Rhodon and Iris

RHODON

AND IRIS.

A

PASTORALL,

AS IT WAS PRE-

sented at the FLORISTS

Feast in *Norwich*,

May 3. 1631.

Vrbis & orbis gloria Flora.

LONDON:

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To the right Worshipfull, Mr. NI-

CHOLAS BACON of *Gillingham*,

Esquire.

Noble Sir:

COnsidering your true affection to Poesie, which (no doubt) proceeds from your singular perfection in that art; seeing also how fervently you are addicted to a speculation of the vertues and beauties of all flowers; I could not choose but present you with the patronage of this dramaticall peece, bringing this small sacrifice to the Altar of your worth, as the little Birds (having nought else) were wont to bring their feathers, and the Bees their waxe, to the Oracle of *Apollo*.

Yet though the worke doth crave nor Bayes, nor Cedar,
But the mild censure of a gracious Reader.

This

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The Epistle Dedicatorie.

This to the proudest Criticke I dare tell,
It feares nor Frankincense, nor Mackerell,
Nor terrible Tabacco, that consumes
Atlanticke volumes in his smoth'ring fumes.

But howsoever this small pittance may seeme unworthy your acceptance, yet expecting to find your worth a protection for my weaknesse, I repose my selfe in an assured hope of your favour, and rest till a more reall occasion may make you a more true owner of my service.

Yours really,

Ra. Knevet.

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To his much respected friends, the

Society of Florists.

Gentlemen,

TO you I am to speake of the fairest of Vegetals, Flowers, the minions of the spring, and for their beauties, deserving the title of terrestriall starres, being of such excellency, that (if you will beleeve the asseveration of the wisest and the best of the sonnes of men) you must grant that the wisest and happiest Prince that ever was, in all his glory, was not like one of them. And did not the omnipotent Architect of the Vniverse, place his Protoplast in a garden, as being the most convenient and pleasant habitation for Man, as yet unstained with with disobedience, and abstaining from the forbidden fruit? And was not this Eden *so holy and pure a place, that* Adam *could no longer be Tenant there then he kept his innocency? If I should expatiate in the commendation of these glorious creatures (I feare) I should be brought into a maze whence I could not easily extricate my selfe; therefore I will referre you that are desirous to be industrious in the indagation of their vertues and beauties, to those large volumes that are now extant, wherein their natures are amply and exactly described. Now as concerning your feast,* quod multi infectis oculis

a

con-

View Facsimile

conspiciunt. *'Tis true, Many sanctimonists, that like the men of* China, *thinke themselves wiser than all the world beside, doe inveigh against it (how iustly I know not) but as for my part, if I did thinke it might be any way preiudicial, either to politike,*

or morall society. I should detest it as deeply as the most zealous Heteroclite of them all. If it had any affinity with Bacchanalian *riot, if Gluttony and Drunkennes ever found any entertainment there, I should utterly loath to name it: But since it is a meeting so civill, so unspotted, that Malice her selfe, had shee a brazen face, might blush to detract from it; since it is a feast celebrated by such a conflux of Gentlemen of birth and quality, in whose presence and commerce (I thinke) your Cities welfare partly consists: I cannot but commend it (though not so highly as it deserves) in spite of Ignorance or Envy.*

But some there be that are so pure and sage,
That they doe utterly abhorre a Stage,
Because they would be still accounted holy,
And know, the Stage doth oft bewray their folly.
You could but wonder to see what distaste
They tooke, to see an Hypocrite uncas'd:
Oh had they power, they would the Author use
As ill as *Bacchus* Priests did *Orpheus*.

These, out of their malicious discretion (having no other way to satisfie their uniust envy) by meere misprisions, and under pretence that I should abuse a Corporation, would faine engage me in your Cities hatred, which although I account it one of the meanest disasters that can betide, yet I should thinke my selfe an unworthy man to doe any thing worthy of their hatred. But whereas they accuse me for taxing of some private persons, I am content to referre this centroversie to the arbitrement of any that

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that is ingenious. But this (as I tender my owne reputation, and Truth her selfe) I must tell ye, that should I spye villany shelter her selfe under a Scarlet Gowne, I durst be so bold as to spurne her with the left foot of contempt, though not be so prodigall of that small store the Muses have allotted me, as to spend a line upon so despicable a subiect.

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To the Booke and his worthy friend

the A V T H O R .

DIsperse and vindicate thy Makers merits,
Late disesteem'd by Lynx ey'd censuring spirits;
Whose captivated iudgements now may see,
In this cleere glasse their owne deformitie;
Whose malice found no cause to disrespect
Thy worth, but 'cause it past their intellect:
My barren Muse cannot to life set forth
Thy abstruse poesie, learning and worth:
Th'abilities which in thy bosome lye,
Will be admired of posterity:
Wer't thou but truely knowne, thy worth would raise
Thee and thy Muse: best Poets would with bayes

Crowne thy rich temples, and maugre thy will,
Would place thee highest on Parnassus hill.
Blest be their names, thy Nectar Genius nourish:
By such, deiected poesie shall flourish.
Let no Agnostus *dare to read thy lines,*
Th'are made for those can iudge of high designes.

In unknowne waters lest I wade too farre,
Let thy bright rising sunne eclipse my starre.

R I. P E R T.

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To his friend the Author.

MAy none but Phœbus kisse thy lines with sight,
Hee'l doe thee right.
Tis not for mortals once to dare to scanne,
Thy height 'bove man.
This speakes thy fellowship with supreme gods,
There's naught puts oddes,
But lifes eternitie: tush, thy lines shall be,
A saintlike canon of thy memory.

Be bold then to the world, and dumbe that tongue
That dares thee wrong:
Yet thus give leave to vulgar braines to clap
Agnostus *cap*
Vpon their heads, whose braines doe much lesse crave,
Then I deprave.
Scorne blast their dwellings, in simplicity
That spit their poyson; none shall venome thee.

W I L L I A M D E N N Y E.

To his friend the Author.

ICannot but admire this Worke of thine,
(Right worthy Author) that me thinkes each line
Should gaine attention from a well tun'd Eare,
And please the Eye of any shall appeare,
That apprehends it: alwayes Ile attend
To wish this Worke well, as a faithfull Friend.

I O H N M I N G A Y.

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In Librum.

EN Metamorphosis dispar descendit in orbem
Illi, quam prisco descripsit tempore Naso:
Humanas vertit formas in florea Naso
Corpora: sed noster contrà floralia vestit
Corpora forma hominum, cantandus laude Poeta.
Pingis (Naso) *tuam Metamorphôsin Latiali*
Ample stilo: Nostrum hunc pellexit at Anglica penna.

Anglica penna vehat sublimis ad æthera pennis
Angelicis Anglum, qui tanta et talia finxit
Hanc Metamorphôsin noster beet Author, et omnes
Applaudant docti: veterem qua Naso *beavit*
Voce suam, canat et redimitus tempora lauro.
Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis *ira, nec ignis,*
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

M.S.

Dramatis

View Facsimile

Dramatis Personæ.

RHODON.
ADANTHVS a friend to *Rhodon*.
MARTAGON.
CYNOSBATVS a friend to *Martag*.
ANTHOPHOTVS.
} *Shepheards.*

IRIS sister to *Anthophotus*.
VIOLETTA sister to *Rhodon*.
EGLANTINE sister to *Cynosbatus*.
PANAS a seruant to *Iris*.
CLEMATIS a seruant to *Eglantine*.
} *Shepherdesses.*

{ AGNOSTVS an Impostor.
PONERIA a Witch.

GLADIOLVS a Page to *Eglantine*.

FLORA.

The Scene is Thessaly.

View Facsimile

Prologue.

CAndid spectators, you that are invited
Tô see the Lilly and the Rose united;
Consider that this Comedy of ours,
A Nosegay is compos'd of sundry flowers.
Which we selected with some small expence
Of time, to please each one that hath a sence:
But if this glorious Cynicke crowne containes
A head that wants a competence of braines,
We could desire his absence, and be glad
That one more wise his seat or standing had:
Because experience shewes that such as he,
The greatest enemies to science be:
For what the Noddy cannot understand,
He will seeke to disparage underhand,
Branding eternall lines with blacke disgrace,

Because they doe his numbers smothe surpasse.
For this bold Criticke would have the world know it,
That he no small foole is, though a small Poet.
But with Icarean *wings, why strives he thus,*
To mount Parnassus *tops with* Pegasus*?*
When 'tis most meet that he with Asses meeke,
His pasture at the Mountaines feet should seeke,
On thistles wilde, and brakes there let him knabble,
While Pegasus *does make the skies his stable.*
But you (iudicious friends) that well discry
The strength and worth of noble Poesie;
That can discreetly iudge of what is done,
We crave your favour and attention,
And shall applaud the fortune of our Muse,
If ought worth your acceptance we produce.

View Facsimile

R H O D O N

AND *IRIS*.

Act. 1. Scen. 1.

Poneria, Agnostus.

Ag. IS the worlds eye not yet asleepe?
Po. Hath *Iove* not yet put on his starry night-cap?
No; nor *Iuno* her spangl'd smocke?

Ag. What, hath *Hesperus* forgot to light heavens tapers up?
Or be the Charret wheeles of Night o're loaden
with the leaden waights of sleepe,
That she delayes to throw her misty veyle
upon the face of things?

Po. Blind Ignorance that grop'st in Cymerian darknesse,
That lyest invelop'd in the shads of everlasting night,
That want'st those glorious spectacles of Nature,
Those Chrystalline spheres that should illumine
Thy Microcosmus,
Why dost thou thus maligne the guiltlesse light,
She being the fairest Creature that Nature ever made?

Ag. I hate her because she is light: I say she is
The Mistris of disquiet and unrest, and breeds
More troubles in the world then one of my young

Hungry

View Facsimile

Hungry Lawyers doth in a Common-wealth,
Or a schismatical selfeconceited Coxcombe in an
antient Corporation.
Oh that I could *Vlysses*-like burne out the eye
Of that Celestiall *Polypheme*;
Or raise dull *Chaos* from *Demogorgons* Cell
To quench the worlds unnecessary luminaries.

Po. Bold Ignorance, thou Idoll of these times
That o're a woollen wit, oft wear'st a sattin Cap;
And sometimes at our *Bacchanalian* feasts
Appear'st as brave as a Canonicall Saint
In a Kalender: I hug thy resolution, stupid divell,
That dost with generous malice amply supply
What is defective in thy intellect:
But if thou'lt give my faithfull Counsell leave
For to divert the torrent of thy wrath,
Then lend a facile eare to my advice:
Bend not thy bootlesse hate against that Orbe of light,
Whose mighty flames will scorch the impious wings
Of those Nocturnall birds, that shall attempt
With talons most prophane, to injure his bright beauty.
A meaner object than this, shall satisfie
Thy wrath, and my displeasure.
This is the day whereon the new society of
Florists, have determined to keepe their annual festivals:
Whose pompous Celebration hath wont to eclipse
All feasts besides: th'*Olympian* games,
And *Isthmian* playes, with all those Ludicrous
And Ludibrious Combats, are but meere Puppet playes
To this grand feast, for Art and nature both have try'd
To make this Feast surpasse all feasts beside.
Vnite thy force with mine, then ten to one
We

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

We shall disturbe their mirth, e're we have done.

Ag. Then mischiefe lend me all thy guilty nerves:
Let flames of boundlesse fury quite dispell
Lethæan dulnesse from my Clouded braine.
Assist our great designe, ye subterraneous powers,
That utterly abhorre to view the glaring light:
Let not the weakenesse of my Craz'd intellectuals,
Nor yet this loath'd deficience of my sense,
Be prejudiciall to the bent of our designe:
Poneria, act thy part, for I am thine.

Exeunt.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 2.

Rhodon, Acanthus.

Aga. (R*Hodon*) my honor'd, soule-united friend,
Cast off that dusky melancholy veyle.

Too vile a robe for thy majesticke brow,
Blast not the pride of *Hyblas* happinesse
With thy offensive passion.

Rho. Nay, good *Acanthus*, did love ere offend any?

Aca. And art not thou the map of loves calamity?
Witnesse those cristall bowles of thy bright eyne,
Which I have seene sweld up with brinish teares,
Prepar'd for sorrowes bitter beverage:
Witnesse those frequent tempests of thy sighes,
Which made thy brest a fiery sea of dolour:
Witnesse those palled cheekes, whose glorious hue
Aurora late envy'd, and quite despairing

To

View Facsimile

To reach thy beauties height, with *Cupid* treated,
And him suborn'd to wound thy generous heart,
(Which no base passion ever durst assault)
That now like pale *Narcissus* on the brinke
Of the beguilding streame, thou lyest a dying.

Rho. I tell thee (brazen Colosse) marble statue,
Whose heart loues darts could never penetrate;
Love is the Prince of all affections,
And like the element of fire transcends
His brothers in activity and splendour.

Aca. It is a fire indeed, that doth consume
All vertuous actions; that feeds upon mens soules
Like the fiend *Eurynomus* upon dead carkases;
That makes the microcosmus a meere Chaos.
It is the *Remora* of all noble enterprises,
And the *Lernæan* fenne which breeds a *Hydra*,
Crested with a thousand inconueniences.
Let me nere inherit more then my Fathers hempland,
Or nere be owner of more wit then some elder brothers,
If I thinke not *Cupid* the most pernicious deity
Among all the Olympian Senators.
Oh that I had but *Stentors* lungs,
To thunder out the vanity of that idoll.

Rho. Now I hope you have rail'd your self out of breath,
And therefore I may now have time to speake:
Thus 'tis, deare friend *Acanthus*, I confesse
That once I lov'd the Lady *Eglantine*,
Whose rare endowments both of art and nature,
Well corresponding with high birth and fortune,
Did moderately attract my sincere love,
Which love conspiring with a strong desire,
To see the Cnstomes of some forraine Nations,
And

View Facsimile

And know the manners of people farre remote,
Made me to greet the Princely Dame
With a personall visitation.
Then my indulgent starres did me advise,
For to suspend my suit: whose Counsell I obey'd.
But trust me, friend, thou wert too much mistaken,
To thinke that love had scorch'd or sing'd so much
The wings of reason; that I must needs fall,
And perish in the fornace of despaire.
Thou art a bad constructer of my thoughts,
If that thou think'st 'tis love which makes me sad:
Yea, thou, oft-times, dost take thy marks amisse,
To thinke me sad; perhaps, when as my minde
(Uprais'd above the sphere of terrene things)
Is ravish'd with Celestiall Contemplation;
For earthly passion hath no power at all
To worke upon an elevated soule.
Passions are starres to lower orbs confin'd;
Scorching an earthly, not a heavenly mind.
Yet am I not so much a Stoicke, or a Stocke,
To plume the pinions of th'immortall soule,
Who while she's Cloyster'd in this Cell of Clay,
Moves with the wings of the affections:
But lest she, like to heedlesse *Icarus*,
Should soare too high a pitch; or like young *Phaeton*,
Should shape her Course too low, *Iove* hath appointed
Wise Vertue for to regulate her flight.
Of these affections, love the Empresse is;
Who, while she stands submisse to reasons lore,
Doth keepe the Fabricke of the little world in frame.
Love is the geniall goddesse, the *Lucina*
Which doth produce each honourable atchievement,

Which

View Facsimile

Which this true axiome evidently proves,
Nobilitas sub amore iacet.
Had not the spritefull flames of love, egg'd on
That *Theban* Kilcrow mighty *Hercules*,
To brave adventures; he, perhaps, had dy'd
As much inglorious as did base *Thersites*.
Had not the faire *Andromache* beheld,
From *Troian* Towers, *Hectors* valiant acts
Among the *Greeks*, amid the *Phrygian* fields;
The gallant Dames of *Troy* then might, perchance,
Most justly have preferr'd *Achilles* farre before him.
Tis this heroicall passion that incends
The sparkes of honour in each noble minde;
Making dull sluggards study industry;
And animating each unlearned head
To toyle in Arts and liberall Sciences,
Even to the high degree of rare proficience.
Then cease *Acanthus* with thy lawlesse tongue,

True loves Condition to maligne or wrong.

Ac. Thou zealous patron of the winged Boy,
Well hast thou pleaded thy blind Archers Case;
Pray *Iove* thou maist deserve a lusty fee
For this *Herculean* labour of thy tongue.

Rho. Surcease these malapert invectives, friend,
Cupid is arm'd with fire and arrowes keene,
To be avenc'd on those that shall him spleene.

Ac. When *Sol* shall make the Easterne Seas his bed,
When Wolves and Sheepe shall be together fed;
When Starres shall fall, and planets cease to wander,
When *Iuno* proves a Bawd, and *Iupiter* a Pander;
When *Venus* shal turn Chast, and *Bacchus* become sober,
When fruit in April's ripe, that blossom'd in October;
When

View Facsimile

When Prodigals shall money lend on use,
And Vsurers prove lavish and profuse;
When Art shal be esteem'd, and golden pelfe laid down,
When Fame shal tel all truth, & Fortune cease to frown,
To *Cupids* yoke then I my necke will bow;
Till then, I will not feare loves fatall blow.

Rho. Wert thou a meere spirit, then I confesse,
And thinke, this resolution might endure;
But so long as thy soule weares robes of earth,
Lac'd all with veynes, that o're a Crimson deepe,
Set forth an *Azure* bright; needs must thy heart
Yeeld to the force of *Cupids* golden dart.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 3.

Clematis, Eglantine.

Cle. OH impotent desires, allay the sad consort
Of a sublime Fortune, whose most ambitious (flames
Disdaine to burne in simple Cottages,
Loathing a hard unpolish'd bed;
But Coveting to shine beneath a Canopy
Of rich *Sydonian* purple; all imbroider'd
With purest gold, and orientall Pearles;
In tesselated pavements, and guilded roofes,
Supported by proud artificiall Columnes,
Of polish'd Ivory and Marble; doth love delight
There; doth he, like a mighty Tyrant, rage,
Subverting the whole edifice of reason
With his impetuous conflagration:
That this is true, the gentle Shepheardesse
Faire

View Facsimile

Faire *Eglantine* doth evidently shew:
For she, a sister to the great *Cynosbatus*,
Was Courted lately by the Shepheard *Rhodon*:
Whose suit she entertain'd with due respect,
Requiting love with love: but Fate (it seemes)
Not condescending that great *Hymen* should
Accomplish their desires; forbade the Banes,
And *Rhodon* hath relinquished his suit;
And is return'd to *Hybla* sweet; whose flowry vales
Began to droope, and wither in his absence.
But *Eglantine* remaines disconsolate;
Like to a Turtle that hath lost her mate.
See where she comes, expressing in her face
A perfect Map of mellancholy:
I will retire, because I well descry,
Shee's out of love with all society.

Enter Eglant. *with her Lute.*

Eg. Addresse thy selfe sweet warbling Instrument,
My sorrowes sad Companion; to tune forth
Thy melancholly notes; somewhat to slake
Those furious flames that scorch my tender heart.

She sings and playes upon the Lute.

Vpon the blacke Rocke of despaire
My youthfull ioyes are perish'd quite,
My hopes are vanish'd into ayre,
My day is turn'd to gloomy night:
For since my Rhodon *deare is gone,*
Hope, light, nor comfort, have I none.

A Cell, where griefe the Landlord is,
Shall be my palace of delight;
Where

View Facsimile

Where I will wooe with votes and sighes,
Sweet death to end my sorrowes quite;
Since I have lost my Rhodon *deare,*
Deaths fleshlesse armes why should I feare?

Enter Cle.

Cle. What time shal end thy sorrowes, sweetest *Eglantine*?

Egl. Such griefe as mine cannot be cur'd by time.
But when the gentle fates shall disembogue
My weary soule, and that Celestiall substance free
From irkesome manacles of clay; then may I finde,
If not a sweet repose in blest *Elysium*,
Yet some refrigeration in those shades,

Where *Dido* and *Hypsiphile* do wander.

Exit Egl.

Cle. Thou gentle goddesse of the woods & mountains,
That in the woods and mountaines art ador'd,
The Maiden patronesse of chaste desires,
Who art for chastity renowned most,
Tresgrand *Diana*, who hast power to cure
The rankling wounds of *Cupids* golden arrowes;
Thy precious balsome deigne thou to apply,
Vnto the heart of wofull *Eglantine*;
Then we thy gracious favour will requite
With a yong Kid, than new falne snow more white.

exit.

Act. 1. Scen. 4.

Cynosbatus, Martagon.

Cy. MY honor'd friend, most noble *Martagon*,
Who whilom didst with thy imperiall power
Command the mountaines proud, and humble plaines

C

Of

View Facsimile

Rhodon *and* Iris.

Of happy *Thessaly*: who hath eclips'd
The splendour of thy light, and clipp'd those wings
That did ore-shade these fields from East to West.
Each Shepheard that was wont to feed his flocks
Vpon these fertile meads, was wont whilere
To pay the tribute of his primest lambs.
But now as one coup'd in an angle up,
Thou art compell'd to satisfie thy selfe,
With a small portion of that soveraignty
Which thou didst earst enioy.

Ma. Deare friend *Cynosbatus*, if that the world
Had bin compos'd in a cubicke forme
And not orbicular; or if this globe
Were destin'd to be ought else then fortunes ball,
By alterations racket banded to and fro;
Then iustly might'st thou wonder to behold
My present state, so short of my precedent height.
Nor doth this monster, Change, beare sway alone,
Ore elements, men, beasts, and plants,
But those celestiall bodies that are fram'd
Of purer constitutions, are compell'd
To be obedient to her awfull doome.
Reare up thy eyes unto the spangl'd cope,
And there behold *Ioves* starre-enchased belt,
The glittering Zodiacke wonderfully chang'd
In a few thousand yeares:
For those fixt stars, which like a Diamond cleare,
Adorne the baudricke of the Thunderer,
Have wander'd from their former stations.
Witnesse the golden Ram who now is gone astray,
And shoulder'd hath the Cretian Bull; and he

Those twins of *Iove* so sore hath butted,
That

View Facsimile

That they have crush'd the Crab, and thrust him quite
Into the den of the Nemæan Lyon.
Thus by the change of these superiour bodies,
Strange alterations in the world are wrought,
Great Empires maim'd, & Kingdoms brought to naught.
And that auspicious lampe, who freely lends
His light to lesser fires, the prince of generation,
Even *Sol* himselfe, is five degrees declin'd,
Since learned *Ptolome* did take his height.
But if Egyptian wisards we may trust,
Who in Astrologie wont to excell;
By them tis told, that foure times they have seene
That glorious Charrioter flit from his place:
Twice hath he rose (they say) where now he sets,
And twice declined where he now doth rise.
If these Celestiall powers, whose influence
Commands terrestriall substances,
Be object to mutation, then needs must
Sublunar things, submit themselues to change.
Then wonder not good friend *Cynosbatus*,
To see my state and power diminish'd thus.

Cy. Tis true deare *Martagon*, experience showes
That alteration every day brings forth
A new birth of effects.

Ma. But I prethe friend, satisfie me in one thing.

Cy. My bosome's yours, take from that Cabinet
The choisest secret that can pleasure you:
Tell me in what your will's to be resolu'd.

Ma. There is a rumour spred through *Thessaly*,
That your faire sister, Madame *Eglantine*,
Shall be espoused to the Shepheard *Rhodon*,
The prince of all the Swaines that dwell on *Hybla*.

Cy. From

View Facsimile

Cy. From no ill grounds this rumor sprang, though
The Fates did crosse what was by us intended.

Na. Then there's no expectation of my Nuptial rites.

Cy. No; all's dissolv'd.

Na. I thanke my Starres for that.

Cy. Your reason, Noble friend.

Ma. A kin he is to that male spirited Dame,
That stout Virago, that proud Shepheardesse
Call'd *Violetta*: who complaines of wrongs
Late suffer'd at my hands:
And hee's the man by whom she hopes
To be aveng'd on me, for this pretended injury;
And had he matcht your sister, sweet *Eglantine*,
Then might I have had cause for to suspect
Your love not to be sound, since you accepted
So great a foe of mine, for your neere friend.

Cy. Then I am glad the Fates would not agree
That I should lose so true a friend as thee.

Exeunt.

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Rhodon. Anthophotus. Acanthus. Iris. Panace.

An. Never till now, did my *Hymettus* flourish:
More blest effects hath thy sweet presence wrought,
(Honour'd *Rhodon*) then could have beene produc'd
By moist-wing'd *Zephyrus*, or *Favonius*,
Who fanns our flowers with his gentle breath.

Rho. Thankes, good *Anthophotus*:

An. Nor doth our sister *Iris* hold her selfe
Meanely

View Facsimile

Rhodon *and* Iris.

Meanely engag'd to you, for this your gracious visit.

Rho. To be the meanest servant of so sweet a saint,
Is the full height and scope of my ambition.

Ir. Faire S^{r}. I wish you would be pleas'd t'imploy
Your service on an object of more worth.

Rho. Dissemble not, admired Shepheardesse;
For thou art she, that art as farre beyond
That light peece of beauty, *Hellen* of *Greece*,
In outward perfections; as shee was short of thee in
inward graces.
Yea, had those fifty Kings that did for her
Engage themselves in a long tedious warre,
Seene but the Modell of thy rare beauty,
Drawne by the hand of but a rude painter,
Doubtlesse, they had their honours forfeited,
And broke that sacred oath which they had tane.
Their worke in hand they had relinquish'd quite,
And left the walls of wretched *Troy* untoucht;
For each attracted with thy beauties splendor,

No Seas nor perils would have left unpast,
To finde thee in the furthest angle of the world.

Ir. Could my perfections, valu'd at the highest rate,
But countervaile a dramme of your great worth,
Then should I thinke my selfe borne under starres
Most happy and auspicious.

An. Surcease your Complements, deare *Rhodon*,
Let empty Caskes, and hollow Cymbals speake
That ayrie language, which unworthy is
Of your reallities.

Rho. Pardon me, gentle Sir: this radiant starre,
My judgements feeble eyes did dazle so,
That I was forc'd to speak what passion did informe me.

C 3

Enter

View Facsimile

RHODON *and* IRIS.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Which is the Shepheard *Rhodon*?

Rho. I am the man.

Messen. Then you are he whom *Violetta* greets.

Rho. How fares my sister?

Messen. This letter shall relate what I can never utter.

Exit Messen.

Rho, Pray *Iove* we have good newes, me thinks I saw
A pallid horrour setl'd in the face
Of the sad Messenger: be't good or ill,
We are resolu'd to see it, come what will.

He opens and reads the Letter.

I Violetta *much distrest*
By Martagon *my mortall foe,*
Your succour humbly doe request,
To set me free frrm servile woe.
Our flowers he hath trampled on,
Our Gardens turn'd to thickets wilde;
Our fields and Meads he hath ore-run,
That we are forc'd to live exil'd.
We therefore doe your aide implore,
Vs to our freedome to restore.

Your distressed sister,
Violetta, Violetta.

'Twas for no good, that the late shag hair'd Comet

With his erected staring lookes, did over-looke
Our frighted flocks, who all amaz'd poore wretches
At such a horrid unexpected sight,
Ere Hesperus gan from the west to peepe,
Halfe

View Facsimile

Halfe empty, did retire unto their folds againe:
Nor were those idle fires which late we saw,
Hang like a flaming canopie above us,
When we did walke the round about our folds,
To keepe the warwolfe from our Lambs by night.
But is't possible that man should be so savage,
To vent his rage upon a silly woman?

An. It is no wonder gentle sir at all:
For when *Prometheus* form'd his man of clay,
Tis said that he did to his stomacke adde,
The raging fury of a Lyon fierce.

Rho. Tis true: but histories report that a Lyon did,
The suppliant Getulian virgin spare;
Scorning to make so innocent a creature
His pray or quarry.

An. Foule shame and infamy it is, god wot,
That manly might should women weake oppose,
Whom they by right for life ought to defend.

Acan. (*Rhodon*) doe thou but say Amen: and I will in
An instant raise our spritefull youth,
And lead them on with such a vigorous force
Against the most unhumane *Martagon*;
That we will pull the Craven from his nest,
Disrobing him of all his borrowed plumes,
And repossessing *Violetta* of her owne.

Rho. In actions of such consequence as this,
We must not be too precipicious,
Mature deliberation must conclude
What shall be done in such a maine designe:
The stately Steed that with a full careere
Attempts to mount the brow of the steepe hill,
Oft breaks his winde, ere he can reach the height.
But

View Facsimile

But the slow snayle without or harme, or perill,
In time ascends unto the mountaines top,
For that true love we owe to *Thessaly*,
In which affection all we are ingag'd;
We by a friendly treaty will endevour
To bring th' usurper to a restitution.

But if the Olive branch will doe no good,
Then let the scourge of warre it selfe disclose;
They that our friendship scorne, must be our foes.

An. And if my right hand faile to second thee,
Then for a Peasant let me counted be.

Banace *offers to goe out, and is stayed by* Acanthus. *Exeunt Rho. Antho. Iris.*

Ac. Nay, stay faire Nimph, I would request
A private Conference with you.

Pa. If that I could with my affaires dispense,
I gladly should imbrace your Conference:
But my occasions bid mee hast away;
Sweet S^r^, adieu; I can no longer stay. *Exit Pa.*

Ac. I that of late was made of *Scythian* snow,
And *Hyperborean* ice, am now quite thaw'd
In the uncessant flames of hot desire.
A new *Vesuvius* burnes within my brest,
But shall I overturne those noble trophies
Which I most firmely have on vertue founded;
Or shall I singe the wings of reason so,
In the outragious flames of passion;
That I must needs fall downe and perish quite
In the blacke hideous gulfe of deepe despaire,
No: no: I will not,
Of this I am resolv'd whatso're befall,
Or not to love too much, or not at all.

Exit.

A C T

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

Poneria. Agnostus.

Po, BOld foolish wickednesse is that
Which walks by day, expos'd to the world's eie.
Sinne is the daughter of the darkest night,
And therefore doth abhorre to come to light.
Give me that cole blacke sinne that can lye hid.
Vnder the candid robes of seeing sanctity;
Which dares put out the perspicacious eyes
Of those that shall attempt to find her out.
Come dull *Agnostus*, let us disguise our selves
And be prepar'd to act some stratagem
To eclipse the glory of these festivals.
She puts on the garment.
This robe of vertue doth belong to me;
This goodly vaile shall hide my blacke intents.
Thus personated, I durst undertake
To rend a well woven state in factious peeces;
To win the eares of mighty Potentates;
And hood-winke Kings, that they should neither see

To doe what's iust, nor heare the pitteous cryes
Of those that are opprest.
But that thou, *Agnostus*, maist second my designes,
'Tis very fit thou shouldst be thus accouter'd.

Ag. My deare *Poneria*, I am yours.

Shee puts on his beard.

Po. Then first uuto thy chin we must apply
This Philosophicall beesome.
Now is the old proverbe really perform'd,

D

More

View Facsimile

RHODON *and* IRIS.

More haire than wit.
How like a Senator he lookes?
What a world of gravity's harbour'd in that beard?
Surely the world can take him for no other
Than the third *Cato* that should fall from heaven.
But here's the Ensigne of learning,
The badge of the seven Liberal Sciences,
Operculum ingenij, the silken Case of wit,
The Cap of knowledge; Clap this upon thy
Empty hogshead, put this on, and then thy head
Will become a *Helicon*, and thy braine a *Pyrene*.

He puts on the Cap.

Ag. It fits me exceeding well.

Po. Dost not perceive thy head begin to ake
With meere abundance of knowledge?

(vines,

Ag. Now, me thinks, I could confute a Colledge of Di-
A Synod of Doctors, a Lycæum of Philosophers;
Yet me thinkes my braines are not right,
And somewhat too weake to maintaine a paradox.

Po. Away fond idiot, doe not conceit
That this Cap can infuse any thing reall into thy pate,
That is uncapable of all art and science.
Under the protection of this Cap, thou maist be bold
To traduce thy betters, to censure the best,
To decide controversies without discretion,
To torment all companies with thy discourse,
And weary eares of yron with thy impertinences;
Doe but weare this head-peece over the Coyfe of
Selfe-conceit (alwayes provided) that thou forget'st
Not to leave off a brazen face; and I dare
Vndertake it, thou in a short time, shalt gaine
More respect (especially among *Plebean* Coxcombs)
Then

View Facsimile

Then euer *Pythagoras*, had of his auditors.

Ag. I am thy slave, divine *Poneria*:
Oh admirable rare Artist that I am!

Po. But yet, me thinkes, there's somewhat else to doe
To make thee more accomplish'd and compleat.
'Slight, the politicall gowne; I had as cleane forgot it,
As the time since I lost my mayden head.
Here 'tis: dispatch. and put it on,
And then be reputed both grave,—
Learn'd, and wise.
Doubtlesse it will become thee exceeding well.

He puts on the Gowne.

Now lookes he not like a maine stud of a Corporation?

Ag. How heavy is the burthen of authority?

Po. 'Tis true, authority is heavy, I confesse,
But not so heavy but an Asse may beare't.
Since now, *Agnostus*, that we are well fitted
With habits meet, to act what we intend;
Thou seeming like a grave and learned Sire;
Though thou indeed then that bee'st nothing lesse,
And I like to a vertuous maiden dight,
Though I all vertue deeply doe abhorre;
We thus disguis'd, will all the world delude,
And set the flowers at ods among themselves,
That they in civill enmities embroyl'd,
Shall of their pride and gloryes be dispoyl'd.

Exeunt.

ACT

View Facsimile

ACT. 2, SCEN. 2.

Martagon, Cynosbatus.

Ma. TO hinder the conjunction of those starres,
We must try all our skill, *Cynosbatus*.

Cy. I jealous am of their maligne aspect,
And therefore hold it best to take away
That cause which may produce such bad effects;
For I shall never cease t'applaud his skill,
That in the shell, the Cockatrice doth kill.

Ma. The Serpent will be hatch'd, I shrewdly feare,
E're we the mischiefe can prevent, if thus
We should delay to act our purposes:
For late, a certaine rumor, throngh my eare,
Did strike me to the heart; when 'twas reported

That *Rhodon* on *Hymettus* hill was seene;
Where by *Anthophotus*, and his sister *Iris*,
He was with such solemnity receiu'd,
That all surmise there is a match intended
Betweene the Shepheard *Rhodon* and faire *Iris*.

Cy. If once they be conjoyn'd in *Hymens* rites,
Then all our toyle's ridiculous and vaine;
For *Hymens* obligations are (we see)
Seldome by any cancell'd, but by death.

Ma. Then let us set some Stratagem abroach,
The Cords of their new amity to breake.
The tender twig may easily be broke,
But who's so strong to bow the sturdy Oke.
Our friends will say (if we procrastinate)
That, like the *Troians,* we were wise too late.

Exeunt

A C T .

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

Eglantine sola.

SInce that the gods will not my woe redresse,
Since men are altogether pittilesse,
Ye silent ghosts unto my plaints give eare;
Give eare (I say, ye ghosts) if ghosts can heare:
And listen to my plaints that doe excell
The dol'rous tune of ravish'd Philomel.
Now let *Ixions* wheele stand still a while,
Let *Danaus* daughters now surcease their toyle:
Let *Sisyphus* rest on his restlesse stone,
Let not the Apples flye from *Plotas* sonne;
And let the full gorg'd Vultur cease to teare
The growing liver of the ravisher;
Let these behold my sorrowes, and confesse
Their paines doe farre come short of my distresse.
Were I but Lady of more wealthy store
Then e're the Sunne beheld; or had I more
Then *Midas* e're desir'd; I would (in briefe)
Give all to be deliver'd from this griefe.
Rocks of rich Indian pearle, shores pav'd with gemmes,
Mountaines of gold, and Empires Diadems,
These would I give, yea, and my selfe to boot,
My selfe and these prostrating at his foot,
To enioy him whom I so dearely love.
Aye me, fond love, that art a sweet sower evill,
A pleasant torture, a well-favour'd devill.
But why doe I, weake wretch, prolong my griefe?
Why doe I live, since death affords reliefe?

Doe

View Facsimile

Doe thou (sweet ponyard) all my sorrowes ease,
That art a medicine for all grievances,
Assist my hand, thou goddesse of revenge,
That on my selfe, I may my selfe avenge.

Enter Poneria and Agnostus.

Po. Hold, hold thy hand, faire Shepheardesse,
Attempt not to commit a fact so horrid.

Eg. What Fury sent you hither, Caitiffes vile,
Thus to prolong my sorrow, and my toyle.

Po. No Fury, but your happy Genius
Brought us to these uncomfortable shades,
For to prevent your mischievous intent.

Eg. Death is a plaister for all ills (they say)
What mischiefe then can be in death, I pray.

Po. 'Tis true; death is a mortall wound that cures all
Of body, and of mind: it is the soules potion (wounds
That purgeth her from corporall pollution.
But you must not your owne Physician prove,
Not be the Doctor, and the Patient too:
For if thy soule be sickly, and grow weary
Of this unwholesome earthly habitation,
Because this ayres spissitude suits not
With her Celestiall Constitution,
She must not like a bankrupt Tenant prove,
That flyes by night from an unprofitable Farme,
Before the terme of his Lease be expir'd:
But stay till heaven shall give her egresse free
Vnto the haven of rest and happinesse.

Eg. Were I not plunged in a grievous plight,
Perhaps I would not thinke thy counsell light.

Po. Art not thou the sister of *Cynosbatus*,
Lord of the silver mines, and golden mountaines.
And

View Facsimile

And art not thou as faire a Shepheardesse
As trips upon the plaines of *Thessaly?*

Eg. For being great, I am malign'd by Fate,
For being faire, I am unfortunate.

Po. I know thy sorrowes, sweetest *Eglantine*;
Thy *Rhodons* absence hath wrought all thy woe,
Who now, they say, doth beauteous *Iris* court.
But if thov wilt make me thy instrument,
I'll undertake to breake the match,

If not, renew the love which earst he bare to thee.

Eg. Doe this, and I will live (*Poneria*)
To give thy merit ample satisfaction.
I will adore thy skill, and thee adorne
With what may make thee famous through all *Thessaly*.

Po. Then banish all these melancholly thoughts,
And decke thy selfe in thy most sumptuous weeds.
Make hast unto the Fane of gentle *Venus*,
A payre of Turtles of a snowy hue,
Vpon her altars offer thou to her,
And her beseech to intercede for thee
Vnto her angry boy: Then shalt thou finde
The god and goddesse to true lovers kinde.

Eg. My deare *Poneria*, I am truly thine.
But tell me, I prethe, what grave S^r^. is this
That lookes like one of Greeces Sages;
His reverent Countenance makes me surmise
That he's a man of sublime qualities.

Po. He is but what he seemes, faire Shepheardesse:
His head's the officine of art; his tongue
The oracle of truth; he is the man
Whom onely Nature hath vouchsaf'd to make
Her privy Counsellour.
Those

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Those abstruse secrets which no mortall eye
Did ever view, he plainely can discry;
He is the man that's destin'd to find out
That grand mysterious secret, in whose discovery
So many bold adventrous wits have perished:
I meane th'*Elixar*, the Philosophers precious stone.
Heis the man who by strange policies
Can breake the strong Confederacies of Kings,
And overthrow more Empires by his plots,
Then mighty *Alexander* er'e did by strength:
Agnostus is his name, renown'd no lesse
For honesty, than skill in Sciences.

Eg. His silence argues something extraordinary.

Ag Belphegor, Zazel, Astragoth, Golguth,
Machon Malortor.

Egl. offers to flye away, and is stayed by Po.

Eg. Aye me, *Poneria*.

Po. *Agnostus*, not a word more for thy life.
Stay, stay, sweet *Eglæntine*, and dread no harme,
This is the language which the *Persian Magi* us'd
When they with their familiars did converse,

To which he is so frequently accustom'd,
That oft he speakes it e're he be aware.
(*Agnostus*) vouchsafe to use your native language,
That *Eglantine* may know what you are.
I hope you know your lesson, *Aside*.
Twice twenty times and ten, &c.

Ag. Twice twenty times and ten, hath Titan run
Quite through the Zodiacke, since I begun
To converse with wise fiends, that I might get
The golden key of Natures Cabinet.
By industry I got immortall fame,
For

View Facsimile

For ignorance begets contempt and shame:
So perfect in the Magicke Arts I grew,
That natures secrets most abstruse I knew;
The spirits of ayre and earth did me dread,
And did at my venite come with speed;
The silly ghosts from graves I did forth call.
The earth I make to bellow, starres to fall.
The world at my great awfull charmes did quake,
Nature her selfe for very feare did shake:
To change midday to midnight, or to cause
Estiuall snowes, or breake the vipers iawes,
Or to drive rivers backe to their spring heads,
And make seas stand unmov'd, or to strike dead
The vernall blossome, or the haruest eare:
A man would thinke these strange conclusions were,
But I account them of small weight: I know
The use of hearbes, and whatsoever grow;
The cause to the effect I can apply,
And worke strange things by hidden sympathies.
I doe exactly know the compositions
Of unctious Philters, and loves potions:
Figures, suspensions, and ligations,
Characters and suffumigations.
For I the vertues of all simples know
From whence; effects that seeme impossible I show.
The gall of shreeke Owles, & harsh night Ravens tongus
Guts of Panthers, and Chamelions lungs,
A blacke Buls eyes, a speckled toads dry'd head,
Frankincense, camphire, and white poppie-seed;
Poysenous Melanthion, and a white Cocks bloud,
Sweet Myrrhe, Bay-berries, precious balsome wood,
A Harts marrow that hath devour'd a snake,

And

View Facsimile

And scalpes which from a wilde beasts jawes we take,
The bone that lyes ith' left side of a Frogge,

A stone that is bitten with a mad dogge.
The Mandrake root, the blood of a blacke Cat,
A Turtles liver, the braines of a Batt,
Hyænas heart, the Cockatrices bloud,
That are against so many evils good:
The haire of a thiefe that hangs on a tree;
The nailes of ships that wracked be,
The blood of a wretched man that was slaine,
The eyes of a Dragon and Weasels braines.
These precious simples, and a thousand more
I could produce; I have them all in store:
And though they seeme to men meere trifling things,
Each one (I vow) ore'weighes ransomes of Kings.
The blindnesse of these times cannot discrie
The vertues rare that in these simples lye.

Po. Enough *Agnostus*:: Now faire Shepherdesse,
I hope you have a faire expression
Of this learn'd mans sublime desert, and art?

Eg. I doe admire his skill, and see (by happe)
Good stuffe may be beneath a satten Cap.

Exeunt.

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

Rhodon, Martagon, Violetta, Acanthus.

Rho. KNow *Martagon*, that as no dynasties can stand,
No Empires long subsist, unlesse they be
Supported by the Columnes of true equity:
So shall that gouernment of thine decay,
Since

View Facsimile

Rhodon *and* Iris.

Since thy oppression makes the weake a pray.

Mar. Tis no oppression for to punish those,
That have transgrest the Lawes, as I suppose.

Vio. The lawes (Colossus) proud, uniust tyrant,
That dost observe nor equity nor law,
But by the torrent of ambition hurry'd,
Dost act what lawlesse passion prompts thee to:
What Lawes have I transgrest? it is thy might,
That into seeming wrong hath chang'd our right:
Had Fortune beene as just as was our cause,
We that are censur'd now for breach of Lawes,
Maugre thy viprous hate, had now bin free,
And for thy foule injustice censur'd thee.

Mar. And is your pride *Virago* still so high?
That it doth over-top your misery.
Cann't sorrow strike thee dumbe, can no disaster,
The liberty of thy tongue over-master.

Ac. Nay, be assur'd (proud man) not any smart,

Can cure the courage of a valiant heart:
No force a heart of adamant can breake;
And loosers must, and shall have leave to speake.

Rho. No more *Acanthus*: heare me *Martagon*:
Wilt thou give *Violetta* what's her owne?
Wilt thou restore her right and due possessions?
And make a recompence for all oppressions,
That happy peace with joy and plenty crown'd,
May in the fields of *Thessaly* be found?

Mar. This will I doe,
When seas shall be drunke dry by *Phœbus* beames,
And when the lesser starres shall drinke the streames.
This will I doe,
When of my life and freedome I am weary,

Non

View Facsimile

RHODON *and* IRIS.

Non minor est virtus quam quæ rere parta tueri.

Ac. Before this guiltlesse woman shall endure
Such shamefull injuries: thy selfe assure
Ile empty all these azure rivulets
Of their virmilion streames; and quite discharge
This contemn'd bulke of mine, of living ayre;
And stretch'd upon the gelid bed of death,
Ile to the world this Epitaph bequeath,
Here lyes a Swaine that spent his deerest blood,
To kill a Tyrant for a Virgins good.

Ma. Bold heroe doe thy worst, what I have won
I nere will part withall till life be done.

Rho. Tenacious Tyrant, in whose flinty heart
Nor equity, nor justice ere had part:
Assure thy selfe thy guilty soule shall feele
Revenges hand, arm'd with a scourge of steele.

exeunt.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 1.

Clematis Solo.

WEll, if I were but once rid of her service,
If I ever seru'd love-sicke mistris againe,
I would feed all my life time on *Agnus Castus*,
And give all the world leave to let me dye a maid:
I even spoyld a good mother wit
With beating my head about these knick knacks,
Which my mistris, Madam *Eglantine*
Hath enioyn'd me to procure her,
For now seduc'd by the old bawd *Poneria*,
She thinks to recover her old sweet-heart *Rhodon*.
Here

View Facsimile

Here is a Catalogue as tedious as a Taylors bill,
Of all the devices which I am commanded to provide,
videlicet:
Chaines, coronets, pendans, bracelets and eare-rings,
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroyderies, rings,
Shadowes, rebatos, ribbands, ruffes, cuffes and fals:
Scarfes, feathers, fans, maskes, muffes, laces and cals;
Thin tiffanies. copweb-lawne and fardingals,
Sweet-bals, vayles, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins;
Pots, oyntments, combs, with poking-sticks & bodkins;
Coyfes, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets and haire-laces;
Silks, damasks, velvet, tinsels, cloth of gold,
And tissue, with colours of a hundreth fold.
But in her tyres so new fangl'd is she, *Enter Gladiolus*
That which doth with her humour now agree,
To morrow she dislikes, now doth she sweare,
That a loose body is the neatest weare;
But ere an houre be gone, she will protest
A strait gowne graces her proportion best:
Now cals she for a boistrous fardingall,
Then to her hips shele have her garments fall:
Now doth she praise a sleeve that's long and wide,
Yet by and by that fashion doth deride:
Sometimes sh'applauds a pavement-sweeping traine,
And presently dispraiseth it againe.
Now she commends a shallow band so small,
That it may seeme scarce any band at all;
But soone to a new fancy doth she reele,
And cals for one as big as a coach-wheele:
She'le weare a flowry coronet to day,
The symboll of her beauties sad decay,
To morrow she a wauing plume will try,

The

View Facsimile

The embleme of all female lenitie,
Now in her hat, then in her haire she's drest,
For of all fashions she thinks change the best.

Gla. Good fellow seruant, honest *Clematis*,
Let me conclude thy tedious tale with this;
I say the restlesse sea and flitting winde,
Are constant in respect of women kinde.

Cle. Nor in her weeds alone is she so nice,
But rich perfumes she buyes at any price.
Storax and Spiknard she burnes in her Chamber,
And daubes her selfe with Civit, Muske and Amber.
With limbecks, viols, pots, her Closet's fill'd,
Full of strange liquors by rare art distill'd:
She hath Vermilion and Antimony,
Cerusse and sublimated Mercury.

Waters she hath to make her face to shine;
Confections eke to clarifie her skin;
Lipsalues, and cloathes of a pure scarlet dye
She hath, which to her cheekes she doth apply:
Oyntments wherewith she pargets ore her face,
And lustrifies her beauties dying grace.
She waters for the Morphewes doth compose,
And many other things, as strange as those;
Some made of Daffadils, some of lees,
Of scarwolfe some, and some of rinds of trees,
With Centory, sower Grapes, and Tarragon,
She maketh many a strange lotion:
Her skin she can both supple and refine,
With iuyce of Lemons and with Turpintine:
The marrow of the Hernshaw and the Deere,
She takes likewise to make her skin looke cleere:
Sweet waters she distils, which she composes
Of

View Facsimile

Of flowers of Oranges, Woodbine or Roses:
The vertue of Iesmine and three-leav'd grasse,
She doth imprison in a brittle glasse,
With Civet, Muske, and odours farre more rare,
These liquors sweet incorporated are:
Lees she can make which turne a haire that's old
Or colour'd ill, into a hue of gold.
Of horses, beares, cats, camels, conies, snakes,
Whales, Herons, bittours, strange oyles she makes,
With which dame natures errours she corrects,
Vsing arts helpe to supply all defects.
She in the milke of Asses bathes her skin,
As did the beautifull *Poppea*, when
She tempted *Nero* to forsake the bed
Of great *Octavia*, and her selfe to wed.

Gla. If there be any Gentlewoman here,
That will with gracious acceptation use
The service of a tatling Chambermaid,
I would aduise her to make choice of this *Frisketta*,
That is as chaste as *Helen*, or *Corinthian Lais*,
As chary of bewraying secrets as was *Echo*:
Oh she would prove a rare Privie Councellour
In some great Ladies privie Chamber.
The perpetuall motion for which Artists have so labor'd
Is discover'd no where so plainly as in her tongue,
Which scarce finds any leisure to rest,
No not when she is asleepe:
But of her curtesie she is so charitable,
And so heroically magnificent,
That she will both vouchsafe to commiserate
The lowe estate of an humble groome of the stable,
And also satisfie the desire
Of

View Facsimile

Of a high and mighty Gentleman-usher
In a kisse or any other amorous encounter:
Gentlemen beleeue me in few, she is a pearle,
Whose worth the age cannot value.
If there be any Gentleman here
That will bestow a small pension upon her,
With a kisse or two once a fortnight,
To make her his intelligencer of state
In his wives common-wealth;
I will undertake he shall be able to make good
A faction against his wife,
Had she an Amazons stomacke, a Zenobia's,
Or a Xanthippes tongue.

Cl. Out you pratling Parachito,
Come you hither to abuse me. *She strikes him.*
Take this for your paines.

Gla. Now thank thy stars, that with a female signature
Did stampe thy sexe, audacious strumpet,
Shall I draw? no, now I thinke ont I will not;
For reason and experience shewes, that no man
Ere gain'd repute by drawing gainst a woman.

Cl. Stripling, dost thinke I feare a naked blade;
Ile meete thee where thou dar'st, and whip thee too
For thy unruly tongue, thy sawcinesse.

Gla. Well minion, remember this,
If I doe not cry you quit for this abuse,
Then let me nere be trusted:
Your Mistris shall know how you have us'd me,
So she shall.

Cl. Skippiake tell what you can, I weigh't not this,
Ile make you know that you have done amisse.

exeunt.

ACT.

View Facsimile

ACT. 3. SCEN. 2.

Poneria, Eglantine.

Po. FOrget you not the powder for your breath,

Eg. I tooke a dram of it this morning,
According to your appointment.

Po. Your pallid cheeke requires, in mine opinion,
A deeper tincture of vermilion.

Eg. And I am of the same minde:
But 'twas my Maids fault.
I thinke she goes about utterly to undoe me:
She is as good a servant as ere was
Married to the whipping-post.

Po. I tell you true I would not for twenty crownes
That *Rhodon* had seene you with this face.
That Ceruse on your brow is extreamely dull,
There is no lustre, no resplendency in it.
S'light I have seene often times a stain'd cloath
Over a smoakie chimney in an Alehouse
Present me with a better face.

Eg. Nay, I could not for my heart perswade
The wicked pertinacious harlot,
To lay more colour on then pleased her fancy;
Bat if I live I will cashiere the queane.

Po. If you doe not, you are no friend to your selfe.

Eg. How lik'st thou the colour of my haire.

Po. Oh that is exceedingly well dyde.

Eg. Me thinks the hue is not high enough.

Po. Nay, pardon me Madam: tis passing well.
The browne hue is the most incomparable colour

F

For

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

For a haire of all other.
Those golden wires that on faire Hero's sholders dan-
And those faire flaxen threds that made *Ioue* (gl'd,
Dote upon faire *Nonacrine*,
May not be compar'd with the lovely browne.

Eg. Discreet *Poneria*, thy wise approbation
Doth give my fancy ample satisfaction.
But heare me *Poneria*, will you undertake
That I shall meet with the Shepheard *Rhodon*,
As you oft have promis'd me.

Po. Faire shepheardesse I will.

Eg. But 'tis a thing impossible I feare.

Po. Why so good *Eglantine*?

Eg. Because I heare he deeply is ingag'd
To *Iris*, that proud Damsell of Hymettus.

Po. I grant he is: and since things are thus,
I will so act my part, that his new love
Shall be the meanes to renue that good will

That hath bin heretofore twixt him and you.

Eg Nor *Circes* drugs, nor all *Vlysses* wits,
I tell thee Beldame, can accomplish this.

Po. Good daughter undervalue not my skill,
For 'tis contriv'd how it shall be effected,
And to satisfie thy curiosity,
I will declare how I have laid the plot.

Eg. I prethe blesse my eares with this relation.

Po. I will a message beare in *Iris* name,
Vnto the Shepheard *Rhodon*, which shall shew,
That she desires an am'rous interview
With him, in such a privacy
That day must not be guilty of it:
A solitary glade shall be the place,
Where

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Where you protected by the veile of conscious night,
Instead of *Iris* shall present your selfe
Vnto the Shepheard *Rhodon*,
Whom you shall entertaine with sweet discourse,
And so comport your selfe, that he shall thinke,
You are his dearest *Iris*.
But to assure him yours, I have provided
A precious Philter of rare efficacy,
Compos'd according to the rudiments of art.
This shall you cause him to carouse
As water of inestimable worth.
Which done, he is your owne;
And *Iris* then shall be forgotten cleane,
As one whom he had nere scarce knowne or seene.

Eg. Tis bravely plotted sweet *Poneria*:
But what houre wilt thou allot for this designe.

Po. Provide your selfe to meet him in the mirtle grove
Vpon eleven at night.

Eg. Very good.

Po. Now Ile to *Rhodon* goe, and him invite,
To meet you at the appointed place this night.

Eg. Now most auspicious be thy stars and mine,
Let all good lucke attend our great designe.

exeunt.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

Martagon, Cynosbatus.

Cy. BUt is the angry swaine (sai'st thou) so hot,
Is *Rhodon* growne so zealous in his sisters cause?

Ma. If that his actions with his words agree,

I

View Facsimile

I must expect a sodaine storme.

Cy. I am resolu'd to take part in thy fortunes,
Be they the worst that ere to any fell.

(hands

Ma. Thanks noble friend, then here lets ioyne our
In signe of most unseparable bands.

Cy. But there's *Acanthus* a iolly swaine,
He frets (they say) like a furious Mirmidon.

Ma. In braving language he exceeded so,
That *Martagon* nere saw so bold a foe,
Surcharg'd with swelling passion, he did vowe
To take a full revenge on me and you.

Cy. And is the youth so fill'd with valrous heate?
Who would have thought the frozen mountaines could
Have bred so brave a hot-spurre.

Ma. These raging Lyons must, *Cynosbatus*,
Be undermin'd by some egregious sleight;
We must pitch some strong toile for these fierce Beasts,
Where we may take them captive at our pleasure:
For if we should assaile them openly,
Much perill then we might incurre thereby.

Cy. What thy high iudgement shall conclude to doe,
I am resolv'd to condiscend unto.

Ma. Then heare what I propound. *Cynosbatus*,
Within a place nigh hand, resides
A Beldam much renown'd for sacred skill
In magicke mysteries.
She with her awfull Charmes wonts to call forth
All sorts of noysome Creatures that are bred
In Sandy *Lybia*, or cold *Scythia*,
From whom she takes her choyce of poyson strong.
The Herbs which grow on precipitious *Erix*,
She with her bloudy Sicle crops:
And

View Facsimile

And whatsoever poysonous weed springs on
The craggy top of snowy *Caucasus*,
That's sprinkled with the bloud of wise *Prometheus*,
She carefully selects;

Those venomes which the warlike *Medians*, and
The nimble *Parthians*, or *Arabians* rich,
Vse to annoynt their deadly shafts withall.
She doth by Moone-light gather;
Each Herbe that in this fertle vernall season
Puts forth its head from *Opses* pregnant bosome
She searches for; whether the same be bred
In the cold Forrest of *Hercynea*,
Or in the deserts of parch'd *Africæ*,
What flower soe're doth in his seed or root
Strange causes of great mischiefe nourish,
She never faileth to finde out:
Whether the same on bankes of Tigris growes,
Or on the sun-burnt brinke of warme *Hydaspes*,
Whose golden channels pau'd with precious stones;
Some of these herbes she doth by twilight gather,
At midnight some, and some at breake of day.
Nor is she ignorant how to apply
The panting heart of the dull melancholy Owle,
Or the breathing entrailes cut from a living Cat.
The proudest Swaine that lives in *Thessaly*
Is glad to be obsequious to her will;
For in her power it is to cure or kill.
Vnto this reverent Sybill let us goe,
And her advice request in this designe;
By her instructions let us our actions regulate,
Providing for our owne security:
She can divine of all events, and tell
Whether

View Facsimile

Whether things shall succeed or ill or well.

Cy. What thy sound judgement thinks fit to be done,
I condescend to, noble *Martagon*.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 4.

Rhodon, Anthophotus, Acanthus.

Rho. SInce that the proud usurper *Martagon*
Will not restore what he hath tane away
By force and injury from *Violetta*,
We are resolu'd to put on lawfull armes,
To swage the pride of that great Termagant;
That of his prowesse doth so vainly vaunt.
Therefore deere friends addresse your selves to shew
Your true and faithfull fortitudes, for know
An ignominious peace may not compare,
With any iust and honourable warre.

An. Out upon this Fabian valour,
These tedious cunctations: I tell thee *Rhodon*,
I must needs chide thee for our losse of time.
My troopes are all in perfect readinesse,
And long to meet their foes in open field;

If we deliberate a day longer
The edge of their valour (I feare) will be quite taken off.

Rho. Now fie upon that valour which depends
On circumstance of time or place,
Tis relative vertue, that like glasse is brittle,
Whose force soone dyes and perfects very little,

Ac. Now recollect thy spirits *Rhodon*,
Let Spartan resolution spread it selfe
Into

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Into each angle of thy noble heart.
For now our hostile forces are assembled,
Covering the fields from *Ossa* to *Olympus*.
Their painted banners with the windes are playing:
Their pamper'd coursers thunder on the plaines:
The splendor of their glistring armes repels
The bashfull sun-beames backe unto the clouds.
Their bellowing drums and trumpets shrill,
Doe many sad corrantos sound,
Which danger grim and sprawling death must dance.
Now therefore *Rhodon*, doe reflect thy eye
Upon the glories of thy ancestours,
And strive by emulation to transcend
Those trophies which were yet nere paralleld.

An. Surcease this needlesse talke, let us to action,
The losse of time consisteth in protraction.

Rho. Your noble courages, endeared friends,
A good event to our designes portends.

exeunt.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 5.

Martagon, Cynosbatus.

Ma. WIthin the precincts of this grove *Poneria*
Here nightly she hath coventicles (dwels,
With her wise spirits; see how the trees are carv'd
With Magicall mysterious characters,
See how the fiery fiends with their frequent resort have
Scorch'd the leaves, and chang'd the
Merry livery of the spring into a mournfull hue.
Behold the grasse dyde with the swarthy gore
Of

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Of some great sacrifice, that late was offer'd up
To the infernall powers.

Cy. The blacke aspect of this strange uncouth place
Doth make my heart to quake.

Ma. Within a vault hewne from the stony bowels,
Of yon high precipicious rocke she dwels.
Cheere up (*Cynosbatus*) and come away,
Let's to her Cell, and Ile shew thee the way.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Iris, Panace, Violetta.

Ir. CVrst was the wight that did in murther first
Embrue his guilty hands: curst was that hand
Which first was taught by damned hellish art
To forge the killing blade in Vulcans flames:
What raging fury raignes in mortall brests,
That man should man pursue with deadly hate;
Oh what maglignant power hath defac'd,
That specious image of the gods above?
Who hath inspir'd man with that bestiall quality
Of murderous revenge?
The Lybian Lyons seldome are at oddes,
The Tygers of Hyrcania doe agree,
But man to man's become a very divell:
That Thracian god which is delighted most
With humane sacrifices, is now ador'd;
Blood-thirsty *Mars* now beares the onely sway,
Who direfull devastations doth affect,
Peace hath forsooke the earth, and fell debate
Shaking

View Facsimile

Rhodon *and* Iris.

Shaking his batter'd armes, now stalketh every where.
I hop'd for nuptials sweet, of late, but now
I may have cause to feare a funerall.
Hymen affrighted with the confus'd noyse
Of brutish warre, is fled I know not whither.
My dearest *Rhodon* must depart from me,
And in the field ingage his tender Corps
To all extremities of death, of wounds, of danger,
Of sicknesse and unrest:

Vi. Strike not the ayre with this vaine language, *Iris*,
Wound not thy soule with these unseemely plaints,
But be content to wait the will of *Iove*,
Who will crowne our designes with blest successe.
For in a cause that's honest, iust, and right,
The gods themselves will take up armes and fight.

Ir. Then oh ye powers, that are the grand protectors
Of *Hyblas* happinesse and welfare;
Whether ye doe delight in our flower-crown'd moun- (taines,
Our od'rous vales, or in our Christall fountains,
Your gracious favour I implore, beseeching you
To gard the person of my dearest *Rhodon*;

Fond woman, how forgetfull have I bin?
Here is a gemme whose price doth farre transcend
All estimation: my faithfull *Panace*
Deliver't thou unto my gentle Shepheard,
And pray him weare it for my sake.

Pa. Madam, I will.

Ir. It from the bowels of a Cocke was tane,
And whoso weares the same (as wise men say)
Shall ever be victorious in warre.

Vio. Commend me to my brother, gentle nymph,
And beare this token of my love to him:

It

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

It is the precious herbe call'd Latice,
Which whosoever weares shall never want
Sufficient sustenance both for himselfe and his;
Besides, it frustrates quite the divellish force
Of strongest poysons or enchantments.
Now *Iris*, let us haste to Floras fane, *exit Pan.*
With our devotions let's importune her,
These horrid sturs and troublous broiles to cease,
That we againe may live in happy peace.

exeunt.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Martagon, Cynosbatus, Poneria.

Ma. DIvinest Matron; god-inspired Sybill
Doe this, and be what thou canst desire.

Po. Doubt not great *Martagon* but I will effect it.

Ma. Now deere *Cynosbatus* let us prepare
To resist th'impression of our foes:
Since that our powerfull forces ready stand,
To be obedient to our great command.

Cy. With thee I am resolu'd to spend my breath,
Indifferent in the choice of life or death.

Po. *Agnostus* come forth: blacke cloud of ignorance, *exeunt Ma. Cy.*
Advance thy leaden pate, dull Camell.

Ag. I cannot brooke this thin and piercing ayre.

Po. Thou sonne of sleepe; that hat'st the lightsome day,
Clap on thy spectacles of iudgement, and behold
How I have plaid my part.
Thou flow'st with gall (*Agnostus*) I confesse,
But thou hast a braine intolerably dry,
As

View Facsimile

As empty of wit, as the world is of conscience.

Ag. What hast pluck'd up the flowers by the roots,
Or is all *Thessaly* in a combustion?

Po. Surcharg'd with deepe despite and viprous hate,
Their forces they against each other bend.

Ag. Then I hope their painted pride shal quickly be a- (bated.

Po. But I have a plot, old plumbeous dotard,
To crop the proudest flower that growes
In *Hybla* or *Hymettus*.

Ag. *Poneria*, I adore thy art and wisedome.

Po. This glasse containes a rare confectign:
Tis vipers bloud mix'd with the juyce of Aconite:
This is the Philter, the sweet love-potion
Which *Eglnatine* poore love-sick foole,
Must commend to the Shepheard *Rhodon*,
Who this night by my appointment,
Is to meet her in the mirtle grove, under the
Name of *Iris*: now Ile to *Eglantine*,
And blesse her longing eares with these glad tidings.

Ag. Oh great profound *Poneria*: never yet
Was any that could parallell thy wit.

exeunt.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 3.

Rhodon, Acanthus.

Rho. WHat houre of night is't friend *Acanthus*?

Ac. Th'eleventh at least: for see Orion hath
Advanced very high his starry locks in our horizon.

Rho Me thinks the stars looke very ruddy,
As if they did portend tempestuous weather.

Ac. They

View Facsimile

Ac. They doe but blush to see what crimes are acted
By mortall under covert of the night.

Rho. Saw'st thou yon star that Northward fell.

Ac. I saw the blazing meteor stoupe,

And bend his course toward the humble Center.

Rho. This seem'd a glorious, and resplendent star,
Yet was it but a grosse ill temperd meteor.
This meteor seem'd as if it had bin fix'd
In an orbe for a perpetuity,
Yet in a moment is it fallen, thou seest,
And who regards this foolish and ignoble fire,
Or lookes upon the place from whence it fell.

Ac. He that by honourable meanes is rais'd,
And hath his seat establish'd on the square
Of never sliding vettue, cannot fall.

Rho. But if young *Phaeton* shall undertake
To guide the Charret of the great *Apollo*,
And in that action shall miscarry, so
That the whole universe shall be ingag'd
To utter ruine and destruction,
Then ought great *Iove* to have a speciall care
For to preserve and keepe the common good.
And if he shall dismount the Chariotter,
And with a deadly blow lay him along,
The world then for his iustice shall thanke *Iove*,
And *Phaetons* foole-hardinesse reprove.

Ac. Who dares contest with *Iove*, or question what
His Soveraigne highnesse shall doe or determine.

Enter Egl. Poneria.

Rh. Tis altogether wicked & uniust: (*Acanthus*) retire.
For now me thinkes I see a glimpse of *Iris*,
Who promised to meet me here this night.
Loe *Exit Ac.*

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Loe how the lustre of her beauty penetrates
The envyous clouds of these nocturnall shades.

Po. See yonder the beguiled lover walkes
In vaine, expecting the comming of his deare *Iris*,
Now, *Eglantine* remember my instructions,
Have a care that your tongue betray you not.
Be not too talkative in any case.
Forget not the posture I so oft told you of,
Vnder pretence that these cold nightly dewes are
Offensive, you may knit your veile more close,
And conceale your feature.

Eg. *Poneria*, retire: I will addresse my selfe unto him.

Po. But be sure you perswade him to take the
Potion before he sleepes; (taines.
You'll remember those vertues which I told you it con-

Forget not to declare them amply.

Eg. Make no doubt on't: thou hast arm'd me
For all assaies.

Exit Pon,

Rho. Thou brightest star that shin'st this night,
Auspitious be thy influence to thy *Rhodon*.
My dearest *Iris*, I am surcharg'd with ioy
To meet thee here.

Eg. (Deare *Rhodon*) who, like the vernall Sunne,
Dost lend refreshing heats to my affections.
Tak't not amisse, that I have chose this houre
And unfreqrented place t'enioy thy company.

Pho. Sweet *Iris* know that I esteeme this houre of night,
Since I enioy thy sweet society,
'Bove all the dayes that I e're hitherto beheld.

Eg. But from a maidens modesty (faire Sir)
It may seeme much to derogate,
To be abroad so late at night.

Rho.

View Facsimile

RHODON *and* IRIS.

Rho. Since no immodest act is here intended,
The time cannot be preiudiciall
To thy unstained modesty.

Eg. Great pitty tis indeed, Sir, that true love
Should be disparag'd, because 'tis so true.

Rho. I tell thee, I till now was never happy:
All those delights which I ere saw before,
Were but meere transitory dreames,
Compar'd with that felicity which now I finde.

Eg. The sodaine newes of this late kindled warre,
Wherein I heare (to my great griefe) you are ingag'd,
Made me transgresse the bounds of modesty so farre,
That I desir'd once more to see your face,
Ere your departure to the field of danger.

Rho. Since my good fortune and thy constant love
Have ioy'd me once againe with thy sweet presence,
I blesse my lot, and to the field will hasten,
As ready to out-face danger, as scorne death;
And if I there finde fortunate successe,
Of all my good Ile count thee patronesse.

Eg. And here on you I doe bestow this viall,
Which such a precious dosis doth containe,
That it doth farre exceed the height of value.
It is a potion made by wondrous art,
Nectar is no more comparable to it,

Then Bonniclabar is to Husquobath;
And Aurum potabile is as far short of it,
As poore Metheglin is of rich Canary:
All the confections even from the lowest degree
Of Sage-ale, to the height of Aqua-Celestis,
Are no more like it then the beere of the Low-countries
Is to the High-country wine:
A

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

A dram of it taken before you goe to bed
Cheeres the heart, prevents the Incubus
And all frightfull dreames; cheeres the blood,
Comforts the stomacke, dispels all collickes,
Cures all aches, repayres the liver, helpes
The lungs, rectifies the braine, quencheth
All the senses, strengthens the memory, refresheth
The spirits.
Taken fasting it breaks the stone in bladder
Or kidnyes, cures the gout, expels a quartane ague:
Outwardly apply'd it kils the gangrene,
And destroyes the wolfe, heales all sorts of wounds,
Bruses, boyles, and sores.
And not to use more multiplicity of words,
I tell you gentle *Rhodon* you shall finde,
It cures all griefes of body and of minde.

Rho. (Faire one) verball expression cannot shew
What I to thee for this great gift doe owe:
But till for all I full requitall make,
My constant love thou for a pledge shalt take.

Eg. But (gentle Sir) although your constitution
So well attemper'd seemes, that no disease
Can either hurt or over-throw your health,
Yet if my counsell might prevaile with you,
I should perswade you to make tryall of this
Rare water this night before you sleepe.

Rho. Since thou vouchsaf'st to be my kinde Physician,
For this time I will act a patients part,
And ere that sleepe shall with his leaden keyes
Locke up the portals of my drowsie eyes,
Ile taste of this most precious liquor:
But lest the gealed moisture of the night
Should

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Should preiudice thy health, (sweet *Iris*)
Let me conduct thee homeward.

Eg. Since these nocturnall distillations
May be offensive to your health (sweet *Rhodon*)

I will be well contented to be gone,
Though wondrous loth from you to part so soone.

Rho. But in my absence be assur'd of this,
That *Rhodons* heart in thy possession is.

Exeunt.

Act. 4. Scen. 4.

Panace Sola.

VPon this shady banke with laurels crown'd,
The gentle Shepheard *Rhodon* dwels:
His Cottage seated is upon a Cristall River,
The sweetest streame that e're in valley crept.
Two pretious presents I to him must beare:
The one from his true love, the beaut'ous *Iris*,
And that's a gemme of admirable vertue;
The bounty of the Easterne mines could ne're bestow
A Iewell of such worth as this,
Which from the entrailes of a Cocke was ripp'd;
For whosoever shall possesse the same,
Shall be invincible in fight.
But his deare Sister, lovely *Violetta*,
Commends to him this admirable plant,
The noblest herbe that e're in garden grew.
For, setting many pretious properties aside,
It is the best and strongest antidote
That Art or Nature ever made.
No

View Facsimile

Rhodon *and* Iris.

No deadly poyson can withstand its power,
But is expulst by it with great facility.
These noble gifts beseeming well
Both the receivers and the givers qualities,
I will deliver to the honour'd Swaine.

exit.

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

Martagon, Cynosbatus, Poneria,

Ma. SAge Dame, how fares thy grand designe?
Dost thinke thy plot will take?

Po. Nay, if you doubt it, I wish it nere might take.
Have I made hell a partie in the action,
And laid such snares, that more then humane force
Cannot withstand my well knit stratagem;
Yet will you still torment me with these doubts?

Ma. Nay gentle mother, be not so impatient.

Po. You tempt my patience, while you thus mistrust
My skill and my ability.

Cy. We doe adore thy matchlesse skill and wisdome,

Thou grace and wonder of thy sexe.

Po. Me thinkes I see the merry Post at hand,
That brings us joyfull newes of *Rhodons* death:
And not behinde him much me thinkes I see
Another Post, who comes with better newes,
That *Rhodons* army is discourag'd and discarded,
Yea quite disbanded and disperst.

Ma. Oh happy newes (divine *Poneria*)

Po. Yet ye account me a meere silly Dame,
Yea as silly as some simple simpering Citizen.

That

View Facsimile

That hath but manners enough to take
The upper end of a Table at a feast,
And to carve a Capons legge to a Coxcombe.

Ma. The ten *Sybils* were no more comparable to thee,
Than an old Gentlewoman is to a yong Chambermaid.
Sweet *Poneria*, I am even in love with thee:
Yea, I durst almost sweare I should kisse thee,
If thou had'st but three rotten teeth in thy head.

Po. Well, my Masters, I hope you'll thanke me
When you heare that I have made proud *Rhodon*
A Legier Embassadour in *Don Pluto's* Court.

Ma. Thy thankes, *Poneria*, shall be duly paid
In eye bewitching talents;
Wee'll rip the matrice of our grandam earth
To see the place where riches are conceiv'd;
And from her pregnant wombe we'll draw
A golden age for thee to live in (Deare *Poneria*)

Po. Who would leave any villany undone,

To be thy slave, most noble *Martagon*. *Exit Pone.*

Cy. Now *Martagon* let us goe put on armes,
And toward *Hybla* march in strong aray.
Let us deface the glory of their flowers,
If *Rhodon* be but dead, the day is ours.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 1.

Acanthus. Anthophotus.

An. THou speak'st of things beyond beleefe, *Acanthus*,

Ac. Too true it is, I shrewdly feare,
For every circumstance makes it appeare
That

View Facsimile

That *Rhodon* in the mirtle grove, last night,
Had private conference with *Iris*,
From whom (it seemes) he tooke the venom'd potion,
For now he doth, in his extremest fits,
Exclaime on the untruth of woman kind,
Bewailing the unlucky houre that did present
Your sister *Iris* to his sight.

Enter Pan.

Pa. *Anthophotus* and *Acanthus*, y'are well met.

Ac. Nay, never worse, thou wouldst say, gentle *Panace*,
If thou knew'st all.

Pa. What dire disastre hath befalne you, honor'd friends?
How fares the noble Shepheard *Rhodon*?

Ac. *Rhodon's* mishap's the cause of all our sorrow:
Rhodon's betray'd, poyson'd, and lies at point of death.

Pa. Curs'd be the hand that did attempt
A villany so impious and foule.
But if you love your selves, and *Rhodons* health,
Conduct me to him immediately:
I have an antidote that shall cure him,
If any breath be left within his bulke.

An. Oh happy comfort! come sweet *Panace*,
To our sicke friend, we'll thy Conductors be.

exeunt.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 2.

Martagon, Cynosbatus.

Cy. A happy morne be this to thee (friend *Martagon*,)

Ma. Nay, 'tis the happiest morn that e'r we two be-
Rhodon is dead; (held,
And is by this time, serv'd up in a wooden dish,

To

View Facsimile

To feast the wormes upon an earthen table;
The purple bosom'd rose whose glorious pride
Disdain'd the beauties of all other flowers, is cropt,
Yea the ambitious bramble is quite wither'd,
And now is laid in the contemned dust:
Ponerias wit hath done this noble act.

Cy. This is good newes, I must confesse, yet could I wish
That noble *Rhodon* had not so ignobly dy'd.

Ma Thou art too ceremonious for a politician,
And too superstitious: our duties 'tis to iudge
Of the effect as it concernes the state of our affaires,
And not to looke backe on the meanes by which 'twas (wrought.
He is unfit to rule a Civill state
That knowes not how in some respects to favour
Murther, or treason, or any other sinne,
Which that subtill animall, call'd man,
Doth openly protest against, for this end,
That he may more freely act it in private,
As his occasions shall invite him to't.
But 'tis no disputing now; the deed is done,
We are in a faire way to victory,
Conquest, triumph, and renowne;
We have a faire bginning, and what's well begun,
(If that the proverbe speakes truth) is halfe done.

exunt.

Act. 5. Scen. 3.

Poneria. Agnostus.

Po. NOw *Agnostus,* since by the death of *Rhodon*
We have endear'd our selves to *Martagon*,
'Tis

[View Facsimile]

Rhodon *and* Iris.

'Tis meet we provide for a backe winter,
That we purchase some eminence of place,
To make us glorious in the worlds ill-sighted eye,
That being great we may the greater mischiefe doe:
And since a warre is newly set abroach,
I will a suter be to Generall *Martagon*,
To place thee in some military office
Of high regard and speciall consequence,
Where by thy ignorant conduct and base carriage,
Thou mai'st a thousand heroicke soules send packing
Vnto the Stygian shore.

Ag. Nay good *Poneria*, I finde my selfe unfitting
for the warres.

Po. What neither hart nor braines; out inglorious lozel,
Thou most unweldy burthen of the earth:
I could finde in my heart to kicke thy soule out
Of thy carkasse: art all compos'd of earth and water?
Hast not a sparke of ayre or fire in that bulke?

Ag. Nay sweet *Poneria*, I am thy slave.

Po. I tell thee I will procure thee a Captaines place.

Ag. But I am altogether ignorant in the words of com-
mand,
And know not one posture neither of Musket or Pike.

Po. Hast wit enough to swallow the dead payes,
And to patch up thy Company in a Mustring day:
Hast valour enough to weare a Buffe-jerken
With three gold laces.
Hast strength enough to support a Dutch felt
With a flaunting Feather?
Can thy side endure to be wedded to a Rapire
Hatch'd with gold, with hilt and hangers of the
new fashion?

Canst

View Facsimile

Canst drinke, drab, and dice:
Canst damne thy selfe into debt among
Beleeving Tradesmen;
Hast manners enough to giue thy Lievetenant,
Antient or Sergeant leave to goe before thee
Vpon any peece of danger?
Hast wit enough, in thy anger, not to draw a sword?
These are the chiefe properties that pertaine
To our moderne Captaines; and if thou
Could'st but be taught these military rudiments,
I doubt not but thou mightst prove a very
Excellent new souldier.

Ag. If this be all, I hope, in time, to be as famous
As e're was *Cæsar*, or great *Pompey*.

Po. *Agnostus*, come along, thy selfe prepare
To be a servant to the god of warre.

exeunt.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 4.

Rhodon. Acanthus. Anthophotus. Panace.

Rho. THis strange imposture hath amaz'd me so,
That I am almost to a statue strucke,
Not knowing what to speake, or what to thinke.

Pa. Assure your selfe it was a strange Collusion:
For this, on my fidelity, beleeve,
That 'twas not *Iris* whom you met last night.

Rho. Then 'twas some hellish hag, that, in her shape,
Gave me the venemous confection
Which had undone me quite, if thou in time
Had'st not apply'd thy precious antidote.
But

View Facsimile

But yet, me thinkes, that heaven should not permit

The subt'lest hellish power to counterfeit
The feature of so beautifull an angell.

Ac. Doubtlesse it was the false *Ponerias* plot,
Whom *Martagon* hath lately entertaind,
With her companion, old *Agnostus*;
For, know the malice of your foes is such,
That if by open force they can't destroy you,
By hidden plots they'll seeke your overthrow.

Rho. Then I mnst pardon crave of gentle *Iris*,
To whom I did ascribe rhis treacherous fact.

An. If she were guilty of so blacke a deed,
These hands should chaine her to a fatall stake,
And sacrifice her Corps in hideous flames,
Vnto the awfull goddesse of revenge;
(Which done) I'de throw her hatefull ashes up
Against the furious gusts of boistrous winds,
That being so disperst, there might remaine
Not the least relique of so vile a wretch.

Rho. My *Iris* is as cleare as innocency it selfe;
And since my treacherous foes have gone about,
By wicked slights, to wrong so sweet a saint,
And bring me also to a shamefull end,
I here enioyne ye (honourable friends)
Vpon my sword to take a solemne oath,
He drawes his sword, they lay their hands upon it, and kisse it.

Ne're to lay downe your iust and lawfull armes,
Vntill we be avenged to the full,
For such unkindly and disloyall wrongs:
True honour, that with dearest bloud is sought,
Is like a precious gemme that's cheaply bought.

An. Ill is a life bestow'd upon that wight
That

View Facsimile

RHODON *and* IRIS.

That dares not loose it to maintaine the right:
Him I account a base inglorious sot,
That dares not honor pull from dangers throat.

exeunt:

ACT. 5. SCEN. 5.

Martagon, Cynosbatus, Agnostus, Poneria.

Ma. LAdy *Poneria*, upon your commendation,
We bestow a regiment upon this Gentleman.

Po. Thanks (worthy *Martagon*) beleeve it Sir,
Those good respects which I to your affaires owe,
Vrg'd me t'importune you for his employment,
Because I know him to be a tri'd souldier,
Of great experience, worth and merit:

How say you, Colonell *Agnostus*,
I hope your actions shall make good my words hereaf-
(ter.

Ag. I am at your service, Madam *Poneria*:
I am a man of action, I confesse.

Po. Trust me sir, although he wants verball expression,
He is a Gentleman of singular abilities.

Ma. And I thinke no lesse, for th'are not good words
That makes deserving souldiers, but good swords.

Cy. He lookes as if he had bin bred, borne,
And brought up in a Leager all his life time.

Enter Gladiolus.

Gla. Noble Generall; the beaut'ous *Eglantine*
Wisheth all happinesse to your designes,
Desiring that this paper may kisse your hands for her.

He opens the Letter.

Ma. Tis about a place, Ile pawne my life on't:
Heare

View Facsimile

RHODON *and* IRIS.

Heare me Mounsier, I understand the businesse:
Her request is granted.
She when she please, may at my hands command
A greater curtesie then this.

Gla. Thanks honor'd Sir.

Ma. On you I bestow a Captaines place.

Gla. Now I perceive that the readi'st way to attaine
Preferment in the Court of *Mars*,
Is to creepe into the favour of *Venus*.

Ma. I understand you are a man of reall worth,
And very sufficient for such an office.

Enter Acanthus

Ac. Imperious *Martagon*, that art no lesse
Knowne for thy power, then thy wickednesse:
In *Rhodons* name I doe defie thee here,
Who chalengeth the Combat at thy hands,
To be aveng'd on thee for thy foule wrongs:
But if thou dar'st not in a single fight,
Give satisfaction to the noble Shepheard;
Then thee and all thy troopes he doth invite,
To a bloudy breakfast to morrow morne.
Attended by a vigorous army he
Stands in the confines of his owne dominions,
Swearing that he will prove it in the field,

That thou a tyrant and a traitour art.

Ma. Bold friend, I prethe speake ingeniously,
Doth this defiance come from *Rhodons* mouth.

Ac. Vpon my life, & by the honor of a souldier it doth.

Ma. Then tell him, I'me resolu'd to be a guest,
More bold then welcome at his bloudy feast.

Ac. I will great *Martagon*; and misdoubt not,
But that your cheere shall be exceeding hot.

Exit Aca.

Ma. Dissembling witch: how hast thou beguil'd us?

I

Po. What

View Facsimile

RHODON *and* IRIS.

Po. What aduerse power hath crost our plot?

Ma. Did'st not thou with thy deep protestations force us
To give strong credence to thy false relations,
When thou affirm'dst that thou hadst poyson'd *Rhodon*.

Po. The opposition of the cursed fates
Hath brought us to deseru'd confusion.

Ma. Avant you hagge, abhominable sorceresse,
Here I doe thee on paine of death enioyne,
With that Impostor thy companion,
Immediately to depart out of my Dominions.

Po. Now I accursed wretch have seene too well,
That heaven will not be overrul'd by hell.

Ag. How sodainly by one contrarious gust,
Is all our honour tumbled into dust.

Ma. Since that our brauing foe is now at hand,
(*Cynosbatus*) we must not thinke of a retreat.

Cy. What your discretion holds fit to be done,
I condiscend to noble *Martagon*.

Ma. Then let us meet our proud foe face to face,
And with our swords and speares that right maintaine,
Which lately we by sword and speare did gaine.

exeunt.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 6.

Rhodon, Anthophotus, Acanthus.

Rho. DEserving friends and fellow souldiers,
Now arme your selves with *Romane* fortitude:
First call to minde the iustice of our cause,

And then let each remember that true honour,
Which must be valu'd above health and life:
Consider

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Consider also that we must contend,
Against a tyrant and a meere usurper;
A person guilty of no meane offences,
Which must be iustly punish'd by our swords.

Enter Poneria, Agnostus.

Po. Thrice noble *Rhodon*, in whose noble brest
True pitty dwels, vouchsafe a pardon
To us distressed Caitives.

Rho. I neither know what your offences are, nor yet your
(selues.

Po. I am the unfortunate *Poneria*,
That was suborn'd by uniust *Martagon*
To worke thy utter ruine:
I did conduct the love-sicke *Eglantine*
Vnto thy presence instead of *Iris*:
I caus'd her to give thee a poysonous drinke,
Vnder the pretence that it was a love-potion.
I have deserv'd to dye, and crave life at your hands.

Rho. And are you the grand incendiary
That have so many mischiefes wrought in *Thessaly*?
Now I remember I have seen your elvish countenance,
Nor have I altogether forgot your reverent mate,
Who with his personated gravity deludes the world,
Being accounted a man of profound art.
Acanthus, see them committed to safe custody,
See you make them sure for starting.

Po. Nay worthy sir. *exeunt Po. Ag. Ac.*

Ac. Yov must away, for no entreaties can prevaile.

Rho. The apprehension of these wretches doth presage
Auspicious fortunes to our actions; *Drum beats a march within*
List, list, *Anthophotus*, our enemies are at hand,
Their thnndring drums warne us of their approach.
Wee'le bid them nobly welcome then: this day will I

Victorious

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Victorious be (I vow) or bravely dye.

Rho. Thy honour'd resolution I commend,
And take it for a signe of good successe.

Enter Acan.

Ac. Arme, arme: the hostile forces are in sight,
And thus come marching on in proud array:
The battaile's led by *Martagon* himselfe,
Wherein are marshal'd neere five thousand Bill men,
All clad in coats of red:
A furious *Amazon* cald *Tulipa*,
Brings on three thousand burley *Swissers*,
Arai'd in gorgeous Coats of red and yellow;
And these make up the vanne:
To which are added for a forlorne hope,
Two hundred melancholy Gentlemen.
The fierce *Cynosbatus* brings up the Rere,
Wherein about two thousand souldiers be
Clad all in greene, and arm'd with pikes of steele.
Narcissus with a thousand Daffadils,
Clad in deepe yellow coats doth flanke
The right side of the battaile.
The left wing is by *Hyacinthus* led,
Wherein a thousand Souldiers march,
Arraid in purple coats.

Enter Martagon, Rhodon.

Ma. What fury tempted thee unhappy *Rhodon*,
In hostile manner thus to invade my confines.

Rho. For *Violettas* sake I tooke up armes,
Whom thou uniustly hast opprest.

Musicke sound,

Ma. What I have done my sword shall justifie.

Rho. Whence comes this most harmonious melody.

Enter Flora, Iris, Eglantine, Panace.

Flo. Put up those murdring blades on paine of my dis-
pleasure,
Confine

View Facsimile

RHODON *and* IRIS.

Confine them to perpetuall prison in the scabbard,
That they may nere come forth to manage civill broiles.

All. We must obey, and will, Oh awfull goddesse.

Flo. While in my flowry bowers I tooke repose,
I heard the noyse of these tumultuous broiles,
Which strooke me with a wonderfull amazement.
Then hastily I left my bankes of pleasure,
And hither came to end these mortall iarres;
Therefore I charge you both on that allegance

And respect which you doe owe to me,
Quite to dismisse your armed bands.
And you *Martagon*, who have faire *Violetta* wrong'd,
To her shall make an ample restitution,
Of what y'have tane from her;
And entertaine a friendly league with *Rhodon*,
Which you *Cynosbatus* must also condescend to:
But as for you fond Madam *Eglantine*,
Since you have broke the sacred lawes of love,
And by unlawfull meanes sought to accomplish
Your designes, and make the Shepheard *Rhodon*
Enamor'd on you:
You to a vestall Temple shall be confin'd,
Where with ten yeeres pennance
You shall expiate your folly.
But where be those two intruders
Poneria and *Agnostus*.
These that have crept in among us, and with false slights
Sought to ore-throw our state.

Poneria and Agnostus brought.

We banish them quite
Out of *Thessaly* for ever.
What I have decreed you must assent unto.

I 3

Ma. We

View Facsimile

R H O D O N *and* I R I S .

Ma. We doe, because we must.

(desse.

Flo. *Rhodon*, I here bestow on thee this noble shepher-

Rho. Thanks for your precious gift, renowned Queen.

Flo. And now since all things are reduc'd to ioyfull
Let us betake our selves to sweet delights, (peace,
And solemnize with mirth your nuptiall rites.

Epilogue.

Since Ignorance and Envie now are banish'd;
Since discord from among the flowers is vanish'd;
Since Rhodon *is espous'd to* Iris *bright;*
Since warre hath happy Thessaly *left quite,*
Let every one that loves his Countries peace,
His height of gladnesse with his hands expresse.

F I N I S .