
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.  
But I fear I am tedious, let us pass  
If you please to some other subject, though I cannot  
Deliver him as he deserves.

Contarino.
You have given him  
A noble character.

Carolo.
And how I pray you  
(For we that never look beyond our villas
Must be inquisitive) are State affairs
Carried in Court?

Contarino.
There's little alteration.
Some rise, and others fall; as it stands with
The pleasure of the Duke, their great disposer.

Carolo.
Does Lodovica Sanazarro hold
Weight, and grace with him?

Contarino.
Every day new honours
Are showered upon him, and without the envy
Of such as are good men. Since all confess
The service done our Master in his wars
'Gainst Pisa, and Sienna, may with justice
Claim what's conferred upon him.

Carolo.
'Tis said nobly.
For Princes never more make known their wisdom
Then when they cherish goodness, where they find it,
They being men, and not Gods, Contarino;
They can give wealth and titles, but no virtues;
That is without their power. When they advance
(Not out of judgement, but deceiving fancy)
An undeserving man, howe'er set of
With all the trim of greatness, state, and power,
And of a creature e'en grown terrible
To him from whom he took his Giant form,
This thing is still a Comet, no true star;
And when the bounties feeding his false fire
Begin to fail, will of itself go out,
And what was dreadful, proves ridiculous.
But in our Sanazarro 'tis not so.
He being pure and tried gold, and any stamp
Of grace to make him currant to the world
The Duke is pleased to give him, will add honour
To the great bestower, for he though allowed
Companion to his Master, still preserves
His Majesty in full lustre.

Contarino.
He indeed
At no part does take from it, but becomes
A partner of his cares, and eases him,
With willing shoulders, of a burden, which
He should alone sustain.

Carolo.
Is He yet married?

Contarino.
No Signior, still a Bachelor, howe'er
It is apparent, that the choicest Virgin
For beauty, bravery, and wealth in Florence,
Would with her Parents glad consent, be won
(Were his affection, and intent but known)
To be at his devotion.

Carolo.
So I think too.

Enter Giovanni and Calandrino.
But break we off. Here comes my Princely charge.
Make your approaches boldly, you will find
A courteous entertainment.

Giovanni.
Pray you forbear
My hand, good Signior. 'Tis a ceremony
Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace
With mutual arms.

Contarino.
It is a favour Sir
I grieve to be denied.

Giovanni.
You shall o'ercome.
But 'tis your pleasure, not my pride that grants it.
Nay pray you Guardian, and good Sir, put on:
How ill it shows to have that reverend head
Be uncovered to a Boy?

Carolo.
Your Excellence
Must give me liberty to observe the distance
And duty that I owe you.

Giovanni.
Owe me duty?
I do profess, and when I do deny it
Good fortune leave me; You have been to me
A second Father, and may justly challenge
(For training up my youth in Arts, and Arms)
As much respect, and service, as was due
To him that gave me life. And did you know Sir
Or will believe from me, how many sleeps
Good Charomonte hath broken in his care
To build me up a man, you must confess
Chiron the Tutor to the great Achilles
Compared with him, deserves not to be named.
And if my gracious Uncle the great Duke
Still holds me worthy his consideration,
Or finds in me aught worthy to be loved,
That little rivulet flowed from this spring,
And so from me report him.

Contarino.
Fame already
Hath filled his highness' ears with the true story
Of what you are, and how much bettered by him.
And 'tis his purpose to reward the travail
Of this grave Sir with a magnificent hand.
For though his tenderness hardly could consent
To have you one hour absent from his sight,
For full three years he did deny himself
The pleasure He took in you, that you, here
From this great Master might arrive unto
The Theory of those high mysteries
Which you by action must make plain in Court.
'Tis therefore his request (and that from him
Your Excellence must grant a strict command)
That instantly (it being not five hours' riding)
You should take horse, and visit him. These his letters
Will yield you farther reasons.

Calandrino.
To the Court!
Farewell the flower then of the country's garland.
This is our Sun, and when He's set, we must not
Expect or Spring, or Summer, but resolve
For a perpetual Winter.

Carolo.
Pray you observe
Giovanni reading the Letter.
The frequent changes in his face.

Contarino.
As if
His much unwillingness to leave your house,
Contended with his duty.

Carolo.
Now he appears
Collected and resolved.

Giovanni.
It is the Duke!
The Duke upon whose favour, all my hopes
And fortunes do depend. Nor must I check
At his commands for any private motives
That do invite my stay here, though they are
Almost not to be mastered. My obedience
In my departing suddenly shall confirm
I am his highness' creature. Yet I hope
A little stay to take a solemn farewell
For all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted
In this my sweet retirement, from my Guardian,
And his incomparable daughter, cannot meet
An ill construction.

Contarino.
   I will answer that,
   Use your own will.

Giovanni.
   I would speak to your Sir
   In such a phrase as might express the thanks
   My heart would gladly pay. But. —

Carolo.
   I conceive you:
   And something I would say, but I must do it
   In that dumb rhetoric, which you make use of;
   For I do wish you all. — I know not how
   My toughness melts, and spite of my discretion
   I must turn woman.

Contarino.
   What a sympathy
   There is between 'em.

Calandrino.
   Were I on the Rack
   I could not shed a tear. But I am mad,
   And ten to one shall hang myself for sorrow
   Before I shift my shirt. But hear you Sir,
   I'll separate you. When you are gone, what will
   Become of me?

Giovan.
   Why thou shalt to Court with me.

Calandrino.
   To see you worried?

Contarino.
   Worried Calandrino?

Caland.
Yes Sir. For bring this sweet face to the Court
There will be such a longing among the Madames,
Who shall engross it first, nay fight and scratch for't,
That if they be not stopped, for entertainment
They'll kiss his lips off. Nay, if you'll soap so
And not be tempted to a farther danger,
These Succubae are so sharp set, that you must
Give out you are an Eunuch.

Contarino.
Have a better
Opinion of Court-Ladies, and take care
Of your own stake.

Calandrino.
For my stake 'tis past caring,
I would not have a bird of unclean feathers
Handsel his lime-twig, and so much for him.
There's something else that troubles me.

Contarino.
What's that?

Caland.
Why how to behave myself in Court, and tytely
I have been told the very place transforms men,
And that not one of a thousand, that before
Lived honestly in the Country, on plain Salads,
But bring him thither, mark me that, and feed him
But a month or two with Custards and Court Cakebread,
And he turns Knave immediately. I would be honest;
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.

Giovanni.
And if I ever reach my hopes, believe it
We will share fortunes.

Carolo.
This acknowledgement

Enter Lidia.
Binds me your debtor ever. Here comes one
In whose sad looks you easily may read
What her heart suffers, in that she is forced
To take her last leave of you.

Contarino.
As I live
A beauty without parallel

Lidia.
Must you go then
So suddenly?
Giovanni.
There's no evasion, Lydia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse.
And we, whom for our high births, they conclude
The only free men, are the only slaves:
Happy the golden mean I had I been born
In a poor sordid Cottage; not nursed up
With expectation to command a Court:
I might, like such of your condition (Sweetest)
Have taken a safe and middle course, and not
As I am now against my choice compelled
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of State,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.

Lidia.
Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.

Giovanni.
O Lidia.

Contarino.
So passionate!

Giovanni.
For had I been your equal
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not as now with others; I might still,
And without observation, or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone in my esteem
The abstract of Society; we might walk
In solitary Groves, or in choice Gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship, and wonders.
And then for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And from the well-tuned accents of your tongue
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a Choir
Of Angels sing above, their maker's praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we returned,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of Time,
And all this I must part from.
Contarino.
You forget
The hast imposed upon us.

Giovanni.
One word more
And then I come. And after this, when with
Continued innocence, of love, and service,
I had grown ripe for hymeneal joys
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame
I might have been your husband.

Lidia.
Sir, I was
And ever am your servant, but it was,
And 'tis far from me, in a thought to cherish
Such saucy hopes: If I had been the heir
Of all the Globes and Sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me; as I am
howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal
I wish you as a partner of your bed,
A Princess equal to you, such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all th'obedience of a wife to please you.
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid.

Giovanni.
I am dumb,
And can make no reply.

Contarino.
Your Excellence
Will be benighted.

Giovanni.
This kiss bathed in tears
May learn you what I should say.

Lidia.
Give me leave
To wait on you to your horse.

Carolo.
And me to bring you
To the one half of your journey.

Giovanni.
Your love puts
Your age to too much trouble.

Carolo.
I grow young
When most I serve you.

*Conta.*

Sir, the Duke shall thank you.

*Exeunt omnes.*

**Actus primi Scaena secunda.**

- Alphonso,
- Hippolito,
- Hieronimo, with a Petition.

*Alphonso.*

His Highness cannot take it ill.

*Hippolito.*

However,

We with our duties shall express our care

For the safety of his Dukedom.

*Hieronimo.*

And our loves

*Enter Cozimo the Duke.*

To his person. Here he comes. Present it boldly.

*Cozimo.*

What needs this form? we are not grown so proud

As to disdain familiar conference

With such as are to counsel, and direct us.

This kind of adoration showed not well

In the old Roman Emperors, who forgetting

That they were flesh and blood, would be styled gods,

In us to suffer it were worse. Pray you rise.

Still the old suit, with too much curiousness

*Reads.*

You have too often searched this wound, which yields

Security and rest, not trouble to me.

For here you grieve, that my firm resolution

Continues me a Widower; and that

My want of issue to succeed me in

My government, when I am dead, may breed

Distraction in the State, and make the name

And family of the Medici's, now admired,

Contemptible.

*Hippolito.*

And with strong reason's Sir.

*Alphonso.*

For were you old and past hope to beget

The model of yourself; we should be silent.

*Hieronimo.*
But being in your height and pride of years
As you are now great Sir, and having too
In your possession the daughter of
The deceased Duke of Urbin, and his heir,
Whose Guardian you are made, were you but pleased
To think her worthy of you, besides children
The Dukedom she brings with her for a dower,
Will yield a large increase of strength and power
To those fair territories, which already
Acknowledge you their absolute Lord.

Cozimo.

You press us
With solid arguments we grant, and though
We stand not bound to yield account to any
Why we do this or that (the full consent
Of our Subjects being included in our Will)
We out of our free bounties will deliver
The motives that divert us. You well know
That three years since to our much grief, we lost
Our Duchess, such a Duchess, that the world
In her whole course of life, yields not a Lady
That can with imitation deserve
To be her second: in her grave we buried
All thoughts of woman: let this satisfy
For any second marriage. Now whereas
You name the heir of Urbin, as a Princess
Of great revenues, ‘tis confessed she is so;
But for some causes private to ourself,
We have disposed her otherwise. Yet despair not,
For you ere long with joy shall understand,
That in our Princely care we have provided
One worthy to succeed us.

Enter Lodovico Sanazarro.

Hippolito.

We submit,
And hold the counsels of great Cozimo
Oraculous.

Cozimo.

My Sanazarro. Nay,
Forbear all ceremony. You look sprightly friend,
And promise in your clear aspect some novel
That may delight us.

Sanazarro.

O Sir, I would not be
The Harbinger of aught that might distaste you.
And therefore know (for 'twere a sin to torture
Your highness' expectation) your vice-admiral
By my directions hath surprised the Galleys
Appointed to transport the Asian tribute
Of the great Turk, a richer Prize was never
Brought into Florence.

Cozimo.
Still my Nightingale,
That with sweet accents dost assure me, that
My Spring of happiness comes fast upon me.
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretch
An enemy to brave and thriving action,
That dares believe, but in a thought, we are
Too prodigal in our favours to this man,
Whose merits, though with him we should divide
Our Dukedom, still continuous his debtor.

Hippolito.
'Tis far from me.

Alphonso.
We all applaud it.

Cozimo.
Nay, blush not Sanazarro, we are proud
Of what we build up in thee, nor can our
Election be disparaged; since we have not
Received into our bosom and our grace
A glorious lazy drone, grown fat with feeding
On others toil, but an industrious Bee
That crops the sweet flowers of our enemies,
And every happy evening returns
Loaden with wax and honey to our Hive.

Sanazarro.
My best endeavours never can discharge
The service I should pay.

Enter Giovanni and Contarino.

Cozimo.
Thou art too modest,
But we will study how to give, and when,
Before it be demanded. Giovanni!
My Nephew; let me eye thee better Boy.
In thee methinks my Sister lives again:
For her love I will be a Father to thee,
For thou art my adopted Son.

Giovanni.
Your Servant
And humblest Subject.

Cozimo.
Thy hard travail Nephew
Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbear
For the present an account, how thou hast spent
Thy absent hours. See Signiors, see, our care
Without a second bed provides you of
A hopeful Prince. Carry him to his Lodgings,
And for his farther honour Sanazarro
With the rest do you attend him.

Giovanni.
All true pleasure's
Circle your Highness.

Sanazarro.
As the rising Sun
We do receive you.

Giovan.
May this never set,

Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro, Hieronimo, Alphonso, Lodovico, Cozimo.
But shine upon you ever.

Cozimo.
Contarino!

Contarino.
My gracious Lord.

Cozimo.
What entertainment found you
From Carolo de Charamonte?

Contarino.
Free
And bountiful. He's ever like himself
Noble and hospitable.

Cozimo.
But did my Nephew
Depart thence willingly?

Contarino.
He obeyed your summons
As did become him. Yet it was apparent
But that he durst not cross your will, he would
Have sojourned longer there, he ever finding
Variety of sweetest entertainment;
But there was something else, nor can I blame
His youth, though with some trouble he took leave
Of such a sweet companion.
Cozimo.
Who was it?

Contarino.
The daughter sir of Signior Carolo,
Fair Lidia, a virgin at all parts,
But in her birth and fortunes, equal to him.
The rarest beauties Italy can make boast of,
Are but mere shadows to her, she the substance
Of all perfection. And what increases
The wonder Sir, Her body's matchless form
Is bettered by the pureness of her soul.
Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behaviour;
Such charming language, such enchanting manners,
With a simplicity that shames all Courtship,
Flow hourly from her, that I do believe
Had Circe, or Calipso her sweet graces,
wand'ring Ulysses never had remembered
Penelope, or Ithaca.

Cozimo.
Be not raped so.

Contarino.
Your Excellence would be so had you seen her

Cozimo.
Take up. Take up. But did your observation
Note any passage of affection
Between her and my Nephew?

Contarino.
How it should
Be otherwise between 'em, is beyond
My best imagination. Cupid's arrows
Were useless there, for of necessity
Their years and dispositions do accord so
They must wound one another.

Cozimo.
Umh! Thou art
My Secretary Contarino, and more skilled
In politic designs of State, then in
Thy judgement of a beauty; give me leave
In this to doubt it. Here. Go to my Cabinet,
You shall find there Letters newly received touching the state of Urbin.
Pray you with care peruse them, leave the search
Of this to us.

Contarino.
I do obey in all things.
Exit Contarino.

Cozimo.

Lydia! A Diamond so long concealed,
And never worn in Court! of such sweet feature?
And he on whom I fix my dukedom's hopes,
Made Captive to it! umh! 'tis somewhat strange,
Our eyes are everywhere, and we will make
A strict enquiry, Sanazarro!

Enter Sanazarro.

Sanazarro.

Sir!

Cozimo.

Is my Nephew at his rest?

Sanazarro.

I saw him in bed Sir.

Cozimo.

'Tis well, and does the PRINCE's Fiorinda
(Nay, do not blush, she is rich Urbin's heir)
Continue constant in her favours to you?

Sanazarro.

Dread sir, she may dispense them as she pleases,
But I look up to her as on a Princess
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope
Her prodigal graces shall not render me
Offended to your Highness.

Cozimo.

Not a scruple.
He whom I favour as I do my friend,
May take all lawful graces that become him.
But touching this hereafter; I have now
(And though perhaps it may appear or trifle)
Serious employment for thee.

Sanazar.

I stand ready
For any act you please.

Cozimo.

I know it friend,
Have you never heard of Lidia the daughter
Of Carolo Charamonte?

Sanazar.

Him I know sir
For a noble Gentleman, and my worthy friend,
But never heard of her.

Cozimo.
She is delivered
And feelingly to us by Contarino
For a masterpiece in nature, I would have you
Ride suddenly thither to behold this wonder:
But not as sent by us, that's our first caution:
The second is, and carefully observe it,
That though you are a Bachelor, and endowed with
All those perfections that may take a virgin,
On forfeit of our favour do not tempt her.
It may be her fair graces do concern us.
Pretend what business you think fit, to gain
Access into her Father's house, and there
Make full discovery of her, and return me
A true relation, I have some ends in it
With which we will acquaint you.

Sanazar.
This is Sir
An easy task.

Cozimo.
Yet one that must exact
Your secrecy, and diligence. Let not
Your stay be long.

Sanazar.
It shall not sir.

Cozimo.
Farewell,
And be, as you would keep our favour, careful.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scaena prima.

• Fiorinda.
• Calaminta.

Fiorinda.
How does this dressing show?

Calaminta.
'Tis of itself
Curious and rare: but borrowing ornament
As it does from your Grace, that deigns to wear it,
Incomparable.

Fiorinda.
Thou flatterest me.

Calaminta.
I cannot,
Your Excellence is above it.
**Fiorinda.**

Were we less perfect,  
Yet being as we are an absolute Princess,  
We of necessity must be chaste, wise, fair,  
By our prerogative. Yet all these fail  
To move where I would have them. How received  
Count Sanazarro the rich Scarf I sent him  
For his last Visit?

**Calaminta.**

With much reverence,  
I dare not say affection. He expressed  
More ceremony in his humble thanks  
Then feeling of the favour; and appeared  
Wilfully ignorant in my opinion  
Of what it did invite him to.

**Fiorinda.**

No matter,  
He's blind with too much light. Have you not heard  
Of any private Mistress he's engaged to?

**Calaminta.**

Not any, and this does amaze me madam,  
That he, a Soldier, one that drinks rich wines,  
Feeds high, and promises as much as Venus  
Could wish to find from Mars, should in his manners  
Be so averse to women.

**Fiorinda.**

Troth I know not,  
He's man enough, and if he has a haunt,  
He preys far off like a subtle Fox.

**Calaminta.**

And that way  
I do suspect him. For I learned last night  
(When the great Duke went to rest) attended by  
One private follower, he took horse, but whither  
He's rid, or to what end I cannot guess at,  
But I will find it out.

**Fiorinda.**

Do faithful servant,

**Enter Calandrino.**

We would not be abused. Who have we here?

**Calaminta.**

How the fool stares?

**Fiorinda.**

And looks as if he were
Cunning his neck-verse.

Calandrino.
If I now prove perfect
In my A. B. C. of Courtship, Calandrino
Is made for ever, I am sent; let me see,
On a how do you, as they call't.

Calaminta.
What wouldst thou say?

Calan.
Let me see thy notes. These are her lodgings. Well.

Calaminta.
Art thou an Ass?

Caland.
Peace, thou art a Court wagtail

Calandrino still looking on his instructions. Fi. o. rin. dam.
To interrupt me.

Fiorinda.
He has given it you.

Calandrino.
And then say to th’illustrious
I have it. Which is she?

Calaminta.
Why this; Fopdoodle.

Calan.
Leave chattering Bulfinch: you would put me out,
But ‘t will not do. Then after you have made
Your three obeisances to her, kneel and kiss
The skirt of Gown. I am glad it is no worse.

Calaminta.
And why so sir?

Calandrino.
Because I was afraid
That after the Italian garb I should
Have kissed her backward.

Calaminta.
This is sport unlooked for.

Calandrino.
Are you the Princess?

Fiorinda.
Yes sir.

Calandrino.
Then stand fair
(For I am choleric) and do not nip
A hopeful blossom. Out again. Three low
Reads.
   Obeisances.
Fiorinda.
   I am ready.
Calandrino.
   I come on then.
Calaminta.
   With much formality.
Makes Antique courtesies.
Calandrino.
   Umph. One. two. three.
   Thus far I am right. Now for the last. O rare!
   she is perfumed all over! Sure great women
   Instead of little dogs are privileged
   To carry Musk Cats.
Fiorinda.
   Now the ceremony
   Is passed, what is the substance?
Calandrino.
   I'll peruse
   My instructions, and then tell you: Her skirt kissed,
   Inform her Highness, that your Lord,
Calaminta.
   Who's that?
Calandrino.
   Prince Giovanni, who entreats your Grace,
   That he with your good favour may have leave
   To present his service to you. I think I have nicked it
   For a Courtier of the first form.
Fiorinda.
   To my wonder:
Enter Giovanni and a Gentleman.
   Return unto the Prince: but he prevents
   My answer. Calaminta take him off,
   And for the neat delivery of his message
   Give him ten Ducats, such rare parts as yours
   Are to be cherished.
Calandrino.
   We will share. I know
   It is the custom of the Court, when ten
   Are promised, five is fair. Fie, fie, the Princess
   Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,
   And bid me not come tomorrow.
Calaminta.
Very good sir.

*Exeunt Calandrino and Calaminta.*

**Giovanni.**

Pray you friend
Inform the Duke I am putting into act
What he commanded.

**Gentleman.**

I am proud to be employed sir.

*Exit Gentleman. They salute.*

**Giovan.**

Madam, that without warrant I presume
To trench upon your Privacies, may argue
Rudeness of manners. But the free access
Your Princely courtesy vouchsafes to all
That come to pay their services, gives me hope
To find a gracious pardon.

**Fiorinda.**

If you please, not
To make that an offence in your construction,
Which I receive as a large favour from you,
There needs not this Apology.

**Giovanni.**

You continue
As you were ever, the greatest Mistress of
Fair entertainment.

**Fiorinda.**

You are Sir the Master,
And in the Country have learned to outdo
All that in Court is practised. But why should we
Talk at such distance? You are welcome sir.
We have been more familiar, and since
You will impose the Province, you should govern,
Of boldness on me, give me leave to say
You are too punctual. Sit sir, and discourse
As we were used.

**Giovanni.**

Your Excellence knows so well
How to command, that I can never err
When I obey you.

**Fiorinda.**

Nay, no more of this.
You shall o'ercome; no more I pray you sir.
And what delights, Pray you be liberal
In your relation, hath the Country life
Afforded you?

Giovanni.
All pleasures gracious madam,
But the happiness to converse with your sweet virtues.
I had a grave instructor, and my hours
Designed to serious Studies yielded me
Pleasure with profit in the knowledge of
What before I was ignorant in. The Signior Carolode Charomonte being skilful
To guide me through the labyrinth of wild passions,
That laboured to imprison my free soul
A slave to vicious Sloth.

Fiorinda.
You speak him well.

Giovanni.
But short of his deserts. Then for the time
Of recreation I was allowed
(Against the form followed by jealous Parents
In Italy) full liberty to partake
His daughters sweet society. She's a virgin
Happy in all endowments, which a Poet
Could fancy in his Mistress: being herself
A School of goodness, where chaste Maids may learn
(Without the aids of foreign Principles)
By the example of her life and pureness
To be as she is, excellent. I but give you
A brief Epitome of her virtues, which
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,
Would make an ample Story.

Fiorinda.
Your whole age
So spent with such a Father, and a Daughter,
Could not be tedious to you.

Giovanni.
True great Princess:
And now since you have pleased to grant the hearing
Of my Time's expense in the Country, give me leave
To entreat the favour, to be made acquainted
What service, or what objects in the Court
Have in your Excellence acceptance, proved
Most gracious to you?

Fiorinda.
I'll meet your demand,
And make a plain discovery. The Duke's care
For my estate and person holds the first
And choicest place. Then the respect the Courtiers
Pay gladly to me, not to be contemned.
But that which raised in me the most delight
(For I am a friend to valour) was to hear
The noble actions truly reported
Of the brave Count Sanazarro. I profess
When it hath been, and fervently delivered.
How boldly in the horror of a fight
Covered with fire and smoke, and as if nature
Had lent him wings, like lightning he hath fallen
Upon the Turkish Galleys, I have heard it
With a kind of pleasure, which hath whispered to me
This Worthy must be cherished.

Giovanni.

’T was a bounty
You never can repent.

Fiorinda.

I glory in it.
And when he did return (but still with conquest)
His Armour off not young Antinous
Appeared more Courtly; all the Graces that
Render a man’s Society dear to Ladies,
Like Pages waiting on him, and it does
Work strangely on me.

Giovanni.

To divert your thoughts
Though they are fixed upon a noble subject,
I am a suitor to you.

Fiorinda.

You will ask
I do presume, what I may grant, and then
It must not be denied.

Giovanni.

It is a favour
For which I hope your Excellence will thank me.

Fiorinda.

Nay, without circumstance.

Giovanni.

That you would please
To take occasion to move the Duke,
That you with his allowance may command
This matchless virgin Lidia (of whom
I cannot speak too much) to wait upon you.
She's such a one, upon the forfeit of
Your good opinion of me, that will not
Be a blemish to your train.

_Fiorinda._
*Tis rank! He loves her;

_Aside._
But I will fit him with a suit. I pause not
As if it bred or doubt or scruple in me
To do what you desire, for I'll effect it,
And make use of a fair and fit occasion.
Yet in return I ask a boon of you,
And hope to find you, in your grant to me
As I have been to you.

_Giovanni._
Command me madam.

_Fiorinda._
*Tis near allied to yours. That you would be
A Suitor to the Duke, not to expose
(After so many trials of his faith)
The noble Sanazarro to all dangers,
As if he were a wall to stand the fury
Of a perpetual battery: but now
To grant him after his long labours, rest
And liberty to live in Court, his Arms
And his victorious sword and shield hung up
For monuments.

_Giovan._
Umph. I'll embrace fair Prince

_Enter Cozimo._
The soonest opportunity. The Duke!

_Cozimo._
Nay, blush not; we smile on your privacy,
And come not to disturb you. You are equals,
And without prejudice to either's Honours.
May make a mutual change of love and Courtship,
Till you are made one, and with holy rites,
And we give suffrage to it.

_Giovanni._
You are gracious.

_Cozimo._
To ourself in this. But now break off. Too much
Taken at once of the most curious viands
Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now
For other sports, in which our pleasure is
That you shall keep us company.

_Fiorinda._

We attend you.

_Exeunt._

_Actus secundi Scaena secunda._

• Bernardo.
• Caponi.
• Petruchio.

_Bernardo._

Is my Lord stirring?

_Caponi._

No; He's fast.

_Petruchio._

Let us take then
Our morning draught. Such as eat store of Beef,
Mutton, and Capons, may preserve their healths
With that thin composition called small Beer,
As 'tis said they do in England. But Italians
That think when they have supped upon an Olive,
A Root, or bunch of Raisins, 'tis a Feast,
Must kill those crudities, rising from cold herbs,
With hot and lusty wines.

_Caponi._

A happiness
Those Tramontaines never tasted.

_Bernardo._

Have they not
Store of wine there?

_Caponi._

Yes, and drink more in two hours
Then the Dutchmen, or the Dane in four and twenty.

_Petruchio._

But what is't? French trash, made of rotten grapes
And dregs, and lees of Spain, with Welsh metheglin,
A drench to kill a horse, but this pure Nectar
Being proper to our climate, is too fine
To brook the roughness of the Sea. The spirit
Of this begets in us quick apprehensions
And active executions, whereas their
Gross feeding makes their understanding like it.
They can fight, and that's their all.

_They drink._

_Sanazarro._
Security

Enter Sanazarro. A servant.
Dwells about this house I think, the gate's wide open,
And not a servant stirring. See the horses
Set up, and clothed.

Servant.
I shall Sir.

Sanazarro.
I'll make bold
To press a little further.

Bernardo.
Who is this,
Count Sanazarro?

Petruchio.
Yes, I know him. Quickly
Remove the Flagon.

Sanazarro.
A good day to you friends.
Nay, do not conceal your Physic, I approve it,
And if you please will be a Patient with you.

Petruchio.
My noble Lord.

Drinks.

Sanazarro.
A health to yours. Well done,
I see you love yourselves. And I commend you
'Tis the best wisdom.

Petruchio.
May it please your Honour
To walk a turn in the Gallery, I'll acquaint
My Lord with your being here.

Exit Petruchio.

Sanazarro.
Tell him I come
For a Visit only. 'Tis a handsome pile this.

Exit Sanazarro.

Caponi.
Why here is a brave fellow, and a right one,
Nor wealth, nor greatness makes him proud.

Bernar.
There are too few of them, for most of our new courtiers
(Whose Fathers were familiar with the princes
Of oil, and corn, with when and to where to vent 'em)
And left their heirs rich from their knowledge that way)
Like gourds shot up in a night, disclaim to speak
But to clothe of Tissue.

*Ent. Car. Charom. in a Nightgown. Petruchio following.*

*Carol.*

Stand you prating, knaves,
When such a guest is under my roof? See all
The rooms perfumed. This is the man that carries
The sway, and swinge of the Court; and I had rather
Preserve him mine with honest offices, then. —
But I'll make no comparisons. Bid my daughter
Trim herself up to the height, I know this Courtier
Must have a smack at her, and perhaps by his place
Expects to wriggle further. If he does
I shall deceive his hopes, for I'll not taint
My Honour for the Dukedom. Which way went he?

*Caponi.*

To the round Gallery.

*Carolo.*

I will entertain him.

As fits his worth, and quality, but no farther.

*Exeunt:*

**Actus secundi Scaena tertia.**

- Sanazarro solus.

*Sanazarro.*

I Cannot apprehend, yet I have argued
All ways I can imagine, for what reasons
The great Duke does employ me hither, and
What does increase the miracle, I must render
A strict and true account, at my return
Of Lidia this Lords daughter, and describe
In what she's excellent, and where defective.
'Tis a hard task; he that will undergo
To make a judgement of a woman's beauty,
And see through all her plasterings, and paintings,
Had need of Linceus eyes, and with more ease
May look like him through nine mud walls, then make
A true discovery of her. But th'intents
And secrets of my PRINCE's heart must be
Served and not searched into.

*Enter Carolo Charomonte.*

*Carolo.*

Most noble Sir
Excuse my age subject to ease, and Sloth,
That with no greater speed I have presented
My service with your welcome.

Sanazarro
'Tis more fit
That I should ask your pardon for disturbing
Your restat this unseasonable hour.
But my occasions carrying me so near
Your hospitable house, my stay being short to;
Your goodness, and the name of friend, which you
Are pleased to grace me with, gave me assurance
A Visit would not offend.

Carolo.
Offend my Lord?
I feel myself much younger for the favour.
How is it with our gracious Master?

Sanazarro.
He Sir
Holds still his wonted Greatness, and confesses
Himself your debtor, for your love, and care
To the Prince Giovanni, and had sent
Particular thanks by me, had his Grace known,
The quick dispatch of what I was designed to
Would have licenced me to see you.

Carolo.
I am rich
In his acknowledgement.

Sanazarro.
Sir, I have heard
Your happiness in a daughter.

Carolo.
Sits the wind there?

Sanazarro.
Fame gives her out for a rare masterpiece.

Carolo.
'Tis a plain Village Girl Sir, but obedient,
That's her best beauty Sir.

Sanazarro.
Let my desire
To see her, find a fair construction from you,
I bring no loose thought with me.

Carolo.
You are that way
My Lord free from suspicion. Her own manners
(Without an imposition from me)
Enter Lidia and Petronella.

I hope will prompt her to it. As she is
She's come to make a tender of that service
Which she stands bound to pay.

Sanazarro.

With your fair leave
I make bold to salute you.

Lidia.

Sir, ay, you have it.

Petronella.

I am her Gentlewoman, will he not kiss me to?
This is course i'faith.

Carolo.

How he falls off!

Lidia.

My Lord, though silence best becomes a Maid,
And to be curious to know but what concerns myself, and with becoming distance,
May argue me of boldness, I must borrow
So much of modesty as to inquire Prince Giovanni's health?

Sanazar.

He cannot want, what you are pleased to wish him.

Lidia.

Would 'twere so,
And then there is no blessing that can make
A hopeful and a noble Prince complete,
But should fall on him. O, he was our North star,
The light and pleasure of our eyes.

Sanazarro.

Where am I?
I feel myself another thing! Can charms
Be writ on such pure Rubies? Her lips melt
as soon as touched! not those smooth gales that glide
o'er happy Arabia, or rich Sabaea,
Creating in their passage gums and spices,
Can serve for a weak simile to express
The sweetness of her breath. Such a brave stature
Homer bestowed on Pallas, every limb
Proportioned to it.

Carolo.

This is strange; my Lord.

Sanaza.

I crave your pardon, and yours, matchless Maid,
For such I must report you.

Petronella.
There's no notice
Taken all this while of me.

Sanazarro.
And I must add
If your discourse and reason parallel
The rareness of your more than human form,
You are a wonder.

Carolo.
Pray you my Lord make trial:
She can speak I can assure you, and that my presence
May not take from her freedom, I will leave you.
For know my Lord, my confidence dares trust her
Where, and with whom she pleases. If he be
Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancy
A better match; and for false play I know
The tricks, and can discern them. Petronella!

Petronella.
Yes my good Lord.

Exeunt Carolo and Petronella.

Carolo.
I have employment for you.

Lidia.
What's your will Sir?

Sanazarro.
madam, you are so large a theme to treat of,
And every Grace about you offers to me
Such copiousness of language, that I stand
Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,
As in my choice I may, let me entreat you
Before I do offend, to sign my pardon,
Let this the Emblem of your innocence
Give me assurance.

Lidia.
My hand joined to yours
Without this superstition confirms it.
Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me,
The barrenness of the subject yielding nothing
That Rhetoric with all her tropes and figures
Can amplify. Yet since you are resolved
To prove yourself a Courtier in my praise,
As I am a woman (and you men affirm
Our sex loves to be flattered) I'll endure it.

Carolo above.
Now when you please begin.
Turns from her.

Sanazarro.

Such Leda's paps were,
Down pillows styled by Jove. And their pure whiteness
Shames the Swans Down, or snow. No heat of lust
Swells up her Azure veins. And yet I feel
That this chaste Ice but touched fans fire in me.

Lidia.

You need not noble Sir be thus transported,
Or trouble your invention to express
Your thought of me: the plainest phrase and language
That you can use, will be too high a strain
For such an humble Theme.

Sanazarro.

If the great Duke
Made this his end to try my constant temper,
Though I am vanquished, 'tis his fault, not mine.
For I am flesh and blood, and have affections
Like other men. Who can behold the Temples,
Or holy Altars, but the Objects work
Devotion in him? And I may as well
Walk over burning iron with bare feet
And be unscorched, as look upon this beauty
Without desire, and that desire pursued to,
Till it be quenched with the enjoying those
Delights, which to achieve danger is nothing,
And loyalty but a word.

Lidia.

I never was proud,
Nor can find I am guilty of a thought
Deserving this neglect, and strangeness from you,
Nor am I amorous.

Sanazarro.

Suppose his Greatness
Loves her himself, why makes he choice of me
To be his agent? it is tyranny
To call one pinched with hunger to a feast,
And at that instant cruelly deny him
To taste of what he sees. Allegiance
Tempted too far, is like the trial of
A good sword on an Anvil; as that often
Flies in pieces without service to the owner;
So trust enforced too far proves treachery,
And is too late repented.
Lidia.
   Pray you Sir,
   Or licence me to leave you, or deliver
   The reasons which invite you to command
   My tedious waiting on you.

Carolo.
   As I live
   I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride,
   Or his simplicity?

Sanazarro.
   Whither have my thoughts
   Carried me from myself? in this my dulness,
   I have lost an opportunity.

He turns to her. She falls off.

Lidia.
   'Tis true,
   I was not bred in Court, not live a star there,
   Nor shine in rich embroideries, and pearl,
   As they that are the Mistresses of great fortunes,
   Are every day adorned with.

Sanazarro.
   Will you vouchsafe
   Your ear sweet Lady?

Lidia.
   Yet I may be bold
   For my integrity, and fame, to rank
   With such as are more glorious. Though I never
   Did injury, yet I am sensible
   When I am contemned, and scorned.

Sanazarro.
   Will you please to hear me?

Lidia.
   O the difference of natures. Giovanni,
   A Prince in expectation, when he lived here,
   Stole courtesy from heaven, and would not to
   The meanest servant in my Father's house
   Have kept such distance.

Sanazarro.
   Pray you do not think me
   Unworthy of your ear, it was your beauty
   That turned me statue, I can speak, fair Lady.

Lidia.
   And I can hear. The harshness of your Courtship
   Cannot corrupt my courtesy.
Sanazarro.
  Will you hear me
  If I speak of love?

Lidia.
  Provided you be modest,
  I were uncivil else.

Carolo descends.

Carolo.
  They are come to parley,
  I must observe this nearer.

Sanazarro.
  You are a rare one,
  And such (but that my haste commands me hence)
  I could converse with ever. Will you grace me
  With leave to visit you again.

Lidia.
  So you
  At your return to Court, do me the favour
  To make a tender of my humble service
  To the Prince Giovanni.

Sanazarro.
  Ever touching
  Upon that string? And will you give me hope
  Of future happiness?

Lidia.
  That, as I shall find you.
  The Fort that's yielded at the first assault,
  Is hardly worth the taking.

Enter Carolo.

Carolo.
  O, they are at it.

Sanazar.
  She is a Magazine of all perfection,
  And 'tis death to part from her, yet I must,
  A parting kiss fair Maid.

Lidia.
  That custom grants you.

Carolo.
  A homely breakfast does attend your Lordship.
  Such as the place affords.

Sanazarro.
  No, I have feasted
  Already here, my thanks, and so I leave you.
  I will see you again. Till this unhappy hour
I was never lost, and what to do or say
I have not yet determined,

*Exit Sanazarro.*

*Carolo.*

Gone so abruptly?
'Tis very strange.

*Lidia.*

Under your favour Sir,
His coming hither was to little purpose
For any thing I heard from him.

*Carolo.*

Take heed Lidia!
I do advise you with a Father's love,
And tenderness of your honour: as I would not
Have you course and harsh in giving entertainment,
So by no means be credulous. For great men
Till they have gained their ends are Giants in
Their promises, but those obtained, weak Pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxim
Aloud among them, so they may deceive
They may swear any thing; for the Queen of love
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smile at Lovers perjuries. Yet be wise too,
And when you are sued to in a noble way,
Be neither nice, nor scrupulous.

*Lidia.*

All you speak Sir
I hear as Oracles, nor will digress
From your directions.

*Carolo.*

So shall you keep
Your fame untainted.

*Lidia.*

As I would my life Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*

---

**Actus tertij Scaena prima.**

- *Sanazarro.*
- *Servant.*

*Sanaz.*

Leave the horses with my Grooms; but be you careful
With your best diligence, and speed to find out
The Prince, and humbly in my name entreat him
I may exchange some private conference with him
Before the great Duke know of my arrival.

Servant.
I haste my Lord.

Sanazarro.
Here I'll attend his coming,
And see you keep yourself as much as may be
Concealed from all men else.

Servant.
To serve your Lordship
I wish I were invisible.

Exit servant.

Sanazarro.
I am driven
Into a desperate straight, and cannot steer
A middle course; and of the two extremes
Which I must make election of, I know not
Which is more full of horror. Never servant
Stood more engaged to a magnificent Master
Than I to Cozimo. And all those honours
And glories by his Grace conferred upon me,
Or by my prosperous services deserved,
If now I should deceive his trust, and make
A shipwreck of my loyalty, are ruined.
And on the other side, if I discover
Lydia's divine perfections, all my hopes
In her are sunk, never to be buoy up:
For 'tis impossible, but as soon as seen
She must with adoration be sued to.
A Hermit at his beads, but looking on her,
Or the cold cynic, whom Corinthian Lais,
Not moved with her lust's blandishments, called a stone,
At this object would take fire. Nor is the Duke
Such an Hippolytus, but that this Phaedra
But seen, must force him to forsake the Groves
And Diane's huntsmanship, proud to serve under
Venus' soft Ensigns. No, there is no way
For me to hope fruition of my ends,
But to conceal her beauties; and how that
May be effected, is as hard a task
As with a veil to cover the sun's beams,
Or comfortable light. Three years the Prince
Lived in her company, and Contarino
The Secretary, hath possessed the Duke
What a rare piece she is. But he's my creature,  
And may with ease be frightened to deny  
What he hath said. And if my long experience  
With some strong reasons I have thought upon,  
Cannot o'erreach a youth, my practice yields me  
But little profit.

Enter Giovanni and the servant.

Giovanni.

You are well returned Sir.

Sanazarro.

Leave us. When that your Grace shall know the motives  
That forced me to invite you to this trouble,  
You will excuse my manners.

Exit servant.

Giovanni.

Sir, there needs not  
This circumstance between us. You are ever  
My noble friend.

Sanazarro.

You shall have further cause  
To assure you of my faith and zeal to serve you.  
And when I have committed to your trust  
(Presuming still on your retentive silence)  
A secret of no less importance, than  
My honour, nay my head, it will confirm  
What value you hold with me.

Giovanni.

Pray you believe Sir  
What you deliver to me, shall be locked up  
In a strong Cabinet; of which you yourself  
Shall keep the key. For here I pawn my Honour  
(Which is the best security I can give yet)  
It shall not be discovered.

Sanazarro.

This assurance  
Is more than I with modesty could demand  
From such a paymaster, but I must be sudden,  
And therefore to the purpose. Can your Excellence  
In your imagination conceive  
On what design, or whither the Dukes will  
Commanded me hence last night?

Giovanni.

No I assure you,  
And it had been a rudeness to inquire
Of that I was not called to.

Sanazarro.
Grant me hearing,
And I will make you truly understand,
It only did concern you.

Giovanni.
Me my Lord?

Sanazar.
You in your present state, and future fortunes,
For both lie at the stake?

Giovanni.
You much amaze me.
Pray you resolve this riddle.

Sanazarro.
You know the Duke,
If he die issueless (as yet he is)
Determines you his Heir.

Giovanni.
It hath pleased his Highness
Oft to profess so much.

Sanazarro.
But say, he should
Be won to prove a second wife, on whom
He may beget a son, how in a moment
Will all those glorious expectations, which
Render you reverenced and remarkable,
Be in a moment blasted, howe'er you are
His much loved sister's son?

Giovanni.
I must bear it
With patience, and in me it is a duty
That I was born with: and 'twere much unfit
For the receiver of a benefit
To offer for his own ends, to prescribe
Laws to the giver's pleasure.

Sanazarro.
Sweetly answered,
And like your noble self. This your rare temper
So wins upon me, that I would not live
(If that by honest Arts I can prevent it)
To see your hopes made frustrate. And but think
How you shall be transformed from what you are,
Should this (as heaven avert it) ever happen,
It must disturb your peace. For whereas now,
Being as you are received for the Heir apparent,
You are no sooner seen, but wondered at;
The Signiors making it a business to
inquire how you have slept; and as you walk
The streets of Florence, the glad multitude
In throngs press but to see you, and with joy
The Father, pointing with his finger, tells
His son, This is the Prince, the hopeful Prince,
That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.
Great Ladies beg your picture, and make love
To that, despairing to enjoy the substance.
And but the last night, when't was only rumoured
That you were come to Court (as if you had
By Sea past hither from another world)
What general shouts, and acclamations followed,
The bells rung loud, the bonfires blazed, and such
As loved not wine, carrow sing to your health,
Were drunk, and blushed not at it. And is this
A happiness to part with?

Giovanni.
I allow these
As flourishes of Fortune, with which Princes
Are often soothed, but never yet esteemed 'em
For real blessings.

Sanazarro.
Yet all these were paid
To what you may be, not to what you are,
For if the great Duke but show to his servants
A son of his own, you shall like one obscure
Pass unregarded.

Giovanni.
I confess, command
Is not to be contemned, and if my Fate
Appoint me to it, as I may I'll bear it
With willing shoulders. But my Lord as yet
You have told me of a danger coming towards me,
But have not named it.

Sanazarro.
That is soon delivered;
Great Cozimo your Uncle, as I more
Than guess, for 'tis no frivolous circumstance
That does persuade my judgement to believe it,
Purposes to be married.

Giovanni.
Married, Sir?
With whom, and on what terms, pray you instruct me?

Sanazarro.
With the fair Lidia.

Giovanni.
Lidia?

Sanazarro.
The daughter
Of Signior Charomonte.

Giovanni.
Pardon me
Though I appear incredulous, for on
My knowledge he never saw her.

Sanazarro.
That is granted;
But Contarino hath so sung her praises,
And given her out for such a masterpiece,
That he's transported with it Sir. And love
Steals sometimes through the care into the heart
As well as by the eye. The Duke no sooner
Heard her described, but I was sent in post
To see her, and return my judgement of her.

Giovanni.
And what's your censure?

Sanazar.
'Tis a pretty creature.

Giovanni.
She's very fair.

Sanazar.
Yes, yes, I have seen worse faces.

Giovanni.
Her limbs are neatly formed.

Sanazar.
She hath a waste
Indeed sized to love's wish.

Giovanni.
A delicate hand too.

Sanazar.
Then for a leg and foot.

Giovanni.
And there I leave you,
For I presumed no further.

Sanazar.
As she is Sir
I know she wants no gracious part that may
Allure the Duke, and if he only see her
She is his own. He will not be denied,
And than you are lost. Yet if you'll second me
(As you have reason, for it most concerns you)
I can prevent all yet.

Giovanni.
I would you could
A noble way.

Sanazar.
I will cry down her beauties;
Especially the beauties of her mind,
As much as Contarino hath advanced 'em,
And this I hope, will breed forgetfulness,
And kill affection in him: but you must
Join with me in my report, if you be questioned.

Giovanni.
I never told a lie yet, and I hold it
In some degree blasphemous to dispraise
What's worthy admiration. Yet for once
I will dispraise a little, and not vary
From your relation.

Sanazar.
Be constant in it.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph.
My Lord, the Duke hath seen your man, and wonders
You come not to him. See if his desire
To have conference with you hath not brought

Ent. Cozimo, Contarino and Attendants.
Him hither in his own person.

Cozimo.
They are comely coursers,
And promise swiftness.

Contarino.
They are of my knowledge
Of the best race in Naples.

Cozimo.
You are Nephew,
As I hear, an excellent horseman, and we like it.
'Tis a fair grace in a Prince. Pray you make trial
Of their strength and speed, and if you think them fit
For your employment, with a liberal hand
Reward the Gentleman, that did present 'em
From the Viceroy of Naples.

*Exeunt Giovanni, Alphonso, Hippolito.*

**Giovanni.**

I will use
My best endeavour Sir.

**Cozimo.**

Wait on my Nephew.
Nay stay you Contarino, be within call,
It may be we shall use you. You have rode hard Sir,
And we thank you for it. Every minute seems
Irksome, and tedious to us; till you have
Made your discovery. Say friend, have you seen
This Phoenix of our age?

**Sanazar.**

I have seen a Maid Sir,
But if that I have judgement, no such wonder
As she was delivered to you.

**Cozimo.**

This is strange.

**Sanazar.**

But certain truth, it may be she was looked on
With admiration in the Country Sir,
But if compared with many in your Court,
She would appear but ordinary.

**Cozimo.**

Contarino
Reports her otherwise.

**Sanazar.**

Such as never saw Swans,
May think Crows beautiful.

**Cozimo.**

How is her behaviour?

**Sanazar.**

'Tis like the place she lives in.

**Cozimo.**

How her wit,
Discourse, and entertainment?

**Sanazar.**

Very course,
I would not willingly say poor, and rude,
But had she all the beauties of fair women,
The dulness of her soul would fright me from her.

**Coz.**

You are curious Sir, I know not what to think on't.
Contarino!

Contarino.

Sir.

Cozimo.

Where was thy judgement man
To extol a virgin, Sanazarro tells me
Is nearer to deformity.

Sanazarro.

I saw her,
And curiously perused her, and I wonder
That she that did appear to me, that know
What beauty is, not worthy the observing.
Should so transport you.

Contarino.

Troth my Lord I thought then.

Cozimo.

Thought? Didst thou not affirm it?

Contarino.

I confess Sir
I did believe so then, but now I hear
My Lords opinion to the contrary,
I am of another faith: for 'tis not fit
That I should contradict him. I am dim Sir,
But he's sharp sighted.

Sanazar.

This is to my wish.

Cozi.

We know not what to think of this, yet would not
Determine rashly of it. How do you like

Enter Giovanni, Hippo. Lodovico.
My nephew's horsemanship?

Hippolito.

In my judgement Sir
It is exact and rare.

Alphonso.

And to my fancy
He did present great Alexander mounted
On his Bucephalus.

Cozimo.

You are right Courtiers,
And know it is your duty to cry up
All actions of a Prince.

Sanazarro.

Do not betray
Aside to Giovanni.

you yourself, you are safe, I have done my part.

Giovanni.

I thank you,
Nor will I fail.

Cozimo.

What's your opinion Nephew
Of the horses?

Giovanni.

Two of them are in my judgement
The best I ever backed. I mean the roan Sir,
And the brown bay: but for the chestnut coloured,
Though he be full of mettle, hot, and fiery,
He treads weak in his pasterns.

Cozimo.

So, come nearer;
This exercise hath put you into a sweat,
Take this and dry it: and now I command you
To tell me truly what's your censure of
Charomonte's daughter Lidia.

Giovanni.

I am Sir
A novice in my judgement of a Lady,
But such as it is, your Grace shall hear it freely.
I would not speak in of her, and am sorry
If I keep myself a friend to truth, I cannot
Report her as I would, so much I owe
Her reverend Father. But I'll give you Sir
As near as I can her character in little.
She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs
Not disproportioned; for her face it is
Far from deformity, yet they flatter her
That style it excellent: her manners are
Simple and innocent: but her discourse
And wit deserve my pity, more than praise.
At her best my Lord, she is a handsome picture,
And that said, all is spoken.

Cozimo.

I believe you
I never yet found you false.

Giovanni.

Nor ever shall Sir.
Forgive me matchless Lidia I too much love
Aside.
And jealous fear to lose thee, do compel me
Against my will, my reason, and my knowledge
To be a poor detractor of that beauty,
Which fluent Ovid, if he lived again,
Would want words to express.

Cozimo.
Pray you make choice of
The richest of our furniture for those horses,

To Sanazarro.
And take my Nephew with you, we in this
Will follow his directions.

Giovanni.
Could I find now
The Princess Fiorinda, and persuade her
To be silent in the suit, that I moved to her
All were secure.

Sanazarro.
In that my Lord 'twill aid you.

Coz.
We will be private, leave us. All my studies

Exeunt omnes.
And serious meditations aim no further
Than this young man's good. He was my sister's son,
And she was such a sister when she lived
I could not prize too much, nor can I better
Make known how dear I hold her memory,
Then in my cherishing the only issue
Which she hath left behind her Who's that?

Ent. Fiorinda.

Fiorinda.
Sir.

Cozimo.
My fair charge, you are welcome to us.

Fiorinda.
I have found it Sir.

Cozimo.
All things go well in Urbin.

Fiorinda.
Your gracious care to me an Orphan, frees me
From all suspicion, that my jealous fears can drive into my fancy.

Cozimo.
The next Summer
In our own person, we will bring you thither,
And seat you in your own.
Fiorinda.
   When you think fit Sir.
   But in the mean time, with your highness' pardon,
   I am a suitor to you.

Cozimo.
   Name it madam,
   With confidence to obtain it.

Fiorinda.
   That you would please
   To lay a strict command on Charomonte,
   To bring his daughter Lidia to the Court,
   And pray you think Sir that 'tis not my purpose
   To employ her as a servant, but to use her
   As a most wished companion.

Cozimo.
   Ha. Your reason?

Fiorin.
   The hopeful Prince your Nephew Sir hath given her
   To me for such an abstract of perfection,
   In all that can be wished for in a virgin,
   As beauty, music, ravishing discourse,
   Quickness of apprehension, with choice manners
   And learning to, not usual with women;
   That I am much ambitious (though I shall
   Appear but as a foil to set her off)
   To be from her instructed, and supplied
   In what I am defective.

Cozimo.
   Did my Nephew
   Seriously deliver this?

Fiorinda.
   I assure your Grace
   With zeal, and vehemency, and even when
   With his best words he strived to set her forth
   (Though the rare subject made him eloquent)
   He would complain, all he could say came short
   Of her deservings.

Cozimo.
   Pray you have patience.
   This was strangely carried. Ha! are we tristed with?
   Dare they do this? is Cozimo's fury, that
   Of late was terrible, grown contemptible?
   Well; we will clear our brows, and undermine
   Their secret works, (though they have digged like Moles, )
And crush 'em with the tempest of my wrath
When I appear most calm. He is unfit
To command others, that knows not to use it,
And with all rigour, yet my stern looks shall not
Discover my intents, for I will strike
When I begin to frown. You are the Mistress
Of that you did demand.

_Fiorinda._
I thank your Highness,
But speed in the performance of the grant
Doubles the favours Sir.

_Cozimo._
You shall possess it sooner than you expect,
Only be pleased to be ready when my Secretary
Waits upon you, to take the fresh air. My Nephew!
And my bosom friend so to cheat me, 'tis not fair!

_Enter Giovanni, Sanazarro._

_San._
Where should this Princess be? nor in her lodgings,
Nor in the private walks, Her own retreat
Which she so much frequented?

_Giovanni._
By my life
She's with the Duke. And I much more than fear
Her forwardness to prefer my suit, hath ruined
What with such care we built up.

_Cozimo._
Have you furnished
Those Coursers, as we willed you?

_Sanazarro._
There's no sign
Of anger in his looks.

_Giovanni._
They are complete Sir.

_Cozimo._
'Tis well. To your rest. Soft sleeps wait on you madam.
Tomorrow with the rising of the Sun
Be ready to ride with us. They with more safety
Had trod on fork-tongued Adders, then provoked me.

_Ex. Coz._

_Fiorinda._
I come not to be thanked Sir for the speedy
Performance of my promise touching Lidia,
It is effected.
Sanazarro.
   We are undone.

Fiorinda.
   The Duke
   No sooner heard me with my best of language
   Describe her excellencies, as you taught me,
   But he confirmed it. You look sad, as if
   You wished it were undone.

Giovanni.
   No gracious madam,
   I am your servant for't.

Fiorinda.
   Be you as careful
   For what I moved to you. Count Sanazarro,
   Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing
   To wear so slight a favour.

Sanazarro.
   'Tis a grace
   I am unworthy of.

Fiorinda.
   You merit more
   In prizing so a trifle. Take this Diamond,
   I'll second what I have begun. For know
   Your valour hath so won upon me, that
   'Tis not to be resisted. I have said Sir,
   And leave you to interpret it.

Exit Fiorinda.

Sanazarro.
   This to me
   Is Wormwood. 'Tis apparent we are taken
   In our own noose. What's to be done?

Giovanni.
   I know not.
   And 'tis a punishment justly fallen upon me
   For leaving truth, a constant Mistress, that
   Ever protects her servants, to become
   A slave to lies, and falsehood. What excuse
   Can we make to the Duke? what mercy hope for,
   Our packing being laid open?

Sanazarro.
   'Tis not to
   Be questioned, but his purposed journey is
   To see fair Lidia.

Giovanni.
And to divert him
Impossible.

*Sanazarro.*
There’s now no looking backward.

*Giovanni.*
And which way to go on with safety not
To be imagined.

*Sanazarro.*
Give me leave. I have
An embryon in my brain, which, I despair not,
May be brought to form and fashion, provided
You will be open breasted.

*Giovanni.*
’Tis no time now
Our dangers being equal, to conceal
A thought from you.

*Sanazar.*
What power hold you o’er Lidia?
Do you think that with some hazard of her life
She would prevent your ruin?

*Giovanni.*
I presume so.
If in the undertaking, she stray not
From what becomes her innocence, and to that
’Tis far from me to press her, I myself
Will rather suffer.

*Sanazarro.*
’Tis enough, this night
Write to her by your servant Calandrino
As I shall give directions, my man

*Enter Caland.*
Shall bear him company. See Sir to my wish
He does appear, but much transformed from what
He was when he came hither.

*Calandrino.*
I confess
I am not very wise, and yet I find
A fool, so he be parcel knave in Court,
May flourish and grow rich.

*Giovanni.*
Calandrino.

*Calandrino.*
Peace.
I am in contemplation.
Giovanni.
  Do not you know me?

Caland.
  I tell thee? no, on forfeit of my place,
  I must not know myself, much less my Father,
  But by Petition. That Petition lined too
  With golden birds, that sing to the tune of Profit,
  Or I am deaf.

Giovan.
  But you have your sense of feeling.

Offering to kick him.

Sanazar.
  Nay pray you forbear.

Calandri.
  I have all that's requisite
  To the making up of a Signior. My spruce ruff,
  My hooded cloak, long stocking, and pained hose,
  My Case of toothpicks, and my silver fork,
  To convey an Olive neatly to my mouth,
  And what is all in all, my pockets ring
  A golden peal. O that the Peasants in the Country
  (My quondam fellows) but saw me as I am,
  How they would admire and worship me!

Giovan.
  As they shall,
  For instantly you must thither.

Calandri.
  My grand Signior
  Vouchsafe a bezolus manus, and a cringe
  Of the last edition.

Giovan.
  You must ride post with Letters
  This night to Lidia.

Calandr.
  And it please your Grace
  Shall I use my Coach, or foot-cloth Mule?

Sanazar.
  You Whidgin,
  You are to make all speed, think not of pomp.

Giovan.
  Follow for your instructions Sirrah.

Calandr.
  I have one suit to you
  My good Lord.
Sanazar.
    What is't?
Calandr.
    That you would give me
    A subtle Court charm, to defend me from
    Th' infectious air of the Country.
Giovan.
    What's the reason?
Caland.
    Why, as this Court air taught me knavish wit,
    By which I am grown rich, if that again
    Should turn me fool and honest; Vain hopes farewell,
    For I must die a beggar.
Sanazar.
    Go to Sirrah,
    You'll be whipped for this.
Giovan.
    Leave fooling, and attend us.
Exeunt.
The end of the third Act.

Actus quarti Scaena prima.
• Carolo Charomante
• Lidia.
Carolo.
    Daughter I have observed since the Prince left us
    (Whose absence I mourn with you, and the visit
    Count Sanazarro gave us, you have nourished
    Sad and retired thoughts, and parted with
    That freedom, and alacrity of spirit
    With which you used to cheer me.
Lidia.
    For the Count, Sir,
    All thought of him does with his person die;
    But I confess ingenuously I cannot
    So soon forget the choice, and chaste delights
    The courteous conversation of the Prince,
    And without stain I hope, afforded me
    When he made this house a Court.
Carolo.
    It is in us
    To keep it so without him. Want we know not,
    And all we can complain of (heaven be praised for)
    Is too much plenty, and we will make use of
Ent. servants.
All lawful pleasures. How now fellows, when
Shall we have this lusty dance?
Caponi.
In the afternoon Sir,
'Tis a device Iwis of my own making,
And such a one, as shall make your Signiorship know
I have not been your butler for nothing, but
I have crotchets in my head. We'll trip it tightly,
And make my sad young Mistress merry again,
Or I'll forswear the Cellar.
Bernardo.
If we had
Our fellow Calandrino here to dance
His part, we were perfect.
Petruchia.
O, he was a rare fellow;
But I fear the Court hath spoiled him.
Caponi.
When I was young
I could have cut a caper on a pinnacle,
But now I am old and wise, keep your figure fair,
And follow but the sample I shall set you,
The Duke himself will send for us, and laugh at us,
And that were credit.
Enter Calandrino.
Lidia.
Who have we here?
Calandrino.
I find
What was brawn in the Country, in the Court grows tender.
The bots on these jolting Jades, I am bruised to jelly.
A Coach for my money! and that the courtesans know well,
Their riding so, makes them last three years longer
Than such as are hackneyed.
Carolo.
Calandrino, 'tis he.
Calan.
Now to my postures. Let my hand have the honour
To convey a kiss from my lips to the cover of
Your foot dear Signior.
Carolo.
Fie, you stoop too low Sir.
Calan.
The hem of your vestment Lady. Your Glove is for Princes, 
Nay, I have conned my distances.

*Lidia.*

'Tis most Courtly.

*Caponi.*

Fellow Calandrino!

*Caland.*

Signior de Caponi, 
Grand Botelier of the Mansion.

*Bernardo.*

How is't man?

**Claps him on the shoulder.**

*Calan.*

Be not so rustic in your salutations, 
Signior Bernardo, Master of the accounts. 
Signior Petruchio, may you long continue 
Your function in the chamber.

*Caponi.*

When shall we learn such gambols in our villa?

*Lidia.*

Sure he's mad.

*Carol.*

'Tis not unlike, for most of such mushrooms are so. 
What news at Court?

*Caland.*

Basto! they are mysteries, 
And not to be revealed. With your favour Signior, 
I am in private to confer a while 
With this Signiora. But I'll pawn my honour, 
That neither my terse language, nor my habit 
howe'er it may convince, nor my new shrugs, 
Shall render her enamoured.

*Carolo.*

Take your pleasure 
A little of these apish tricks may pass, 
Too much is tedious.

**Exit Carolo.**

*Calandr.*

The Prince in this paper 
Presents his service. Nay, it is not Courtly 
To see the seal broke open. So I leave you. 
Signiors of the Villa, I'll descend to be 
Familiar with you.

*Caponi.*
Have you forgot to dance?

Caland.
No, I am bettered.

Petruch.
Will you join with us?

Caland.
As I like the project.
Let me warm my brains first with the richest Grape,
And then I am for you.

Caponi.
We will want no wine.

Exeunt. Manet Lidia.

Lidia.
That this comes only from the best of Princes,
With a kind of adoration does command me
To entertain it, and the sweet contents

Kissing the letter.
That are inscribed here by his hand, must be
Much more than musical to me. All the service
Of my life at no part can deserve this favour.
O what a virgin longing I feel on me.
To unrip the seal, and read it, yet to break
What he hath fastened, rashly, may appear
A saucy rudeness in me. I must do it,
(Nor can I else learn his commands, or serve 'em)
But with such reverence, as I would open
Some holy Writ, whose grave instructions beat down
Rebellious sins, and teach my better part
How to mount upward. So, 'tis done, and I

Opens the Letter.
With Eagle's eyes will curiously peruse it.

Reads the Letter.
Chaste Lidia: the favours are so great
On me by you conferred, that to entreat
The least addition to 'em, in true sense
May argue me of blushless impudence.
But such are my extremes, if you deny
A farther grace, I must unpitied die.
Hast cuts off circumstance; as you are admired
for beauty, the report of it hath fired
The Duke my Uncle, and I fear you'll prove,
Not with a sacred, but unlawful love.
If he see you, as you are, my hoped-for light
Is changed into an everlasting night.
How to prevent it, if your goodness find
You save two lives, and me you ever bind,
The honourer of your virtues, Giovanni.
Were I more deaf than Adders, these sweet charms
Would through my ears find passage to my soul,
And soon enchant it: To save such a Prince
Who would not perish? Virtue in him must suffer,
And piety be forgotten. The Duke's lust
Though it raged more than Tarquin's, shall not reach me.
All quaint inventions of chaste virgins aid me!
My prayers are heard, I have't. The Duke never saw me,
Or if that fail, I am again provided.

*This spoke as if she studied an evasion.*

But for the servants! They will take what form
I please to put upon them. Giovanni.
Be safe, thy servant Lidia assures it.
Let mountains of afflictions fall on me,
Their weight is easy, so I set thee free.

*Exit.*

**Actus quarti Scaena secunda.**

- Cozimo,
- Giovanui,
- Sanazarro,
- Carolo, Servants.

*Sanazar.*

Are you not tired with travail Sir?

*Cozimo.*

No, no,
I am fresh and lusty.

*Carolo.*

This day shall be ever
A holy day to me, that brings my Prince
Under my humble roof.

*Weeps.*

*Giovan.*

See Sir, my good Tutor
Sheds tears for joy.

*Cozimo.*

Dry them up Charomonte,
And all forbear the room, while we exchange
Some private words together.

*Giovan.*

O my Lord,
How grossly have we overshot ourselves!

Sanazarro.

In what Sir?

Giovan.

In forgetting to acquaint
My Guardian with our purpose; all that Lidia
Can do, avails us nothing; if the Duke
Find out the truth from him.

Sanazarro.

'Tis now passed help,

Exeunt Giovan. Sanazar.

And we must stand the hazard, hope the best Sir?

Carolo.

My loyalty doubted Sir.

Cozimo.

'Tis more. Thou hast
Abused our trust, and in a high degree
Committed treason.

Carolo.

Treason? 'tis a word
My innocence understands not. Were my breast
Transparent, and my thoughts to be discerned,
Not one spot shall be found to taint the candour
Of my allegiance. And I must be bold
To tell you Sir (for he that knows no guilt
Can know no fear) 'tis tyranny to o'er charge
An honest man, and such till now I have lived,
And such my Lord I'll die.

Cozimo.

Sir, do not flatter
yourself with hope, these great and glorious words
Which every guilty wretch, as well as you
That's armed with impudence, can with ease deliver,
And with as full a mouth, can work on us?
Nor shall gay flourishes of language clear
What is in fact apparent.

Carolo.

Fact? What fact?
You that know only, what it is, instruct me,
For I am ignorant.

Cozimo.

This then Sir: we gave up
(On our assurance of your faith and care, )
Our Nephew Giovanni, nay, our heir
In expectation, to be trained up by you
As did become a Prince.

_Carolo._

And I discharged it.
Is this the treason?

_Cozimo._

Take us with you Sir.
And in respect we knew his Youth was prone
To women, and that living in our Court
He might make some unworthy choice, before
His weaker judgement was confirmed, we did
Remove him from it; constantly presuming
You with your best endeavours, rather would
Have quenched those heats in him, then light a Torch,
As you have done to his looseness.

_Carolo._

I? my travail
Is ill requited Sir, for by my soul
I was so curious that way, that I granted
Access to none could tempt him, nor did ever
One syllable, or obscene accent touch
His care that might corrupt him.

_Cozimo._

No? Why then
With your allowance did you give free way
To all familiar privacy, between
My Nephew and your daughter? Or why did you
(Had you no other ends in't but our service)
Read to 'em, and together (as they had been
Scholars of one form) Grammar, Rhetoric,
Philosophy, story, and interpret to 'em
The close temptations of lascivious Poets?
Or wherefore (for we still had spies upon you)
Was she still present, when by your advice
He was taught the use of his weapon, horsemanship,
Wrestling, nay swimming, but to fan in her
A hot desire of him? and then forsooth
His exercises ended, covered with
A fair pretence of recreation for him,
When Lidia was instructed in those graces
That add to beauty. He brought to admire her,
Must hear her sing, while to her voice, her hand
Made ravishing Music; and this applauded, dance
A light Levalto with her.
Carolo.
Have you ended
All you can charge me with?

Cozimo.
Nor stopped you there,
But they must unattended walk into
The silent Groves, and hear the amorous birds
Warbling their wanton notes, here a sure shade
Of barren sycamores: (which the all-seeing Sun
Could not pierce through) near that an arbour hung
With spreading Eglantine, there a bubbling spring
Watering a bank of Hyacinths, and Lilies,
With all allurements, that could move to lust.
And could this, Charomonte, (should I grant
They had been equals both in birth and fortune)
Become your gravity? Nay, 'tis clear as air
That your ambitious hopes to match your daughter
Into our family, gave connivance to it;
And this, though not in act, in the intent
I call high treason.

Carolo.
Hear my just defence Sir,
And though you are my Prince, it will not take from
Your Greatness to acknowledge with a blush,
In this my accusation you have been
More swayed by spleen, and jealous suppositions,
Then certain grounds of reason. You had a Father
(Blessed be his memory) that made frequent proofs
Of my loyalty, and faith, and (would I boast
The dangers I have broke through in his service)
I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread Sir,
When ever I was put unto the test,
Found me true gold, and not adulterate metal,
And am I doubted now?

Cozimo.
This is from the purpose.

Carol.
I will come to it Sir, your Grace well knew
Before the PRINCE's happy presence made
My poor house rich, the chiefest blessings which
I gloried in, (though now it prove a curse)
Was an only daughter. Nor did you command me,
As a security to your future fears,
To cast her off: which had you done, howe'er
She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of
My feeble age; so far I prized my duty
Above affection, she now had been
A stranger to my care. But she is fair.
Is that her fault, or mine? Did ever Father
Hold beauty in his issue for a blemish?
Her education and her manners tempt to.
If these offend, they are easily removed,
You may, if you think fit, before my face,
In recompense of all my watchings for you,
With burning corrosives transform her to
An ugly Leper; and this done to taint
Her sweetness, prostitute her to a loathsome brothel.
This I will rather suffer Sir, and more,
Then live suspected by you.

Cozimo.
Let not passion
Carry you beyond your reason.

Carolo.
I am calm Sir,
Yet you must give me leave to grieve, I find
My actions misinterpreted. Alas Sir,
Was Lydia's desire to serve the Prince
Called an offence? or did she practise to
Seduce his youth, because with her best zeal
And fervour she endeavoured to attend him?
'Tis a hard construction: though she be my daughter
I may thus far speak her. From her infancy
She was ever civil, her behaviour nearer
Simplicity than craft; and malice dares not
Affirm in one loose gesture, or light language,
She gave a sign she was in thought unchaste:
I'll fetch her to you Sir, and but look on her
With equal eyes, you must in justice grant
That your suspicion wrongs her.

Cozimo.
It may be,
But I must have stronger assurance of it
Then passionate words. And not to trifle time,
As we came unexpected to your house,
We will prevent all means that may prepare her
How to answer that, with which we come to charge her.
And howsoever it may be received
As a foul breach to hospitable rites,
On thy allegiance, and boasted faith,
Nay forfeit of thy head, we do confine thee
Close prisoner to thy Chamber, till all doubts
Are cleared that do concern us.

Carolo.
I obey Sir,
And wish your Grace had followed my hearse
To my Sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,
Rather than now? but I am silent Sir,
And let that speak my duty.

Exit Carolo.

Cozimo.
If this man
Be false, disguised treachery never put on
A shape so near to truth. Within there.

Enter Giovan and Sanazar. ushering in Petronella. Caland. and others setting forth a banquet.

Sanazarro.
Sir.

Cozimo.
Bring Lidia forth.

Giovan.
She comes Sir of herself
To present her service to you.

Cozimo.
Ha. This personage
Cannot invite affection.

Sanazarro.
See you keep State.

Petronella.
I warrant you.

Cozimo.
The manners of her mind
Must be transcendent, if they can defend
Her rougher outside; may we with your liking
Salute you Lady?

Petronella.
Let me wipe my mouth Sir
With my cambric handkercher, and then have at you.

Cozimo.
Can this be possible?

Sanazar.
Yes sir, you will find her
Such as I gave her to you.
Petronella.
  will your Dukeship
  Sit down and eat some Sugar-plum? here's a Castle
  Of marchpane too, and this Quince Marmalade
  Was of my own making. All summed up together
  Did cost the setting on, and here is wine too

Drinks all off.
  As good as e'er was tapped. I'll be your taster,
  For I know the fashion, now you must do me right Sir,
  You shall nor will, nor choose.

Giovanni.
  She's very simple.

Cozi.
  Simple, 'tis worse. Do you drink this often Lady?

Petro.
  Still when I am thirsty, and eat when I am hungry.
  Such Junkets come not every day. Once more to you,
  With a heart and a half i'faith.

Cozimo.
  Pray you pause a little,
  If I hold your Cards, I shall pull down the side,
  I am not good at the game.

Petronella.
  Then I'll drink for you.

Cozimo.
  Nay, pray you stay. I'll find you out a pledge
  That shall supply my place, what think you of
  This complete Signior? You are a Juno, and in such state
  Must feast this jupiter, what think you of him?

Petronella.
  I desire no better.

Cozimo.
  And you will undertake this service for me?
  You are good at the sport.

Calandr.
  Who I? A piddler Sir.

Cozimo.
  Nay, you shall sit enthroned, and eat, and drink
  As you were a Duke.

Caland.
  If your Grace will have me,
  I'll eat and drink like an Emperor.

Cozimo.
  Take your place then,
We are amazed.

_Giovanni_,

This is gross. Nor can the imposture
But be discovered.

_Sanazar_.

The Duke is too sharp sighted
To be deluded thus.

_Caland_.

Nay, pray you eat fair,
Or divide, and I will choose. Cannot you use
Your fork as I do? Gape and I will feed you.

_Feeds her._

Gape wider yet, this is Courtlike.

_Petro_.

To choke Daws with,
I like it not.

_Caland_.

But you like this.

_They drink._

_Petronel_.

Let it come Boy.

_Cozi_.

What a sight is this? we could be angry with you,
How much you did belie her when you told us
She was only simple, this is barbarous rudeness,
Beyond belief.

_Giovanni_.

I would not speak her Sir
Worse than she was.

_Sanazarro_.

And I my Lord chose rather
To deliver her better parted than she is,
Then to take from her.

_Enter Caponi._

_Caponi_.

ere I'll lose my dance,
I'll speak to the purpose. I am Sir no Prologue,
But in plain terms must tell you, we are provided
Of a lusty Hornpipe.

_Cozimo_.

Prithee let us have it,
For we grow dull.

_Caponi_.

But to make up the medley,
For it is of several colours, for we must borrow
Your grace's Ghost here.

_Caland._

Pray you Sir depose me,
It will not do else. I am sir the engine

_Rises and resigns his chair._
By which it moves.

_Petronel._
I will dance with my Duke too,
I will not out.

_Cozim._
Begin then. There's more in this

_Dance_
Then yet I have discovered. Some Oedipus
Resolve this riddle.

_Petronel._
Did I not foot it roundly?

_Falls down._

_Coz._
As I live stark drunk. Away with her. We'll reward you.
When you have cooled yourselves in the Cellar.

_Caponi._
Heaven preserve you.

_Exeunt dancers._

_Cozimo._
We pity Charomonte's wretched fortune.
In a daughter, nay, a monster. Good old man!
The place grows tedious. Our remove shall be
With speed. We'll only in a word or two
Take leave and comfort him.

_Sanazar._
'Twill rather Sir
Increase his sorrow, that you know his shame,
Your Grace may do it by Letter.

_Cozimo._
Who signed you
A Patent to direct us? Wait our coming
In the Garden.

_Giovan._
All will out.

_Sanaz._
I more than fear it.

_Exeunt Giovan. and Sanazar._

_Coz_
These are strange Chimaeras to us! what to judge of't
Is past our apprehension! One command
Charomonte to attend us. Can it be

Exit servant.
That Contarino could be so besotted
As to admire this prodigy! or her Father
To dote upon it! or does she personate
For some ends unknown to us, this rude behaviour
Within the Scene presented, would appear
Ridiculous and impossible. O you are welcome.

Ent. Carol.
We now acknowledge the much wrong we did you
In our unjust suspicion. We have seen
The wonder Sir, your daughter.

Carolo.
And have found her
Such as I did report her. What she wanted
In Courtship, was I hope supplied in civil
And modest entertainment.

Cozimo.
Pray you tell us,
And truly we command you, Did you never
Observe she was given to drink?

Carolo.
To drink Sir?

Cozimo.
Yes. Nay more, to be drunk.

Carolo.
I had rather see her buried.

Cozi.
Dare you trust your own eyes, if you find her now
More than distempered?

Carolo.
I will pull them out Sir,
If your Grace can make this good. And if you please
To grant me liberty, as she is I'll fetch her,
And in a moment.

Cozimo.
Look you do, and fail not,
On the peril of your head.

Carol.
Drunk. She disdains it.

Exit Carolo.

Cozimo.
Such contrarieties were never read of.  
Charomonte is no fool, nor can I think  
His confidence built on sand. We are abused,  
'Tis too apparent. 

*Enter Carolo and Lidia.*

*Lidia.*

I am indisposed Sir,  
And that life you tendered once, much endangered  
In forcing me from my Chamber. 

*Carolo.*

Here she is Sir,  
Suddenly sick I grant, but sure not drunk,  
Speak to my Lord the Duke. 

*Lidia.*

All is discovered.  

*Kneels.*

*Cozimo.*

Is this your only daughter. 

*Carolo.*

And my heir Sir,  
Nor keep I any woman in my house  
(Unless for sordid offices) but one,  
I do maintain trimmed up in her cast habits,  
To make her sport. And she indeed loves wine,  
And will take too much of it. And perhaps for mirth  
She was presented to you. 

*Cozimo.*

It shall yield  
No sport to the contrivers, 'tis too plain now  
Her presence does confirm what Contorino  
Delivered of her, nor can sickness dim  
The splendour of her beauties, being herself then  
She must exceed his praise. 

*Lidia.*

Will your Grace hear me?  
I am faint and can say little. 

*Cozimo.*

Here are accents,  
Whose every syllable is musical!  
Pray you let me raise you, and a while rest here!  
False Sanazarro, treacherous Giovanni;  
But stand we talking? 

*Carolo.*

Here's a storm soon raised.
Coz.
As thou art our Subject, Charomonte, swear
To act what we command.

Carolo.
That is an oath
I long since took.

Cozimo.
Then by that oath we charge thee
Without excuse, denial, or delay
To apprehend, and suddenly, Sanazarro,
And our Ingrateful Nephew. We have said it.
Do it without reply, or we pronounce thee,
Like them, a traitor to us. See them guarded
In several lodgings, and forbid access
To all, but when we warrant, Is our will
Heard, sooner than obeyed?

Carolo.
These are strange turns,
But I must not dispute ‘em.

Exit Carolo.

Cozimo.
Be severe in’t.
O my abused lenity I from what height
Is my power fallen?

Lidia.
O me most miserable!
That being innocent, make others guilty.
Most gracious Prince!

Cozimo.
Pray you rise, and then speak to me.

Lidia.
My knees shall first be rooted in this earth,
And Myrrha like I'll grow up to a tree,
Dropping perpetual tears of sorrow, which
Hardened by the rough wind, and turned to amber,
Unfortunate virgins like myself shall wear,
Before I'll make Petition to your Greatness
But with such reverence, my hands held up thus,
As I would do to heaven. You Princes are
As gods on earth to us, and to be sued too
With such humility, as his Deputies
May challenge from their vassals.

Cozimo.
Here's that form
Of language I expected; pray you speak,
What is your suit?

Lidia.
That you would look upon me
As an humble thing, that millions of degrees
Is placed beneath you. For what am I dread sir?
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,
That may be worth your care, much less your trouble?
As the lowly shrub is to the lofty Cedar,
Or a molehill to Olympus, if compared,
I am to you Sir. Or suppose the Prince,
(Which cannot find belief in me,) forgetting
The greatness of his birth and hopes, hath thrown
An eye of favour on me, in me punish,
(That am the cause) the rashness of his youth.
Shall the Queen of the inhabitants of the air,
The Eagle that bears thunder on her wings,
In her angry mood destroy her hopeful young,
For suffering a Wren to perch too near 'em?
Such is our disproportion.

Cozimo.
With what fervour
She pleads against herself!

Lidia.
For me poor Maid,
I know the Prince to be so far above me,
That my wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am
So much his creature, that to fix him in
Your wonted grace and favour, I'll abjure
His sight for ever, and betake myself
To a religious life (where in my prayers
I may remember him) and never see man more
But my ghostly father. Will you trust me Sir?
In truth I'll keep my word? or if this fail,
A little more of fear what may befall him,
Will stop my breath for ever.

Cozimo.
Had you thus argued

Raises her.
As you were yourself, and brought as advocates
Your health and beauty, to make way for you.
No crime of his could put on such a shape,
But I should look with the eyes of mercy on it.
What would I give to see this diamond
In her perfect lustre, as she was before
The clouds of sickness dimmed it! yet take comfort,
And as you would obtain remission for
His treachery to me, cheer your drooping spirits,
And call the blood again into your cheeks,
And then plead for him. And in such a habit
As in your highest hopes you would put on,
If we were to receive you for our Bride.

_Lidia._
I'll do my best Sir.

_Cozimo._
And that best will be
A crown of all felicity to me.

_Exit._
The end of the fourth Act.

### Actus quinti Scaena prima.

_Sanazarro above._

_Sanazar._  
'Tis proved in me, the curse of human frailty
(Adding to our afflictions) makes us know
What's good, and yet our violent passions force us
To follow what is ill. Reason assured me
It was not safe to shave a lion's skin,
And that to trifle with a Sovereign, was
To play with lightning: yet imperious beauty
Treading upon the neck of understanding,
Compelled me to put off my natural shape
Of loyal duty, to disguise myself
In the adulterate, and cobweb mask
Of disobedient treachery. Where is now
My borrowed Greatness? or the promised lives
Of following Courtiers echoing my will?
In a moment vanished? Power that stands not on
Its proper base, which is peculiar only
To absolute Princes, falls, or rises, with
Their frown, or favour. The great Duke my Master
(Who almost changed me to his other self)
No sooner takes his beams of comfort from me,
But I as one unknown, or unregarded,
Unpitied suffer! who makes intercession
To his mercy for me now? who does remember
The service I have done him? not a man;
And such as spoke no language, but my Lord,
The favourite of Tuscany's grand Duke

Look backwards.
Deride my madness. Ha! What noise of horses?
A goodly troop! This backpart of my prison
Allows me liberty to see and know them.
Contarino! Yes, 'tis he, and Lodovico;
And the Duchess Fiorinda; Urbin's heir,
A Princess I have slighted; yet I wear
Her favours. And to teach me what I am,
She whom I scorned can only meditate for me.
This way she makes, yet speak to her I dare not,
And how to make suit to her, is a task
Of as much difficulty; yes; thou blessed pledge

Takes off the ring, and a pane of glass.
Of her affection aid me. This supplies
The want of pen and ink, and this of paper.
It must be so, and I in my Petition
Concise and pithy.

Enter Contarine leading in Fiorinda, Alphonso, Lodovico, Hieronimo, Calaminta.

Fiorinda.
'Tis a goodly pile this.

Hieroni.
But better by the owner.

Alphonso.
But most rich
In the great States it covers.

Fiorinda.
The Duke's pleasure
Commands us hither.

Contari.
Which was laid on us
To attend you to it.

Lodovico.
Signior Charomonte,
To see your Excellence his guest, will think
Himself most happy.

Fior.
Tie my shoe. What's that?

The pane thrown down.
A pane thrown from the window no wind stirring?

Calam.
And at your feet too fallen, there's something writ on't.

Con.
Some Courtier belike would have it known
He wore a Diamond.

Calaminta.
Ha; it is directed:
To the Princess Fiorinda.

Fiorinda.
We will read it.

The inscription.
He whom you pleased to favour, is cast down,
Past hope of rising, by the great Duke's frown,
If by your gracious means, he cannot have
A pardon. And that got, be lives your slave.

The subscription.
Of men the most distressed, Sanazarro.
Of me the most beloved, and I will save thee,
Or perish with thee. Sure thy fault must be
Of some prodigious shape, if that my prayers
And humble intercession to the Duke
Prevail not with him. Here he comes, delay
Shall not make less my benefit.

Ent. Coz. and Carolo.

Cozimo.
What we purpose
Shall know no change, and therefore move me not,
We were made as properties, and what we shall
Determine of 'em, cannot be called rigour,
But noble justice. When they proved disloyal,
They were cruel to themselves. The Prince that pardons
The first affront offered to majesty,
Invites a second, rendering that power
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible.
Ingratitude is a monster, Carolo,
To be strangled in the birth, not to be cherished.
madam, you are happily met with.

Fiorinda.
Sir, I am
An humble Suitor to you; and the rather
Am confident of a grant, in that your Grace
When I made choice to be at your devotion,
Vowed to deny me nothing.

Cozimo.
To this minute
We have confirmed it, what's your boon?

**Fiorinda.**
It is Sir,
That you in being gracious to your servant,
The never sufficiently praised Sanazarro,
(That now under your heavy displeasure suffers)
Would be good unto yourself. His services
So many, and so great (your storm of fury
Calmed by your better judgement) must inform you,
Some little slip (for sure it is no more)
From his loyal duty, with your justice cannot
Make foul his fair deservings. Great Sir, therefore
Look backward on his former worth; and turning
Your eye from his offence (what 'tis I know not)
And I am confident, you will receive him
Once more into your favour.

**Cozimo.**
You say well,
You are ignorant in the nature of his fault,
Which when you understand (as we'll instruct you)
Your pity will appear a charity
(It being conferred on an unthankful man)
To be repented. He's a traitor madam
To you, to us, to gratitude, and in that
All crimes are comprehended.

**Fiorinda.**
If his offence
Aimed at me only, what so e'er it is
'Tis freely pardoned.

**Cozimo.**
This compassion in you
Must make the colour of his guilt more ugly:
The honours we have hourly heaped upon him,
The titles, the rewards, to the envy of
The old Nobility, as the common people,
We now forbear to touch at, and will only
Insist on his gross wrongs to you. You were pleased
Forgetting both yourself and proper Greatness,
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace
A happiness, which on his knees with joy
He should have sued for. Who repined not at
The grace you did him? yet in recompense
Of your large bounties, the disloyal wretch
Makes you a stale; and what he might be by you
Scorned, and derided, gives himself up wholly
To the service of another. If you can
Bear this with patience, we must say you have not
The bitterness of spleen, or ireful passions
Familiar to women. Pause upon it,
And when you seriously have weighed his carriage,
Move us again, if your reason will allow it,
His treachery known: and then if you continue
His advocate for him, we perhaps, because
We would deny you nothing, may awake
Our sleeping mercy. Carolo!

Carolo.
My Lord.

They whisper.

Fiorin.
To endure a rival, that were equal to me,
Cannot but speak my poverty of spirit,
But an inferior more; yet true love must not
Know, or degrees, or distances. Lidia may be
As far above me in her form, as she
Is in her birth beneath me, and what I
In Sanazarro liked, he loves in her.
But if I free him now, the benefit
Being done so timely, and confirming too
My strength and power, my soul's best faculties being
Bent wholly to preserve him, must supply me
With all I am defective, and bind him
My creature ever. It must needs be so,
Nor will I give it o'er thus.

Cozimo.
Does our Nephew
Bear his restraint so constantly, as you
Deliver it to us?

Carolo.
In my judgement Sir
He suffers more for his offence to you,
Then in his fear of what can follow it.
For he is so collected and prepared
To welcome that, you shall determine of him,
As if his doubts and fears were equal to him.
And sure he's not acquainted with much guilt,
That more laments the telling one untruth
Under your pardon still (for 'twas a fault Sir)
Then others that pretend to conscience, do
Their crying secret sins.

Cozimo.
No more, this Gloss
Defends not the corruption of the text,
Urge it no more.

Carolo and the others whisper.

Fiorinda.
I once more must make bold Sir
To trench upon your patience. I have
Considered my wrongs duly. Yet that cannot
Divert my intercession for a man
Your Grace like me, once favoured. I am still
A suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe
The hearing his defence, and that I may
With your allowance see, and comfort him.
Then having heard all that he can allege
In his excuse, for being false to you,
Censure him as you please.

Cozimo.
You will o'ercome,
There's no contending with you. Pray you enjoy
What you desire. And tell him, he shall have
A speedy trial. In which we'll forbear
To sit a Judge, because our purpose is
To rise up his accuser.

Fiorinda.
All increase
Of happiness wait on Cozimo.

Exeunt Fiorin. Calaminta.

Alphonso.
Was it no more?

Carolo.
My Honour's pawned for it.

Contarino.
I'll second you.

Lodovi.
Since it is for the service and the safety
Of the hopeful Prince, fall what can fall, I'll run
The desperate hazard.

Hieroni.
He's no friend to virtue
That does decline it.

They all kneel.

Cozimo.
Ha; what sue you for?
   Shall we be ever troubled? do not tempt
   That anger may consume you.

Corolo.
   Let it Sir,
   The loss is less, though Innocents, we perish,
   Then that your sister's son should fall unheard
   Under your fury. Shall we fear to entreat
   That grace for him, that are your faithful servants,
   Which you vouchsafe the Count, like us a subject?

Cozimo.
   Did not we vow, till sickness had forsook
   Thy daughter Lidia, and she appeared
   In her perfect health and beauty to plead for him,
   We were deaf to all persuasion?

Carolo.
   And that hope Sir
   Hath wrought a miracle. She is recovered,
   And if you please to warrant her, will bring
   The penitent Prince before you.

Cozimo.
   To enjoy
   Such happiness, what would we not dispense with?

Al., Ludo. and Hie.
   We all kneel for the Prince.

Contarino.
   Nor can it stand
   With your mercy, that are gracious to Strangers,
   To be cruel to your own.

Cozimo.
   But art thou certain
   I shall behold her at the best?

Carolo.
   If ever
   She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,
   She is now much bettered.

Cozimo.
   Rise, thou art but dead
   If this prove otherwise. Lidia appear,
   And feast an appetite almost pined to death
   With longing expectation to behold
   Thy excellencies; thou as beauty's Queen
   Shalt censure the detractors. Let my Nephew
   Be led in triumph under her command,
We'll have it so; and Sanazarro tremble
To think whom he hath slandered; we'll retire
ourselves a little, and prepare to meet
A blessing, which imagination tells us
We are not worthy of; and then come forth
But with such reverence, as if I were
(My self the Priest, the sacrifice my heart)
To offer at the Altar of that goodness
That must or kill or save me.

Exit Cozimo.

Carolo.
Are not these
Strange gambols in the Duke?

Alphonso.
Great Princes have
Like meaner men their weakness.

Lodovico.
And may use it
Without control or check.

Contarino.
'Tis fit they should,
Their privilege were less else, than their Subjects.

Hier.
Let them have their humours, there's no crossing 'em.

**Actus quinti Scaena ultima.**

- Fiorinda,
- Sanazarro,
- Calaminta.

Sanazar.
ANd can it be your bounties should fall down
In showers on my ingratitude? or the wrongs
Your Greatness should revenge, teach you to pity?
What retribution can I make? what service
Pay to your goodness, that in some proportion
May to the world express, I would be thankful?
Since my engagements are so great, that all
My best endeavours to appear your creature
Can but proclaim my wants, and what I owe
To your magnificence.

Fiorinda.
All debts are discharged
In this acknowledgement: yet since you please
I shall impose some terms of satisfaction
For that which you profess yourself obliged for,
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not
I hope afflict you.

Sanazar.
Make me understand
Great Princess, what they are, and my obedience
Shall with all cheerful willingness subscribe
To what you shall command.

Fiorinda.
I will bind you to
Make good your promise. First, I then enjoin you
To love a Lady, that a Noble way
Truly affects you, and that you would take
To your protection and care the Dukedom
Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but yours.
And that when you have full possession of
My person, as my fortunes, you would use me
Not as a Princess, but instruct me in
The duties of an humble wife, for such
(The privilege of my birth no more remembered)
I will be to you. This consented to
All injuries forgotten, on your lips
I thus sign your quietus.

Sanazar.
I am wretched
In having but one life to be employed
As you please to dispose it. And believe it,
If it be not already forfeited
To the fury of my Prince, as 'tis your gift,
With all the faculties of my soul, I'll study
In what I may to serve you.

Fiorinda.
I am happy

Enter Glovauni and Lidia.
In this assurance. What
Sweet Lady's this?

Sanazar.
'Tis Lidia madam, she. —

Fiorinda.
I understand you:
Nay, blush not, by my life she is a rare one!
And if I were your Judge I would not blame you,
To like and love her. But Sir you are mine now,
And I presume so on your constancy,
That I dare not be jealous.

_Sanazarro._

All thoughts of her
Are in your goodness buried.

_Lidia._

Pray you Sir
Be comforted, your innocence should not know
What 'tis to fear, and if that you but look on
The guards that you have in yourself, you cannot.
The Duke's your Uncle Sir, and though a little
Incensed against you, when he sees your sorrow
He must be reconciled. What rugged Tartar,
Or cannibal, though bathed in human gore,
But looking on your sweetness, would forget
His cruel nature, and let fall his weapon,
Though then aimed at your throat?

_Giovanni._

O Lidia,
Of Maids the honour, and your sex's glory.
It is not fear to die, but to lose you
That brings this Fever on me. I will now
Discover to you, that which till this minute
I durst not trust the air with. Ere you knew
What power the magic of your beauty had,
I was enchanted by it, liked, and loved it,
My fondness still increasing with my years:
And flattered by false hopes, I did attend
Some blessed opportunity to move
The Duke with his consent to make you mine.
But now, such is my star-crossed destiny,
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot
Deny himself the happiness to enjoy you.
And I as well in reason may entreat him
To give away his Crown, as to part from
A jewel of more value, such you are:
Yet howsoever, when you are his Duchess,
And I am turned into forgotten dust,
Pray you love my memory. I should say more
But I am eke off.

_Ent. Coz. Carol. Con. and others._

_Sanazar._

The Duke? that convenance once,
When it was clothed in smiles, showed like an Angels,
But now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury,
'Tis terrible to look on.
The Duke admiring Lidia.

Lidia.
Sir.

Cozimo.
A while
Silence your musical tongue, and let me feast
My eyes with the most ravishing object that
They ever gazed on. There's no miniature
In her fair face, but is a copious theme
Which would (discoursed at large of) make a volume.
What clear arched brows? what sparkling eyes? the Lilies
Contending with the Roses in her cheeks,
Who shall most set them off? what ruby lips?
Or unto what can I compare her neck,
But to a rock of crystal? every limb
Proportioned to love's wish, and in their neatness
Add lustre to the riches of her habit,
Not borrow from it.

Lidia.
You are pleased to show Sir
The fluency of your language, in advancing
A Subject much unworthy.

Cozimo.
How unworthy?
By all the vows which Lovers offer at
The Cyprian Goddess Altars, eloquence
itself presuming, as you are, to speak you,
Would be struck dumb. And what have you deserved then?
(Wretches you kneel too late) that have endeavoured
To spout the poison of your black detraction
On this immaculate whiteness? was it malice
To her perfections? or —

Fiorinda.
Your Highness promised
A gracious hearing to the Count.

Lidia.
And Prince too;
Do not make void so just a grant.

Cozimo.
We will not,
Ladies in the chairs of State
Yet since their accusation must be urged,
And strongly, ere their weak defence have hearing,
We seat you here as Judges to determine
Of your gross wrongs and ours. And now remembering
Whose Deputies you are, be neither swayed,
Or with particular spleen, or foolish pity,
For neither can become you.

Carolo.

There's some hope yet
Since they have such gentle judges.

Cozimo.

Rise, and stand forth then,
And hear with horror to your guilty souls
What we will prove against you. Could this Princess
(Thou enemy to thyself) stoop her high flight
Of towering greatness to invite thy lowness
To look up to it, and with nimble wings
Of gratitude, couldst thou forbear to meet it?
Were her favours boundless in a noble way,
And warranted by our allowance, yet
In thy acceptance there appeared no sign
Of a modest thankfulness?

Fiorinda.

Pray you forbear
To press that farther, 'tis a fault we have
Already heard, and pardoned.

Cozimo.

We will then pass over it, and briefly touch at that
Which does concern ourselves. In which both being
Equal offenders, what we shall speak, points
Indifferently at either. How we raised thee
(Forgetful Sanazarro of our Grace)
To a full possession of power, and honours,
It being too well known, we'll not remember.
And what thou wert (rash youth) in expectation
(And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself)
Not Florence, but all Tuscany can witness
With admiration. To assure thy hopes,
We did keep constant to a widowed bed,
And did deny ourself those lawful pleasures,
Our absolute power and height of blood allowed us.
Made both, the keys that opened our hearts secrets,
And what you spoke believed as Oracles.
But you in recompense of this to him
That gave you all, to whom you owed your being
With treacherous lies endeavoured to conceal
This jewel from our knowledge, which ourself
Could only lay just claim too.

Giovanni.
‘Tis most true Sir.

Sinazar.
We both confess a guilty cause.

Cozimo.
Look on her,
Is this a beauty fit to be embraced
By any subject's arms? Can any tire
Become that forehead, but a Diadem?
Or should we grant your being false to us
Could be excused, your treachery to her
In seeking to deprive her of that greatness
(Her matchless form considered) she was born too,
Must never find pardon? we have spoken Ladies
Like a rough Orator, that brings more truth
Than rhetoric to make good his accusation,
And now expect your sentence.

The Ladies descend from the State.

Lidia.
In your birth Sir
You were marked out the judge of life, and death,
And we that are your Subjects to attend
With trembling fear your doom.

Fiorinda.
We do resign
This Chair as only proper to yourself.

Giovan.
And since in justice we are lost, we fly
Unto your saving mercy.

All kneeling.
Sanazarro.
Which sets off
A Prince much more than rigour.

Carolo.
And becomes him
When 'tis expressed to such as fell by weakness
(That being a twin-born brother to affection)
Better than wreathes of conquest.
Hie. Lod. Con Alph. We all-speare
Their language mighty Sir.

Cozimo.
You know our temper,
And therefore with more boldness venture on it.
And would not our consent to your demands
Deprive us of a happiness hereafter
Ever to be despaired of, we perhaps
Might hearken nearer to you, and could wish
With some qualification or excuse
You might make less the mountains of your crimes,
And so invite our clemency to feast with you.
But you that knew with what impatience
Of grief we parted from the fair Clarinda
Our Duchess, (let her memory still be sacred)
And with what imprecations on ourself
We vowed, not hoping e'er to see her equal,
Never to make trial of a second choice,
If Nature framed not one that did excel her,
(As this Maid's beauty prompts us that she does)
And yet with oaths then mixed with tears, upon
Her monument we swore our eye should never
Again be tempted, 'tis true, and those vows
Are registered above, something here tells me.
Carolo thou heardst us swear.

Carolo.
And swear so deeply,
That if all women's beauties were in this
(As she's not to be named with the dead Duchess.)
Nay, all their virtues bound up in one story
(Of which mine is scarce an Epitome)
If you should take her as a wife, the weight
Of your perjuries would sink you. If I durst
I had told you this before.

Cozimo.
'Tis strong truth Carolo,
And yet what was necessity in us
Cannot free them from treason.

Carolo.
There's your error.
The Prince in care to have you keep your vows
Made unto heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter.

Lidia.
He told me so indeed Sir.

Fiorinda.
And the Count
Averred as much to me.

Cozimo.
You all conspire
To force our mercy from us.

Carolo.
Which given up
To after-times, preserves you unforsworn,
An Honour, which will live upon your Tomb
When your Greatness is forgotten.

Cozimo.
Though we know
All this is practice, and that both are false,
Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda,
And to our serious oaths, that we are pleased
With our own hand to blind our eyes, and not
Know what we understand. Here Giovanni
We pardon thee, and take from us in this,
More than our Dukedom, love her. As I part
With her, all thoughts of women fly fast from us.
Sanazarro, we forgive you. In your service
To this Princess merit it. Yet let not others
That are in trust and grace, as you have been,
By the example of our lenity,
Presume upon their sovereign's clemency.

A show.

All.
Long live great Cozimo.

Enter Caland. Petre.

Caland.
Sure the Duke is
In the giving vain they are so loud. Come on Spouse,
We have heard all, and we will have our boon too.

Cozimo.
What is't?

Caland.
That your Grace, in remembrance of
My share in a dance, and that I played your part
When you should have drunk hard, would get this Signiors grant
To give this Damsel to me in the Church,
For we are contracted; in it you shall do
Your Dukedom pleasure.

Cozimo.
How?

Calandr.
Why the whole race
Of such as can act naturally fools parts,
Are quite worn out, and they that do survive,
Do only zany us; and we will bring you,
If we die not without issue, of both sexes
Such chopping mirth-makers, as shall preserve
Perpetual cause of sport, both to your Grace,
And your posterity, that sad melancholy
Shall never approach you.

Cozimo.
   We are pleased in it,
   And will pay her portion. May the passage prove
Of what's presented, worthy of your love,
   And favour, as was aimed, and we have all
   That can in compass of our wishes fall.

The end.
Machine-generated castlist

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Textual Notes

The textual notes below aim at making textual corrections readable in their immediate context and facilitating access to the source text. A five-dit number preceded by 'A' or 'B' represents an EEBO-TCP filenumber. A notation like "6-b-2890" means "look for EEBO page image 6 of that text, word 289 on the right side of the double-page image." That reference is followed by the corrupt reading. A black dot stands for an unidentified letter, a black square for an unidentified punctuation mark, a diamond for a missing word, and the ellipsis for a short span of undefined length. The corrected reading is displayed as a keyword in context.

A07239-006-a-2350 {l'owe liberty to observe the distance And duty that [I owe] you .
A07239-008-a-2740 {impoi'd You forget The hast [impos'd] upon us .
A07239-015-a-2370 {crudities Raysins , 'tis a Feast , Must kill those [crudities] , rising from cold hearbs , With hot and
A07239-016-a-3230 (greaver subject to ease, and Sloath, That with no [greater] speed I have presented My service with your
A07239-021-a-0390 (wondredat apparant, You are no sooner seene, but [wondred at] ; The Signiors making it a businesse
A07239-022-a-2640 (endeyour I will use My best [endeavour] Sir.
A07239-025-a-1690 (salne I know not. And 'tis a punishment justly [falne] upon me For leaving truth, a constant Mistresse
A07239-030-a-0030 (corrafives all my watchings for you, VVith burning [corrasives] transforme her to An ugly Leper; and this
A07239-030-a-2780 (consine faith, Nay forfeit of thy head, we doe [confine] thee Close prisoner to thy Chamber, till
A07239-035-a-2980 (affectionayde Of her [affection ayde] me. This supplies The want of penne
A07239-036-a-2010 (what'tis; and turning Your eye from his offence ( [what 'tis I know not )
And I am confident, you
A07239-037-a-2920 (Ofhappines All encrease [Of happiness] wait on Cozimo.
A07239-037-b-0560 (knocele They all [kneele].