

Rape Of Lucrece

by
William Shakespeare

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THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

A true* Roman Tragedy

To the Reader

It hath been no custom in me of all other men (courteous Reader) to commit my plays to the press: the reason, though some may attribute to my own insufficiency, I had rather subscribe, in that, to their severe censure, than by seeking to avoid the imputation of weakness, to incur greater suspicion of honesty: for, though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first, and never guilty of the last. Yet since some of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled (copied only by the ear) that I have been as unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his native habit: first, being by consent; next, because the rest have been so wronged, in being published in such savage and ragged ornaments. Accept it, courteous gentlemen, and prove as favourable readers as we have found you gracious auditors.

Yours, T. H.

Dramatis Personæ*

Servius King of Rome and Tullia's father

Tarquin ('Superbus', 'The Proud')

Tullia Wife of Tarquin, daughter of Servius

Aruns the Son of Tarquin

Sextus the Son of Tarquin

Brutus Junior

Collatinus otherwise Collatine, Lucrece's husband

Horatius Cocles

Mutius Scevola

Lucretius father of Lucrece

Porsenna King of the Tuscans

Porsenna's Secretary

Publius Valerius otherwise Valerius Poplicola (or Publicola)

The Priest of Apollo

Two Sentinels

Lucretia otherwise Lucrece, wife of Collatine, ravished by Sextus

Mirabile Lucrece's maid

The Clown, servant to Collatine

SCENE 1

Senate

Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus Tarquinius, Tullia, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius Poplicola, and Senators before them.

Tullia

Withdraw! We must have private conference
With our dear husband.

[Exeunt all except Tarquin and Tullia]

Tarquin

What would'st thou, wife?

Tullia

Be what I am not, make thee greater far
Than thou canst aim to be.

Tarquin

Why, I am Tarquin.

5

Tullia

And I Tullia, what of that?
What diapason's more in Tarquin's name
Than in a subject's? or what's Tullia
More in the sound than to become the name
Of a poor maid or waiting gentlewoman?
I am a princess both by birth and thoughts,
Yet all's but Tullia. There's no resonance
In a bare style; my title bears no breadth,
Nor hath it any state. Oh me, I'm sick!

10

Tarquin

Sick, lady?

Tullia

Sick at heart.

Tarquin

Why, my sweet Tullia ?

15

Tullia

To be a queen I long, long, and am sick;
With ardency* my hot appetite's afire,
Till my swollen fervour be delivered
Of that great title queen. My heart's all royal,
Not to be circumscribed in servile bounds.
While there's a king that rules the peers of Rome,
Tarquin makes legs, and Tullia curtsies low,
Bows at each nod, and must not near the state
Without obeisance. Oh! I hate this awe;
My proud heart cannot brook it.

20

Tarquin

Hear me, wife -

25

Tullia

I am no wife of Tarquin's if not king:
Oh, had Jove* made me man, I would have mounted
Above the base tribunals of the earth,
Up to the clouds, for pompous sovereignty.
Thou art a man* – oh, bear my royal mind,
Mount heaven, and see if Tullia lag behind.
There is no earth in me, I am all fire;
Were Tarquin so, then should we both aspire.

30

Tarquin

Oh Tullia, though my body taste of dullness,
My soul is winged to soar as high as thine;
But note what flags* our wings; forty-five years*
The King thy father hath protected Rome.

35

Tullia

That makes for us: the people covet change;
Even the best things in time grow tedious.

Tarquin

'Twould seem unnatural in thee, my Tullia,
The reverend king thy father to depose.

40

Tullia

A kingdom's quest makes sons and fathers foes.

Tarquin

And but by Servius' fall we cannot climb;
The balm that must anoint us is his blood.

Tullia

Let's lave our brows then in that crimson flood; 45
We must be bold and dreadless: who aspires,
Mounts by the lives of fathers, sons, and sires.

Tarquin

And so must I, since, for a kingdom's love,
Thou canst despise a father for a crown:
Tarquin shall mount, Servius be tumbled down, 50
For he usurps my state, and first deposed
My father in my swathed infancy, *
For which he shall be countant:* to this* end
I have sounded all the peers and senators*,
And, though unknown to thee, my Tullia, 55
They all embrace my faction; and so they
Love change of state, a* new king to obey.

Tullia

Now is my Tarquin worthy Tullia's grace.
Since in my arms I thus a king embrace.

Tarquin

The king should meet this day in parliament* 60
With all the senate* and estates of Rome.
His place will I assume, and there proclaim
All our decrees in royal Tarquin's name. *Flourish*

Enter Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Collatine and Senators

Lucretius

May it please thee, noble Tarquin, to attend
The king this day in* the high Capitol? 65

Tullia

Attend?

Tarquin

We intend this day to see the Capitol.
You knew our father, good Lucretius -

Lucretius
I did, my lord.

Tarquin
Was not I his son?
The queen my mother was of royal thoughts
And pure heart as unblemished Innocence*.

70

Luretius
What* asks my lord?

Tarquin
Sons should succeed their fathers; but anon
You shall hear more; high time that we were gone. *Flourish*

Exeunt all but Collatine and Valerius

Collatine
There's moral sure in this, Valerius.
Here's model, yea, and matter too to breed
Strange meditations in the provident brains
Of our grave fathers: some strange project lives
This day in cradle that's but newly born.

75

Valerius
No doubt, Collatine, no doubt, here's a giddy and drunken* world; it
reels, it hath got the staggers; the commonwealth is sick of an
ague, of which nothing can cure her but some violent and sudden
affrightment.

80

Collatine
The wife of Tarquin would be a queen - nay, on my life she is with
child till she be so.

Valerius
And longs to be brought to bed of a kingdom. I divine we shall see
some scuffling today in the Capitol.

85

Collatine
If there be any difference among the princes and Senate, whose
faction will Valerius follow?

Valerius

Oh, Collatine, I am a true citizen, and in this I will best show myself to be one, to take part with the strongest*. If Servius o'ercome, I am liegeman to Servius and if Tarquin subdue, I am for *vive** Tarquinius.

90

Collatine

Valerius, no more, this talk does but keep us from the sight of this solemnity; by this* the princes are entering the Capitol; come, we must attend.

Exeunt

SCENE 2

SENATE

*Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius one way: Brutus meeting them the other way, very humorously**

Tarquin

This place is not for fools, this parliament Assembles not the strains of idiotism, Only the grave and wisest of the land: Important are th'affairs we have in hand. Hence with that mome*.

Lucretius

Brutus, forbear the presence.

5

Brutus

Forbear the presence! Why, pray?

Sextus

None are admitted to this grave concourse But wise men: nay, good Brutus.

Brutus

You'll have an empty parliament then.

Aruns

Here is no room for fools.

10

Brutus

Then what makest thou here, or he, or he? O Jupiter! if this command be kept strictly, we shall have empty benches: get you home, you that are here, for here will be nothing to do this day: a general concourse of wise men! 'twas never seen since the first chaos. Tarquin, if the general rule have no exceptions, thou wilt have an empty consistory*.

15

Tullia

Brutus, you trouble us.

Brutus

How powerful am I, you Roman deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole empire*? Fools exempted*, and women admitted! Laugh, Democritus*! But have you nothing to say to madmen?

20

Tarquin

Madmen have here no place!

Brutus

Then out of doors with Tarquin! What's he that may sit in a calm valley, and will choose to repose in a tempestuous mountain, but a madman? that may live in tranquillous pleasures, and will seek out a kingdom's cares, but a madman? who would seek innovation in a commonwealth in public, or be overruled by a curst wife in private, but a fool or a madman? Give me thy hand, Tarquin; shall we two be dismissed together from the Capitol?

25

Tarquin

Restrain his folly.

Tullia

Drive the frantic hence.

Aruns

Nay, Brutus.

30

Sextus

Good Brutus.

Brutus

Nay, soft, soft, good blood of the Tarquins, let's have a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant. I claim the privilege of the nobility

of Rome, and by that privilege my seat in the Capitol. I am a lord by
birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as Horatius, thine; or thine,
Lucretius; thine, Sextus; Aruns, thine, or any here: I am a lord, and
You* banish all the lord fools* from the presence, you'll have few to wait
upon the King, but gentlemen. Nay, I am easily persuaded then -
hands off! Since you will not have my company, you shall have my
room*.

40

[*Aside*] My room indeed; for what I seem to be,
Brutus is not, but born great Rome to free.
The state is full of dropsy, and swollen big
With windy vapours, which my sword must pierce,
To purge th'infected blood bred by the pride
Of these infested bloods. Nay, now I go -
Behold, I vanish, since 'tis Tarquin's mind:
One small fool goes, but great fools leaves behind.

Exit

Lucretius

'Tis pity one so generously derived
Should be deprived his best induements* thus,
And want the true directions of the soul.

Tarquin

To leave these dilatory trifles, lords:
Now to the public business of the land.
Lords, take your several places.

Lucretius

Not, great Tarquin,
Before the King assume his regal throne,
Whose coming we attend.

Tullia

He's come already.

Lucretius

The king?

Tarquin

The king.

Collatine

Servius ?

Tarquin

Tarquinius.

Lucretius

Servius is King.

Tarquin

He was:* by power divine,
The throne that long since he usurped is mine.
Here we enthrone ourselves, cathedral* state.
Long since detained* us, justly we resume;
Then let our friends and such as love us cry,
Live Tarquin and enjoy this sovereignty!

60

All

Live Tarquin and enjoy this sovereignty!

[*Flourish*

Enter Valerius

Valerius

The King himself, with such confederate* peers
65

As stoutly embrace his faction, being informed
Of Tarquin's usurpation, armèd comes,
Near to the entrance of the Capitol.

Tarquin

No man give place; he that dares to arise
And do him reverence, we his love despise.

70

Enter Servius, Horatius, Scevola, Soldiers

Servius

Traitor!

Tarquin

Usurper!

Servius

Descend!

Tullia.

Sit still.

Servius

In Servius'* name, Rome's great imperial monarch,
I charge thee, Tarquin, disenthroned thyself,
And throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy.

75

Horatius

Spoke like a King.

Tarquin

In Tarquin's name, now Rome's imperial monarch,
We charge thee, Servius, make free resignation
Of that arched wreath* thou hast usurped so long.

80

Tullia

Words worth an empire*.

Horatius

Shall this be brooked*, my sovereign?
Dismount the traitor!

Sextus

Touch him he that dares.

Horatius

Dares!

Tullia

Dares.

Servius

Strumpet, no child of mine!

Tullia

Dotard!

85

And not my father!

Servius

Kneel to thy King.

Tullia

Submit thou to thy queen.

Servius

Insufferable treason! With bright steel
Lop down these interponents* that withstand
The passage to our throne.

Horatius

That Cocles dares.

90

Sextus

We with our steel guard Tarquin and his chair.

Scevola

A* Servius!

Aruns

A Tarquin!

Servius is slain

Tarquin

Now are we king indeed; our awe is builded
Upon this royal base, the slaughtered body
Of a dead King: we by his ruin rise
To a monarchal throne.

95

Tullia

We have our longing.

My father's death gives me a second life
Much better than the first; my birth was servile*,
But this new breath of reign is large and free:
Welcome, my second life of sovereignty.

100

Lucretius [Aside]

I have a daughter, but, I hope, of mettle
Subject to better temperature; should my Lucrece
Be of this pride, these hands should sacrifice
Her blood unto the gods that dwell below;
The abortive brat should not out-live my spleen.
But Lucrece is my daughter, this my queen.

105

Tullia

Tear off the crown, that yet empales* the temples
Of our usurping father – quickly, lords -
And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,

110

Let us receive our honours.

Tarquin

The same breath
Gives our state life, that was the usurper's death.

Tullia

Here then by heaven's hand we invest ourselves:
Music, whose loftiest tones grace princes crowned,
Unto our novel* coronation sound.

Flourish.

115

Enter Valerius with Horatius and Scevola

Tarquin

Whom doth Valerius to our state present?

Valerius

Two valiant Romans: this Horatius Cocles,
This gentleman called Mutius Scevola,
Who, whilst King Servius wore the diadem,
Upheld his sway and princedom by their loves;
But he being fallen, since all the peers of Rome
Applaud King Tarquin in his sovereignty,
They with like suffrage greet your coronation.

120

Horatius

This hand, allied unto the Roman crown,
Whom never fear dejected, or cast low,
Lays his victorious sword at Tarquin's feet,
And prostrates, with that* sword, allegiance.
King Servius' life we loved, but, he expired,
Great Tarquin's life is in our hearts desired.

125

Scevola

Who*, whilst he rules with justice and integrity,
Shall with our dreadless hands our hearts command,
Even with the best employments of our lives.
Since Fortune lifts thee, we submit to Fate:
Ourselves are vassals to the Roman state.

130

Tarquin

Your rooms were empty in our train of friends,
Which we rejoice to see so well supplied:
Receive our grace, live in our clement* favours,

135

In whose submission our young glory grows
To his ripe height: fall in our friendly train,
And strengthen with your loves our infant reign. 140

Horatius
We live for Tarquin.

Scevola
And to thee alone,
Whilst Justice keeps thy sword and thou thy throne.

Tarquin
Then are you ours. And now conduct us straight
In triumph through the populous streets of Rome
To the king's palace, our majestic seat. 145
Your hearts, though freely proffered, we entreat. *Sennet**

*As they march, Tullia treads on her father and stays**

Tullia
What block is that we tread on?

Lucretius
'Tis the body
Of your deceased father, madam queen;
Your shoe is crimsoned with his vital blood.

Tullia
No matter; let his mangled body lie, 150
And with his base confederates strew the streets,
That, in disgrace of his usurpèd pride,
We o'er his trunk may in our chariot ride:
For, mounted like a queen, 'twould do me good
To wash my coach-naves* in my father's blood. 155

Lucretius
[*Aside*] Here's a good child.

Tarquin
Remove it, we command,
And bear his carcass to the funeral pile,
Where, after this dejection*, let it have
His solemn and due obsequies. Fair Tullia,
Thy hate to him grows from thy love to us; 160

Thou show'st thy self in this unnatural strife
An unkind daughter, but a loving wife.
But on unto our palace: this blest day,
A king's increase grows by a king's decay.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE 3

Enter Brutus alone

Brutus

Murder the King! a high and capital treason.
Those giants that waged war against the gods,
For which the o'er-whelmed mountains hurled by Jove
To scatter them, and give them* timeless* graves
Was not more cruel than this butchery, 5
This slaughter made by Tarquin; but the queen!
A woman, fie, fie: did not this she-parricide
Add to her father's wounds? and when his body
Lay all besmeared and stained in the blood royal, 10
Did not this monster, this infernal hag,
Make her unwilling charioteer drive on,*
And with his shod wheels crush her father's bones?
Break his crazed skull, and dash his sparkled* brains
Upon the pavements, whilst she held the reins? 15
The affrighted Sun at this abhorred object
Put on a mask of blood, and yet she blushed not.
Jove, art thou just? hast thou reward for piety,
And for offence no vengeance? or canst punish
Felons, and pardon traitors? chastise murderers, 20
And wink at parricides? If thou be worthy,
As well we know thou art, to fill the throne
Of all eternity, then with that hand
That flings the trisulk* thunder, let the pride
Of these our irreligious monarchisers*
Be crowned in blood. This makes poor Brutus mad: 25
To see sin frolic, and the virtuous sad.

Enter Sextus and Aruns

Aruns

Soft, here's Brutus; let us acquaint him with the news.

Sextus

Content: now, cousin* Brutus .

Brutus

Who, I your kinsman? Though I be of the blood of the Tarquins yet
no cousin, gentle prince.

30

Aruns

And why so, Brutus? Scorn you our alliance?

Brutus

No: I was cousin to the Tarquins when they were subjects, but dare
claim no kindred as they are sovereigns; Brutus is not so mad, though
he be merry, but he hath wit enough to keep his head on his shoulders.

Aruns

Why do you, Lord, thus lose* your hours, and neither profess war nor
domestic profit? The first might beget you love, the other riches.

35

Brutus

Because I would live; have I not answered you? because I would live.
Fools and mad men are no rubs* in the way of usurpers; the firmament
can brook* but one sun, and for my part I must not shine; I had rather
live an obscure black, then appear a fair white to be shot at.* The
end of all is, I would live: had Servius been a shrub, the wind had
not shook him; or a mad-man, he had* not perished. I covet no more
wit nor employment than as much as will keep life and soul together;
I would but live.

40

Aruns

You are satirical, cousin Brutus. But to the purpose: the king dreamt
a strange and* ominous dream last night, and to be resolved of the
event, my brother Sextus and I must to the oracle.

45

Sextus

And because we would be well accompanied, we have got leave of
the king that you, Brutus, shall associate us, for our purpose is to
make a merry journey on't.

50

Brutus

So you'll carry me along with you to be your fool and make you merry.

Sextus

Not our fool, but -

Brutus

To make you merry: I shall, nay, I would* make you merry, or tickle you till you laugh. The Oracle! I'll go to be resolved of* some doubts private to my self: nay, princes, I am so much endeared both to your loves and companies, that you shall not have the power to be rid of me. What limits have we for our journey? 55

Sextus

Five days, no more.

Brutus

I shall fit me to your preparations, but one thing more: goes Collatine along? 60

Sextus

Collatine is troubled with the common disease of all new-married men - he's sick of the wife;* his excuse is, forsooth, that Lucrece will not let him go; but you, having neither wife nor wit to hold you, I hope will not disappoint us.

Brutus

Had I both, yet* should you prevail with me above either. 65

Aruns

We shall expect you.

Brutus

Horatius Cocles and Mutius Scevola are not engaged in this expedition?

Aruns

No, they attend the king. Farewell.

Brutus

Lucretius stays at home too, and Valerius?

Sextus

The palace cannot spare them. 70

Brutus

None but we three?

Sextus

We three.

Brutus

We three; well, five days hence.

Sextus

You have the time, farewell.

Exeunt Sextus and Aruns

Brutus

The time I hope cannot be circumscribed* 75

Within so short a limit; Rome and I

Are not so happy. What's the reason then,

Heaven spares his rod so long? Mercury, tell me!

I have't - the fruit of pride is yet but green,

Not mellow; though it grows apace, it comes not 80

To his full height: Jove oft delays his vengeance,

That when it haps 't may prove more terrible.

Despair not, Brutus then, but let thy country

And thee take this last comfort after all:

Pride, when thy fruit is ripe 't must rot and fall. 85

But to the oracle.

[*Exit*]

SCENE 4

Enter Horatius Cocles, Mutius Scevola

Horatius

I would I were no Roman.

Scevola

Cocles, why?

Horatius

I am discontented*, and dare not speak my thoughts.

Scevola

What, shall I speak them for you?

Horatius

Mutius, do.

Scevola

Tarquin is proud.

Horatius

Thou hast them.

Scevola

Tyrannous.

Horatius

True.

Scevola

Insufferably lofty.

Horatius

Thou hast hit me.

5

Scevola

And shall I tell thee what I prophesy
Of his succeeding rule?

Horatius

No, I'll do't for thee:

Tarquin's ability will in the weal*,
Beget a weak, unable impotence;
His strength make Rome and our dominions weak;
His soaring high make us to flag* our wings,
And fly close by the earth; his golden feathers
Are of such vastness, that they spread like sails,
And so becalm us that we have not air
Able to raise our plumes, to taste the pleasures
Of our own elements.

10

15

Scevola

We are one heart,
Our thoughts and our desires are suitable*.

Horatius

Since he was king he bears him like a god,
His wife like Pallas*, or the wife of Jove;
Will not be spoke to* without sacrifice,
And homage sole due to the deities.

20

Enter Lucretius

Scevola

What haste with good Lucretius?

Lucretius

Haste, but small speed.

I had an earnest suit unto the king,
About some business that concerns the weal*
Of Rome and us; 'twill not be listened to. 25
He has took upon him such ambitious state
That he abandons conference with his peers,
Or, if he chance to endure* our tongues so much
As but to hear their sonance*, he despises
The intent of all our speeches, our advices 30
And counsel, thinking his own judgement only
To be approved in matters military,
And in affairs domestic; we are but mutes*,
And fellows of no parts, viols unstrung,
Our notes too harsh to strike in princes' ears. 35
Great Jove amend it!

Horatius

Whither will you, my lord?

Lucretius

No matter where
If from the court. I'll home to Collatine*
And to my daughter Lucrece: home breeds safety,
Danger's begot in Court; a life retired 40
Must please me now perforce: then, noble Scevola,
And you my dear Horatius, farewell both.
Where industry is scorned, let's welcome sloth.

Enter Collatine

Horatius

Nay, good Lucretius, do not leave us thus;
See, here comes Collatine; but where's Valerius? 45
How does he taste these times?

Collatine

Not giddily like Brutus, passionately
Like old Lucretius with his tear-swollen eyes;
Not laughingly like Mutius Scevola.
Nor bluntly like Horatius Cocles here. 50

He has usurped a stranger garb of humour,
Distinct from these in nature every way.

Lucretius

How is he relished? can his eyes forbear
In this strange state to shed a passionate tear?

*Scevola**

Can he forbear to laugh with Scevola, 55
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend?

Horatius

Nay, can his thought shape aught but melancholy
To see these dangerous passages of state?
How is he tempered, noble Collatine ?

Collatine

Strangely: he is all song, he's ditty all, 60

Note that: Valerius hath given up the Court
And weaned himself from the king's consistory*
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,
Whether it be that he is discontent,

Yet would not so appear before the king, 65

Or whether in applause of these new edicts,
Which so distaste the people, or what cause
I know not, but now he's all musical.

Unto the council chamber he goes singing, 70
And whilst the king his willful edicts makes,

In which none's tongue is powerful save the king's,
He's in a corner, relishing strange airs.

Conclusively, he's from a toward hopeful gentleman
Transshaped to a mere ballater*, none knowing 75
Whence should proceed this transmutation.

Enter Valerius

Horatius

See where he comes. Morrow, Valerius .

Lucretius

Morrow, my Lord.

Valerius [sings]

When Tarquin first in Court began,
And was approvèd king:
Some men for sudden joy 'gan weep, 80
But I for sorrow sing.

Scevola

Ha, ha! How long has my Valerius
Put on this strain of mirth, or what's the cause?

Valerius [sings]

Let humour change and spare not,
Since Tarquin's proud, I care not, 85
His fair words so bewitch my delight,
That I doted on his sight.
Now he is changed, cruel thoughts embracing
And my deserts disgracing.

Horatius

Upon my life, he's either mad or love-sick. 90
Oh, can Valerius, but so late a statesman,
Of whom the public weal deserved so well,
Tune out his age* in songs and canzonets*,
Whose voice should thunder counsel in the ears
Of Tarquin and proud Tullia? Think, Valerius, 95
What that proud woman Tullia is; 'twill put thee
Quite out of tune.

Valerius [sings]

Now what is love I will* thee tell:
It is the fountain and the well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell, 100
It is perhaps the sansing* bell,
That rings all in to heaven or hell;
And this is love, and this is love, as I hear tell.

Now what is love I will you show,
A thing that creeps and cannot go: 105
A prize that passeth too and fro,
A thing for me, a thing for moe*,
And he that proves shall find it so,
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend, I trow.

Lucretius

Valerius, I shall quickly change thy cheer, 110

And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine.
Think how that worthy prince our kinsman* king
Was butchered in the marble Capitol:
Shall Servius Tullius unregarded die
Alone of thee*, whom all the Roman ladies, 115
Even yet with tear-swollen eyes, and sorrowful souls,
Compassionate*, as well he merited;
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing,
Whose grief through all the Roman temples ring?

*Valerius [sings]**
Lament, ladies, lament, 120
Lament the Roman land,
The king is fra thee hent*.
Was doughty on his hand.

We'll gang into the kirk,
His dead corpse we'll embrace, 125
And when we see him dead,
We aye will cry alas! - Fa la!

Horatius
This music mads me; I all mirth despise.

Lucretius
To hear him sing draws rivers from mine eyes.

Scevola
It pleaseth me; for since the court is harsh, 130
And looks askance on soldiers, let's be merry,
Court ladies, sing, drink, dance, and every man
Get him a mistress, coach* it in the country,
And taste the sweets of it. What thinks Valerius
Of Scevola's last counsel? 135

Valerius [sings]
Why since we soldiers cannot prove,
And grief it is to us therefore,
Let every man get him a love,
To trim her well, and fight no more;
That we may taste of lovers' bliss, 140
Be merry and blithe, embrace and kiss,
That ladies may say, some more of this,
That ladies may say, some more of this.

Since court and city both grow proud,
And safety you delight to hear, 145
We in the country will us shroud,
Where lives to please both eye and ear:
The nightingale sings jug, jug, jug,
The little lamb leaps after his dug,
And the pretty milk-maids they look so smug. 150
And the pretty milk-maids, &c.

Come, Scevola, shall we go and be idle?

Lucretius
I'll in to weep.

Horatius
But I my gall to grate.

Scevola
I'll laugh at time, till it will change our fate.

Exeunt all but Collatine

Collatine
Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord Scevola: 155
Thy heart mourns in thee, though thy visage smile;
And so does thy soul weep, Valerius,
Although thy habit sing; for these new humours
Are but put on for safety, and to arm them
Against the pride of Tarquin, from whose danger, 160
None great in love, in counsel, or opinion,
Can be kept safe: this makes me lose* my hours
At home with Lucrece, and abandon court.

Enter Clown

Clown
Fortune, I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted me in finding my
master; the gods of good Rome keep my lord and master out of all 165
bad company!

Collatine
Sirrah, the news with you?

Clown

Would you ha' court news, camp news, city news, or country news,
or would you know what's the news at home?

Collatine

Let me know all the news. 170

Clown

The news at court is, that a small leg and a silk stocking is in the
fashion for your lord, and the water that god Mercury makes* is in
request with your lady. The heaviness of the king's wine makes many
a light head, and the emptiness of his dishes many full bellies; eating
and drinking was never more in use; you shall find the baddest legs in
boots, and the worst faces in masks. They keep their old stomachs
still: the king's good cook had the most wrong; for that which was wont
to be private only to him is now usurped among all the other officers;
for now every man in his place, to the prejudice of the master cook,
makes bold to lick his own fingers. 175
180

Collatine

The news in the camp?

Clown

The greatest news in the camp is that there is no news at all; for,
being no camp* at all, how can there be any tidings from it?

Collatine

Then for the city*.

Clown

The Senators are rich, their wives fair, credit grows cheap, and
traffic dear, for you have many that are broke; the poorest man that
is may take up what he will, so he will be but bound - to a post till he
pay the debt. There was one courtier lay with twelve men's wives in
the suburbs*, and pressing farther to make one more cuckold within
the walls, and being taken with the manner*, had nothing to say for
himself, but this - he that made twelve made thirteen. 185
190

Collatine

Now, sir, for the country.

Clown

There is no news there but at the ale-house; there's the most receipt*.
And is it not strange, my lord, that so many men love ale that know

not what ale is?

195

Collatine

Why, what is ale?

Clown

Why, ale is a kind of juice made of the precious grain called malt; and what is malt? Malt's M, A, L, T; and what is M, A, L, T? M much, A ale, L little, T thirst; that is, much ale*, little thirst.

Collatine

Only the news at home and I have done.

200

Clown

My lady must needs speak with you about earnest business, that concerns her nearly, and I was sent in all haste to entreat your Lordship to come away.

Collatine

And could'st thou not have told me? Lucrece stay*,
And I stand trifling here? Follow*, away.

205

[Exit Collatine]

Clown

Ay, marry sir, the way into her were a way worth following, and that's the reason that so many serving-man that are familiar with their mistresses have lost the name of servitors, and are now called their masters' followers. Rest you merry!

[Exit]

SCENE 5

Sound music

Apollo's Priests with tapers, after them, Aruns, Sextus and Brutus with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle

Priest

O thou Delphian* god inspire
Thy priests, and with celestial fire
Shot from thy beams crown our desire,
That we may follow,

In these thy true and hallowed measures, 5
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures,
According to the thoughts and pleasures
Of great Apollo.
Our hearts with inflammations burn,
Great Tarquin and his people mourn, 10
Till from thy Temple we return,
With some glad tiding.
Then tell us, shall great Rome be blest,
And royal Tarquin live in rest,
That gives his ennobled* breast 15
To thy safe guiding?

Oracle

Then Rome her ancient honours wins,
When she is purged from Tullia's sins.

Brutus

Gramercies, Phoebus, for these spells,
Phoebus alone, alone excels. 20

Sextus

Tullia perhaps sinned in our grandsire's death,
And hath not yet by reconcilment made
Atone with Phoebus, at whose shrine we kneel;
Yet, gentle Priest, let us thus far prevail,
To know if Tarquin's seed shall govern Rome, 25
And by succession claim the royal wreath?
Behold me, younger of the Tarquins' race,
This elder Aruns, both the sons of Tullia;
This Junius Brutus, though a madman, yet
Of the high blood of the* Tarquins. 30

Priest

Sextus, peace.
Tell us, O thou that shin'st so bright,
From whom the world receives his light,
Whose absence is perpetual night,
Whose praises ring: 35
Is it with heaven's applause decreed,
When Tarquin's soul from earth is freed,
That noble Sextus shall succeed
In Rome as king?

Brutus
Ay, oracle, hast thou lost thy tongue? 40

Aruns
Tempt him again. fair priest.

Sextus
If not as king, let Delphian Phoebus yet
Thus much resolve us: who shall govern Rome,
Or of us three bear great'st pre-eminence?

Priest
Sextus, I will: 45
Yet sacred Phoebus we entreat,
Which of these three shall be great
With largest power and state replete
By the heaven's doom?
Phoebus, thy thoughts no longer smother. 50

Oracle
He that first shall kiss his mother
Shall be powerful, and no other
Of you three in Rome.

Sextus
Shall kiss his mother!

Brutus falls.

Brutus
Mother Earth, to thee
An humble kiss I tender!

Aruns
What means Brutus? 55

Brutus
The blood of the slaughtered sacrifice made this floor as slippery as
the place where Tarquin treads; 'tis glassy and as smooth as ice: I
was proud to hear the oracle so gracious to the blood of the Tarquins,
and so I fell.

Sextus
Nothing but so? then to the oracle. 60

I charge thee Aruns, Junius Brutus thee,
To keep the sacred doom of the oracle
From all our train, lest when the younger lad
Our brother now at home,* sits dandled
Upon fair Tullia's lap, this understanding, 65
May kiss our beauteous mother, and succeed.

Aruns

Let the charge* go round.
It shall go hard but I'll prevent you, Sextus.

Sextus

I fear not the madman Brutus, and for Aruns let me alone to buckle
with him: I'll be the first at my mother's lips for a kingdom. 70

Brutus

If the madman have not been before you, Sextus. If oracles be oracles,
their phrases are mystical; they speak still in clouds. Had he meant
a natural mother he would not ha' spoke it by circumstance*.

Sextus

Tullia, if ever thy lips were pleasing to me, let it be at my return from
the oracle. 75

Aruns

If a kiss will make me a king, Tullia, I will spring to thee, though through
the blood of Sextus .

Brutus

Earth, I acknowledge no mother but thee; accept me as thy son, and
I shall shine as bright in Rome as Apollo himself in his temple at
Delphos . 80

Sextus

Our superstitions ended, sacred priest,
Since we have had free answer from the gods,
To whose fair altars we have done due right,
And hallowed them with presents acceptable,
Let's now return, treading these holy measures 85
With which we entered great Apollo's temple.
Now, Phoebus, let thy sweet-tuned organs sound,
Whose sphere-like music must direct our feet
Upon the marble pavement. After this

We'll gain a kingdom by a mother's kiss.

90

Exeunt

SCENE 6

SENATE

A table and chairs prepared: enter Tarquin, Tullia, and Collatine, Scevola, Horatius, Lucretius, Valerius, Lords.

Tarquin

Attend us with your persons, but your ears
Be deaf unto our counsels.

The Lords fall off on either side and attend

Tullia

Farther yet.

Tarquin

Now, Tullia, what must be concluded next?

Tullia

The kingdom you have got by policy
You must maintain by pride.

5

Tarquin

Good*.

Tullia

Those that were late of the king's faction
Cut off, for fear they prove rebellious.

Tarquin

Better.

Tullia

Since you gain nothing by the popular love,
Maintain by fear your princedom.

10

Tarquin

Excellent;

Thou art our oracle and, save from thee,
We will admit no counsel; we obtained
Our state by cunning; it must be kept by strength;
And such as cannot love we'll teach to fear: 15
To encourage which, upon our better judgement,
And to strike greater terror to the world,
I have forbid thy father's funeral.

Tullia
No matter.

Tarquin
All capital causes are by us discussed, 20
Traversed,* and executed without counsel:
We challenge too, by our prerogative,
The goods of such as strive against our state;
The freest citizens, without attain,*
Arraign*, or judgement, we to exile doom; 25
The poorer are our drudges, rich our prey,
And such as dare not strive our rule obey.

Tullia
Kings are as gods, and divine sceptres bear;
The Gods command, for mortal tribute, fear;
But, royal lord, we that despise their love 30
Must seek some means how to maintain this awe.

Tarquin
By foreign leagues, and by our strength abroad.
Shall we, that are degreed above our people,
Whom heaven hath made our vassals, reign with them?
No: kings, above the rest tribunaled high, 35
Should with no meaner than with kings ally:
For this we to Mamilius Tusculan,
The Latin King, ha' given in marriage
Our royal daughter*; now his people's ours;
The neighbour princes are subdued by arms, 40
And whom we could not conquer by constraint,
Them we have* sought to win by courtesy.
Kings that are proud, yet would secure their own,
By love abroad shall purchase fear at home.

Tullia
We are secure, and yet our greatest strength 45

Is in our children: how dare treason look
Us in the face, having issue? Barren Princes
Breed danger in their singularity;
Having none to succeed, their claim dies in* them*.

Tarquin

Tullia's wise, and apprehensive: were our princely sons* 50
Sextus and Aruns back returned safe,
With an applausive answer of the gods
From th'oracle, our state were able then,
Being gods ourselves, to scorn the hate of men.

Enter Sextus, Aruns, and Brutus.

Sextus

Where's Tullia?

Aruns

Where's our mother?

Horatius

Yonder, princes, 55

At council with the king.

Tullia

Our sons returned!

Sextus

Royal mother!

Aruns

Renowned Queen!

Sextus

I love her best: therefore will Sextus do his duty first.

Aruns

Being eldest in my birth, I'll not be youngest 60
In zeal to Tullia.

Brutus

To't, lads!

Aruns

Mother, a kiss.

Sextus

Though last in birth, let me be first in love.
A kiss, fair mother!

Aruns

Shall I lose my right?

65

Sextus

Aruns shall down, were Aruns twice my brother,
If he presume 'fore me to kiss my mother.

Aruns

Ay, Sextus, think this kiss to be a crown,
Thus would we tug for't.

Sextus

Aruns, thou must down.

Tarquin

Restrain them, Lords.

Brutus

Nay, to't boys! O 'tis brave:
They tug for shadows, I the substance have.

70

Aruns

Through armèd gates, and thousand swords I'll break
To show my duty: let my valour speak!

Breaks from the lords and kisses her

Sextus

O heavens! you have dissolved me.

Aruns

Here I stand,
What I ha' done to answer with this hand.

75

Sextus

O all ye Delphian gods, look down and see
How for these wrongs I will revengèd be!

Tarquin

Curb in the proud boys' fury; let us know
From whence this discord riseth.

Tullia

From our love.

How happy are we in our issue now, 80

When as our sons, e'en with their bloods contend

To exceed in duty. We accept your zeal:

This your superlative degree of kindness

So much prevails with us, that to the king

We engage our own dear love 'twixt his incensement 85

And your presumption; you are pardoned both.

And, Sextus, though you failed in your first proffer,

We do not yet esteem you least in love;

Ascend* and touch our lips.

Sextus

Thank you, no. 90

Tullia

Then to thy knee we will descend thus low.

Sextus

Nay, now it shall not need: how great's my heart!

Aruns

In Tarquin's crown thou now hast lost thy part.

Sextus

No kissing now: Tarquin, great Queen, adieu!

Aruns, on earth we ha' no foe but you. 95

[*Exit Sextus*]*

Tarquin

What means this their unnatural enmity?

Tullia

Hate, born from love.

Tarquin

Resolve us then, how did the gods accept

Our sacrifice? how are they pleased with us?

How long will they applaud our sovereignty? 100

Brutus

Shall I tell the king?

Tarquin

Do, cousin, with the process of your journey.

Brutus

I will. We went from hither, when we went from hence, arrived thither when we landed there, made an end of our prayers when we had done our orisons, when thus quoth Phoebus: 'Tarquin shall be happy whilst he is blest, govern while he reigns, wake when he sleeps not, sleep when he wakes not, quaff when he drinks, feed when he eats, gape when his mouth opens, live till he die, and die when he can live no longer.' So Phoebus commends him to you. 105

Tarquin

Mad Brutus, still. Son Aruns, what say you? 110

Aruns

That the great gods to whom the potent king
Of this large empire sacrificed by us,
Applaud your reign, commend your sovereignty:
And by a general synod* grant to Tarquin
Long days, fair hopes, majestic government. 115

*Brutus**

Adding withal, that to depose the late king, which in others had been arch-treason, in Tarquin was honour; what in Brutus had been usurpation, in Tarquin was lawful succession; and for Tullia, though it be parricide for a child to kill her father, in Tullia it was charity by death, to rid him of all his calamities. Phoebus himself said she was a good child - and shall not I say as he says? - to tread upon her father's skull; 120

Sparkle his brains upon her chariot wheel,
And wear the sacred tincture of his blood
Upon her servile shoe. But more than this, 125
After his death deny him the due claim
Of all mortality, a funeral,
An earthen sepulchre; this, this, quoth
Th'oracle, save Tullia none would do.

Tullia

Brutus, no more: 130
Lest with the eyes of wrath and fury incensed*
We look into thy honour*: were not madness
And folly to thy words a privilege,
Even in thy last reproof of our proceedings
Thou hast pronounced thy death.

Brutus
If Tullia will send Brutus abroad for news, and after at his return not 135
endure the telling of it, let Tullia either get closer* ears, or get for Brutus
a stricter* tongue.

Tullia
How, sir?*

Brutus
God be wi' ye.

[Exit Brutus]*

Tarquin
Alas 'tis madness – pardon* - not spleen, *pardon him? 140
Nor is it hate, but frenzy. We are pleased
To hear the gods propitious to our prayers.
But whither's Sextus gone? Resolve us, Cocles.
We saw thee in his parting follow him.

Horatius
I heard him say, he would straight take his horse 145
And to the warlike Sabines, enemies
To Rome, and you.

Tarquin
Save them we have no opposites.
Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?
Attend us Lords; we must new battle wage,
And with bright arms confront the proud boy's rage. 150

Exeunt all but Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scevola.

Horatius
Had I as many souls as drops of blood
In these branched veins, as many lives as stars
Stuck in yond azure rose*, and were to die

More deaths than I have wasted weary minutes
To grow to this, I'd hazard all and more 155
To purchase freedom to thus* bondaged Rome.
I'm vexed to see this virgin conqueress
Wear shackles in my sight*.

Lucretius

Oh, would my tears
Would rid great Rome of these prodigious fears.

Enter Brutus

Brutus

What, weeping-ripe, Lucretius? possible? Now lords, lads, friends, 160
fellows, young madcaps, gallants, and old courtly ruffians, all subjects
under one tyranny, and therefore should be partners of one and the
same unanimity, shall we go single ourselves by two and two, and go
talk treason? Then 'tis but his yea, and my nay, if we be called to
question. Or shall's go use some violent bustling to break through 165
this thorny servitude? or shall we every man go sit like a man in
desperation, and with Lucretius weep at Rome's misery? Now am I
for all things, any thing or nothing; I can laugh with Scevola, weep
with this good old man, sing 'Oh hone hone' with Valerius, fret with
Horatius Cocles, be mad like myself, or neutrize* with Collatine. Say 170
what shall's do?

Horatius

Fret.

Valerius

Sing.

Lucretius

Weep.

Scevola

Laugh.

Brutus

Rather let's all be mad
That Tarquin he* still reigneth, Rome's still sad.

Collatine

You are madmen all that yield so much to passion.
You lay your selves too open to your enemies
That would be glad to pry into your deeds, 175
And catch advantage to ensnare our lives;
The king's fear*, like a shadow, dogs you still,
Nor can you walk without it. I commend
Valerius most, and noble Scevola ,
That what they cannot mend, seem not to mind. 180
By my consent, let's all wear out our hours
In harmless sports: hawk, hunt, game, sing, drink, dance*,
So shall we seem offenceless and live safe
In danger's bloody jaws: where* being humorous*,
Cloudy*, and curiously inquisitive 185
Into the king's proceedings, there armed fear
May search into us, call our deeds to question,
And so prevent all future expectation
Of wished amendment. Let us stay the time,
Till heaven have made them ripe for just revenge, 190
When opportunity is offered us,
And then strike home; till then do what you please:
No discontented thought my mind shall seize.

Brutus

I am of Collatine's mind now. Valerius, sing us a bawdy song, and
make's merry: nay, it shall be so. 195

Valerius

Brutus shall pardon me*.

Scevola

The time that should have been seriously spent in the state-house,
I ha' learned securely to spend in a wenching-house, and now I
profess myself anything but a statesman.

Horatius

The more thy vanity.

Lucretius

The less thy honour. 200

Valerius

The more his safety, and the less his fear.

[Sings]

She that denies me, I would have;
Who craves me, I despise.
Venus hath power to rule mine heart,
But not to please mine eyes. 205
Temptations offered, I still scorn;
Denied, I cling them still.
I'll neither glut mine appetite,
Nor seek to starve my will.

Diana, double-clothed, offends; 210
So Venus , naked quite;
The last begets a surfeit, and
The other no delight.
That crafty girl shall please me best
That no, for yea, can say; 215
And every wanton willing kiss
Can season with a nay.

Brutus

We ha' been mad, lords, long, now let us be merry lords; Horatius,
maugre thy melancholy, and Lucretius in spite of thy sorrow, I'll have
a song - a subject for the ditty? 220

Horatius

Great Tarquin's pride, and Tullia's cruelty.

Brutus

Dangerous; no.

Lucretius

The tyrannies of the court, and vassalage of the city.

Scevola

Neither. Shall I give the subject?

Brutus

Do, and let it be of all the pretty wenches in* Rome . 225

Scevola

It shall - shall it*, shall it, Valerius?

Valerius

Anything according to my poor acquaintance and little conversance.

Brutus

Nay, you shall stay, Horatius; Lucretius, so shall you; he removes
himself from the love of Brutus, that shrinks* my side till we have had
a song of all the pretty suburbians:* sit round - when, Valerius ? 230
*houses of resort etc

Valerius [Sings]

Shall I woo the lovely Molly,
She's so fair, so fat, so jolly?
But she has a trick of folly,
Therefore I'll ha' none of Molly. 235
 No, no, no, no, no, no.
I'll ha' none of Molly, no, no, no.

Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,
They are red and soft as jelly,
But too well she loves her belly,
Therefore I'll have none of Nelly. 240
 No, no, no, &c.

What say you to bonny Betty?
Ha' you seen a lass so pretty?
But her body is so sweaty,
Therefore I'll ha' none of Betty. 245
 No, no, no, &c.

When I dally with my Dolly,
She is full of melancholy;
Oh, that wench is pestilent holly,
Therefore I'll have none of Dolly. 250
 No, no, no, &c.

I could fancy lovely Nanny,
But she has the loves of many,
Yet her self she loves not any.
Therefore I'll have none of Nanny. 255
 No, no, no, &c.

In a flax shop I spied Rachel*,
Where she her flax and tow did hatchel;*
But her cheeks hang like a satchel,
Therefore I'll have none of Rachel. 260
 No, no, no, &c.

In a corner I met Biddy,
Her heels were light, her head was giddy;
She fell down, and somewhat did I,
Therefore I'll have none of Biddy.

265

No, no, no, &c.

Brutus

The rest we'll hear within. What offence is there in this, Lucretius?
What hurt's in this, Horatius? Is it not better to sing with our heads
on, than to bleed* with our heads off? I ne'er took Collatine for a
politician* till now. Come, Valerius; we'll run over all the wenches
of Rome, from the community of lascivious Flora* to the chastity of
divine Lucrece. Come, good Horatius.

270

Exeunt.

SCENE 7

Enter Lucrece, Mirable and Clown

Lucrece

A chair.

Clown

A chair for my lady, Mistress Mirable - do you not hear my lady call?

Lucrece

Come near, sir; be less officious
In duty, and use more attention -
Nay, gentlewoman, we exempt not you
From our discourse, you must afford an ear
As well as he, to what we ha' to say.

5

Mirable

I still remain your handmaid.

Lucrece

Sirrah, I ha' seen you oft familiar
With this my maid and waiting gentlewoman,
As casting amorous glances, wanton looks,
And privy becks* savouring incontinence;
I let you know you are not for my service
Unless you grow more civil.

10

Clown

Indeed, madam, for my own part I wish mistress Mirable well, as one
fellow servant ought to wish to another, but to say as that ever I flung
any sheep's eyes in her face - how say you, mistress Mirable, did I
ever offer it? 15

Lucrece

Nay, Mistress, I ha' seen you answer him
With gracious looks, and some uncivil smiles, 20
Retorting eyes, and giving his demeanour
Such welcome as becomes not modesty.
Know henceforth there shall no lascivious phrase,
Suspicious look, or shadow of incontinence,
Be entertained by any that attend 25
On Roman Lucrece.

Mirable

Madam, I!

Lucrece

Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought
Speaks nothing out of rashness nor vain hearsay,
But what my own experience testifies 30
Against you both; let then this mild reproof
Forewarn you of the like: my reputation,
Which is held precious in the eyes of Rome,
Shall be no shelter to the least intent
Of looseness; leave all familiarity, 35
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I here
Discharge you both my service.

Clown

For my own part, madam, as I am a true Roman by nature, though
no Roman by my nose, I never spent the least lip-labour on mistress
Mirable, never so much as glanced, never used any winking or
pinking*, never nodded at her, no not so much as when I was asleep, 40
never asked her the question so much as what's her name: if you
bring any man, woman, or child, that can say so much behind my
back, as 'For he did but kiss her, for I did but kiss her, and so let her
go', let my lord Collatine, instead of plucking my coat, pluck my skin 45
over my ears and turn me away naked, that wheresoever I shall come
I may be held a raw serving-man hereafter.

Lucrece

Sirrah, you know our mind.

Clown

If ever I knew what belongs to these cases, or yet know what they mean; if ever I used any plain dealing, or were ever worth such a jewel, would I might die like a beggar! If ever I were so far read in my grammar, as to know what an interjection is, or a conjunction copulative, would I might never have good of my *qui quae quod**!
Why, do you think, madam, I have no more care of myself, being but a stripling, than to go to it at these years? Flesh and blood cannot endure it; I shall even spoil one of the best faces in Rome with crying at your unkindness. 50 55

Lucrece

I ha' done. See if you can spy your lord returning from the court, and give me notice what strangers he brings home with him.

Clown

Yes I'll go: but see, kind man, he saves me a labour*. 60

Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius, Scevola.

Horatius

Come, Valerius, let's hear in our way to the house of Collatine, that you went late hammering of* concerning the taverns in Rome .

Valerius

Only this, Horatius:

The gentry to the King's Head,
The nobles to the Crown. 65
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
And to the Plough the clown;

The churchman to the Mitre,
The shepherd to the Star,
The gardener hies him to the Rose, 70
To the Drum the man of war;

To the Feathers ladies you; the Globe
The seaman doth not scorn;
The usurer to the Devil, and
The townsman to the Horn*; 75

The huntsman to the White Hart,
To the Ship the merchant goes;
But you that do the Muses love
The Swan, called River Po*.

The banquerout* to the World's End, 80
The fool to the Fortune hie;
Unto the Mouth, the oyster-wife,
The Fiddler to the Pie.

The punk* unto the Cockatrice*,
The drunkard to the Vine; 85
The beggar to the Bush*, then meet*
And with Duke Humphrey* dine.

Collatine

Fair Lucrece, I ha' brought these lords from court to feast with thee;
sirrah, prepare us dinner.

Lucrece

My lord is welcome, so are all his friends; 90
The news at court, lords?

Horatius

Madam, strange news:

Prince Sextus by the enemies of Rome
Was nobly used, and made their general;
Twice hath he met his father in the field,
And foiled him by the warlike Sabines' aid: 95

But how hath he rewarded that brave nation,
That in his great disgrace supported him?
I'll tell you, madam: he since the last battle
Sent to his father a close* messenger
To be received to grace, withal demanding 100

What he should do with those his enemies?
Great Tarquin from his son receives this news,
Being walking in his garden; when the messenger
Importuned him for answer, the proud king
Lops with his wand the heads of poppies off, 105

And says no more; with this uncertain answer
The messenger to Sextus back returns,
Who questions of his father's words, looks, gesture:
He tells him that the haughty speechless king
Straight apprehends, cuts off the great men's heads, 110

And, having left the Sabines without govern*,
Flies to his father, and this day is welcomed
For this his traitorous service by the king,
With all due solemn honours to the Court.

Scevola

Courtesy strangely requited; this none but the son of Tarquin would*
have enterprised. 115

Valerius

I like it, I applaud it; this will come to somewhat in the end; when
heaven has cast up his account, some of them will be called to a
hard reckoning. For my part, I dreamt last night I went a-fishing*.

[*Sings*]

Though the weather jangles 120

With our hooks and our angles,

Our nets be shaken, and no fish taken;

Though fresh cod and whiting,

Are not this day biting,

Gurnet* nor conger, to satisfy hunger, 125

Yet look to our draught.

Hale the main bowling,

The seas have left their roiling*,

The waves their huffing, the winds their puffing;

Up to the top-mast, boy, 130

And bring us news of joy;

Here's no demurring, no fish is stirring.

Yet some thing we have caught.

Collatine

Leave all to heaven.

Enter Clown

Clown

My lords, the best plum porridge in all Rome cools for your honours; 135

dinner is piping hot upon the table, and if you make not the more haste,

you are like to have but cold cheer: the cook hath done his part, and

there's not a dish on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you;

if you have good stomachs, and come not in while the meat is hot,

you'll make hunger and cold meet* together. 140

Collatine

My man's a rhetorician, I can tell you,
And his conceit is fluent; enter, lords,
You must be Lucrece' guests, and she is scant
In nothing, for such princes must not want.

Exeunt all but Valerius and Clown

Clown

My Lord Valerius, I have even a suit to your honour: I ha' not the power 145
to part from you without a relish*, a note, a tone; we must get an air
betwixt us.

Valerius

Thy meaning?

Clown

Nothing but this:

John for the King has been in many ballads, 150
John for the King down dino ,
John for King, has eaten many salads,
John for the King sings hey ho.

Valerius

Thou wouldst have a song, wouldst thou not?

Clown

And be everlastingly bound to your honour; I am now forsaking the 155
world and the devil, and somewhat leaning towards the flesh; if you
could but teach me how to choose a wench fit for my stature and
complexion, I should rest yours in all good offices.

Valerius

I'll do that for thee; what's thy name?

Clown

My name, sir, is Pompey*. 160

Valerius

Well then, attend.

[Sings]

Pompey, I will show thee the way to know
A dainty dapper wench.
First see her all bare, let her skin be rare,
And be touched with no part of the French*: 165
Let her looks be clear, and her brows severe,
Her eye-brows thin and fine;
But if she be a punk*, and love to be drunk,
Then keep her still from the wine.
Let her stature be mean, and her body clean, 170
Thou canst not choose but like her;
But see she ha' good clothes, with a fair Roman nose,
For that's the sign of a striker*.
Let her legs be small, but not used to sprawl,
Her tongue not too loud nor cocket*. 175
Let her arms be strong, and her fingers long,
But not used to dive in pocket.
Let her body be long, and her back be strong,
With a soft lip that entangles;
With an ivory breast, and her hair well dressed, 180
Without gold lace or spangles.
Let her foot be small, clean-legged withal,
Her apparel not too gaudy;
And one that hath not been, in any house of sin,
Nor place that hath been bawdy. 185

Clown

But, God's me, am I trifling here with you, and dinner cools at the
tables and I am called to my attendance – oh, my sweet lord Valerius !

Exeunt

SCENE 8

Senate

Enter Tarquin, Porsenna, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns [Lucretius]*

Tarquin

Next King Porsenna, whom we tender dearly,
Welcome, young Sextus; thou hast to our yoke
Suppressed the neck of a proud nation,
The warlike Sabines, enemies to Rome.

Sextus

For* such a gallant siege.

Tarquin

This day you shall set forward: Sextus, go,
And let us see your army march along
Before this king and us, that we may view
The puissance of our host prepared already,
To lay high-reared Ardea waste and low.

35

Sextus

I shall, my liege.

*Tullia**

Aruns, associate him.

*Sextus in orig

Aruns

A rival with my brother in his honours.

Exeunt Aruns and Sextus

Tarquin

Porsenna shall behold the strength of Rome,
And body of the camp, under the charge
Of two brave princes, to lay hostile siege
Against the strongest city that withstands
The all-commanding Tarquin.

40

Porsenna

'Tis an object
To please Porsenna's eye.

[*Soft march*]

Lucretius

The host is now
Upon their* march. You from this place may see
The pride of all the Roman chivalry.

45

*Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scevola, Cocles, with
soldiers, drum and colours, march over the stage, and congee to
the king and queen*

Porsenna

This sight's more pleasing to Porsenna's eye,

Exeunt

SCENE 9

[*The Roman camp before Ardea*]

Two soldiers meet as in the watch

1 Soldier

Stand, who goes there?

2 Soldier

A friend.

1 Soldier

Stir not, for if thou dost I'll broach thee straight upon this pike. The word?

2 Soldier

Porsenna.

5

1 Soldier

Pass - stay, who walks the round to night?
The general, or any of his captains?

2 Soldier

Horatius hath the charge; the other chieftains,
Rest in the general's tent; there's no commander
Of any note, but revels with the prince:
And I amongst the rest am charged to attend
Upon their rouse.

10

1 Soldier

Pass freely; I this night must stand
'Twixt them and danger. The time of night?

2 Soldier

The clock last told eleven.

1 Soldier

The powers celestial
That have took Rome in charge, protect it still.

15

Again, good night. Thus must poor soldiers do,
Whilst their commanders are with dainties fed,
And sleep on down, the earth must be our bed.

Exeunt

SCENE 10

A banquet prepared

Enter Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Scevola, Collatine

Sextus

Sit round: the enemy is pounded* fast
In their own folds, the walls made to oppugn
Hostile incursions become a prison,
To keep them fast for execution;
There's no eruption to be feared.

5

Brutus

What shall's do? Come, a health to the general's health; and Valerius,
that sits the most civilly, shall begin it; I cannot talk till my blood be
mingled with this blood of grapes. Fill for Valerius! Thou should'st
drink well, for thou hast been in the German wars; if thou lovest me,
drink up *se freeza**.

10

Sextus

Nay, since Brutus has spoke the word, the first health shall be
imposed on you, Valerius; and if ever you have been Germanized,
let it be after the Dutch fashion.

Valerius

The general may command.

Brutus

He may; why else is he called the commander?

15

Sextus

We will entreat Valerius.

Valerius

Since you will needs enforce a high German health, look well to
your heads, for I come upon you with this Dutch tassaker*: if you

were of a more noble science than you are, it will go near to break
your heads round. 20

A Dutch Song

O mork giff men ein man,
Skerry merry vip,
O mork giff men ein man
Skerry merry vap. 25

O mork giff men ein man, 25
That tik die ten long o drievan can,
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap,

And skerry merry runke ede sunk,
Ede hoore was a hai dedle downe
Dedle drunke a: 30

Skerry merry runke ede bunk,
Ede hoore was drunk a.

O daughter yeis in alto kleene,
Skerry merry vip,
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene, 35
Skerry merry vap.

O daughter yeis in alto kleene,
Ye molten slop, ein yert a leene
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap
And skerry merry runk ede bunk. 40

Ede hoore was a hey dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:

Skerry merry, runke ede bunk, ede hoore was drunk a.

Sextus

Gramercies, Valerius; came this high-German health as double as
his double* ruff, I'd pledge it. 45

Brutus

Were it Lubeck's or double-double beer, their own natural liquor,
I'd pledge it were it as deep as his ruff; let the health go round about
the board, as his band goes round about his neck. I am no more
afraid of this Dutch fauchion* than I should be of the heathenish
invention. 50

Collatine

I must entreat you spare me, for my brain brooks not the fumes of
wine; their vaporous strength offends me much.

Horatius

I would have none spare me for I'll spare none; Collatine will pledge
no health unless it be to his Lucrece.

Sextus

What's Lucrece but a woman? and what are women 55
But tortures and disturbance unto men?

If they be foul they're odious, and if fair,

They're like rich vessels full of poisonous drugs,

Or like black serpents armed with golden scales:

For my own part, they shall not trouble me. 60

Brutus

Sextus, sit fast, for I proclaim myself a woman's champion and shall
unhorse thee else.

Valerius

For my own part, I'm a married man, and I'll speak to my wife to
thank thee, Brutus.

Aruns

I have a wife too, and I think the most virtuous lady in the world. 65

Scevola

I cannot say but that I have a good wife too, and I love her: but if she
were in heaven, beshrew me if I would wish her so much hurt as to
desire her company upon earth again; yet, upon my honour, though
she be not very fair, she is exceeding honest.

Brutus

Nay, the less beauty, the less temptation to despoil her honesty. 70

Scevola

I should be angry with him that should make question of her honour.

Brutus

And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintain her honour.

Aruns

If you compare the virtues of your wives, let me step in for mine.

Collatine

I should wrong my Lucrece not to stand for her.

Sextus

Ha, ha! all captains, and stand upon the honesty of your wives 75
Is't possible, think you*,
That women of young spirit and full age,
Of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance,
Read, write, such as feed well and taste choice cates*,
That straight dissolve to purity of blood, 80
That keep the veins full, and enflame the appetite,
Making the spirit able, strong, and prone;
Can such as these their husbands being away,
Employed in foreign sieges or elsewhere, 85
Deny such as importune them at home?
Tell me that flax will not be touched with fire,
Nor they be won to what they most desire!

Brutus

Shall I end this controversy in a word?

Sextus

Do, good Brutus. 90

Brutus

I hold some holy, but some apt to sin;
Some tractable, but some that none can win;
Such as are virtuous, gold nor wealth can move;
Some vicious of themselves are prone to love;
Some grapes are sweet and in the garden grow, 95
Others unpruned turn wild neglected so;
The purest ore contains both gold and dross,
The one all gain, the other naught but loss;
The one disgrace, reproach, and scandal taints,
The other angels and sweet-featured saints. 100

Collatine

Such is my virtuous Lucrece.

Aruns

Yet she for virtue* not comparable to the wife of Aruns *added

Scevola

And why may not mine be ranked with the most virtuous?

Horatius

I would put in for a lot, but a thousand to one I shall draw but a blank.

Valerius

I should not show I loved my wife, not to take her part in her absence; 105
I hold her inferior to none.

Aruns

Save mine.

Valerius

No, not to her.

Brutus

Oh, this were a brave controversy for a jury of women to arbitrate!

Collatine

I'll hazard all my fortunes on the virtues 110
Of divine Lucrece. Shall we try them thus?

It is now dead of night; let's mount our steeds;
Within this two hours we may reach to Rome,

And to our houses all come unprepared, 115
And unexpected by our high-praised wives.

She of them all that we find best employed,
Devoted, and most huswife-exercised,
Let her be held most virtuous, and her husband
Win by the wager a rich horse and armour.

Aruns

A hand on that. 120

Valerius

Here's a helping hand to that bargain.

Horatius

But shall we to horse without circumstance?

Scevola

Scevola will be* mounted with the first.

Sextus

Then mount cheval*! Brutus, this night take you the charge of the 125
army. I'll see the trial of this wager; 'twould do me good to see some
of them find their wives in the arms of their lovers, they are so
confident in their virtues. Brutus, we'll interchange goodnight; be* thou

but as provident o'er the army as we (if our horses fail not) expeditious
in our journey. To horse, to horse*!

All

Farewell, good Brutus.

130

Exeunt.

SCENE 11

*Enter Lucrece and her two maids**

Lucrece

But one hour more and you shall all to rest:
Now that your lord is absent from this house,
And that the master's eye is from his charge,
We must be careful, and with providence
Guide his domestic business; we ha' now
Given o'er all feasting and left reveling,
Which ill becomes the house whose lord is absent;
We banish all excess till his return,
In fear of whom my soul doth daily mourn.

5

Mirable

Madam, so please you, to repose your self
Within your chamber; leave us to our tasks;
We will not loiter, though you take your rest.

10

Lucrece

Not so: you shall not overwatch yourselves
Longer than I wake with you; for it fits
Good huswives*, when their husbands are from home,
To eye their servants' labours, and in care
And the true manage of his household state,
Earliest to rise, and to be up most late.
Since all his business he commits to me,
I'll be his faithful steward till the camp
Dissolve, and he return; thus wives should do,
In absence of their lords be husbands too.

15

20

Maid

Madam, the Lord Turnus* his man was thrice for you here, to have
entreated you home to supper; he says his lord takes it unkindly he

could not have your company. 25

Lucrece

To please a loving husband, I'll offend
The love and patience of my dearest friend.
Methinks his purpose was unreasonable,
To draw me in my husband's absence forth
To feast and banquet; 'twould have ill become me 30
To have left the charge of such a spacious house
Without both lord and mistress.

I am opinioned thus: wives should not stray
Out of their doors their husbands being away.
Lord Turnus, excuse me. 35

Mirable

Pray Madam, set me right into my work.

Lucrece

Being abroad, I may forget the charge
Imposed me by my lord, or be compelled
To stay out late, which were my husband here,
Might be without distaste, but he from hence, 40
With late abroad, there can no excuse dispense.
Here, take your work again, a while proceed,
And then to bed, for whilst you sew I'll read.

[*Lucrece, Mirable and Maid retire*]*

Enter Sextus, Aruns, Valerius, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola

Aruns

I would have hazarded all my hopes, my wife had not been so late
a-revelling. 45

Valerius

Nor mine at this time of night a-gambolling.

Horatius

They wear so much cork under their heels they cannot choose but
love to caper.

Sextus

Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching, all theirs
were wantoning, and if I ha' lost, none can brag of their winnings. 50

Sextus

Now, Collatine, to yours; either Lucrece must be better employed than the rest, or you content to have her virtues ranked with the rest.

Collatine

I am pleased.

Horatius

Soft, soft, let's steal upon her as upon the rest, lest having some watch-word at our arrival, we may give her notice to be better prepared: nay, by your leave, Collatine, we'll limit you no advantage. 55

Collatine

See, lords, thus Lucrece revels with her maids*;
Instead of riot, quaffing, and the practice
Of high lavaltoes to the ravishing sound
Of chambering music, she, like a good huswife, 60
Is teaching of her servants sundry chares* -
Lucrece?

Lucrece

My lord and husband, welcome, ten times welcome!
Is it to see your Lucrece you thus late
Ha' with your person's hazard* left the camp, 65
And trusted to the danger of a night
So dark, and full of horror?

Aruns

Lords, all's lost.

Horatius

By Jove, I'll buy my wife a wheel, and make her spin for this trick.

Scevola

If I make not mine learn to live by the prick of her needle for this, I'm no Roman. 70

Collatine

Sweet wife, salute these Lords; thy continence
Hath won thy husband a Barbary* horse
And a rich coat of arms*.

Lucrece

O pardon me - the joy to see my lord
Took from me all respect of their degrees. 75
The richest entertainment lives with us,
According to the hour, and the provision
Of a poor wife in the absence of her husband,
We prostrate to you; howsoever mean,
We thus excuse't; Lord Collatine's away. 80
We neither feast, dance, quaff, riot, nor play,

Sextus

If one woman among so many bad may be found good, if a white
wench may prove a black swan, it is Lucrece; her beauty hath relation
to her virtue, and her virtue correspondent to her beauty, and in both
she is matchless*. 85

Collatine

Lords, will you yield the wager?

Aruns

Stay, the wager was as well which of our wives was fairest* too;
it stretched as well to their beauty as to their continence. Who shall
judge that?

Horatius

That can none of us, because we are all parties. Let Prince Sextus 90
determine it, who hath been with us, and been an eye-witness of
their beauties.

Valerius

Agreed.

Scevola

I am pleased with the censure* of Prince Sextus.

Aruns

So are we all.

Collatine

I commit my Lucrece wholly to the dispose* of Sextus.

95

Sextus

And Sextus commits him wholly to the dispose of Lucrece*.
I love the lady and her grace desire,

Nor can my love wrong what my thoughts admire.
Aruns, no question but your wife is chaste
And thrifty, but this lady knows no waste. 100
Valerius, yours is modest, something fair;
Her grace and beauty are without compare,
Thine, Mutius, well disposed, and of good feature,
But the world yields not so divine a creature.
Horatius, thine a smug* lass and graced well, 105
But amongst all, fair Lucrece doth excel.
Then our impartial heart and* judging eyes
This verdict gives: fair Lucrece wins the prize.

Collatine

Then, lords, you are indebted to me a horse and armour.

All

We yield it. 110

Lucrece

Will you taste such welcome, lords, as a poor unprovided house can
yield?

Sextus

Gramercy, Lucrece, no, we must this night sleep by Ardea walls.

Lucrece

But my lords, I hope my Collatine will not so leave his Lucrece.

Sextus

He must: we have but idled from the camp, to try a merry wager 115
about their wives, and this* the hazard of the king's displeasure,
should any man be missing from his charge. The powers that govern
Rome make divine Lucrece for ever happy! Good night.

*Scevola**

But, Valerius, what thinkest thou of the country girls from whence 120
we came, compared with our city wives whom we this night have
tried?

Valerius

Scevola, thou shall hear.

[*The third new Song*]

O yes, room for the crier,
Who never yet was found a liar.
O ye fine smug country lasses, 125
That would for brooks change crystal glasses,
And be transhaped from foot to crown,
And straw-beds change for beds of down;
Your partlets* turn into rebatoes, *
And 'stead of carrots eat potatoes; 130
Your frontlets* lay by, and your rails*,
And fringe with gold your daggled* tails*:
Now your hawk-noses shall have hoods,
And billements* with golden studs;
Straw-hats shall be no more bongraces* 135
From the bright sun to hide your faces;
For hempen smocks to help the itch,
Have linen, sewed with silver stitch;
And wheresoe'er they chance to stride,
One bare before to be their guide. 140
O yes, room for the crier,
Who never yet was found a liar.

Lucrece

Will not my husband repose this night with me?

Horatius

Lucrece shall pardon him; we ha' took our leaves of our wives, nor
shall Collatine be before us, though our ladies in other things come 145
behind you.

Collatine

I must be swayed: the joys and the delights
Of many thousand nights meet all in one,
To make my Lucrece happy!

Lucrece

I am bound to your strict will; to each, good-night. 150

Sextus

To horse, to horse! [*Aside*] Lucrece, we cannot rest,
Till our hot lust embosom in thy breast.

Exeunt all but Lucrece

Lucrece

With no unkindness we should our lords upbraid*;
Husbands and kings must always be obeyed.

Nothing save the high business of the state, 155

And the charge given him at Ardea's siege,
Could ha' made Collatine so much digress
From the affection that he bears his wife;
But subjects must excuse when kings claim power.

But, leaving this, before the charm of sleep 160

Seize with his downy wings upon my eyes,
I must go take account among my servants
Of their day's task; we must not cherish sloth.
No covetous thought makes me thus provident,
But to shun idleness, which, wise men say, 165
Begets rank lust, and virtue beats away.

Exit

SCENE 12

[*The road back to Ardea*]

Enter Sextus, Aruns, Horatius, Brutus, Scevola, Valerius [Collatine]

Horatius

Return to Rome now we are in the midway to the camp?

Sextus

My Lords, 'tis business that concerns my life.
Tomorrow, if we live, we'll visit thee.

Valerius

Will Sextus enjoin me to accompany him?

Scevola

Or me?

5

Sextus

Nor you, nor any: 'tis important business
And serious occurrences that call me.
Perhaps, lords, I'll commend you to your wives.
Collatine, shall I do you any service

To your Lucrece ? 10

Collatine

Only commend me.

Sextus

What, no private token to purchase our kind welcome?

Collatine

Would royal Sextus would but honour me

To bear her a slight token.

Sextus

What?

Collatine

This ring,

Sextus

As I am royal I will see't deliverèd.

[*Aside*] This ring to Lucrece shall my love convey,

And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray.

Tomorrow we shall meet; this night, sweet fate,

May I prove welcome, though a guest ingrate.

15

Exit

Aruns

He's for the city, we for the camp. The night makes the way tedious
and melancholy; prithee, a merry song to beguile it.

20

Valerius

There was a young man and a maid fell in love,
Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, terry derry dino.

To get her good will he often did -*

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, langtido dille.

There's many will say, and most will allow,

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, terry derry dino.

There's nothing so good as a -

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, langtido dille.

I would wish all maids before they be sick,

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, terry derry dino.

25

30

To inquire for a young man that has a good -

Terry derry ding, terry derry ding, langtido dille.

*Scevola**

Nay, my lord, I heard them all have a conceit of an Englishman - a
strange people, in the western islands - one that for his variety in
habit, humour and gesture, put down all other nations whatsoever;
a little of that, if you love me. 35

Valerius

Well, Scevola , you shall.

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop*,
The Lombard his Venetian*, 40
And some, like breechless women. go:
The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian;
The threysly* Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth;
The Englishman is for them all, 45
And for each fashion coasteth.

The Turk in linen wraps his head,
The Persian his in lawn*, too;
The Russ with sables furs his cap,
And change will not be drawn to; 50
The Spaniard's constant to his block*;
The French, inconstant ever;
But of all felts* that can be felt,
Give me your English beaver*.

The German loves his coney-wool*, 55
The Irishman his shag* too;
The Welsh his monmouth* loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too;
Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great, and others small things; 60
But oh, your lecherous Englishman,
He loves to deal in all things.

The Russ drinks quass*, Dutch Lubeck beer,
And that is strong, and mighty;
The Briton, he metheglin* quaffs, 65
The Irish, aquavitæ*;
The French affects the Orleans grape,
The Spaniard tastes his sherry;

The English none of these can 'scape,
But he with all makes merry. 70

The Italian in her high chapin*,
Scotch lass, and lovely frau too;
The Spanish donna, French madame,
He will not fear to go to;
Nothing so full of hazard dread. 75
Naught lives above the centre;
No fashion, health, no wine, nor wench,
On which he dare not venture*.

Horatius
Good Valerius, this has brought us even to the skirts of the camp.
Enter, lords. 80

Exeunt

SCENE 13

Enter Sextus and Lucrece

Lucrece
This ring, my Lord, hath oped the gates to you;
For though I know you for a royal prince,
My sovereign's son, and friend to Collatine,
Without that key you had not entered here.
- More lights and see a banquet straight provided! - 5
My love to my dear husband shall appear
In the kind welcome that I give his friend.

Sextus [Aside]
Not love-sick, but love-lunatic, love-mad:
I am all fire, impatience, and my blood
Boils in my heart, with loose and sensual thoughts. 10

Lucrece
- A chair for the Prince! - May't please your highness sit?

Sextus
Madam, with you.

Lucrece

It will become the wife of Collatine
To wait upon your trencher*.

Sextus

You shall sit:

Behind us at the camp we left our state, 15
We're but your guest; indeed you shall not wait.
[*Aside*] Her modesty hath such strong power o'er me,
And such a reverence hath fate given her brow,
That it appears a kind of blasphemy
T'have any wanton word harsh in her ears. 20
I cannot woo, and yet I love 'bove measure;
'Tis force, not suit, must purchase this rich treasure.

Lucrece

Your highness cannot taste such homely eats*?

Sextus

Indeed I cannot feed. [*Aside*] But on thy face:
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts embrace. 25

Lucrece

Knew you, my lord, what free and zealous welcome
We tender you, your highness would presume
Upon your entertainment. Oft, and* many times,
I have heard my husband speak of Sextus' valour,
Extol your worth, praise your perfection, 30
To* dote upon your valor, and your friendship
Prize next his Lucrece.

Sextus [*Aside*]

O impious lust,

In all things base, respectless and unjust!
Thy virtue, grace, and fame, I must enjoy,
Though in the purchase I all Rome destroy. - 35
Madam, if I be welcome as your virtue
Bids me presume I am, carouse to me
A health unto your husband.

Lucrece

A woman's draught, my lord, to Collatine .

Sextus

Nay, you must drink off all.

Lucrece

To rest, then. –

A rank of torches there, attend the prince!

Sextus

Madam, I doubt I am a guest this night

Too troublesome,* and I offend your rest.

75

*Lucrece**

This ring speaks for me, that next Collatine

You are to me most welcome; yet, my lord,

Thus much presume: without this from his hand,

Sextus this night could not have entered here:

No, not the king himself.

80

My doors the daytime to my friends are free,

But in the night the obdure gates are less kind;

Without this ring they can no entrance find. -

Lights for the Prince!

Sextus

A kiss, and so goodnight – nay, for your ring's sake, deny not that.

85

Lucrece

Jove give your highness soft and sweet repose.

Sextus

And thee the like, with soft and sweet content*. -

[*Aside*] My vows are fixed, my thoughts on mischief bent.

Exit with torches

Lucrece

'Tis late; so many stars* shine in this room,

By reason of this great and princely guest,

90

The world might call our modesty in question

To revel thus, our husband at the camp.

Haste, and to rest; save in the prince's chamber,

Let not a light appear; my heart's all sadness.

Jove, unto thy protection I commit

95

My chastity and honour; to thy keep,

My waking soul I give, whilst my thoughts sleep.

Exit

SCENE 14

*Enter Clown and a Serving-man**

Clown

Soft, soft not too loud; imagine we were now going on the ropes with eggs on our heels; he that hath but a creaking shoe I would he had a creak in his neck; tread not too hard for disturbing prince Sextus.

Serving-man

I wonder the Prince would ha' none of us stay in his chamber and help him to bed.

5

Clown

What an ass art thou to wonder; there may be many causes; thou know'st the prince is a soldier, and soldiers many time want shift; who can say whether he have a clean shirt on or no? for any thing that we know he hath used staves- acre*, or hath ta'en a medicine to kill the itch; what's that to us? we did our duty to proffer our selves.

10

Serving-man

And what should we enter farther into his thoughts? Come, shall's to bed? I am as drowsy as a dormouse, and my head is as heavy as though I had a night-cap of lead on.

Clown

And my eyes begin to glue themselves together. I was till supper was done altogether for your repast, and now after supper I am only for your repose; I think for the two virtues of eating and sleeping, there's never a Roman spirit under the cope* of heaven* can put me down.

15

Enter Mirable

Mirable

For shame! what a conjuring and caterwauling keep you here, that my lady cannot sleep; you shall have her call by and by, and send you all to bed with a witness.

20

Clown

Sweet mistress Mirable, we are going.

Mirable

You are too loud! Come, every man dispose him to his rest, and I'll

to mine.

Serving-man

Out with your torches.

Clown

Come then, and every man sneak into his kennel.

Exeunt

SCENE 15

Enter Sextus with his sword drawn and a taper light

Sextus

Night, be as secret as thou art close, as close
As thou art black and dark; thou ominous queen
Of tenebrous silence, make this fatal hour
As true to rape as thou hast made it kind
To murder, and harsh mischief: Cynthia*, mask thy cheek*, 5
And all you sparkling elemental fires
Choke up your beauties in prodigious fogs,
Or be extinct in some thick vaporous clouds,
Lest you behold my practice: I am bound
Upon a black adventure, on a deed 10
That must wound virtue, and make beauty bleed.
Pause, Sextus: and before thou runnst thyself
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sin.
Thou art yet free, beloved, graced in the camp,
Of great opinion* and undoubted hope*, 15
Rome's darling, in the universal grace,
Both of the field, and senate, where these fortunes
Do* make thee great in both: back! Yet* thy fame
Is free from hazard, and thy style* from shame.
O fate! thou hast usurped such power o'er man, 20
That where thou plead'st thy will no mortal can*.
On then, black mischief: hurry me the way -
My self I must destroy, her life betray;
The state* of King and Subject, the displeasure
Of prince and people, the revenge of noble, 25
And the contempt of base, the incurred vengeance
Of my wronged kinsman Collatine, the treason
Against divin'st Lucrece: all these total curses*,

Foreseen not feared, upon one* Sextus meet,
To make my days harsh: so this night be sweet. 30
No jar of clock, no ominous hateful howl
Of any starting hound, no horse-cough breathed from the entrails*
Of any drowsy groom, wakes this charmed silence
And starts this general slumber. Forward still:

Lucrece discovered in her bed

To make thy lust live, all thy virtues kill. 35
Here, here, behold! beneath these curtains lies
That bright enchantress that hath dazed my eyes.
Oh, who but Sextus could commit such waste
On one so fair, so kind, so truly chaste?
Or like a ravisher thus rudely stand, 40
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?
Or at such fatal hours these revels keep,
With thought once to defile thy innocent sleep?
Save in this breast, such thoughts could find no place,
Or pay with treason her kind hospitable* grace; 45
But I am lust-burnt all, bent on what's bad,
That which should calm good thought makes Tarquin mad.
Madam! Lucrece?

Lucrece

Who's that? Oh me! beshrew you!

Sextus

Sweet, 'tis I.

Lucrece

What I? 50

Sextus

Make room.

Lucrece

My husband Collatine ?

Sextus

Thy husband's at the camp.

Lucrece

Here is no place* for any man save him.

Sextus
Grant me that grace. 55

Lucrece
What are you?

Sextus
Tarquin and thy friend, and must enjoy thee.

Lucrece
Heaven such sins defend!

Sextus
Why do you tremble, lady? cease this fear:
I am alone, there's no suspicious ear 60
That can betray this deed: nay, start not, sweet.

Lucrece
Dream I, or am I full awake? oh no!
I know I dream to see Prince Sextus* so.
Sweet Lord awake me, rid me from this terror. 65
I know you for a prince, a gentleman,

Royal and honest, one that loves my lord,
And would not wreck a woman's chastity
For Rome's imperial diadem. Oh then
Pardon this dream; for, being awake, I know
Prince Sextus, Rome's great hope, would not for shame 70
Havoc* his own worth, or despoil my fame.

Sextus
I'm bent on both: my thoughts are all on fire;
Choose thee, thou must embrace death, or* desire.
Yet do I love thee; wilt thou accept it?

Lucrece
No. 75

Sextus
If not thy love, thou must enjoy thy foe.
Where fair means cannot, force shall make my way;
By Jove I must enjoy thee.

Lucrece

Sweet Lord, stay.

Sextus

I'm all impatience, violence and rage
And, save thy bed, naught can this fire assuage;
Wilt love me?

80

Lucrece

No, I cannot.

Sextus

Tell me why?

Lucrece

Hate me, and in that hate first let me die.

Sextus

By Jove, I'll force thee.

Lucrece

By a God you swear
To do a devil's deed - sweet lord, forbear!
By the same Jove I swear, that made this soul,
Never to yield unto an act so foul.
Help! Help!

85

Sextus

These pillows* first shall stop thy breath,
If thou but shriek'st, hark how I'll frame thy death.

Lucrece

For* death I care not, so I keep unstained
The uncrazed* honour I have yet maintained.

90

Sextus

Thou canst keep neither, for if thou but squeakest
Or let'st the least harsh noise jar in my ear,
I'll broach thee on my steel; that done, straight murder
One of thy basest grooms, and lay you both,
Grasped arm in arm, on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witness of that mechall* sin.
So shalt thou die, thy death be scandalous,
Thy name be odious, thy suspected body
Denied all funeral rites, and loving Collatine

95

Shall hate thee even in death: then save all this, 100
And to thy fortunes add another friend;
Give thy fears comfort, and these torments end.

Lucrece

I'll die first - and yet hear me; as* you're noble,
If all your goodness and best generous thoughts
Be not exiled your heart, pity, oh pity 105
The virtues of a woman; mar not that
Cannot be made again; this once defiled,
Not all the ocean waves can purify
Or wash my stain away; you seek to soil*
That which the radiant splendour of the sun 110
Cannot make bright again; behold my tears,
Oh think them pearly drops, distilled from the heart
Of soul-chaste Lucrece; think them orators,
To plead the cause of absent Collatine,
Your friend and kinsman.

Sextus

Tush, I am obdure. 115

Lucrece

Then make my name foul*; keep my body pure!
Oh, prince of princes, do but weigh your sin;
Think how much I shall lose, how small you win.
I lose the honour of my name and blood,
Loss* Rome's imperial crown cannot make good; 120
You win the world's shame and all good men's hate;
Oh, who would pleasure buy at such dear rate?
Nor can you term it pleasure, for what is sweet,
Where force and hate jar, and contention meet?
Weigh but for what 'tis that you urge me still, 125
To gain a woman's love against her will.
You'll but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,
And think that labour's not worth all your strife,
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wronged your friends;
But all the world cannot make me amends, 130
I took you for a friend - wrong not my trust,
But let these chaste tears* quench your fiery lust, *tears?

Sextus

No, those moist tears contending with my fire,
Quench not my heat, but make it climb much* higher -

I'll drag thee hence,

Lucrece

Oh!

Sextus

If thou raise these cries, 135
Lodged in thy slaughtered arms some base groom dies;
And Rome that hath admired thy name so long
Shall blot thy death with scandal from my tongue.

Lucrece

Jove, guard my innocence!

Sextus

Lucrece, thou'rt mine:
In spite of Jove and all the powers divine. 140

He bears her out

SCENE 16

*Enter a Serving-man**

Serving-man

What's o'clock, trow? My Lord bade me be early, ready with my gelding, for he would ride betimes in the morning; now had I rather be up an hour before my time than a minute after, for my lord will be so infinite* angry if I but oversleep myself a moment that I had better be out of my life than in his displeasure; but soft, some of my lord Collatine's men lie in the next chamber - I care not if I call them up, for it grows towards day. What, Pompey, Pompey? 5

Clown

Who is that calls?

Serving-man

'Tis I.

Clown

Who's that, my Lord Sextus his man? What a pox make you up before day? 10

Serving-man

I would have the key of the gate to come at my lord's horse in the stable.

Clown

I would my lord Sextus and you were both in the hay-loft, for Pompey can take none of his natural rest among you; here's e'en 'Ostler, rise, and give my horse another peck of hay!' 15

Serving-man

Nay, good Pompey, help me to the key of the stable.

Clown

Well, Pompey was born to do Rome good* in being so kind to the young prince's gelding, but if for my kindness in giving him pease and oats he should kick me, I should scarce say 'God-a-mercy, horse' - but come, I'll go with thee to the stable. 20

Exeunt

SCENE 17

Enter Sextus and Lucrece unready

Sextus

Nay, weep not sweet, what's done is past recall.
Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow,
Which is yet without blemish; what hath passed
Is hid from the world's eye, and only private
'Twixt us. Fair Lucrece, pull not on my head 5
The wrath of Rome; if I have done thee wrong,
Love was the cause; thy fame is without blot,
And thou in Sextus hast a true friend got.
Nay, sweet, look up; thou only hast my heart;
I must be gone; Lucrece, a kiss and part. 10

Lucrece

Oh!

She flings from him and exits

Sextus

No? peevish dame, farewell - then be the bruite*
Of thy own shame, which Tarquin would conceal;
I am armed 'gainst all can come; let mischief frown,
With all his terror armed with ominous fate*;
To all their spleens* a welcome I'll afford,
With this bold heart, strong hand and my good sword.

15

Exit

SCENE 18

Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Aruns, Scevola, Collatine

Brutus

What, so early, Valerius, and your voice not up yet? Thou wast wont
to be my lark, and raise me with thy early notes.

Valerius

I was never so hard set yet, my lord, but I had ever a fit of mirth for
my friend.

Brutus

Prithee, let's hear it then while we may, for I divine thy music and my
madness are both short lived; we shall have somewhat else to do ere
long, we hope, Valerius .

5

Horatius

Jove send it.

Valerius [Sings]

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day!
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

10

15

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast;

Sing, birds, in every furrow; 20
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow;
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare,* linnet, and cock-sparrow;
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves, 25
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Brutus

Methinks our wars go not well forwards*, Horatius; we have greater 30
enemies to bustle with than the Ardeans, if we durst but front* them.

Horatius

Would it were come to fronting.

Brutus

Then we married men should have the advantage of the bachelors,
Horatius, especially such as have revelling wives, those that can
caper in the city while their husbands are in the camp. Collatine, why
are you so sad? The thought of this should not trouble you, having 35
a Lucrece to your bedfellow.

Collatine

My Lord, I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry.

*Scevola**

Come, come, make him merry; let's have a song in praise of his
Lucrece.

Valerius

Content: 40

[*Sings*]

On two white columns arched she stands,
Some snow would think them sure;
Some crystal, others lilies stripped*,
But none of those so pure.

This beauty when I contemplate, 45
What riches I behold;
'Tis roofed within with virtuous thoughts,
Without, 'tis thatched with gold.

Two doors there are to enter at,
The one I'll not enquire, 50
Because concealed; the other seen,
Whose sight enflames desire.

Whether the porch be coral clear,
Or with rich crimson lined,
Or rose-leaves, lasting all the year, 55
It is not yet divined.

Her eyes not made of purest glass
Or crystal, but transpareth;*
The life of diamonds they surpass,
Their very sight ensnareth. 60

That which without we rough-cast* call,
To stand 'gainst wind and weather,
For its rare beauty equals all
That I have named together.

For were it not by modest Art 65
Kept from the sight of skies,
It would strike dim the sun itself,
And daze the gazer's eyes.

The case so rich, how may we praise
The jewel lodged within? 70
To draw their praise I were unwise,
To wrong them it were sin.

Aruns

I should be frolic if my brother were but returned to the camp.

*Horatius**

And in good time behold Prince Sextus .

[*Enter Sextus*]

All

Health to our general. 75

Sextus

Thank you.

Brutus

Will you survey your forces, and give order for a present assault?
Your soldiers long to be tugging with the Ardeans .

Sextus

No.

Collatine

Have you seen Lucretia, my lord? how fares she?

80

Sextus

Well, I'll to my tent.

Aruns

Why, how now, what's the matter, brother?

Exeunt the brothers

Brutus

'Thank you', 'No', 'Well, I'll to my tent': get thee to thy tent and
'Coward' go with thee, if thou hast no more spirit to a speedy
encounter.

85

Valerius

Shall I go after him and know the cause of his discontent?

Scevola

Or I, my lord?

Brutus

Neither. To pursue a fool in his humour is the next way to make him
more humorous*. I'll not be guilty of his folly, thank you, no. Before
I wish him health again when he is sick of the sullens, may I die, not
like a Roman, but like a runagate*.

90

Scevola

Perhaps he's not well.

Brutus

Well: then let him be.

*Valerius**

Nay, if he be dying, I could wish he were; I'll ring out his funeral peal,

and this it is. 95

Come list and hark:
The bell doth toll,
For some but new
Departing soul.

And was not that 100
Some ominous fowl,
The bat, the night-
Crow or screech-owl?

To these I hear 105
The wild wolf howl
In this black night
That seems to scowl.

All these my black-
Book, shall enrol,
For hark: still, still 110
The Bell doth toll
For some but now
Departing soul.

Scevola
Excellent, Valerius, but is not that Collatine's man?

Enter Clown

Valerius
The news with this hasty post? 115

Clown
Did nobody see my Lord Collatine ? Oh! my lady commends her to
you - here's a letter.

Collatine
Give it me.

Clown
Fie upon't, never was poor Pompey so over-laboured as I have been.
I think I have spurred my horse such a question, that he is scarce 120
able to wig or wag his tail* for an answer; but my lady bade me

spare for no horse-flesh, and I think I have made him run his race.

Brutus

Cousin Collatine, the news at Rome?

Collatine

Nothing but what you all may well partake: read here, my lord,

Brutus reads the letter

Brutus

Dear Lord, if ever thou will see thy Lucrece. 125

Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,

And, all important business set apart,

Repair to Rome; commend me to Lord Brutus,

Valerius, Mutius, Horatius.

Say I entreat their presence, where my father 130

Lucretius shall attend them. Farewell, sweet -

Th'affairs are great, then do not fail to meet.

Brutus

I'll thither as I live.

Exit

Collatine

I, though I die.

Exit

Scevola

To Rome with expeditious wings we'll fly! 135

Exit

Horatius

The news, the news? If it have any shape

Of sadness, if some prodigy have chanced

That may beget revenge, I'll cease to chafe,

Vex, martyr, grieve, torture, torment myself,

And tune my humour to strange strains of mirth. 140

My soul divines some happiness - speak, speak -

I know thou hast some news that will create me

Merry and musical, for I would laugh,

Be new transhaped. I prithee sing, Valerius,
That I may air with thee. 145

The last new song

Valerius

I'd think myself as proud in shackles
As doth the ship in all her tackles;
The wise man boasts no more his brains
Than I'd insult in gyves and chains;
As creditors would use their debtors, 150
So could I toss and shake my fetters,
But not confess; my thoughts should be
In durance fast as those kept me*;
And could, when spite their hearts environs,
Then dance to the music of my irons. 155

Now* tell us, what's the project* of thy message?

Clown

My lords, the princely Sextus has been at home, but what he hath
done there I may partly mistrust*, but cannot altogether resolve you:
besides, my Lady swore me, that whatsoever I suspected I should
say nothing. 160

Valerius

If thou wilt not say thy mind, I prithee sing thy mind, and then thou
mayst save thine oath.

Clown

Indeed, I was not sworn to that; I may either laugh out my news or
sing 'em, and so I may save mine oath to my lady.

Horatius

How's all at Rome, that with such sad presage* 165
Disturbèd Collatine and noble Brutus
Are hurried from the camp with Scevola?
And we with expedition 'mongst the rest,
Are charged to Rome? Speak, what did Sextus there
With thy fair mistress? 170

Valerius

Second me, my lord, and we'll urge him to disclose it.

*Valerius, Horatius, and the Clown: their catch**

Valerius

Did he take fair Lucrece by the toe, man?

Horatius

Toe, man?

Valerius

Ay, man.

Clown

Ha ha ha ha ha, man!

175

Horatius

And further did he strive to go, man?

Clown

Go, man?

Horatius

Ay, man.

Clown

Ha ha ha ha, man, fa derry derry down, ha fa derry dino!

Valerius

Did he take fair Lucrece by the heel, man?

180

Clown

Heel, man?

Valerius

Ay, man.

Clown

Ha ha ha ha, man!

Horatius

And did he further strive to feel, man?

Clown

Feel, man?

185

Horatius
Ay, man.

Clown
Ha ha ha ha, man, ha fa derry, &c.

Valerius
Did he take the lady by the shin, man?

Clown
Shin, man?

Valerius
Ay, man.

190

Clown
Ha ha ha ha, man.

Horatius
Further too would he have been, man?

Clown
Been, man?

Horatius
Ay, man.

Clown
Ha ha ha ha man, ha fa dery, &c.

195

Valerius
Did he take the lady by the knee, man?

Clown
Knee, man?

Valerius
Ay, man.

Clown
Ha ha ha ha, man.

Horatius
Farther then that would he be, man?

200

Clown
Be, man?

Horatius
Ay, man.

Clown
Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa derry, &c.

Valerius
Did he take the lady by the thigh, man?

Clown
Thigh, man?

205

Valerius
Ay, man.

Clown
Ha ha ha ha, man.

Horatius
And now he came it somewhat nigh, man?

Clown
Nigh, man?

Horatius
Ay, man.

210

Clown
Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.

Valerius
But did he do the t'other thing, man?

Clown
Thing, man?

Valerius
Ay, man.

Clown

Ha ha ha ha, man.

215

Horatius

And at the same had he a fling, man?

Clown

Fling, man?

Horatius

Ay, man.

Clown

Ha ha ha ha, man, hey fa dery, &c.

Exeunt

SCENE 19

A table and a chair covered with black. Lucrece and her maid

Lucrece

Mirable.

Mirable

Madam.

Lucrece

Is not my father, old Lucretius, come yet?

Mirable

Not yet.

Lucrece

Nor any from the camp?

5

Mirable

Neither, Madam.

Lucrece

Go, begone:

And leave me to the truest grief of heart

That ever entered any matron's breast:

Oh!

10

Mirable

Why weep you, lady? Alas, why do you stain
Your modest cheeks with these offensive tears?

Lucrece

Nothing, nay, nothing: O you powerful gods,
That should have angels guardant on your throne,
To protect innocence and chastity! Oh, why* 15
Suffer you such inhuman massacre
On harmless virtue? Wherefore take you charge
On sinless souls, to see them wounded thus
With rape or violence? or give* white innocence
Armour of proof 'gainst sin, or by oppression 20
Kill virtue quite, and guerdon base transgression?
Is it my fate above all other women?
Or is my sin more heinous than the rest,
That amongst thousands, millions, infinites,
I, only I, should to this shame be born, 25
To be a stain to women, nature's scorn?
Oh!

Mirable

What ails you, madam? Truth, you make me weep
To see you shed salt tears: what hath oppressed you?
Why is your chamber hung with mourning black, 30
Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swollen
With ominous tears? Alas, what troubles you?

Lucrece

I am not sad; thou didst deceive thyself;
I did not weep; there's nothing troubles me;
But wherefore dost thou blush?

Mirable

Madam, not I. 35

Lucrece

Indeed thou didst:
And in that blush my guilt thou didst betray.
How cam'st thou by the notice of my sin?

Mirable

What sin?

Lucrece

My blot, my scandal, and my shame:

Oh Tarquin, thou my honour didst betray; 40
Disgrace no time, no age can wipe away.
Oh!

Mirable

Sweet lady, cheer yourself: I'll fetch my viol,
And see if I can sing you fast asleep;
A little rest would wear away this passion. 45

Lucrece

Do what thou wilt, I can command no more;
Being no more a woman, I am now
Devote to death and an inhabitant
Of th'other world: these eyes must ever weep
Till fate hath closed them with eternal sleep. 50

*Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola, Valerius one way;
Lucretius another way*

Lucretius

Brutus!

Brutus

Lucretius!

Lucrece

Father!

Collatine

Lucrece!

Lucrece

Collatine! 55

Brutus

How cheer you, madam? how is't with you, cousin*?
Why is your eye deject and drowned in sorrow?
Why is this funeral black, and ornaments
Of widowhood? Resolve me, cousin Lucrece .

Horatio

How fare you, lady? 60

Lucretius

What's the matter, girl?

Collatine

Why how is't with you, Lucrece? Tell me, sweet,
Why dost thou hide thy face? and with thy hand
Darken those eyes that were my suns of joy,
To make my pleasures flourish in the spring?

65

Lucrece

Oh me!

Valerius

Whence are these sighs and tears?

Scevola

How grows this passion?

Brutus

Speak, lady, you are hemmed in* with your friends.
Girt in a pale* of safety, and environed
And circled in a fortress of your kindred.
Let not those drops fall fruitless to the ground,
Nor let your sighs add to the senseless wind.
Speak: who hath wronged you?

70

Lucrece

Ere I speak my woe,
Swear you'll revenge poor Lucrece on her foe.

Brutus

Be his head arched with gold -

Horatius

Be his hand armed
With an imperial sceptre -

75

Lucretius

Be he great
As Tarquin, throned in an imperial seat -

Brutus

Be he no more than mortal, he shall feel

The vengeful edge of this victorious steel.

Lucrece

Then seat you, lords, whilst I express* my wrong. 80
Father, dear husband, and my kinsmen lords,
Hear me: I am dishonoured and disgraced,
My reputation mangled, my renown
Disparaged - but my body, oh, my body!

Collatine

What, Lucrece ?

Lucrece

Stained, polluted, and defiled. 85
Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,
Yet is my body soiled with lust-burned sin,
And by a stranger I am strumpeted*,
Ravished, enforced, and am no more to rank 90
Among the Roman matrons.

Brutus

Yet cheer you, lady, and restrain these tears;
If you were forced, the sin concerns not you;
A woman's born but with a* woman's strength.
Who was the ravisher?

Horatio

Ay, name him, lady:
Our love to you shall only thus appear 95
In the revenge that we will take on him.

Lucrece

I hope so, lords: 'twas Sextus, the king's son.

All

How? Sextus Tarquin!

Lucrece

That unprincely prince,
Who guest-wise entered with my husband's ring,
This ring, O Collatine! this ring you sent 100
Is cause of all my woe, your discontent.
I feasted him, then lodged him, and bestowed

My choicest welcome; but in dead of night
 My traitorous guest came armed unto my bed,
 Frighted my silent sleep, threatened, and prayed
 For entertainment. I despisèd both,
 Which hearing, his sharp-pointed scimitar
 The tyrant bent against my naked breast.
 Alas! I begged my death, but note his tyranny:
 He brought with him a torment worse than death, 110
 For, having murdered me, he swore to kill
 One of my basest grooms, and lodge him dead
 In my dead arms, then call in testimony
 Of my adultery, to make me hated,
 Even* in my death, of husband, father, friends, 115
 Of Rome and all the world; this, this, oh princes,
 Ravished and killed me at once.

Collatine

Yet comfort, lady;

I quit thy guilt, for what could Lucrece do
 More than a woman? Hadst thou died polluted 120
 By this base scandal, thou hadst wronged thy fame;
 And hindered us of a most just revenge.

All

What shall we do, lords?

Brutus

Lay your resolute hands

Upon the sword of Brutus; vow and swear,
 As you hope meed for merit from the gods, 125
 Or fear reward for sin from devils below;
 As you are Romans, and esteem your fame
 More than your lives, all humorous toys* set off,
 Of madding, singing, smiling, and what else,
 Receive your native valours, be yourselves, 130
 And join with Brutus in the just revenge
 Of this chaste ravished lady – swear!

All

We do.

Lucrece

Then with your humours* here my grief ends too:
 My stain I thus wipe off, call in my sighs,

And in the hope of this revenge, forbear 135
Even to my death to fall* one passionate tear;
Yet, lords, that you may crown my innocence
With your* best thoughts, that you may henceforth know
We are the same in heart we seem in show,
And though I quit my soul of all such sin, *The lords whisper** 140
I'll not debar my body punishment:
Let all the world learn of a Roman dame,
To prize her life less than her honoured fame.

Kills herself

Lucretius
Lucrece!

Collatine
Wife!

Brutus
Lady!

Scevola
She hath slain herself!

Valerius
Oh, see yet, lords, if there be hope of life. 145

Brutus
She's dead: then turn your funeral tears to fire
And indignation; let us now redeem
Our misspent time, and overtake our sloth
With hostile expedition. This, great lords,
This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flowed, 150
Shall not from Brutus till some strange revenge
Fall on the heads of Tarquins.

Horatius
Now's the time
To call their pride to comp*. Brutus, lead on -
We'll follow thee to their confusion.

Valerius
By Jove, we will: the sprightful* youth of Rome, *spirited 155
Tricked up in plumèd harness, shall attend

The march of Brutus, whom we here create
Our general against the Tarquins.

Scevola

Be it so.

Brutus

We embrace it. Now to stir the wrath of Rome:
You, Collatine and good Lucretius, 160
With eyes yet drowned in tears, bear that chaste body
Into the market-place; that horrid object
Shall kindle them with a most just revenge.

Horatius

To see the father and the husband mourn
O'er this chaste dame, that have so well deserved 165
Of Rome and them; then to infer the pride,
The wrongs and the perpetual tyranny
Of all the Tarquins, Servius Tullius' death,
And his unnatural usage by that monster,
Tullia the Queen; all these shall well concur 170
In a combined revenge.

Brutus

Lucrece, thy death we'll mourn in glittering arms
And plumèd casks: some* bear that reverend load,
Unto the Forum, where our force shall meet
To set upon the palace, and expel 175
This viperous brood from Rome: I know the people
Will gladly embrace our fortunes. Scevola,
Go you and muster powers in Brutus' name.
Valerius, you assist him instantly,
And to the mazed* people freely speak 180
The cause of this concourse.

Valerius

We go.

Exeunt Valerius & Scevola

Brutus

And you dear lords, whose speechless grief is boundless,
Turn all your tears, with ours, to wrath and rage.
The hearts of all the Tarquins shall weep blood 185

Upon the funeral hearse, with whose chaste body,
Honour your arms, and to th'assembled people
Disclose her innocent wounds. Gramercies, lords.

A great shout and a flourish with drums and trumpets

That universal shout tells me their words
Are gracious with the people, and their troops
Are ready embattled, and expect but us
To lead them on*. Jove give our fortunes speed!
We'll murder murder, and base rape shall bleed.

190

[*Exeunt*]*

SCENE 20

Alarum: enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying, pursued by Brutus, and the Romans march with drum and colours. Porsenna, Aruns, Sextus, Tarquin; and Tullia meets and joins with them: to them Brutus and the Romans with drum and soldiers; they make a stand

Brutus

Even thus far, tyrant, have we dogged thy steps,
Frighting thy queen and thee* with horrid steel.

Tarquin

Lodged in the safety of Porsenna's arms,
Now, traitor Brutus, we dare front thy pride.

Horatius

Porsenna, thou'rt unworthy of a sceptre,
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyranny,
In that proud prince and his confederate peers.

5

Sextus

Traitors to heaven, to Tarquin, Rome and us!
Treason to kings doth stretch even to the gods,
And those high gods that take great Rome in charge
Shall punish your rebellion.

10

Collatine

O devil Sextus, speak not thou of gods,

Nor cast those false and feignèd eyes to heaven,
Whose rape the furies must torment in hell*,
Of Lucrece, Lucrece!

Scevola

Her chaste blood still cries
For vengeance to the ethereal deities. 15

Lucretius

Oh 'twas a foul deed, Sextus.

Valerius

And thy shame
Shall be eternal and outlive her fame.

Aruns

Say Sextus loved her - was she not a woman?
Ay, and perhaps was willing to be forced. 20
Must you, being private subjects, dare to ring
War's loud alarum 'gainst your potent king?

Porsenna

Brutus, therein thou dost forget thyself,
And wrong'st the glory of thine ancestors,
Staining thy blood with treason.

Brutus

Tuscan, know 25
The consul Brutus is their powerful foe.

All Tarquins

Consul!

Horatius

Ay, consul: and the powerful hand of Rome
Grasps his imperial* sword; the name of king
The tyrant Tarquins have made odious 30
Unto this nation and the general knee
Of this our warlike people now low bends
To royal Brutus, where the king's name ends.

Brutus

Now, Sextus, where's the oracle? When I kissed
My mother earth it plainly did foretell 35

My noble virtues did* thy sin exceed:
Brutus should sway, and lust-burned Tarquin bleed.

Valerius

Now shall the blood of Servius fall as heavy
As a huge mountain on your tyrant heads,
O'erwhelming all your glory.

Horatius

Tullia's guilt

Shall be by us revenged, that in her pride
In blood paternal her rough coach-wheels dyed.

40

Lucretius

Your tyrannies -

Scevola

Pride -

Collatine

And my Lucrece' fate,
Shall all be swallowed in this hostile hate.

Sextus

O Romulus! thou that first reared yon walls
In sight of which we stand, in thy soft bosom
Is hanged* the nest in which the Tarquins build;
Within* the branches of thy lofty spires
Tarquin shall perch, or where he once hath stood
His high built eyrie shall be drowned in blood!
Alarum then! Brutus, by heaven I vow
My sword shall prove thou ne'er wast mad till now.

45

50

Brutus

Sextus, my madness with your lives expires;
Thy sensual eyes are fixed upon that wall
Thou ne'er shall enter; Rome confines you all.

55

Porsenna

A charge then!

Tarquin

Jove and Tarquin!

Horatius

But we cry

A* Brutus!

Brutus

Lucrece, fame* and victory!

*Alarum: the Romans are beaten off.**

SCENE 21

Alarum: enter Brutus, Horatius Valerius, Scevola, Lucretius and Collatine

Brutus

Thou Jovial hand, hold up thy sceptre high,
And let not justice be oppressed with pride!
O you Penates,* leave not Rome and us
Grasped in the purple hands of death and ruin!
The Tarquins have the best.

5

Horatius

Yet stand: my foot is fixed upon this bridge;
Tiber, thy archèd streams shall be changed crimson,
With Roman blood before I budge from hence.

Scevola

Brutus, retire: for if thou enter Rome
We are all lost*. Stand not on valour now,
But save thy people; let's survive this day,
To try the fortunes of another field.

10

Valerius

Break down the bridge, lest the pursuing enemy
Enter with us and take the spoil of Rome.

Horatius

Then break* behind me: for, by heaven, I'll grow
And root my foot as deep as to the centre,
Before I leave this passage.

15

Lucretius

Come, you're mad!

Collatine

The foe comes on, and we in trifling here
Hazard our self and people.

Horatius

Save them all -
To make Rome stand, Horatius here will fall. 20

Brutus

We would not lose thee, do not breast* thyself
'Gainst* thousands; if thou front'st* them, thou art ringed*
With million swords and darts, and we behind
Must break the bridge of Tiber to save Rome.
Before thee, infinite gaze on thy face 25
And menace death; the raging streams of Tiber
Are at thy back to swallow thee.

Horatius

Retire -
To make Rome live, 'tis death that I desire.

Brutus

Then farewell, dead Horatius! Think in us
The universal arm of potent Rome 30
Takes his last leave of thee in this embrace.

All embrace him

Horatius

Farewell.

All

Farewell.

Brutus

These arches all must down
To interdict* their passage through* the town.

Exeunt [all but Horatius]

*Alarum. Enter Tarquin, Porsenna, and Aruns with their pikes and targeters**

All

Enter, enter, enter.

A noise of knocking down the bridge, within.

Horatius

Soft, Tarquin! See a bulwark* to the bridge 35
You first must pass; the man that enters here
Must make his passage through Horatius' breast.
See, with this target* do I buckler* Rome, *see notes to lines 33 SD
And with this sword defy the puissant army
Of two great kings.

Porsenna

One man to face an host! 40
Charge, soldiers! of full forty thousand Romans
There's but one daring hand against your host,
To keep you from the sack or spoil of Rome.
Charge, charge!

Aruns

Upon them, soldiers! 45

*Alarum. Enter in several places, Sextus and Valerius above**

Sextus

O cowards, slaves, and vassals! what, not enter?
Was it for this you placed my regiment
Upon a hill, to be the sad spectator
Of such a general cowardice? Tarquin, Aruns,
Porsenna, soldiers, pass Horatius quickly, 50
For they behind him will devolve* the bridge,
And raging Tiber that's impassable
Your host must swim before you conquer Rome.

Valerius

Yet stand, Horatius: bear but one brunt* more;
The arched bridge* shall sink upon his* piles, 55
And in his fall lift thy renown to heaven.

Sextus

Yet enter!

Valerius

Dear Horatius, yet stand

And save a million by one powerful hand!

Alarum, and the falling of the bridge

Aruns and all

Charge, charge, charge!

Sextus

Degenerate slaves, the bridge is fallen! Rome's lost! 60

Valerius

Horatius, thou art stronger than their host*;
Thy strength is valour*, theirs are idle braves*,
Now save thyself, and leap into the waves.

Horatius

Porsenna, Tarquin, now wade past your depths
And enter Rome. I feel my body sink 65

Beneath my ponderous weight. Rome is preserved -

And now farewell; for he that follows me

Must search the bottom of this raging stream.

Fame, with thy golden wings renown my crest!

And Tiber, take me on thy silver breast. 70

Exit [also Valerius]

Porsenna

He's leaped off from the bridge and drowned himself!

Sextus

You are deceived; his spirit soars too high
To be choked in with the base element
Of water – lo! he swims armed as he was,
Whilst all the army have discharged their arrows, 75
Of which the shield upon his back sticks full.

Shout and flourish

And hark, the shout of all the multitude
Now welcomes him a-land; Horatius' fame
Hath checked our armies with a general shame.

But come, tomorrow's fortune must restore 80

This scandal*, which I of the gods implore.

Porsenna

Then we must find another time, fair prince
To scourge these people, and revenge your wrongs.
For this night I'll betake me to my tent.

[Exit]

Tarquin

And we to ours: tomorrow we'll renown*
Our army with the spoil of this rich town.

85

Exit Tarquin cum suis

SCENE 22

A table and lights in [Porsenna's] tent

Enter [Porsenna and Porsenna's] Secretary

Porsenna

Our secretary!

Secretary

My lord.

Porsenna

Command lights and torches in our tents.

Enter soldiers with torches

And let a guard engirt our safety round,
Whilst we debate of military business:
Come, sit and let's consult.

5

Enter Scevola disguised

Scevola

[Aside] Horatius, famous for defending Rome -
But we ha' done naught worthy Scevola,
Nor a Roman; I in this disguise
Have passed the army and the puissant guard

10

Of King Porsenna; this should be his tent;
And in good time, now fate direct my strength
Against a king, to free great Rome at length.

[*Stabs the Secretary in mistake for Porsenna*]

Secretary

Oh, I am slain! treason, treason!

Porsenna

Villain! what hast thou done?

15

Scevola

Why, slain the king.

Porsenna

What king?

Scevola

Porsenna.

Porsenna

Porsenna lives to see thee tortured,
With plagues more devilish than the pains* of hell.

20

Scevola

O too rash Mutius, hast thou missed thy aim?
And thou base hand that didst direct my poniard*
Against a peasant's breast - behold, thy error
Thus I will punish: I will give thee freely
Unto the fire, nor will I wear a limb,
That with such rashness shall offend his lord.

25

[*Thrusts his hand into the fire*]

Porsenna

What will the madman do?

Scevola

Porsenna, so -
Punish my hand thus, for not killing thee.
Three hundred noble lads beside myself
Have vowed to all the gods that patron Rome
Thy ruin for supporting tyranny:

30

And though I fail, expect yet every hour
When some strange fate thy fortunes will devour.

Porsenna

Stay, Roman, we admire thy constancy
And scorn of fortune: go, return to Rome - 35
We give thee life - and say, the king Porsenna,
Whose life thou seek'st, is in* this honorable.
Pass freely - guard him to the walls of Rome -
And were we not so much engaged to Tarquin,
We would not lift a hand against that nation 40
That breeds such noble spirits.

Scevola

Well, I go,
And for revenge take life e'en of* my foe.

[*Exit Scevola*]

Porsenna

Conduct him safely. What, three hundred gallants
Sworn to our death, and all resolved like him!
We'll prove for* Tarquin; if they* fail our hopes*, 45
Peace shall be made with Rome. But first our secretary
Shall have his rights of funeral; then our shield
We must address next for tomorrow's field.

Exit

SCENE 23

Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine, Lucretius marching

Brutus

By thee we are consul, and still govern Rome,
Which but for thee, had been despoiled and ta'en,
Made a confusèd heap of men and stones,
Swimming in blood and slaughter; dear Horatius,
Thy noble picture shall be carved in brass, 5
And fixed for thy perpetual memory
In our high Capitol.

Horatius

Great consul, thanks;
But leaving this, let's march out of the city,
And once more bid them battle on the plains.

Valerius

This day my soul divines we shall live free 10
From all the furious Tarquins: but where's Scevola?
We see not him today.

Enter Scevola

Scevola

Here Lords, behold me handless as you see.
The cause: I missed Porsenna in his tent,
And in his stead killed but his secretary. 15
The movèd King, when he beheld me punish
My rash mistake with loss of my right hand,
Unbeggèd, and almost scorned*, he gave me life;
Which I had then refused, but in desire*
To 'venge fair Lucrece' rape.

Soft alarum

Horatius

Dear Scevola, 20
Thou hast exceeded us in our resolve;
But will the Tarquins give us present battle?

Scevola

That may ye hear: the skirmish is begun
Already 'twixt the horse.

Lucretius

Then, noble consul,
Lead our main battle* on.

Brutus

O Jove, this day 25
Balance our cause, and let her innocent blood,
Destroy the heads of all the Tarquins; see this day*
In her cause do we consecrate our lives,
And in defence of justice now march on.
I hear their martial music: be our shock 30
As terrible as are the meeting clouds

That break in thunder; yet our hopes are fair,
And this rough charge shall all our hopes repair.

Exeunt

SCENE 24

Alarum, battle within

Enter Porsenna and Aruns

Porsenna

Yet grow our lofty plumes unflagged* with blood,
And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the air*:
How goes the battle, Aruns?

Aruns

'Tis even balanced.

I interchanged with Brutus, hand to hand;
A dangerous encounter; both are wounded,
And had not the rude press divided us,
One had dropped down to earth.

5

Porsenna

'Twas bravely fought.

I saw the King your father free his person
From thousand Romans that begirt his state,
Where flying arrows thick as atoms sung
About his ears.

10

Aruns

I hope a glorious day.

Come, Tuscan king, let's on them!

Alarum

Enter Horatius and Valerius

Horatius

Aruns, stay!

That sword that late did drink the consul's blood*,
Must with keen fang tire* upon my flesh,

15

Or this on thine.

Aruns

It spared the consul's life
To end thy days in a more glorious strife.

Valerius

I stand against thee, Tuscan*.

Porsenna

I for thee.

Horatius

Where'er I find a Tarquin, he's for me.

Alarum, fight. Aruns slain, Porsenna expelled**

*Alarum: enter Tarquin with an arrow in his breast; Tullia with him,
pursued by Collatine, Lucretius, Scevola*

Tarquin

Fair Tullia, leave me; save thyself by flight,
Since mine* is desperate; behold, I am wounded
Even to the death. There stays within my tent
A wingèd jennet - mount his back and fly -
Live to revenge my death, since I must die.

20

Tullia

Had I the heart to tread upon the bulk
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughtered,
Only for the* love of Tarquin and a crown,
And shall I fear death more than loss of both?
No, this is Tullia's fame; rather than fly
From Tarquin, 'mongst a thousand swords she'll die.

25

30

All

Hew them to pieces both.

Tarquin

My Tullia save,
And o'er my caitiff head those meteors* wave.

Collatine

Let Tullia yield then.

Tullia

Yield me*, cuckold, no!
Mercy I scorn; let me the danger know*.

Scevola

Upon them, then!

Valerius

Let's bring them to their fate, 35
And let them perish in the people's hate.

Tullia

Fear not - I'll back thee, husband!

Tarquin

But for thee,
Sweet were the hand that this charged* soul could free.
Life I despise; let noble Sextus stand
To avenge our death. Even till these vitals* end, 40
Scorning my own, thy life will I defend.

Tullia

And I'll, sweet Tarquin, to my power guard thine -
Come on, ye slaves, and make this earth divine*!

*Alarum; Tarquin and Tullia slain**

Alarum; [enter] Brutus all bloody

Brutus

Aruns, this crimson favour*, for thy sake,
I'll wear upon my forehead masked with blood, 45
Till all the moisture in the Tarquins' veins
Be spilt upon the earth, and leave thy body
As dry as the parched summer, burnt and scorched
With the canicular* stars.

Horatius

Aruns lies dead,
By this bright sword that towered about his head. 50

Collatine

And see, great Consul, where the pride of Rome

Lies sunk and fallen.

Valerius

Besides him lies the queen,
Mangled and hewn amongst the Roman soldiers.

Horatius

Lift up their slaughtered bodies; help to rear them
Against this hill in view of all the camp.
This fight will be a terror to the foe,
And make them yield or fly.

55

Brutus

But where's the ravisher,
Injurious Sextus, that we see not him?

Short Alarum

Enter Sextus

Sextus

Through broken spears, cracked swords, unbowelled steeds,
Flawed armours, mangled limbs, and battered casques,
Knee-deep in blood, I ha' pierced the Roman host
To be my father's rescue.

60

Horatius

'Tis too late;
His mounting pride's sunk in the people's hate.

Sextus

My father, mother, brother! Fortune, now
I do defy thee; I expose myself
To horrid danger; safety I despise;
I dare the worst of peril; I am bound
On till this pile of flesh* be all one wound.

65

Valerius

Begirt him, lords, this is the ravisher;
There's no revenge for Lucrece till he fall.

70

Lucretius

Cease Sextus then!

Sextus

Sextus defies you all;
Yet will you give me language ere I die.

Brutus

Say on.

Sextus

'Tis not for mercy, for I scorn that life
That's given by any; and, the more to add 75
To your immense unmeasurable hate,
I was the spur unto my father's pride;
'Twas I that awed the princes of the land;
That made thee, Brutus, mad, these discontent;
I ravished the chaste Lucrece; Sextus, I; 80
Thy daughter, and thy wife*; Brutus, thy cousin;
Allied indeed to all; 'twas for* my rape
Her constant hand ripped up her innocent breast:
'Twas Sextus did all this.

Collatine

Which I'll revenge.

Horatius

Leave that to me.

Lucretius

Old as I am, I'll do't. 85

Scevola

I have one hand left yet, of strength enough
To kill a ravisher.

Sextus

Come all at once, ay, all -
Yet hear me, Brutus, thou art honourable,*
And my words tend to thee: my father died
By many hands; what's he 'mongst you can challenge 90
The least, ay, smallest honour in his death?
If I be killed among this hostile throng,
The poorest snaky* soldier well may claim
As much renown in noble Sextus' death
As Brutus, thou, or thou, Horatius: 95
I am to die, and more than die I cannot;

Rob not your selves of honour in my death.
When the two mightiest spirits of Greece and Troy,
Tugged for the mast'ry, Hector and Achilles,
Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand 100
Died in single monomachy*, Achilles
Had been the worthy; but, being slain by odds,
The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
As faint* Achilles in the Trojan's death*.

Brutus

Hadst thou not done a deed so execrable 105
That gods and men abhor, I'd love thee, Sextus,
And hug thee for this challenge breathed so freely.
Behold, I stand for Rome as general*;
Thou of the Tarquins dost alone survive,
The head of all these garboils*, the chief actor 110
Of that black sin, which we chastise by arms.
Brave Romans, with your bright swords be our lists,*
And ring us in*; none dare to offend the prince
By the least touch, lest he incur our wrath;
This honour do your Consul, that his hand 115
May punish this arch-mischief, that the times
Succeeding may of Brutus thus much tell:
By him, pride, lust, and all the Tarquins fell.

Sextus

To ravish Lucrece, cuckold Collatine,
And spill the chastest blood that ever ran 120
In any matron's veins, repents me* not
So much as to ha' wronged a gentleman
So noble as the consul in this strife.
Brutus, be bold! Thou fights with one scorns life.

Brutus

And thou with one that less than his renown 125
Prizeth his blood, or Rome's imperial crown*.

Alarum; a fierce fight with sword and target; then, after, pause and breath

Brutus

Sextus, stand fair: much honour shall I win
To revenge Lucrece, and chastise thy sin.

Sextus

I repent nothing, may I live or die;
Though my blood fall, my spirit shall mount on high. 130

*Alarum; fight with single swords, and being deadly wounded and panting for breath, making a stroke at each, together with their gauntlets they fall **

Horatius

Both slain! O noble Brutus, this thy fame
To after ages shall survive; thy body
Shall have a fair and gorgeous sepulchre;
For whom the matrons shall in funeral black
Mourn twelve sad moons; thou that first governed Rome, 135
And swayed the people by a Consul's name.
These bodies of the Tarquins we'll commit
Unto the funeral pile. You, Collatine,
Shall succeed Brutus in the Consul's place,
Whom with this laurel-wreath* we here create*.
140

Crown him with a laurel

Such is the people's voice; accept it, then.

Collatine

We do, and may our power so just appear,
Rome may have peace, both with our love and fear.
But soft, what march is this?

Flourish; [Enter] Porsenna. Drum; Collatine and Soldiers*

Porsenna

The Tuscan king, seeing the Tarquins slain, 145
Thus armed and battled offers peace to Rome:
To confirm which, we'll give you present hostage;
If you deny, we'll stand upon our guard,
And by the force of arms maintain our own.

Valerius

After so much effusion and large waste 150
Of Roman blood, the name of peace is welcome:
Since of the Tarquins none remain in Rome,
And Lucrece' rape is now revenged at full,
'Twere good to entertain Porsenna's league.

Collatine

Porsenna we embrace, whose royal presence
Shall grace the Consul to the funeral pile.
March on to Rome, love be our guard and guide,
That hath in us, 'venged rape, and punished pride.

155

Exeunt

Back matter

To the Reader.

Because we would not that any man's expectation should be deceived
in the ample printing of this book: lo, gentle reader, we have inserted
these few songs, which were added by the stranger that lately* acted
Valerius his part, in form following:

5

The Cries of Rome

Thus go the cries in Rome fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Round and sound, all of a colour;
Buy a very fine marking stone*, marking stone;
Round and sound, all of a colour,
Buy a very fine marking stone, a very very fine!

10

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Bread and---meat---bread---and meat
For the---ten---der---mercy of God
To the poor pris---ners of Newgate,
Four-score and ten---poor---prisoners.

15

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Salt---salt---white Wor---stershire salt!

20

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Buy a very fine mouse trap,
Or a tormentor for your fleas!

Thus go the cries in Rome fair town, 25
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Kitchen-stuff maids!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Ha' you any wood to cleave? 30

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

I ha' white radish,
White hard lettuce,
White young onions! 35

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

I ha' rock-sampier*, rock-sampier!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town, 40
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Buy a mat, a mil-mat, *
Mat, a hassock for your pew;
A stopple for a close stool*,
Or a pesock* to thrust your feet in!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town, 45
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Whiting, maids, whiting!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Hot fine oat-cakes, hot! 50

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Small-coals here!

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down. 55

Will you buy any milk today?

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Lantern and candle-light here,
Maid, a light here! 60

Thus go the cries in Rome's fair town,
First they go up street, and then they go down.

Here lies a company
Of very poor women,
In the dark dungeon, 65
Hungry, cold and comfortless,
Night and day,
Pity the poor women,
In the dark dungeon!

Thus go the cries where they do house them, 70
First they come to the grate, and then they go louse them.

The second Song

Arise, arise, my Juggie*, my Puggie*,
Arise, get up, my dear;
The weather is cold, it blows, it snows;
Oh, let me be lodged here. 75
My Juggie, my Puggie, my honey, my coney*,
My love, my dove, my dear;
Oh, oh, the weather is cold, it blows, it snows,

Oh, oh, let me lodged here.

Begone, begone, my Willie, my Billie, 80

Begone, begone, my dear;

The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm,

Thou can'st not be lodged here.

My Willy, my Billie, my honey, my coney,

My love, my dove, my dear; 85

Oh, oh, the weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm,

Oh, oh, thou canst not be lodged here.

Farewell, farewell, my Juggie, my Puggie,

Farewell, farewell, my dear;

Then will I begone from whence that I came, 90

If I cannot be lodged here.

My Juggie my Puggie, my honey, my coney,

My love, my dove, my dear;

Oh, oh, then will I be gone, from whence that I came,

Oh, oh, if I cannot be lodged here. 95

Return, return, my Willie, my Billie,

Return, my dove and my dear;

The weather doth change, then seem not strange,

Thou shalt be lodged here.

My Willie, my Billie, my honey, my coney. 100

My love, my dove, my dear;

Oh, oh, the weather doth change, then seem not strange,

Oh, oh, and thou shalt be lodged here.