Names of the Persons.

- The King of Naples.
- The King of Sicily.
- The Prince of Naples.
- Vittori the Young Admiral.
- Alphonso his Father.
- Julio.
- Alberto.
- Fabio.
- Horatio
- Trivulsi
- Fabrichio
- Mauritio.
- Didimo a Page to Rosinda.
- Pazzorello a servant to Rosinda.
- Soldiers.
- Rosinda the daughter of Sicily.
- Cassandra Vittory's mistress.
- Flavia, Lady attendant on Rosinda.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE LORD BARKLEY, of Barkely Castle.

My Lord,

The many testimonies of your excellent nature, with so much furniture, and ornament of learning; have in the hearts of the knowing world erected monuments to your living fame,
and long since prepared my particular ambition to be known to you, that I, among other, whose more happy wits have gained by being only read under so noble a Patron, might by some timely application derive upon me your Lordship's influence. Be pleased my most honourable Lord to accept this Poem, till something of more high endeavour may present my service, yet let me not bar it the truth of this Character, it hath been grateful to the stage, and graciously entertained at Court by their Majesties, Now if your Lordship smile upon it in this address, and bid it welcome, it shall dwell with honour and security under your name, and the author glory to profess himself

My Lord

Your most humble Honourer,

JAMES Shirley.
THE YOUNG admiral.

The first Act.

_Enter Prince, and Alberto._

_Prince._

My Lord you're sad.

_Pr._

I am thinking, Alberto,

Of many things, have I not cause?

_Al._

You may

Think on 'em with less trouble.

_Pr._

But of all

What dost imagine most afflicts me? I'll

Prevent thy answer, I am not troubled

With the present threatenings of the Enemy,

With all his preparations to invade us.

_Al._

You have more confidence in Vittori, sent

To meet the insulting King, he has been fortunate

In many wars.

_Pr._

The wars consume Vittori,

He has been too fortunate.

_Al._

Your wishes ere

Against the common peace, if he prove not

A happy Admiral we are lost.

_Pr._

Be thou

And all thy name lost, and may no age

Find it again: how dare you interrupt us?

When we do want your Council, we'll call for you.

_Al._

I am gone sir.

_Enter julio._

_Pr._

My julio welcome,

What speaks Cassandra yet?
Iu.

Nothing to encourage you, the same obstinate thing
   Victory has her heart, she much condemns
The roughness which you mixed with your last courtship,
   She says your Father may command her life,
But you must be a stranger to her bosom.

Pr.

I was too rude at my last visit.

Iu.

Rather sir too tame.

Pr.

Have I for this drawn war upon my country,
   Neglected Sicily's Daughter, left a stain
Upon his Court, and paid his Entertainment
   With wounding one he loved?

Iu.

His favourite
   You had been less sir, than yourself to have suffered
His insolence, nor was't an act becoming
   His Master, to send hither to negotiate
A marriage for his Daughter, and when you
   So far engaged yourself upon a visit,
To permit any of his gaudy upstarts
   Affront your person.

Pr.

I acquit the King,
   'twas no state quarrel, high with wine he did
Throw some disgrace on our Italian Ladies,
   Whilst he would magnify some beauties there,
This he did second with a pride, and rudeness,
   My patience was not tame enough to suffer,
And careless of all danger I did punish him.

Iu.

'twas home and handsome.

Pr.

I must owe to fortune.

Iu.

For your return, she did but do her duty,
   To make it swift and happy.

Pr.

I confess the princess used me nobly, though my fancy
Was not surprised, for here I kept the image
Of fair Cassandra, whose divine beauty
Doth scorn all competition.

Iu.

Did you love Cassandra before you went to Sicily?

Pr.

Yes but with too much silence, and that love
Did make me apprehend more fiercely the
Occasion to break off all foreign treaty,
Horatio's fall, and my quitting the Country,
Upon't the king interprets a disgrace
To his daughter and himself, and in revenge
Hath added this new tempest to the Sea,
Meant to our ruin julio.

Iu.

All their fury
May soon be interrupted, if Vittory
Manage his business well.

Pr.

That's all my trouble.

Iu.

What?

Pr.

Vittory there's the devil on't, he may
Be fortunate and overcome.

Iu.

Can there
Be ill in that?

Pr.

Ill? thou art shallow, I
Made him not Admiral, but to engage
His youth and spirit, apt to fly on dangers,
To perish in his hot pursuit of honour,
If he come home with victory, my Father
And his wise state must give him thanks, the people
Giddily run, to meet the Conqueror,
And owe their lives, and safety to his triumph.
But where am I? what peace brings it to me?
What blessing is't to hear the general voice
Shoot their wild joys to heaven, and I in torment
Certain to lose my hopes in fair Cassandra?

Iu.
There may be ways at home to remove him,
And plant you in your wishes.

Pr.

It would be
Most happiness to hear his death.

Ju.

That may
Ruin a Kingdom.

Pr.

Ruin twenty more,
So I enjoy her first, nothing can be
Too precious to forfeit, I am mad,
And my desires by opposition grow
More violent.

Ju.

I thought your masculine soul
Less capable of vexation, shall a subject
Whom with your breath you may blow out o'th' world
Raise such a storm within you?

Pr.

No he sha'not,
I ha' found myself again, come I'll be merry,
But I will have Cassandra spite of fate?

Ju.

Resolve and have her.

Pr.

Stay, it were convenient
We did know how to do this julio.

Ju.

You're in the right sir, it were first indeed
Convenient to know how.

Pr.

Thou knowest his Father.

Ju.

signior Alphonso.

Pr.

A bold and daring Gentleman, all flame
When he is moved, and careless of a danger
To vindicate his honour.

Ju.

What of this?
Pr.
He shall bear the foundation of a plot,
To make me Lord of my desires.

Ju.
He’ll rather
Meet torture then consent, his arm is not
Yet withered, and while he can lift a sword,
He will employ it to revenge Vittori.

Pr.
Thou art no Politician julio.

Enter Fabio.
How now? what news with you?

Fa.
And please your grace
An humble creature of yours, proud of the least
Occasion to express how faithfully
My heart is fixed to serve you.

Pr.
what's your business?

In.
I have business of some consequence,
I had not been so bold else to disturb
Your Princely conference, for I durst never
Assume that impudent garb, that other courtiers
Are known by, my devotion has been still
To appear in modest services.

Pr.
To'th point.

Fa.
It were a point of deep neglect to keep
Your grace in expectation, yet delays
Make joys the sweeter, arrows that fly compass,
Arrive with as much happiness to the mark,
As those are shot pointblank?

Pr.
This Courtier loves
To hear himself talk, be not so impertinent,
We know your care.

Fa.
And cost my Lord sometimes,
For they that hold intelligence abroad
To benefit their country, must not make
Idols of their estates, and 'tis a happiness
To sell their fortunes for their Princes smile,
Which I am confident you will vouchsafe,
When you have heard my news.

Pr.
Would you would vouchsafe
To let us hear?

Fa.
Vouchsafe my Lord, alas!
You may command my tongue, my hands, my feet,
My head, I should account that limb superfluous
That would not be cut off to do you service.

Pr.
I do command thee silence, dost hear, silence,

Fa.
It is a virtue my good Lord I know,
But where the tongue has something to deliver,
That may delight a PRINCE's care, and so forth.

Ju.
Now there's some hope, he's come to his, and so forth.

Fa.
The news concerns the Admiral Vittori.

Pr.
What of him, is he slain?

Fa.
The stars forbid, he is returned my Lord,
Triumphant, brave, and glorious —

Pr.
Be dumb.
Another syllable, I'll ha thy tongue out,
And leave no root, lest there grow out another,
Was all your circumstance for this?

Ju.
My Lord!
You are too open breasted, let this fellow
See into your heart, wise-men disguise their counsels
Till things are ripe.

Pr.
Begun, pox o'your legs
And the curse ha' not been before, yet stay,
Give order that no man go forth to meet him
Until our pleasure further known, command
The Governor o'th' City place a guard
About the gates, let no man's face appear
Without the walls, the King our father means
To salute him first in person, d'ye stand.

Fa.
Give order that no man go forth to meet him,
I shall my Lord.

Pr.
He shall be entertained,
I feel new armies in my breast,
His father
Enter Alphonso.
Thine care julio.

Ju.
I shall attend you straight
My honourable Lord.

Al.
Your servant julio
Where is the Prince? I beg your grace's pardon.

Pr.
O my good Lord, your son I hear's returned
With honour, has defeated the Sicilian
Bravely.

Al.
He has and please your highness, heaven
Has smiled upon his undertaking, it
renews my youth to hear it.

Pr.
He had good soldiers,
But all their valour still conspires to make
The general a garland, he must wear
The conquering bays, whose blood soever pays for't.

Al.
My Lord.

Pr.
Nay, nay I envy not his victory.

Al.
You envy him, it was your cause he fought,
And for his Country.

Pr.
Right, and 'tis the cause
That often prospers, that without his valour
Would ha' defenced itself.
Al.
If all virtue
Were left to her own protection, my Lord,
Unarmed with strength and policy, best states
Would find shrewd innovations.

Pr.
You had best
Tell me I lie.

Al.
I dare not think so fouly.

Pr.
You're a traitor,
*Enter julio with a Guard.*
Lay hands on him.

Al.
He that shall dare to say Alphonso is
A traitor, let his veins partake no blood
Of yours, and he shall curse he had a tongue.

Pr.
Disarm the rebel, and to prison with him.

Al.
Ingrateful Prince.

Exit.

Pr.
I'll tame your ruffian spirit.
So, so, I'll now acquaint my father julio,
Who must allow my act, diseases that
Are desperate require a rugged handling,
This is for thee Cassandra!

Exit.
*Enter Vittori, Maurition, Captain and Soldiers.*

Vi.
Stand.

1. Stand. 2 Stand. 3 Stand.

Vi.
The King received intelligence!

Ma.
Our ships
Must needs report that loud enough.

Vi.
'Tis strange,
Is it not possible we have mistaken
The shore, transported with our naval victory,
Speak gentlemen! or do we dream?

Ma.
Those walls
Are certainly the same, and that the City
Peopled when we launched forth, and full of prayers
For our success.

Ca.
It may be they reserve
Their welcome till we march into the City.

Ma.
They may have some conceit.

Vi.
A general silence
Like night dwells round about us, and no sign
That men inhabit, have we won at Sea
To lose ourselves upon the Land? or in
Our absence hath some monster landed here
And made it desolate, devoured the Natives,
And made 'em creep into the earth again?

Ma.
They might salute us with one piece of ordnance.

Vi.
They cannot take us for their enemies,
Captain inquire the cause, let none else move;
Yet stay, unless it be some strange mortality,
And yet that cannot be, have we brought home
Their safety purchased through so many horrors,
And is this all the payment for our conquest?
To shut the gates upon us.

Cap.
Force them open
With the cannon, shake their walls about their ears,
They are asleep.

Vi.
For such another rashness
Thy head shall be the bullet of that cannon,
And shot into the town; go to! be temperate,
As I grudge none the merit of their valour,
I must hear none so bold.

Cap.
I ha' done sir.

Vi.
Subjects are bound to fight for princes, they
Not bound to the reward of every service,
I look upon thee now fighting at sea,
And have forgot this error, give no breath
To such a thought hereafter. Honour pays
Double where Kings neglect, and he is valiant
Truly that dares forget to be rewarded.

1. So.

This is but cold comfort for a knapsack man.

Vi.
And yet 'tis strange the King should thus neglect us,
This is cheap entertainment for a conqueror
Is't not Maurilio? misery of Soldiers
When they have sweat blood for their country's honour,
They stand at others mercy.

Ma.
They have slept since
And dreamt not of our sufferings.

Vi.
Is the Prince
Alive, to whom we owe our Countries quarrel
The difference of both Kingdoms?
Our war and fortunes justify his act
Can he be guilty of this shame? no more,
There's something would fain mutiny within me,
Strangle the snakes betime Vittori — so
This was a way to forfeit all our fames;
Fold up your Ensigns throw off all the pride
That may express a triumph, well march on
As we had over bought our victory.

Ma.
The gates are opened now, and we discover
A woman by her veil, in mourning habit,
Coming this way

Vi.
Alone? more strange and fatal,
It may be 'tis my genius come to give
A melancholy warning of my death,
As Brutus had from his, I'll stand my destiny,
Yet bearing the resemblance of a woman
It will less terrify, who should this be?
Enter Cassandra veiled in mourning.
Lady your garment speaks you a sad woman,
Griefs should salute no nearer, if it were
In poor Vittory's power to dispossess you
Of any sorrow.

Cass.
O my dear Vittori!
My wishes aim at none beside.

Vi.
Cassandra?
We are rewarded, had Vittori taken
Into his body a thousand wounds, this kiss
Had made me well again, or but one drop
Of this rich balsam, for I know thy tears
Are joy to see Vittori safe, the King
With all the glories of his Province cannot
Do half this honour to his Admiral,
I have a place above all happiness,
And meet a greater empire in thy love
Then fame or victory hath ever boasted,
My own my best Cassandra!

Cas.
Call again
That temper, which hath made Vittori honoured
And if my tears which carry something more
Than joy to welcome home, my best loved Lord
Affect you with no sadness, which I wish not,
Yet look upon this mourning not put on
To counterfeit a grief, and that will tell you
There is necessity for you to know
Somewhat to check the current of your triumph.

Ma.
What prodigies are these?

Vi.
I was too careless
Of this sad habit, joy to see thy face
Made me distinguish nothing else, proceed
And punish my too prodigal embraces,
It is not fit I be in one thought blessed
And thou in such a Livery.

Ca.
When you say
You have strength enough to entertain the knowledge
Of such an injury.

**Vi.**

If it only point
At me, speak it at once, I am collected,
shalt see I will be conqueror at home,
If it concern thyself, let it not flow
Too fast, but rather let my ear receive it
By such degrees as may not kill too soon,
But leave me some life only to revenge it.

**Ca.**

The Prince whose cause engaged your war abroad,
Hath ill rewarded you at home.

**Vi.**

He cannot!

**Ca.**

Sir in your absence I have suffered for you,
Hourly solicited to my dishonour.

**Vi.**

Ha!

**Ca.**

For though he called it love; I might suspect it,
His personal visits, messengers, rich presents
Left me not quiet to enjoy myself.
I told him I had given my faith already,
Contracted yours, impatient of my answers,
He urged his greatness, swear he would enjoy me,
Or be no Prince in Naples, I am yet
Preserved, and welcome home my dearest safety.

**Vi.**

The Prince do this!

**Ca.**

This is but half the story,
By his command none dare salute your victory,
Or pour their glad hearts forth at your return,
To these he hath newly added the dishonour of
Your father, whom he hath commanded close
Prisoner i’th’ Castle, upon some pretence
Of treason, in my eyes you may behold
How people shed their sorrow, as the guard
Led him to prison, none so bold to ask
The cause that made him suffer in his misery.

**Vi.**
Will the King suffer this?

Ca.
Alas his age
Hath made him tame, a too indulgent father
To such a son, whose will is all the law,
Controlling what he pleases in this fall
Of justice; which way will Vittori take?

Vi.
Mauricio didst hear this? we must ask
Forgiveness that we have been valiant,
Repent our duties, and that victory
We bought so dear, we should have died at sea,
And then perhaps been talked on in the crowd
Of honest men, for giving up our lives,
Which for our service they may now take from us,
We are not yet i'th' snare, and we have power
To stifle their designs, and prevent our
Dishonourable fall.

Ma.
The soldiers hearts
Are yours.

Vi.
No Mauricio let 'em be the Kings,
If such as they forget their office, we
Must keep our thoughts unstained, I'll to the King,
But without any train.

Ma.
In this you do not
Consult your safety.

Vi.
Safety is a lecture
To be read to Children, I do always carry
My own security within, Mauricio,
Yet do not think I am desperate, I'll take
No knowledge of the PRINCE's action
But give account of my engagement, that's
Not much amiss, the King I know is gracious
And the Prince too, however passion play
This rebel in our soul.

Ma.
You sha'not need sir,
The King is coming hither.

Vi.
And the Prince,
let's all look smooth, the King is come himself
To gratulate our success.

Enter King of Naples, Prince, julio, Fabio, Alberto.
You too much honour
The poor Vittori, who at your feet lays
His heart and victory, and that which gave
Him power to do you service.

King.
We receive it,
And here discharge your soldiers, who shall taste
Of our particular bounty.

Omnès Sol.
Heaven preserve the King.

Exit. Sol.

Pr.
Sirrah did not I give strict charge
That none should pass the gates, how came she hither?

Fab.
No man and like your grace, I did remember
And durst not prevaricate in one syllable
Of my Commission, she is a Lady sir.

Pr.
You wood be an officious hangman I perceive,
I'll find you understanding.

Vi.
Let me prostrate
My duty to your highness, and be honoured
To kiss your hand.

Pr.
Vittori I'll not flatter
I have no grace for him, whose father durst
Attempt an insolence upon my person,
Which the son may be guilty of in his blood.

Vi.
My father insolent, and I guilty sir,
Because I share his blood? o that I knew
In what part of my veins to find those drops,
That I might sacrifice to your anger,
And expiate my Father's sin!

Pr.
I came not to expostulate.

Vi.
Is this all my reward?

*Pr.*  
Your valour has  
Been paid in the success, what you have done  
Was duty, if you have not mixed our cause  
With private and particular revenge.  

*Vi.*  
You speak not this to me sir.

*Pr.*  
Yes to you,  
We do not fear the bugbears in your forehead,  
You will hear more.  

*Exeunt Prince, julio.*  

*Vi.*  
Sir you have mercy in you.  

*Kin.*  
You have displeased our son Vittori.  

*Vi.*  
I? witness the Angels.  

*Ki.*  
I must tell you too,  
Your father has transgressed beyond example.  

*Vi.*  
Good heaven forgive him, is this all,  
All my reward?  

*Ki.*  
What would you ask.  

*Vi.*  
Ask — why — I ask my father.  

*Ki.*  
Your father?  

*Exit King, Alb. Fab.*  

*Vi.*  
Goodness leave me not the wonder  
Of all mankind; gentlemen all gone.  

*Ca.*  
Alas Vittori.  

*Vi.*
I that commanded thousands
This morning am not owner of one servant.
Dost thou stay with me?

Ca.
My prophetic soul
Knew this before.

Enter King, Alberto, Fabio.

Vi.
The King returns, Cassandra.

Ki.
We ha' thought upon't Vittori, and without
The Council of our son, will condescend
To your Father's liberty, he is yours upon
Condition, you and he, and this your Mistress
Go into present banishment.

Vi.
How! banishment?

Ki.
I run my son's distaste
There is no time for study, he affects
That Lady, if you stay something may follow,
To th' general repentance, troth I pity thee,
Here take our signet, time and absence may
Correct all.

Exit King cum caeteris suis.

Ca.
O embrace it dear Vittori,
We shall meet safely everywhere but here,
Enlarge your Father, and we cannot miss
A happier fate.

Vi.
Can my Cassandra think so?
That word shall make me live a little longer,
But these are strange turns Madam, Naples hath
No dwellings for us, when we are quit of these,
We'll with our grief make tame some wilderness.

Exit.

The second Act.

Enter King, Prince, Alberto, Fabio.

King.
what's to be done?

Pr.
Done, you're undone all,
Betrayed the Crown you wear, I see it tremble
Upon your head, give such a licence to
A Rebel, trust him abroad to gather
Strength to the kingdom's ruin.

King.
What can such
A naked man attempt to make us fear?

Pr.
He carries with him a whole army sir
The people's love, who want no giddiness
Had they but opportunity, and such
A master Rebel as Vittori, to
Make spoil of all, who counselled him to this.

Al.
Not I and please your grace, I wish it heartily
Undone.

Pr.
You wish it sir, are wishes now
The remedy for such a mischief, you
When the state bleeds, will wish it well again;
You're fine court Surgeons, had you stayed his Father
It might have checked his treason, or Cassandra.

Al.
That's his torment.

Pr.
We had been secure,
Exasperated now with his affront,
As never traitor wanted impudence
To blanch o'er his rebellion, he may inflame
The Neighbour Princes, to conspire some war
For his revenge.

Fa.
his grace says right, there may
Be a consequence of much danger, and Vittori
Has fame abroad.

Ki.
I did it for the best,
By his absence thinking to remove his anger,
I could have been content, to have honoured him,
For to say truth, his services did challenge
More friendly payment.

_Fa._

To say truth, he was

A noble valiant gentleman, and deserved

_Pr._

What deserved he?

_Fa._

A halter, and shall please

Your Highness, I did wonder at your patience

He was not put to death.

_Pr._

I must acknowledge,

Vittori has deserved for many services,

The love and honour of his country, fought

Their battles, and brought conquest home, made tame

The Seas that threatened us, secured the Land,

And Rome allowed some Consuls for less Victories,

Triumphs, and Statues.

_Fa._

Most excellent Prince

How just he is.

_Pr._

But when opinion

Of their own merit swells 'em into pride,

Which sets a price of that, which modesty

Should count an act of their obedience,

They forfeit the reward of thanks and honour,

And betray poor and most vainglorious souls,

Scipio, and Antony, and other Romans,

Deserved well of the Senate, and were honoured,

But when they ran to faction, and pursued

Ambitious ends to undo their country's peace,

They were no longer Patriots, but declared

Rome's poison, and like gangrenes on the state

To be cut off, lest they corrupt the body.

_Fa._

Was ever Prince so wise!

_Ki._

But son, son, how

Can these stains reach Vittori? he hath given

No argument to suspect his fall from Loyalty.

_Pr._

I do not sir accuse him, nor did I
More than became the spirit of a Prince,
Show I was sensible of his Father's impudence,
If you remember, when I urged what trespass
His Father had committed, he urged aloud,
Was this all his reward, as if his service
Were obligation to make us suffer,
And justify their affronts, but I waste breath
Since you are so well pleased, my duty sir
Shall speak me still your Son, but let me take
Boldness to prophesy their insolence
Struck at my person first, but you will find
Their pride reach higher, I am but a branch
Superfluous, and may be pruned away,
You have you say, no argument to suspect
His fall from Loyalty, if what's done to me
Be dead within you, yet remember now
You have disengaged by exile his relation
And tie of subject, he owes now no faith to you,
What that, and his disgrace and opportunity
Abroad may frame him to, I leave, to imagine.

Ki.
Nay prithee come back, thou hast awaked me,
I find my rashness, I did never think
There had been so much danger, we will study
Timely prevention, let 'em be called back,
Fly after 'em, and in our name command.

Pr.
You sha'not need.

Ki.
How sha'not need?

Pr.
Your pardon,
In hope your wisdom would allow it, after
I have made that my act, julio is gone
With strict commission for that purpose.

King
julio?
I thank thy care.

Fa.
I was most divinely thought on, most maturely.
Now all your jealousies are laid.

Pr.
I shall
Compose myself at his return, to wear
What countenance you will direct.

Ki.
Cassandra
you've sent for too.

Pr.
By any means, she is
So precious to Vittori, had she sinned
Alone to merit banishment, he would follow her
Through all the world.

Ki.
Women are strangely attractive,
Fame speaks her virtuous too.

Fr.
Some virtue she has —

Enter Julio, Alphonso, guarded.

Julio has prospered,
thou'st done good service,
Alphonso though your late affront to us
Be foul in its own nature, and may encourage
Others by your impunity, yet we have
With the remembrance of your former actions
Lost your offence, Vittori too shall find
The honour he deserves.

Al.
How's this?

Pr.
Where is he?
He does not scorn our mercy; julio,
Where is Cassandra?

julio.
Shipped with Vittori, thank Alphonso for't
Whom you have pardoned, they are both at Sea.

Pr.
Whirl winds pursue 'em.

Ki.
Where's your son Alphonso?

Al.
Embarked with his fair Mistress, I observe
My Lord which way your anger moves, in vain
You vex your soul for them, the Sea's no part
Of your command, the winds are masters there,
Which cannot raise a storm so black and ominous,
As their own country.

Pr.

By what means escaped they?

Alp.
Take it from me, and after cut my head off,
I charged him as his heart wished to enjoy
A Father’s blessing, as he loved the honour
Of his Cassandra, fearing some new plot
To hire a Bark, and quickly put to Sea,
Whilst I made some stay to dispose affairs,
That might befriend us in another country,
He did obey and had my prayers, the winds
Conveyed him swiftly from the shore, and had
Your creature julio not made such haste,
I had dispatched, and in another vessel
Followed his ship, but heaven determined I
Should be again your prisoner, use your power
But look to give account for every hair
Of this old head, now withered in your service.

Pr.

To the Castle with him.

Al.
ay, there’s the King,
Let me use one word more Royal sir, to you.

Pr.

You'll hear him.

Al.
Fear not Prince, my soul’s not fallen
So low to beg compassion.

Ki.

Speak Alphonso?

Al.
My duty still preserved, I would advise
Your age to quit the trouble of your Kingdom,
And ask the PRINCE’s leave to turn a Capuchin,
Why should you stoops with burden of such a state,
And have a son so active, turn friar, my Lord,
And make the young man King.

Pr.

I must endure.
Ki.
    Away with him.

Fab.
    I'll see him safe my Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

Pr.
    What hasty news with you.

Mess.
    To Arms great sir for your defence, there are
    New dangers from the Sea.

Kin.
    Another Fleet?

Mes.
    And sailing this way, we suspect they are
    Sicilians.

Ki.
    Vittori gave a blow to their design.

Pr.
    d'ye but suspect it villain?

JU.
    It may be
    Some scattered ships.

Pr.
    Has not Vittori mocked us,
    And played the villain with your trust.

Ki.
    They could not be reinforced so soon, what number?

Mes.
    They cover sir the seas.

Pr.
    Gather up forces to
    Prevent the landing.

Mes.
    'Tis impossible?
    They touch our shore by this time.

Ki.
    Then make safe
    The City.
Al.
   It may be another fleet, meant to relieve
   The first, and came not forth so soon.

Ki.
   Now we want Vittori.

Exit.

Pr.
   All the diseases Naples ever groaned with
   o'er take Vittori, but Alphonso shall
   Pay dearly for this mischief.

Iu.
   Be not sir
   Dejected, 'tis more easy to defend
   At home, then thrive in foreign war, these men
   Will find as proud resistance.

Pr.
   Canst thou think
   I do look pale for this? no julio,
   Although the sudden news might move me somewhat
   I have a heart above all fear, and can
   Know no distraction but Cassandra's absence,
   That makes me look so wild, and tears my brain
   With the imagination.

Iu.
   But the state
   We are in requires you should be active sir.

Pr.
   Ah julio, the armies which I fear
   Are not abroad, they have made entrenchment here.

Exit.

A shout within, Enter the King of Sicily, Horatio, Trivulsi, Fabricchio.

Hor.
   Though Naples do not bid you welcome sir
   ashore, the joys and duties of your subjects
   Cannot be silent.

Ki.
   We do thank you all,
   The seas were kind, and the winds kissed our sails.
   All things conspired to our revenge.

Tr.
   Your justice
   Our very enemies acknowledge it,
   And conscious of their injury, are afraid
To look upon us.

_**Ki.**_

Marshal of the field
Give present order for entrenchments.
we'll quarter here, you shall make good that part
With your horse troops, and plant Canons on that hill,
To play upon the town, Naples shall find
We did not venture all upon one stake,
That petty loss at sea which made them triumph,
And perhaps careless of more opposition
Shall dear be accounted for, beside
Dishonouring our Daughter, and our Court
By such a rude departure.

_**Hor.**_

As they had
Scorned your alliance.

_**Ki.**_

Thy particular
Sufferings Horatio, and wounds are put
Into the scale.

_**Hor.**_

They are not worthy sir,
Had his sword reached my heart, my death had been
No sin compared to that affront he threw,
Upon yourself and Daughter, I was bound
To engage that blood was given me to serve you,
And I do love those drops that in a cause
So just made haste to show their duty to you
Better than those that dwell within my heart.

_**Ki.**_

We are confident of thy loyalty.

_**Tr.**_

The Princess.

Enter Rosinda and Flavia.

_**Ki.**_

Alas Rosinda thou wert not bred to these
Tumults and noise of war, has not the sea
Impaired thy health, I was too rash to allow
Thy travail, and expose thy tenderness
To this rude voyage.

_**Ro.**_

It appears to me
A pleasant change of air, I have heard men talk
Of many horrors that attend the seas
Of tempests, and of dangers, I have seen
Nothing to fright me, if the waves put on
No other shape, I could exchange methinks
My dwelling on the land.

Ho.
We owe this happiness
To you fair Princess, for whose safer passagê
The breath of heaven did gently swell our sails,
The waves were proud to bear so rich a lading,
And danced to th' music of the winds.

Ro.
You show
Your compliment my Lord, call you this Naples?

Kî.
The kingdom of our enemy which shall groan for the inhabitants. Are all our forces Landed?

Tr.
Safe to your wishes, and expect
What they shall be commanded.

King.
We must first
Secure the ground we have, being defenced
With works, we may prevent their sallies, and
Assault to our best advantage, still preserve
Thy courage my Rosinda, 'tis for thee
We have adventured hither.

Ros.
And you have
Been kind to the petition of your daughter,
Who can in duty wait upon your fortune
At home, I should have withered in your absence,
I shall grow valiant here.

Kî.
My dearest child,
Whose very eyes do kindle flames of courage
In every soldier, be still safe, and promise
thyself a brave revenge.

Fla.
What will become of us Madam?

Ro.
We must take our fortunes, I am sorry
For thee.
You have some reason for yourself, if any danger follow I know where to place the cause, but I dare suffer with your grace,

Enter Paz. and Page.

Passerello Madam, and the Page

He's come in good time to relieve our thoughts.

Madam.

Come pluck up a good heart.

‘Tis coming out as fast as it can, sweet Didimo hold my head.

Come, ‘tis but a little sea sickness.

sea-sick quotha — a vengeance of all drunken voyages,

I can do nothing but —

How now Pazzorello?

O Madam, never did man cast up so much, and had so little skill in Arithmetic, nothing grieves me, but I have not drunk for't. I have a perpetual motion in my belly, the four winds are together by the ears in my small guts, would I had never known the Sea, little did I think — o —

Thou art a fresh water soldier.

Fresh water? I know not, be judge by the whole ship,

If I was not in a sweet pickle.

The worst is past; this is but physic.

If I had thought the sea would have given me so many vomits, I would have seen it burned, ere I would ha' ventured so far, I ha' purged both ways, and the enemy had met us before we landed, I should have scoured some on 'em.
Pa.
   How do you now?

Paz.
   The fit is not so violent altogether, a shipboard I run atilt, howsoever I beseech your grace,
   that I may go home again.

Ro.
   There is no way by land.

Pag.
   And a little more jogging at sea —

Paz.
   The very word Sea, boils in my stomach, and will make my mouth run over presently —
   ho it comes, it comes.

Exit.

Pag.
   Madam I have a great desire to attend him,
   I have cast a plot to make your, highness merry.

Ros.
   You'll play the wag with him, we'll trust you to pursue it

Pa.
   I humbly thank your grace.

Exit.

Ros.
   Flavia does not the day look black o'th sudden,

Fla.
   It has not the same complexion, I hear
   A noise too.

Ro.
   From the sea it grows loud.

Fla.
   'Tis well we are ashore, o me I tremble
   To think what would be come on's, and we had
   Not been afore this tempest, I thank providence
   I was upon the Sea once in a storm,
   But they use to clap the women under hatches,
   I never prayed so in my life; the King!

Enter King Horatio, Trivulsi, Fabricio.

Ki.
   I know not what to think, no sooner Landed,
But such a storm pursue us, does not this
Affright Rosinda into paleness? dost
Not feel an ague?

Ro.
I have rather cause
Sir to rejoice, it overtook us not
Upon the sea, the fury of it there
Might have been fatal.

Hor.
Be not troubled sir,
My soul doth from this omen prophesy
The victory you wish upon this kingdom,
Nor is it superstition to believe,
That heaven doth point us out the scourge to Naples,
By seconding our coming with a tempest;
The waves were proud to entertain our Navy:
The fish in amorous courtship danced about
Our ship, and no rude gale from any coast
Was sent to hang upon our linen wings,
To interrupt our wishes, not a star
Muffled his brightness in a sullen cloud,
Till we arrived, and then observe how heaven
Threatens the fall of this proud enemy,
By this prodigious tempest, which but gives
Them warning of a greater.

Ki.
We are confident
Thou hast happily expounded, what lightning
Darts from those angry exhalations.

Ho..
It speaks the flame of our revenge.

Ki.
What thunder?

Ho.
The loudness of our cannon, let their fears
Apply it, and run mad with apprehension.

Tri.
Our ships must needs fall foul on one another,
Riding i’th’ haven.

Ho.
Let ’em crack their ribs,
We have the more necessity to tug for’t.

Ki.
Yet would thou wert at home.

Ros.
Fear not for me sir,
Your absence would present my imagination
With more affliction, I suffer less
In knowledge, and shall rise by brave examples,
Valiant above my sex, these horrors fright
Not me.

Ki.
This fire will quicken the whole army.
Soldiers pursued by Vittori, Cassandra half dead under his arm.
What mutiny is here?

Vi.
Base villains, to take part
With all the malice of the world against me.

Ki.
What are you?

Vi.
I am a Gentleman, and dare
Rather than suffer a rude hand divorce
This burden from my arms, defy you all.
Alas she will be gone, o my Cassandra
Thy soul sha'not forsake thee thus, I'll take it
In with a kiss.

Tr.
Some whom the wrack has cast
Upon the shore.

Ro.
Pity the gentlewoman.

Vi.
Come not too near, the man that first attempts
This Lady, had better rip his mother's womb.

Ki.
Whence are you?

Vi.
You are strangers I perceive,
Than I presume to tell you, I have more justice,
To tread upon this earth, than you, or any
The proudest, it once gave us birth, and fate
Ungentle fate, hath sent us back to die here,
But I will not outlive my dear Cassandra.

Ki.
Do you delight in wounds, resign that Lady.

Vi.
Not while my hand can manage this, the blood
You take, will make us walk on even pace
To death, and when my soul can stay no longer,
I'll leave a curse to blast you, but if you
Bear hearts of flesh about you, and will promise
A pity to this poor departing Spirit
I will not use a sword, but give my life
To be commanded from me at your pleasure,
Your care will come too late.

Ki.
I promise by
The word and honour of a King, she shall
Be carefully attended.

Vi.
Though that name
Breed wonder in me, it secures all thoughts
That may concern her safety.

Ki.
See Rosinda
With as much diligence to this lady's health,
As you'd preserve your own.

Hor.
An excellent creature!

Ki.
My faith is past,
Now if you please you may acquaint us with
Your name and quality,

Vi.
Something on the sudden
Weighs my heart lower, I ha' not power to thank him.

Ki.
Already you have expressed yourself this Country man,
Be more particular.

Vi.
My name's Vittori.

Ki. Hor.
The Admiral of Naples?

Vi.
It was a title!
I had too late, and lost it for my service;
I cannot conjure up the dead to witness,
There be some living that remember me,
It was my chance to have the best at sea,
Against the bold Sicilian.

Ki.

A chance sayst?

Vi.

Few victories can boast more, all is but
The die of War, which valour must obey,
My lot was to bring peace, and triumph home,
And my reward was banishment, the sea
Held me a sinful burden to the waves,
Or else the blood I shed to mix 'em,
In anger and revenge conspired to throw
Our Bark, with the distressed lading backe
Upon this flinty bosom of your Country,
You have at full my misery, be just
To that poor Lady, whatsoever I suffer.

Ki.

Your fame was with us earlier, entertain him,
They disarm Vittori.
You are welcome man, there's cause we should
Be kind to you.

Vi.

Will a King stain his honour?

Ki.

Know miserable man, thy destinies
Have made thee his, that will exact severe
Account for many lives, most happy storm,
Thy master too shall find a punishment
Great as his pride, how fortunate we are!

Vi.

I ask no mercy for myself, be kind
To that poor Lady, as you're a Prince, and I
Will kiss my fate.

Ki.

We violate no promise made to her,
Though torment make thee curse thyself, blessed heavens?
You shall pay dear for all.

Vi.

O my Cassandra,
When at the expense of all my blood, I have bought
Thy precious life from these hard hearted men,
Shed one tear on me; and I am paid again.

*Exeunt.*

**The third Act.**

*Pag.*

You should have thought of this afore.

*Paz.*

I did think, and think on't again, but there was necessity of going with the princess, or losing my place at court, when she came back, prithee sweet Didimo council me, I shall ne'er endure these bouncing of guns, happy are they that can destroy gunpowder, without offence in their mustering, soldiers may talk, but there's neither wit nor honesty in making so many cripples, yet I would give one of my legs to have the t'other secured, I care not which, cowards are commonly creatures of understanding, would I had purged away my soul at sea, there had been peace among the Haddocks.

*Pag.*

Come, I have a trick to save thee harmless, thou shalt entreat to be gentleman of a company.

*Paz.*

Shall I? what's that?

*Pag.*

A singular privilege I can tell you, o the right hand file, do not you know't.

*Paz.*

A right handed file.

*Pag.*

There's no honour like it, I'll not give a rush to be an officer, your Gentleman of a company marches in the van.

*Paz.*

Van what's that?

*Pag.*

The bullets first salute him, he goes up to the mouth of a cannon, he lies perdieu.

*Paz.*

perdieu?

*Pag.*

More glory than to command an army, to lie two hours upon his belly in the field, and dig a hole for his chin, when the bullets whisper in both his ears, whize; to be trod upon by
horses, and scorn to reveal himself, sometimes to be snatched up by a party of firelocks, or if he fight to be cut into honourable collops, or his limbs strewed about the field, which found by a sutler's wife, is sod for the knapsack men, and goes currant for camp mutton, my father was a Captain, and I have heard him tell brave storeys of these gentlemen of companies.

Paz.

And thou Wouldst ha' me one of these gentlemen.

Pa.

By any means.

Paz.

Have the bullets first salute me lie perdue as you call it, and be cut into honourable collops, or have my haunches sod by a sutler's wife, and pass for Camp mutton, this is the preferment you wish me to M. Didimo.

Pag.

You shall be in no danger, I have but told you what fortunes other men have met withal, you shall be secure and march in the van.

Paz.

and come up to the mouth of a cannon.

Pag.

'Tis my meaning.

Paz.

Which if I do, I'll give the cannon leave to eat me.

Pag.

Dost thou think I would advise thee any thing for thy hurt.

Paz.

Hurt, no no, these are but flea-bitings, to have my limbs strewed about the field, or so.

Pag.

Come, I love thee, and will give thee proof, thou hast got money in thy service, put thy body in equipage, and beg of the princess to be one of these brave fellows, I will put thee into a way, to get everlasting fame, and not a hair of thy head shall be the worse for't, thou shalt come off.

Paz.

My head shall come off.

Pag.

Thy whole body triumphant, my Rosicler, and live to make Nations stand a tiptoe to hear thy brave adventures, thy head shall be enchanted and have a proof beyond the musty
morion, didst never hear of men that have been sick and shot free, with bodies no bullets could pierce.

_Paz._

that's by witchcraft.

_Pag._

thou'st hit the nail boy, I will procure this feat done for thee, fear nothing, but be very secret, thy head shall be an anvil, and break all the swords that light upon't, and for the shot, thy breath shall damp a Cannon, it shall fall off like one of thy buttons.

_Paz._

If this could be compassed, I should love witches the better while I live.

_Pag._

Here's my hand, something shall be done, but put on a brave outside of resolution for the credit on't, that the world may believe 'tis thy valour puts thee upon desperate actions from which a charm shall bring thee off, or the devil shall nay to somebody, here's the Princess.

_Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Flavia._

Look high and let me hear how you'll deserve the benefit.

_Cas._

Madam I know not in what language to
Express those humble thanks my soul is full of,
It shall be justice, you command this life
You have preserved

_Ros._

We should have forfeited
   Humanity, not to have relieved you
   In such distress.

_Enter Horatio._

_Ho._

Shall I not trespass madam
Beyond your mercy, by this bold
   Intrusion?

_Ro._

My Lord you're welcome.

_Ho._

Your grace honours me, but to you lady
I am directed.

_Cas._

To me noble sir.

_Paz._

We shall be rusty here for want of use,
O for an action of battery, I long
To fight pell-mell with somebody.

Ro.
    Pazzorello.

Pag.
    He's grown most strangely valiant.

Fla.
    How he looks?

Paz
    Madam I have an humble suit to your highness.

Ro.
    To me? you're like to prosper in't.

Paz.
    I beseech you I may not be a Common Soldier, I would cross the seas for something, let me be gentleman of a company, and let the bullets fly as fast as they can.

Ros.
    I must confess you ask a place of honour, but of danger.

Paz.
    Danger's an Ass, o that I were to fight
    With the General now for two crowns!

Fla.
    A mighty wager!

Pag.
    He means both the kingdoms.

Paz.
    I would desire no more than my finger against his musket. If we make no assault presently against the walls, I shall go near to mutiny, and kill two or three of our own Captains.

Ro.
    This he that was sea-sick?

Paz.
    O there is no honour, like to marching in the van! I'll not give a rush for a man that wonot lie Perdue half a year together, and come up to the teeth of a cannon.

Pag.
    To the canon's mouth, I speak by a figure.
Now you talk of the mouth; 'twill eat every day this leaguer four and twenty cannon bullets buttered, and as many Spanish Pikes for sparrowgrass: their steel points will fortify my stomach; I will kill my hundred men an hour for a twelvemonth together.

_Fla._

You'll not have men enough to conquer.

_Pag._

When the men are all dead i'th' town, he'll lie with all the women, and get as many more, rather than want enemies.

_Paz._

O how I could demolish man woman and child now!

_Ro._

I see your spirit, and must cherish it; I'll speak to my Lord; you may have your desire, but be not seen in't for your honour.

_Paz._

He's here indeed, Didimo when shall I be bewitched, and the devil do not put me in good security?

_Pag._

Trust me for that, let's leave 'em about it.

_Hor._

Can you be cruel Lady to that man,  
That offers you his heart?

_Cas._

Alas my Lord
You ask mine in exchange, and I have made it  
A gift already to Vittori, while  
He lives he must possess it, as you're noble  
Prosecute this no further.

_Hor._

I have done,  
Vittori then must die.

_Enter King of Sicily Trivulsi, Fabrichio_  

_Kin._

Horatio,  
Command your prisoner be brought to us presently.

_Hor._

I shall sir.

_Exit_  

_Cas._

As you are a King, I beg your mercy
To poor Vittori.

Ro.
I petition too
For her desires.

Ki.

Unless he will be cruel to himself,
His fate smiles on him, does he love you Lady.

Cas.
Great sir, we are one soul, life cannot be
So precious as our loves.

Ki.

You shall preserve him, Rosinda.

Ro.
I obey.

Exit.

Ki.

Leave, as thy health
Is but a prologue to his blessing, that
Paper speaks our intention, you shall
Present it, if he be wise his judgement
Will meet our purpose, what we lost at sea,
We enable him to satisfy by a second
Proof of his courage, and propound not only
Life, and his liberty, but so great an honour
As next our title, there is left no glory
To equal it.

Cas.

You're all bounty.

Ki.

There are some
Conditions, if you find him cool, you may
Apply what argument you find to warm
His resolutions, here he is, I leave you.

Enter Vittori. Horatio.

Vi.

I wait sir your command.

Ki.

She will instruct you

Horatio. Exeunt. King and Hor.

Vi.

Enjoys my best Cassandra perfect health,
The King is just, and I have not enough
With this poor life to satisfy.

Ca.

Vittori
we now begin our happiness, the King
Has been so gracious.

Vi.

All that's good reward him,
To see thee safe and smile, I writ my ambition.

Ca.

When you peruse that paper, you will find
How much we owe to providence, it was
The king's command I should deliver it,
The words were of such comfort that came with it,
I must be confident you'll thank him for it.

Vi

What should this be?

Reads. Noble Vittori, we know you are a Soldier, and present you not with naked pity
of your fortune, what some Prince would take away we have purpose to cherish, your
life enjoy yourself, and with it the Command of all our Forces. Naples ingratitude, if you
have put no false shape upon your injuries, may be argument enough to your revenge
and justice. Be our Soldier, fight against your Country, so with one valour, you punish
them, and make us satisfaction, we will have pledge for this trust in Cassandra, whose
head shall be the price of your disobedience.

Sure I have lost my understanding ha?

Does it not bid me to fight against my Country?
I prithee read Cassandra, and repent,
Thou hast thought him merciful.

Cas.

we have pledge for this trust in Cassandra, whose head shall be the price of your disobedience.

The language is too clear.

Vi.

It carries more
Darkness than ever the night was guilty of,
And I look black already to have read it,

Does he call treason justice, such a treason
As heathens blush at, Nature, and Religion
Tremble to hear, to fight against my country,
'Tis a less sin to kill my Father, there,
Or stab my own heart, these are private mischiefs,
And may in time be wept for, but the least
Wound I can fasten on my Country makes
A Nation bleed, and myself too, blasts all
The memory of former actions,
And kills the name we live by, o Cassandra
Thou didst not well to praise the King for this.

_Cas._

His words did sound more comfort.

_Vi._

Prithee tell me?
How canst thou hope I should preserve my faith
Unstained to thee, and break to all the world?

_Cas._

Naples has been injurious, and we made
No solemn vow to love what hath betrayed us.

_Vi._

Take heed, and do not grieve the Saints to hear thee,
If Naples have forgot Vittory’s service,
I must not make a desperate shipwreck of
My piety, what greater vow? It was
Articled in the creation of my soul
I should obey, and serve my Country with it
Above myself, death is a brave excuse for’t,
No he shall see, I am a Soldier
And dare be just, say he should torture me,
Shall wickedness be strong in punishment,
And we not be as valiant in our suffering?

_Ca._

Can then Vittori be content to leave his
Cassandra to the misery of life
Alone? for in the number of mankind
I ne’er shall find, another in whose love
I can place any comfort.

_Vi._

Do not say so?
PRINCE’s will court thee then, and at thy feet
Humble their Crowns, and purchase smiles with Provinces,
When I am dead the world shall dote on thee
And pay thy beauty tribute, I am thy
Affliction, and when thou art discharged
From loving me, thy eyes shall be at peace,
A Sun more glorious shall draw up thy tears
Which gracing heaven in some new form, shall make
The Constellations blush, and envy ‘em;
Or if thy love of me be so great, that when I am sacrificed
Thou wot think of me, let this comfort thee,
I die my country's Martyr, and ascend
Rich in my scarlet robe of blood, my name
Shall stain no Chronicle, and my Tomb be blessed
With such a garland time shall never wither:
Thou with a troop of Wives as chaste as thee,
Shall visit my cold Sepulchre, and glory
To say, this doth enclose Vittory's dust,
That died true to his honour, and his country,
Methinks I am taking of my leave already,
And kissing the wet sorrows from thy cheek,
Bid thee rejoice, Vittori is a conqueror,
And death his way to triumph.

Cas.
This is all,
A new disguise for grief, to make it show well.

Vi.
To make it show indeed, I have talked idly,
And miserably forgot myself, I am checked,
This tells me another tale, if I refuse
To obey the king's directions, he is not
So kind to take the forfeit of my life,
But he will make the price of my neglect,
Cassandra's innocent blood, if I obey not
To do an act injurious to virtue,
Thy soul must be divorced.

Cas.
Sir I have read it,
And were not worthy of Vittory's love
To value this poor life above his honour,
Keep your high thoughts, preserve all peace within you,
You shall not buy my breath with your own shame,
I'll die with that devotion, I ha' prayed for you,
Which trust me was most heartily, and I'll shed
No tears for my own funeral, if any
Unruly drop break forth, when we are parting,
'Tis more to leave Vittori then the world,
Yet if thou wot give me leave, I'll confess to thee
Before my head fall from this other piece,
I would deceive the hangman, for ere thou
Go from me, with a sigh into thy bosom,
I would convey my spirit, and leave him
But a pale ghost, to mock his execution.

Vi.
I cannot hold, this conflict is more fierce
Than many thousand battles, canst thou die?

Cas.
If you will have it so, you have taught me
To be in love with noble thoughts, I shall
Have some weep o’er my hearse, and when I’m gone
Sealed by my blood, a Martyr for thy love,
The world shall praise me for it, and the Virgins
And Wives, if I obtain no other monument,
Build me a tomb within their hearts, and pay
Their yearly songs and garlands, to my memory,
That died, to save Vittory’s life and honour.

Vi.
How should Cassandra die to save Vittori?

Cas.
Allow it
So you be happy, and although my wishes
Are rather for the punishment of Naples,
More cruel than our enemies, yet if you
Think it dishonour to oppose that country,
I have a heart most willing to preserve
By any death your fame, lose not a scruple
Of yourself for me, I carry thy love with me,
And prophesy my story shall throw more
Disgrace on Naples, than all thy revolt
Can bring upon thy name.

Vi.
I am in a tempest
And know not how to steer, destruction dwells
On both sides.

Ca.
Come, resolve.

Vi.
I must — to let
Thee live, I will take arms, forgive me then
Great Genius of my Country, that to save
Her life, I bring my honour to the grave.

Exeunt.

Enter Fabio and Mauritio at several doors.

Fa.
I know not what to say to these garboils, there's a hot Naples towards, and the Prince is so humorous a tother side, I dare not come near him, Captain Mauricio.
Ma.

Signior Fabio you dishonour your body, by straining so much Compliment.

Fa.

Your humble servant Captain.

Ma.

A court instrument, and so deep a base, you forget yourself, have the Wars made this alteration? keep your garb and be staunch Signior, a Captain is a thing too course for your acquaintance, you wonot know Soldiers in peace.

Fa.

Alas sir, the necessity of my affairs at Court, and place so devours my attendance, that I cannot give that respect which is due to a Gentleman of your quality, no neglect I beseech you Sir.

Ma.

I am glad 'tis come about, what do you think now of a Musket bullet next your heart, 'tis very provocative, come be not sad, thou mayst live a day or two longer.

Fa.

I hope Captain the state of the City is not so desperate.

Ma.

We expect a battle every hour, and the walls to fly about Our ears, if they should be patient, we ha' not provision to endure a siege, what will become of your pumps signior, your wrought shirts, and rich nightcaps, I say nothing of your wardrobe, jewels and other trinkets.

Fa.

I stand not upon them, my life is more precious to me then all these.

Ma.

What pity it is so profound a gentleman should die by gunpowder, what would you give to be saved now?

Fa.

How d'ye mean Captain?

Ma.

For your soul let it shift, I think thou hast little care on't thyself, there be many would give all their estate to outlive these combustions.

Fa.

I would I were sure on't, condition I lost half my land.

Ma.
A match! my life against half your land to secure you, And make an indifferent bargain presently.

*Fa.*

Your life? how are you sure to live?

*Ma.*

If I die, you have half your land by't, if you live, 'tis worthy dividing transitory fortunes, I shall ha' the worst match on't.

*Fa.*

But how will you assure me Captain?

*Ma.*

Thou art not senseless, why your venture is but land against my life, which is more precious I hope than thousand acres, is this to be considered clap hands, and we will have articles drawn for mutual assurances, I do not this to every man, but I hope to have good on thee hereafter; the King!

*Enter King of N. Prince, Julio, Alberto.*

*Fab.*

And Prince.

*Ma.*

Let's withdraw then, and conclude 'tis a safe bargain for you sir, if you fail, what would all your estate do you good, and then I forfeit my life, if you scape, I have but half your land.

*Fab.*

I understand, and thank you noble Captain.

*Exit.*

*Ki.*

Alphonso must be sent for out of prison,

He's an experienced soldier.

*Pr.*

To betray us.

*Ki.*

Now we are punished for Vittory's banishment.

*Pr.*

Your fear will make us cowards.

*Iul.*

Shall we make A sally forth?

*King.*

Alberto.
Pr.

we'll expect more
Advantage first, they have finished their redoubt,
Is our river guarded with a sconce?

Iul.

On that part
No enemy can endanger us.

Ki.

What if you
Tasted Alphonso, he has been ever faithful,
And we too rash.

Pr.

Keep prudent watches julio,
Something 'th' evening may be attempted,
Death is the worst, and better fall with honour
Then owe our life to fears, I would Cassandra
Were in their Camp, o julio.

Iu.

'twere better
She were at home in your possession.
A Herald sir.

Pr.

Admit him.

Ki.

Alberto, julio.

Exiunt. Enter again, with Vittori like a Herald.

Pr.

what's the compliment now.

Vi.

Thus Naples is saluted from my Master,
Provoked by injuries above the patience
Of kings to suffer, without thirst of blood
Or pride of conquest, he is come in arms
To ask a satisfaction, if you would
Not know the fury of a war, which acts,
Such horrid ruins 'gainst men and nature, that
Repentance cannot easily absolve
The guilt in them that caused it, meet conditions,
And deserve timely my great master's friendship,
With mercy on yourselves.

Pr.

Mercy!
Ki.

Be temperate.

Vi.

Remember wounds are made more easily
Then cured, and now arrived within your country,
Revenge may spread a wild destruction,
Let mothers still enjoy their sleep, and dwell
Within their husband's bosom, let their children
Live to requite the parents groan, and prosper,
Let old men pay their debt only to nature,
And virgins dedicate their yet chaste womb
To Hymen's holy use, or at their quires
With freedom of their souls, sing holy prayers
For the sweet peace you lend 'em, to serve heaven.

Pr.

This fellow's sent to mock us, in my heart
I repent all the tie of arms and nations.
That gives such saucy freedom to a Herald.

Vi.

I claim my privilege, and dare say more.

Pr.

What more?

Vi.

Vittori is our general.

Ki. Pr.

Vittori? dares that traitor.

Vi.

When Kings leave
Their justice, and throw shame upon deservers,
Patience so wounded turns a fury.

Pr.

How dares Sicily trust him?

Vi.

Yes he has good pledge;
Too great a pawn.

Pr.

This, this vexation
I did expect, but we must not be frighted,
Tell your insulting master, he shall find
Men that both dare, and can resist this fury;
Conditions we despise, nor let him magnify
His purchase in that rebel, every soldier
With us hath equal courage to Vittori,
But a soul far more honest.

Vi.

Honest?

Pr.

So sir,
This, war shall justify upon his heart.

Vi.

I dare not stay to hear more; lest my passions
Betray me, what a fire this language has
Shot through my blood, the poor old king says nothing,
But fills a place like a state cipher.

Pr.

Herald.
Return this to that Giant of your war,
Vittori, in his absence, we shall find
A punishment for his treason, and to cool
His hot veins, say the first attempt he makes
Against us, shall as valiantly be answered
With his father's head.

Vi.

Ha?

Pr.

By thy master's soul
It shall, and this is all our answer, see
Him safe without the walls.

Exeunt.

Vi.

Thunder has struck me,
I feel new stings about my heart, my father?
Was ever man so miserably thrown
Upon despair, if I refuse their war
I lose my wife Cassandra, if I fight
My father bleeds, some divine arm sustain
My feeble soul, instruct it how I should
Distinguish sorrow, and which blessing rather
I should now part with, a dear wife, or father.
The fourth Act.

*Enter Rosinda Cassandra.*

Ros.

But did the Prince affect thee so Cassandra?

Cas.

I have told you Madam every circumstance,
I should but flatter my own misery
To speak it less, misfortune had not made me
Your prisoner now, if he had been more temperate.

Ros.

But did thy heart allow him no affection?
Thou wert much unkind.

Cas.

He had my duty Madam,
Which still I owe him, as my prince, but I
Had but one faith, and that was given Vittori,
I fear I have displeased you.

Ro.

No thou hast not,
Dost think he loves thee still?

Cas.

I know not Madam, but I hope not.

Ros.

Would I could hope so too;
Thou hast deserved my confidence, and although
Thou canst not help me, I must tell thee all,
I love that Prince, loved when I first saw him,
And when he courted me, I thought 'twas necessary
To show I had a soft heart, but he flattered
And took too soon occasion of his absence,
The wounds he left upon Horatio
Were not so deep as mine, which howsoe'er
I have disguised yet from my father's eye,
Can find no cure without his surgery
That left them in my bosom, to this end
I urged my father to this war, and begged
With many prayers to witness his revenge.

Cas.

That was a desperate remedy, how if
Your father be o'ercome, and you made prisoners.

Ros.

We shall find death or ransom, the first would
Conclude my sufferings, th'other not much harm us,
Perhaps advance my ends, but if the victory
Should crown our army, I should interpose
To make conditions for the Prince, fate must
Decide one of these ways.

_Cas._
Madam I pity you,
Sure if the Prince knew with what constancy
Your love breathes after him, he would find a passion
To meet your Noble flame.

_Ros._
I know not whether
To pray for victory, or to be conquered,
For till the wars conclude, I must despair
To see whom my desires pursue.

_Cas._
'Tis possible
That you may see him Madam.

_Ros._
When?

_Cas._
This night,
And speak with him, without exposing your
Person to any danger.

_Ros._
Prithee do not
Mock me sweet friend.

_Cas._
You were compassionate
Of me, and 'tis but duty I should answer it
With my desires to serve you, not to hold
Your thoughts in expectation, is there any
Gentleman near, whom you dare trust?

_Ros._
With what?

_Cas._
With carriage of a paper, I shall run
Some hazard, but there's nothing can weigh down
That goodness you have showed me, being a stranger,
I'll frame a letter Madam in my name,
And by some charm of love invite him to
Your tent, if he retain part of that flame
Which did so command in him, be assured
The Prince will come.

Ros.
Thou wert created to make
Me blessed, but with what safety can he reach
Thus far and not be known.

Cas.
He to whose trust
You give this secret, shall remove that fear.

Ros.
There is a Captain.

Cas.
Best of all.

Ros.
Fabrichio.

Cas.
Send for him straight, if you allow this device
I'll presently dispatch the amorous summons.

Ros.
I'll call thee sister.

Cas.
Call me servant Madam,
In that I am honoured

Exit.

Enter Flavia disguised.

Fla.
Are you ready Madam?

Ro.
For what?

Fla.
To laugh, I am turned enchantress, and now 'tis upon the minute, Pazzorella by the boys directions comes for his magical armour.

Ros.
I have something of more consequence to finish,
But I may be at the end of your mirth.

Exit. Ros.

Fla.
Proper in all your wishes.

Enter Page.
Flavia That's excellent, Herald never
Looked so dreadfully, where's the Princess?

She commanded not to expect her, but she le not be long absent, where's the gamester?

Almost within reach of your voice, you'll remember the circumstance, that he may be capable of the charm, he's mad to be enchanted.

I warrant you, I have some furies to assist me too. Conduct him hither, if the fool after this conceiving himself bewitched, should grow valiant, and do wonders, who can help it? if he have but the wit to keep his own counsel, let him take his course, but he approaches.

Enter Pazzorello and Page.

That is she.

That old hag.

Good words, she has come two hundred mile today upon a distaff, salute her, she expects it.

Would you have me kiss the devil?

Do I say — This is the gentleman my loving Aunt, For whom I do beseech your powerful spells.

To make him slick, and shot free.

Right dear Aunt, He is a precious friend of mine, and one That will be ready servant to your pleasures At midnight, or what hour you please to call him.

Thou Wouldst not ha' me lie with the old witch, what a generation of hobgoblins should we have together.

Nor for this benefit, shall you find him only Obedient to yourself, but very dutiful
To any devil you have.

Fla.

He is welcome child.

Paz.

What a salt Peter breath she has.

Fla.

Where is Mephistopheles.

Paz.

No more devils if you love me.

Fla.

I must have some to search him.

Paz.

Search me? where? for what?

Pag.

How much was I overseen not to give you warning. 
Be not afraid what have you about you?

Paz.

About me where in my breeches, what do you mean 
I shall be cut for the stone.

Pag.

Have you any money about you!

Paz.

Yes I have money of all complexions in my pocket.

Pag.

Away with it, as you love yourself, not for your right hand, have one piece of gold or silver about you, no charms can fasten on you then, her spells can have no power, if you do not throw it away instantly — give me 't, I'll keep it from her knowledge, this were a trick indeed — have you no goldfinches in your fob?

Paz.

I defy him that has any thing in the likeness of coin.

Pag.

This is all money in your pocket; and come to be made shot free.

Paz.

What must I do now?

Pag.
Kneel down, and expect with obedience and admiration what will become on you — Great Aunt the gentleman is clear and ready, you are sure you have no more impediment of this nature, if you dissemble, and be killed afterwards, thank yourself.

_Fla._

Where be my spirits?

_Pag._

He humbly desires you would finish him as privately as might be, he does not know the constitution of every devil, and to make too many acquainted, if he could be finished otherwise, your Art may dispense.

_Fla._

He must cut off his little finger then.

_Paz._

How cut off my finger!

_Pag._

What did you mean? here's a ring, a diamond.

_Paz._

I had forgot it.

_Pag._

No more, off with't, if you love your hand, here's a jest to fool away your life quickly, not for the world, present it to her, great Lady of the Laplanders, this gentleman implores his mercy to his joints, and offering this trifle, humbly prays, you would honour him to wear it for his sake.

_Fla._

Comes it freely off.

_Paz._

It came off very hard, but I beseech your learned beldamship, to accept it as a token of my duty.

_Fla._

I do and thus prepared, delay
My charms no longer, come away
You spirits that attend upon,
This powerful incantation,
Have you brought that sacred juice,
Which at such a time we use;
Distil it gently I command,
Holding his ears with other hand.

_Paz._
O my ears.

Pag.

The more pain she puts you to now, the less you'll feel hereafter sir.

Fla.

Now rub his temples, forehead eke,
Give his nose a gentle tweak.
Strike of paleness, and bestow
On either cheek a lusty blow;
Take him by the hair and pull it,
Now his heads free from sword and bullet.

Paz.

What will they do with the rest of my body?

Fla.

Grasp his neck till he groan twice,

Paz.

O, o.

Fla.

Enough, now let the young man rise;
Thus on his shoulders I dispense
My wand to keep all bullets thence;
And other weapons that would harm,
Pinch him now on either arm, fairy-like.

Paz.

O, pox oath devil o,

Fla.

On his breast give him a thump,
And two kicks upon the rump.
No circumstance must be forgot,
To make him free from stick and shot;
And now my potent charms are done,
This man is free from sword and gun.

Pag.

Bounce, You're made for ever.

Fla.

Farewell to both, for now must I
On my winged jennet fly.
Suckle and Hoppo fetch long strides,
By your mistress as she rides.

Exit Flavia, etc.
Paz.

Whether is she gone now?

Fla.

Home to a witch's upsitting, she's there
 By this time.

Paz.

Where?

Pag.

In Lapland, she will cross the sea in an eggshell, and upon land hath a thousand ways to convey herself in a minute, I did but whistle and she came to me.

Paz.

She knows your whistle belike, well art thou sure I am enchanted now?

Pag.

It concerns you to be sure on 't, and I must tell you one thing, if you make the least doubt on't, you'll endanger all, charms in this kind are nothing without the imagination, believe it, and if any sword or bullet have power to hurt you, ne'er trust your granam again.

Paz

Nay nay, I do believe it, and will be valiant accordingly, they pinched and kicked me devilishly for all that.

Pag.

You're the better proof for't, you cannot be pinched or kicked too much in such a cause, what to be made slick and shot-free? now do I foresee you'll be Captain within these three days, you cannot avoid it sir, who will not honour that man whom the bullets are afraid of?

The Princess.

Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Fabrichio.

Fab.

Repent your grace thought me a gentleman,
 If I fail in this duty.

Ros.

Not a syllable
 Of me.

Fab.

I am charmed.

Cas.

Happy success attend you.

Fab.

Your highness has much honoured me, and Lady
 I kiss your fair hand.
Paz.

Captain, Captain, a word.

Fab.

I am in haste now.

Exit.

Paz.

Sure the Captain's afraid of me, he knows by instinct what I am.

Pag.

Your grace missed excellent mirth.

Ros.

'Tis done then, bid him follow us.

Exit.

Pag.

The Princess desires to speak with you

Paz.

Desires to speak with me! — you have not told her?

Pag.

d'ye think I would betray you.

Paz.

Would somebody would challenge me to fight before her, if the Ladies knew I were stick free they would tear me in pieces for my company.

Pag.

You do not know, what you may get by your body that way, I attend you.

Paz

Knives, daggers, swords, pikes, guns both great and small
Now Pazzarello doth defy you all.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, Alberto.

Alp.

You tell me wonders, my son General
Of all the enemies' Forces, can Vittori
Lay such a stain upon our family,
Speak it my Lord no more, no private injury
Can so corrupt his nature; come, I know
He dares not fight their cause!

Alb.

I think so too;
The Prince hath cooled his resolution
By this time.

Alp.

Ha? you are mystical.

Alb.
He has sent
Him word, the first attempt he makes against
The town your head must answer it, and I cannot
Believe howe’er particular wrongs inflame him
To a revenge, but he retains that piety
Which nature printed in him towards a Father.

Alp.
Is obligation to a parent more
Than that we owe our Country, o Vittori,
My life were profitably spent to save
Thy honour, which is great in the world’s eye,
Time shall be grieved to have preserved thy name
So long, and when this blot shall be observed
Upon the last leaf of thy Chronicle,
It shall unsettle quite the reader’s faith
To all the former story.

Enter julio.

Alb.

julio.

Alph.

My Lord?

julio.

It was the king’s command I should deliver.

Alp.

What?

Jul.

What must displease you,
You must prepare for death.

Alp.

Has my son put
Rebellion into act already? that
Will save my executioner a labour,
He has, I read it, look into the tombs
Of all our ancestors, and see their ashes
Look paler than before, the Marble sweats,
The ebony pillars that so many years
Sustained our titles shake, and sink beneath 'em,
The Genius of our house groans at this treason,
I will not live for any man to tell me
I am Vittory's Father.

Enter Prince.

Alb.

Here the Prince!

Alp.

Forgive me sir my passions, I have guilt
Enough without 'em to deserve your anger,
He was my son, and that must needs condemn me;
But I will lose him from my blood, and cut
His name from that fair list, that numbers up
Our family, but I forget myself,
I have no minutes at command, my life
Is at the last sand, and I cannot stay,
Be just, and purge Vittory's sin with his
Old Father's blood, I do obey your doom.

Pr.

What doom? you talk as you were destined
To some black execution, I have
Been too unkind already, and must ask
Your gentle pardon for't, by goodness self
I mock not, I bring life Alphonso to thee,
And but prepared by julio, thy heart
With sorrow, to meet honour with more taste.

Alp.

Good my Lord distract me not, let me die
In my right wits.

Iul.

Alphonso you may trust
The Prince, my message was but counterfeit.

Pr.

thou'rt a brave man, and canst not be provoked
I see to wound thy honest fame, so just
To virtue, that thou dar'st prefer her cause
To thy own life, and rather violate
The laws of nature to thy son, then leave

Exit julio.

The privilege of honour undefenced,
Thus we embrace thee, do not kneel Alphonso
Unless You'll bring us lower, thus as a friend
We circle thee, and next as a Soldier
Able in spite of age, and active still
We give these arms, this sword, the best in all,
My Father's armoury, and used to conquest,
Take from thy Prince, and fight, fight for thy Country,
And purchase new wreathes to thy honoured brows,
Before the old be withered, I do see thee
Already mounted as a challenger,
The proud steed taking fire and mettle from
the rider, all bedewed with his white foam,
Flying to meet thy son, whose (once fair) plume
Is stained with blood of his own countrymen.

Alp.
I reach your sense in part my Lord, but cannot
Gather your words into a sum, beside
The honour is so great I dare not with
The safety of my understanding, think
One so unworthy as Alphonso.

Pr.
What?
Dares fight against a Traitor, for his Country?

Alp.
'gainst all the world I dare.

Pr.
Be valiant;
And breath defiance against one.

Alp.
A glory!
My soul's ambitious of.

Pri.
Vittori Is
That traitor whose offence, whom dost become
More nobly to chastise then his own Father,
Which title if you should forget to encourage you,
Think whose defence you undertake, for Whom
You punish, and what consequence of fame
Waits on this pious action.

Enter Julio.

Iul.
My Lord
A Captain of the other side hath boldly offered
Himself a prisoner, and desires access
To your highness, to whom only he must impart
Something he says, that will be acceptable,
We have searched him, and find nothing but a letter
Directed to yourself.

Pr.
To me? admit him,
Mean time you may consider,
Is it with us, Captain.

Enter Fabrichio:

Fab.
Please you peruse this paper.

Pr.
Ha? from Cassandra?

Alp.
O Alberto I
Could wish Vittori dead, but two not satisfy
Unless we murder one another too,
And I must challenge him, he is my son
Although he be a Rebel.

Pr.
Julio,
Thy bosom is my own? Captain a word.

Iu.
I am astonished, ha? I like not this — my Lord.

Alb.
The Prince is troubled, something like
Excess of joy transports him.

Pr.
Th’art a fool.

Iu.
This may be a plot, how dare you trust yourself upon this invitation.

Pr.
Not on this, be coward then for ever.

Iu.
Are you sure, this is her character.

Pr.
Perfectly, beside she has confirmed me by this Ring,
Vittori gave it her, I know’t and wooed her
Once to exchange.

Iu.
Yet think upon the danger.
Pr.
I would run through flames to meet her, use no arguments,
I can be at the worst a prisoner,
And shall be ransomed, keep you council sir,
Captain — the word? — Enough,
Kiss her white hand, and say,
I come this night, wait on him to the gates,
Let his return be safe, Alphonso how
Stands your resolve? dare you be Naples Champion
Against the enemy proposed?
Alp.
My son —
Will both the Kings trust to our swords their cause?
Pr.
I cannot promise that?
Alp.
What profit brings
My valour then if I o'ercome.
Pr.
Addition
To your own fame, to have cut off a Rebel.
Alp.
So I must kill my son, or he must be
A Parricide.
Pr.
Nay if you be so scrupulous,
I looked you have thanked me, and have run too 't.
Alp.
Except Vittori sir, and I dare challenge
The proudest in their Army.
Pri.
You are afraid
Of him belike, 'tis such a kill-cow gentleman,
But I court you to nothing, you may think on 't,
you're, now no more a prisoner— julio.
Exit.
Alp.
I am worse?
I had some room before, now I'm confined
To such a strait, my heart must of necessity
Contract itself, my own thoughts stifle me,
Vittori is lost already, I must go
Another way to find out my own ruin.
Exit.

Horatio, Cassandra.

Hor. Lady you think not what I am, how near
The bosom of a King.

Cas. You cannot be
So near as I am to Vittori sir,
And you increase my wonder, that you can
Nourish the least hope, that I should forget
My own tie, by remembering what relation
You have to any other, if the King
Did know this, he would chide you.

Hor. Come I see
You must be courted otherwise, with action.

Cas. How sir?

Hor. And if you will not be so civil.
To change one kindness for another, I
Have skill to prompt you thus.

Cas. You are not noble.

Hor. Tush this is nothing, I have been too tame,
And howsoe’er you wittily compose
Your countenance, you cannot choose but laugh at me,
That I have been so modest all this while;
Come, I have another inside, and do know
You are a woman, and should know yourself
And to what end we love you, what are you
The worse by private favours to a gentleman,
That have at home been sued too, with petitions
And great ones of both sexes, to accept
Wives, Daughters, any thing, and think themselves
Honoured to take the first fruits, I could have
The virgins of whole families entailed
Upon me, and be brought as duly to
My bed, as they grow ripe, and fit for coupling,
As men whose lands are mortgaged would observe
Their covenants and the day.

Cas.
I'll hear no more.

_Hor._
So peremptory Lady? take your course,
The time may come you will repent this forgiveness.

.Exit.

_Enter Fabrichio._
Whither in haste Fabrichio?

_Fa._
My good Lord
I have brought news, where the Princess sir?

_Hor._
Thou art almost out of breath, what news I prithee?

_Fa._
News, that will please my Lord.

_Hor._
You ask for the Princess, will they please my Lady.

_Fab._
Yes, and the t'other Lady too, Cassandra.

_Hor._
Will it spread joy no farther?

_Fab._
Yes it will please you,
And please the King, and the whole army.

_Hor._
Strange, you may impart it then.

_Fab._
My duty sir, did aim it first to you, I was engaged
To deliver a letter in Cassandra's name
To the Prince of Naples, to invite his person
Privately this night.

_Hor._
Whither?

_Fab._
To the princess's tent.

_Hor._
And hast thou don't?

_Fab._
Don't, and bring back his word to visit 'em.

_Hor._

_Art sure the Prince?_

_Fab._

As sure as I am your creature,
This will be welcome to the Ladies, what use
You are to make of this, becomes not my
Instruction, if it be of any consequence,
To make his person sure, when he arrives.

_Hor._

This service will be grateful, I'll acquaint
The King, return the Ladies to expect him.

_Fa._

I have directed him how he shall pass.

_Hor._

And make it good, away, this makes thee happy.
The King shall know it instantly, they're here,
I'll give you scope.

_Exit._

_Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Flavia, and Page._

_Ros._

He is returned.

_Cas._

What answer?

_Fa._

To your desires.

_Fla._

Where's Pazzorello now.

_Pag._

He's quarrelling with somebody, he is so confident
And domineers, ha? 'tis he,
He Bleeds too.

_Enter Pazzorello bloody._

_Paz._

A pox a your enchantments, I had like to have my brains beaten out, what will become of me?

_Pag._

Why this is nothing sir.
Paz.

Nothing sir, would thou hadst it.

Pag.

Let me ask you a question, what weapon did it?

Paz.

I gave but the lie to an old soldier, as we were drinking together, and he presently claps me o'er the pate with the rest of his musket.

Pag.

That may be, but no sword or gun shall endanger you, as for truncheon, baton, and such wooden batteries, you must fortify yourself as well as you can against 'em, beside sir, there is no breach of conditions in losing a little blood, you may have you head broken in twenty places, nay you may be beaten, and bruised in every part of your body, but all this while you are slick and shot free, your life is your own, and then what need you care sir?

Paz.

This is some satisfaction.

Pag.

Should you challenge him at rapier, you should quickly find who will have the worst on't.

Ros.

This service shall be otherwise rewarded,

I'll trust your secrecy, he will be a fit man to engage, beside 'tis His desire.

Fa.

You may command me.

Ros.

Wait upon

This gentleman Pazzorello, he

Will use you nobly for my sake.

Paz.

Must I

Be a perdue now? Madam I humbly thank you.

Exit Fab. and Pazzorello.

Cas.

The night comes fast upon us.

Ros.

It cannot come

Too swiftly, that brings so much happiness.

But 'tis an argument of much love to thee,

That can at such a time invite him hither.
Cas.
    I hope you feed no jealousy of me,
    I did all for your service, and shall then
    Think I am happy, when he knows your love
    And values it.
Ro.
    I have no fears of thee?
Ca.
    Have none at all.
Ro.
    Flavia?
Fla.
    Madam.
Ro.
    You must keep watch tonight.
Fla.
    My duty Madam.
Ros.
    Come let us tell some storeys, to pass over
    The tedious hours.
Cas.
    I wait your pleasure.
Fla.
    Come Didino, we shall have your tale too?
Pag.
    mine's short and sweet, still at a Lady's service.
Exit.
Enter Sergeant, Pazzorello.
Ser.
    Follow me close, I hope you have made your Will.
Paz.
    My Will? why Sergeant I am not sick.
Ser.
    For all that you may be a dead man ere morning, whize.
Paz.
What's that?

Ser.

These bullets will keep you waking, here lie down close, within two hours you shall be relieved.

Paz.

Dost hear Sergeant, whize — do the enemies shoot any Sugar plums?

Ser.

Be not too loud in your mirth, I see another give fire, farewell Signior Perdue.

Paz.

So, now I am a Perdue, this will be news when I come home again, the poor fellows will fall down and worship me, I always wondered, why we had so many brave Soldiers, and quarrelling spirits, if they be shot free, I cannot blame 'em to roar so much in Taverns — whize — again, I would fain have one of these bullets hit me, that I might know certainly the toughness of my new constitution, and yet I shall hardly be sensible of it, ah my conscience if I were crammed into a cannon, and shot into the town, like a Cat I should light upon my legs, and run home again.

Enter Prince.

Pri.

Love be propitious still, and guide my steps,

Thou hast engaged me thus far.

Paz. Coughs.

Paz.

uh, uh.

Pr.

who's that?

Paz.

There's somebody, now I begin for all this to be afraid, flesh will be flesh, and tremble in spite of the devil, what were I best to do?

Pr.

'Tis some perdue.

Paz.

Though I be sticke and shot-free, I may be beaten, and bruised as I remember, more, I may be taken prisoner by the enemy, and be hanged afterwards, and then what am I the better for my enchantment, what a dull rogue was I not to except the gallows in my conditions, but it may be there is but one, qui vala — the word.

Pr.

Rosinda.
Paz.
   O are you there, 'tis my Lady the princess's name.

Pr.
   Thy Lady, prithee show me the way to her tent.

Paz.
   I had almost forgot, such a gentleman is expected,

Pr.
   here's gold prithee make haste.

Paz.
   Now by your favour you shall first go to my Captain

Pr.
   His Name.

Paz.
   Fabrichio.

Pr.
   The same, with all my heart, here's more gold.

Paz.
   I will make the more haste.

Exit.

Enter King of Sicily, Horatio, and a Guard.

King.
   Thy news does take me infinitely, if he
   Keep touch we may propound what Articles
   We please.

Hor.
   Fabrichio is confident he'll come.

Ki.
   He will deserve our favour, keep at distance,
   Sent for in Cassandra's name? belike
   He loves that Lady, let him, 'tis a strange
   Adventure, sure my daughter is of counsel
   With her, she had some bend that way, till he
   Became ingrateful to us.

Hor.
   When you have
   Him in possession, you may throw off
   Vittori, one whose honesty I fear,
Under your princely favour, you have built
Too much, but heaven has sent the young Prince hither
To disengage your trust, he that dares prove
A rebel to his Country, dares be guilty
Of any other treason.

King
What shall we
Do with Cassandra?

Hor.
Keep her still to wait
Upon the Princess, and expect the first
Opportunity for your kingdom, Naples will
Attend your leisure then, and court your mercy.

Enter Prince, Cassandra, Rosinda, Flavia. Pazzorello aлоof.

Ki.
Be silent.

Hor.
Lose no time.

Pr.
For this embrace, I dare again neglect my life — villains

Ro.
We are betrayed, my father.

Cas.
O misfortune.

Paz.
What will become of me?

Ki.
You’re welcome prince of Naples.

Pr.
Am I betrayed? false woman.

Paz.
And please your majesty I am innocent, I brought him hither I confess.

Ki.
Reward him.

Hor.
Come hither sirrah.
Paz.
    how's this? are you in earnest? my Lord a word — but is this the Prince of Naples?

Hor.
    The very same sir.

Paz.
    Take your gold again, I will have more for taking a
    Prince, I crave the law of arms, I will have his ransom.

Ki.
    Away with the fool.

Paz.
    Give me my prisoner again then.

Exit.

Ros.
    Sir hear me.

Ki.
    Another time Rosinda — by thy duty —

Exit Ros. and Flavia.

Cas.
    Hear me great sir.

Ki.
    we'll hear and thank thee at more leisure too, attend our daughter.

Cas.
    O my Lord, be you
    But master of so much charity.

Pr.
    Away,
    Never was such a black and fatal hour,
    As that when I first saw thy cozening face.

Enter Vittori.

Vi.
    The Prince? I dare not trust my senses, ha?
    How came he hither? wonder circles me,
    Cassandra busy with him too? she courts him,
    The Basilisk is not more killing than
    This object.

Pr.
    Strumpet hence.

Vi.
Ha?

Cas.

My Lord Vittori?

Vi.

What name was that the Prince bestowed upon you,
Yet do not answer me, away, new tortures.

Exit. Cas.

Pr.

Vittori, ha, ha, ha!

Vi.

Your grace is mighty merry, I could wish
You had more cause.

Pr.

Vittori I see trouble in thy face,
Perhaps ’tis wonder, upon what invitation
I am a guest here.

Vi.

Are you not a prisoner?

Pr.

You are no stranger to the plot, it seems,
Base villain to betray thy Prince.

Vi.

My Lord
You are too rash in censure, I betray you?
I am so far from the conspiracy
That yet I cannot reach it in my thought,
Much less with guilty knowledge, I dare tell you
The Devil sha'not tempt me to't, nor more
Wrongs than your hate can throw upon me.

Pr.

juggling!
Can he that dares take arms against his Country,
Make conscience to betray a part of it,
His Prince, degenerate rebel!

Vi.

Heaven and this King
Know upon what severe necessity
I am engaged to war.

Ki.

As things fall out
Your valour may be useless, we acknowledge
This happiness, from Cassandra, though she meant
Other success.

Vi.

Cassandra?

Pr.

Yes that piece

Of frailty, rather impudence, by the witchcraft

Of her letter tempted me thus far, a curse

Upon her lust.

Vi.

Indeed you called her strumpet,

She may deserve it by this story, 'tis

Her character, my eyes, take in new horror.

(he reads) My Lord, if it be not too late, to be sensible of your princely affection to me, I implore your mercy, and will deserve it by my repentance. I am by misfortune a captive to your enemy, but blessed with the freedom to remember you, I have a design for my enlargement, and if I durst cherish an ambition of your presence this night, dare confidently pronounce our mutual happiness, this ring be witness of my true invitation, and doubt not her faith to your safety, who will sooner forfeit her own life, than betray you to the least dishonour. This gentleman shall instruct you with more particulars, pardon great prince this infinite boldness of your servant, and if all the seeds of love be not destroyed, visit and preserve your otherwise miserable Cassandra.

And all this while I live, and have my senses, Oh woman woman! sir if you remember 'twas your conclusion, if I refused To be your General against my Country, Cassandra's head should off, be constant King, I wonot.

Ki.

What?

Vi.

Not fight, nor for your Kingdom, She cannot bleed too much, as for you sir.

Pr.

What of me?

Vi.

You're still my Prince, thank heaven for that, Did you else grasp an Empire, and your person Guarded with thunder, I would reach and kill you, By my just rage I would, stay I will fight.

Hor.

With whom?
Vi.
With you or all the world, that dare maintain
There is a woman virtuous.

Hor.
Neglect him.

Pr.
How he breaks out at forehead, this is some
Revenge yet.

Ki.
Come my Lord, you must with us,
Here your command determines, we shall have
No further use of your great valour sir.

Vi.
You may with as much ease, discharge me of
A life too, your breath does it, for I dare
Not kill myself, in that I am a Coward.
O my heart’s grief, preserve my right wit’s heaven;
The wickedness of other women could
But shame themselves, which like wild branches, being
Cut off, the tree is beautiful again,
But this spreads an infection, and all
The sex is wounded in Cassandra’s fall:

Exit.

The fifth Act.
Enter Rosinda, Flavia, Page.

Ros.
Away, your mirth displeases.

Fla.
Madam I hope
I have not offended.

Ros.
Let the boy begone.

Pag.
Good Madam laugh a little, ’tis my duty
To drive away your sadness, ’tis all the
Use, Ladies have for Pages, now and then
To purge their melancholy.

Ros.
Do not tempt my anger.
Then I'll go seek out Pazzorello
He's better company, and will make me laugh,
If his fit of immortality hold, my duty Madam.

Exit.

Ros.

O Flavia I am undone.

Fla.

Not so dear Madam.

Ros.

Though I be innocent, I want the courage
To tell the Prince Cesario, I love,
Were I allowed access, he must imagine
Me guilty of his dishonour, nor can I
Be happy while he thinks himself so miserable,
Art thou so wise to counsel me? Vittori.

Enter Vittori.

Vi.

Madam I have an humble suit to you.

Ro.

To me Vittori, for Cassandra's sake
I must deny you nothing.

Vi.

For her sake I beg it.

Ro.

Pray be plain.

Vi.

That you would speak to th' King.

Ros.

For what?

Vi.

To cut my head off.

Ros.

How?

Vi.

With sword or axe, or by what other engine
He please, I know you'll easily obtain it,
'Tis for Cassandra's sake, I would be fain
Dispatched, she'll thank you too, and then the prince
And she may revel.

Ros.
I do find his jealousy,
Alas poor gentleman! but I hope
You do not mean so desperately.

Vi.
As you
Love virtue do this favour — if you make
Scruple, there is a King a little further
Will take my life away at the first word,
For I am resolved to die.

Ros.
Shall I obtain
A small request from you.

Vi.
These are delays.

Ro.
If you be weary of your life, you'll meet it,
For there is danger in't.

Vi.
And thank you too,
I'll do't by your fair self, now, now, you bless me?
Without exception, I'll obey you Madam.

Ros.
'Tis this.

whispers.

Vi.
Do you not mock me.

Ros.
No suspicion.

Vi.
Instantly.

Ros.
This minute we'll begin it, and I'll promise
Something beside that you will thank me for,
But things are not yet ripe, will you do me
This honour.

Vi.
Come I wait you, but 'tis strange
Why you should thus engage yourself?
Ros.
   When you know,
   You will allow my reasons.
Vi.
   I attend you, now farewell false Cassandra.

Exeunt

Enter Julio, and Mauritio.
Ma.
   The Prince not to be found.
Jul.
   I did suspect
   That letter might betray him, now Alberto,
   How is the King?
Enter Alberto.
Alb.
   Imagine how a father
   Can apprehend the absence of a son
   He loved so dear, but he's justly punished
   For his indulgence, though we dare not say so.
Ma.
   'Tis very strange.
Jul.
   He was merry the last night.
Al.
   What letter was't julio, the Captain brought?
   I could distinguish it did strangely move him.
Jul.
   Letter?
Alb.
   Can you forget it.
Jul.
   Pox upon the witch
   That sent, now shall I be examined, and
   If he return not, lose my head, that letter
   Was a discovery of some plot, the enemy
   Purposed that very night.
Ma.
   Perhaps this mischief,
   Why was it not prevented?
Jul.
I shall make fine work,
I know not how to shadow it, would he had
Lain with my sister, rather than engaged
Himself so far for Venison.

Alb.

Peace, the King.

Enter King and Alphonso.

Ma.

And old Alphonso! I am glad to see
His change of fortune.

Alb.

The King ever loved him.

Alp.

Sir have comfort,
Your sorrow will discourage all.

King.

Dost think
He is not taken by the enemy,
And put to death?

Alp.

They dare not, 'tis against
The rules of war.

Ki.

What dare not men that hate us,
And yet conceal the murder?

Enter Fabio.

Fab.

Where's the king.

Ki.

Here, what portends thy haste, and busy countenance?

Fab.

O great sir.

Ki.

Has thy intelligence brought us knowledge of Our son?

Fa.

The news I bring my gracious Lord
Concerns the Prince, and how my heart flows over,
That I am pointed out by heaven the first
And happy messenger.

Ki.
Proceed, and we'll reward thee.

Fab.

All my ambition aims but at your favour,
My soul was never mercenary, 'tis
My duty to wear out my life in services
For you, and the whole state, whereof although
I am no able member, yet —

Alp.

He's mad.

Fab.

It is with joy then, my good Lord Alphonso,
And by the way I must congratulate
Your present favour with the king, I knew
The noble faculties of your soul, at last
Would find their merit.

Ki.

Villain, what dost rack
My expectation? speak, what of my son?
Answer me without circumstance, where is
The Prince? be brief or —

Fab.

I know not my good Lord.

Ki.

Traitor, didst not prepare me to expect
News of my son, pronouncing thyself happy
In being the messenger? is he in health?
Answer to that.

Fa.

I know not my good Lord.

Ki.

Cut off his head, I shall become the scorn
Of my own subject.

Fa.

Mercy Royal sir,
And I'll discharge my knowledge.

Ki.

Tell me then,
And I'll have patience for the rest, but be not
Tedious, is my son alive or dead?

Fab.

Alas I know not my good Lord.
Confusion!

But with your Royal licence, I am able
to produce those can satisfy you in every
Particular.

Where? whom? and quickly save thy life.

They wait sir.

This fellow was made for court dispatch,
An Elephant will sooner be delivered
Than his head when 'tis stuffed with any business.

Enter Fabio, Vittori disguised, Rosinda.

A Lady.

And a fair one, what's the mystery.

She's not of Naples sure.

Fabio what is she?

Sir, you may justly wonder that a woman,
A stranger, and an enemy, although
My sex present you with no fears, should thus
Adventure to your presence, had I doubted
myself first, since suspicion of another's
Defect, doth rise from our own want of goodness,
I had not used this boldness, but safe here
And armed with innocence, I gave up my freedom,
And dare not feed one jealousy, my honour
Can suffer with a king.

An excellent presence.

Her bearing is above the common spirit.
**Kì.**
Fair Lady, make me more acquainted with
Your purpose, nothing can proceed from you,
That will not charm us to attention.

**Ros.**
Your son great sir.

**Kì.**
Where? speak, you do not look
As you delighted to report a Tragedy,
Lives my Cesario?

**Ros.**
He does live my Lord.

**Kì.**
Support me good Alphonso, I shall faint
Under my joy.

**Ros.**
But lives a prisoner
To his enemy, the King of Sicily,
Who wished no greater triumph, than to boast
His person Captive, how he means to deal with him,
May admit some fear, Kings that prescribe to others
In peace, have great prerogatives, but in war
Allow no Laws, above what anger dictates
To their revenge, which blood doth often satisfy.

**Alp.**
He dares not be so cruel.

**Ros.**
I conclude not,
But yet 'tis worth some fear, when he that was
The root of all this war, stands at their mercy
That could not wish his safety, and their own
Together, I have told you sir the worst.

**Kì.**
Alas, thou hast undone me.

**Alp.**
Sir, my Lord?
Lady you were to blame — my Lord.

**Ros.**
Your son
Shall live, and bless your age, to see him live,
If you will be so kind to allow yourself
But eyes to witness it.

Kin.

Flatter not my soul,
That is already weary of her burden,
And would begone to rest.

Ros.

Gather your spirits.

King

What hopes?

Ros.

Assurance sir, if you but please
To entertain it, I came hither on
No empty motive, but to offer you
A pledge for young Cesario.

Kin.

Where? what pledge?

Ros.

A pledge of as full value to the owner,
As your son's life to you.

Alp.

Such security were welcome.

Ki.

Make me blessed.

Ros.

Receive me then your prisoner, and you make your balance even,
Lose not your thought in wonder, when you know
The price of what I have presented you;
Your reason sha'not think him undervalued,
I am Rosinda, Daughter to that King,
Whose Soldiers threaten Naples, equally
As precious to my Father, and a Kingdom
And to your power, thus I expose myself,
If young Cesario meet unkind conditions,
i'th' same proportion let Rosinda suffer,
Erect a Scaffold quickly o'er the walls,
And fright their jealous eyes, when they behold
Who is prepared for death, to equal their
Revenge upon Cesario, whom they'll threaten
To make you stoop, but lose no part of honour,
As you are a King, their trembling hangman
Shall think himself mocked, and let fall his sword,
Or both our heads take their farewell together.

Kī.

Alphonso is't a woman?

Alp.

And a brave one!

Ma.

I admire her nobleness.

Ros.

You are slow to ask
The cause that hath engaged me to all this,
And yet you cannot choose but read it plainly,
In my guilty blushes, I do love the Prince
Perhaps 'tis more than he imagines, and
Since I first saw him in my Father's court,
Without dishonour, I dare justify
My heart was his, and to this love you owe
The sorrow of his absence, for Cassandra
That noble Lady, to whose breast I gave
My secretest thought, for my sake by a letter
In her own name, by tie of former love
To her, engaged his meeting at my tent,
Whither no sooner privately arrived, But by a villain that deceive our trust,
My Father was brought in, and he made prisoner,
You have the story, and my resolution
To be companion of his fate.

Vi.

Again.
Those words dear Lady, that concerned Cassandra.

Kī.

Alp. Vittori!

Vi.

All your pardon I must hear this first.

Ros.

Cassandra is innocent, and but framed that letter
To bring us two acquainted, the earth has not
A purer chastity.

Vi.

You have kept your word, and heaven reward your soul for't,
My duty sir to you, and to my Father.

Ros.
He hath deserved his welcome for my sake.

Ki.

We thus confirm it.

Alp.

My poor son Vittori!

Ki.

But tears of joy salute thee, best of Ladies!

Alphonso she is fair, well shaped, my son

Gave her deformed, with what eyes could he look

Upon this beauty, and not love it.

Vi.

This beauty is her least perfection,

It speaks her woman, but her soul an Angel,

But I forget Cassandra all this while.

Ki.

Welcome again fair Princess, my Cesario

Is here supplied — — Alphonso.

Fab.

This may bring the peace about.

Ma.

May it so? what think you of half your Land?

Do not your acres melt apace?

Ki.

Away —

Never did Lady such an act of Nobleness,

And what we cannot reach in honouring thee,

Ages to come shall pay thy memory.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Sicily, and Cassandra.

Ki.

S. May I believe Rosinda loves the Prince,

And yet so cunningly disguise it from me?

Cas.

It was my plot I must confess, but her

Affection bid me to't, I did expect

Another consequence.

Ki.

I'll to my Daughter.

Cas.

The Prince now in your power, I hope great sir.

You'll look more gently on Vittori.
Ki.

We shall think on him. The Prince, excuse my absence.

Enter Prince.

Pr.

Can those deceiving eyes look still upon me?
Is not thy soul ashamed, have I for thee
Neglected my own Fortune and my Father,
All the delights that wait upon a Kingdom,
For thy sake drawn this war upon my Country,
And done such things, I did forget I was
A Prince 'th' acting, and is all my love
Rewarded thus, no devil to betray me
But she to whom I durst have given my soul,
Degenerate woman.

Cas.

Sir throw of your passion,
And when you have heard me speak but a few minutes.
You'll change opinion, and if you do not
Accuse yourself, you will at least acquit
Me from the guilt of your dishonour.

Pr.

Did not
The magic of your letter bring me hither?

Cas.

I must not sir deny, I used what motive
I could to gain your presence, but no magic.

Pr.

'twas worse, and shows more black for thy intention,
Hast thou a Conscience? and canst deny
Thou didst not mean this treachery.

Cas.

May heaven
Then shoot his anger at me, I sent for you,
But as I have a life not to betray you.

Pr.

What could induce thee then?

Cas.

Love, love my Lord.

Pr.

Ha? pardon my rashness and my error,
Do I hear thee pronounce, 'twas love sent for me,
What streams of joy run through me, I am free,
Have suffered nothing, nothing worthy of
So rich a satisfaction, I forget
Naples with as much ease as I can kiss thee,
Have you no more vexation? O my stars!
Your influence is too merciful.

Cas.
Mistake not,
'twas love I must confess, but not that love
Your wild imagination prompts you too,
And yet it was my love to wish you happy.

Pr.
You are in Paradoxes Lady, 'twas love, and it was not.

Cas.
Love with another Lady
In birth; and all that's good above Cassandra,
Had towards your person, did command my service
In that rude letter, my ambition
Reached at no greater honour, than to bring
Her passions to your knowledge, think my Lord
upon Rosinda.

Pr.
Ha?

Cas.
And prison all
Your wanton thoughts, Rosinda was by heaven
Designed for you, as I was for Vittori.

Enter King of Sicily.

Kin.
'Tis treason to be ignorant, search everywhere,
I'll hang ye all, unless you find my Daughter,
Prince where's Rosinda? I will have her, or
Your head shall off.

Pr.
My head?

Ki.
I cannot take
Too great revenge, no punishment can fall
Severe enough upon his head was guilty
Of all these tumults.

Cas.
Is the Princess lost?
Ki.
Not without some conspiracy, you're all
Traitors, if I recover not my Child,
I will sacrifice the lives of my whole army.

Pr.
How ill this violence sits upon a King — Alphonso.

Enter Alphonso, Horatio, Trivulsi, Fabrichio, Pazzorela, Page.

Kin.
What are you sir?

Hor.
One from the King of Naples.

Ki.
I'll hear nothing unless Rosinda be concerned i'th' message,

Alp.
She is.

Ki.
Ha, where?

Alp.
Safe in the City sir.

Ki.
A prisoner.

Alp.
Guarded with love and honour, which he hopes
Is not here wanting to Cesario.

Ki.
How came she thither?

Alp.
With Vittori sir.

Cas.
Ha Vittori?

Ki.
That double renegade, where is Cassandra?
Off with her head, and his. —

Alp.
My humblest duty. —
Take council to your action — Rosinda
is in the same condition, my Lord
Vouchsafe me hearing.

*Hor.*
Sir, if I were worthy
To advise you, let your passions cool, you but
Provoke their fury to your Daughter, by threatening the prince.

*Tri.*
You're now on even terms,
What if you met and parleyed?

*Pr.*
Every praise
Thou giv'st her makes me see my own deformity,
Madam you first awakened me.

*Fab.*
Please you sir,
The King would have some further conference.

*Cas.*
Direct their counsel's heaven.

*Pr.*
Thy pardon dear Cassandra,
When I have leave, I'll ask Vittori's too,
And all the worlds.

*Ki.*
For further pledge on both sides,
Horatio we'll exchange to invite Naples
To give us meeting.

*Alp*
'Tis desired already.

*Ki.*
We follow, come my Lord old men have passions.

*Pr.*
They were not men else.

*Alp.*
My son's life Cassandra.

*Exit*

*Paz.*
But this is strange news Didimo, is my Lady and mistress a Prisoner? I took the Prince.

*Pag.*
'twas valiantly done.
Paz.

Why may not I with my armour of magic bustle among the enemies, and get honour now?

Pag.

It were your only time, get but a brave horse —

Paz.

That would carry double, and I might bring home the Princess behind me to the Camp; Say no more; stay, thou art sure I am sufficiently enchanted.

Pag.

No infidelity, as sure as you had no money in your pockets.

Paz.

Well remembered, if it be so sure my little Didimo you shall now give me account of all that gold and silver.

Pag.

Such another word, and my Aunt shall take off her curse again.

Paz.

There's it, this urchin has me oath hip, beside in my conscience, my grannam has given thee a spell too, so that we might fight our hearts out, afore we kill one another.

Pag.

You my be sure of that.

Paz.

Prithee let me try, for my own satisfaction, whether my sword will run thee through or no.

Pag.

It has been attempted a hundred times, you may as soon prick me with the pummel; but if thou hast any doubt thy own body is not steel proof, my rapier shall demonstrate.

Paz.

Wilt? now thou'rt honest.

Pag.

'Tis to no purpose.

Paz.

For my satisfaction, if thou lov'est me.

Pag.

Come on your ways.

he draws.

Paz.
Stay, 'tis pointed — I have a great mind, but if — but if — I should — I am enchanted; do't, stay, I wonot see't: now —

Pag.

Never fear.

He sheathes and with the scabbard thrusts him behind, and draws it again presently.

Paz.

Oh!

He has run me through body and soul, hum! I see no point, nor blood, nor pain, ha?

'Tis so, god a mercy Didimo, I am right, I see't.

I will dispatch these wars presently.

Pa.

Your charm will last no longer.

Paz.

Tell not me, I will then go seek adventures,

We'll wander to relieve distressed damsels,

Through woods with monsters, and with Giants haunted,

And kill the Devil like a knight enchanted.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Sicily, Prince, Alphonso, Trivulsi, Fabricchio, Cassandra; at one door.

King of Naples, Rosinda, Horatio, Vittori, julio, Alberto at the other.

Alphonso, goes to the King of Naples, and Horatio returns to the King of Sicily: they whisper.

K. of Sci.

let's hear our daughter speak.

Ros.

First with an humbleness

Thus low, I beg your pardon, and beseech
You would interpret no defect of duty,

That I forsook my tent, and your protection

There is another, stronger tie than nature's

Love, whose impulsion you have felt, or I

Had never been your daughter, moved my flight

Love of that excellent prince, whom in your power

I had no way to gain but by this loss.

And if you had been cruel to Cesario,

I should have gloried under these to suffer.

1 Loud Music.
Pr.
No more, there's virtue in that excellent Princess
To stock two Kingdoms, pardon fair Rosinda,
Thou hast made me fit to know thee, taught by thy
Obedience, I return a son to Naples
Thus, but desire no life without possession
Of that religious treasure, as you're kings —

Both Kings.
A chain of hands and hearts.

Vit.
O my Cassandra.

Nap.
joy in all bosoms.

Sicil.
Thus our kingdoms knit.

Pr.
Horatio we are friends too.

Hor.
Own me your servant sir, I beg your pardon.

Pr.
I cannot ask forgiveness oft enough
For injuries to thee noble Vittori,
Alphonso and Cassandra.

Vit. Alp. Cas.
All your creatures.

Enter Mauritio, Fabio.

Ma.
justice my Lord.

Fab.
Mercy my Lord.

Nap.
what's this?

Ma.
A deed of half his land, if he survived
These war, which are now happily determined,
My life was his security, which will
Be merrier with the moiety of his Acres.
Na.
    How if he had died?

Ma.
    His Land had gone to the next heir, that's all
    His ghost would hardly call upon my forfeit;
    If I had died, his land had been discharged,
    But we both living must part stakes, he has
    Enough for two on's

Fab.
    Cheated by a soldade.

Pr.
    He must confirm his act.

Fab.
    But in such cases sir where mens' estates —

Pr.
    Are to much sir, and like their talk ### impertinent,
    Go to, you're well.

Fab.
    But half well, and like your grace.

Ma.
    'Tis very well.

Nap.
    Our City spreads to entertain such guests.

Pr.
    Never was music of so many parts,
    As friends to Naples now, we all join hearts.

Exeunt.
FINIS.
Machine-generated castlist

- A12158-prisoner 137
- A12158-king 113
- A12158-vittori 100
- A12158-pazzarello 88
- A12158-rosinda 80
- A12158-page 67
- A12158-fabio 60
- A12158-cassandra 53
- A12158-julio 42
- A12158-horatio 40
- A12158-alphonso 35
- A12158-flavia 33
- A12158-alberto 32
- A12158-mauritio 31
- A12158-caesario 15
- A12158-trivulsi 6
- A12158-sergeant 4
- A12158-messenger 4
- A12158-naples 4
- A12158-captain 2
- A12158-unassigned 2
- A12158-pazzarello 1
- A12158-1_soldier 1
- A12158-omnes 1
- A12158-multiple 1
- A12158-king_sci 1
- A12158-sicily 1
- A12158-both 1

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 kewyord in context.
A12158-002-b-0630 (# particular ambition to be knowne to you , that [I] , among other , whose more happy wits have
A12158-002-b-0730 (g#ind among other , whose more happy wits have [gaind] by being onely read under so noble a Patron
A12158-003-b-1050 (heene sent To meete the insulting King , he has [beene] fortunate In many warres .
A12158-005-b-0580 (### were a point of deepe neglect to keepe Your [grace] in expectation , yet delaies Make ioyes
A12158-005-b-3220 (#ie Be dumbe . Another syllable , [lle] ha thy tongue out , And leave no roote ,
A12158-006-a-0190 (#u.. [Ju.]
A12158-006-b-0190 (defen#'d prospers , that without his valour Would ha [defenc'd] it selfe .
A12158-007-a-2590 (# give no breath To such a thought hereafter [. ] Honour payes Double where Kings neglect
A12158-007-b-2210 (Vittori# Oh my deare [Vittori] My wishes ayme at none beside .
A12158-008-b-2660 (i # th they may now take from us , We are not yet [i'lh] snare , and we have power To stifle
A12158-009-a-0950 (, shannot neede sir , The King is comming hither [.]
A12158-009-b-0580 (# drops , That I might sacrifice to your anger [. ] And expiate my Fathers sinne !
A12158-010-a-0270 (How [Howl] banishment ?
A12158-010-b-1330 (remo# for the best , By his absence thinking to [remove] his anger , I could have beene content ,
A12158-011-a-2640 (say Superfluous , and may be prund away , You have you [say,] no argument to suspect His fall from Loyalty
A12158-012-b-0740 (ablow Vittori gave [a blow] to their designe .
A12158-012-b-0780 (defigne Vittori gave a blow to their [designe] .
A12158-012-b-1710 (#fleet It may be another [fleet] , meant to relieve The first , and came
A12158-012-b-2120 (dee#ely Ore take Vittori , but Alphonso shall Pay [deerely] for this mischiefe .
A12158-012-b-2570 (# Canst thou thinke I do looke pale for this [?] no lulio , Although the suddaine newes might
A12158-013-a-0520 (# Exit [.]
A12158-013-a-2750 (been# his sword reach'd my heart , my death had [beene] No sinne compar'd to that affront he threw
A12158-014-a-0770 (# must take our fortunes , I am sorry For thee [. ]
A12158-014-b-0650 (# Exit [.]
A12158-014-b-3140 (# kingdome , Nor is it superstition to beleve [. ] That heaven doth point us out the scourge
A12158-014-b-3470 (courtship-dane'd entertaine our Navie : The fish in amorous [courtship danc'd] about Our ship , and no rude gale from any
A12158-015-a-1880 (# affliction , I suffer lesse In knowledge [. ] and shall rise by brave examples , Valiant
95

A12158-015-a-2950 {#oule Alas she will be gone , oh my Cassandra Thy [soule] shannot forsake thee thus , ile take it
A12158-016-a-0940 {mo#e Few victories can boast [more] , all is but The dye of Warre , which valour
A12158-016-a-1620 {back# throw Our Barke , with the distressed lading [backe] Vpon this flinty bosome of your Country
A12158-016-b-0410 (# Exeunt [])
A12158-017-a-2000 {#eleabitings Hurt , no no , these are but [fleabitings] , to have my limbes strew'd about the field
A12158-017-a-3520 {#az. [Paz.]
A12158-017-a-3980 {# and breake all the swords that light upon't [,] and for the shot , thy breath shall dampe
A12158-017-a-4090 {Cano# and for the shot , thy breath shall dampe a [Canon] , it shall fall off like one of thy buttons
A12158-017-a-4320 {witch#s If this could be compas'd , I should love [witches] the better while I live .
A12158-017-b-1140 {preserv # d. justice , you command this life You have [preserv'd]
A12158-017-b-1270 {releev # d should have forfeited Humanity , not to have [releev'd] you In such distresse .
A12158-017-b-2100 {Pazzor#llo [Pazzorello] .
A12158-017-b-2140 {He # s [He's] growne most strangely valiant .
A12158-017-b-2830 {bul#ets me be gentleman of a company , and let the [bullets] flye as fast as they can .
A12158-017-b-3380 {th# He meanes both [the] kingdomes .
A12158-018-a-1140 {# will Now you talke of the mouth ; [twill] eate every day this leaguer foure and twenty
A12158-018-a-1610 {mën Youle not have [men] enough to conquer .
A12158-018-a-2800 {fan [Can] you be cruell Lady to that man , That offers
A12158-019-a-3130 {Cassand#a actions , And kils the name we live by , oh [Cassandra] Thou didst not well to praise the King for
A12158-019-b-3340 {sorrrowes of my leave already , And kissing the wet [sorrowes] from thy cheeke , Bid thee rejoyce , Vittori
A12158-020-a-0460 {ch#ck'd idly , And miserably forgot my selfe , I am [check'd] , This tells me another tale , if I refuse
A12158-020-a-1370 {p#eserve above his honour , Keepe your high thoughts , [preserve] all peace within you , You shall not buy
A12158-020-a-1580 {de#otion with your owne shame , Ile die with that [devotion] , I ha praid for you , Which trust me was
A12158-020-a-2150 {the# thou wot give me leave , Ile confesse to [thee] Before my head fall from this other peece
A12158-020-b-1550 (# Exeunt []
A12158-020-b-1770 {there # s know not what to say to these garboiles , [there's] a hot Naples toward , and the Prince
A12158-021-a-1150 (the#e thinke thou hast little care on't thy selfe , [there] be many would give all their estate to out-live
A12158-021-a-1480 [# A match [!] my life against halfe your land to secure
A12158-021-a-4250 [#inisht Weele expect more Advantage first , they have [finish] their redoubt , Is our river guarded with
A12158-021-b-3320 (us This fellow's sent to mocke [us,] in my heart I repent all the tye of armes
A12158-022-a-0810 (v#xation This , this [vexation] I did expect , but we must not be frighted
A12158-022-a-3080 [#o about my heart , my father ? Was ever man [so] miserably throwne Vpon despaire , if I refuse
A12158-022-a-3350 (sustain# fight My father bleeds , some divine arme [sustaine] My feeble soule , instruct it how I should
A12158-022-b-0160 (rath#r should Distinguish sorrow , and which blessing [rather] I should now part with , a deere wife ,
A12158-022-b-1550 (#as.. [Cas.]
A12158-023-b-1660 (#e but shee le not be long absent , where's [the] gamester ?
A12158-023-b-1670 (gamester# shee le not be long absent , where's the [gamester] ?
A12158-024-a-0400 [#ut finde him onely Obedient to your selfe , [but] very dutifull To any devill you have .
A12158-024-a-2200 (# t not throw it away instantly — give mee ['t] , ile keepe it from her knowledge , this
A12158-024-a-4390 (here # s more , off wee't , if you love your hand , [here's] a jest to foole away your life quickly
A12158-024-b-2240 (Graspe [Graspe] his necke till he groane twice ,
A12158-025-a-1160 (# t It concernes you to be sure on ['t] , and I must tell you one thing , if you
A12158-025-a-1970 (Y # are [Y'are] the better provee fort , you cannot
A12158-025-a-3200 (#and honourd me , and Lady I kisse your faire [hand] .
A12158-025-a-3220 (Paz# [Paz.]
A12158-026-b-1900 (I A glory [!] My soule's ambitious of .
A12158-027-a-0800 (Th # art [Th'art] a foole .
A12158-027-a-3310 (# t you have thank'd me , and have runne too ['t]
A12158-027-b-0270 (# t court you to nothing , you may thinke on ['t] , Yare , now no more a prisoner lulio .
A12158-027-b-0290 (Yare court you to nothing , you may thinke on 't , [Y'are] , now no more a prisoner lulio .
A12158-027-b-0350 (prisoner you may thinke on 't , Yare , now no more a [prisoner—] lulio .
A12158-027-b-1400 (least'hope increase my wonder , that you can Nourish the [least' hope] , that I should forget My owne tie
A12158-027-b-1520 (remenbring least'hope , that I should forget My owne tie , by [remembring] what relation You have to any other , if
A12158-028-a-0610 (forgivenes , The time may come you will repent this [forgivenes] .
A12158-028-b-0010 (#os. [Ros.]
A12158-028-b-0740 (# braines beaten out , what will become of me [?]
batteries for truncheon, batoone, and such woodden [batteries,] you must fortifie your selfe as well as

{ ti# , he will be a fit man to engage , beside [tis] His desire .

{ jealonsie I hope you feed no [jealousie] of me , I did all for your service ,

{ prethee shew me the way to her tent .

{ d#stroyd servant , and if all the seedes of love be not [destroyd] , visite and preserve your otherwise miserable

{ woma# this while I live , and have my senses , O [woman] woman ! sir if you remember Twas your conclusion

{ #ome hither sirra .

{ d#stroyd servant , and if all the seedes of love be not [destroyd] , visite and preserve your otherwise miserable

{ Paradoxes Lady , twas love , & it was not [.

{ nothing unles Rosinda be concernd ith message [,

{ curse another word , and my Aunt shall take off her [curse] agen .

{ has runne me through body and soule , hum [!]

{ waye# Come on your [wayes] .

{ has runne me through body and soule , hum [!] I see no point , nor blood , nor paine ,

{ Albert# Naples , Rosinda , Horatio , Vittori , lulio , [Alberto] at the other .

{ warre# of halfe his land , if he surviv'd These [warres] , which are now happily determin'd , My

{ ext His Land had gone to the [next] heire , thats all His ghost would hardly

{ on , must part stakes , he has Enough for two [on's] s.
But in such cases sir [where] estates —

But in such cases sir [mens] estates —

Are too much sir, [and] impertinent, Goe to, yare

Are too much sir, [like] impertinent, Goe to, yare

Are too much sir, [their] impertinent, Goe to, yare well

Are too much sir, [talke] impertinent, Goe to, yare well.

But halfe well, and like your [grace]

But halfe well, and like your grace [.] —

jovne parts, As friends to Naples now, we all [joine] hearts.