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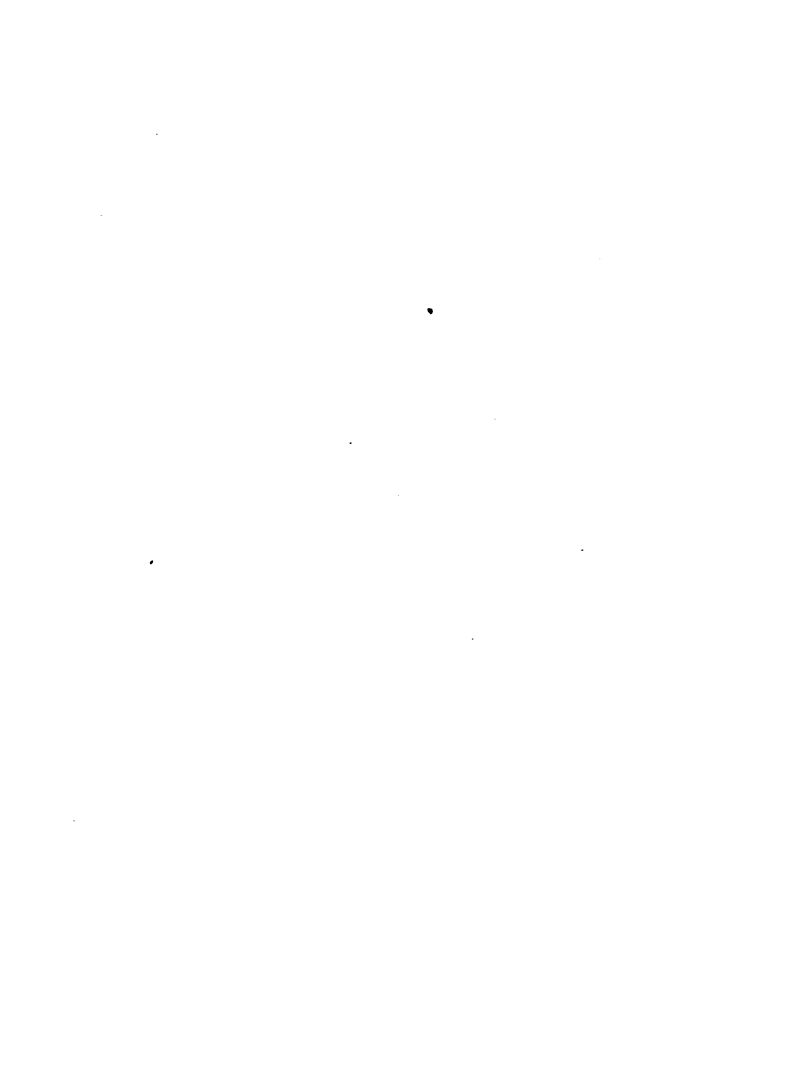
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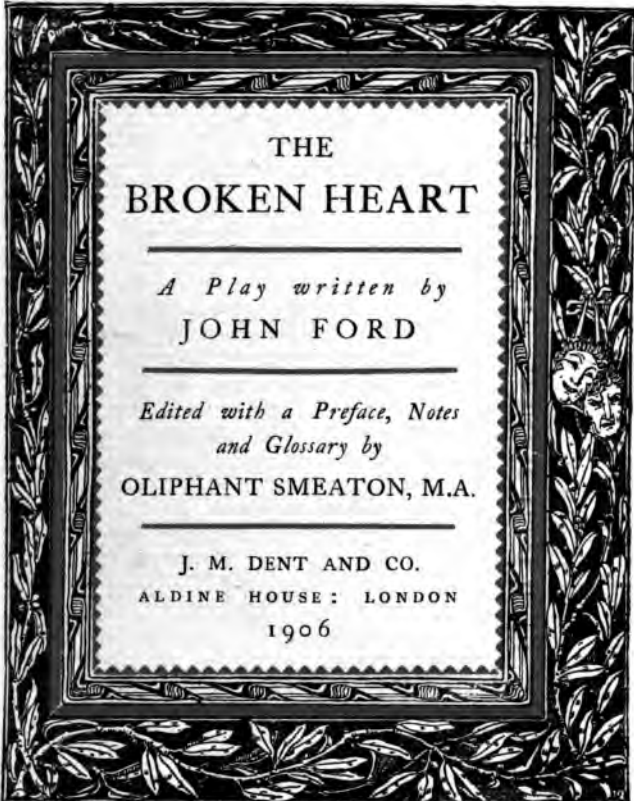
THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS
FORD'S BROKEN HEART











THE
BROKEN HEART

A Play written by
JOHN FORD

*Edited with a Preface, Notes
and Glossary by*
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INTRODUCTION

The Biography of John Ford. If the greatness of many of the Elizabethans were to be estimated by the amount of biographical material left by them as footprints on the sands of time, a mighty reconsideration would have to be made of our critical estimates of many leading writers. Of even the glory of British letters himself what do we know, save that he was born at Stratford, was a player and a dramatist in London, bought certain properties in his native town, and died there in his 53rd year? Literary men and, most of all, playwrights, were in those days looked askance at. The world of that day reserved its biographic favours for the warriors and the statesmen and the navigators; the men who were thought to be doing something to build up the material greatness of England. Pathetic in the extreme is it to read nowadays the dedication by some of the writers and dramatists to the 'great ones' of their age, in which the men of the pen literally grovelled before the men of the sword and the Senate House. Yet how stands the balance now? The whirligig of time has assuredly brought in his revenges, for these same soldiers and senators would to-day be as absolutely and irrevocably forgotten as are the leaves and flowers of the spacious times of Great Elizabeth, were it not for the mention made of them in connection with the works of those despised writers and dramatists.

Ford is no exception to the general rule above quoted. We know very little about him, save that he was born the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq., of Ilsington, in North-west Devonshire, where his paternal ancestors had been established for many generations, and that he was baptized in Ilsington Church, in that county, April 17, 1586. On the mother's side he was the grandson of Lord Chief Justice Popham. Of his early years and education, of his youthful predilections, of his studies and sports we know nothing, save that when 16 he repaired to London and was admitted to the Middle Temple. He appears from some contemporary references to have practised law with a fair measure of success, for he more than once refers to business relations with noblemen, suggestive of intercourse with them of a kind both close and confidential.

His legal vocations, however, did not prevent him engaging in literary work, and in the year 1606 he published *Fame's Memorial*, an elegiac poem on the death of the Earl of Devonshire, dedicating it to the Countess. This was followed in the same year by a pamphlet entitled *Honour Triumphant*, in which he sought to vindicate the honour of all fair ladies in the four following dicta: (1) Knights in ladies' service have no free-will; (2) Beauty is the maintainer of valour; (3) A fair lady was never false; (4) Perfect lovers are alone wise.

In 1613 Ford produced a comedy, *An Ill Beginning has a Good End*, but no information is extant as to how it was received. He was evidently at this time doing a good deal of journeyman dramatic work, cobbling up old plays and adapting them to present wants and conditions.

In 1615 Ford wrote a sketch of his friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, who had been poisoned two years before, at the instance of

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the infamous Countess of Essex, who had married the Earl of Rochester; and this was followed in 1620 by a prose pamphlet, *The Line of Life*. It is inconceivable that during the intervening years Ford should have been absolutely silent. That is not in keeping with what is known of his character. Rather is it probable that what he wrote during those years has been lost. Dramatic work and the bulk of secular literature was generally looked upon as so much lumber, to be got out of the way as conveniently and expeditiously as possible.

Ford was not a lover of pleasure, but lived laborious days, and appears to have collaborated, in the first place, with Dekker and Rowley in the *Witch of Edmonton*, a tragedy based upon the facts in the life of Mother Sawyer, an alleged Elizabethan witch. Two years later the masque of *The Sun's Darling*, by Ford and Dekker, was played at the Cockpit. This composition, however, must be regarded as being more in the style of Dekker than Ford. In 1628 our dramatist had his extant play, *The Lover's Melancholy*, acted at the Blackfriars and Globe theatres. The success was sufficient to spur him on to further endeavours. Though he unquestionably had written plays prior to this, whether it was that they had not succeeded, or had not come up to his own standard, certain it is that after this date his style underwent a change for the better. *The Lover's Melancholy* is a play which many think tedious and wearisome, and yet to other minds this very characteristic is its recommendation, for thereby the play of motive and of emotion is so strikingly brought out. Palador and Eroclea, Menaphon and Thamasta, Amethus and Cleophilas are finely contrasted types, each one of which will repay study.

We have no exact record as to the dates of composition of the

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next three plays. *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, *The Broken Heart*, and *Love's Own Sacrifice* were all printed in 1633, and *Perkin Warbeck* in 1634. In all probability the popularity accruing from *The Lover's Melancholy* had stimulated Ford's genius, and he wrote these noble dramas in rapid succession while the inspiration was upon him. Certainly every one of them is of a high order of excellence. The first-named, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, despite its unpleasant title, has always been popular, the characters of Giovanni and Annabella being among the greatest and the most impressive in Elizabethan drama. The theme, although it deals with the repulsive topic of the love of a brother and sister, is so skilfully treated by Ford that we sympathise and condone rather than reprobate and condemn the sin of the hapless pair. The catastrophe is solemn and affecting, Ford rising to a height of true tragic sublimity he never equalled elsewhere. *Love's Sacrifice* is a strong play, but the subject is once more 'offensive,' to quote Professor Saintsbury's apt designation of the theme, and all the strength of treatment which Ford lavishes on the piece cannot do away with the feeling left in the mind that such subjects are not pleasant reading. Albeit the characters of Bianca and Fernando, the Duke Caraffa and his sister Fiormonda, are vividly portrayed, our latter-day sensibilities shrink from such a banquet of horrors as is here provided.

In all, sixteen plays are attributed to Ford, either writing alone or in collaboration. Of these several, such as *Beauty in a Trance*, *The London Merchant*, *The Royal Comedy*, *An Ill Beginning has a Good End*, all written by himself, were destroyed by the vandal hand of Warburton's cook; while he appears also to have written in conjunction with Dekker,

Webster, Rowley, many masques, some of which have been preserved, but others have perished.

The Broken Heart—Date of Composition. In all likelihood the play to which we are about to devote our attention was written about the year 1628. It was produced by the 'King's Servants' at the Blackfriars Theatre in 1629, although there has always been a doubt as to which play—the *Broken Heart* or *Love's Sacrifice*, which was produced by the 'Queen's Servants' at the Phoenix—had priority of composition. In the latter there are certain indications which would lead us to conclude that it had been written first. The 'women anticks,' which were alluded to in *Love's Sacrifice* (Act III., Sc. 2), were those French women who first acted female parts in London in November, 1629, though under a storm of disapproval from the Puritans; while they were also very distinctly referred to in one of Bassanes' violent speeches in the *Broken Heart* (III. ii., 157). The play was published in 1633 by Hugh Beeston.

Sources of the Play.—The sources of the play are probably some well-known contemporary novel translated from the Italian and published about this time. Of these there were a very large number, and the fact is by no means extraordinary that it has fallen entirely out of ken. True, the Prologue says that the incidents are based on fact—

'What may be here thought "Fiction," when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known *A Truth*.'

Mr. Ward does not incline to take the view that this must be read literally. There I must be permitted with all deference to disagree with one whose authority I only dispute with

many misgivings, and not without the closest investigation. I feel, however, that these two lines are manifestly specialised, being *apropos* of nothing else if they do not disclose an intention which the author goes out of his way to state. With the next sentence in Mr. Ward's reference to Ford (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. iii. p. 79) I am thoroughly in accord. 'Either Ford or the novelist from whom he borrowed made little account of historical probability in choosing Sparta as the scene of a love-tragedy which savours of Mediæval Italy.'

The Characters of the Play.—In all probability Ford, if he took his incidents from life, had definite personages in view as the prototypes of the characters he portrayed. This, perhaps, explains the extraordinary vividness wherewith some of the characters are limned, whereas others are little more than outlines.

Calantha.—One naturally associates, during the first part of the play, the 'Broken Heart' with the injured and dejected yet noble-minded Penthea. Her troubles and sorrows are infinitely more acute at that stage than those of Calantha, whose is the 'Broken Heart' intended by the author to be represented in the *dénouement* of the play. Yet up to the third scene of Act IV. she was rocked in the cradle of felicity, until she almost believed that evil fought shy of her. Further, she appears very little in the play until the last Act. In the first Act she only appears but once and speaks only twice at any length. In Act II. she again only appears in Scene 2 and only speaks four times, on each occasion scarcely a line; while in Act III. she enters Scene 3 only to make one long speech. In Scene 5 of the same Act she has a strongly dramatic interview with Penthea, which is one of the great situations of the play, yet here Penthea

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does all the talking, Calantha replying in sentences little more than monosyllables. In the fourth Act Calantha begins to take more share in the action of the play and contracts herself to Ithocles ; but it is not until Act V. that she really rises to any great height of tragic passion. That Act is virtually monopolised by Calantha. In revenge for having compelled his sister Penthea to marry Bassanes in place of Orgilus, to whom she was contracted and whom she loved, Ithocles, the betrothed of Calantha, has been slain by Orgelus. Calantha, however, prepares for her Coronation, and when this has been accomplished she solemnly weds the dead body of Ithocles by placing the royal ring upon its finger, and then falls dead beside the corpse of her lover.

The scene which ends the play is virtually that towards which the whole action of the drama moves. Calantha's character up to the fifth Act is limned in subdued colours, so that the effect may be all the greater by contrast, when the time comes for her to rise to the height of her desperate resolution to fulfil the answer of the oracle of Delphi that—

'When youth is ripe and Age from time doth part
The LIFELESS TRUNK shall wed the BROKEN HEART.'

The character of Calantha is a very complex one, and Ford shows skill in revealing its various qualities. Her pride of birth in showing Ithocles how much she stooped from her royal station when she accepted him as her lover ; her womanly diffidence in not revealing her whole heart or her intentions to Penthea when the dying woman came to plead the cause of her brother Ithocles ; her love of state and pomp, and her desire that all things should be done in accordance with ancient custom,

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are finely portrayed. In this character all Ford's power of depicting the solemn pathos of a great nature overwhelmed by 'the shock of Destiny' is notably in evidence.

Pentheia was the injured sister of Ithocles, and was forced by him to marry Bassanes, when her whole heart was given to Orgilus. From that hour she undergoes a living martyrdom. Her husband is insanely jealous, and though she is pure as an angel, he suspects her and watches her closely, laying traps to ensnare her, until she resolves to put an end to her life by starvation. She has two interviews with her former lover Orgilus, in which the native nobility of her character comes out. While condoling with Orgilus over his disappointed hopes, she tells him that rather than do aught derogatory to her vows as the wife of Bassanes, she would sooner see him (Orgilus) dead at her feet. Pentheia's character is evidently drawn from life. For noble devotion of purpose, for high-souled morality, for unwavering desire to know the right and to do it, Pentheia is worthy of being placed beside Isabella in *Measure for Measure* and Cordelia in *King Lear*. She moves through *The Broken Heart* like the music of some dulcet but distant dirge, which reveals by suggestion what is about to happen.

Ithocles and Orgilus are best contrasted. The former is an impulsive, good-natured, brave, and noble-spirited man who does things without consideration and repents at leisure. He realised the terrible mistake he had made in compelling his sister to marry Bassanes, who was egregiously unsuited to her, and he fain would have made up to Orgilus for the injury he had inflicted on him. But, alas, it was now too late, and his efforts to win the friendship of Orgilus only resemble the actions of a man catching at straws to save himself from drowning. He

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meets his fate at the hands of Orgilus with a calm courage that wins our sympathy. Orgilus, on the other hand, is the portrait of a man whose whole nature has received a moral twist. Originally a true-hearted, generous-minded gentleman, since Penthea has been torn from him and given to Bassanes, he has become moody, suspicious, revengeful, and desperate. Not all the protestations of regret and regard by Ithocles can win him from his purpose that if Penthea dies the life of the brother shall pay forfeit for that of the sister. He also meets his fate with a calm courage that struck amazement into his executioners. His dying words are typical of his nature—

‘So falls the standard
Of my prerogative in being a creature.
A mist hangs o’er mine eyes, the sun’s bright splendour
Is clouded in an everlasting shadow.
Welcome thou ice that sett’st about my heart,
No heat can ever thaw thee.

[Dies.]

Bassanes, the husband of Penthea, is a well-drawn portrait of the jealous husband. Othello is of an altogether different type from this man, whose insane jealousy even becomes humorous after a time. To Bassanes, however, the whole situation is one of tremendous danger. In everything around he sees a possible source of temptation to his wife to be untrue, as though anything could tempt the noble Penthea even for a moment to stoop to folly. Bassanes is, of course, utterly unworthy of Penthea, and probably to emphasise the danger of unequal marriages this remarkable pair of characters was drawn.

The other *dramatis personæ* are little better than lay-figures. Ford always expended his strength on the leading characters and left the others very much to take care of themselves. Croton,

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who is a Counsellor of State as well as the father of Orgilus, has at times a smack of Polonius in his speeches, a feature also traceable in the moral aphorisms of Armostes, another Counsellor, as for example when he addresses the fiery Ithocles—

‘Contain yourself, my lord; Ixion, aiming
To embrace Juno, bosom’d but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs; ’tis a useful moral;
Ambition, hatched in clouds of mere opinion,
Proves but in birth a prodigy.’

{ Prophilus, the friend of Ithocles, and the husband of Euphranea, the daughter of Crotolon and the sister of Orgilus, is drawn in accurate proportion to the other characters major and minor of the play; so, too, Tecnicus is excellently limned, the nature, ideas, and aspirations of an ancient philosopher being capitally maintained throughout. The same may be said of the character of Nearchus, Prince of Argos, the vanity and pride of birth in him being strongly and well contrasted with the unconscious nobility of soul in Ithocles. Relief is imparted to the piece by the humorous portraits of the courtiers Hemophil and Gronneas, whose conceit and cowardice are thrown into amusing relief, as also in the ‘duenna’—if the word might be used of duties discharged long before the days of Spanish marital caution.

The play as a whole is a strong one, and takes rank as Ford’s best. There are a few lines in it that are somewhat unintelligible, owing to the corrupt condition of some parts of the text; but generally speaking, the drama has been preserved to us in a remarkably accurate state. It has already been published in Weber’s edition of Ford’s works, in Routledge’s edition of Massinger and Ford, and also in one of the issues of ‘Dodsley’s Old Plays.’

TO THE MOST WORTHY DESERVER OF THE
NOBLEST TITLES IN HONOUR

WILLIAM, LORD CRAVEN, BARON OF
HAMPSTEAD-MARSHALL

MY LORD,—The glory of a great name, acquired by a greater glory of action, hath in all ages lived the truest chronicle to his own memory. In the practice of which argument, your growth to perfection, even in youth, hath appeared so sincere, so unflattering a penman, that posterity cannot with more delight, read the merit of noble endeavours, than noble endeavours merit thanks from posterity, to be read with delight. Many nations, many eyes have been witnesses of your deserts, and loved them; be pleased, then, with the freedom of your own name, to admit *one*, amongst all, particularly into the list of such as honour a fair example of nobility. There is a kind of humble ambition, not uncommendable, when the silence of study breaks forth into discourse, coveting rather encouragement than applause; yet herein, censure commonly, is too severe an auditor! without the moderation of an able patronage. I have ever been slow in courtship of greatness, not ignorant

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of such defects as are frequent to opinion ; but the justice of your inclination to industry, emboldens my weakness of confidence to relish an experience of your mercy as many brave dangers have tasted of your courage. Your Lordship strove to be known to the world when the world knew you least, by voluntary but excellent attempts ; like allowance I plead of being known to your lordship (in this low presumption), by tendering, to a favourable entertainment, a devotion offered from a heart that can as truly sensible of any least respect as ever profess the owner in my best, my readiest services, a lover of your natural love to virtue.

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AMYCLAS, King of Laconia

ITHOCLES, a favourite

ORGILUS, son of Crotolon

BASSANES, a jealous Nobleman

ARMOSTES, a Counsellor of State

CROTOLON, another Counsellor

PROPHILUS, friend of Ithocles

NEARCHUS, Prince of Argos

TECNICUS, a philosopher

HEMOPHIL
GRONEAS } Courtiers

AMELUS, friend of Nearchus

PHULAS, servant of Bassanes

Lords, Courtiers, Officers, Attendants

CALANTHA, daughter of Amyclas

PENTHEA, sister of Ithocles and wife of Bassanes

EUPHRANEA, daughter of Crotolon, a Maid of Honour

CHRISTALLA
PHILEMA } Maids of Honour

GRAUSIS, Overseer of Penthea

SCENE—*Sparta*

PROLOGUE

Our scene is *Sparta*. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the *Broken Heart*.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons ; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel, courts applause
From vulgar admiration : such low songs,
Tuned to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The virgin-sisters then deserved fresh bays 9
When innocence and sweetness crowned their lays ;
Then vices gasped for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipped to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow ;
What may be here thought *Fiction*, when time's
youth
Wanted some riper years, was known *A Truth* :
In which, if words have clothed the subject right,
You may partake a pity, with delight. •

THE BROKEN HEART

ACT I

SCENE I

A Room in Crotolon's House.

Enter Crotolon and Orgilus.

Crot. Dally not further ; I will know the reason
That speeds thee to this journey.

Org. 'Reason?' good sir,
I can yield many.

Crot. Give me one, a good one ;
Such I expect, and ere we part must have :
'Athens !' pray, why to Athens? you intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read the logic-lecture, or become
An Areopagite, and judge in cases 10
Touching the commonwealth ; for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.

Org. All this I acknowledge.

Crot. You do ! then, son, if books and love of knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.

Org. 'Tis not that, sir.

Crot. Not that, sir ! As a father, I command thee
To acquaint me with the truth. 20

Org. Thus, I obey you.

After so many quarrels, as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broached in blood, and some-
times

With death to such confederates, as sided

With now dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord ;

Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled

Your eager swords, and sealed a gentle peace :

Friends you professed yourselves ; which to confirm,

A resolution for a lasting league

Betwixt your families, was entertained, 30

By joining, in a Hymenean bond,

Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter

To Thrasus.

Crot. What of this ?

Org. Much, much, dear sir.

A freedom of converse, an interchange

Of holy and chaste love, so fixed our souls

In a firm growth of union, that no time

Can eat into the pledge :—we had enjoyed

The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty 40

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ACT I. SC. I.

Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
By Thrasus his untimely death.

Crot. Most certain.

Org. From this time sprouted up that poisonous stalk
Of aconite, whose ripened fruit hath ravished
All health, all comfort of a happy life :
For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourished closely
The memory of former discontents,
To glory in revenge. By cunning partly, 50
Partly by threats, he woos at once and forces
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes—

Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
My leave for thy departure.

Org. Now it follows.

Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
By an insulting brother, being secretly
Compelled to yield her virgin freedom up 60
To him, who never can usurp her heart,
Before contracted mine ; is now so yoked
To a most barbarous thralldom, misery,
Affliction, that he savours not humanity,
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,
In hearing but her name.

Crot. As how, pray ?

Org. Bassanes,

The man that calls her wife, considers truly
 What heaven of perfections he is lord of, 70
 By thinking fair Penthea his ; this thought
 Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
 Is nurse unto a fear so strong, and servile,
 As brands all dotage with a jealousy.

All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
 He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle ;
 Some one, he is assured, may now or then
 (If opportunity but sort) prevail :
 So much, out of a self-unworthiness, 79
 His fears transport him !—not that he finds cause
 In her obedience, but his own distrust.

Crot. You spin out your discourse.

Org. My griefs are violent—

For knowing how the maid was heretofore
 Courted by me, his jealousies grow wild
 That I should steal again into her favours,
 And undermine her virtues ; which the gods
 Know, I nor dare, nor dream of : hence, from
 hence,

I undertake a voluntary exile ;
 First, by my absence to take off the cares 90
 Of jealous Bassanes ; but chiefly, sir,
 To free Penthea from a hell on earth :
 Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
 Her presence makes to live in me afresh.

Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Athens,

The Broken Heart

ACT I. SC. I.

I give a full consent ;—alas, good lady !—
We shall hear from thee often ?

Org. Often.

Crot. See,

Thy sister comes to give a farewell. 100

Enter Euphranea.

Euph. Brother !

Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss ; more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in the presence of our father,
I must prefer a suit to you.

Euph. You may stile it,
My brother, a command.

Org. That you will promise
Never to pass to any man, however 110
Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.

Crot. An easy motion !
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.

Org. Your pardon ;
Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.

Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires, I swear.

Crot. And I,
By great Apollo's beams, join in the vow ;
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her 120
On any living.

Org. Dear Euphranea,

Mistake me not ; far, far 'tis from my thought,
 As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
 Preferment to an honourable bed,
 Or fitting fortune ; thou art young and handsome ;
 And 'twere injustice,—more, a tyranny,
 Not to advance thy merit : trust me, sister,
 It shall be my first care to see thee matched
 As may become thy choice, and our contents. 130
 I have your oath.

Euph. You have ; but mean you, brother,
 To leave us, as you say ?

Crot. Aye, aye, Euphranea.

He has just grounds direct him ; I will prove
 A father and a brother to thee.

Euph. Heaven

Does look into the secrets of all hearts :
 Gods ! you have mercy with you, else——

Crot. Doubt nothing, 140
 Thy brother will return in safety to us.

Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without them ;
 They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about
 them. [*Exeunt.*]

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ACT I. SC. 2.

SCENE II

A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish. Enter Amyclas, Armostes, Prophilus,
Courtiers and Attendants.*

Amyc. The Spartan gods are gracious ; our humility
Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is entering
Into his youth again ! I shall shake off
This silver badge of age, and change this snow
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks ;
Our heart leaps in new vigour.

Arm. May old time

Run back to double your long life, great sir ! 10

Amyc. It will, it must, Armostes ; thy bold nephew,
Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.
Laconia is a monarchy at length ;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot
Messene's pride ; Messene bows her neck
To Lacedemon's royalty. O, 'twas
A glorious victory, and doth deserve
More than a chronicle ; a temple, lords,
A temple to the name of Ithocles. 20
Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus ?

Pro. At Pephon,

Most gracious sovereign ; twenty of the noblest
Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,
For such conditions as you shall propose,
In settling peace, and liberty of life.

Amyc. When comes your friend the general ?

Pro. He promised

To follow with all speed convenient.

*Enter Crotolon, Calantha, Euphranea, Christalla,
Philema with a garland.*

Amyc. Our daughter ! dear Calantha, the happy nev
The conquest of Messene, hath already
Enriched thy knowledge.

Cal. With the circumstance

And manner of the fight, related faithfully
By Prophilus himself—but, pray, sir, tell me,
How doth the youthful general demean
His actions in these fortunes ?

Pro. Excellent princess,

Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and limit
Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest
Such amplitude of his success, as would,
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance them to comparison with heaven :
But Ithocles—

The Broken Heart

ACT I. SC. 2.

Cal. Your friend—

Pro. He is so, madam,

In which the period of my fate consists—

He, in this firmament of honour, stands 50

Like a star fixed, not moved with any thunder

Of popular applause, or sudden lightning

Of self-opinion ; he hath served his country,

And thinks 'twas but his duty.

Crot. You describe

A miracle of man.

Amyc. Such, Crotolon, [Flourish.

On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him.

Hark, warning of his coming ! all attend him. 59

*Enter Ithocles, ushered in by the Lords, and followed by
Hemophil and Groneas.*

Amyc. Return into these arms, thy home, thy sanctuary,

Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,

Mine own, own Ithocles !

Ith. Your humblest subject.

Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in,

As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,

Right noble nephew.

Ith. Sir, your love's too partial.

Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy valour,

Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action ;

Returning thee, in part of thy due merits, 70

A general welcome.

Ith. You exceed in bounty.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet. [*Takes the chaplet from them.*] Ithocles,

Upon the wings of fame, the singular
 And chesen fortune of an high attempt,
 Is borne so past the view of common sight,
 That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought
 To crown thy temples, this Provincial garland ;
 Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift 80
 Deserved, not purchased.

Ith. You are a royal maid.

Amyc. She is, in all, our daughter.

Ith. Let me blush,

Acknowledging how poorly I have served,
 What nothings I have done, compared with the
 honours

Heaped on the issue of a willing mind ;
 In that lay mine ability, that only :
 For who is he so sluggish from his birth,
 So little worthy of a name or country, 90
 That owes not out of gratitude for life
 A debt of service, in what kind soever,
 Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth
 Requires, for payment ?

Cal. He speaks truth.

Ith. Whom heaven

Is pleased to style victorious, there, to such,
 Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests

The Broken Heart

ACT I. SC. 2.

In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason,
Voicing the leader-on a demi-god ; 100
Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood
Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,
As his, whose much more delicate condition
Hath sucked the milk of ease : judgment commands,
But resolution executes. I use not,
Before this royal presence, these fit slights,
As in contempt of such as can direct ;
My speech hath other end ; not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is strengthened
By many hands :—for instance, here is Prophilus,
A gentleman (I cannot flatter truth) 111
Of much desert ; and, though in other rank,
Both Hemophil and Gronneas were not missing
To wish their country's peace ; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.

Amyc. Courtiers turn soldiers !—We vouchsafe our
hand ; [*Hem. and Gron. kiss his hand.*

Observe your great example.

Hem. With all diligence.

Gron. Obsequiously and hourly.

Amyc. Some repose 120

After these toils is needful. We must think on
Conditions for the conquered ; they expect them.
On !—Come, my Ithocles.

Euph. Sir, with your favour.

I need not a supporter.

ACT I. SC. 2.

The Broken Heart

Pro. Fate instructs me.

*Exit Amyclas attended; Ithocles, Calantha, &c.—As
Christalla and Philema are following Calantha, they
are detained by Hemophil and Gronoas.*

Chris. With me ?

Phil. Indeed I dare not stay.

Hem. Sweet lady,

Soldiers are blunt,—your lip.

[*Kisses her.*

Chris. Fye, this is rudeness ;

131

You went not hence such creatures.

Gron. Spirit of valour

Is of a mounting nature.

Phil. It appears so.—

Pray [now], in earnest, how many men apiece

Have you two been the death of ?

Gron. 'Faith, not many ;

We were composed of mercy.

Hem. For our daring,

140

You heard the general's approbation

Before the king.

Chris. You '*wished* your country's peace ;'

That showed your charity : where are your spoils,

Such as the soldier fights for ?

Phil. They are coming.

Chris. By the next carrier, are they not ?

Gron. Sweet Philema,

The Broken Heart

ACT I. SC. 2.

When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose, 150
Another's arms and legs,—

Phil. And all together.

Gron. Then I would with a sigh remember thee,
And cry, 'Dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!'—dost not love me,
With all thy heart now?

Phil. Now, as heretofore.

I have not put my love to use ; the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.

Gron. By Mars, 160

I'll marry thee !

Phil. By Vulcan, you're foresworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.

Gron. One word.

Chris. You lie beyond all modesty ;—forbear me.

Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city, 'tis
Mine own by conquest.

Chris. By petition !—sue for't
In *formâ pauperis*.—'City?' kennel.—Gallants !
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants ; 170
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins !

Hem. Christalla !

Chris. Practice to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers ! corncutters,
But not so valiant ; they oft times draw blood,

ACT I. SC. 3.

The Broken Heart

Which you durst never do. When you have practis'd
More wit, or more civility, we'll rank you
I' th' list of men ; till then, brave things at arms,
Dare not to speak to us,—most potent Groneas ! 180
Phil. And Hemophil the hardy—at your services.

[*Exeunt Chris. and Phil.*]

Gron. They scorn us as they did before we went.

Hem. Hang them, let us scorn them ; and be revenged.

Gron. Shall we ?

Hem. We will ; and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow us ;
It is a woman's nature.

Gron. 'Tis a scurvy one. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III

The Gardens of the Palace. A Grove.

*Enter Tecnicus, and Orgilus, disguised, like one of his
Scholars.*

Tec. Tempt not the stars, young man, thou canst not play
With the severity of fate ; this change
Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all
times

he Broken Heart

ACT I. SC. 3.

Down to thy thoughts : in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger.

g. Give me leave,

Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs, 10
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
Of thy oraculous lectures : if my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.
I will not court the world.

c. Ah, Orgilus,

Neglects in young men of delights and life,
Run often to extremities ; they care not
For harms to others, who contemn their own. 20

g. But I, most learned artist, am not so much
At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift
Of any true deserver ; nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so check them with despair,
As that I yield to thought of more affliction
Than what is incident to frailty : wherefore
Impute not this retiréd course of living
Some little time, to any other cause
Than what I justly render ; the information
Of an unsettled mind ; as the effect 30
Must clearly witness.

c. Spirit of truth inspire thee !

On these conditions I conceal thy change,

And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—

I'll to my study.

[*Exit.*

Org. I to contemplations,

In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphosed,

I may without suspicion hearken after

Pentheas usage, and Euphranea's faith.

Love, thou art full of mystery ! the deities 40

Themselves are not secure, in searching out

The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste

A breast, made tributary to the laws

Of beauty ; physic yet hath never found.

A remedy to cure a lover's wound.—

Ha ! who are those that cross yon private walk

Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings ?

Prophilus and Euphranea pass by, arm in arm, and whispering.

My sister ; O, my sister ! 'tis Euphranea

With Prophilus ; supported too ! I would

It were an apparition ! Prophilus 50

Is Ithocles his friend : it strangely puzzles me.—

Re-enter Prophilus and Euphranea.

Again ! help me my book ; this scholar's habit

Must stand my privilege ; my mind is busy,

Mine eyes and ears are open.

[*Walks aside, pretending to read.*

The Broken Heart

ACT I. SC. 3.

Pro. Do not waste

The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness. Bright Euphranea,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires.—

Org. Desires !

60

Pro. My service, my integrity.—

Org. That's better.

Pro. I should but repeat a lesson

Oft conn'd without a prompter, but thine eyes :
My love is honourable.—

Org. So was mine

To my Penthea ; chastely honourable.

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my wish

Of happiness, than having thee a wife ;
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.

70

Org. But a brother

More cruel than the grave.

Euph. What can you look for

In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind ?

Org. Hold out, Euphranea !

Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never undervalued,
From the first time you mention'd worthy love
Your merit, means, or person ; it had been
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness

80

In my affections, not to weigh and thank
 My better stars, that offered me the grace
 Of so much blissfulness : for, to speak truth,
 The law of my desires kept equal pace
 With yours ; nor have I left that resolution :
 But only, in a word, whatever choice
 Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure
 Consent, both from my father and my brother, 90
 Ere he can own me his.

Org. She is foresworn else.

Pro. Leave me that task.

Euph. My brother, ere he parted
 To Athens, had my oath.

Org. Yes, yes, he had sure.

Pro. I doubt not, with the means the court supplies,
 But to prevail at pleasure.

Org. Very likely !

Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my hopes 100
 On the foundation of thy constant sufferance,
 In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner
 Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,
 Than my chaste vows from truth.

Pro. On thy fair hand
 I seal the like.

Org. There is no faith in woman.
 Passion, O be contained !—my very heart-strings
 Are on the tenters. 110

The Broken Heart

ACT I. SC. 3.

Euph. We are overheard.

Cupid protect us ! 'twas a stirring, sir,
Of some one near.

Pro. Your fears are needless, lady ;
None have access into these private pleasures,
Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his Oratory ; granted
By special favour lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher.

Euph. Methinks

120

I hear one talking to himself—I see him.

Pro. 'Tis a poor scholar ; as I told you, lady.

Org. I am discovered.—Say it ; is it possible,

[*Half aloud to himself, as if studying.*

With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason—I come to you, sir—
To turn or to appease the raging sea ?

Answer to that.—Your art !—what art ? to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms ?

No, no ; they'll out, they'll out ; you may as easily

Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast,

130

As—fiddle-faddle so ! peace, or speak sense.

Euph. Call you this thing a scholar ? 'las, he's lunatic.

Pro. Observe him, sweet ; 'tis but his recreation.

Org. But will you hear a little ? You are so tetchy,

You keep no rule in argument ; philosophy

Works not upon impossibilities,

But natural conclusions.—Mew !—*absurd !*

The metaphysics are but speculations
 Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents
 As not mixt perfectly, in the air engendered, 1
 Appear to us unnatural ; that's all.
 Prove it ;—yet, with a reverence to your gravity,
 I'll baulk illiterate sauciness, submitting
 My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him. [*They come forward.*]

Org. Ha, ha, ha !

These apish boys, when they but taste the gra
 mates,
 And principles of theory, imagine
 They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
 Leads many into errors, 1

Pro. By your leave, sir.

Euph. Are you a scholar, friend ?

Org. I am, gay creature,

With pardon of your deities, a mushroom
 On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then
 The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams !
 Sometimes I feel their warmth ; and eat and sleep

Pro. Does Tecnicus read to thee ?

Org. Yes, forsooth,

He is my master surely ; yonder door 1
 Opens upon his study.

Pro. Happy creatures !

Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
 Nor sink in thaws of greatness : their affections

The Broken Heart

ACT I. SC. 3.

Keep order with the limits of their modesty ;
Their love is love of virtue.—What's thy name ?

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

Euph. Dost thou want anything ?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought, 170

And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My lord,—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve

Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend,
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands ;
The like from you to me : so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence ;
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues
cannot. 180

Euph. Occasion is most favourable ; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day.

At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other ? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I beseech thee,
Propitious Jove ! I will prove sure and trusty :

You will not fail me books ? 190

Pro. Nor ought besides,

Whose pensioner you are.—I'll tear thy throat out,
 Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up
 Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
 A scroll, but half as big as what can cover
 A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple, 20
 Directed to my lady ; it may prove
 A mystical preparative to lewdness.

Phu. Care shall be had.—I will turn every thread.

About me to an eye.—Here's a sweet life ! [*Aside*

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic
 Of chamber merchandise, set all at price
 By wholesale ; yet they wipe their mouths and
 simper,
 Coll, kiss, and cry 'sweetheart,' and stroke the
 head
 Which they have branched ; and all is well again !
 Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs 30
 Stuck on the forehead.

Phu. 'Tis a villainous world ;

One cannot hold his own in't.

Bass. Dames at court

Who flaunt in riots, run another bias :
 Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
 Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes ;
 Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't.
 Poor honour ! thou art stabbed, and bleed'st to
 death
 By such unlawful hire. The country mistress 40

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. I.

Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt ;
But all are false : on this truth I am bold,
No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.—
Now, for the newest news about the city ;
What blab the voices, sirrah ?

Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news,
That ever——

Bass. Hey-day ! up and ride me, rascal ! 50
What is't ?

Phu. Forsooth, they say, the king has mew'd
All his gray beard, instead of which is budded
Another of a pure carnation colour,
Speckled with green and russet.

Bass. Ignorant block !

Phu. Yes truly ; and 'tis talk'd about the streets,
That since lord Ithocles came home, the lions
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danced their very hearts out. 60

Bass. Dance out thine too.

Phu. Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought
He never can return.

Bass. Grant it, Apollo !

Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis reported
For certain, that whoever is found jealous
Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton,

Shall be divorced ;—but this is but she-news,
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet. 70

Bass. Antick, no more ! idiots and stupid fools
Grate my calamities. Why to be fair,
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul—
Look to the doors.

Phu. The horn of plenty crest him ! [*Aside, and exit.*]

Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my thoughts
In rare distemper.—Beauty ! oh, it is
An unmatched blessing, or a horrid curse.
She comes, she comes ! so shoots the morning
forth,
Spangled with pearls of transparent dew.— 80
The way to poverty is to be rich ;
As I in her am wealthy ; but for her,
In all contents, a bankrupt.

Enter Penthea and Grausis.

Loved Penthea !
How fares my heart's best joy ?

Grau. In sooth not well
She is so over-sad.

Bass. Leave chattering, magpie.—
Thy brother is returned, sweet, safe, and honoured
With a triumphant victory ; thou shalt visit him ; 90
We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. I.

Of jewels above value, that the dames
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshined,
Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen
Fret in their tears ; whilst every wondering eye
Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.
Choose thine own recreations ; be a queen
Of what delights thou fanciest best, what company,
What place, what times ; do anything, do all things
Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these clouds
From the pure firmament of thy fair looks. 102

Grau. Now, 'tis well said, my lord. What, lady ! laugh,
Be merry ; time is precious.

Bass. Furies whip thee ! [*Aside.*

Pen. Alas, my lord ! this language to your handmaid
Sounds as would music to the deaf ; I need
No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence :
Let such, if any such there are, who covet 110
A curiosity of admiration,
By laying out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gaudy outsides ; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind ;
From which, if your opinion, nobly placed,
Change not the livery your words bestow,
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat too much
inward,

It is too melancholy ; we'll remove

~~Went~~ the court : or what thinks my Penthea 120
~~of the~~ delightful island we command?
 Rule me as thou canst wish.

Pen. I am no mistress :

Whether you please, I must attend ; all ways

Are alike pleasant to me.

Pen. 'Island !' prison ;

A prison is as gaysome : we'll no islands ;

Marry, out upon 'em ! whom shall we see there ?

Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats, 130

And crabs, and mews, and dog-fish ; goodly gear

For a young lady's dealings,—or an old one's !

On no terms, islands ; I'll be stewed first.

Bass. (*aside to Grau.*) Grausis.

You are a juggling bawd.—This sadness, sweetest,
 Becomes not youthful blood ;—I'll have you
 pounded—

For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth ;

Thou'll mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.

Damnab!e bitch-fox ! [To Grausis.

Grau. I am thick of hearing. 140

Still, when the wind blows southerly.—What think
 you,

If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord !

Would not a chopping boy do you good at heart ?

But, as you said—

Bass. I'll spit thee on a stake,

Or chop thee into collops ! [Aside to Grausis.

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. I.

Grau. Pray, speak louder.

Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

Pen. Thou prat'st madly.

Bass. 'Tis very hot ; I sweat extremely.—Now? 150

Enter Phulas.

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass. Ha !

Phu. A flock of ladies.

Bass. Where ?

Phu. Shoals of horses.

Bass. Peasant, how ?

Phu. Caroches.

In drifts—the one enter, the other stand without, sir,
And now I vanish. [*Exit.*

Enter Prophilus, Hemophil, Groneas, Christalla and Philema.

Pro. Noble Bassanes ! 160

Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus : ladies, gentlemen,
To all, my heart is open ; you all honour me.—
(A tympany swells in my head already) [*Aside.*
Honour me bountifully.—How they flutter,
Wagtails and jays together ! [*Aside.*

Pro. From your brother,
By virtue of your love to him, I require
Your instant presence, fairest.

Pen. He is well, sir ?

Pro. The gods preserve him ever ! Yet, dear beauty, 170
 I find some alteration in him lately,
 Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,
 I pray, use no delay.

Bass. We had not needed
 An invitation, if his sister's health
 Had not fallen into question.—Haste Penthea,
 Slack not a minute ; lead the way, good Prophilus,
 I'll follow step by step.

Pro. Your arm, fair madam.

[*Exeunt all but Bassanes and Grauisis.*

Bass. One word with your old bawdship : thou hadst
 better 180
 Railed at the saints thou worshipp'st than have
 thwarted
 My will ; I'll use thee cursedly.

Grau. You doat,
 You are beside yourself. A politician
 In jealousy ? no, you're too gross, too vulgar.
 Pish, teach not me my trade ; I know my cue :
 My crossing you sinks me into her trust,
 By which I shall know all ; my trade's a sure one.

Bass. Forgive me, Grauisis, 'twas consideration
 I relished not ; but have a care now. 190

Grau. Fear not,
 I am no new-come-to't.

Bass. Thy life's upon it.
 And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The Palace. Ithocles' Apartment.

Enter Ithocles.

Ith. Ambition ! 'tis of viper's breed ; it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance : 10
But this is formed of books, and school-tradition ;
It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs : strong fevers are not eased
With counsel, but with best receipts, and means :
Means, speedy means, and certain ; that's the cure.

Enter Armostes and Crotolon.

Arm. You stick, lord Crotolon, upon a point
Too nice and too unnecessary ; Prophilus
Is every way desertful. I am confident

Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
 From your son's tutelage. 20

Crot. Yet not so ripe,
 My lord Armostes, that it dares to dote
 Upon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,
 Which tempts me to a breach of faith.

Ith. Not yet
 Resolved, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
 Be so available, we'll write to Athens
 For his repair to Sparta : the king's hand
 Will join with our desires ; he has been moved to 't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Croton 30
 For a dispatch.

Crot. Kings may command ; their wills
 Are laws not to be questioned.

Ith. By this marriage
 You knit a union so devout, so hearty,
 Between your loves to me, and mine to yours
 As if mine own blood had an interest in it ;
 For Prophilus is mine, and I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord !

Ith. What, good sir ? speak your thought. 40

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
 My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
 Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed :
 Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth ;
 For had your father Thrasus lived—but peace
 Dwell in his grave ! I have done.

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. 2.

Arm. You are bold and bitter.

Ith. He presses home the injury ; it smarts— [Aside.
No reprehensions, uncle ; I deserve them.
Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat 50
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to :—'twas a fault,
A capital fault ; for then I could not dive
Into the secrets of commanding love ;
Since when experience, by the extremes in others,
Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Crotonon,
I will redeem those wrongs with any service 60
Your satisfaction can require for current.

Arm. The acknowledgment is satisfaction :
What would you more ?

Crot. I am conquered : if Euphranea
Herself admit the motion, let it be so ;
I doubt not my son's liking.

Ith. Use my fortunes,
Life, power, sword and heart, all are your own.

Arm. The princess, with your sister.

*Enter Bassanes, Prophilus, Calantha, Penthea,
Euphranea, Christalla, Philema, and Grausis.*

Cal. I present you

70

A stranger here in court, my lord ; for did not
 Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
 We had not been made happy in her company.

Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wedlock
 Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
 Which can engross all duty to your husband,
 Without attendance on so dear a mistress.
 'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume.

[*To Bassanes.*]

T' immure her in a chamber.

Bass. 'Tis her will ; 80

She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
 We thank the gods for your success and welfare :
 Our lady has of late been indisposed,
 Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now ?

Pen. You best know, brother,
 From whom my health and comforts are derived.

Bass. [*aside.*] I like the answer well ; 'tis sad and
 modest.

There may be tricks yet, tricks—Have an eye,
 Grauis !

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we joined in must not 90
 Fall by too long demur.

Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,
 For my part.

Arm. With condition, that his son
 Favour the contract.

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. 2.

Cal. Such delay is easy.

The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert !

Pro. Most sweetly gracious ! 100

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures ;—no restoratives
Like to a constant woman !—(but where is she?
'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a new monster) (*aside*)—I can speak by proof,
For the rest in Elysium ; 'tis my happiness.

Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolved, speak freely,
In your affections to this gentleman ? 110

Euph. Nor more, nor less than as his love assures
me ;

Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so ! I know your answer. [To Prophilus.

Ith. 'T had been pity,
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter Hemophil.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your presence ;
And, fairest princess, yours.

Cal. We will attend him.

Enter Groneas.

Gron. Where are the lords? all must unto the king 120
Without delay; the prince of Argos—

Cal. Well, sir?

Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

Cal. How!

The prince of Argos?

Gron. 'Twas my fortune, madam,
T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Ith. Penthea!

Pen. Brother.

Ith. Let me an hour hence 130

Meet you alone, within the palace grove,
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be cleared of any to disturb us.

Pro. I shall.

Bass. How's that?

Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—

I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.

[Exeunt all but Bassanes.]

Bass. Alone? alone? what means that word *alone*?

Why might not I be there?—hum!—he's her brother.
Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood, 141
And this same whoreson court-ease is temptation

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. 2.

To a rebellion in the veins ;—besides,
His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian :
Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly
Before the other come?—or—pandering, pandering
For one another—(be't to sister, mother),
Wife, cousin, anything,) 'mongst youths of metal
Is in request ; it is so—stubborn fate !
But if I be a cuckold, and can know it, 150
I will be fell, and fell.

Re-enter Groneas.

Gron. My lord, you are called for.

Bass. Most heartily I thank you : where's my wife, pray?

Gron. Retired amongst the ladies.

Bass. Still I thank you.

There's an old waiter with her, saw you her too?

Gron. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep, sir.

Bass. Asleep? asleep, sir !

Gron. Is your lordship troubled?

You will not to the king? 160

Bass. Your humblest vassal.

Gron. Your servant, my good lord.

Bass. I wait your footsteps. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

The Gardens of the Palace. A Grove.

Enter Prophilus and Penthea.

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find you ;
 And, with your favour, give me leave a little
 To work a preparation : in his fashion
 I have observed of late some kind of slackness
 To such alacrity as nature [once]
 And custom took delight in ; sadness grows
 Upon his recreations, which he hoards
 In such a willing silence, that to question
 The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,
 And less good manners. I

Pen. Sir, I am not inquisitive
 Of secrecies, without an invitation.

Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
 Of mine implies so rude a sense ; the drift—

Enter Orgilus, as before.

Do thy best [To Orgilus.
 To make this lady merry for an hour.

Org. Your will shall be a law, sir. [Exit Prophilus.

Pen. Prithee, leave me,

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. 3.

I have some private thoughts I would account with ;
Use thou thine own. 20

Org. Speak on, fair nymph, our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres,
As any's who have feasted with the gods.

Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.

Org. What heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth,
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection !

Pen. Set thy wits
In a less wild proportion. 30

Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour ; turn those eyes
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfumed with vows,
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking
On Vesta's altars,
. . . . the holiest odours, virgin's tears,
. sprinkled, like dews, to feed them
And to increase their fervour. 40

Pen. Be not frantic.

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food :
Such is the leanness of a heart, divided

From intercourse of troth-contracted loves ;
 No horror should deface that precious figure
 Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away ! some fury hath bewitch'd thy tongue : 50
 The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
 Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
 Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone,
 Begone, without reply !

Org. Be just, Penthea,
 In thy commands ; when thou send'st forth a doom
 Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.
 Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
 Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[*Throws off his scholar's dress.*

What is thy sentence next ? 60

Pen. Rash man ! thou lay'st
 A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
 Of thy too desperate life ; yet I profess,
 By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
 I have not given admittance to one thought
 Of female change, since cruelty enforced
 Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
 Why would you fall from goodness thus ?

Org. O, rather 70
 Examine me, how I could live to say
 I have been much, much wronged. 'Tis for thy sake
 I put on this imposture ; dear Penthea,
 If thy soft bosom be not turned to marble,

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. 3.

Thou'lt pity our calamities ; my interest
Confirms me, thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand ;

With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,

Thus kneel before ye. *[Pen. kneels.]*

Org. You instruct my duty. *[Org. kneels.]*

Pen. We may stand up. (*They rise.*) Have you ought
else to urge 80

Of new demand ? as for the old, forget it ;

'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,

And shall be, shall be ever : what more would you ?

Org. I would possess my wife ; the equity

Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all ?

Org. Why, 'tis the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove

Your steps some distance from me ; at this space

A few words I dare change ; but first put on 90

Your borrow'd shape.

Org. You are obey'd ; 'tis done.

[He resumes his disguise.]

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise, I was thine,

The heavens do witness ; they can witness too

A rape done on my truth : how I do love thee

Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear

In tendering thy freedom ; for I find

The constant preservation of thy merit,

By thy not daring to attempt my fame

With injury of any loose conceit, 100
 Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.
 Continue this fair race ; then, though I cannot
 Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
 Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
 And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,
 Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
 This barren age with virtues in thy issue !
 And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
 With mercy, not contempt ; I hope thy wife,
 Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.— 110

Now let us part.

Org. Part ! yet advise thee better :
 Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
 And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall, nor will.

Org. How !

Pen. Hear me ; in a word I'll tell thee why.
 The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd,
 Is ravished by another ; my true love
 Abhors to think, that Orgilus deserved 120
 No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason.

Pen. To confirm it ;
 Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
 Another worse than this, and less desired,
 If, of all men alive, thou should'st but touch
 My lip, or hand again !

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. 3.

Org. Penthea, now

I tell you, you grow wanton in my sufferance ;
Come, sweet, thou art mine. 130

Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear,

Or I can turn affection into vengeance ;
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks,
To hide thy shame ; this once I spare thy life. 140
I laugh at mine own confidence ; my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes :
If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good Genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more !—Go from me !

Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,

And stand up like a man resolved to do :—
Action, not words, shall show me.—Oh Penthea !

[*Exit.*

Pen. He sighed my name sure, as he parted from me ;
I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman ! 150
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,
How much we fight with weakness to preserve thee !

[*Walks aside.*

Enter Bassanes and Grauisis.

Bass. Fie on thee! damn thee, rotten maggot, damn thee!

Sleep, sleep at court? and now? Aches, convulsions,

Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy bones
A dozen years more yet!

Grau. Now you are in humours.

Bass. She's by herself, there's hope of that; she's sad too;

She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fixed: 160
The signs are wholesome.

Grau. Very wholesome, truly.

Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare!—Lady, come; your brother

Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord?

Bass. A sudden fit, 'twill off;

Some surfeit of disorder.—How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o' th' best.

Enter Prophilus.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.

170

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life

The Broken Heart

ACT II. SC. 3.

To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath ; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy !

Pen. Then let us care

To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear

180

Who builds on noble grounds : sickness or pain
Is the deserfer's exercise ; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle ;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.

[*Excunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I

The Study of Tecnicus.

Enter Tecnicus, and Orgilus, in his usual Dress.

Tec. Be well advised ; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.

Org. It shall not, most sage master.

Tec. I am jealous ;

For if the borrow'd shape so late put on,
Inferred a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution. Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity, 10
Shrowded unlawful plots ; our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods
Are only privy to them.

Org. Learned Tecnicus,

Such doubts are causeless ; and, to clear the truth

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 1.

From misconceit,—the present state commands me.
The prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir? besides, mine only sister,
Euphranea, is disposed to Prophilus : 20
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court ;
Please to accept these reasons.

Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted : yet, beware
Of an unsure foundation ; no fair colours
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and—look to't—
I might add, certain— 30

Org. My aspect ! could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not sift
An inclination there, more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.

Tec. I believe it.
But know then, Orgilus, what honour is :
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature 40
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired

By justice, or by valour which, for basis,
 Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
 In honour, who, for lucre or revenge,
 Commits thefts, murder, treasons, and adulteries,
 With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
 Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by Justice.
 Thus, as you see how honour must be ground'd 50
 On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion
 Relies on probability and accident,
 But knowledge on necessity and truth,)
 I leave thee to the fit consideration
 Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
 Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend oracle,
 And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty ! [*Exit.*

Tec. I thank thy wish.—Much mystery of fate
 Lies hid in that man's fortunes ; curiosity 60
 May lead his actions into rare attempts :—
 But let the gods be moderators still ;
 No human power can prevent their will.

Enter Armostes, with a Casket.

From whence come you ?

Arm. From king Amyclas,—pardon
 My interruption of your studies.—Here,
 In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure [to you],
 Dear to him as his crown ; he prays your Gravity,

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. I.

You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every tittle 70
The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is't, Armostes?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth ;
The sum of what the Oracle delivered,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos : what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with. 80

Tec. Apollo *[He takes the casket.*

Inspire my intellect !—The prince of Argos;
Is entertain'd?

Arm. He is ; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife ; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes !

Arm. Like to Tecnicus. *[Exeunt. 90*

SCENE II

A Room in Ithocles' House.

Soft Music :—A Song within, during which Prophilus, Bassanes, Penthea, and Grausis pass over the Stage. Bassanes and Grausis re-enter softly, and listen in different places.

SONG.

Can you paint a thought ? or number
Every fancy in a slumber ?
Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving ?
Can you grasp a sigh ? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastly ?

No, oh no ! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty ; such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

10

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 2.

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—Grausis, no creaking,
No noise ; dost [thou] hear nothing ?

Grau. Not a mouse,
Or whisper of the wind. 20

Bass. The floor is matted ;
The bed-posts sure as steel or marble.—Soldiers
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate ;
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Upon the sloth of luxury, they heighten
Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.

Grau. What do you mean, my lord ?—speak low ; that
gabbling
Of your's will but undo us.

Bass. Chamber-combats
Are felt, not heard ! 30

Pro. [*within*]. He wakes.

Bass. What's that ?

Ith. [*within*]. Who's there ?
Sister ?—All quit the room else.

Bass. 'Tis consented !

Enter Prophilus.

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be private,
We must forbear ; his sleep hath newly left him.
Please you, withdraw !

Bass. By any means ; 'tis fit.

Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too. 40

Grau. Yes, I will, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

The Scene opens : Ithocles is discovered in a Chair, and Penthea beside him.

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me ; nearer yet :
 We had one father, in one womb took life,
 Were brought up twins together, yet have lived
 At distance, like two strangers ; I could wish
 That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,
 Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy :
 Then had you never known that sin of life, 49
 Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
 For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
 From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
 Thou canst not be too cruel ; my rash spleen
 Hath with a violent hand plucked from thy bosom
 A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust ;
 For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven.
 I do beseech thee ! first, let some wild fires 59
 Scorch, not consume it ! may the heat be cherished
 With desires infinite, but hopes impossible !

Ith. Wronged soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
 A miserable creature, led to ruin
 By an unnatural brother !

Ith. I consume

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 2.

In languishing affections for that trespass ;
Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages
Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams 70
With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure ; whilst I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earned with his sweat, and lays him down to sleep ;
While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny ;
And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me, 80
Rid me from living with a jealous husband ;
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray ; nay, will you ?

Ith. How doth thy lord esteem thee ?

Pen. Such an one
As only you have made me ; a faith-breaker,
A spotted whore ;—forgive me, I am one—
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou doth bely thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithocles ; 90
For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
In known adultery with Bassanes,
Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now ?
The ashes of our parents will assume

Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
 Thy bloody guilt, that hast betrayed their name
 To infamy, in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
 I meet despair ; ingratitude of nature 99
 Hath made my actions monstrous : thou shalt stand
 A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
 For thy resolved martyrdom ; wrong'd maids
 And married wives shall to thy hallowed shrine
 Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
 Pure turtles, crowned with myrtle ; if thy pity
 Unto a yielding brother's pressure, lend
 One finger but to ease it.

Pen. Oh, no more !

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,
 And free me from this chaos of my bondage ; 110
 And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve ?

Ith. Friendship, or [nearness]
 Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
 Have mov'd this question ; 'tis a secret, sister,
 I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,
 By your new protestations I conjure you,
 Partake her name.

Ith. Her name ?—'tis—'tis—I dare not. 120

Pen. All your respects are forged.

Ith. They are not.—Peace !

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 2.

Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable !
Do I now love thee ? for my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do ;—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would it not
Split even your very soul to see her father 130
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the prince of Argos ?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story ;
I sweat in blood for't.

Pen. We are reconciled.
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide ;
Have comfort, you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee ; 140
Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dulled my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention, for an active strain.

Ith. Mad man !—Why have I wrong'd a maid so
excellent ?

*Bassanes rushes in with a Poniard, followed by Pro-
philus, Groneas, Hemophil, and Grausis.*

Bass. I can forbear no longer ; more, I will not :

Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point.—
 Patience is tired,—for, like a slow-paced ass,
 You ride my easy nature, and proclaim
 My sloth to vengeance a reproach, and property. 150

Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?

Pro. He's distracted.

Pen. Oh my grieved lord.

Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him :

He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
 To prick he cares not whom, nor where,—see, see,
 see !

Bass. My birth is noble : through the popular blast
 Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
 Hath reared thy name up to bestride a cloud,
 Or progress in the chariot of the sun ; 160
 I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
 Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
 The budy hinges of your doors, or whistle
 For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.

Gron. Fine humours ! they become him.

Hem. How he stares,

Struts, puffs, and sweats ! most admirable lunacy !

Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
 Has took possession of your soberer custom,
 I'd say you were unmannerly. 170

Pen. Dear brother !

Bass. Unmannerly !—mew, kitling !—smooth formality
 Is usher to the rankness of the blood,

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 2.

But impudence bears up the train. Indeed, sir,
Your fiery metal, or your springal blaze
Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty
To print upon my forehead the scorn, "cuckold."

Ith. His jealousy hath robbed him of his wits ;
He talks he knows not what.

Bass. Yes, and he knows 180
To whom he talks ! to one that franks his lust
In swine-security of bestial incest.

Ith. Ha, devil !

Bass. I will haloo't ; though I blush more
To name the filthiness, than thou to act it.

Ith. Monster ! [Draws his sword

Pro. Sir, by our friendship—

Pen. By our bloods !

O, brother, will you quite undo us both ?

Grau. Out on him ! 190

These are his megrims, firks, and melancholies.

Hem. Well said, old touch-hole.

Gron. Kick him out at doors.

Pen. With favour, let me speak.—My lord, what
slackness

In my obedience hath deserved this rage ?
Except humility and silent duty
Hath drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity
Ne'er studied your vexation.

Bass. Light of beauty,
Deal not ungently with a desperate wound ! 200

No breach of reason dares make war with her
 Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm :
 Oh, that I could preserve thee in fruition
 As in devotion !

Pen. Sir, may every evil,
 Lock'd in Pandora's box, shower, in your presence,
 On my unhappy head, if, since you made me
 A partner in your bed, I have been faulty
 In one unseemly thought, against your honour.

Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea. 210

Bass. Yes, say on,
 Excellent creature !— Good, be not a hinderance
 To peace, and praise of virtue, [*to Ith.*]—Oh, my
 senses
 Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on :
 I never gave you one ill word : say, did I ?
 Indeed I did not !

Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,
 Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error !

Bass. A goddess ! let me kneel.

Grau. Alas, kind animal ! 220

Ith. No ! but for penance.

Bass. Noble sir, what is it ?
 With gladness I embrace it ; yet, pray let not
 My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.

Ith. When you shall show good proof, that manly
 wisdom,
 Not oversway'd by passion or opinion,

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 2.

Knows how to lead [your] judgment, then this lady,
Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home to be guided by you ; but, till first
I can out of clear evidence, approve it, 230
She shall be my care.

Bass. Rip my bosom up,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy ;
This torture is insufferable.

Ith. Well, sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury.

Bass. But
Penthea says not so.

Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who never purposed wrong. 240
[Exit with Ithocles and Prophilus.

Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity,
Stay you behind !
[To Grausis, who is followed by Penthea.

Gron. The court wants not your diligence.
[Exeunt Hemophil and Groneas.

Grau. What will you do, my lord ? my lady's gone ;
I am denied to follow.

Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more ?

Grau. And feel her too, man ;
Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike ; 250
She swore she has been true.

Grau. True, on my modesty.

Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her vows !
 Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite ;
 Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood.
 Should I run on thus? some way I must try
 To outdo art, and jealousy decry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter *Amyclas, Nearchus leading Calantha, Armostes, Crotolon, Euphranea, Christalla, Philema, and Amelus.*

Amyc. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have pleas'd,
 In their unchanging counsels, to conclude
 For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to :
 Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
 Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,
 Sent us a daughter, in whose birth, our hope
 Continues of succession. As you are
 In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
 So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
 Calantha's love ; since we have ever vowed 10
 Not to enforce affection by our will,
 But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right just father.

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 3.

I come not hither roughly to demand
My cousin's thralldom, but to free mine own :
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was published
By constant truth ; from which, if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction, 20
This lady must command it.

Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty ; of which number
I'll study to be chief.

Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.

Amyc. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty :
Use thine own opportunities.—Armotes, 30
We must consult with the philosophers ;
The business is of weight.

Arm. Sir, at your pleasure.

Amyc. You told me, Crotolon, your son's returned
From Athens : wherefore comes he not to court,
As we commanded ?

Cro. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.

Amyc. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea, 40
Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures

At celebration of it, would give life

To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman ;

Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high attempts,

Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us !

Cal. A prince, a subject ?

50

Near. Yes, to beauty's sceptre ;

As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter Ithocles, Orgilus, and Prophilus.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome :

I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion

Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons

Why I should covet to deserve the title

Of your respected friend ; for, without compliment,

Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

59

Org. Your lordship may command me, your poor servant.

Ith. So amorously close !—so soon—my heart ! [*Aside.*

Pro. What sudden change is next ?

Ith. Life to the king !

To whom I here present this noble gentleman,

New come from Athens ; royal sir, vouchsafe

Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[*The King gives Orgilus his hand to kiss.*

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 3.

Crot. My son preferred by Ithocles ! [*Aside.*

Amyc. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus ; for instance,
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions, 70
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engrossed
Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
To thy conceit : think on 't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,

Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wish'd for. 80

Org. May my duty

Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess !

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir ; a gentleman

Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,

Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare

For revels and disport ; the joys of Hymen,

Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight

All mists of dulness ; crown the hours with gladness :

No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth ! 91

ul. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good

My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

var. I dare not disobey.

. Most heavenly lady !

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV

A Room in the House of Crotolon.

Enter Crotolon and Orgilus.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.

Org. His will he hath ;

But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects, sometimes might
Borrow of nature, justice, to inform
That licence sovereignty holds, without check,
Over a meek obedience.

Crot. How resolve you

Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus 10
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it ;

Could wish him thrift in all his best desires.
And, with a willingness, inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
He never touched on any wrong that maliced
The honour of our house, nor stirr'd our peace ;
Yet, with your favour, let me not forget
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and comfort,
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must live so.

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 4.

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition, 21
No courtesy can win it ; 'tis too rancorous.

Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construction ;
I am no stranger to such easy calms
As sit in tender bosoms : lordly Ithocles
Hath graced my entertainment in abundance ;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
On grieved Penthea's purity ; his scorn
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaimed 30
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning :—
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.

Crot. Since I will have it so ! friend, I will have it so,
Without our ruin by your politic plots,
Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir, have you ? a familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence ?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.

Org. If unwelcome, 40
I might have found a grave there.

Crot. Sure your business
Was soon dispatched, or your mind altered quickly.

Org. 'Twas care, sir, of my health, cut short my journey ;
For there, a general infection
Threatens a desolation.

Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with thee,

Infection of thy mind ; which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it, our dear Genius ! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,
Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust,
Than woo a father's curse : my sister's marriage
With Prophilus is from my heart confirmed ;
May I live hated, may I die despised,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concern me !

Crot. I have been too rough.
My duty to my king made me so earnest ;
Excuse it, Orgilus.

Org. Dear sir !

*Enter Prophilus, Euphranea, Ithocles, Groneas, &
Hemophil.*

Crot. Here comes
Euphranea, with Prophilus and Ithocles.

Org. Most honoured !—ever famous !

Ith. Your true friend !
On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes
Look on this worthy couple ; your consent
Can only make them one.

Org. They have it.—Sister,
Thou pawnd'st to me an oath, of which engagem
I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
At any other choice than this.

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 4.

Euph. Dear brother,
To him, or none.

Crot. To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which, till a greater ceremony perfect,—
Euphranea, lend thy hand ;—here, take her, Pro
philus,
Live long a happy man and wife ; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen, 80
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes :

' Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing ;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying ;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom bedded ;
Fruitful issues ; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced ;
Budding, as the year ensu'th, 90
Every spring another youth :
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this Bridegroom and this Bride !'

Pro. You have sealed joy close to my soul.—Euphranea,
Now I may call thee mine.

Ith. I but exchange
One good friend for another.

Org. If these gallants

Will please to grace a poor invention
 By joining with me in some slight device, 100
 I'll venture on a strain my younger days
 Have studied for delight.

Hem. With thankful willingness
 I offer my attendance.

Gron. No endeavour
 Of mine shall fail to show itself.

Ith. We will
 All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.

Org. Oh, my good lord, your favours flow towards
 A too unworthy worm ;—but, as you please, 110
 I am what you will shape me.

Ith. A fast friend.

Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgment,
 It is a sight of gladness.

Org. But my duty. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE V

Calantha's Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Calantha, Penthea, Christalla, and Philema.

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his entrance ;
 Be careful of our charge.

Chris. We shall, madam.

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 5.

Cal. Except the king himself, give none admittance ;
Not any.

Phil. Madam, it shall be your care.

[*Exeunt Christalla and Philema.*]

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have, granted,
The opportunity, you sought, and might
At all time have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit 10
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for :
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down ; the sands are spent ;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
Of shadows soon decaying ; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted 20
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweeten'd in the mixture,
But tragical in issue : beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only : to what end
Reach all these moral texts ? 30

Pen. To place before you

A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed

You have no little cause ; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy

Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.— 40
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak ; I enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially ;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy ;
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead ; for sure I must not live ;
I hope I cannot. 50

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,

Thou turn'st me too much woman.

[*Weeps.*]

Pen. Her fair eyes

Melt into passion. [*Aside.*—Then I have assur-
ance

Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was charactered ; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 5.

Cal. Talk on, prithee ; *open*
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me 60
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth ; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that ?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires ; but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood : and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues 70
Before the flattery of delights by marriage ;
May those be ever young !

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part w.th ?

Pen. 'Tis my Fame ; I trust,
By scandal yet untouched : this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeching charity without dishonour ! 80

Cal. How handsomely thou playest with harmless sport
Of mere imagination ! speak the last ;
I strangely like thy Will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me ; you must us

The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long agoe since first I lost my heart :
Long have I lived without it, else for certain : 9c
I should have given that too ; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What said'st thou ?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect, as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it :
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity ; 10c
How like the ghost of what he late appeared,
He moves before you !

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly ?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption ; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service : 11c
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood ; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

The Broken Heart

ACT III. SC. 5.

Cal. What new change

Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure ?

Pen. I must leave the world

To revel [in] Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here ;
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant 120
Of this pursuit : but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember

I am a sister, though to me this brother 129
Hath been, you know, unkind ; oh, most unkind !

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are you ?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter Christalla and Philema.

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think you sleep, you drones : wait on Penthea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles ? wrong'd lady ! [*Aside.*]

Pen. My reckonings are made even ; death or fate
Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

The Palace. Ithocles' Apartment.

Enter Ithocles and Armostes.

Ith. Forbear your inquisition ; curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature :
In fear of love too quick ; too slow credit.—
I am not what you doubt me.

Arm. Nephew, be then
As I would wish ;—all is not right.—Good Heaven
Confirm your resolutions for dependence
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet !

Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But grieved Penthea more ; I now repent it,
Now, uncle, now ; this Now is now too late.
So provident is folly in sad issue,
The afterwit, like bankrupt's debts, stands tallied,
Without all possibilities of payment.
Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman ;
A man of single meaning.

he Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 1.

rm. I believe it :

Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears ;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward :—but I question 20
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.

z. The princess ? ha !

rm. With her the prince of Argos.

*Enter Nearchus, leading Calantha ; Amelus, Christalla,
Philema.*

ear. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance
Of livery, from the allowance of your favour ;
This little spark—
[Attempts to take a ring from her finger.

z. A toy !

ear. Love feasts on toys, \

For Cupid is a child ;—vouchsafe this bounty :
It cannot be denied. 30

z. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap ;
So cheap, that let him take it, who dare stoop for't,
And give it, at next meeting, to a mistress :
She'll thank him for't, perhaps.
[Casts the ring before Ithocles, who takes
it up.

me. The ring, sir, is
The princess's ; I could have took it up.

Ith. Learn manners, prithee.—To the blessed owner,
Upon my knees—

[*Kneels and offers it to Calantha.*

Near. You are saucy.

40

Cal. This is pretty !

I am, belike, 'a mistress'—wondrous pretty !
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it ;
He's worthy on't.—On, cousin !

[*Exeunt Nearchus, Calantha, Christalla,
and Philema.*

Ith. (*to Amelus*). Follow, spaniel ;
I'll force you to a fawning else.

Ame. You dare not.

[*Exit.*

Arm. My lord, you were too forward.

Ith. Look ye, uncle,

Some such there are, whose liberal contents 50
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty ;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep ; and they sleep, uncle : in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures (observe me, uncle) of rare object :
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,
Now change of garments, then the votes of people ;
Anon varieties of beauty, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance ;
Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity 60
Of which my senses waking are partakers
A real, visible, material happiness ;

he Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. I.

And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life—
I saw it, sir, I saw it ; for it came
From her own hand.

m. The princess threw it to you.

z. True ; and she said——well I remember what——
Her cousin prince would beg it.

m. Yes, and parted 70

In anger at your taking on't.

z. Penthea,

Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language !
I want a fee to gratify thy merit ;
But I will do——

m. What is't you say ?

z. ' In anger ?'

In anger let him part ; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick
The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour, 80
It durst not stir a hair of mine ; it should not ;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be anything
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

m. Contain yourself, my lord ; Ixion, aiming

To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs ; 'tis an useful moral :

Ambition, hatch'd in clouds of mere opinion,
Proves but in birth a prodigy. 90

Ith. I thank you ;

Yet, with your license, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, if relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it.

Arm. He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Re-enter Nearchus, Orgilus, and Amelus.

Near. Brave me ?

Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper,
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind, 100
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection !

Ame. Was't your modesty
Term'd any of the prince's servants 'spaniel' ?
Your nurse sure taught you other language.

Ith. Language !

Near. A gallant man at arms is here ; a doctor
In feats of chivalry ; blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which [less] rash spirits stile good manners. 110

Ith. Manners ?

Org. No more, illustrious sir, 'tis matchless Ithocles.

Near. You might have understood who I am.

Ith. Yes,
I did,—else—but the presence calm'd the affront—
You are cousin to the princess.

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 1.

Near. To the king too ;

A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your Colossic greatness—to that king too,
You might have added.

120

Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.

Arm. O fye, fye !

Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic in loyalty.
Sirrah ! low mushrooms never rival cedars.

[*Exeunt Nearchus and Amelus.*]

Ith. Come back ;—what pitiful dull thing am I
So to be tamely scolded at ! come back.—
Let him come back, and echo once again
That scornful sound of *mushroom* ! painted colts
(Like heralds' coats, gilt o'er with crowns and sceptres)
May bait a muzzled lion.

131

Arm. Cousin, cousin,
Thy tongue is not thy friend.

Org. In point of honour,
Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me
'Twas all about a little ring.

Ith. A ring
The princess threw away, and I took up—
Admit she threw't to me, what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence ? No ; could he grind the hoop
To powder, he might sooner reach my heart, 141
Than steal and wear one with dust on't.—Orgilus,
I am extremely wronged.

Org. A lady's form is not to be so slighted.

Ith. Slighted !

Arm. Quiet

These vain unruly passions, which will render you
Into a madness.

Org. Griefs will have their vent.

Enter Tecnicus, with a scroll.

Arm. Welcome ; thou com'st in season, reverend man,
To pour the balsam of a suppling patience 151
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. What makes he here ? [*Aside.*

Tec. The hurts are yet more mortal,
Which shortly will prove deadly. To the king,
Armotes, see in safety thou deliver
This seal'd-up counsel ; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the Gods.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon ! double named, but one
In fate !—when kingdoms reel, (mark well my saw)
Their heads must needs be giddy : tell the king, 161
That henceforth he no more must inquire after
My aged head ; Apollo wills it so :
I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not without some conference
With our great master ?

Tec. Never more to see him ;
A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 1.

{ 'When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.' 170

Ith. What's this, if understood ?

Tec. List, Orgilus ;

Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.

Arm. 'Las good man !

Tec. [*Aside to Org.*] Let craft with courtesy a while
confer,

Revenge proves its own executioner.

Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests ;

I am not Œdipus.

Tec. My hour is come ;

180

Cheer up the king ; farewell to all.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon ! [*Exit.*

Arm. If prophetic fire

Have warmed this old man's bosom, we might con-
strue

His words to fatal sense.

Ith. Leave to the powers

Above us, the effects of their decrees ;

My burthen lies within me : servile fears

Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha !

Arm. The gods be still propitious.

190

[*Exeunt Ithocles and Armostes.*

Org. Something oddly

The book-man prated, yet he talk'd it weeping ;

'Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.'

Con it again ;—for what? It shall not puzzle me ;
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Penthea
Forbade me not her presence ; I may see her,
And gaze my fill. Why see her then I may,
When, if I faint to speak—I must be silent. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

A Room in Bassanes' House.

Enter Bassanes, Grausis, and Phulas.

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
I will expect is quietness amongst ye ;
Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods
Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.

Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart !

Phu. Here's a rare change !

My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded ;
The cuckold in conceit, hath cast his horns. [*Aside*

Bass. Betake you to your several occasions ; 10
And, wherein I have heretofore been faulty,
Let your constructions mildly pass it over ;
Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more,
I have not for employment.

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 2.

Grau. O, sweet man !

Thou art the very Honeycomb of Honesty.

Phu. The Garland of Good-will.—Old lady, hold up
Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
As it becomes a mule of ancient carriage.

[*Exeunt Grausis and Phulas.*]

Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy 20

The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness :

Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not

Against the portion nature hath bestowed ;

But men, endowed with reason, and the use

Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff

Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,

Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,

The treasures of the sea, the air, nay heaven,

Repining at these glories of creation,

Are verier beasts than beasts ; and of those beasts

The worst am I. I, who was made a monarch 31

Of what a heart could wish for, a chaste wife,

Endeavour'd, what in me lay, to pull down

That temple built for adoration only,

And level't in the dust of causeless scandal :—

But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,

Humility shall pour before the deities

I have incens'd, a largess of more patience

Than their displeas'd altars can require.

No tempests of commotion shall disquiet 40

The calms of my composure.

Enter Orgilus.

Org. I have found thee,
 Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
 Of manhood, hooped about with ribs of iron,
 Can cram within thy breast : Penthea, Bassanes,
 Cursed by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,
 Is left a prey to words.

Bass. Exercise

Your trials for addition to my penance ;
 I am resolv'd.

50

Org. Play not with misery

Past cure : some angry minister of fate hath
 Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
 From its most proper throne ; but—what's the
 miracle

More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live !

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgment ;

'Tis anchored into a firm resolution ;
 Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it :
 Practise yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her,

60

Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast
 From every joy of life ! thou barren rock,
 By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

*Enter Penthea, with her hair loose, Ithocles, Philema,
 and Christalla.*

Master, look up, your Ithocles, your brother

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 2.

Speaks to you ; why d'you weep ? dear, turn not
from me.—

Here is a killing sight ; lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object !

Org. Man, dost see it ?

Sports are more gamesome ; am I yet in merriment ?
Why dost not laugh ? 70

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,

Please to forget my outrage ; mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent :
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest ?

Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing pitifully,
And 'twere a comely music, when in parts
One sung another's knell ; the turtle sighs 80
When he hath lost his mate ; and yet some say
He must be dead first : 'tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream ! indeed, I've slept
With mine eyes open, a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith ; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave : I must creep thither ;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,

Hast many years, I hope, to number yet, 90
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapped up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly formed
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal !

Org. Wisdom, look ye,
Begins to rave !—art thou mad too, antiquity ?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes ;
They would have smiled when I smiled ; an
certain

I should have cried when they cried :—truly, but
My father would have picked me out a husband
And then my little ones had been no bastards ;
But 'tis too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing ; 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Ætna,
And bury me in flames ! sweats, hot as sulphur
Boil through my pores :—affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience !
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle ; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief ; dig out
The jealousies that hatched this thralldom first
With thine own poniard : every antick rapture
Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 2.

Bass. Disturb him not ; it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I 120
To bawdy passion ! ere I'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once. [To *Orgilus*.

Org. Thou didst, wronged creature : in despite of malice,
For it I'll love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand ;
Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.

Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard : I'll kiss it ;
Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm !—hark, in thine ear ; 130
Like whom do I look, prithee ?—nay, no whispering,
Goodness ! we had been happy ; too much happiness—
Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—

[*Pointing to Ithocles*.

And yet he paid for't home ; alas ! his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess ;
We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gathered roses in the garden,
I found my wits ; but truly you lost yours,
That's he, and still 'tis he.

[*Again pointing to Ithocles*.

Ith. Poor soul, how idly 140
Her fancies guide her tongue !

Bass. Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour. [*Aside*.

Org. She has tutored me ;

What you shall still admire : 'tis wonderful,
 'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd ;
 Yet, when I've done't, I've done't :—ye shall all
 thank me. [Exit.

Arm. The sight is full of terror. 200

Ith. On my soul
 Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,
 As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
 See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,
 Shall's welcome him with thunder? we are haunted,
 And must use exorcism to conjure down
 This spirit of malevolence.

Enter Nearchus and Amelus.

Arm. Mildly, nephew.

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder ;
 Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness 210
 In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,
 So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off
 The custom of the war, in hours of leisure ;
 Nor shall you need excuse, since you're to render
 Account to that fair excellence, the princess,
 Who in her private gallery expects it
 From your own mouth alone : I am a messenger
 But to her pleasure.

Ith. Excellent Nearchus,
 Be prince still of my services, and conquer, 221
 Without the combat of dispute ; I honour you.

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 2.

But since her blood was seasoned by the forfeit
Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,
Her blood—'tis just—be henceforth never heightened
With taste of sustenance ! starve ; let that fulness
Whose pleurisy hath fever'd faith and modesty—
Forgive me ; Oh ! I faint.

[*Falls into the arms of her attendants.*]

Arm. Be not so wilful,
Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature 180
Will call her daughter, monster !—what ! not eat ?
Refuse the only ordinary means
Which are ordained for life ? be not, my sister,
A murderess to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bas-
sanés ?

Bass. Foh ! I am busy ; for I have not thoughts
Enough to think : all shall be well anon.
'Tis tumbling in my head ; there is a mastery
In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside ;
Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits
Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,— 190
Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone ; I'll search out
The trick on't. [*Aside.*]

Pen. Lead me gently ; heavens reward ye.
Griefs are sure friends ; they leave, without control,
Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

[*Exit, supported by Christalla and Philema.*]

Bass. I grant ye ; and will put in practice instantly

What you shall still admire : 'tis wonderful,
 'Tis super-singular, not to be match'd ;
 Yet, when I've done't, I've done't :—ye sh
 thank me.

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul

Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,
 As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
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 In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,
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 The custom of the war, in hours of leisure ;
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 But to her pleasure.

Ith. Excellent Nearchus,

Be prince still of my services, and conquer,
 Without the combat of dispute ; I honour you

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 2.

Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed,
Physicians are call'd for ; 'twere fit, Armostes,
You should be near him.

Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.

[*Exeunt Ithocles and Armostes.*]

Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might address to her ; young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant 230
Of her devotions ; one, to speak him truly,
In every disposition nobly fashioned.

Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rivalled,
Considering th' inequality of the persons ?

Near. I can, Amelus ; for affections, injured
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,
Like tempest-threatened trees unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth : observe, for instance,
Life-spent Penthea, and unhappy Orgilus.

Ame. How does your grace determine ? 240

Near. To be jealous
In public, of what privately I'll further ;
And, though they shall not know, yet they shall
find it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter the King, led by Hemophil and Groneas, followed by Armostes, with a box, Crotolon, and Prophilus. The King is placed in a chair.

Amc. Our daughter is not near ?

Arm. She is retired, sir,
Into her gallery.

Amc. Where's the prince our cousin ?

Pro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

Amc. All leave us

Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon ;
We would be private.

Pro. Health unto your majesty.

[Exeunt Prophilus, Hemophil, and Groneas.]

Amc. What ! Tecnicus is gone ?

10

Arm. He is, to Delphos ;

And to your royal hands presents this box.

Amc. Unseal it, good Armostes ; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle ; out with it ;

[Armostes takes out the scroll.]

Apollo live our patron ! Read, Armostes.

Arm. 'The plot in which the Vine takes root

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 3.

Begins to dry from head to foot ;
The stock, soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding grape :
But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew 20
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.'

Amyc. That is the oracle ; what exposition
Makes the philosopher ?

Arm. This brief one, only.

'The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king ;
The quailing grape his daughter ; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be revealed,
Is a near prince, the Elm : the rest concealed.
'TECNICUS.'

Amyc. Enough ; although the opening of this riddle
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe 30
How near our labouring age draws to a rest :
But must Calantha quail too ? that young grape
Untimely budded ! I could mourn for her ;
Her tenderness hath yet deserved no rigour
So to be cros't by fate.

Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense ; I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the
dew
Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen 40
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of oracles
Is to be then digested, when the events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As uttered ; Truth is child of Time ; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amyc. May it prove so,
For wail of this dear nation !—Where is Ithocles ?—
Armestes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine 50
Of my frail carcase, on the funeral pile,
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves ;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now !

Arm. All attend here !

*Enter Ithocles, Calantha, Prophilus, Orgilus,
Euphranea, Hemophil and Groneas.*

Cal. Dear sir ! king ! father !

Ith. Oh, my royal master !

Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my life's
solace,
With your fore-judging fears : there is no physic 60
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty ; I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC.

Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness :
Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus ?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org. This very morning ;

Which, with your highness' leave, you may observe
too.

Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly, 70
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle, maids know only that they know not.
Pish ! prithee, blush not ; 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business—is't not, sister ?

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth becomes thee.

But wherefore sits the court in such a silence ? 80

A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward

The bridal sports, to which I will be present ;

If not, at least consenting : mine own Ithocles,

I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You have built me,

To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never !—

May I propose a suit ?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

Aside.

90

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no further
Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine ; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand
[*To Ithocles.*

Calantha, take thine own ; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any 100
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wished for, cause the
same.

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my word ?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich fortunes guard, the favour of a princess,
Rock thee, brave man, in ever crowned plenty !—
You are minion of the time ; be thankful for it.
Ho ! here's a swing in destiny—apparent !
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble. [*Aside.*

Amyc. On to your recreations !—Now convey me 110
Unto my bed-chamber ; none on his forehead
Wear a distemper'd look.

All. The gods preserve you !

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity !

*Orgilus is carried out.—Exeunt all but Ithocles,
detained by Orgilus.*

The Broken Heart

ACT. IV. SC. 3.

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord ?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own ; for Prophilus must henceforth
Be all thy sister's ; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command 120
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great
lord,

My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal ! A subject royal ?

Org. Why not, pray sir ?

The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,
Stooped to desert, not birth ; there's as much merit
In clearness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation ; you have conquered love
Even in the loveliest : if I greatly err not, 130
The son of Venus hath bequeathed his quiver
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is opened.

Ith. Can it be possible ?

Org. I was myself a piece of a suitor once,
And forward in preferment too ; so forward
That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark ye !)
My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's, 140
Now, at this very instant—but——

Ith. 'Tis granted :

And for a league of privacy between us,
 Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret ;
 The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not ?

I now applaud her wisdom : when your kingdom
 Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
 I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch ;
 Greece must admire and tremble.

150

Ith. Then the sweetness

Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus !
 It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory

Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
 Bent knees, hearts paved to tread on !

Ith. With a friendship

So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting

For office ; but for service——

160

Ith. We'll distinguish

Our fortunes merely in the title ; partners
 In all respects else but the bed.—

Org. The bed ?

Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy !—till lastly
 We slip down in the common earth together.
 And there our beds are equal ; save some monu-
 ment

To show this was the king, and this the subject—

[*Soft sad Music.*]

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 3.

List, what sad sounds are these? extremely sad ones.

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings. 170

Org. Hark ! a voice too.

A Song (within).

'Oh, no more, no more, too late
Sighs are spent ; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out : no heat, no light
Now remains ; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead ; let lovers' eyes,
Lock'd in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes. 180
Ope no more, for now Love dies.
Now Love dies,—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.'

Ith. Oh my misgiving heart !

Org. A horrid stillness

Succeeds this deathful air ; let's know the reason :

Tread softly ; there is mystery in mourning.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Apartment of Penthea in the Same.

Penthea discovered in a Chair, veiled; Christalla and Philema at her feet mourning. Enter two Servants, with two other Chairs, one worked by clockwork.

Enter Ithocles and Orgilus.

I Serv. (aside to Org.) 'Tis done; that on her right hand.

Org. Good! begone *[Exeunt Servants.]*

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room!

Org. How fares the lady?

Phil. Dead.

Chris. Dead!

Phil. Starved!

Chris. Starved!

Ith. Me miserable!

Org. Tell us 10

How parted she from life?

*Phil. She called for music,
And begged some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs; Christalla touched the lute
I wept the funeral song.*

Chris. Which scarce was ended,

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 4.

But her last breath sealed up these hollow sounds :
‘ Oh, cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus !’
So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died ! 20

Org. Up ! you are messengers of death, go from us ;
[Christalla and Philema rise.

Here’s woe enough to court without a prompter.
Away ; and,—hark ye ! till you see us next,
No syllable that she is dead.—Away,
Keep a smooth brow.—

[Exeunt Christalla and Philema.

Ith. Mine only sister ! [My lord.—
Another is not left me.

Org. Take that chair,
I’ll seat me here in this : between us sits
The object of our sorrows ; some few tears 30
We’ll part among us : I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare them.—
There, there ! sit there, my lord !

Ith. Yes, as you please.
[Sits down, the chair closes upon him.

What means this treachery ?

Org. Caught ! you are caught,
Young master ! ’tis thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness ! See I take this veil off ;
Survey a beauty withered by the flames
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother. 40

Ith. Thou mean’st to kill me basely ?

Org. I foreknew

The last act of her life, and trained thee hither,
 To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
 You dreamt of kingdoms, did you ! how to bosom
 The delicacies of a youngling princess !
 How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
 How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
 And so forth ; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,
 Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions, 50
 Ne'er touched upon your thought ! as for my injuries,
 Alas ! they were beneath your royal pity ;
 But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound
 thee !

Behold thy fate ; this steel ! [*Draws a dagger.*]

Ith. Strike home ! A courage

As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome,
 But prithee faint not ; if the wound close up,
 Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.
 Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg com-
 passion,
 As loath to leave the vainness of my glories ; 60
 A statelier resolution arms thy confidence,
 To cozen thee of honour ; neither could I,
 With equal trial of unequal fortune,
 By hazard of a duel ; 'twere a bravery
 Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
 On to the execution, and inherit
 A conflict with my horrors.

The Broken Heart

ACT IV. SC. 4.

Org. By Apollo,

Thou talk'st a goodly language ! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly ; 70
And take this peace along : some few short minutes
Determined, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost ; then, if we tug for mastery,
Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand — be healthful in thy part-
ing

From lost mortality ! thus, thus I free it. [*Stabs him.*]

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.

Org. Keep up thy spirit :

I will be gentle even in blood ; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel. 80
[*Stabs him again.*]

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow
Safety, with best success ; oh, may it prosper !—
Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds ;
The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long looked for peace—now—moves—to heaven.
[*Dies.*]

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood ! henceforth
welcome

Best expectation of a noble sufferance ! 90
I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow

ACT IV. SC. 4.

The Broken Heart

Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for
ever !—

In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
No monument lasts but a happy name !

[Locks the door and exit.]

ACT V

SCENE I

A Room in Bassanes' House

Enter Bassanes.

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the nursery
Of Greece for learning, and the fount of knowledge ;
For here, in Sparta, there's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct ; we are all turn'd madcaps.
'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs,
Then certainly he knows the virtue of them :
To Delphos I have sent too ; if there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter Orgilus.

Org. Honour
Attend thy counsels ever. 10

Bass. I beseech thee,
With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly ;
I will not ought to do with thee, of all men.

The doubles of a hare,—or, in a morning,
 Salutes from a splay-footed witch,—to drop
 Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no more,—
 Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,
 Are not so boding mischief, as thy crossing
 My private meditations : shun me, prithee ;
 And if I cannot love thee heartily, 20
 I'll love thee as well as I can.

Org. Noble Bassanes,
 Mistake me not.

Bass. Phew ! then we shall be troubled.
 Thou wert ordained my plague—heaven make me
 thankful,
 And give me patience too, heaven, I beseech thee !

Org. Accept a league of amity : for henceforth,
 I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
 Never to speak vexation ; I will study
 Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow 30
 For my past incivility towards you.

Bass. Hey-day, good words, good words ! I must believe
 'em,
 And be a coxcomb for my labour.

Org. Use not
 So hard a language ; your misdoubt is causeless :
 For instance, if you promise to put on
 A constancy of patience, such a patience
 As chronicle or history ne'er mentioned,
 As follows not example, but shall stand

The Broken Heart

ACT V. SC. 1.

A wonder, and a theme for imitation, 40
The first, the index pointing to a second,
I will acquaint you with an unmatched secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.

Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus ; 'tis in the power
Of the gods only ; yet, for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,
Unforced, and naturally free, be resolute,
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning
With a more careless danger, than my constancy
The full of thy relation ; could it move 50
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock : I do expect now
Some truth of unheard moment.

Org. To your patience
You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries locked up in Jove's own bosom.

Bass. A skull hid in the earth a treble age,
Shall sooner prate.

Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action 60
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
You ought to yield obedience.

Bass. With assurance
Of will and thankfulness.

Org. With manly courage
Please then to follow me.

Bass. Where'er, I fear not. [Exit.

SCENE II

A State Room in the Palace.

A Flourish. Enter Euphranea, led by Groneas and Hemophil; Prophilus, led by Christalla and Philema; Nearchus supporting Calantha; Crotolon and Amelus.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus ;
On whom attend they ?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher ; wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence : as for Bassanes,
Delights to him are troublesome ; Armostes
Is with the king ?

Crot. He is. 10

Cal. On to the dance !
Cousin, hand you the bride ; the bridegroom must
be
Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea ; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

The Broken Heart

ACT V. SC. 2.

The Revels.

Music. Nearchus dances with Euphranea, Prophilus with Calantha, Christalla with Hemophil, Philema with Groneas.

They Dance the First Change; during which Armostes enters.

Arm. [*whispers Calantha.*] The king your father's dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is't possible?

They Dance the Second Change.

Enter Bassanes.

Bass. [*whispers Calantha.*] Oh madam!

Pentheas, poor Pentheas starved,

20

Cal. Beshrew thee!

Lead to the next. †

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They Dance the Third Change.

Enter Orgilus.

Org. [*whispers Calantha.*] Brave Ithocles is murdered,
murdered cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike up more

Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck !

The Last Change.

Cal. So ! let us breathe a while.— [*Music ceases.*
—Hath not this motion 30

Raised fresher colours on our cheeks ?

Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully :
And cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady. 40

Cal. Yes, yes ; some hollow voice delivered to me
Now that the king was dead.

Arm. The king is dead :
That fatal news was mine ; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and with his crown bequeathed
you
Your mother's wedding ring ; which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange !

Cal. Peace crown his ashes ! We are queen then.

Near. Long live Calantha ! Sparta's sovereign queen !

The Broken Heart

ACT V. SC. 2.

All. Long live the queen ! 50

Cal. What whispered Bassanes ?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starved to death.

Cal. She is happy ; she hath finished
A long and painful process.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles
Was murdered ; rather butchered, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaimed his last act triumph over ruin. 60

Arm. How ! murdered !

Cal. By whose hand ?

Org. By mine ; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge ; the reasons
Are just, and known ; quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fye, Orgilus !

Euph. Fye, brother !

Cal. You have done it ? 70

Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit
Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice ; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced. Armestes, rend not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities : thou hast lost a nephew,

A niece, and I a wife : continue man still ;
 Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
 Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking 80
 At such a pressure as would sink a soul
 Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
 But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
 And enter'd into bonds without condition,
 To stand these tempests calmly ; mark me, nobles,
 I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea !

Excellent misery !

Cal. We begin our reign

With a first act of justice ! thy confession,
 Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence ; 90
 But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
 Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
 To thy lost son ; Euphranea, take a farewell,
 And both be gone.

Crot. [*to Org.*] Confirm thee, noble sorrow
 In worthy resolution !

Euph. Could my tears speak,
 My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye !
 Enjoy my sister, Prophilus ; my vengeance 100
 Aim'd never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw.

[*Exeunt Crotolon, Prophilus, and Euphranea.*]

Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
 For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes

The Broken Heart

ACT V. SC. 2.

And life by thee are both at once snatched from him,
With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best ; there's all our bounty,
But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution,
Instant, before you part. 110

Near. Your will commands us.

Org. One suit, just queen, my last : vouchsafe your
 clemency,

That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms

Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference : those that are dead,
Are dead ; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords ; 120
We'll suddenly prepare our Coronation.

[*Exeunt Calantha, Philema, and Christalla.*]

Arm. 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never touch on
Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit :

And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye ? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice ?

Org. To bleed to death.

Arm. The executioner ?

130

Org. Myself, no surgeon ;

I am well skilled in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream ; here's a skilful instrument :

[*Shows his dagger.*]

Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution,
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for you,

It most concerns my art, my care, my credit ; 140
Quick, fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship !

Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.

Reach me a staff in this hand.—[*They give him a
staff.*—]—If a proneness,

Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betrayed me to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety : 150
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune ; which, since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.
We trifle time in words :—thus I show cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[*Pierces the vein with his dagger.*]

The Broken Heart

ACT V. SC. 2.

Arm. Desperate courage !

Near. Honourable infamy !

Hem. I tremble at the sight.

Gron. 'Would I were loose !

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broach'd ; 160

The vessel must be sound from which it issues.

Grasp hard this other stick—I'll be as nimble—

But prithee, look not pale—Have at ye ! stretch out

Thine arm with vigour, and unshak[en] virtue.

[Opens the vein.

Good ! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted

To conquer in extremities : this pastime

Appears majestic ; some high-tuned poem,

Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity

The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.

How is't, man ?—droop not yet. 170

Org. I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death :

My sovereign, as his liegeman ; on my mistress,

As a devoted servant ; and on Ithocles,

As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy :

Nor did I use an engine to entrap

His life, out of a slavish fear to combat

Youth, strength, or cunning ; but for that I durst not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,

By which his name might have outfaced my ven-

geance. 180

Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phoebus' fire !

I call to mind thy augury, 'twas perfect ;

Revenge proves its own executioner.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,

The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters——

Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.

Org. So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature !

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright
splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow : 190

Welcome, thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,

No heat can ever thaw thee. [*Dies.*

Hear. Speech hath left him.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time ; his funeral urn

Shall be my charge ; remove the bloodless body.

The Coronation must require attendance ;

That past, my few days can be but one mourning.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A Temple.

An Altar, covered with white : two lights of virgin wax upon it.—Recorders, during which enter attendants, bearing Ithocles on a Hearse, in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head ; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter Calantha in white.

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ACT V. SC. 3.

crowned, attended by Euphranea, Philema, and Christalla, also in white: Nearchus, Armostes, Crotolon, Prophilus, Amelus, Bassanes, Hemophil, and Groneas.

Calantha kneels before the Altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her; the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft music. Calantha and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.

Cal. Our orisons are heard ; the gods are merciful.
Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties, or obedience is, to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition ?
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike, and enured to practice 10
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminate authority ; we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise
us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,
Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens

Of constancy too lately, to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice, 20

By your own judgment both allowed and liked of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind ?

Bass. Alas, great mistress ! reason is so clouded
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
Give me some corner of the world to wear out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints 30
Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners ;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravished
By some untimely fate ; of friends divided
By churlish opposition ; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's slaughtered carcasses ;
Or daughters, groaning o'er their fathers' hearses,
And can I dwell there, and with these keep con-
sort
As musical as theirs. What can you look for
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man,
But craziness of age ? 40

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam.

Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely

he Broken Heart

ACT V. SC. 3.

What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.

ear. Name them, virtuous lady.

al. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds ; then in Argos
Armotes might be viceroy ; in Messene 50
Might Croton bear sway ; and Bassanes——

ass. I, queen ? alas ! what I ?

al. Be Sparta's marshal ;
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentle-
men,

Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person, in your chamber :
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,
She'll prove a constant wife ; and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple. 60

ass. This is a testament !

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

ear. All this should be performed.

al. Lastly, for Prophilus ;
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honours, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,
Too short a time enjoyed.

ro. I am unworthy

To live in your remembrance. 70

uph. Excellent lady !

Near. Madam, what means that word, 'neglected husband?'

Cal. Forgive me :—now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord ! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger ; 'twas my father's last bequest.

[Places a ring on the finger of Ithocles.

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am ;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another,
Of death ! and death ! and death ! still I danced
forward : 81

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and out-
cries,
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive them :
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-
strings ;
Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a ~~truth~~ too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last !—*[Kisses Ithocles.]*—crack, crack—

Argos now 's Sparta's king. Command the voices 90
Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song
I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song !

The Broken Heart

ACT V. SC. 3.

Dirge.

Cho. Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please

[The] outward senses, when the mind
Is ~~or~~ untroubled, or by peace refined.

First voice. Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.

Second. Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust

Third. Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.

Cho. Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care ;

Love only reigns in death ; though art
Can find no comfort for a BROKEN HEART.

Arm. Look to the queen !

Bass. Her 'heart is broke' indeed.

Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst missed this part !
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus ! thus said he :

'When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.'

'Tis here fulfilled.

Near. I am your king.

All. Long live

Nearchus, king of Sparta !

Near. Her last will

120

Shall never be digressed from ; wait in order

Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—

The counsels of the gods are never known,

Till men can call the effects of them their own.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fixed
To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mixed
With ignorance ; those censures may command
Belief, which talk not, till they understand.
Let some say, *This was flat ; some, Here the scene
Fell from its height ; another, That the mean
Was ill observed, in such a growing passion,
As it transcended either state or fashion.*
Some few may cry, *'Twas pretty well, or so,
But*— and there shrug in silence : yet we know
Our writer's aim was, in the whole, addressed
Well to deserve of ALL, but please the BEST :
Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain,
The BROKEN HEART may be piecèd up again.

GLOSSARY

- ABILIMENT** (sub.), power ; v. ii. 67.
ABSOLUTE (adj.), resolute ; IV. iii. 99.
ACONITE (sub.), the plant monk's-hood, or wolf's-bane ; I. i. 45. *aconitum napellus*. Cf. 2 *Hen.* IV. iv. iv. 48.
ALACRITY (sub.), briskness, energy ; II. iii. 5.
APPARENT (adv.), to all appearance ; IV. iii. 108.
APPROVE (verb), try, test ; IV. iv. 92.

BEGGAR (sub.), suppliant ; v. ii. 135.
BESEEMING (verb), befitting ; III. v. 80.
BLAB (verb), utter, an onomatopœic word, imitating the sound ; II. i. 46.
BLUNT (adj.), brusque, without delicate consideration ; I. ii. 130.
BRAVERIES, pomp, fashionable attire ; II. i. 108.
BROACHED (verb), steeped ; I. i. 23.

CAROCHES (sub.), coaches ; II. i. 157.
CAUSELESS (adj.), without reason ; III. i. 15.
CHARACTERED (verb), written down ; III. v. 56.
COLL (verb), embrace, also written cull ; II. i. 28.
CON (verb), read carefully ; IV. i. 195.
CONCEIT (sub.), intelligence ; III. iii. 75. Cf. Machin's *Dumb Knight*, act IV. sc. i. 'Sloth in my conceit is but a type of pride.'
CONCORD (sub.), harmony ; II. ii. 103.
CONDITION (sub.), temperament ; III. iv. 21.
CONFEDERACY (sub.), band, league ; II. i. 12.
CONSENTED (adj.), cemented together ; II. ii. 116.
CONSEQUENCE (sub.), a cause ; I. iii. 7.
CONSEQUENCE (sub.), effect ; III. i. 6.
CONSTANCY (sub.), composure ; v. i. 37.
CONSTRUE (verb), interpret ; IV. iii. 30.
CONTENTS (sub.), will ; I. i. 130.
CONTRACTED (verb), affianced ; v. iii. 74.
CURRENT (adj.), timely ; II. ii. 61.

DAMMED UP (verb), blocked up ; II. i. 1.
DEMEANOURS (sub.), temperament ; v. iii. 9.
DEMUR (sub.), procrastination, delay ; II. ii. 91.
DESERTFUL (adj.), worthy ; II. ii. 18.
DETERMINED (partic.), terminated, past ; IV. iv. 72. Cf. *Coriolanus* III. iii. 43.
DREADFUL (adj.), full of dread or fear ; v. ii. 150.

GLOSSARY

- EARNEST** (sub.), earnestness, seriousness; v. i. 46. *Cf. As You Like It*, IV. iii. 172.
- ENGROSS** (verb), acquire, imbibe; III. iii. 71.
- ENTERTAIN** (verb), receive; III. i. 83; also the noun *Entertainment*, meaning reception; III. iv. 26. *Cf. Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iii. 48.
- FACTOR** (sub.), agent; II. i. 12.
- FILLET** (verb), fasten, tie with a cord; v. ii. 141.
- FIRK** (sub.), a trick, a piece of roguery; III. ii. 191; also the verb to *firk*, to cheat, and the substantive, a *firker*, a cheat. *Cf. The Parson's Wedding*, 'I would so firke him till he found physic in a rope.'
- FOLDINGS** (sub.), embraces, attitudes; I. iii. 47. *Cf. Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 223, 'Cupid shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold.'
- FOOTINGS** (sub.), feet; v. ii. 26.
- FOOTINGS** (sub.), way of life; I. iii. 15.
- FOREFEND** (verb), hinder, prevent; IV. iii. 165.
- GLASS** (sub.), hour-glass; III. v. 12.
- GRAMMATES** (sub.), elements of language; I. iii. 147.
- GRAVITY**, a title of honour; III. i. 68.
- HEARKEN AFTER** (verb), investigate; I. iii. 38.
- HUDDLE** (verb), crowd, throng; II. i. 76.
- INQUISITION** (sub.), prying; IV. i. 1.
- INQUISITIVE** (adj.), solicitous; II. iii. 11.

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- INVESTIGATIONS** (sub.), masques, or spectacular shows; III. iii. 70.
- ISSUE** (sub.), purpose, determination; I. ii. 87.
- LARGESSE** (sub.), an offering, sacrifice; IV. ii. 38.
- LEADER-ON**, the coryphaeus, or principal dancer among the Dionysia or Bacchanalia, *i.e.*, the feasts of Bacchus; I. ii. 100.
- LIST** (verb), hearken; IV. i. 172.
- MALICE** (verb), menace, do evil to; III. iv. 16.
- MASTERY** (sub.), skill; IV. ii. 187.
- MEGRIM** (sub.), the blues, a slight indisposition; III. ii. 191.
- METAMORPHOSSED** (verb), disguised; I. iii. 37.
- MINION** (sub.), favourite; IV. iii. 107.
- MISCONCKIT** (sub.), mistake; III. i. 16.
- MISDOUBT** (sub.), hesitation; v. i. 35.
- MOTION** (sub.), appeal, request; II. ii. 65.
- MOUNTING** (partic. adj.), aspiring; I. ii. 134.
- NICKNESS**, needless coyness; I. iii. 57. *Cf. Richard III.*, VII. 175; the form nicely also exists. *Cf. Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 162.
- ORACULOUS** (adv.), containing as much truth as was expressed by the oracles; I. iii. 12.
- PITH** (sub.), meaning; III. i. 70.
- PRESUME** (verb), make a condition that; v. iii. 48.

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GLOSSARY

PRIVILEGE (sub.), excuse ; I. iii. 53.
PULE (verb), moan, whimper ; V.
ii. 125.

QUAIL (verb), to droop, fail ; IV. iii.
19. *Cf. As You Like It*, II. ii. 20,
'Let not search and inquisition
quail.'

RARE (adj.), extraordinary, exces-
sive ; V. ii. 36.

RECEIPTS (sub.), prescriptions ; II.
ii. 14.

RESOLUTE, resolved ; V. i. 47.

SAW (sub.), ancient saying, or pro-
verb ; IV. i. 160.

SECRECIES (sub.), mysteries ; II. iii.
12.

SEELED (adj.), a term in falconry,
&c. : a seeled hawk or dove was
one which had its eyelids par-
tially or wholly drawn together
by a fine thread ; II. ii. 3. *Cf.*
Spenser's Faery Queen, B. i. C.
vii. 23.

SLIGHTS (sub.), has two meanings :
(1) sly arts, subtle practices, (2)
rebuffs ; I. ii. 106.

SPAN (sub.), extent ; I. iii. 56.

SPRINGALL (sub.), youth, lad ; II. i.
14.

SUDDENLY (adv.), at once, without
delay ; II. i. 10.

SUPPLING (adj.), soothing, IV. i. 151.

SUPPORTANCE (sub.), aid, prop ; IV.
i. 118. *Cf. Richard II.*, III. iv. 32.

SUPPORTED (verb), leaning ; I. iii.
49.

TENT (verb), to widen ; IV. iv. 58.

TENTER (sub.), a frame studded
with hooks whereon the dyers
hung their cloth to dry ; I. iii.
110 ; we use the form tenter-
hooks.

TETCHY (adj.), peevish, irritable ; I.
iii. 134. *Cf. Richard III.* IV. iv.
168.

TIMELY (adj.), opportune ; II. ii. 9.

THRIFT (sub.), prosperity, success ;
III. iv. 13. *Cf. Cymbeline*, V. i. 15.

THRUM (verb), to trim a dog as
to leave tufts resembling the
'thrums' of the loom ; I. ii. 171.

UNMATCHED (adj.), unparalleled,
unequaled ; V. i. 42.

VOICING (verb), proclaiming ; I. ii.
100.

NOTES

ACT I., SC. I.

1. i. 23. *Broached*=steeped. It also means transfixed, as witness Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1. i., 'I'll broach them if they do.'

1. i. 31. *Hymenean bond*—the bond of Hymen, the God of Marriage.

1. i. 45. *Aconite*=wolf's-bane or monk's-hood, not 'the deadly nightshade,' as some assert, which belongs to the genus *Solanum*. Aconite by the Elizabethans was supposed to be of such deadly virulence and so hasty in its effects that in 2 *Henry IV.* IV. iv. Shakespeare says—

'The united vessel of their blood
Mingled with venom of suggestion
As force perforce, the age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.'

The ancients believed it to be the creation of Hecate from the foam of Cerberus when Hercules dragged him up from Hades to present him to Eurystheus in his twelfth and last labour.

1. i. 55. *Importune*. Note the falling of the accent on the penultimate syllable.

1. i. 64. *Savours not humanity*. Note the elision of the preposition 'of.' Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. v. 104, 'Some precepts worthy the note.'

1. i. 117. *Vesta's sacred fires*. Sacred because those who tended them were vowed to perpetual virginity.

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I. i. 120. *On fitting fortune*=On fortune that is worthy of being accepted.

I. i. 130. *Contents*=satisfaction.

I. i. 135. *He has just grounds direct him*. Another instance of ellipsis. Cf. *Julius Caesar*, I. i. 3, 'You ought not walk'; also *Merchant of Venice*, II. vii. 43, 'To come view fair Portia.'

I. i. 143. *Change fresh airs . . . about them*. They may travel where they please but their griefs are their constant companions.

ACT I., SC. II.

I. ii. 73. *The chaplet*. The victor in a campaign received a chaplet of laurel or ivy; also the conqueror at the Olympic Games. To that custom the passage here refers. Cf. also Horace, Odes, I. i. 29, '*Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium. Diis miscent superis.*'

I. ii. 79. *Provincial garland*. The reference seems to be to the fact that the garland was composed of Provencal roses. Hamlet makes the same allusion (III. ii. 285) in his remark to Polonius. 'Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes,—get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?' In this connection Douce would have us read 'roses of Provins,' for while, as he asserts, there is no evidence to show that Provence was ever celebrated for its roses, it is well known that Provins, in La Basse Brie, about forty miles from Paris, was formerly very celebrated for the growth of this flower. It is probable (continues Douce) that this kind of rose, which in our old herbals is called the 'Great Holland' or 'Provence Rose,' was imported into this country both from Holland and France, from which latter country the Dutch may at first have procured it.

I. ii. 87. *On the issue of a willing mind*=On the purposes or determined actions of a mind desirous to show its loyalty.

I. ii. 98. *Applause runs madding*—i.e., applause expends itself in

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undiscriminating eulogy. Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 210, 'The madding wheels of brazen chariots razed'; also Gray's fine phrase, 'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.'

1. ii. 100. *Leader-on*. This is a image drawn from the actions of the coryphæus, or leader among the priests of Bacchus, the God of Wine, during the celebration of the Dionysia of Greece or the Bacchanalia of Rome.

1. ii. 106. *Slights*. May either mean subtle deeds or rebuffs; it may also mean, 'I would not so belittle myself.'

1. ii. 170. *Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog*. Reel = to wind the thread from off the distaff; also to thrum = to cover with small tufts like the thrum of the loom. This was the way in which many poodles were clipped in those days, so that the line may also be read in the sense of 'thrum' being to trim a dog so as to leave the tufts on it resembling the 'thruns' of the loom.

1. ii. 175. *Corncutters* were then a branch of the barber-surgeons.

1. ii. 186. 'Instead of following them . . . us.' Cf. here Henryson's *Robin and Makyn*.

SCENE III.

1. iii. 9. *Foredooming destiny*. Rendering my fate sure.

1. iii. 13. *Such a crooked by-way*. Run in such a devious path, or in a path so alien to honour truth.

1. iii. 22. *At odds with nature*. Has much the same meaning as Shakespeare's famous phrase, 'Out of suits with fortune' (*As You Like It*, I. ii. 258).

1. iii. 53. *Must stand my privilege* = must plead my excuse for being where I am.

1. iii. 57. *In niceness* = in needless coyness. Cf. *Cymbeline*, III. iv. 158, 'Fear and niceness the handmaids of all women.'

1. iii. 72. *But a brother . . . grave*; that is to say that Ithocles, 'as far as the case of Penthea and Orgilus went, had been more cruel than the grave.'

I. iii. 85. *So much blissfulness*=so much happiness in marriage. Note the proleptic use of the word—'offered me for the future so much blissfulness.'

I. iii. 110. *On the tenters*. The tenters were frames studded with hooks on which cloth was hung to dry after being dyed.

I. iii. 117. *His Oratory*. Ford seldom lapses into anachronisms, but here is one. An Oratory in Sparta at this period would have been somewhat of an anomaly.

I. iii. 130. *Northern blast*. The north was regarded as the quarter whence all storms came. It was also the one where the great supernatural powers had their seat.

I. iii. 147. *The grammates*=the elements of language.

ACT II., SC. I.

II. i. 1. *Dammed up*=blocked up.

II. i. 10. *Suddenly*=without delay.

II. i. 13. *Close packets*=closed packets; letters that are sealed and cannot be read.

II. i. 14. *Spruce Springal*. A brisk growing youth; sometimes written Springald and Springold; probably from the old French springaller and the Dutch springael. Cf. *Faery Queen*, v. v. 6—

'Among the rest which in that space befell
There came two *springals* of full tender years';

also in Latimer's *Sermons*, 'Joseph when he was sold to Potiphar, that great man, was a faire young Springall.'

II. i. 28. *Coll*=embrace; clasp round the neck; probably from Fr. Collée, signifying such an embrace; also written cull. Cf. *Grim the Colter*, 'Kissing and colling all the livelong night'; also 'She smiled, he kissed and kissing culled her too' (Herrick).

II. i. 44. *No woman but can fall and doth or would*. This line means that there is no woman who, if she but can fall, doth fall, or

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if she cannot fain would fall. This is one of those 'conceits' which are so plentiful in Cowley.

II. i. 80. *Spangled with pearls of transparent dew*. Note that pearls here is a dissyllable.

II. i. 109. *The whiteness of my name*=the spotlessness of my reputation.

II. i. 118. *Somewhat too inward*=somewhat too retired.

II. i. 131. *Mews*=sea-mews. Cf. *Tempest*, II. ii. 176, 'Young sea-mews from the rocks.'

II. i. 143. *A chopping boy*. See quotation of this passage by Sir Walter Scott in his letter to George Ellis; Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

II. i. 157. *Caroches*=the old form of coaches.

II. i. 187. *My crossing you*=my opposition to you.

II. i. 192. *I am no new-come-to-t*=I am not one who lately has taken up this way of life.

ACT II., SC. II.

II. ii. 3. *Seeled dove*. A dove with its eyes closed wholly or partially, by passing a fine thread through them. It was a common notion that if a dove was let loose with its eyes so closed it would mount upward till it fell from sheer exhaustion. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Cataline*, III. i.

II. ii. 8. *Morality, applied . . . dance*. Morality applied to opportune instances keeps the character on a higher plane of action, according to which acts of moral self-denial become pleasant.

II. ii. 14. *Best receipts and means*=best prescriptions and treatment.

II. ii. 35. *A union so devout*=a union so truly sacred and representative of the highest desires of the contracting parties.

II. ii. 61. *Any service . . . current*=any service that may seem to you to be valuable at the present juncture of your affairs.

II. ii. 65. *Admit the motion*=favour the appeal.

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II. ii. 91. *Demur*=delay, procrastination.

II. ii. 103. *Sinews of concord*. A metaphor taken from the strings of a musical instrument which were in those days made of the sinews of animals. Concords here mean harmony.

ACT II., SC. III.

II. iii. 5. This line is very corrupt. I have therefore adopted Dyce's reading, and inserted 'once' after alacrity as tending to make the meaning clear.

II. iii. 9. The word 'little' has been inserted into the text here in order to preserve the rhythm.

II. iii. 11. *Inquisitive of secrecies*=one who invites confidences.

II. iii. 19. *Account with*=occupy myself with.

II. iii. 24. *School-terms*=phrases used among the philosophers and the learned.

II. iii. 37-39. The text here is so corrupt as practically to defy any emendation that does not demand greater liberties being taken with it than are warrantable. I have decided, therefore, to leave it in its imperfect form, as the sense can easily be guessed at.

II. iii. 43. *Feeding the hungry appetite . . . food*. Refers to the 'Bermecide Banquet' in the *Arabian Nights*.

II. iii. 155. *Aches*. This word was pronounced as a dissyllable.

II. iii. 170. *Excellentest Ithocles*. Note here the use of the superlative degree of comparison with a word superlative. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, III. ii. 180, 'To taste of thy most worst.'

II. iii. 178. *Our reckonings may fall even*=our good deeds counter-balance our evil.

ACT III., SC. I.

III. i. 6. *Inferred a consequence*. Entailed an effect, *i.e.*, was the cause of a certain effect.

III. i. 9. *A new-hatch'd execution*=a newly conceived plan.

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III. i. 15. *Such doubts are causeless*=such doubts are without reason.

III. i. 42. *But real honour*. Note the 'real' is here to be read as a dissyllable, as also in line 55.

III. i. 48. *Intrenching on just laws*=by trenching on just laws.

III. i. 62. *Moderators*. Presidents or umpires in debate. The name is still preserved in the Scottish Ecclesiastical Supreme Courts, where the Moderator of the General Assembly and of Presbytery is the umpire or regulator of discussion.

III. i. 68. *He prays your Gravity*. Gravity here is a title of honour, as 'Excellency' among us.

III. i. 69. *Sift and boll*. An image taken from grinding corn. Sifting and bolting are equivalent to refining.

III. i. 70. *Pith and circumstance*=the meaning and context. Cf. the Soliloquy of Hamlet, 'Enterprises of great pith and moment'; also Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, 'The pith and circumstance of noble enterprise.'

III. i. 77. *Delphos*, otherwise Delphi, a town of Phocis, and situated in a valley at the south-west side of Mount Parnassus. It was famous for a temple of Apollo and for the oracle of that deity there, which was consulted by votaries from all parts of the world.

ACT III., SC. II.

III. ii. 161. *Clod of trade*. I am no clod without a soul above trade.

III. ii. 191. *Megrims, firks, and melancholies*—the blues, tricks, and depression. The word megrim was frequently used in Elizabethan days to signify a kind of *ennui* or *tædium vite*. In *Hick Scornor* Imagination remarks, 'Also I said that in my head I had the megrim'; while in Lord Bristol's play, *Elvira*, Francisca replies to Don Julio's question where his sister was, 'In her chamber, sir, not very well; she's taken with a megrim.'

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Firk means a trick or a piece of roguery, and there is a verb, to *firk*, meaning to cheat, as, for instance, in *Ram Alley*, 'Sir, leave this firk of law, or by this light I'll give your throat a slit.'

Melancholies, a melancholy air, was affected by the beaux of Queen Elizabeth's time as a refined mark of gentility, and Ben Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour* says, 'I will be more proud and melancholy and gentlemanlike than I have been, I'll ensure you.'

ACT III., SC. III.

III. iii. 46. *Our Court . . . relish*=another instance of a monosyllable being used as a dissyllable to eke out the rhythm; 'more' usually being pronounced as a monosyllable, here it is a dissyllable.

III. iii. 71. *Flow in Athens . . . engrossed*. Those inventions which abound in Athens, thou hast there acquired.

III. iii. 74. *We shall be debtor to thy conceit*=we shall be under obligation to thy ingenuity. Cf. the Mystery Play of the *Four Elements* (line 45), in which the 'Messenger' says, 'Every man after his fantasy will write his conceit,' but in *As You Like It* (v. ii. 50), Rosalind, addressing Orlando, uses it to mean 'birth or extraction,' viz., 'I know you are a gentleman of good conceit.'

III. iii. 84. *Well worthy of your knowledge*. There is a proleptic sense introduced into the word 'knowledge,' viz., 'Well worthy that you should know more of him and his virtues in the future.'

ACT III., SC. IV.

III. iv. 7. *That licence . . . check*. However we may read this line it is rough and inharmonious. I would suggest a reversion to the quarto reading, 'That licence sovranly without check doth hold.'

III. iv. 9. *How resolve you ?*=What course do you decide to adopt?

III. iv. 13. *Could wish him thrift*. A curious use of thrift. The

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real meaning is thriving or success or prosperity. Shakespeare uses the word in this sense. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 175.

III. iv. 14. *Inleague*. The Elizabethan writers were very fond of such words as this, which differ little in meaning from the simpler form. 'League' and 'inleague' are just the same. 'In' and 'en' and 'un' were all so used. Cf. 'mesh' and 'emmesh,' 'rank' and 'enrank,' 'free' and 'enfree.'

III. iv. 21. *Harsh condition*=morose temperament.

ACT III., SC. V.

III. v. 12. *Glass of life*. This figure was taken from the hour-glasses which were always placed on the pulpits in Elizabethan and Jacobean times. When the sand ran out the clergyman was supposed to conclude. Some, however, were wont to tip the glass round, and, as was said, 'take another glass.'

III. v. 43. *Speak, I enjoy it*. Weber would exchange the 'I' for 'and,' but the sense is not thereby improved.

III. v. 118. *Revel in Elysium*. This is a jarring conception. Coleridge suggested 'To rest *me* in Elysium,' and Charles Lamb 'To rest *now* in Elysium.' Either would be preferable to Weber's reading.

ACT IV., SC. I.

IV. i. 13. *The after wit . . . tallied*. The knowledge that comes after the event is useless.

IV. i. 50. *Liberal contents*=versatile nature.

IV. i. 55. *Pleasures of rare object*=pleasures whose marvellous character. Cf. Dekker, *Old Fortunatus*, III. ii. 125.

IV. i. 121. *There's more divinity . . . majesty*. This passage has a suggestion of the familiar one in *Hamlet* IV. v. 121, 'There's such divinity doth hedge a king,' &c.

IV. i. 134. *Discretion . . . bounds*. Cf. I *Henry IV.*, v. 4, 'The better part of valour is discretion.'

IV. i. 151. *Suppling patience*=of a soothing patience.

IV. i. 154. *The hurts . . . deadly*. The meaning here is somewhat obscure ; it is that 'the hurts which have been mortal are now about to produce that death which they had entailed throughout.'

ACT IV., SC. II.

IV. ii. 17. *The Garland of Good Will*. The title of a well-known collection of popular songs of the Caroline Age, printed in 1604, the initials of the author being T. D., supposed by some to be for 'Thomas Dekker' ; but that can scarcely be correct. In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, II. i., Bloodhound says, 'These are out of ballads ; she has all the *Garland of Good Will* by heart.'

IV. ii. 66. *Here's a killing sight*. Does this whole scene, but particularly this speech of Ithocles, not remind one of the similar scene in *Hamlet*, IV. v. ? In fact, the one scene seems based on the other.

IV. ii. 126. *Spare your hand*=give me your hand.

IV. ii. 187. *A mastery in art*=a skill in art.

IV. ii. 230. *Lord ascendant*. A metaphor drawn from astrology, the star in the ascendant being the star in the eastern, or 'rising quarter,' of the heavens. See the *Introduction to Astrology* by the celebrated William Lilly.

ACT IV., SC. III.

IV. iii. 16. *The plot*=the plot of ground.

IV. iii. 19. *Cause to quail*=cause to droop. Cf. *Cymbeline*, V. v. 149, 'My false spirits quail to remember.'

IV. iii. 99. *Firm and absolute*=undaunted and resolute.

IV. iii. 107. *Minion of the time*=the favourite of the age.

ACT IV., SC. IV.

Stage-direction—*Chair worked by clockwork*. These chairs were in great demand in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were

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used as instruments of torture. Some of these "engines" are still extant. In Spain there used to be one owned by the Inquisition which stabbed the individual to death who seated himself in it. A chair such as is described in the text is still visible in the Royal Museum, Copenhagen.

IV. iv. 58. *Tent it*. A phrase in older surgery denoting the operation of widening the orifice of a wound.

IV. iv. 59. *Thou look'st*=you expected.

IV. iv. 72. *Determined*=terminated, ended. The line means, 'After some few short minutes, my resolves,' &c.

IV. iv. 92. *Approved*=tried. The meaning of the line is, 'I shall lock up the bodies safely, until I see what is to be done.'

IV. iv. 94. *No monument lasts*, &c. Cf. Horace, Odes, B. iii., xxx. 1, 'Exegi monumentum ære perennius,' &c.

ACT V., SC. I.

V. i. 13. *I will not ought to do with thee*. Note the elision of the auxiliary 'have.' The meaning of Bassanes is, 'I do not desire to have anything to do with thee of all men.'

V. i. 14. *Doubles of a hare*. The tortuous course pursued by a hare in trying to escape the dogs.

V. i. 43. *Unmatched secret*=an unparalleled secret.

ACT V., SC. II.

V. ii. 26. *Our footings*=our feet.

V. ii. 36. *Rare presumption*=extraordinary or excessive presumption.

V. ii. 37. *Prefer our lawful . . . censure*=who arraign our lawful pleasure at the bar of their own dour censure.

V. ii. 67. *Hope or abiliment to steer a kingdom*=expectation or administrative power to govern the country.

V. ii. 114. *From this my humble frailty*=from this frail shell of our common humanity.

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v. ii. 135. *I am a beggar to some charity.* I must be a supplicant to some charitably disposed person to assist me, &c.

v. ii. 150. *Vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety.* In seeking safety through fear, in flight.

v. ii. 187. *So falls . . . creature.* So passes my superiority over the brute creation in being a reason-gifted creature, when a reason grows dim.

v. ii. 194. *Shook hands with time*=taken farewell of time.

ACT V., SC. III.

v. iii. 13-15. *Command your counsel . . . kingdom.* Had Fo written in the days of Elizabeth he never would have allowed the conclusion of this speech to appear, as it would have seemed reflection on the administrative abilities of the Virgin-queen.

v. iii. 89-92. On this catastrophe Charles Lamb says, 'I do not know in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, so surprising as this. . . . The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me to Calvary and the Cross, and I seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which I am here contemplating and the real agonies of that final completion to which dare no more than hint a reference' (*Specimens of Dramatic Authors*).

