

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT

by

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Edited by

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A Note on the Text

This text is created with theatrical performance as a primary consideration. This text is set from the 1639 facsimile of *The Unnatural Combat* available at archive.org (<http://archive.org/details/unnaturallcombat00mass>). This edition was taken from the copy available at the Boston Public Library. Full STC record available at <http://estc.bl.uk/S112429>

Scene titles follow the act and scene delineations from this quarto, although I have added sub-scene delineations (i.e. Act 1, Scene 1A; Act 1, Scene 1B) where appropriate to the action of the text. I have updated and normalized spelling as I found appropriate without note, although where variant spellings may indicate more than one valid choice of word, I have noted what was in the original. I have likewise amended punctuation for clarity of meaning. Explanatory glosses are given to words as I thought would prove helpful to those working without easy access to a dictionary.

Page signatures are given in this script to indicate when a new page *begins* rather than being placed on the bottom of the page, as is standard for a quarto. I have also noted the verso side of a page with a minuscule “v” following the page signature (i.e. [B2v]), although these are, of course, not noted in the quarto text. All page signatures will be noted here, even if not provided in the quarto so that those who wish may more easily consult the copy text. Other conventions used here follow standard American playscript format.

Q refers to Young Beaufort variously as “Ju[venes] Beaufort” and Beaufort Junior. I have standardized this to “Young Beaufort” to contrast with “Beaufort Senior” his father, but it should be noted that the speech prefixes emphasize the father / son relationship between these characters. I have done likewise with “Young Malefort” with reference to his father “Malefort.”

Table of Contents

| | |
|----------------------|----|
| ACT 1, SCENE 1A..... | 1 |
| [B1]..... | 1 |
| [B1v]..... | 1 |
| [B2]..... | 3 |
| [B2v]..... | 5 |
| ACT 1, SCENE 1B..... | 6 |
| [B3]..... | 7 |
| ACT 1, SCENE 1C..... | 9 |
| [B3v]..... | 10 |
| [B4]..... | 11 |
| ACT 1, SCENE 1D..... | 12 |
| [B4v]..... | 14 |
| ACT 1, SCENE 1E..... | 14 |
| ACT 1, SCENE 1F..... | 15 |
| [C1]..... | 16 |
| [C1v]..... | 17 |
| [C2]..... | 19 |
| [C2v]..... | 21 |
| ACT 1, SCENE 1G..... | 22 |
| [C3]..... | 22 |
| [C3v]..... | 24 |
| [C4]..... | 26 |
| ACT 2, SCENE 1A..... | 27 |
| [C4v]..... | 28 |
| [D1]..... | 29 |
| ACT 2, SCENE 1B..... | 31 |
| [D1v]..... | 31 |
| [D2]..... | 33 |
| ACT 2, SCENE 1C..... | 34 |
| [D2v]..... | 35 |
| [D3]..... | 36 |
| ACT 2, SCENE 1D..... | 37 |
| [D3v]..... | 39 |
| [D4]..... | 40 |
| [D4v]..... | 42 |
| ACT 2, SCENE 2..... | 43 |
| [E1]..... | 44 |
| ACT 2, SCENE 3..... | 46 |
| [E1v]..... | 46 |
| [E2]..... | 48 |
| [E2v]..... | 50 |
| [E3]..... | 51 |

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| [E3v]..... | 53 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 1A..... | 53 |
| [E4]..... | 55 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 1B..... | 57 |
| [E4v]..... | 57 |
| [F1]..... | 59 |
| [F1v]..... | 61 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 2A..... | 62 |
| [F2]..... | 63 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 2B..... | 64 |
| [F2v]..... | 65 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 2C..... | 67 |
| [F3]..... | 67 |
| [F3v]..... | 69 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 2D..... | 70 |
| [F4]..... | 71 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 3A..... | 72 |
| [F4v]..... | 74 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 3B..... | 75 |
| [G1]..... | 76 |
| [G1v]..... | 77 |
| [G2]..... | 79 |
| [G2v]..... | 81 |
| ACT 3, SCENE 4..... | 82 |
| [G3]..... | 83 |
| [G3v]..... | 86 |
| [G4]..... | 88 |
| [G4v]..... | 90 |
| ACT 4, SCENE 1A..... | 90 |
| [H1]..... | 91 |
| ACT 4, SCENE 1B..... | 92 |
| [H1v]..... | 93 |
| [H2]..... | 95 |
| [H2v]..... | 97 |
| ACT 4, SCENE 1C..... | 98 |
| [H3]..... | 99 |
| [H3v]..... | 101 |
| [H4]..... | 103 |
| [H4v]..... | 105 |
| ACT 4, SCENE 2A..... | 105 |
| [I1]..... | 107 |
| [I1v]..... | 109 |
| [I2]..... | 111 |
| ACT 4, SCENE 2B..... | 111 |
| [I2v]..... | 113 |

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| [I3]..... | 116 |
| [I3v]..... | 118 |
| ACT 5, SCENE 1..... | 118 |
| [I4]..... | 120 |
| [I4v]..... | 122 |
| [K1]..... | 124 |
| ACT 5, SCENE 2A..... | 124 |
| [K1v]..... | 125 |
| [K2]..... | 128 |
| [K2v]..... | 130 |
| [K3]..... | 132 |
| [K3v]..... | 133 |
| ACT 5, SCENE 2B..... | 135 |
| [K4]..... | 135 |
| [K4v]..... | 137 |
| [L1]..... | 139 |
| [L1v]..... | 141 |
| ACT 5, SCENE 2C..... | 143 |
| [L2]..... | 143 |
| ACT 5, SCENE 2D..... | 144 |
| [L2v]..... | 145 |

ACT 1, SCENE 1A

[B1]

Enter MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, USHER, PAGE, waiting WOMEN.

MONTREVILLE

Now to be modest Madam, when you are
A suitor for your father, t'would appear
Courser then boldness; you a while must part
with soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin,
Though I must grant (did not this cause command
it) they are rich jewels you have ever worn
To all men's admiration, in this age.
If by our own forced importunity,
Or other purchased intercession, or
Corrupting bribes we can make our approaches
To justice, guarded from us by stern power,
We bless the means, and industry.

USHER

Here's music

[B1v]

In this bag shall wake her, though she had drunk Opium,
Or eaten Mandrakes, let commanders talk
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire
To this petard¹, it shall blow open Madam
The iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance,
When they (let them do what they can) with all

1 "petard" - "a small bomb used for blowing up gates and walls when breaching fortifications."

USHER (cont.)

Their mines, their culverins, and Basiliscoes²,
Shall cool their feet without, this being the pick-lock
That never fails.

MONTREVILLE

Tis true, gold can do much,
But beauty more, were I the governor,
Though the Admiral your father stood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, half a dozen
Of sweet close kisses from these cherry lips,
With some short active conference in private,
Should sign his general pardon.

THEOCRINE

These light words sir
Do ill become the weight of my sad fortune
And I much wonder that you do profess
Yourself to be my fathers bosom friend,
Can raise mirth from his misery.

MONTREVILLE

You mistake me,
I share in his calamity, and only
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should do
For such a rare petitioner, and if
You'll follow the directions I prescribe,
With my best judgement I'll marke out the way
For his enlargement.

2 A form of "basilisks," a type of canon named after a mythological creature that could kill with a look.

THEOCRINE

With all real joy,
I shall put what you counsel into act,
Provided it be honest.

MONTREVILLE

Honesty

In a faire she-client (trust to my experience)
Seldom or never prospers, the world's wicked.
We are men, not saints sweet Lady, you must practice
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favor from it, do not deceive yourself
[B2]

By building too much on the false foundations
Of chastity and virtue. Bid your waiters
Stand farther of, and i'll come nearer to you.

1 WOMAN

Some wicked counsel on my life.

2 WOMAN

N'ere doubt it,
If it proceed from him.

PAGE

I wonder that
My Lord so much affects him.

USHER

Thou art a child and dost not understand on what strong bases this friendship's raised between this Montreville and our Lord Monsieur Malefort, but I'll teach thee from thy years they have been joint purchasers, in furs, & water-works, and truckt together.

PAGE

In fire and water works,

USHER

Commodities boy
Which you may know hereafter.

PAGE

And deal in'em
When the trade has given you over, as
Appears by'th'increase'f your high forehead.

USHER

Here's a crack,
I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.

PAGE

I had had an ignorant nurse else. I have tied sir
My Ladies garter, and can guess.

USHER

Peace infant,

THEOCRINE falls off.

Tales out a school take heed you will be britch'd else.

1 WOMAN

My Ladies color changes.

2 WOMAN

She falls off too.

THEOCRINE

You are a naughty man, indeed you are,
And I will sooner perish with my father
Then at this price redeem him.

MONTREVILLE

Take your own way,
Your modest legal way, tis not your veil
Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper,
Nor following my Lords coach in the dirt,
Nor that which you rely upon, a bribe
Will do it when there's something he likes better.

[B2v]

These courses in an old crone of three score,
That had seven years together 'tired the court
With tedious petitions and clamors,
For the recovery of a strangling husband,
To pay forsooth the duties of one to her...
But for a Lady of your tempting beauties,
Your youth and ravishing features to hope only
In such a suite as this is, to gain favor
Without exchange of courtesy, you conceive me,

Enter YOUNG BEAUFORT and BELGARDE.

MONTREVILLE (cont.)

Were madness at the height, here's brave young Beaufort
The meteor of Marseilles, one that holds
The governor his fathers will and power
In more awe then his own, come, come advance,
Present your bag crammed with crowns of the sun.
Do you think he cares for money? he loves pleasure,
Burn your petition, burn it, he dotes on you,
Upon my knowledge, to his cabinet, do
And he will point you out a certain course,
Be the cause right or wrong to have your father
Released with much facility.

Exit MONTREVILLE.

THEOCRINE

Do you hear?
Take a pander with you.

ACT 1, SCENE 1B

YOUNG BEAUFORT

I tell thee there is neither
Employment yet nor money.

BELGARDE

I have commanded
And spent my own means in my countries service,
In hope to raise a fortune.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Many have hop'd so,
But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers.

BELGARDE

If no preferment, let me but receive
My pay that is behind, to set me up
A tavern, or a vaulting house; while men love
Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'l n'ere fail me:
Shall I have that?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

As our prizes are brought in,
Till then you must be patient.

BELGARDE

In the mean time,
[B3]
How shall do for cloths?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

As most captains doe:
Philosopher like, carry all you have about you.

BELGARDE

But how shall I do to satisfy Calon³ Mounseieur,
There lies the doubt.

3 Perhaps referring to "Calon-Ségur" a dry red table wine from Bordeaux, France.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Thats easily decided,
My father's table's free for any man
That hath borne arms.

BELGARDE

And theres good store of meat?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Never fear that.

BELGARDE

I'll seek no other ordinary then,
But be his daily guest without invitement,
And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily
As he shall pay me suddenly to be quit of me.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

[Seeing Theocrine].

Tis she.

BELGARDE

And further.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Away you are troublesome.
Designs of more weight.

BELGARDE

Ha fair Theocrine,
Nay if a velvet petticoat move in the front
Buff jerkins must to the rear, I know my manners.
This is indeed great business, mine a gewgaw;⁴
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatched,
And suddenly, or all will go to wrack.
Charge her home in the flank my Lord, nay I am gone sir. *Exit [BELGARDE]*

ACT 1, SCENE 1C

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Nay pray you Madam rise, or I'll kneel with you.

PAGE

I would bring you on your knees, were I a woman.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

What is it can deserve so poor a name,
As a suite to me? This more then mortal form
Was fashioned to command and not entreat,
Your will but known is served.

THEOCRINE

Great Sir, my father,
My brave deserving father... but that sorrow
Forbids the use of speech.

4 Q "m ne a gugawe" - probably supposed to be "mine a gewgaw," meaning "A showy trifle; a toy; a splendid plaything; a pretty but worthless bauble."

YOUNG BEAUFORT

I understand you,
Without the aids of those interpreters
That fall from your faire eyes, I know you labour;
[B3v]
The liberty of your father, at the least
An equal hearing to acquit himself:
And 'tis not to endear my service to you,
Though I must add, and pray you with patience hear it,
'Tis hard to be affected, in respect
The State's incensed against him: all presuming
The world of outrages his impious son,
Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties
Expressed to this poor Country, could not be
With such ease put in execution, if
your father (of late our great Admiral)
Held not or corespondency, or connived
At his proceedings.

THEOCRINE

And must he then suffer,
His cause unheard?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

As yet it is resolved so,
In their determination. But suppose,
For I would nourish hope, not kill it in you,
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,
And render them that are implacable,
Impartial Judges, and not swayed with spleen:

YOUNG BEAUFORT (cont.)

Will you, I dare not say in recompense,
For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,
But in your liberal bounty, in my suit
To you be gracious?

THEOCRINE

You entreat of me, Sir,
What I should offer to you, with confession
That you much undervalue your own worth,
Should you receive me. Since there come with you
not lustful fires, but faire and lawful flames.
But I must be excused, 'tis now no time
For me to think of Hymenaell joys.
Can he (and pray you, Sir, consider it)
That gave me life, and faculties to love,
Be, as he is now, ready to be devoured
By ravenous wolves, and at that instant, I
But entertain a thought of those delights,
[B4]
In which perhaps my ardor meets with yours?
Duty and piety forbid it, Sir.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

But this effected, and your father free,
What is your answer?

THEOCRINE

Every minute to me
Will be a tedious age till our embraces

THEOCRINE (cont.)

Are warrantable to the world.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

I urge no more, confirm it with a kiss.

THEOCRINE

I doubly feel it.

USHER

This would do better a bed, the business ended, they are the lovingest Couple.

ACT 1, SCENE 1D

*Enter BEAUFORT SENIOR (the Governor), MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT,
LANOUR.*

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Here comes my father
With the Council of war, deliver your petition,
And leave the rest to me.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

I am sorry, Lady,
Your fathers guilt compels your innocence
To ask what I in justice must deny.

YOUJNG BEAUFORT

For my sake, Sir, pray you receive, and read it.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Thou foolish boy, I can deny thee nothing.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Thus far we are happy. Madam quit the place,
You shall hear how we succeed.

THEOCRINE

Goodness reward you.

Exeunt THEOCRINE, USHER, PAGE, women.

MONTAIGNE

It is apparent, and we stay too long
To censure Malefort as he deserves.

CHAMONT

There is no color of reason that makes for him:
Had he discharged the trust committed to him,
With that experience and fidelity
He practiced heretofore, it could not be
Our Navy should be block'd up, and in our sight
Our goods made prize, our Sailors sold for slaves,
By his prodigious issue.

LANOUR

I much grieve,
After so many brave and high achievements,
He should in one ill forfeit all the good
He ever did his Country.

[B4v]

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Well, 'tis granted.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

I humbly thank you, Sir.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

He shall have hearing,
His irons too struck off, bring him before us;
But seek no further favor.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Sir, I dare not.

Exit YOUNG BEAUFORT

ACT 1, SCENE 1E

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Monsieur Chamont, Montaigne, Lanour, assistants
By a Commission from the most Christian King
In punishing, or freeing Malefort
Our late great Admiral: though I know you need not
Instructions from me, how to dispose of
Your selves in this man's trial (that exacts
Your clearest judgements) give me leave with favor
To offer my opinion: we are to hear him,
A little looking back on his faire actions,
Loyal, and true demeanor, not as now
By the general voice, already he's condemn'd.

BEAUFORT SENIOR (cont.)

But if we find (as most believe) he hath held
Intelligence with his accursed son,
Fallen off from all allegiance, and turned
(But for what cause we know not) the most bloody
And fatal enemy, this Country ever
Repented to have brought forth, all compassion
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardoned,
We sit engaged to censure him with all
Extremity and rigor.

CHAMONT

Your Lordship shows us
A path which we will tread in.

LANOUR

He that leaves
To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.

MONTAIGNE

I'll not be singular.

ACT 1, SCENE 1F

*Enter YOUNG BEUAFORT, MONTREVILLE, MALEFORT⁵, BELGARDE,
and Officers.*

BEAUFORT SENIOR

He comes, but with
A strange distracted look.

5 Q gives this as "Malefort Sen," and his speech prefix in this scene as "Mal. Sen."

MALEFORT

Live I once more

To see these hands and arms free? These, that often

[C1]

In the most dreadful horror of a fight,
Have been as sea-marks to teach such as were
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
To reach the Port of victory? When my sword,
Advanced thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin
To such as durst behold it. These the legs
That when our ship were grappled, carried me
With such swift motion from deck to deck,
As they that saw it, with amazement cried;
He does not run, but flies.

MONTREVILLE

He still retains

The greatness of his spirit.

MALEFORT

Now cramped with irons,
Hunger, and cold, they hardly do support me.
But I forget my self. O my good Lords
That sit there as my judges to determine
The life and death of Malefort, where are now
Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud applauses
With which when I returned loaden with spoil
You entertain'd your Admiral? All's forgotten,

MALEFORT (cont.)

And I stand here to give accmpt for that
Of which I am as free, and innocent
As he that never saw the eyes of him,
For whom I stand suspected.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Monsieur Malefort

Let not your passion so far transport you
As to believe from any private malice,
Or envy to your person you are questioned,
Nor do the suppositions want weight,
That do invite us to a strong assurance,
Your son...

MALEFORT

My shame.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Pray you hear with patience, ever
Without assistance, or sure aids from you,
Could with the pirates of Angiers and Tunis,
[C1v]
Even those that you had almost twice defeated,
Acquire such credit, as with them to be
Made absolute commander? (pray you observe me)
If there had not some contract passed between you,
That when occasion served you would join with 'em
To the ruin of Marseille?

MONTAIGNE

More, what urged
Your son to turn Apostate?

CHAMONT

Had he from
The State, or Governor, the least neglect
Which envy could interpret for a wrong?

LANOUR

Or if you slept not in your charge, how could
So many ships as do infest our Coast
And have in our own Harbor shut our Navy
Come in unfought with?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

They put him hardly to it.

MALEFORT

My Lords, with as much brevity as I can,
I'll answer each particular objection
With which you charge me. The main ground, on which
You raise the building of your accusation,
Hath reference to my son: should I now curse him,
Or wish in th'agony of my troubled soul,
Lightning had found him in his mother's womb
You'll say is from the purpose, and I therefore
Betake him to the Devil, and so leave him.
Did never loyal father but my self
Beget a treacherous issue? Was't in me

MALEFORT (cont.)

With as much ease to fashion up his mind,
As in his generation to form,
The organs to his body? Must it follow
Because that he is impious, I am false?
I would not boast my actions, yet t'is lawful
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
Who sunk the Turkish galleys in the Straights,
But Malefort? Who rescued the French merchants
When they were boarded, and stowed under hatches
By the Pirates of Angiers, when every minute

[C2]

They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,
But your now doubted Admiral? Then you filled
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd Despair
Hovered with sail-stretched wings over their heads,
To me, as to the Neptune of the Sea,
They owed the restitution of their goods,
Their lives, their liberties. O can it then
Be probable, my Lords, that he that never
Became the master of a Pirate ship,
But at the main yard hung the Captain up,
And caused the rest to be thrown overboard,
Should after all these proofs of deadly hate,
So oft expressed against 'em, entertain
A thought of quarter with 'em, but much less
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
To join with them to lift a wicked arm
Against my mother Country, this Marseille,

MALEFORT (cont.)

Which with my prodigal expense of blood
I have so oft protected.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

What you have done
Is granted, and applauded, but yet know
This glorious relation of your actions
Must not so blinds our judgements, as to suffer
This most unnatural crime you stand accused of,
To pass unquestioned.

CHAMONT

No, you must produce
Reasons of more validity, and weight,
To plead in your defense, or we shall hardly
conclude you innocent.

MONDTAIGNE

The large volume of
Your former worthy deeds, with your experience,
Both what, and when to do, but makes against you.

LANOUR

For had your care and courage been the same
As heretofore, the dangers we are plunged in
Had been with ease prevented.

MALEFORT

What have I

[C2v]

Omitted in the power of flesh, and blood,
Even in the birth to strangle the designs
Of this hell-bred wolf my son? Alas my Lords,
I am no god, nor like him could foresee
His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes,
Nor would the sun at my command forbear
To make his progress to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath disperse⁶ those foggy mists
Covered with which, and darkness of the night,
Their navy undiscerned, without resistance
Beset our harbor? Make not that my fault,
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.
But if that nor my former acts, nor what
I have delivered, can prevail with you
To make good my integrity and truth:
Rip up this bosom; and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal.

A trumpet within.

BEUAFORT SENIOR

How! a trumpet!
Enquire the cause.

MONTREVILLE goes off.

6 Q "dispresse"

MALEFORT

Thou searcher of mens hearts,
And sure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying sins, a while not looked on)
If I in this am guilty strike the dead,
Or by some unexpected means confirm,
I am accused unjustly.

ACT 1, SCENE 1G

Enter MONTREVILLE and 1 CAPTAIN

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Speak the motives
That brings thee hither.

1 CAPTAIN

From our Admiral thus,
He does salute you fairly, and desires
It may be understood no public hate,
Hath brought him to Marseille, nor seeks he
The ruin of his country, but aims only
To wreak a private wrong; and if from you
He may have leave, and liberty to decide it
In a single combat, he'll give up good pledges.

[C3]

If he fall in the trial of his right,
Wee shall weigh anchor and no more molest
This town with hostile arms.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Speak to the man,
(If in this presence he appear to you)
To whom you bring this challenge.

1 CAPTAIN

Tis to you.

BEAUFORT SEINOR

His father!

MONTREVILLE

Can it be!

YOUNG BEUAFORT

Strange and prodigious.

MALEFORT

Thou see'st I stand unmoved, were thy voice thunder
It should not shake me, say what would the viper?

1 CAPTAIN

The reverence a fathers name may challenge,
And duty of a son, no more remembered
He does defy thee to the death.

MALEFORT

Go on.

1 CAPTAIN

And with his sword well prove it on thy head,
Thou art a murderer, an Atheist
And that all attributes of men turned furies
Cannot express thee, this he will make good
If thou dare'st give him meeting.

MALEFORT

Dare I live,
Dare I when mountains of my sins o're whelm me
At my last gasp ask for mercy? How I bless
Thy coming Captain, never man to me
Arrived so opportunely; and thy message,
However it may seem to threaten death,
Does yield to me a second life in curing
My wounded honor, stand I yet suspected
As a confederate with this enemy,
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature
He marks out for destruction? You are just
Immortal powers, and in this merciful,
And it takes from any sorrow, and my shame
For being the father to so bad a son,
In that you are pleased to offer up the monster
To my correction. Blush and repent

[C3v]

As you are bound, my honorable Lords;
Your ill opinions of me, not great Brutus,
The father of the Roman liberty,
With more assured constancy beheld
His traitor sons, for laboring to call home

MALEFORT (cont.)

The banished Tarquins, scourged with rods to death,
Then I will show when I take back the life
This prodigy of mankind received from me.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

We are sorry Monsieur Malefort for our error
And are much taken with your resolution
But the disparity of years, and strength
Between you, and your son, duly considered
We would not so expose you.

MALEFORT

Then you kill me
Under pretense to save me. O my Lords
As you love honor, and a wronged mans fame
Deny me not this faire, and noble means
To make me right again to all the world.
Should any other but my self be chosen
To punish this Apostata with death,
You rob a wretched father of a justice
That to all after times will be recorded,
I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equal
To my experience, that in his fall
He may not shame my victory, I feel
The powers, and spirits of twenty strong men in me.
Were he with wild fire circled, I undaunted
Would make way to him, as you do affect Sir
My daughter Theocrine, as you are
My true and ancient friend, as thou art valiant,

MALEFORT (cont.)

And as all love a soldier, second me

They all sue to the governor.

In this my just petition, in your looks
I see a grant my Lord.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

You shall o're'bear me,
And since you are so confident in your cause,
Prepare you for the combat.

MALEFORT

With more joy

[C4]

Then yet I ever tasted, by the next sun,
The disobedient rebel shall hear from me.
And so return in safety, my good Lords,
To all my service, I will die or purchase
Rest to Marseille, nor can I make doubt,
But his impiety is a potent charm,
To edge my sword and adde strength to my arm.

Exeunt.

ACT 2, SCENE 1A

Enter 1 CAPTAIN, 2 CAPTAIN, and 3 CAPTAIN.

2 CAPTAIN

He did accept the challenge then?

1 CAPTAIN

Nay more,
Was overjoyed in't; and as it had been
A faire invitement to a solemn feast,
And not a combat to conclude with death,
He cheerfully embraced it.

3 CAPTAIN

Are the articles
Sign'd to on both parts?

1 CAPTAIN

At the fathers suit,
With much unwillingness the governor
Consented to'em.

2 CAPTAIN

You are inward with
Our Admiral; could you yet never learn
What the nature of the quarrel is, that renders
The son, more then incensed, implacable
Against the father?

1 CAPTAIN

Never; yet I have

As far as manners would give warrant to it,
With my best curiousness of care observed him,
I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,

[C4v]

Yet not a syllable exchanged between us,
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief,
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then
A tear, or two, as in derision of
The toughness of his rugged temper would
Fall on his hallow cheeks, which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up,
And laying then his hand upon his sword,
He would murmur, but yet so as I oft hard him,
We shall meet cruel father, yet we shall,
When i'll exact for every womanish drop
Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict accompt
Of much more from thy heart.

2 CAPTAIN

Tis wondrous strange.

3 CAPTAIN

And past my apprehension.

1 CAPTAIN

Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the main top

1 CAPTAIN (cont.)

A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by, no lion pinched with hunger,
Rouses himself more fiercely from his den,
Then he comes on the deck, and there how wisely
He gives directions, and how stout he is
In his executions, we to admiration,
Have been eye-witnesses, yet he never minds
The bootie when 'tis made ours, but as if
The danger, in the purchase of the prey
Delighted him much more then the reward,
His will made known he does retire himself
To his private contemplation, no joy
Expressed by him for victory...

Enter YOUNG MALEFORT

2 CAPTAIN

Here he comes
But with more cheerful looks then ever yet
I saw him wear.

YOUNG MALEFORT

It was long since resolved on
Nor must I stagger now, may the cause
That forces me to this unnatural act,
[D1]
Be buried in everlasting silence,
And I find rest in death, or my revenge,
To either I stand equal. Pray you Gentlemen

YOUNG MALEFORT (cont.)

Be charitable in your censures of me,
And do not entertain a false belief
That I am mad, for undertaking that
Which must be, when effected, still repented.
It adds to my calamity that I have
Discourse and reason, and but too well know
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,
But both ways I am impious. Do not therefore
Ascribe the perturbation of my soul
To a servile fear of death: I oft have view'd
All kinds of his inevitable darts,
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemned to leap
From the cloud-covered brows of a steep rock
Into the deep; or Curtius-like⁷ to fill up,
For my Countries safety and an after name,
A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,
It could not so much shake me, as th'encounter
Of this day's single enemy.

1 CAPTAIN

If you please, Sir,
You may shun it, or defer it.

7 "Marcus Curtius, a legendary hero of ancient Rome. According to legend, in 362 BC a deep chasm opened in the Roman Forum. The seers declared that the pit would never close until Rome's most valuable possession was thrown into it. Claiming that nothing was more precious than a brave citizen, Curtius leaped, fully armed and on horseback, into the chasm, which immediately closed. The spot was afterward covered by a pond, known as the Lacus Curtius, which was dry by the 1st century BC. The legend of Marcus Curtius is the most widespread of several tales invented to explain the origin of the name Lacus Curtius." (<https://www.britannica.com/topic/Marcus-Curtius>)

YOUNG MALEFORT

Not for the world:

Yet two things I entreat you, the first is,
You'll not enquire the difference between
My self and him, which as a father once
I honored, now my deadliest enemy,
The last is, if I fall, to bear my body
Far from this place, and where you please inter it.
I should say more, but by his sudden coming
I am cut off.

ACT 2, SCENE 1B

*Enter YOUNG BEUFORT, and MONTREVILLE leading in MALEFORT
senior; BELGARDE following with others.*

YOUNG BEUFORT

Let me, Sir, have the honor
To be your second.

[D1v]

MONTREVILLE

With your pardon, Sir,
I must put in for that, since our tried friendship
Hath lasted from our infancy.

BELGARDE

I have served
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,
And handsomely, though I say it, and if now

At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
I'll not pull down the side.

MALEFORT

I rest much bound
To your so noble offers, and I hope
Shall find your pardon, though I now refuse 'em,
For which I'll yield strong reasons, but as briefly
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
(That am supposed the weaker) any aid
From the assistance of my second's sword,
Might write me down in the black list of those,
That have nor fire, nor spirit of their own;
But dare, and do, as they derive their courage
From his example, on whose help and valor
They wholly do depend. Let this suffice
In my excuse for that. Now if you please
On both parts to retire to yonder mount,
Where you, as in a Roman Theater,
May see the bloody difference determined,
Your favors meet my wishes.

YOUNG MALEFORT

'Tis approved of
By me, and I command you lead the way,
And leave me to my fortune.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

I would gladly
Be a spectator (since I am denied

To be an Actor) of each blow, and thrust,
And punctually observe 'em.

YOUNG MALEFORT

You shall have
All you desire; for in a word or two
I must make bold to entertain the time,
If he give suffrage to it.

MALEFORT

Yes, I will,
[D2]
I'll hear thee, and then kill thee: nay farewell.

YOUNG MALEFORT

Embrace with love on both sides, and with us
Leave deadly hate, and fury.

MALEFORT

From this place
You ne're shall see both living.

They embrace on both sides, and take leave severally of the father and son.⁸

BELGARDE

What's past help, is
Beyond prevention.

⁸ In Q this stage direction is set with the beginning of BELGARDE's line.

ACT 2, SCENE 1C

MALEFORT

Now we are alone, Sir,
And thou hast liberty to unload the burthen
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.

YOUNG MALEFORT

I shall, Sir;
But in a perplexed form and method, which
You only can interpret; would you had not
A guilty knowledge in your bosom of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing. As you are my father
I bend my knee, and uncompelled profess
My life, and all that's mine, to be your gift;
And that in a son's duty I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safety.
But this confessed on my part, I rise up,
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, fear, and reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked man I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak,
And in the action changed the humble shape
Of my obedience, to rebellious rage
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrained me
To run my bark⁹ of honor on a shelf,
I must not see, nor if I saw it, shun it?
In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward,

9 i.e. "ship."

YOUNG MALEFORT (cont.)

And mankind trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would fly from. For when I advance
This sword, as I must do against your head,
Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,
To see their altars which you built up in me,
[D2v]

In a moment razed and ruin'd, that you could
(From my grieved soul I wish it) but produce
To qualify, not excuse your deed of horror,
One seeming reason that I might fix here,
And move no father.

MALEFORT

Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits a Judge
To censure that, which only by my self
Ought to be question'd? mountains sooner fall
Beneath their valleys, and the lofty Pine
Pay homage to the Bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one short fillable yields satisfaction
To any doubt of thine, nay though it were
A certainty disdaining argument.
Since though my deeds wore Hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,
Set off with glorious honor, thou being bound

MALEFORT (cont.)

To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

YOUNG MALEFORT

This sword divides that slavish knot.

MALEFORT

It cannot,
It cannot wretch, and if thou but remember
From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it.
Who train'd thee up in arms but I? Who taught thee
Men were men only when they durst look down
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
All opposition, till plum'd victory
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
As the young eaglet, covered with the wings
Of her fierce Dam, learns how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.

[D3]

And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
Presuming to contend with him, to whom
Submission is due, I will take from thee.
Look therefore for extremities, and expect not
I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee
As a serpent swol'n with poison, who surviving
A little longer, with infections breath,
Would render all things near him, like itself

MALEFORT (cont.)

Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,
And with one general cry howling for mercy,
Shall not redeem thee.

YOUNG MALEFORT

Thou incensed Power,
A while forbear thy thunder, let me have
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
My mother.

MALEFORT

Thou shalt never name her more.

[They fight]

ACT 2, SCENE 1D

*Above YOUNG BEAUFORT. MONTREVILLE. BELGARDE. the three Sea
CAPTAINS*

YOUNG BEAUFORT

They are at it.

2 CAPTAIN

That thrust was put strongly home.

MONTREVILLE

But with more strength avoided.

BELGARDE

Welcome in,
He has drawn blood of him yet, well done old Cock.

1 CAPTAIN

That was a strange miss.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

That a certain hit.

YOUNG MALEFORT slain.¹⁰

BELGARDE

He's slain, the day is ours.

2 CAPTAIN

The Admiral's slain.

MONTRVILLE

The father is victorious!

BALGARDE

Let us haste
To gratulate his conquest.

1 CAPTAIN

We to mourn
The fortune of the son.

¹⁰ In Q Belgarde's line is set with the stage direction.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

With utmost speed
Acquaint the Governor with the good success,
That he may entertain to his full merit,
The father of his country's peace and safety.

They descend.

MALEFORT

Were a new life hid in each mangled limb,
I would search, and find it. And how'ere to some
[D3v]
I may seem cruel, thus to tyrannize
Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it.
That I have power to be unnatural,
Is my security, die all my fears,
And waking jealousies, which have so long
Been my tormentors, theres now no suspicion;
A fact, which I alone am conscious of,
Can never be discovered, or the cause
That called this duell on. I being above
All perturbations, nor is it in
The power of Fate, again to make me wretched.

*Enter YOUNG BEAUFORT. MONTREVILLE. BELGARDE, the three Sea
CAPTAINS.*

YOUNG BEAUFORT

All honor to the Conqueror. Who dares tax
My friend of treachery now?

BELGARDE

I am very glad, Sir,
You have sped so well. But I must tell you thus much,
To put you in mind that a low ebbe must follow your high swol'n tide of happiness, you
have purchased this honor at a high price.

MALEFORT

'Tis Belgarde,
Above all estimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot savor
Of arrogance: that to this arm and sword,
Mareilles owes the freedom of her feares,
Or that my loyalty not long since eclipsed,
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things
To be lamented. Though indeed they may
Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories
Being made up again, and cemented
With a son's blood. 'Tis true, he was my son
While he was worthy, but when he shook off
His duty to me, (which my fond indulgence
Upon submission might perhaps have pardon'd)
And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on him
As a stranger to my family, and a traitor

[D4]

Justly proscribed, and he to be rewarded
That could bring in his head. I know in this
That I am censured rugged and austere,
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear
Upon his slaughtered body. But I rest
Well satisfied in my self, being assured

MALEFORT (cont.)

That extraordinary virtues, when they soar
Too high a pitch for common fights to judge of,
Losing their proper splendor, are condemned
For most remarkable vices.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Tis too true, Sir,
In the opinion of the multitude:
But for my self that would be held your friend,
And hope to know you by a nearer name,
They are as they deserve, received.

MALEFORT

My daughter
Shall thank you for the favor.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

I can wish
No happiness beyond it.

1 CAPTAIN

Shall we have leave
To bear the corpse of our dead Admiral,
As he enjoined us from this coast?

MALEFORT

Provided
The articles agreed on be observed,
And you depart hence with it, making oath

MALEFORT (cont.)

Never hereafter but as friends to touch
Upon this shore.

1 CAPTAIN

Wee'll faithfully perform it.

MALEFORT

Then as you please dispose of it. 'Tis an object
That I could wish removed. His sins die with him,
So far he has my charity.

*The Sea CAPTAINS bear the body off with sad musics.*¹¹

1 CAPTAIN

He shall have
A soldiers funeral.

MALEFORT

Farewell.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

These rites
Paid to the dead, the Conqueror that survives
Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour.

[D4v]

Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,
And with all circumstance, and ceremony
Wait on the Patron of our liberty,
Which he at all parts merits.

¹¹ In Q 1 CAPTAIN's subsequent line is set with this stage direction.

MALEFORT

I am honored.
Beyond my hopes.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

'Tis short of your deserts.
Lead on: Oh Sir you must: you are too modest.

Exeunt with loud music.

ACT 2, SCENE 2

Enter THEOCRINE, PAGE, 1 WOMAN, 2 WOMAN.

THEOCRINE

Talk not of comfort, I am both ways wretched,
And so distracted with my doubts and fears,
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss
Is certain in a father, or a brother,
Or both, such is the cruelty of my fate,
And not to be avoided.

1 WOMAN

You must bear it
With patience, Madam.

2 WOMAN

And what's not in you
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow
Which cannot help it.

PAGE

Fear not my brave Lord
Your noble father; fighting is to him
Familiar as eating. He can teach
Our modern duelists how to cleave a button,
And in a new way, never yet found out
By old Caranza¹².

1 WOMAN

May he be victorious,
And punish disobedience in his son,
Whose death in reason should at no part move you,
He being but half your brother, and the neerness,
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom
He received life.

A shout within.

[E1]

2 WOMAN

A general shout.

1 WOMAN

Of joy.

PAGE

Look up dear Lady, sad news never came
Ushered with loud applause.

¹² Jeronimo de Caranza was recognized as the founder of the Spanish School of fencing, and wrote of it in his *De La Filosofia de las Armes* (1583)

Enter USHER

THEOCRINE

I stand prepared,
To endure the shock of it.

USHER

I am out of breath
With running to deliver first.

THEOCRINE

What?

USHER

Wee are all made,
My Lord has won the day, your brother's slain,
The pirates gone, and by the governor,
And states, and all the men of war he is
Brought home in triumph, nay no musing, pay me
For my good news hereafter.

THEOCRINE

Heaven is just!

USHER

Give thanks at leisure, make all haste to meet him
I could wish I were a horse that I might bear you
To him upon my back.

PAGE

Thou art an ass,
And this is a sweet burthen.

USHER

Peace you crackrope¹³.

Exeunt.

ACT 2, SCENE 3

*Loud music, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, YOUNG BEAUFORT,
BEAUFORT SENIOR, MALEFORT, followed by MONTAIGNE,
CHAMONT, LANOUR*

BEAUFORT SENIOR

All honors we can give you and rewards
Though all that's rich, or precious in Marseilles
Were laid down at your feet, can hold no weight
With your deservings, let me glory in
Your action as if it were mine own,
And have the honor, with the arms of love,
To embrace the great performer of a deed,

[E1v]

Transcending all this Country ere could boast of.

MONTAIGNE

Imagine, noble Sir, in what we may
Express our thankfulness, and rest assured
It shall be freely granted.

13 "Crackrope" - a person who likely to be, or who deserves to be hung.

CHAMONT

He's an enemy
To goodness and to virtue, that dares think
There's any other thing within our power to give,
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.

LANOUR

And as your own, for we will ever be
At your devotion.

MALEFORT

Much honored sir,
And you my noble Lords, I can say only,
The greatness of your favors overwhelm me,
And like too large a sail, for the small bark
Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand
Upright in your opinions, is an honor
Exceeding my deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to:
And to expect a recompense were base,
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that
I may with your allowance be a Suitor,
To you my Lord I am an humble one,
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will
Censure me over bold.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

It must be something
Of a strange nature, if it find from me

BEAUFORT SENIOR (cont.)

Denial or delay.

MALEFORT

Thus then my Lord,
Since you encourage me: You are happy in
A worthy son, and all the comfort that
Fortune has left me is one daughter; now
If it may not appear too much presumption,
To seek to match my lowness with your height,
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,
I write *nil ultra*¹⁴ to my largest hopes)
She may in your opinion be thought worthy

[E2]

To be received into your family,
And married to your son: their years are equal,
And their desires I think too, she is not
Ignoble, not my state contemptible,
And if you think me worthy your alliance,
'Tis all I do aspire to.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

You demand
That which with all the service of my life
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.
O, Sir, why are you slow to meet fo faire
And noble an offer? Can France shew a virgin
That may be paralleled with her? Is she not
The Phoenix of the time? the fairest star

¹⁴ Latin for "beyond the limit"

YOUNG BEAUFORT (cont.)

In the bright sphere of women?

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Be not 'raped'¹⁵ so:

Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet
In what so near concerns me, it is fit
I should proceed with judgement.

Enter USHER, THEOCRINE, PAGE, 1 WOMAN, 2 WOMAN

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Here she comes,
Look on her with impartial eyes, and then
Let envy if it can, name one graced feature
In which she is defective.

MALEFORT

Welcome Girl:

My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,
Why dost thou come to greet my victory
In such a sable habit? this showed well
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;
But now his faith and loyalty are admired,
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments
You are to express the joy you feel within;
Nor should you with more curiousness and care,
Pace to the temple to be made a bride,
Than now, when all mens eyes are fixed upon you,

¹⁵ Short form of "enraptured."

MALEFORT (cont.)

You should appear to entertain the honor
From me descending to you, and in which
You have an equal share.

[E2v]

THEOCRINE

Heaven has my thanks,
With all humility paid for your faire fortune,
And so far duty binds me yet a little
To mourn a brother's loss however wicked,
The tenderness familiar to our sex
May if you please excuse...

MALEFORT

Thou art deceived,
He living was a blemish to thy beauties,
But in his death gives ornament, and luster
To thy perfections, but that they are
So exquisitely rare, that they admit not
The least addition. Ha! Here's yet a print
Of a sad tear on thy cheek, how it takes from
Our present happiness! with a fathers lips,
A loving fathers lips, i'll kiss it off
The cause no more remembered.

THEOCRINE

You forget Sir
The presence we are in.

MALEFORT

Tis well considered,
And yet who is the owner of a treasure,
Above all value, but without offense,
May glory in the glad possession of it.
Nor let it in you excellence beget wonder,
Or any here that looking on the daughter,
I feast my self in the imagination
Of those sweet pleasures, and allowed delights,
I tasted from the mother, who still lives
In this her perfect model, for she had
Such smooth & high arched brows, such sparkling eyes
Whose every glance stored Cupids emptied quiver;
Such ruby lips, and such a lovely brow¹⁶,
Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,
As death himself lamented, being forced
To blast it with his paleness, and if now,
Her brightness dimed with sorrow, take and please you,
Think, young Lord, when she appears herself

[E3]

(This veil removed) in her own natural pureness
How far she will transport you.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Did she need it,
The praise which you (and well deserved) give to her

16 Q "and such a lovely browne," I have emended this to "brow" because Malefort speaks of Theocrine's eyes above as sparkling, and from their to her lips as ruby; it's possible that he is referring to her hair, and the noun is lacking, but the subsequent clause refers to a lack of makeup, and so it seems most likely that "browne" is a product of scribal or print house error.

YOUNG BEAUFORT (cont.)

Must of necessity raise new desires
In one indebted more to years; to me
Your words are but as oil poured on a fire,
That flames already at the height.

MALEFORT

No more;
I do believe you, and let me from you
Find so much credit, when I make her yours
I do possess you of a gift, which I
With much unwillingness part from. My good Lords
Forbear your further trouble, give me leave,
For on the sudden I am indisposed
T' retire to my own house, and rest. Tomorrow
As you command me I will be your guest,
And having decked my daughter like herself,
You shall have farther conference.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

You are Master
Of your own will but fail not, I'll expect you.

MALEFORT

*To young Beaufort and the rest.*¹⁷

Nay I will be excused, I must part with you,
My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand,
I will support thee.

¹⁷ In Q this stage direction is set with Beaufort Senior's last line, and over Malefort's first two lines in this speech in speech.

THEOCRINE

You gripe it too hard Sir.

MALEFORT

Indeed I do, but have no farther end in it,
But love and tenderness such as I may challenge
And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one, yes
And to be cherished.

THEOCRINE

May I still deserve it.

They go off several ways.

[E3v]

ACT 3, SCENE 1A

Enter BEAUFORT SENIOR, SERVANT

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Have you been careful?

SERVANT

With my best endeavors,
Let them bring stomachs, theres no want of meat Sir:
Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Tis well.

I love a table furnished with full plenty,
And store of friends to eat it, but with this caution,
I would not have my house a common Inn,
For some men that come rather to devour me,
Than to present their service. At this time too,
It being a serious and solemn meeting,
I must not have my board pester'd with shadows,
That under other mens protection break in
Without invitement.

SERVANT

With your favor then,
You must double your guard, my Lord, for on my knowledge
There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out
By a file of Musketeers. And 'tis less danger,
I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike
With an enemy in a breach, that undermined too,
And the Cannon playing on it, than to stop
One Harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance,
When the dresser, the Cookes drum, thunders come on,
The service will be lost else.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

What is he?

SERVANT

As tall a trencher-man, that is most certain,
As e're demolished Pie-fortification

SERVANT (cont.)

As soon as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly

[E4]

Were not made up of a much tougher stuff

Than his buff jerkin¹⁸, there were no defense

Against the charge of his guts: you needs must know him,

He's eminent for his eating.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

O Belgarde!

SERVANT

The same, one of the Admirals cast Captains,

Who swear, there being no war, nor hope of any,

The only drilling is to eat devoutly,

And to be ever drinking (that's allow'd of),

But they know not where to get it, there's the spite on'.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

The more their misery, yet if you can

For this day put him off.

SERVANT

It is beyond th'invention of man.

18 A jerkin is a man's short close-fitting jacket, made usually of light-coloured leather, and often without sleeves, worn over the doublet in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A soldier's buff jerkin was usually made of oiled oxhide, and cut or punctured to custom fit to the body. It offered some small measure of defensive protection, but seems primarily to protect against the elements.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

No: say this only,

Whispers to him.

And as from me; you apprehend me?

SERVANT

Yes Sir.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

But it must be done gravely.

SERVANT

Never doubt me Sir.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

We'll dine in the great room, but let the music

And banquet be prepared here.

Exit BEAUFORT SENIOR

SERVANT

This will make him

Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.

As for the sweet meats, when they are trod under foot,

Let him take his share with the Pages and lackeys,

Or scramble in the rushes.

ACT 3, SCENE 1B

Enter BELGARDE

BELGARDE

'Tis near twelve,
I keep a watch within me never misses.
Save thee Master Steward.

SERVANT

You are most welcome, Sir.

BELGARDE

Has thy Lord slept well to night? I come to enquire.
I had a foolish dream, that against my will
Carried me from my lodging, to learn only
How he's disposed.

SERVANT

He's in most perfect health, Sir.

BELGARDE

Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner,
And I'll believe so too, for from that ever

[E4v]

I make a certain judgment.

SERVANT

It holds surely
In your own constitution.

BELGARDE

And in all mens
Tis the best symptom, let us loose no time,
Delay is dangerous.

SERVANT

Troth Sir, if I might
Without offense deliver what my Lord has
Committed to my trust, I shall receive it
As a special favor.

BELGARDE

We'll fee't, and discourse
As the proverb says, for health sake after dinner,
Or rather after supper, willingly then
I'll walk a mile to hear thee.

SERVANT

Nay good Sir
I will be brief and pithy.

BELGARDE

Prithee be so.

SERVANT

He bid me say of all his guests, that he
Stands most affected to you, for the freedom,
And plainness of your manners. He ne're observed you
To twirl a dish about you did not like of,
All being pleasing to you; or to take
A say of venison, or stale fowl by your nose,
(Which is a solecism at another's table)
But by strong eating of 'em did confirm
They ever¹⁹ were delicious to your pallet,
But when they were mortified, as the Huguenot says,
And so your part grows greater, nor do you
Find fault with the sauce, keen hunger being the best,
Which ever to your much praise, you bring with you;
Nor will you with impertinent relations,
Which is a masterpiece, when meat's before you,
Forget your teeth to use your nimble tongue,
But do the feat you come for.

BELGARDE

Be advised
And end your jeering; for if you proceed
You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry,
[F1]
And beating may ensue.

19 Q has "never" here, but that seems inconsistent with the sense of the lines, and also the most likely sight of a mis-heard word in the transcribing process.

SERVANT

I'll take your counsel,
And roundly come to the point, my Lord much wonders
That you, that are a courtier as a soldier,
In all things else, and every day can vary
Your actions and discourse, continue constant
To this one suite?

BELGARDE

To one? 'tis well I have one
Unpawnd, in these days, every cast commander
Is not blessed with the fortune, I assure you,
But why this question? does this offend him?

SERVANT

Not much: but he believes it is the reason,
You ne're presume to fit above the salt,
And therefore this day (our great Admiral
With other states being invited guests)
He does entreat you to appear among'em,
In some fresh habit.

BELGARDE

This staff shall not serve
To beat the dog off, these are soldiers garments,
And so by consequence grow contemptible.

SERVANT (aside)

It has stung him.

BELGARDE

I would I were acquainted with the players,
In charity they might furnish me, but there is
No faith in Brokers, and for believing Taylors
They are only to be read of, but not seen,
And sure they are confined to their own hells,
And there they live invisible, well I must not
Be fobbed off thus, pray you report my service
To the Lord governor. I will obey him
And though my wardrobe's poor, rather then lose
His company at this feast, I will put on
The richest suite I have, and fill the chair,
That makes me worthy of—

Exit BELGARDE

SERVANT

We are shut of him,
He will be seen no more here, how my fellows
Will bless me for his absence, he had starved'em
Had he stayed a little longer; Would be could,
For his own sake shift a shirt, and that's the utmost

[F1v]

Of his ambition, adieu good Captain.

Exit

ACT 3, SCENE 2A²⁰

Enter BEAUFORT SENIOR and YOUNG BEAUFORT

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Tis a strange fondness.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Tis beyond example,
His resolution to part with his estate,
To make her dower the weightier is nothing,
But to observe how curious he is
In his own person to add ornament
To his daughters ravishing features, is the wonder.
I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship,
This morning to her to present my service,
From whom I understand all: there he found him
Solicitous in what shape she should appear,
This gown was rich, but the fashion stale, the other
Was quaint, and neat, but the stuff not rich enough,
Then does he curse the tailor, and in rage
Falls on her shoe-maker, for wanting art
To express in every circumstance, the form
Of her most delicate foot, then sits in counsel
With much deliberation to find out
What tire would best adorn her; and one chosen
Varying in his opinion, he tears off,
And stamps it under foot, then tries a second

²⁰ Act 3 Scene 2 is not delineated in Q, but it is implied by the existence of a scene 3 later in the Act.
This seems like the most logical place for a new scene, since the stage is cleared.

YOUNG BEAUFORT (cont.)

A third and fourth, and satisfied at length
With much ado in that, he grows again
Perplexed and troubled where to place her jewels
To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear
This diamond on her forehead, or between
Her milk-white paps, disputing on it both ways,
Then taking in this hand, a rope of pearl,
(The best of France) he seriously considers
Whither she should dispose it on her arm
Or on her neck, with 20 other trifles,
Too tedious to deliver.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

I have known him
From his first youth, but never yet observed
In all the passages of his life and fortunes,
Virtues so mix'd with vices; valiant the world speaks him,
But with that bloody; liberal in his gifts too,
[F2]
But to maintain his prodigal expense,
A fierce extortioner; an impotent²¹ lover
Of women for a flash, but his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly. The truth is I am not
Ambitious of this match: nor will I crosse you
In your affections.

21 Most probably meant here in the sense of being a hopeless romantic; unable to act on his affection for shyness. i.e. a "nice guy."

YOUNG BEUFORT

I have ever found you,
(And tis my happiness) a loving father,
And careful of my good:

Loud music.

—by the loud music,
As you gave order for his entertainment,
He's come into the house two long hours since
The Colonels, commissioners and captains,
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,
Went to wait on him hither.

ACT 3, SCENE 2B

*Enter MALEFIORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR,
MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, USHER, PAGE, 1 WOMAN, 2 WOMAN.*

BEAUFORT SENIOR

You are most welcome,
And what I speak to you, does from my heart
Disperse itself to all.

MALEFORT

You meet my Lord
Your trouble.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Rather sir increase of honor,
When you are pleas'd to grace my house.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

The favor
Is doubled on my part, most worthy Sir,
Since your faire daughter, my incomparable Mistress,
Deigns us her presence.

MALEFORT

View her well brave Beaufort,
But yet at distance, you hereafter may
Make your approaches nearer, when the priest
Hath made it lawful, and were not she mine,
I durst aloud proclaim it²². Hymen never
Put on his saffron colored robe to change
A barren virgin name with more good omens,
Then at her nuptials, look on her again,
Then tell me if she now appear the same
That she was yesterday.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Being herself
She cannot but be excellent, these rich
And curious dressings, which in others might
[F2v]
Cover deformities, from her take luster,
Nor can adde to her.

MALEFORT

You conceive her right,
And in your admiration of her sweetness,

²² i.e. if she weren't my daughter, I would say to have at her.

MALEFORT (cont.)

You only can deserve her; blush not girl,
Thou art above his praise, or mine, nor can
Obsequious flattery though she should use
Her thousand oiled tongues to advance thy worth,
Give ought (for that's impossible) but take from
Thy more than human graces, and even then
When she hath spent herself with her best strength,
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,
That losing her own servile shape and name,
She will be thought detraction, but I
Forget myself, and something whispers to me,
I have said too much.

MONTREVILLE

I know not what to think on't,
But there's some mystery in it, which I fear
Will be too soon discover'd.

MALEFORT

I much wrong
Your patience noble Sir, by too much hugging
My proper issue, and like the foolish crow
Believe my black brood swans.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

There needs not Sir
The least excuse for this, nay I must have
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,
And this the mistress.

THEOCRINE

I am anything
That you shall please to make me.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Nay tis yours
Without more complement.

MONTREVILLE

Your will's a law sir.²³

Loud music

*Exeunt BEAUFORT SENIOR, MALEFORT, THEOCRINE, YOUNG
BEAUFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, MONTREVILLE*

ACT 3, SCENE 2C

USHER

Would I had been borne a Lord.

1 WOMAN

Or I a Lady.

PAGE

It may be you were both begot in court,

[F3]

Though bred up in the city, for your mothers,

As I have heard loved the lobby, and there nightly

²³ Q sets this speech after the exit, probably indicating Montreville speaks as he exits

PAGE (cont.)

Are seen strange apparitions, and who knows
But that some noble fawn, heated with wine,
And cloyed with partridge²⁴, had a kind of longing
To trade in sprats?²⁵ this needs no exposition,
But can you yield a reason for your wishes?

USHER

Why had I been borne a Lord, I had been no servant.

1 WOMAN

And where as now necessity makes us waiters,
We had been attended on.

2 WOMAN

And might have slept then,
As long as we pleas'd, and fed when we had stomachs,
And worn new cloths, nor lived as now in hope
Of a cast gown, or petticoat.

PAGE

You are fools,
And ignorant of your happiness, ere I was
Sworn to the pantoffel²⁶, I have heard my tutor
Prove it by logic, that a servants life
Was better then his masters, and by that
I learn from him, if that my memory fail not,
I'll make it good.

24 i.e. venison stuffed with partridge and cooked in wine sauce – a rich meal.

25 i.e. “herring.” A simple dinner.

26 A house slipper.

USHER

Proceed my little wit
*In decimo-sexto.*²⁷

PAGE

Thus then from the king
To the beggar, by gradation all are servants,
And you must grant the slavery is less
To study to please one, then many.

USHER

True.

PAGE

Well then, and first to you sir, you complain
You serve one Lord, but your Lord serves a thousand,
Besides his passions (that are his worst masters)
You must humor him, and he is bound to sooth
Every grim sir above him; if he frown,
For the least neglect you fear to lose your place,
But if, and with all slavish observation,
From the minion's self, to the groom of his close stool,
He hourly seeks not favor, he is sure

[F3v]

To be eased of his office, though perhaps he bought it.
Nay more, that high disposer of all such
That are subordinate to him, serves, and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude. And as a horse

²⁷ A small book, measuring about 4" x 6 ¾", used colloquially to refer to someone of short stature.

PAGE (cont.)

Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,
So your men of purchased titles, at their best are
But serving-men in rich liveries.

USHER

Most rare infant,
Where learned'st thou this morality?

PAGE

Why thou dull pate,
As I told thee, of my tutor.

2 WOMAN

Now for us boy.

PAGE

I am cut of the governor.

ACT 3, SCENE 2D

*Enter BEAUFORT SENIOR, YOUNG BEAUFORT, [and] Servants setting
forth a banquet.*

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Quick, quick sirs,
See all things perfect.

SERVANT

Let the blame be ours else.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

And as I said when we are at the banquet,
And high in our cups, for 'tis no feast without it,
Especially among soldiers: Theocrine
Being retired, as that's no place for her,
Take you occasion to rise from the table,
And lose no opportunity.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

'Tis my purpose,
And if I can win her to give her heart,
I have a holy man in readiness
To joyne our hands, for the Admiral
Her father repents him of his grant to me, and
So far transported with a strange opinion
Of her faire features, that should we desire it,
I think 'ere long he will believe, and strongly,
The Dauphin is not worthy of her, I
Am much amazed with't.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Nay dispatch there fellows.

SERVANT

We are ready when you please, sweet forms your pardon,
It has been such a busy time I could not

[F4]

Tender that ceremonious respect
Which you deserve, but now the' great work ended,

SERVANT (cont.)

I will attend the less, and with all care
Observe, and serve you.

*[Exeunt BEUAFORT SENIOR, YOUNG BEAUFORT, and Servants]*²⁸

PAGE

This is a penned speech,
And serves as a perpetual preface to
A dinner made of fragments.

USHER

Wee wait on you.

Exeunt

ACT 3, SCENE 3A

Loud Music.

*[Enter] BEUAFORT SENIOR, MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT,
LANOUR, YOUNG BEAUFORT, MONTREVILLE, and Servants*

BEAUFORT SENIOR

You are not merry Sir.

28 In Q, BEAUFORT SENIOR and YOUNG BEAUFORT's exit is given with BEAUFORT SENIOR's last line, and no further exit is noted. But the SERVANT appears to be speaking directly to BEAUFORT SENIOR, and the PAGE's response seems to indicate the speech is overdone, so I have left them until this moment. Likewise, no exit is provided for the others, but the Servants enter with the top of scene three, implying they would be off stage before the end of the previous scene, so I have given them a combined exit with the PAGE's lines.

MALEFORT

Yes my good Lord,
You have given us ample means to drown all cares,

Aside

And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would
Most willingly destroy.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Pray you take your place.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

And drink a health, and let it be if you please
To the worthiest of women, now observe him.

MALEFORT

Give me the bowl, since you do me the honor,
I will begin it.

CHAMONT

May we know her name sir?

MALEFORT

You shall, I will not choose a foreign Queen's,
Nor yet our own, for that would relish of
Tame flattery; nor do their height of title,
Or absolute power confirm their worth and goodness,
These being heaven's gifts and frequently conferred
On such as are beneath 'em; nor will I
Name the king's mistress, howsoever she
In his esteem may carry it, but if I,

MALEFORT (cont.)

As wine gives liberty, may use my freedom;

[F4v]

Not swayed this way, or that with confidence,

(And I will make it good on any equal)

If it must be to her, whose outward form

Is bettered by the beauty of her mind,

She lives not that with justice can pretend

An interest to this so sacred health,

But my faire daughter. He that only doubts it,

I do pronounce a villain, this to her then.

Drinks. Loud music.

CHAMONT²⁹

What may we think of this?

BEAUFORT SENIOR

It matters not.

LANOUR

For my part I will sooth him rather then

Draw on a quarrel, Chamont.

MONTAIGNE

Tis the safest course,

And one I mean to follow.

²⁹ Q gives these lines to MONTAIGNE, but the sense of the ensuing speech seems to indicate CHAMONT as the more likely speaker.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

It has gone round Sir.

Exit YOUNG BEAUFORT

MALEFORT

Now you have done her right, if there be any
Worthy to second this, propose it boldly,
I am your pledge.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Lets pause here if you please,
And entertain the time with something else,
Music there in some lofty strain, the song too
That I gave order for; the new one called
“The Soldier’s Delight?”

[Song.]

ACT 3, SCENE 3B

*The song ended, enter BELGARDE in armor, a case of carbines
by his side.*

BELGARDE

Who stops me now?
Or who dares only say that I appear not
In the most rich and glorious habit that
Renders a man complete? What court so set off
With state and ceremonious pomp, but thus
Accoutered I may enter? or what feast

Though all the elements at once were ransacked,
To store it with variety transcending
The curiousness, and cost, on Trajan's birthday,
Where princes only and confederate kings
Did sit as guests, served and attended on
By the senators of Rome, sat with a soldier
In this his natural and proper shape
Might not and boldly fill a seat, and by
[G1]
His present make the great solemnity
More honored and remarkable?

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Tis acknowledged,
And this a grace done to me unexpected.

MONTAIGNE

But why in armor?

MALEFORT

What's the mystery?
Pray you reveal that.

BELGARDE

Soldiers out of action,
That very rare, but like unbidden guests
Bring their stoles with 'em, for their own defense,
At court should feed in gauntlets, they may have
Their fingers cut else; there your carpet knights,
That never charged beyond a mistress lips,

BELGARDE (cont.)

Are still most keene, and valiant, but to you
Whom it does most concern, my Lord, I will
Address my speech, and with a soldier's freedom
In my reproof return the bitter scoff,
You threw upon my poverty, you contemned
My courser outside, and from that concluded,
(As by your groom you made me understand)
I was unworthy to sit at your table,
Among these tissues, and embroideries,
Unless I changed my habit, I have done it,
And show myself in that which I have worn
In the heat and fervor of a bloody fight,
And then it was in fashion, not as now
Ridiculous and despised. This hath past through
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
Yet scorned to take impression from their fury.
With this, as still you see it fresh and new
I have charged through fire that would have singed your sables,
Black fox, and ermines³⁰, and changed the proud color
Of Scarlet though of the right Tyrian dye³¹.
But now as if the trappings made the man, such only are
Admired that come adorn'd
With what's no part of them. This is mine own,
My richest suit, a suite I must not part from,

[G1v]

But not regarded now, and yet remember

30 "ermine" - a stoat, a mink-like weasel that was harvested for its fur. Here used to refer to a garment made of such furs.

31 "right Tyrian dye" - a deep purple dye, expensive and difficult to manufacture, and reserved for royalty.

BELGARDE (cont.)

'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which when you possess
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industry reaped and sow'd for you.
The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for you;
This massie³² plate, that with the ponderous weight
Does make your cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait
With open jaws still ready to devour us)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then
In after ages to your shame be spoken,
That you with no relenting eyes look on
Our wants that feed your plenty; or consume
In prodigal, and wanton gifts on drones³³
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,
We have made you stand engaged for: or force us
Against all civill government in armor
To require that, which with all willingness
Should be tendered, 'ere demanded.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

I commend

This wholesome sharpness in you, and prefer it
Before obsequious tameness, it shews lovely:

32 "massie" i.e. "massive."

33 "Drones" - male bees that do not labor for the good of the hive, but only exist to reproduce with the Queen. Bee hives were oft seen as metaphorical for a well-functioning commonwealth.

BEAUFORT SENIOR (cont.)

Nor shall the reign of your good counsel fall
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit
Such as you long have wished for. And the rest
Of your profession like you discontented
For want of means, shall in their present payment
Be bound to praise your boldness: and hereafter
I will take order you shall have no cause,
For want of change to put your armor on
But in the face of an enemy; not as now
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,
[G2]
To furnish you like your self, of mine own bounty
I'll adde five hundred crowns³⁴.

CHAMONT

I to my power
Will follow the example.

MONTAIGNE

Take this Captain,
'Tis all my present store, but when you please,
Command me further.

LANOUR

I could wish it more.

34 500 crowns is about \$167,262.50 in USD (2020 dollars). Source:
<https://blog.oup.com/2016/01/money-shakespeare/#:~:text=A%20crown%20was%20a%20gold,quarter%20of%20an%20old%20pound>. And Google currency conversion.

BELGARDE

This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.
Let a Soldier use no other scribe to draw
The form of his petition. This will speed
When your thrice humble supplications,
With prayers for increase of health and honors
To their grave lordships shall as soon as read
Be pocketed up, the cause no more remembered.
When this dumb rhetoric.—Well, I have a life,
Which I in thankfulness for your great favors,
My noble Lords, when you please to command it,
Must never think mine own. Broker, be happy,
These golden birds fly to thee.

Exit BELGARDE

BEAUFORT SENIOR

You are dull, Sir,
And seem not to be taken with the passage
You saw presented.

MALEFORT

Passage? I observed none,
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha! she is
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,
If speedily I come not to her rescue,
For so my Genius tells me.

MONTREVILLE

What Chimeras
Work on your phantasy?

MALEFORT

Phantasies? They are truths.
Where is my Theocrone? You have plotted
To rob me of my Daughter: bring me to her,
Or I'll call down the saints to witness for me:
You are inhospitable.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

You amaze me,
Your Daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship
[G2v]
With my son her servant, why do you hear this
With such distracted looks? since to that end
You brought her hither?

MALEFORT

Tis confess'd I did,
But now pray you pardon me, and if you please
'Ere she deliver up her virgin fort,
I would observe what is the art he uses
In planting his artillery against it,
She is my only care, nor must she yield
But upon noble terms.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

'Tis so determined.

MALEFORT

Yet I am jealous.

MONTAIGNE

Overmuch I fear.
What passions are these?

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Come I will bring you
Where you, with thsse if they so please, may see
The love-scene acted.

MONTREVILLE

There is something more
Then fatherly love in this.

MONTAIGNE

We wait upon you.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 3, SCENE 4³⁵

[Enter] YOUNG BEAUFORT [and] THEOCRINE

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Since then you meet my flames with equal order
As you profess, it is your bounty mistress,
Nor must I call it debt, yet 'tis your glory,
That your excess supplies my want, and makes me
Strong in my weakness, which could never be,
But in your good opinion.

35 Q titles this as "Actus tertii scaena ultima."

THEOCRINE

You teach me Sir,
What I should say, since from your sun of favor,
I like dim Phoebe, in herself obscure,
Borrow that light I have.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Which you return
With large increase (since that you will o'ercome,
And I dare not contend) were you but pleased
[G3]
To make what's yet divided one.

THEOCRINE

I have
Already in my wishes, modesty
Forbids me to speak more.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

But what assurance,
(But still without offense) may I demand
That may secure me that your heart and tongue
Join to make up this harmony?

THEOCRINE

Choose any
Suiting your love, distinguished from lust,
To ask and mine to grant.

*Enter (as unseen) BEAUFORT SENIOR, MALEFORT, MONTREVILLE,
[MONTAIGNE, LANOUR, and CHAMONT].*

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Yonder they are.

MALEFORT

At distance too, 'tis yet well.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

I may take then
This hand, and with a thousand burning kisses,
Swear 'tis the anchor to my hopes?

THEOCRINE

You may Sir.

MALEFORT

This is somewhat too much.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

And this done, view my self
In these true mirrors.

THEOCRINE

Ever true to you Sir,
And may they loose th'ability of sight,
When they seek other object.

MALEFORT

This is more
Then I can give consent to.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

And a kiss,
Thus printed on your lips will not distaste you?

MALEFORT

Her lips!

[THEOCRINE & YOUNG BEAUFORT kiss]

MONTREVILLE

Why where should he kiss? are you distracted?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Then when this holy man hath made it lawful.

[YOUNG BEAUFORT] brings in a PRIEST.

MALEFORT

A priest so ready too! I must break in.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

And what's spoke here is registered above,
I must engross those favors to my self
Which are not to be named.

THEOCRINE

All I can give,
[G3v]
But what they are I know not.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

I'll instruct you.

MALEFORT

O how my blood boils!

MONTREVILLE

Pray you contain your self,
Me thinks his courtship's modest.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Then being mine,
And wholly mine, the river of your love
To kinsmen and allies, nay to your father,
(How 'ere out of his tenderness he admires you)
Must in the Ocean of your affection
To me be swallowed up, and want a name
Compared with what you owe me.

THEOCRINE

Tis most fit, sir,
The stronger bond that binds me to you, must
Dissolve the weaker.

MALEFORT

I am ruin'd if
I come not fairly off.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Theres nothing wanting
But your consent.

MALEFORT (aside)

Some strange invention aid me.
This! yes, it must be so.

MONTREVILLE

Why do you stagger,
When what you seem'd so much to wish is offered?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Both parties being agreed to.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

I'll not court
A grant from you, nor do I wrong your daughter,
Though I say my son deserves her.

MALEFORT

'Tis far from
My humble thoughts to undervalue him
I cannot prize too high. For howsoever
From my own fond indulgence I have sung
Her praises with too prodigal a tongue,

MALEFORT (cont.)

That tenderness laid by, I stand confirmed
All that I fancied excellent in her
Balanced, with what is really his own,
Holds weight in no proportion.

MONTREVILLE

New turnings!

[G4]

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Whither tends this?

MALEFORT

Had you observed, my Lord,
With what a sweet gradation he wooed,
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,
Though she did listen with a greedy ear
To his fair modest offers: but so great
A good as then flowed to her, should have been
With more deliberation entertained,
And not with such haste swallowed, she shall first
Consider seriously what the blessing is,
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,
And then receive it. And though I shall think
Short minutes years till it be perfected³⁶,
I will defer that which I most desire,
And so must she, 'til longing expectation,
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know

36 Q "perfitted."

MALEFORT (cont.)

Her happiness, and with what out-stretched arms
She must embrace it.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

This is curiousness
Beyond example.

MALEFORT

Let it then begin
From me, in what's mine own I'll use my will,
And yield no further reason. I lay claim to
The liberty of a subject. Fall not off,
But be obedient, or by the hair
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,
I'll take my own way, O the inward fires
That wanting vent consume me!

Exit [MALEFORT] with THEOCRINE.

MONTREVILLE

Tis most certain
He's mad, or worse.

BEAUFORT SENIOR³⁷

How, worse?

³⁷ Q gives these lines to "Beauf."

MONTEVILLE

Nay, there I leave you,
My thoughts are free.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

This I foresaw.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Take comfort,
He shall walk in clouds, but I'll discover him:
And he shall find, and feel, if he excuse not,
[G4v]
And with strong reasons this gross injury,
I can make use of my authority.

Exeunt omnes.

ACT 4, SCENE 1A

[Enter MALEFORT]

MALEFORT

What flames are these my wild desires fan in me?
The torch that feeds them was not lighted at
Thy altars, Cupid: vindicate thyself,
And do not own it: and confirm it rather,
That this infernal brand that turns me cinders,
Was by the snake-haired sisters³⁸ thrown into
My guilty bosom. O that I was never³⁹
Accursed in having issue: my son's blood,

38 "snake-haired sisters" - gorgons, of which Medusa was the most famous.

39 Q has "ever," but "never" makes more contextual sense.

MALEFORT (cont.)

(That like the poisoned shirt of Hercules
Grows to each part about me), which my hate
Forced from him with much willingness, may admit
Some weak defense; but my most impious love
To my faire daughter Theocrine, none,
Since my affection (rather wicked lust)
That does pursue her, is a greater crime
Than any detestation, with which
I should afflict her innocence. With what cunning
I have betrayed myself, and did not feel
The scorching heat that now with fury rages.
Why was I tender of her? Covered with
That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon me.
I thought it no offense to kiss her often,
Or twine mine arms about her softer neck,
And by false shadows of a fathers kindness
I long deceived myself: but now the effect
Is too apparent. How I strove to be
In her opinion held the worthiest man
In courtship, form, and feature, envying him
[H1]
That was preferred before me, and yet then
My wishes to myself were not discover'd.
But still my fires increased, and with delight
I would call her mistress, willfully forgetting
The name of daughter, choosing rather she
Should stile me servant, then with reverence father,
Yet mocking, I n'ere cherished obscene hopes,
But in my troubled slumbers often thought

MALEFORT (cont.)

She was too near to me, and then sleeping blushed
At my imagination which passed
My eyes being open, not condemning it,
I was ravished with the pleasure of the dream,
Yet spite of these temptations I have reason
That pleads against 'em, and commands me to
Extinguish these abominable fires,
And I will do it, I will send her back
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there?

ACT 4, SCENE 1B

Enter THEOCRINE

THEOCRINE

Sir did you call?

MALEFORT

I look no sooner on her,
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me,
And passion again usurps her Empire, does none else wait me?

THEOCRINE

I am wretched sir, should any owe more duty.

MALEFORT

This is worse then disobedience, leave me.

THEOCRINE

On my knees sir, as I have ever squared my will by yours.
And liked, and loathed with your eyes: I beseech you

THEOCRINE (cont.)

To teach me what the nature of my fault is,
That hath incensed you (sure 'tis one of weakness
And not of malice), which your gentler temper
On my submission I hope will pardon,
Which granted by your piety, if that I
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,
Make you remember it, may I sink ever
Under your dread command.

MALEFORT

O my stars! who can but dote on this humility
That sweetens, lovely in her tears? the fetters
That seem'd to lessen in their weight; but now
[H1v]

By this grow heavier on me.

THEOCRINE

Dear sir:

MALEFORT

Peace, I must not hear thee.

THEOCRINE

Nor look on me?

MALEFORT

No, thy looks and words are charms.

THEOCRINE

May they have power then
To calm the tempest of your wrath, alas sir,
Did I but know in what I give offense,
In my repentance I would shew my sorrow
For what is past, and in my care hereafter
Kill the occasion or cease to be,
Since life without your favor is to me a load I would cast off.

MALEFORT

O that my heart were rent in sunder, that I might expire,
The cause in my death buried: yet I know not...
With such prevailing Oratory 'tis beg'd from me
That to deny thee would convince me to
Have suck'd the milk of Tigers, rise, and I,
But in a perplexed and mysterious method,
Will make relation that which all the world
Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,
Are to unhappy me foul blemishes,
And mulcts⁴⁰ in nature. If thou hadst been born
Deformed and crooked in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,
More lipped, flat nosed, dim eyed, and beetle browed,
With a dwarf's stature to a giant waist,
Sour breathed, with claws for fingers on thy hands,
Splay footed, gouty legged, and over all
A loathsome leprosy had spread it self,
And made thee shunned of human fellowships:
I had been blest.

40 A fine, tax, or other compulsory payment.

THEOCRINE

Why would you wish a monster
For such a one, or worse you have described,
To call you⁴¹ father.

MALEFORT

Rather then as now,
Though I had drowned thee for it in the sea,
Appearing as thou dost: a new Pandora,
[H2]
With Juno's fair cow eyes, Minerva's brow,
Aurora's⁴² blushing cheeks, Hebe's⁴³ fresh youth,
Venus soft paps, with Thetis⁴⁴ silver feet.

THEOCRINE

Sir you have liked and loved them, and oft forced
(With your hyperboles of praise poured on them)
My modesty to a defensive red,
Strewed⁴⁵ o're that paleness, which you then were pleased
To style the purest white.

MALEFORT

And in that cup I drank the poison I now feel dispersed
Through every vein and artery. Wherefore art thou
So cruel to me? This thy outward shape
Brought a fierce war against me, not to be

41 Q has "your"

42 "Aurora" - the goddess of dawn.

43 "Hebe" - the goddess of youth.

44 "Thetis" a figure who is variously described as a sea nymph, a water goddess, and one of the 50 daughters of the ancient sea god Nereus. Most prominent in myth for being Achilles' mother.

45 Q has "strowd," an archaic form of "strewed"

MALEFORT (cont.)

By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me
No hope of freedom from the Magazine
Of thy minds forces, treacherously thou drew'st up
Auxiliary helps to strengthen that
Which was already in it self too potent,
Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty
Seconded with thy care, and watchful studies
To please, and serve my will in all that might
Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through
All opposition, and my ranks of reason
Disbanded, my victorious passions fell
To bloody execution, and compelled me
With willing hands to tie on my own chains,
And with a kind of flattering joy to glory in my captivity.

THEOCRINE

I, in this you speak, sir, am ignorance itself.

MALEFORT

And so continue, for knowledge of the arms thou bear'st against me
Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no aids
For thee to help me, and 'twere cruelty
In me to wound that spotless innocency
How 'ere it make me guilty, in a word
The pleurisy of goodness is thy ill,
Thy virtues vices, and thy humble lowness
Far worse than stubborn sullenness and pride,
Thy looks that ravish all beholders else

MALEFORT (cont.)

As killing as the basilisks⁴⁶, their tears

[H2v]

Expressed in sorrow for the much I suffer,
A glorious insultation, and no sign
Of pity in thee, and to hear thee speak
In thy defense, though but in silent action,
Would make the hurt already deeply festered
Incurable, and therefore as thou wouldst not
By thy presence raise fresh furies to torment me
I do conjure thee by a father's power,
(And 'tis my curse I dare not think it lawful
To sue unto thee in a nearer name)
Without reply to leave me.

THEOCRINE

My obedience
Never learned yet to question your commands,
But willingly to serve 'em, yet I must
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of
My fault, lament my fortune.

Exit [THEOCRINE]

MALEFORT

O that I have reason to discern the better way
And yet pursue the worse, when I look on her

46 "basilisks" - either a mythological creature that could kill with a look, or a type of canon named for the same. Given the context of this speech, the former sense (basilisk's) might be suggested, but Malefort also describes Theocrine as assaulting him in military terms, so the latter sense (basilisks) is also appropriate. That there is no possessive apostrophe in Q does not indicate one reading over another.

MALEFORT (cont.)

I burn with heat, and in her absence freeze
With the cold blasts of jealousy, that another
Should ere taste those delights that are denied me,
And which of their afflictions bring less torture
I hardly can distinguish, is there then
No mean? no, so my understanding tells me,
And that by my crossed⁴⁷ fates it is determined
That I am both ways wretched.

ACT 4, SCENE 1C

Enter USHER, and MONTREVILLE

USHER

Yonder he walks sir,
In much vexation: he hath sent my Lady
His daughter weeping in, but what the cause is
Rests yet in supposition.

MONTREVILLE

I guess at it,
But must be further satisfied, I will sift him
In private therefore, quit the room.

USHER

I am gone, sir.

Exit [USHER]

47 "crossed" - Q has "crosse"

MALEFORT

Hal who disturbs me? Montreville? your pardon,

MONTREVILLE

Would you could grant one to yourself. (I speak it
With the assurance of a friend) and yet
Before it be too late, make reparation
Of the gross wrong, your indiscretion offered

[H3]

To the governor and his son, nay to yourself,
For there begins my sorrow.

MALEFORT

Would I had no greater cause to mourn
Than their displeasure, for I dare justify....

MONTREVILLE

We must not do all that we dare in⁴⁸ private friend.
I observed your alterations with a stricter eye
Perhaps than others, and to loose no time
In repetition, your strange demeanor
To your sweet daughter...

MALEFORT

Would you could find out some
Other theme to treat of.

48 Q lacks the preposition "in," probably because it is contracted with the preceding "dare" for meter.

MONTREVILLE

None but this;
and this I'll dwell on, how ridiculous
And subject to construction...

MALEFORT

No more.

MONTREVILLE

...You made yourself, amazes me, and if
The frequent trials interchanged between us
Of love and friendship, be to their desert
Esteemed by you, as they hold weight with me,
No inward trouble should be of a shape
So horrid to yourself, but that to me
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock
Your secrets't thoughts: though the most innocent were
Lowed, crying sins.

MALEFORT

And so perhaps they are.
And therefore be not curious to learn that
Which known must make you hate me.

MONTREVILLE

Think not so,
I am yours in right and wrong, not shall you find
A verbal friendship in me, but an active,
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know
What the disease is, but if you give leave

MONTREVILLE (cont.)

I will apply a remedy, is it madness?
I am familiarly acquainted with a deep read man
That can with charms and herbs
Restore you to your reason, or suppose
You are bewitch'd, he with more potent spells
And magical rites shall cure you, is't heavens anger?
With penitence and sacrifice appease it,
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can

[H3v]

Imagine dreadful, in your fame and fortunes
You are secure, your impious son removed too,
That rendered you suspected to the state,
And your fair daughter....

MALEFORT

Oh press me no farther.

MONTREVILLE

Are you wrung there? why what of her? Hath she
Made shipwreck of her honor, or conspired
Against your life? or sealed a contract with
The devil of hell, for the recovery
Of her young Inamorato?

MALEFORT

None of these,
And yet what must increase the wonder in you,
Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me,
But where enquire not. Yet I know not how

MALEFORT (cont.)

I am persuaded from my confidence
Of your vowed love to me, to trust you with
My dearest secret, pray you chide me for it,
But with a kind of pity, not insulting
On my calamity.

MONTREVILLE

Forward.

MALEFORT

This same daughter.

MONTREVILLE

What is her fault?

MALEFORT

She is too faire to me.

MONTREVILLE

Ha! how is this?

MALEFORT

And I have looked upon her
More than a father should, and languish to
Enjoy her as a husband.

MONTREVILLE

Heaven forbid it,

MALEFORT

And this is all the comfort you can give me,
Where are your promised aids, your charms, your herbs?
Your deep read schollar, spells, and magic rites?
Can all these disenchant me? no, I must be
My own Physician, and upon myself
Practice a desperate cure.

MONTREVILLE

Do not contemn me,
Enjoin me what you please with any hazard,
I'll undertake it, what means have you practiced
To quench this hellish fire?

[H4]

MALEFORT

All I could think on,
But to no purpose, and yet sometimes absence
Does yield a kind of intermission to
The fury of the fit.

MONTREVILLE

See her no more then.

MALEFORT

'Tis my last refuge, and twas my intent
And still 'tis, to desire your help.

MONTREVILLE

Command it.

MALEFORT

Thus then, you have a fort of which you are
The absolute Lord, whither I pray you bear her:
And that the sight of her may not again
Nourish those flames, which I feel something lessened,
By all the ties of friendship I conjure you
And by a solemn oath you must confirm it,
That though my now calmed passions should rage higher
Then ever heretofore, and so compel me
Once more to wish to see her; though I use
Persuasions mixed with threat'nings; nay adde to it,
That I thus falling⁴⁹ should with hands held up thus
Kneel at your feet, and bathe them with my tears,
Prayers or curses, vows or imprecations⁵⁰
Only to look upon her though at distance,
You still must be obdurate.

MONTREVILLE

If it be
Your pleasure sir that I shall be unmoved,
I will endeavor.

MALEFORT

You must swear to be
Inexorable as you would prevent
The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate
Could throw upon him.

49 "thus falling" - Q has "this fayling."

50 "imprecations" - curses.

MONTREVILLE

Well, I will obey you.
But how the governor will be answered, yet
And 'tis material, is not considered.

MALEFORT

Leave that to me. I'll presently give order
How you shall surprise her, be not frightened with
Her exclamations.

MONTREVILLE

Be you constant to
Your resolution, I will not fail
[H4v]
In what concerns my part.

MALEFORT

Be ever blessed for't.

Exeunt.

ACT 4, SCENE 2A

Enter YOUNG BEAUFORT. CHAMONT, LANOUR.

CHAMONT

Not to be spoke with, say you?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

No.

LANOUR

Nor you
Admitted to have conference with her?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Neither.
His doors are fast locked up, and solitude
Dwells round about 'em, no access allow'd
To friend or enemy, but—

CHAMONT

Nay be not moved sir,
Let his passion work, and like a hot reined horse
It will quickly tire itself.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Or in his death
Which for her sake 'till now I have forborne,
I will revenge the injury he hath done
To my true and lawful love.

LANOUR

How does your father
The Governor relish it?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Troth he never had
Affection to the match: yet in his pity
To me, he's gone in person to his house,
Nor will he be denied, and if he find not

YOUNG BEAUFORT (cont.)

Strong and faire reasons, Malefort will hear from him
In a kind he does not look for.

CHAMONT

In the mean time
Pray you put on cheerful looks.

Enter MONTAIGNE

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Mine suite my fortune.

LANOUR

O here's Montaigne.

MONTAIGNE

I never could have met you
More opportunely. I'll not stale the jest
[11]
By my relation: but if you will look on
The malcontent Belgarde, newly rigged up
With the train that follows him, 't will be an object
Worthy of your noting.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Look you the comedy
Make good the prologue, or the scorn will dwell
Upon yourself.

MONTAIGNE

I'll hazard that, observe now;

WENCHES (off)

Nay, Captain, glorious Captain!

Enter BELGARDE in a gallant habit; [he] stays at the door with his sword drawn; several voices within.

BELGARDE

Fall back rascals,
Do you make an owl of me? this day I will
Receive no more petitions,
Here are bills of all occasions, and all sizes!
If this be the pleasure of a rich suite, would I were
Again in my buff jerkin, or my armor,
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors noses,
And not a dog marked me, every officer shunned me,
And not one lousy prison would receive me;
But now, as the ballad says, I am turned gallant:
There does not live that thing I owe a sous⁵¹ to,
But does torment me, a faithful cobbler told me
With his awl in his hand, I was behind hand with him
For setting me upright, and bad me look to myself.
A Seamstress too, that traded but in socks,
Swore she would set a Sergeant on my back
For a borrowed shirt⁵²: my pay and the benevolence,

51 A unit of French currency about equal to the English shilling: 1/20th of a pound sterling. About \$6.75 in 2020 USD.

52 In the EM period, before professional police forces were established, law enforcement officers were hired by debtors to arrest creditors and hold them in prison until their debts were paid.

BELGARDE (cont.)

The Governor and the states bestowed upon me,
The city cormorants, my money-mongers,
Have swallow'd down already, they were sums,
I grant, but that I should be such a fool
Against my oath, being a cashiered Captain.
To pay debts, though grown up to one and twenty,
Deserves more reprehension, in my judgement,
[11v]
Then a shop-keeper, or a lawyer that lends money
In a long dead vacation.⁵³

MONTAIGNE

How do you like
His meditation?

CHAMONT

Peace, let him proceed.

BELGARDE

I cannot now go on the score for shame,
And where I shall begin to pawn, aye marry,
That is consider'd timely, I paid for
This tail⁵⁴ of yours Dame Ostritch⁵⁵ fourteen crowns,
And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass
For a Tavern reckoning, unless it be
To save the charge of painting, nailed on a post

53 Possibly apocryphal, but I can find no clear reference to it. The best sense I can figure is that it's foolish for a businessman to lend money to pay for a vacation that someone's already taken.

54 Q – “train.”

55 Q - “Estridge”

BELGARDE (cont.)

For the sign of the feathers; pox upon the fashion,
That a Captain cannot think himself a Captain,
If he wear not this like a fore-horse; yet it is not
Staple commodity; these are perfumed too,
Of the Roman wash, and yet a stale red herring
Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head less:
And this is Venice gold, would I had it again
In french crowns in my pocket. O you commanders
That like me have no dead pays⁵⁶, nor can cozen
The commissary at a muster, let me stand
For an example to you, as you would
Enjoy your privileges: *videlicet*⁵⁷,
To pay your debts, and take your lechery gratis,
To have your issue warmed by others' fires,
To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no forfeit,
To the poor, but when you share with one another,
With all your other choice immunities,
Only of this I seriously advise you:
Let courtiers trip like courtiers,
And your Lords of dirt and dung hills mete
Their woods and acres, in velvets, satins, tissues,
But keep you constant to cloth and chamois.⁵⁸

MONTAIGNE

Have you heard of such a penitent homily?

56 Soldiers who have died, and whose names are kept on the payroll by unscrupulous commanders who then pocket their pay.

57 a contraction of the Latin phrase *videre licet*, meaning "it is permitted to see". It is used as a synonym for "namely", "that is to say", "to wit", "which is", or "as follows"

58 "chamois." soft, pliable leather made from goat or lamb skin.

BELGARDE

I am studying now
Where I shall hide my self till the rumor of
[12]
My wealth and bravery vanish, let me see,
There is a kind of a vaulting house⁵⁹ not far off,
Where I used to spend my afternoons, among
Suburb she-gamesters; and yet now I think on't
I have cracked a ring or two there, which they made
Others to solder, no...

ACT 4, SCENE 2B

Enter a BAWD and [1 & 2] WENCHES, with two children.

1 WENCH

O, have we spied you.

BAWD

Upon him without ceremony, now's the time
While he is in the paying vein.

2 WENCH

Save you brave Captain.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

S'light, how she stares, they are worse then she-wolves to him

59 "vaulting house" - i.e. a brothel.

BELGARDE

Shame me not in the streets, I was coming to you.

1 WENCH

O Sir, you may in public pay for the fiddling
You had in private.

2 WENCH

We hear you are full of crowns, sir.

1 WENCH

And therefore knowing you are open-handed,
Before all be destroyed, I'll put you in mind, sir,
Of your young heir here.

2 WENCH

Here's a second, sir,
That looks for a child's portion.

BAWD

There are reckonings
For muscadine⁶⁰ and eggs too, must be thought on.

1 WENCH

We have not been hasty, sir.

BAWD

But stayed your leisure;
But now you are ripe, and leaden with fruit.

60 A type of grape or, as in this case, a wine made from the same.

2 WENCH

'Tis fit you should be pulled; here's a boy, sir,
Pray you kiss him, 'tis your own, sir,

1 WENCH

Nay, buss this first,
It hath just your eyes, and such a promising nose,
That if the sign deceive me not, in time
T'will prove a notable striker, like his father.

BELGARDE

And yet you laid it to another.

1 WENCH

True,
While you were poor, and it was policy,
But she that has variety of fathers,
And makes not choice of him that can maintain it,
N'ere studied Aristotle's *Problems*.

[I2v]

LANOUR

A smart quean.

BELGARDE

Why braches⁶¹ will you worry me?

61 "braches" - plural for "brach," meaning "a female hound," i.e. "bitches."

2 WENCH

No, but ease you
Of your golden burthen, the heavy carriage may
Bring you to a sweating sickness.

BELGARDE

Very likely,
I so am all o're already.

1 WENCH

Will you come off, Sir?

BELGARDE

Would I had ne're come on: hear me with patience,
Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me
And do not vex me further: by my sins
And your diseases, which are certain truths,
What ere you think, I am not master at
This instant, of a livre⁶².

2 WENCH

What, and in
Such a glorious suite?

BELGARDE

The liker⁶³ wretched things
Too have no money.

62 A unit of French currency, roughly equal to the English pound sterling.

63 i.e. "likelier"

BAWD

You may pawn your clothes, sir.

1 WENCH

Will you see your issue starve?

2 WENCH

Or the mothers beg?

BELGARDE

Why, you unconscionable strumpets, would you have me

Transform my hat to double clouts⁶⁴ and biggins?⁶⁵

My corselet⁶⁶ to a cradle? or my belt

To swaddle bands⁶⁷? or turn my cloak to blankets?

Or to sell my sword and spurs for soap and candles?

Have you no mercy? what a chargeable devil

We carry in our breeches?

YOUNG BEAUFORT

Now 'tis time

To fetch him off.

Enter BEAUFORT SENIOR

MONTAIGNE

Your father does it for us.

64 "clout" - a swaddling cloth.

65 "biggin" - a child's cap.

66 "corselet" - A tight-fitting item of clothing which covers the body and not the limbs.

67 "swaddle bands" - bands in which a swaddled baby are wrapped to further restrict their movement.

BAWD

The Governor!

BEAUFORT SENIOR

What are these?

1 WENCH

And it like your Lordship,
Very poor spinsters.

BAWD

I am his nurse and laundress,

[13]

BELGARDE

You have nursed and laundered me, hell take you for it.
Vanish.

CHAMONT

Doe, doe, and talk with him hereafter.

1 WENCH

'Tis our best course

2 WENCH

We'll find a time to fit him.

Exit BAWD and [1 & 2 WENCH]

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Why inn this heat, Belgarde?

BELGARDE

You are the cause of 't.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Who, I?

BELGARDE

Yes, your pied livery, and your gold
Draw these vexations on me, pray you strip me
And let me be as I was: I will not lose
The pleasures and the freedom which I had
In my certain poverty; for all the wealth
Fair France is proud of.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

We at better leisure
Will learn the cause of this.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

What answer, sir,
From the Admiral?

BEAUFORT SENIOR

None, his daughter is removed
To the fort of Montreville, and he himself
In person fled, but where is not discover'd,
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies me

BEAUFORT SENIOR (cont.)

Fit liberty. In a word, let it suffice
The power of our great master is contemned,
The sacred laws of God and man profaned,
And if I sit down with this injury,
I am unworthy of my place, and thou
Of my acknowledgement: draw up all the troops,
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare
From fear, or from connivance, others ill,
Though not in act, assist them in their will.

Exeunt.

[13v]

ACT 5, SCENE 1

*[Enter] MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, [1 & 2 WOMAN, PAGE], and three
SERVANTS*

MONTREVILLE.

Bind them, and gag their mouths sure, I alone
Will be your convoy.

1 WOMAN

Madam

2 WOMAN

Dearest Lady

PAGE

Let me fight for my Mistress.

1 SERVANT

Tis in vain,
Little cockerel⁶⁸ of the kind.

MONTREVILLE

Away with them,
And do as I command you,

Exeunt SERVANTS, PAGE, WOMEN

THEOCRINE

Montreville

You are my fathers friend, nay, more a soldier,
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,
Though in a lawful war you had surprised
A city, that bowed humbly to your pleasure,
In honor you stand bound to guard a virgin
From violence; but in a free estate
Of which you are a limb, to do a wrong
Which noble enemies never consent to
Is such an insolence.

MONTEVILLE

How her heart beats!
Much like a partridge in a sparhawk's⁶⁹ foot,

68 "cockerel" - A young rooster

69 "sparhawk" - i.e. "sparrow hawk"

MONTREVILLE (cont.)

That with a panting silence does lament
The fate she cannot fly from! sweet, take comfort,
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you
But love and service.

THEOCRINE

They came never clothed
In force, and outrage. Upon what assurance
(Remembering only that my father lives,
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace),

[14]

Have you presumed to hurry me from his house,
And as I were not worth the waiting on,
To snatch me from the duty and attendance
Of my poor servants?

MONTREVILLE

Let not that afflict you,
You shall not want observance, I will be
Your Page, your Woman, Parasite or Fool,
Or any other property, provided
You answer my affection.

THEOCRINE

In what kind?

MONTREVILLE

As you had done young Beaufort's.

THEOCRINE

How?

MONTREVILLE

So Lady,

Or, if the name of wife appear a yoke
Too heavy for your tender neck, so I
Enjoy you as a private friend, or mistress,
T'will be sufficient.

THEOCRINE

Blessed Angels guard me
What frontless impudence is this? What devil
Hath to thy certain ruin tempted thee
To offer me this motion? by my hopes
Of after joys, submission, not repentance
Shall expiate this soul intent.

MONTREVILLE

Intent?

Tis more, I'll make it act.

THEOCRINE

Ribald, thou dare'st not,
And if (and with a fever to thy soul)
Thou but consider that I have a father,
And such a father, as when this arrives at
His knowledge, as it shall, the terror of
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,
Will make thee curse the hour in which lust caught thee

MONTREVILLE (cont.)

To nourish these base hopes, and 'tis my wonder
Thou dare'st forget how tender he is of me
And that each shadow of wrong done to me
Will raise in him a tempest not to be
But with thy heart-blood calmed: this when I see him.
[14v]

MONTREVILLE

As thou shalt never.

THEOCRINE

Wilt thou murder me?

MONTREVILLE

No, no, 'tis otherwise determined. Fool,
The master which in passion kills his slave
That may be useful to him does himself
The injury: Know thou, most wretched creature,
That father thou presum'st upon, that father,
That when I sought thee in a noble way,
Denied thee to me, fancying in his hope
A higher match from his excess of dotage,
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame
Of impious, most unnatural lust,
That now he fears his furious desires,
May force him to do that he shakes to think on.

THEOCRINE

O me most wretched.

MONTREVILLE

Never hope again
To blast him with those eyes, their golden beams
Are unto him arrows of death and hell,
But unto me divine artillery.
And therefore since what I so long in vain
Pursued, is offered to me, and by him
Given up to my possession: do not flatter
Thyself with an imaginary hope,
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,
And make use of my fortune; as we walk
I'll tell thee more.

THEOCRINE

I will not stir.

MONTREVILLE

I'll force thee:

THEOCRINE

Help! Help!

MONTREVILLE

In vain,

THEOCRINE

In me my brothers blood
Is punished at the height.

MONTREVILLE

The Coach there.

THEOCRINE

Dear Sir...

MONTREVILLE

Tears, curses, prayers, are alike to me,
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,
And shall take time to mourn for it at leisure

[Exeunt]

[K1]

ACT 5, SCENE 2A

Enter MALEFORT solus.

MALEFORT

I have played the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret
Mine own could not contain, and my industry
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,
Out of false hopes of freedom to myself,
Is in the little help it yields me, punished.
She's absent, but I have her figure here,
And every grace, and rarity about her,
Are by the pencil of my memory
In living colors painted on my heart.

MALEFORT (cont.)

My fires too, a short interim closed up,
Break out with greater fury. Why was I,
Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declined
In this so tender conscienced? Say I had
Enjoyed what I desired, what had it been
But incest? and there's something here that tells me
I stand accountable⁷⁰ for greater sins
I never checked at: neither had the crime
Wanted a precedent. I have read in story
Those first great Heroes that for their brave deeds
Were in the worlds first infancy styled gods,
Freely enjoyed what I deny myself.
Old Saturn in the golden age embraced
His sister Ops and, in the same degree
The thunderer, Juno; Neptune, Thetis, and
By their example after the first deluge
Deucalion, Pyrrha.⁷¹ Universal nature,
As every day 'tis evident, allows it
To creatures of all kinds. The gallant horse
Covers the Mare to which he was the sire,
The bird with fertile seed gives new increase

[K1v]

To her that hatched him. Why should envious man then
Brand that close act which adds proximity
To what's most near him, with the abhorred title

70 Q "accomptable."

71 Deucalion (the son of Prometheus), and his wife Pyrrha (daughter of Epimetheus and Pandora, yes this makes them 1st cousins) were the sole survivors of the great flood that Jove sent to purge the world. When tasked with repopulating the earth, they were instructed to throw the bones of their mother over their shoulder, which they identified as rocks – the "bones" of Mother Earth.

MALEFORT (cont.)

Of incest? Or our later laws forbid
What by the first was granted? Let old men
That are not capable of these delights,
And solemn, superstitious⁷² fools prescribe
Rules to themselves, I will not curb my freedom
But constantly go on, with this assurance,
I but walk in a path which greater men
Have trod before me. ha this is the fort,
Open the gate. Within there.

Enter [1 SOLDIER and 2 SOLDIER] with muskets.

1 SOLDIER

With your pardon
We must forbid your entrance.

MALEFORT

Do you know me?

2 SOLDIER

Perfectly my Lord.

MALEFORT

I am this captain's friend.

1 SOLDIER

It may be so, but till we know his pleasure
You must excuse us.

72 Q "superstitions"

2 SOLDIER

We'll acquaint him with
Your waiting here.

MALEFORT⁷³

Waiting! slave, he was ever
By me commanded.

1 SOLDIER

As we are by him.

MALEFORT⁷⁴

So punctual, pray you then in my name intreat
His presence.

2 SOLDIER

That we shall do.

Exeunt SOLDIERS

MALEFORT

I must use
Some strange persuasions to work him to
Deliver her, and to forget the⁷⁵ vows,
And horrid oaths I, in my madness, made him
Take to the contrary; and may I get those⁷⁶

73 Q gives this speech to "Montr."

74 Q gives this line to "Montr."

75 Q has "her," but that doesn't make much sense given the context of the speech. Eye skip is more likely to render "the" as "her" than "his" as "her," so I have emended this word to "the."

76 "those" i.e. "the vows."

MALEFORT (cont.)

Once more in my possession, I will bear her
Into some close cave, or desert, where we'll end
Our lusts and lives together.

Enter MONTREVILLE and SOLDIERS.

MONTREVILLE

Fail not, on

[K2]

The forfeit of your lives to execute
What I commanded.

MALEFORT

Montreville, how is't friend?

MONTREVILLE

I am glad to see you wear such cheerful looks,
The world's well altered.

MALEFORT

Yes, I thank my stars.
But me thinks thou art troubled.

MONTREVILLE

Some light cross,
But of no moment.

MALEFORT

So I hope, beware
Of sad and impious thoughts, you know how far
They wrought on me.

MONTREVILLE

No such come near me sir.
I have like you no daughter, and much wish
You never had been curs'd with one.

MALEFORT

Who I?
Thou art deceived, I am most happy in her.

MONTREVILLE

I am glad to hear it.

MALEFORT

My incestuous fires
Towards her are quite burnt out, I love her now
As a father, and no further.

MONTREVILLE

Fix there then
Your constant peace, and do not try a second
Temptation from her.

MALEFORT

Yes friend, though she were
By millions of degrees more excellent

MALEFORT (cont.)

In her perfections, Nay though she could borrow
A form angelical to take my frailty,
It would not do, and therefore Montreville
(My chief delight next her) I come to tell thee
The governor and I are reconciled,
And I confirmed, and with all possible speed
To make large satisfaction to young Beaufort
And her whom I have so much wronged, and for
Thy trouble in her custody, of which
I'll now discharge thee, there is nothing in
My nerves or fortunes, but shall ever be
[K2v]
At thy devotion.

MONTREVILLE

You promise faintly⁷⁷,
Nor doubt I the performance, yet I would not
Hereafter be reported to have been
The principal occasion of your falling
Into a relapse, or but suppose out of
The easiness of my nature, and assurance
You are firm and can hold out, I could consent:
You needs must know there are so many lets⁷⁸
That make against it, that it is my wonder
You offer me the motion, having bound me
With oaths and imprecations on no terms,
Reasons, or arguments you could propose,

77 "faintly" - i.e. "indistinctly"

78 "lets" - i.e. "allowances"

MONTREVILLE (cont.)

I ever should admit you to her sight,
Much less restore her to you.

MALEFORT

Are we soldiers,
And stand on oaths?

MONTREVILLE

'Tis beyond my knowledge
In what we are more worthy, then in keeping
Our words, much more our vows.

MALEFORT

Heaven pardon all,
How many thousands in our heat of wine,
Quarrels and play, and in our younger days
(In private, I may say) between our selves,
In points of love, have we to answer for,
Should we be scrupulous that way.

MONTREVILLE

You say well,
And very aptly call to memory
Two oaths against all ties and rites of friendship
Broken by you to me.

MALEFORT

No more of that.

MONTREVILLE

Yes 'tis material, and to the purpose
The first (and think upon't) was when I brought you
As a visitant to my mistress then, the mother
Of this same daughter, whom with dreadful words
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply
For my sake never to attempt, yet then,
Then, when you had a sweet wife of your own,

[K3]

I know not with what arts, philters⁷⁹, and charms,
(Unless in wealth and fame you were above me)
You won her from me, and her grant obtained,
A marriage with the second waited on,
The burial of the first (that to the world
Brought your dead son) this I sat tamely down by,
Wanting indeed occasion and power
To be at the height revenged.

MALEFORT

Yet this you seemed
Freely to pardon.

MONTREVILLE

As perhaps I did.
Your daughter Theocrine growing ripe,
(Her mother too deceased) and fit for marriage
I was a suitor for her, had your word
Upon your honor, and our friendship made
Authentic, and ratified with an oath

79 "philters" - i.e. love potions

MONTREVILLE (cont.)

She should be mine, but vows with you being like
To your religion, a nose of wax
To be turned every way, that very day
The governor's son but making his approaches
Of Courtship to her, the wind of your ambition
For her advancement scattered the thin sand
In which you wrote your full consent to me,
And drew you to his party. What hath passed since
You bear a register in your own bosom
That can at large inform you.

MALEFORT

Montreville

I do confess all that you charge me with
To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge
That though your goodness made me mine own judge,
I should not shew the least compassion,
Or mercy to myselfe. O let not yet
My foulness taint your pureness, or my falsehood
Divert the torrent of your loyal faith.
My ills, if not return'd by you, will adde
Luster to your much good, and to o'ercome

[K3v]

With noble sufferance will express your strength,
And triumph o're my weakness, if you please to.
My black deeds, being only known to you,
And in surrendering up my daughter, buried:
You not alone make me your slave (for I

MALEFORT (cont.)

At no part do deserve the name of friend)
But in your own breast raise a monument
Of pity to a wretch on whom with justice
You may express all cruelty.

MONTREVILLE

You much move me.

MALEFORT

O that I could but hope it, to revenge
An injury is proper to the wishes
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon,
Peculiar to Princes. See these knees,
That have been ever stiff to bend to heaven,
To you are supple. Is there ought beyond this
That may speak my submission? or can pride
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)
Desire a feast of more humility
To kill her growing appetite?

MONTREVILLE

I required not
To be sought to this poor way, yet tis so far
A kind of satisfaction that I will
Dispense a little with those serious oaths
You made me take; your daughter shall come to you,
I will not say as you delivered her,

MONTREVILLE (cont.)

But as she is you may dispose of her
As you shall think most requisite.

Exit MONTREVILLE

MALEFORT

His last words are riddles to me.
Here the lion's force
Would have proved useless. and against my nature
Compelled me from the Crocodile to borrow
Her counterfeit tears. There's now no turning backward:
May I but quench these fires that rage within me,
And fall what can fall, I am armed to bear it.

ACT 5, SCENE 2B

*The SOLDIERS thrust forth THEOCRINE, her garments loose, her hair
disheveled.⁸⁰*

2 SOLDIER

You must be packing.

[K4]

THEOCRINE

Hath he robbed me of
Mine honor, and denies me now a room
To hide my shame?

⁸⁰ In Q this stage direction is set in the right column, beginning with the line "May I but quench these fires," which may indicate the action takes place over Malefort's last two lines.

2 SOLDIER

My Lord the Admiral
Attends your Ladyship.

1 SOLDIER

Close the port, and leave 'em.

Exeunt [1 & 2] SOLDIERS

MALEFORT

Ha! Who is this? How altered! Wow deformed!
It cannot be. And yet this creature has
A kind of a resemblance to my daughter,
My Theocrine! But as different
From that she was, as bodies dead are in
Their best perfections, from what they were
When they had life and motion.

THEOCRINE

Tis most true sir,
I am dead indeed to all but misery.
O come not near me sir, I am infectious,
To look on me at distance is as dangerous
As from a pinnacle's cloud-kissing spire,
With giddy eyes to view the steep descent,
But to acknowledge me a certain ruin,
O sir.

MALEFORT

Speak Theocrine, force me not
To farther question, my fears already
Have choked my vital spirits.

THEOCRINE

Pray you turn away
Your face and hear me, and with my last breath
Give me leave to accuse you. What offense
From my first infancy did I commit
That for a punishment you should give up
My Virgin chastity to the treacherous guard
Of goatish Montreville?

MALEFORT

What hath be done?

THEOCRINE

Abused me fir by violence, and this told
I cannot live to speak more: may the cause
In you find pardon, but the speeding curse
Of a ravished maid fall heavy, heavy on him,
Beaufort my lawful love, farewell for ever.

She dies.

[K4v]

MALEFORT

Take not thy flight so soon immaculate spirit.
T'is fled already, how the innocent,
As in a gentle slumber pass away,
But to cut off the knotty thread of life
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos
To use her sharpe knife often. I would help
The edge of hers with the sharpe point of mine
But that I dare not die, till I have rent
This dogs heart piecemeal. O that I had wings
To scale these walls, or that my hands were Canons
To bore their flinty sides, that I might bring
The villain in the reach of my good sword,
The Turkish Empire offered for his ransom
Should not redeem his life. O that my voice
Were loud as thunder and with horrid sounds
Might force a dreadful passage to his ears,
And through them reach his soul, libidinous monster,
Foul ravisher, as thou durst do a deed
Which forced the Sun to hide his glorious face
Behind a sable Masque of clouds, appear
And as a man defend it, or like me
Shew some compunction for it.

MONTREVILLE above the curtaine, suddenly drawn.

MONTREVILLE

Ha, ha, ha.

MALEFORT

Is this an object to raise mirth?

MONTREVILLE

Yes, yes.

MALEFORT

My daughter's dead.

MONTREVILLE

Thou had'st best follow her,
Or if thou art the thing thou art reported,
Thou should'st have led the way. Do tear thy hair
Like a village nurse, and mourn while I laugh at thee.
Be but a just examiner of thyself
And in an equal balance poise the nothing,
Or little mischief I have done compared
With the ponderous weight of thine, and how canst thou
Accuse or argue with me? Mine was a rape
And she being in a kind contracted to me,
[L1]
The fact may challenge some qualification:
But thy intent made nature's self run backward,
And done, had caused an earth-quake.

[Enter 1 & 2] SOLDIERS above.

1 SOLDIER

Captain.

MONTREVILLE

Ha

2 SOLDIER

Our outworks are surprised, the sentinel slain,
The corps du garde defeated too.

MONTREVILLE

By whom?

1 SOLDIER

The sudden storm and darkness of the night
Forbids the knowledge, make up speedily,
Or all is lost.

MONTREVILLE

I'he'devil's name, whence comes this!

*[Exit]*⁸¹

*A storm.*⁸²

MALEFORT

Do, do, rage on, rend open, Aeolus,
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once
Thy stormy issue. Blust'ring Boreas,
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest
Through the vast region of the air like that

81 Q: "they descend."

82 Q sets this stage direction with the second line of Malefort's speech, but the speech seems to begin as a reaction to the storm, so I have placed it before.

MALEFORT (cont.)

I feel within me: for I am possess'd
With whirl-winds, and each guilty thought to me is
A dreadful Hurricano; though this centre
Labour to bring forth earthquake, and hell open
Her wide stretched jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot adde an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head.

Enter the Ghost of YOUNG MALEFORT, naked from the waist, full of wounds, leading in the shadow of a LADY, her face leprous.

MALEFORT (cont.)

Ha, is't fancy?
Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I
Dare stand the trial? yes, I do, and now
I view these apparitions, I feel,
I once did know the substances. For what come you?
Are your aerial forms deprived of language,
And so denied to tell me? that by signs
You bid me ask here of my self?

[L1v]

*The GHOSTS use several gestures*⁸³

'tis so,
And there is something here makes answer for you.
You come to lance my seared up conscience? Yes,
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,

83 This stage direction is set in the right hand column at the end of the line ending "tis so," but since the second speech measure of the line indicates a response to stimulus, this setting makes sense to me.

MALEFORT (cont.)

That hurled me headlong from the height of glory,
Wealth, honors, worldly happiness, were forged
Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs
And cruelty to you? I do confess it;
And that my lust compelling me to make way
For a second wife, I poison'd thee, and that
The cause (which to the world is undiscovered)
That forced thee to shake off thy filial duty
To me thy father, had it's spring and source
From thy impatience to know thy mother,
That with all duty, and obedience served me
(For now with horror I acknowledge it)

*Answered still by signs.*⁸⁴

Removed unjustly: yet thou being my son,
Were't not a competent judge marked out by heaven
For her revenger, which thy falling by
My weaker hand confirmed. Tis granted by thee.
Can any penance expiate my guilt?
Or can repentance save me?

*Exeunt GHOSTS.*⁸⁵

They are vanish'd.
What's left to do then? I'll accuse my fate
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:
Or if those stars, cross to me in my birth,
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,
With peace of conscience like to innocent men,

84 Q splits Malefort's speech, and places this direction here between the two parts.

85 Q sets this stage direction at the end of the next line, but again, it makes more sense to me here.

MALEFORT (cont.)

I might have ceased to be, and not as now,
To curse my cause of being.

He's kill'd with a flash of lightning.

ACT 5, SCENE 2C

Enter BELGARDE with [GOV'S] SOLDIERS.

BELGARDE

Here is a night
To season my silks. Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee,
Thou hast endured many foul nights, but never
One like to this; how fine my feather looks now!
Just like a Capons tail stolen out of the pen,
[L2]
And hid in the sink, and yet't had been dishonor
To have charged me without it, wilt thou never cease,
Is the petard, as I gave directions, fasten'd
On the portcullis⁸⁶?

1 GOV'S SOLDIER

It hath been attempted
By divers, but in vain.

BELGARDE

These are your gallants,
That at a feast take the first place, poor I,

⁸⁶ "portcullis" - a heavy vertically-closing gate typically found in Medieval fortifications, consisting of a latticed grille made of wood, metal, or a combination of the two, which slides down grooves inset within each jamb of the gateway.

BELGARDE (cont.)

Hardly allow'd to follow; marry in
These foolish businesses they are content
That I shall have precedence, I much thank
Their manners, or their fear; second me soldiers,
They have had no time to undermine, or if
They have, it is blowing up, and fetching
A caper or two in the air, and I will do it,
Rather then blow my nails here.

2 GOV'S SOLDIER

O brave Captain!

Exeunt.

ACT 5, SCENE 2D

An alarum, noise and cries within, a flourish.

*Enter BEAUFORT SENIOR, YOUNG BEAUFORT, MONTAIGNE,
CHAMONT, LANOUR, BELGARDE, MONTREVILLE, [GOV'S]
SOLDIERS*

MONTREVILLE

Racks cannot force more from me then I have
Already told you. I expect no favor
I have cast up my account⁸⁷.

87 Q has "accompt"

BEAUFORT SENIOR

Take you the charge
Of the fort, Belgarde, your dangers have deserved it.

BELGARDE

I thank your excellence, this will keep me safe yet
From being pulled by the sleeve, and bid remember
The thing I wot of.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

All that have eyes to weep,
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead,

MONTREVILLE

Her father too lies breathless here, I think
Struck dead with thunder.

CHAMONT

'Tis apparent: how
His carcass smells.
[L2v]

LANOUR

His face is altered to
Another color.

YOUNG BEAUFORT

But here's one retains
Her native innocence, that never yet
Called down heaven's anger.

BEAUFORT SENIOR

'Tis in vain to mourn
For what's past help. We will refer, bad man,
Your sentence to the king: may we make use of
This great example, and learn from it, that
There cannot be a want of power above
To punish murder⁸⁸, and unlawful love.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

88 Q has "murther."