

The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll

(Act I)

As it hath bene sundrie times Acted  
by the children of Powles

London

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Olive, dwelling in Long Lane.  
1600.

Actus Prima.

A Curtaine drawne, Earl Lassinbergh is discovered (like a Painter)  
painting Lucilia, who sits working on a piece of Cushion worke.

Lassinbergh. Welcome, bright Morn, that with thy golden rays  
Reveal'st the variant colors of the world,  
Look here and see if thou can'st find disper'st  
The glorious parts of faire Lucilia:  
Take them and join them in the heavenly Spheres,  
And fix them there as an eternal light  
For lovers to adore and wonder at:  
And this (long since) the high Gods would have done,  
But that they could not bring it back again  
When they had lost so great divinity.

Lucilia. You paint your flattering words, [Lord] Lassinbergh,  
Making a curious pencil of your tongue;  
And that fair artificial hand of yours  
Were fitter to have painted heaven's fair story  
Than here to work on antics and on me.  
Thus for my sake you (of a noble Earl)  
Are glad to be a mercenary Painter.

Lassinbergh. A Painter, fair Lucia ? Why, the world  
With all her beauty was by painting made.  
Look on the heavens colored with golden stars,  
The firmamental ground of it all blue:  
Look on the air where, with a hundred changes,  
The watery rainbow doth embrace the earth:  
Look on the summer fields adorned with flowers, \_  
How much is nature's painting honored there?  
Look in the mines, and on the eastern shore,  
Where all our metals and dear gems are drawn,  
Though fair themselves made better by their foils:  
Look on that little world, the twofold man,  
Whose fairer parcel is the weaker still,  
And see what azure veins in stream-like form  
Divide the rosy beauty of the skin.  
I speak not of the sundry shapes of beasts,  
The several colors of the elements,

Whose mixture shapes the world's variety  
In making all things by their colors known.  
And to conclude, Nature, herself divine,  
In all things she hath made is a mere painter.

[She kisses her hand.]

Lucilia. Now by this kiss, th' admirer of thy skill,  
Thou art well worthy th' honor thou hast given  
(With so sweet words) to thy eye-ravishing Art,  
Of which my beauties can deserve no part.

Lassinbergh. From these base antics where my hcd hath spearst  
They several parts, If I uniting all  
Had figured there the true Lucilia,  
Then might'st thou justly wonder at mine art  
And devout people would from fair repair,  
Like pilgrims, with their dutious sacrifice,  
Adoring thee as regent of their loves,  
Here, in the center of this Mary-gold,  
Like a bright diamond I enchast thine eye;  
Here, underneath this rosy little bush,  
Thy crimson cheeks peers forth more fair than it;  
Here cupid (hanging down his wings) doth sit,  
Comparing cherries to thy ruby lips:  
Here is thy brow, thy hair, thy neck, thy hand,  
Of purpose all in several shrouds dispersed,  
Least ravished I should dote on mine own work  
Or envy burning eyes should malice it.

Lucilia. No more, my Lord; see, here comes Hans our man.

Enter Hans.

Hans. We have the finest painter here at board wages that ever made  
flowerdelice, and the best bedfellow, too; for I may lie all night  
triumphing from corner to corner while he goes to see the fairies, but I  
for my part see nothing, but here a strange noise sometimes. Well, I am  
glad we are haunted so with fairies, for I cannot set a clean pump down  
but I find a dollar in it in the morning. See, my Mistress Lucilia,  
she's never from him: I pray God he paints no pictures with her; but I  
hope my fellow hireling will not be so saucy. But we have such a wench a  
coming for you (Lordings) with her wooers: A, the finest wench.

Wink, wink. Dear people, and you be wise  
And shut, O shut, your weeping eyes.

Enter Cornelia sola, looking upon the picture of Alberdure in a little  
jewel and singing. Enter the Doctor and the Merchant following and  
hearkening to her.

THE SONG.

What thing is love? For sure I am it is a thing,  
It is a prick, it is a thing, it is a pretty, pretty thing;

It is a fire, it is a cole, whose flame creeps in at every hole;  
And as my wits do best devise  
Loves dwelling is in Ladies eyes.

Hans. O rare wench!

Cornelia. Fair Prince, they picture is not here impressed

With such perfection as within my breast.

Merchant. Soft, Master Doctor.

Doctor. Cornelia, by gar dis paltry marchan be too bold, is to saucy by  
gar. Fool, hold off hand, fool; let de Doctor speak.

Hans. Now my brave wooers, how they strive for a jew\_s trump.

Doctor. Madame. Me love you, me desire to marry you. Me pray you not to  
say no.

Cornelia. Master Doctor, I think you do not love me;

I am sure you shall not marry me,

And (in good sadness) I must needs say no.

Merchant. What say you this, Master Doctor. Mistress, let me speak.

That I do love you I dare not say, least I should offend you; that I  
would marry you I had rather you should conceive than I should utter;  
and I do live or die upon your Monasible, I or no.

Doctor. By gar if you wil se de mershan hang himself, say no: a good  
shasse by gar.

Hans. A filthy French jest as I am a Dutch gentleman.

Merchant. Mistress, I'll bring you from Arabia,

Turkey, and India, where the sun doth rise,

Miraculous gems, rare stuffs of precious work,

To beauty you more than all the paintings

Of women with their color fading cheeks.

Doctor. You bring stuff for her? You bring pudding. Me vit one, two,  
tree pence more den de Prince buy it from dee and her too by gar: by gar  
dow sella\_dy fader for two pence more. Madame, me gieve you  
restoratife; me gieve you tings (but touse you) make you fair; me gieve  
you tings make you strong; me make you live six, seven, tree hundra  
year: you no point so, Mershan. Mershan run fru you two, tree, four year  
together: who shall kiss you dan? Who shall embrace you dan? Who shall  
touch your fine hand? O shall, O sweet, by gar.

Merchant. Indeed, Master Doctor, your commodities are rare; a guard of  
urinals in the morning, a plague fellow at midnight, a fusty potticarie  
ever at hand with his fustian drugs, attending your piss pot worship.

Doctor. By gar, scurvy Mershan, me beat dee stark dead, and make dee  
live again fro sav\_a de law.

Hans. A plague Mershan by gar, make the doctor angry.

Doctor. Now, Madame, by my trot you be very fair.

Cornelia. You mock me, Master Doctor. I know the contrary.

Doctor. Know? What you know? You no see yourself, by gar me see you; me  
speak vat me see; you no point speak so:

Hans. Peace, Doctor, I vise you. Do not court in my Master\_s hearing,  
you were best.

Enter Flores.

Flores. Where are these wooers here? Poor silly men,  
Highly deceived to gape for marriage here  
Only for gain: I have another reach  
More high than their base spirits can aspire:  
Yet must I use this Doctor\_s secret aid,  
That hath already promised me a drug  
Whose virtue shall effect my whole desires.  
Doctor. O Monsieur Flores, me be your worship\_s servant; me lay my hand  
under your Lordships foot by my trot.  
Flores. O Master Doctor, you are welcome to us,  
And you, Albertus, it doth please me much  
To see you \_vowed rivals thus agree.

Doctor. Agree? By my trot she\_ll not have him.  
Merchant. You find not that in your urines, Master Doctor.  
Doctor. Monsieur Flores, come hidder, pray.  
Flores. What says Master Doctor? Have you remembered me?  
Doctor. I, by gar: here be de powdra, you give de half at once.  
Flores. But are you sure it will work the effect?  
Doctor. Me be sure? By gar she no sooner drink but she hang your neck  
about; she stroke your beard; she nip your sheek, she busse your lip, by  
gar.  
Flores. What, wilt thou eat me, Doctor?  
Doctor. By gar, me must show you de virtue by plain demonstration.  
Flores. Well, tell me, is it best in wine or no?  
Doctor. By gar, de Mershan, de Mershan, I tink he kiss my sweet  
mistress!  
Flores. Nay, pray thee, Doctor, speak; is\_t best in wine or no?  
Doctor. O, good Lort! In wine: vat else I pray you? You give de vench to  
love vatra? By gar me be ashame of you.

Flores. Well, thanks, gentle doctor. And now (my friends)  
I look today for stranger of great state,  
And must crave liberty to provide for them.  
Painter, go leave your work, and you, Lucilia,  
Keep you (I charge you) in your chamber close.

[Exeunt Cassimere. And Lucilia.]

Hans, see that all things be in order set  
Both for our music and our large carouse ,  
That (after our best country fashion)  
I may give entertainment to the Prince.

Hans. One of your Hault-boys (Sir) is out of tune.  
Flores. Out of tune, villain? Which way?  
Hans. Drunk (Sir), ant please you?  
Flores. Is\_t night with him already? \_ Well, get other music.  
Hans. So we had need in truth, Sir. [Exit Hans.]  
Doctor. Me no trouble you by my fait, me take my leave: see, de  
umannerly Mershan stay, by gar. [Exit]

Merchant. Sir, with your leave I\_ll choose some other time

When I may less offend you with my stay. [Exit]

Flores. Albertus, welcome. \_ And now, Cornelia,  
Are we alone? Look first; Aye, all is safe.  
Daughter, I charge thee now even by that love  
In which we have been partial towards thee  
(Above thy sister, blest with beauties gifts)  
Receive this virtuous powder at my hands,  
And (having mixed it in a bowl of wine)  
Give it unto the Prince in his carouse.  
I mean no villainy herein to him  
But love to thee wrought by that charmed cup.  
We are (by birth) more noble then our fortunes;  
Why should we, then, shun any means we can  
To raise us to our ancient states again?  
Thou art my eldest care, thou best deserv\_st  
To have thy imperfections helped by love.  
Cornelia. then, father, shall we seek sinister means  
Forbidden by the laws of God and men?  
Can that love prosper which is not begun  
By the direction of some heavenly fate?  
Flores. I know not; I was ne\_er made Bishop yet;  
I must provide for mine, and still prefer  
(Above all these) the honor of my house:  
Come, therefore, no words, but perform my charge.  
Cornelia. If you will have it so I must consent. [Exit]

## SCENE 2

Enter Alberdure , Hyanthe, Leander and Moth.

Alberdure. My dear Hyanthe, my content, my life,  
Let no new fancy change thee from my love;  
And for my rival (whom I must not wrong,  
Because he is my father and my Prince)  
Give thou him honor but give me they love.  
O that my rival bound me not in duty  
To favor him, then could I tell Hyanthe  
That he already (with importun\_d suit)  
Hath to the Brunswick Duchess vowed himself,  
That his desires are careless and his thoughts  
Too fickle and imperious for love:  
But I am silent, duty ties my tongue.  
Hyanthe. Why? Thinks my joy, my princely Alderbure,  
Hyanthe\_s faith stands on so weak a ground,  
That it will fall or bend with every wind?  
No storms or lingering miseries shall shake it,  
Much less vain titles of commanding love.  
Moth. Madame, dispatch him then, rid him out of this earthly purgatory;  
for I have such a coil with him a nights, grunting and groaning in his  
sleep, with "O, Hyanthe! My dear Hyanthe! And then he throbs me in his  
arms, as if he had gotten a great jewel by the ear.  
Alberdure. Away, you wag. \_ And tell me now, my love,

What is the cause Earl Cassimere (your father)  
Hath been so long importunate with me  
To visit Flores the brave jeweler?  
Hyanthe. My father doth so dote on him, my Lord,  
that he thinks he doth honor every man  
Whom he acquaints with his perfections.  
Therefore (in any wise) prepare yourself  
To grace and soothe his great conceit of him;  
For every gesture, every word he speaks,  
Seems to my father admirably good.  
Leander. Indeed, my Lord, his high conceit of him  
Is more than any man alive deserves.  
He thinks the jeweler made all of jewels,  
Who, though he be a man of gallant spirit,  
Fair spoken and well furnished with good parts,  
Yet not so peerlessly to be admir\_d.

Enter Cassimere.

Cassimere. Come, shall we go (my Lord); I dare assure you  
You shall behold so excellent a man  
For his behavior, for his sweet discourse,  
His sight in music and in heavenly arts,  
Besides the cunning judgment of his eye  
In the rare secrets of all precious gems,  
That you will sorrow you have stayed so long.  
Alberdure. Alas, why would not then your lordships favor  
Hasten me sooner? For I long to see him  
On your judicial commendation.  
Cassimere. Come, let\_s away then: go you in, Hyanthe,  
And if my Lord the Duke come in my absence  
See him (I pray) with honor entertained.  
Hyanthe. I will, my Lord.  
Leander. I will accompany your Ladyship,  
If you vouchsafe it.  
Hyanthe. Come, good Leander.

### SCENE 3

Enter Constantine, Katherine, Ite, Vandercleeve, with others.

Constantine. Lord Vandercleeve, go Lord Ambassador  
>From us to the renowned Duke of Saxon,  
And know his highness reason and intent  
While being (of late) with such importunate suite  
Betroth\_d to our fair sister Dowager  
Of this our Dukedom, he doth now protract  
the time he urged with such speed of late  
His honored nuptial rites to celebrate.  
Katherine. But, good my Lord, temper your embassy  
With such respective terms to my renown  
That I be cleared of all immodest haste  
To have our promis\_d nuptials consummate;

For his affects (perhaps) follow the season,  
Hot with the summer, then, now cold with winter:  
And Dames (though ne\_er so forward in desire)  
Must suffer men to blow the nuptial fire.  
Vandercleeve. Madame, your name(in urging his intent)  
Shall not be used, but your right princely brothers;  
Who, knowing it may breed in vulgar brains  
(That shall give note to this protraction)  
Unjust suspicion of your sacred virtues,  
And other reasons touching the estate  
Of both their famous Dukedoms, sendeth me  
To be resolved of his integrity.  
Constantine. To that end go, my honorable Lord,  
Commend me and my sister to his love  
(If you perceive not he neglects our own)  
And bring his princely resolution.  
Katherine. Commend not me by any means, my Lord,  
Unless your speedy granted audience  
And kind entreaty make it requisite,  
For honor rules my nuptial appetite. [Exeunt]

Finis Actus Primi.

The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll (Act II)

Actus Secundus.

Enter Hans, Lassingbergh and others following, serving in a Bancket.

Hans. Come, Sir, it is not your painting alone makes your absolute man;  
there\_s as fine a hand to be required in carrying a dish, and as sweet  
art to be showed in\_t as in any masterpiece whatsoever; better than as  
you painted the Doctor e\_en now with his nose in an urinal.  
Lassinbergh. Be quiet, Sir, or I\_ll paint you by and by eating my  
Master\_s comfit .

Enter Flores, Cassimere, Alberdure, Cornelia, and Moth.

Flores. Prince Alberdure, my great desire to answer  
The greatness of your birth and high deserts  
With entertainment fitting to your state  
Makes all things seem too humble for your presence.  
Alberdure. Courteous S. Flores, your kind welcome is  
Worthy the presence of the greatest Prince,  
And I am bound to good Earl Cassimere  
For honoring me with your desired acquaintance.  
Cassimere. Wilt please you therefore to draw near, my Lord?  
Flores. Wilt please your grace to sit?  
Alberdure. No, good S. Flores; I am here admiring  
The cunning strangeness of your antic work:  
For though the general tract of it be rough  
Yet is it sprinkled with rare flowers of art.  
See what a lively piercing eye is here;

Mark the conveyance of this lovely hand;  
Where are the other parts of this rare cheek?  
Is it no pity that they should be hid?  
Flores. More pity 'tis (my Lord) that such rare art  
Should be obscured by needy poverty;  
He's but a simple man kept in my house.  
Alberdure. Come, Sirra, you are a practitioner,  
Let's have your judgment here.  
Hans. Will you have a stool, Sir?  
Moth. I, and I thank you too, Sir.  
Flores. Hath this young Gentleman such skill in drawing?  
Alberdure. Many great masters think him (for his years)  
Exceeding cunning.  
Cassimere. Now, Sir, what think you?  
Moth. My Lord, I think more art is shadowed here  
Than any man in Germany can show  
Except Earl Lassingbergh; and (in my conceit)  
This work was never wrought without his hand.  
Flores. Earl Lassingbergh! Aye me, my jealous thoughts  
Suspect a mischief which I must prevent.  
Hans, call Lucilia and the painter straight,  
Bid them come both to attend us at our feast.  
Is not your Grace yet weary of this object?  
I'll show your Lordship things more worth the sight  
Both for their substance and their curious art.  
Albert. Thanks, good Sir Flores.  
Flores. See, then, (my Lord) this Agate that contains  
The image of that Goddess and her son,  
Whom ancients held the sovereigns of love;  
See naturally wrought out of the stone  
(Besides the perfect shape of every limbe ;  
Besides the wondrous life of her bright hair)  
A waging mantle of celestial blue  
Embroidering itself with flaming stars.  
Alberdure. Most excellent: and see besides (my Lords)  
How Cupid's wings do spring out of the stone  
As if they needed no the help of art.  
Flores. My Lord, you see all sorts of jewels here,  
I will not tire your grace with view of them;  
I'll only show you one fair agate more,  
Commended chiefly for the workmanship.  
Alberdure. O excellent! This is the very face  
Of Cassimere: by viewing both at once,  
Either I think that both of them do live  
Or both of them are images and dead.  
Flores. My Lord, I fear I trouble you too long:  
Wilt please your Lordship's taste this homely cates?  
Cornelia. First (if it please you) give me leave to greet  
Your princely hand with this unworthy gift,  
Yet worthy since it represents yourself.  
Alberdure. What? Myself, Lady? Trust me it is pity  
So fair a gem should hold so rude a picture.  
Cornelia. My Lord, 'tis made a jewel in your picture,

Which otherwise had not deserved this name.  
Alberdure. Kind mistress, kindly I accept your favor.

Enter Lassingbergh, Hans and Lucilia.

Flores. Here, you young gentlemen; do you know this man?

[Exit Hans.]

Motto. Yes, Signior Flores, 'tis Earl Lassingbergh. \_

My Lord, what mean you to come thus disguised?

Lucilia. Aye me!

Lassinbergh. The foolish boy is mad; I am Cornelius.

Earl Lassingbergh? I never heard of him.

Flores. O Lassingbergh, we know your villainy,  
And thy dishonor (fond Lucilia).

Ass that I was, dull, senseless, gross-brained fool

That daily saw so many evident signs

Of their close dealings, winkings, becks, and touches,

And what not? To enforce me to discern,

Had I not been effatuate even by fate.

Your presence, noble Lords (in my disgrace)

Doth deeply move me, and I here protest

Most solemnly (in sight of heaven and you)

That if Earl Lassingbergh this day refuse

To make fair mends for this foul trespass done,

I will revenge me on this treacherous heart

Though I sustain for him a thousand deaths.

Cassimere. This action (traitor Lassingbergh) deserves

Great satisfaction or else great revenge.

Alberdure. Believe me, galant Earl, your choice is fair

And worthy your most honorable love.

Lassinbergh. My Lord, it grieves me to be thus unmasked

And made ridiculous in the stealth of love;

But (for Lucilias honor) I protest

(Not for the desperate vow that Flores made)

She was my wife before she knew my love,

By secret promise made in sight of heaven.

The marriage which he urgeth I accept,

but this compulsion and unkind disgrace

hath altered the condition of my love

And filled my heart with irksome discontent.

Flores. My Lord, I must prefer mine honor still

Before the pleasure of the greatest Monarch,

Which since your Lordship seeks to gratify

With just and friendly satisfaction,

I will endeavor to redeem the thought

Of your affection and lost love to us.

Wilt please you therefore now to associate

This worthy Prince at this unworthy banquet?

Alberdure. My Lord, let me entreat your company.

Lassinbergh. Hold me excused, fair Prince; my grieved thoughts

Are far unmeet for festival delights:

Here will I sit and feed on melancholy,

A humor (now) most pleasing to my taste.

Flores. Lucilia, wait the pleasure of your love.  
My Lord, now the to the banquet:  
Daughter, command us a carouse of wine.

[Music sounds awhile; and they sing Biore a le Fontaine.]

My Lord, I greet you with this first carouse,  
And as this wine (the elements sweet soul)  
Shall grow in me to blood and vital spirit,  
So shall your love and honor grow in me.  
Alberdure. I pledge you, Sir.  
Cassimere. How like you him, my Lord?  
Alberdure. Exceeding well.

[Sing boyre a le fontaine.]

Flores. Cornelia, do you serve the Prince with wine?

[She puts the powder into the cup and fives it the Prince.]

Alberdure. I thank you, Lady; [Sing boyre a &c.]  
Earl Cassimere, I greet you, and remember  
Your fair Hyanthe.

Cassimere. I thank your honor. [Sing boyre a &c.]

Alberdure. Fill my Lord Cassimere his right of wine.

Cassimere. Cornelia, I give you this dead carouse.

Cornelia. I thank your Lordship. [Sing boyre a &c.]

Alberdure. What smoke? Smoke and fire?

Cassimere. What means your honor?

Alberdure. Powder, powder, Etna, sulphure, fier: quench it, quench it.

Flores. I fear the medicine hath distemper\_d him. \_  
O villain Doctor!

Alberdure. Down with the battlements, pour water on!  
I burn, I burn; O give me leave to fly  
Out of these flames, these fires that compass me.

[Exit.]

Cassimere. What an unheard of accident is this?  
Would God, friend Flores, t\_had not happen\_d here.

Flores. My Lord, \_tis sure some planet sriketh him;  
No doubt the fury will away again.

Cassimere. I\_ll follow him. [Exit.]

Lassinbergh. What hellish sprite ordain\_d this hateful feast  
That ends with horror thus and discontent?

Flores. I hope no danger will succeed therein;

However, I resolve me to conceal it, \_

My Lord, wilt please you now to change this habit,  
And deck yourself with ornaments more fit  
For celebration of your marriage?

Lassinbergh. Aye, Aye, put on me what attire you will;  
My discontent, that dwells within me still. [Exuent.]

[Scene 2.]

Enter Hans Solus.

Hans. Whom shall a man trust? A painter? No: a servant? No: a bed fellow? No:

For seeming for to see, it falls out right:

All day a painter, and a n Earl at night.

Enter Doctor.

Doctor. Ho, Zaccharee, bid Ursula brush my two, tree fine damask gown; spread de rishe coverlet on de fair bed; bash de fine plate; smoke all de shambre vit de sweet perfume.

Hans. Here\_s the Doctor: what a gaping his wisdom keeps i\_the street! As if he could not have spoken all this within.

Doctor. Ho, Zaccharee, if de grand patient come. You find me Signior Flores.

Hans. By your leave, Master Doctor.

Doctor. Hans, my very special friend, fait\_ and trot\_, me be glad for see you veale .

Hans. What, do you make a calf of me, Master Doctor?

Doctor. O, no, pardoni moi; I say vell, be glad for see you vell, in good health.

Hans. O, but I am sick, Master Doctor; very exceeding sick, Sir.

Doctor. Sick? Tell a me, by gar; me cure you presently.

Hans. A dead palsy, Master Doctor, a dead palsy.

Doctor. Vere? Vere?

Hans. Here, Master Doctor; I cannot feel, I cannot feel.

Doctor. By gar, you be de brave merry man; de fine proper man; de very fine, brave, little, propta sweet Jack man; by gar, me love a you, me honor you, me kiss a your foot.

Hans. You shall not stoop so low, good Master Doctor; kiss higher if it please you.

Doctor. In my trot me honor you.

Hans. Aye, but you give me nothing, Sir.

Doctor. No? By gar, me give a de high commendation pass all de gold, precious pearl in all de world.

Hans. Aye, Sir, pass by it, you mean so. Sir. Well, I shall have your good word, I see, Master Doctor.

Doctor. I sayt.

Hans. But not a rag of money.

Doctor. No, by my trot, no point money; me give de beggar de money, no point de brave man.

Hans Would I were not so brave in your mouth. \_ But I can tell you news, Master Doctor.

Doctor. Vat be dat?

Hans. The young Prince hath drunk himself mad at my master\_s today.

Doctor. By gar, drunk, I tink.

Hans. No, Sir, stark mad; he cries out as if the town were afire.

Doctor. By gar, me suspect a ting.

Hans. Nay, I can tell you more news yet.

Doctor. Vat news?

Hans. If your cap be of capacity to conceive it now, so it is. I\_ll deal

with you by way of interrogation: \_  
Who is it must marry with Lucilia bright?  
All day a painter, and an Earl at night.  
Doctor. By gar, me no conceive what you say.  
Hans. Let wisdom answer: I ask what is man?  
A pancake toast in Fortune\_s frying pan.  
Doctor. Vat frying pan? By gar, I tink de foolish petite hack is mad.  
Hans. For, as an ass may wear a lion\_s skin,  
So noble Earl\_s sometimes have Painter\_s been.  
Doctor. Gars blur, he rhyme de grand Rats fro my house: me no stay, me  
go seek\_a my fair Cornelia.

[Exit.]

Hans. Farewell Doctor Dobby, in mind and in body  
An excellent Noddy:  
A cockscomb in cony, but that he wants money  
To give legem pone.  
O what a pitiful case is this! What might I have done with this wit if  
my friends had bestowed learning upon me? Well, when all\_s don, a  
natural gift is worth all.

[Exit.]

[Scene 3.]

Enter Alphonso, Hardenbergh, Hoscherman, with others, &c.

Hardenbergh. The Ambassador of Brunswick (good my Lord)  
Begins to murmur at his long delays?  
Hoscherman. \_Twere requisite your highness would dismiss him.  
Alphonso. Who holds him? Let him go.  
Hardenbergh. My Lord, you know his message is more great  
Than to depart so slightly without answer,  
Urging the marriage that your grace late sought.  
With Katherine, sister to the Saxon Duke.  
Hoscherman. Whom if your highness should so much neglect  
As to forsake his sister and delude him,  
Considering already your old jar  
With the stout Lantsgrave, what harms might ensue?  
Alphonso. How am I crossed? Hyanthe \_tis for thee  
That I neglect the Duchess and my vows.  
Hardenbergh. My Lord, \_twere specially convenient  
Your grave would satisfy th\_Ambassador.  
Alphonso. Well, call him in.  
Hoscherman. But will your Highness then forsake Hyanthe?  
Alphonso. Nothing less, Hoskerman.  
Hoscherman. How will you then content th\_Ambassador?  
Alphonso. I will delay him with some kind excuse.  
Hardenbergh. What kind excuse My Lord?  
Alphonso. For that let me alone; do thou but soothe  
What I myself will presently devise  
And I will send him satisfied away.

Hardenbergh. Be sure (My Lord) I'll soothe what ere you say.  
Alphonso. Then let him come, we are provided for they.

Enter Vandercleeve the Ambassador attended.

My Lord Ambassador, we are right sorry  
Our urgent causes have deferred you thus  
In the dispatch of that we most desire.  
But for your answer: know I am deterr'd  
By many late prodigious ostents  
>From present consummation of the nuptials  
Vow'd betwixt your beauteous Duchess and our self.  
O what cold fear men's jealous stomachs feel  
In that they most desire! Suspecting still  
'Tis either too too sweet to take effect  
Or (in th'effect) must meet with some harsh chance  
To intervent the joy of the success.  
The same wish'd day (My Lord) you here arriv'd  
Should privately be brought for me and him  
To meet you on the way for honor's sake  
And to express my joy of your repair:  
When (Lo!) the horse I used to ride upon  
(That would be gently backed at other times)  
Now, off'ring but to mount him, stood aloft,  
Flinging and bound. You know, Lord Hardenbergh.  
Hardenbergh. Yes, my good Lord.  
Alphonso. And was so strangely out of wanted rule  
That I could hardly back him.  
Hardenbergh. True, my liege;  
I stood amazed at it.  
Alphonso. Well, yet I did,  
And riding (not a furlong) down he fell.  
Hardenbergh. That never heretofore would trip with him.  
Alphonso. Yet would I forward needs, not Hardenbergh  
More timorous than wise, as I supposed,  
(For love so hardened me fear was my slave)  
Did emanate such likely ill to me  
If I went forward, that with much enforcement  
Of what might chance he drave me to retreat.  
Did'st thou not Hardenbergh.  
Hardenbergh. I did, my Lord.  
Alphonso. I warrant thou wilt saw  
Thou never yet saw'st any man so loath  
To be persuaded ill of so ill signs.  
Hardenbergh. Never in all my life.  
Alphonso. Thou wonder'st at it?  
Hardenbergh. I did indeed, my liege, not without cause.  
Alphonso. O blame not, Hardenbergh, for thou dost know  
How sharp my heart was set to entertain  
The Lord of this Ambassage so lovingly.  
Hardenbergh. True, my good Lord.  
Alphonso. But (coming back) how gently the Jade went, \_  
Did he not, Hardenbergh?

Hardenbergh. As any horse on earth could do, my Lord.  
Alphonso. Well, Sir, this drew me into deep conceit,  
And to recomfort me I did command  
Lord Hardenbergh should ope a cabinet  
Of choice jewels and to bring me thence  
A ring, a rich and violet Hyacinth,  
Whose sacred virtue is to cheer the heart  
And to excite our heavy spirits to mirth;  
Which, putting on my finger, swift did break.  
Now this, indeed, did much discomfort me,  
And heavy to the death I went to bed;  
Where in a slumber I did strongly think  
I should be married to the beauteous Duchess,  
And coming to my chapel to that end,  
Duke Constantine her brother with his Lords  
And all our peers (me thought) attending us,  
Forth comes my princely Katherine led by death,  
Who threatening me stood close unto her side,  
Urging by those most horrible portents  
That wedding her I married mine own death.  
I, frighted in my sleep, struggled and sweat,  
And in the violence of my thoughts cried out  
So loud that Hardenbergh awaked and rose.  
Didst thou not Hardenbergh?  
Hardenbergh. I felt I did, for never yet (my Lord)  
Was I in heart and soul so much dismayed.  
Alphonso. Why thus you see (my Lord) how your delays  
Were mightily and with huge cause enforced.  
Ambassador. But dreams (my Lord) you know grow by humors  
Of the moist night, which, store of vapors lending  
Unto our stomachs when we are in sleep  
And to the body's supreme parts ascending,  
And thence sent back by coldness of the brain,  
And these present our idle fantasies  
With nothing true but what our laboring souls  
Without their active organs safely work.  
Alphonso. My Lord, know you there are two sorts of dreams,  
One sort whereof are only physical,  
And such are they whereof your Lordship speaks;  
The other hyper-physical, that is  
Dreams sent from heaven or from the wicked fiends,  
Which nature doth not form of her own power  
But are intricate, by marvel wrought;  
And such was mine. Yet, notwithstanding this,  
I hope fresh stars will govern in the spring;  
And then, assure your princely friend your master,  
Our promise in all honor shall be kept.  
Return this answer, Lord Ambassador,  
And to recommend me to my sacred love.  
Ambassador. I will my Lord; but how it will be accepted  
I know not yet; yourself shall shortly hear.  
Alphonso. Lords, some of you associate him. \_ Ha, ha!

[Exeunt all but Alphonso. And Hardenbergh.]

Hardenbergh. Exceeding well and gravely good, my Lord.  
Alphonso. Come, let's go and visit my Hyanthe,  
She whose perfections are of power to move  
The thoughts of Caesar (did he live) to love. [Exeunt.]

Finis Actus Secundus.

### The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll (Act III)

Actus Tertius

Enter Flores, Cassimere, Lassing., Lucil., Cornelia., Hance., and  
Doctor.

Hans. Well, mistress, God give you more joy of your husband than your  
husband has of you.

Doctor. Fie, too, too bad by my fait. Vat, my Lord? Melancholy? And ha  
de sweet bride, de fair bride, de very fine bride? O monsieur, one ,two,  
tree, vour, vive, with de brave capra, heigh!

Hans. O the Doctor would make a fine frisking usher in a dancing school.

Doctor. O by gar, you must dance de brave galliard. A pox of dis  
melancholy!

Cassimere. My Lord, your humors are most strange to us,  
the humble fortune of a servant's life

Should in your careless state so much displease.

Lassinbergh. Quod licet ingratum est, quod non licet acrius urit.

Flores. Could my child's beauty move you so, my Lord,

When law and duty held it in restraint,

And now (they both allow it) be neglected?

Lassinbergh. I cannot relish joys that are enforced;

For, were I shut in paradise itself

I should as from a prison strive t\_escape.

Lucilia. Hapless Lucia, worst in her best estate!

Lassinbergh. I'll seek me out some unfrequented place

Free from these importunities of love,

And only love what mine own fancy likes.

Lucilia. O stay, my Lord.

Flores. What means Earl, be kinder.

Lassinbergh. Let me go, I pray.

Doctor. Vat? You go leave a de Bride? \_Tis no point good fashion; you  
must stay, be gar.

Lassinbergh. Must I stay, Sir?

Doctor. I spit your nose, and yet it is no violence. I will give a de  
prove a de good reason. Regard, Monsieur: you no point eat a de meat  
today, you be de empty; by gar you be empty, you be no point vel; be gar  
you be very sick, you no point leave a de provision; be gar you stay,  
spit your nose.

Lassinbergh. All stays have strength like to thy arguments.

Cassimere. Stay, Lassenbergh.

Lucilia. Dear Lord.

Flores. Most honored Earl.

Lassinbergh. Nothing shall hinder my resolved intent,  
But I will restless wander from the world  
Till I have shaken off these chains from me.

[Exit Lassinbergh.]

Lucilia. And I will never cease to follow thee  
Till I have won thee from these unkind thoughts.

[Exit Lucilia.]

Cassimere. Hapless Lucilia!

Flores. Unkind Lassenbergh!

Doctor. Be gar, dis Earl be de choleric complexion, almost skipshack, be gar: he no point stay for one place. Madame, me be no so laxative; me be bound for no point move six, seven, five hundra year from you sweet side a; be gar, me be es de fine Curianet about your vite neck; my heart be close tie to you as your fine Buske or de fine Gartra \_bout your fine leg.

Hans. A good sensible Doctor; how feelingly he talks.

Doctor. A plague a de Mershan! Blow wind!

Hans. You need not curse him, Sir; he has the storms at sea by this time.

Doctor. O forte bien! A good sea-sick jest by this fair hand: blow wind for me! Puh, he no come here, Madame.

Flores. Come, noble Earl, let your kind presence grace

Our feast prepared for this obdurate Lord,  
And give some comfort to his sorrowful bride  
Who in her piteous tears swims after him.

Doctor. Me bear you company, Signior Flores.

Flores. It shall not need, Sir.

Doctor. Be gar, dis be de sweet have for me for anchor.

Flores. You are a sweet smell-feast, Doctor; that I see  
I\_ll no such tub-hunters use my house.

Therefore be gone, our marriage feast is dashed.

Doctor. Vat speak a me de feast? Me spurn a, me kick a de feast; be gar, me tell a me do de grand grace, de favor for suppa, for dine, for eata with dee, be gars blur, we have at home de restorative, de quintessence, de pure distill gold, de nectar, de ambrosia. Zacharee, make ready de fine partricke, depaste de grand Ottoman.

Hans. Zacharree is not here, Sir, but I\_ll do it for you. What is that Ottoman, Sir?

Doctor. O de grand Bayaret de Mahomet, e grand Turgur, be gar.

Hans. O a Turkey, Sir, you would have roasted, would you? Call you him an Ottoman?

Doctor. Have de whole air of fowl at command?

Flores. You have the fool at command, Sir: you might have bestowed yourself better. Wil\_t please you walk, Master Doctor Dodypoll.

[Exeunt all but the Doctor.]

Doctor. How? Doddie poole? Gars blur, Doctor Doddie, no point poole. You be paltry Hack knave by gar: de Doctor is nicest, the Doctor is rage, de

Doctor is fury, be gar, the Doctor is horrible, terrible fury. Vell, der  
be a ting me tink; be gars blur, me know, me be revenge me tella de  
Duke. Vell, me say no more: choke a de self, foul churl, fowl ,  
horrible, terrible pig, py cod.

[Scene 2.]

Leander. I wonder what variety of sights  
Retains your father and the Prince so long  
With Signior Flores?

Hyanthe. O Signior Flores is a man so ample  
In every complement of entertainment,  
That guests with him are, as in bowers enchanted,  
\_Reft of all power and thoughts of their return.

Enter the Duke and Hardenbergh.

Leander. Be silent, here\_s the Duke.

Alphonso.                   Aye me behold  
Your son, Lord Hardenbergh, courting Hyanthe.

Hardenbergh. If he be courting \_tis for you, my liege.

Alphonso. No, Hardenbergh; he loves my son too well  
My fair Hyanthe, what discourse is it

Wherewith Leander holds you this attentive?

Would I could think upon the like for you.

Hyanthe. You should but speak and pass the time, my Lord.

Alphonso. Pastime that pleaseth you is the use of time:

Had I the ordering of this winged wheel

It should only serve your desires and mine.

What should it do if you did govern it?

Hyanthe. It should go back again and make you young.

Alphonso. Swounds, Hardenbergh.

Hardenbergh.                   To her again, my Lord.

Alphonso. Hyanthe, would\_st thou love m, I would use thee  
So kindly that nothing should take thee from me.

Hyanthe. But time would soon take you from me, my Lord.

Alphonso. Spite on my soul: why talk I more of time?

She\_s too good for me at time, by heaven.

Hardenbergh. Aye, and place to (my Lord) I warrant her.

Omnes. Stop, stop, stop!

Enter Alberdure mad; Motto and others following him.

Motto. O stay, my Lord.

Alberdure. Hyanthe, Hyanthe, o me, my love!

Leander. Here\_s the Duke his father, he\_ll mar all.

Alberdure. O villain. He that locked her in his arms  
And through the river swims along with her.

Stay, traitorous Nessus, give me bows and shafts.

Whirre! I have struck him under the short ribs:

I come, Hyanthe! O peace, weep no more.

[Exit.]

Alphonso. Means he not me by Nessus, Hardenbergh?  
Hardenbergh. My Lord, he is surely mad.  
Alphonso. Hyanthe loves him:  
See how she trembles and how pale she looks!  
She hath enchanted my dear Alderbure  
With crafts and treasons and most villainous arts  
Are means by which she seeks to murder him.  
Hardenbergh, take her and imprison her  
Within thy house: I will not lose my son  
For all the wealth the loves of heaven embrace.  
Hyanthe. What means your grace by this?  
Alphonso. Away with her!  
Hyanthe. You offer me intolerable wrong.  
Alphonso. Away with her, I say!  
Hardenbergh. Come, Lady, dear not, I'll entreat you well.  
Hyanthe. What injury is this!

[Exit Hardenbergh. With Hyanthe.]

Alphonso. So now I have obtained what I desired,  
And I shall easily work her to my will;  
For she is in the hands of Hardenbergh  
Who will continually be pleading for me.

[Enter Doctor.]

Doctor. Room! A hall, a hall! Be gar, vere is de Duke?  
Alphonso. Here, Master Doctor.  
Doctor. O we have grand important matter for tella your grace how de  
know de cause for-de-wish cause your son is da madman.

[Enter Alberdure running.]

Alberdure. What? Art thou here? Sweet Clio, come, be bright;  
Take me thy timbrel and tobacco pipe,  
And give Hyanthe music at her window.  
Doctor. Gars blur, my cap, my cap, cost me de deal a French crown  
Alberdure. But I will crown thee with a cod of musk,  
Instead of Laurel and a pomander:  
But thou must write Acrostignues first, my girl.  
Doctor. Garzowne, what a pox do you stand here for, de grand poltrone  
pezant, and see de Doctor be dus?  
Alberdure. Aye me, what Demon was it guide me thus?  
This is Melpomene, that Scottish witch,  
Whom I will scratch like to villainous gibb,  
And \_  
Doctor. O Gar zown, la diable, la pestilence, gars blur!  
Alphonso. Lay hold upon him, help the Doctor there!  
Alberdure. The reason\_s fled to animals, I see,  
And I will vanish like Tobacco smoke.  
Doctor. A grand pestilence a dis fury.  
Alphonso. Follow him, Sirs, Leander, good Leander!

But, Doctor, canst thou tell us the true cause  
Of this sudden frenzy?

Doctor. O by gar, please your grace hear de long tale de short tale?

Alphonso. Brief as you can, good Doctor.

Doctor. Fait and trot, brief den, very brief, very laccingue. De Prince,  
your son, feast with de knave jeweler, Flores, and he for make a Prince  
love a de foul croope-shouldra daughter Cornelia, give a de Prince a de  
love powdra which myself give for the wench a before, and make him stark  
mad be gar because he drink a too much a.

Alphonso. How know you this?

Doctor. Experience teach her, by gar; de powdra have grand force for  
inflama de blood, too much make a de rage and de present fury: be gar, I  
fear de mad man as de devil a, gar bless a.

[Enter Hardenbergh.]

Alphonso. How now, sweet Hardenbergh?

Hardenbergh. The Prince, my Lord, in going down the stairs

Hath forced an Axe from one of the Trevants,

And with it (as he runs) makes such clear way

As no man dare oppose him to his fury.

Alphonso. Aye me, what may I do? Here are such news

As never could have entered our free ears

But that their sharpness do enforce a passage.

Follow us, Doctor; 'tis Flores treachery

That thus hath wrought my son's distemperature.

[Exit Alphonso.]

Hardenbergh. Flores, the jeweler?

Doctor. Aye, he, dat fine precious stone knave: by gar, I tink I shall  
hit upon hir skirt till be thread bare new.

[Exit Doctor with Hardenbergh.]

[Scene 3.]

Music playing within. Enter a Peasant.

Peasant. 'Tis night, and good faith I am out of my way.

O hark; What brave music is this under the green hill?

Enter Fairies bringing in a banquet.

O dainty, O rare, a banquet! Would to Christ

I were one of their guests. God ad, a fine little

Dapper fellow has spied on me: What will he do?

He comes to make me drink: I thank you, Sir.

Some of your victuals, I pray, Sir; nay now keep your meat, I have  
enough, aye; the cup, i'faith.

[Exit]

Enter the spirit with banqueting stuff, and missing the peasant, looks

up and down for him; the rest wondering at him; to them enters the enchanter.

Enchanter. Where is my precious cup, you antique flames?  
\_Tis thou that hast conveyed it from my bower,  
And I will bind thee in some hellish cave  
Till thou recover it again for me.  
You that are bodies made of lightest air,  
To let a peasant mounted on a jade  
Cozen your courtesies and run away  
With such a jewel, worthy are to endure  
Eternal penance in the lake of fire.

[Enter Lassinbergh. And Lucilia.]

Lassinbergh. Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still?  
Should I entreat thee to attend me thus,  
Then thou wouldst pant and rest, then thy soft feet  
Would be ripening at these niggard stones:  
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like wind,  
No tedious space of time nor storm can tire thee.  
But I will seek out some high slippery close  
Where every step shall reach the gate of death,  
That fear may make thee cease to follow me.  
Lucilia. There will I bodiless be when you are there,  
For love despiseth death and scorneth fear.  
Lassinbergh. I'll wander, where some boisterous river parts  
This solid continent, and swim from thee.  
Lucilia. And there I'll follow though I drown for thee.  
Lassinbergh. But I forbid thee.  
Lucilia. I desire thee more.  
Lassinbergh. Art thou obstinate?  
Lucilia. You taught me so.  
Lassinbergh. I see thou lovest me not.  
Lucilia. I know I do.  
Lassinbergh. Do all I bid thee then.  
Lucilia. Bid then as I may do.  
Lassinbergh. I bid thee leave me.  
Lucilia. That I cannot do.  
Lassinbergh. My hate.  
Lucilia. My love.  
Lassinbergh. My torment.  
Lucilia. My delight.  
Lassinbergh. Why do I strain to weary thee with words?  
Speech makes thee live, I'll then with silence kill thee,  
Henceforth be deaf to thy words and dumb to thy mind.  
Enchanter. What rock hath bred this savage-minded man?  
That such true love in such rare beauty shines!  
Long since I pitied her, pity breeds love,  
And love commands the assistance of my art  
To include them in the bounds of my command.  
Here stay your wandering steps; chime silver strings,  
Chime, hollow caves, and chime you whistling reeds,

For music is the sweetest chime for love.  
Spirits, bind them, and let me leave my love.

[Scene 4.]

Enter Alberdure at one door, and meets with the Peasant at the other door.

Alberdure. Hyanthe, O sweet Hyanthe, have I met thee?  
How is thy beauty changed since our departure!  
A beard, Hyanthe? O 'tis grown with grief,  
But now this love shall tear thy grief from thee.

Peasant. A pox on you! What are you? Swounds, I think I am haunted with spirits.

Alberdure. Weep not, Hyanthe; I will weep for thee,  
Lend me thy eyes. No, villain, thou art he  
That in the top of Eruines hill  
Danced with the moon and eat up all the stars,  
Which made thee like Hyanthe shine so fair;  
But, villain, I will rip them out of thee.

[Enter Motto and others.]

Peasant. Slid, hold your hands.

Alberdure. I come with thunder.

Peasant. Come and you dare.

Motto. Hold, villain; 'tis the young Prince Alberdure.

Peasant. Let the young Prince hold then; slid, I have no stars in my belly, aye; let him seek his Hyanthe where he will.

Alberdure. O this way by the glimmering of the sun  
And the legieritie of her sweet feet  
And scouted on, and I will follow her.

I see her, like a golden spangle, sit  
Upon the curled branch of yonder tree.

Sit still, Hyanthe; I will fly to thee.

Motto. Follow, follow, follow!

[Exeunt all but Peas.]

[Enter Flores and Hans.]

Peasant. Together and be hanged. O here comes more; pray God I have better luck with these two. By your leave, Sir, do you know one Master Flores, I pray?

Flores. What would'st thou have with him?

Peasant. Faith, Sir, I am directed to you by Lady Fortune with a piece of plate. I do hope you will use plain dealing, being a jeweler.

Flores. Where had'st thou this?

Peasant. In a very strange place, Sir.

Hans. He stole it, Sir, I warrant you.

Flores. I never saw a gem so precious,  
So wonderful in substance and in art.

Fellow, confess precisely where thou had'st it.

Peasant. Faith, Sir, I had it in a cave in the bottom of a fine green

hill where I found a company of fairies, I think they call them.

Flores. Saw'st thou any more such furniture there?

Peasant. Store, Sir, store.

Flores. And can'st thou bring me thither?

Peasant. With a wet finger, Sir.

Hans. And ha they good cheer, too?

Peasant. Excellent.

Hans. O, sweet thief!

Flores. 'Tis sure some place enchanted, which this ring

Will soon dissolve and guard me free from fear.

Here's for the cup; come, guide me quickly thither.

Ah, could I be possessed of more such gems,

I were the wealthiest jeweler on earth.

[Scene 5.]

Enter Enchanter, leading Lucilia. And Lassinbergh. Bound by spirits; who being laid down on a green bank, the spirits fetch in a banquet.

#### THE SONG.

O princely face and fair, that lightens all the air,  
Which God my eyes kind fire might life and soul inspire.  
To thy rich beauty shining in my hearts treasure,  
The unperfect words refining for perfect pleasure.

Enchanter. Lie there and lose the memory of her  
Who likewise hath forgot the thought of thee  
By my enchantments. Come, sit down, fair nymph,  
And taste the sweetness of these heavenly cates,  
Whilst from the hollow crannies of this rock  
Music shall sound to recreate my love.  
But tell me had you ever lover yet?  
Lucilia. I had a lover, I think, but who it was,  
Or when, or how, long since, aye me, I know not.  
Yet beat my timorous thoughts on such a thing;  
I feel a passionate heart but find no flame,  
Think what I know not, nor know what I think.  
Enchanter. Hast thou forget me then? I am thy love,  
Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertain  
With looks, with vows of love, with amorous kisses.  
Look'st thou so strange? Dost thou not know me yet?  
Lucilia. Sure I should know you.

Enchanter. Why, love? Doubt you that?  
'Twas I that lead you through the painted meadows,  
When the light fairies danced upon the flowers,  
Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl  
Which, struck together with the silver wind  
Of their loose mantels, made a silvery chime.  
'Twas I that winding my shrill bugle horn,  
Made a gilt palace break out of the hill,  
Filled suddenly with troops of knights and dames  
Who danced and reveled whilst we sweetly slept

Upon a bed of roses, wrapped all in gold.

Dost thou not know me yet?

Lucilia. Yes, now I know you.

Enchanter. Come then, confirm thy knowledge with a kiss.

Lucilia. Nay, stay, you are not he: how strange is this!

Enchanter. Thou art grown passing strange, my love,

To him that made thee so long since his bride.

Lucilia. O, was it you? Come then. O stay a while:

I know not what I am nor where I am,

Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.

[Enter Flores with Hans and the Peasant.]

Peasant. This is the green, Sir, where I had the cup,

And this the bottom of a falling hill;

This way I went following the sound. And see \_

Hans. O see, and seeing eat withal.

Flores. What? Lassenbergh laid bound, and fond Lucilia.

Wantonly feasting by a stranger\_s side!

\_ Peasant, be gone: [Exit Peasant] Hance, stand you there and stir not.

—  
Now sparkle forth thy beams, thou virtuous gem,

And lose these strong enchantments.

Enchanter. Stay! Aye me,

We are betrayed! Haste, spirits, and remove

This table and these cups, \_ remove, I say:

Our incantations strangely are dissolv\_d.

[Exeunt Enchanter with spirits and banquets.]

Hans. O spiteful churls! Have they carried away all? Has haste made no waste?

Lucilia. My Lord, Earl Lassenbergh, O pardon me.

Lassinbergh. Away from me.

Lucilia. O can I in these bands?

Forget the duty of my love to you?

Were they of iron, or strong adamant,

My hands should tear them from my wronged Lord.

Flores. O, Lassenbergh, to what undoubted peril

Of life and honor had you brought yourself

By obstinacy of your forward mind,

Had not my fortune brought me to this place

To lose the enchantment, which enthralled you both,

By hidden virtue of this precious ring.

Come therefore friendly and embrace at last

The living partner of your strange mishaps

Justly pursuing you for flying her.

Lassinbergh. Leave me, I say; I can endure no more.

Lucilia. Ah, have I loosed thee then to fly from me?

Lassinbergh. Away! [Exit]

Lucilia. I'll follow thee.

Flores. Tarry, Lucilia.

Lucilia. Dear father, pardon me.

Flores. Sirrah, attend her.  
Poor wretch, I fear this too much love in thee  
Is fatal to thee, Up, Sirrah, follow your mistress.  
Hans. Aye, Sir, I go; my mistress dogs the banquet and I dog her.

Finis Actus Tertii.

#### The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll (Act IV)

Actus Quartus.

Enter Motto, Raphe bringing in Alberdure.

Motto. So, Sir. Lay even down our handy work.  
Raphe. Nay, Sir, your handy work, for you were the cause of his drowning.  
Motto. I? I defy thee. Wert not thou next him when he leapt into the river?  
Raphe. O monstrous liar!  
Motto. Lie! You peasant, go too: I'll go tell the Duke.  
Raphe. I, Sir, I'll go with you, I warrant you. [Exeunt]  
Alberdure. What sudden cold is this that makes me shake,  
Whose veins even now were fill\_d with raging fire?  
How am I thus all wet? What water\_s this  
That lies so ice-like, freezing in my blood?  
I think the cold of it hath cured my heat,  
For I am better tempered than before.  
But in what unacquainted place am I?  
O where is my Haynthe, where\_s Leander?  
What, all alone? Nothing but woods and streams?  
I cannot guess whence these events should grow.

Enter Peasant.

Peasant. O that I could lose my way for another cup, now. I was well paid for it i\_faith.  
Alberdure. Yonder is one; I'll inquire of him. Fellow, ho! Peasant!  
Peasant. Aye me, the madman again, the madman.  
Alberdure. Say, whither flyest thou.  
Peasant. Pray, let me go, Sir; I am not Hyanthe, in truth I am not, Sir.

Alberdure. Hyanthe, villain? Wherefore namest thou her?  
Peasant. If I have any scars in my belly, pray God I starve, Sir.  
Alberdure. The wench is mad, I think.  
Peasant. Not I, Sir, but you be not mad, you are well amended, Sir.  
Alberdure. Why tellest thou me of madness?  
Peasant. You were little better than mad even now, Sir, when you gave me such a twitch by the beard.  
Alberdure. I can remember no such thing, my friend.  
Peasant. No, Sir, but if you had a beard you would.  
Alberdure. What place is this? How far am I from court?  
Peasant. Some two miles and a wee bit, Sir.  
Alberdure. I wonder much my friends have left me thus.  
Peasant, I pray thee change apparel with me.

Peasant. Change apparel, i\_faith you will lose by that, Sir.

Alberdure. I care not; come, I pray thee, let\_s change.

Peasant. With all my heart, Sir, I thank you. Too. Sblood y\_are very moist, Sir, did you sweat all this, I pray? You have not the disease, I hope?

Alberdure. No, I warrant thee.

Peasant. At a venture, Sir, I\_ll change. Nothing venture, nothing enter.

Alberdure. Come, let\_s be gone.

Peasant. Back, Sir, I pray.

[Exeunt.]

[Scene 2.]

Enter Hardenbergh with a guard, bringing in Cassimere, Flores, Doctor, Marchant, Cornelia, Motto, and Raphe.

Hardenbergh. Thus, Flores, you apparently perceive  
How vain was your ambition and what dangers,  
All unexpected, fall upon your head,  
Poverty, exile, guiltiness of heart,  
And endless misery to you and yours.

Your goods are seized already for the Duke;  
And, if Prince Alberdure be found deceased,  
The least thou can\_st expect is banishment.

Earl Cassimere, I take your word of pledge  
Of his appearance. Pages of the Prince,  
Come guide me straight where his drowned body lies,  
Drowns his father in eternal tears.

[Exit cum servis; manet Al.]

Motto. Drowns him and will hang us.

Merchant. Good Signior Flores, I am sorry for you.

Doctor. Mershan, parle vu pen. Be gar, me vor grand love me bear de good  
Mershan, vor de grand wort, be gar, and de grand desert me see in you,  
de brave a Mershan, me no point rival; you have Cornelia alone, by my  
trot, ha, ha, ha!

Merchant. Master Doctor Doddy, surnamed the Amorous\_de, I will overcome  
you in courtesy, yourself shall have her.

Doctor. No, by gar, Marshan: you bring de fine tings from de strange  
land vere de Sun do rise, de jewel, de fine stuff vor de brave gown: me  
no point. Come, by gar, you have Cornel.

Cassimere. Hands off, base Doctor! She despiseth thee,  
Too good for thee to touch or look upon.

Flores. What wretched state is this, Earl Cassimere,  
That I and my unhappy progeny  
Stand subject to the scorns of such as these!

Cassimere. Grieve not, dear friends, these are nut casual darts.

That wanton Fortune daily casts at those  
IN whose true bosoms perfect honor grows.

Now, Dodypoll, to you: you here refuse  
Cornelia\_s marriage? You\_ll none of her?

Doctor. Be gar, you be the prophet; not I by my trot.

Cassimere. Nor you, Master Merchant? She\_s too poor for you!  
Merchant. Not so, sir; but yet I am content to let fall my suit.  
Cassimere. Cornelia, both dissembled they would have you;  
Which like you best?  
Cornelia. My Lord, my fortunes are no choosers now, \_  
Nor yet acceptors of discourtesies.  
Cassimere. You must choose one here needs.  
Doctor. By gar, no choose me, me climb to heaven. Me sink to hell, me go  
here, me go dere, me no point dear, by gar.  
Cassimere. If you will none, whose judgment are too base  
To censure true desert, your betters will.  
Flores. What means Lord Cassimere by these strange words?  
Cassimere. I mean to take Cornelia to my wife.  
Flores. Will you, then, in my misery, mock me too?  
Cassimere. I mock my friend in misery? Heaves scorn such?  
Half my estate and half my life is thine;  
The rest shall be Cornelia\_s and mine.  
Doctor. O bitter shame, be gar.  
Flores. My Lord, I know your noble love to me  
And do so highly your deserts esteem  
That I will never yield to such a match.  
Choose you a beauteous dame of high degree  
And leave Cornelia to my fate and me.  
Cassimere. Ah, Flores, Flores, were not I assured  
Both of they nobleness, they birth and merit,  
Yet my affection vowed with friendship\_s tongue,  
In spite of all base changes of the world  
That tread on noblest head once stooped by fortune  
Should love and grace thee to my utmost power.  
Cornelia is my wife: what says my love?  
Cannot thy father\_s friend entreat so much.  
Cornelia. My humble mind can ne\_er presume  
To dream in such high grace to my low seat.  
Cassimere. My graces are not ordered in my words.  
Come love, come friend; for friendship now and love  
Shall both be joined in one eternal league.  
Flores. O me, yet happy in so true a friend. [Exeunt.]  
Doctor. Est possible, by gar? De fool Earl drink my powder, I tink.  
Mershan tella me.  
Merchant. What, Master Doctor Doddy?  
Doctor. Hab you de blue and yellow velvet, ha?  
Merchant. What of that, Sir?  
Doctor. Be gar, me buy too, three piece for make de cox-comb por de fool  
Earl, ha, ha, ha!  
Merchant. Fortune fights low when such triumph on Earls.

[Scene 3.]

Enter Lassinbergh singing, Lucilia following; after the song he speaks.

Lassinbergh. O weary of the way and of my life,  
Where shall I rest my sorrow-tired limbs!  
Lucilia. Rest in my bosom, rest you here, my Lord;

A place securer you can no where find.  
Lassinbergh. Nor more unfit for my displeas'd mind.  
A heavy slumber calls me to the earth;  
Here will I sleep; if sleep will harbor here.  
Lucilia. Unhealthful is the melancholic earth:  
O let my Lord rest on Lucilia's lap.  
I'll help to shield you from the searching air  
And keep the cold damps from your gentle blood.  
Lassinbergh. Pray thee, away; for, whilst thou art so near,  
No sleep will seize on my suspicious eyes.  
Lucilia. Sleep then, and I am pleas'd far off to sit  
Like to a poor and forlorn sentinel,  
Watching the unthankful sleep that severs me  
>From my due part of rest dear love with thee.

She sits far off from him.

Enter Constantine. Duchess with a willow garland, cum aliis.

Constantine. Now are we near the court of Saxony,  
Where the duke dreams such tragical ostents.  
Ambassador. I wonder we, now treading on his soil,  
See none of his strange apparitions.  
Katherine. We are not worthy of such means divine,  
Nor hath heaven care of our poor lives like his.  
I must endure the end and show I live  
Though this same plaintive wreath doth show me forsaken.  
Come. Let us forth.  
Constantine. Stay, sister; what fair sight  
Sits mourning in this desolate abode?  
Duchess. Fair sight indeed it is, and much too fair  
To sit so sad in this desolate abode?  
Constantine. But what is he that cur-like sleeps alone?  
Duchess. Look, is it not my nephew Lassingbergh?  
Ambassador. Madame, 'tis he.  
Duchess. I'll sure learn more of this. \_  
Lady, if strangers that wish you well  
My be so bold to ask, pray what's the cause  
That you more than strangely sit alone?  
Lucilia. Madame, thus must forsaken creatures sit  
Whose merits cannot make their loves consort them.  
Duchess. What a poor fellow in my misery!  
Welcome, sweet partner, and favor tell me,  
Is this some friend of yours that slumbers here?  
Lucilia. My husband (Madame) and myself his friend,  
But he of late unfriendly is to me.  
Constantine. Sister, let's wake her friend.  
Duchess. No, let him sleep;  
And, gentle dame, if you will be ruled by me,  
I'll teach you how to rule your friend in love:  
Nor doubt you our acquaintance, for the man  
Whom you so much affect is friend to us. [She riseth.]  
Lucilia. Pardon me, Madame; now I know your grace.

Duchess. Then know'st thou one in fortune like thyself,  
And one that tenders they state as her own.  
Come, let our nephew Lassingbergh sleep there,  
And, gentle niece, come you to court with us,  
If you dare mix our love's success with mine.  
I warrant you I counsel for the best.

Lucilia. I must not leave him now (Madame) alone,  
Whom thus long I have followed with such care.

Duchess. You weary him with too much courtesy;  
Leave him a little and he'll follow you.

Lucilia. I know not what to do.

Duchess. Come, come with us.

Constantine. Dame, never fear; get you a willow wreath;  
The Duchess (doubt not) can advise you well.

Lucilia. Lets wake him then, and let him go with.

Duchess. That's not so good; I pray be ruled by me.

Lucilia. Sleep, then, dear love; and let sleep that doth bind  
Thy sense so gently, make thee more kind. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hance and the Prince's apparel, and the Peasant.

Peasant. Come, Sirra, money for your gentlemens apparel; you promised me  
money, Sir, but I perceive you forget yourself.

Hans. True, pride makes a man forget himself; and I have quite forgot  
that I owe thee any.

Peasant. But I'll put you in mind, Sir, if there me any sergeants in  
Saxony; I think I mean not to loose so much by you.

Hans. Why, I have lost a Master and a Mistress, and yet I ask thee money  
for them.

Peasant. I bought them not of your, Sir; therefore pay me my money.

Hans. I will pay thee morningly every morning as long as thou livest;  
look in thy right shoe and thou shalt find six pence.

Peasant. What a foul knave and fairy! Well, use thy conscience: I thank  
God I stand in need of no such trifles. I have another jewel here which  
I found in the Prince's pocket when I changed apparel with him; that  
will I make money of, and go to the jeweler that bought the cup of me.  
Farewell: if God put in thy mind to pay me, so; if not, so. [Exit.]

Hans. O Brave free-hearted slave, he has the laske of mind upon him.

Lassinbergh. What speech is this that interrupts my rest? Who have we  
here?

Hans. Sometimes a serving man, and so were ye,  
Both now jolly gentlemen you see.

Lassinbergh. What, Sir, how came you thus gallant, I beseech you?

Hans. I turned the spit in Fortune's wheel, Sir.

Lassinbergh. But, stay, where is Lucilia?

Hans. Marry, where say you, Sir?

Lassinbergh. Villain, look for her, call her, seek her out.

Lucilia! Where's my love, O where's Lucilia!

Aye me, I fear my barbarous rudeness to her  
hath driven her to some desperate exigent.

Who would have tempted her true love so far?

The gentlest minds with injuries overcome

Grow most impatient: O Lucilia,

Thy absence strikes a loving fear in me,  
Which from what cause so ever it proceeds  
Would God I had been kinder to thy love.

Enter Hardenbergh., with a Guard, Motto, Raphe.

Hardenbergh. Slaves, can ye not direct us to the place?

Motto. Yes, Sir, here\_s the place we left him in.

Raphe. O see (my Lord) here\_s one wears his apparel.

Hardenbergh. But where is he? Stay, Sirra, what are you

That jet thus in the garments of the Prince.

Hans. Bought and sold, Sir, in the open market, Sir.

Ask my Master.

Hardenbergh. Earl Lassingbergh, where is the Prince\_s body?

Lassinbergh. Why ask you me, my Lord?

Hardenbergh. Since you are in the place where he was drowned,

And this your hind here hath his garments on.

Lassinbergh. Inquire of him then.

Hardenbergh. I\_ll inquire of you

And of your gallant, too. Guard, apprehend them

And bring them presently to court with us.

Lassinbergh. What means Lord Hardenberg to entreat me thus?

Hardenbergh. That you shall know anon: bring them away.

[Exeunt.]

[Scene 4.]

Enter Leander and Hyanthe.

Leander. O, Madame, never were our tears bestowed

Of one whose death was worthier to be mourned.

Dear Alberdure, why parted I from thee,

And did not like the faithful Pilades

Attend my dear Orestes in his rage?

Hyanthe. O my sweet love, O princely Alberdure,

Would God the river where thy corse lay drowned

Were double deep in me and turned to tears

That it might be consumed for swallowing thee.

Enter Alberdure. with a basket of apricots, disguised.

Alberdure. In this disguise I\_ll secretly inquire

Why I was so forsaken of my friend

And left to danger of my lunacy.

Here is the man that most I blame for this,

But he, it seems, enamored of my love,

Was glad of that occasion, and I fear

Hath turned her womanish conceit from me.

I\_ll prove them both. Master, wilt please [you] buy

A basket of well riped apricots.

Leander. I pray thee keep they dainties; I am full

Of bitter sorrows as my heart can hold.

Alberdure. It may be, Master, your fair Lady will.  
Hyanthe. No, friend; my stomach is more full than his.  
Leander. Where dwellest thou, friend?  
Alberdure. Not far from hence, my Lord.  
Leander. Then thou knowest well which was the fatal stream  
Wherein the young Prince Alberdure was drowned?  
Alberdure. I know not he was drowned, but oft have seen  
The piteous manner of his lunacy;  
In depth whereof he still would echo forth  
A lady\_s name that I have often heard,  
Beauteous Hyanthe; but in such sad sort  
As if his frenzy felt some secret touch  
Of her unkindness and inconstancy,  
And when his passions somewhat were appeased,  
Affording him (it seemed) some truer sense.  
Of his estate, left in his fits alone  
Then would he wring his hands, extremely weeping,  
Exclaiming on the name of one Leander,  
Calling him traitor and unworthy friend  
So to forsake him in his misery.  
Leander. Accursed I! O thou hast moved me more  
Than if a thousand showers of venomd darts  
With several pains at once had pricked my soul.  
Hyanthe. O thou ordained to bear swords in thy tongue,  
Dead thou hast struck me and I live no more.  
Alberdure. It seems your honors loved him tenderly.  
Leander. O my good friend, knewest thou how dear I loved him.  
Hyanthe. Nay, knewest thou, honest friend, how dear I loved him.  
Alberdure. I see, then, you would rejoice at his health.  
Leander. As at my life, were it revived from death.  
Hyanthe. As at my soul, were it preserved from hell.  
Alberdure. Be then from death and hell recovered both  
As I am now by your firm loves to me.  
Admire me not, I am that Alberdure  
Whom you thought drowned; that friend, that love am I.  
Leander. Pardon, sweet friend.  
Hyanthe, Pardon, my princely love.  
Alberdure. Dear love, no further gratulations now  
Lest I be seen and known; but, sweet Leander,  
Do you conceal me in thy father\_s house.  
That I may now remain with my Hyanthe  
And at our pleasures safely joy each others love  
Leander. I will (dear friend) and bless my happy stars  
That give me means to so desired a deed.

Finis Actus Quarti.

The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll (Act V)

Actus Quintus.

Enter Cassimere, Flores with the Cup, Peasant, and the Merchant.

Merchant. See, Signior Flores,  
A peasant that I met with near your house,  
Where since he found you not he asked of me  
The place of your abode; and here I have brought you him.

Flores. I thank you, Sir. My good Lord Cassimere,  
This is the man that brought this cup to me  
Which for my ransom we go now to offer  
To my good lord the Duke.

Cassimere. What brings he now?

Flores. That will we know. Come hither, honest friend;  
What wished occasion brings thee now to me?

Peasant. This occasion, Sir; what will ye give me for it?

Flores. Thou art a lucky fellow, let us see.

Lord Cassimere, this is the hapless jewel  
That represents the form of Alberdure,  
Given by Cornelia at our fatal feast.

Where had'st thou this, my good and happy friend?

Peasant. Faith, Sir, I met with the young Prince all wet, who looked as  
if he had been a quarter of a year drowned, yet prettily come to  
himself, saving that he was so mad to change apparel with me; in the  
pocket whereof, Sir, I found this jewel.

Flores. O tell me truly, live Prince Alberdure?

Peasant. He lives a my word, Sir, but very poorly now, God help him.

Cassimere. Is he recovered of his lunacy?

Peasant. I, by my faith, he's tame enough now, I'll warrant him.

Flores. And where is he?

Peasant. Nay, that I cannot tell.

Cassimere. Come, Flores, haste we quickly to the Court  
With this most happy news.

Flores. Come, happy friend,  
The most auspicious messenger to me  
That ever greeted me in peasant's weeds.

[Enter Doctor.]

Merchant. I would I could meet Master Doctor Doddy,  
I have a trick to gull the ass withal;  
I christened him right Doctor Dodypoll,  
Here he comes passing luckily; I'll counterfeit business with him in all  
post haste possible. Master Doctor! Master Doctor!

Doctor. Shesue, vat ail de man?

Merchant. I love you, Master Doctor, and therefore with all the speed I  
could possible I sought you out.

Doctor. Vell, vat?

Merchant. This, Sir; the marriage which we thought made even now,  
between Earl Cassimere and Cornelia, was but a jest only to draw you to  
marry her, for she doth exceedingly dote upon you; and Flores her father  
hath invented that you are betrothed to her and is gone with a  
supplication to the Duke to enforce you to marry her.

Doctor. Be gar, me thought no less. O knave jeweler! O vile beggar! Be  
me trot, Marshan, me study, me beat my brain, me invent, me dream upon  
such a ting.

Merchant. I know, Sir, your wit would foresee it.

Doctor. O by gar, tree, four, five month ago.

Merchant. Well, Sir, y\_ave a perilous wit, God bless me out of the swing of it, but you had best look to it betimes, for Earl Cassimere hath made great friends against you.

Doctor. Marshan, me love, me embrace, me kiss de, will, be my trot.

Merchant. Well, Sir, make haste to prevent the worst.

Doctor. I fly, Marshan, spit de earl, spit de wench, spit all be gar. Se dis, Marshan, de brave brain be gar.

[Exit.]

Merchant. De brave brain by gar, not a wit of the flower of whit in it. I\_ll to the court after him and see how he abuses the Duke\_s patience.

[Scene 2.]

Enter Alphonso, Hardenbergh., Lassingbergh, Leander, Stro., Hosherman, Motto, and Raphe.

Alphonso. Aye me! What hard extremity is this?  
Nor quick nor dead can I behold my son.  
[Enter Hans in the Prince\_s apparel.]

Hans. Behold your son; blessing, noble father.

Hardenbergh. Malipart, knave, art thou the Prince\_s son?

Hans. Aye, Sir, apparel makes the man.

Alphonso. Unhappy man, would God I had my son,  
So he had his Hyanthe or my life.

Leander. Should he enjoy Hyanthe, my Lord?

Would you forsake your love, so he did live?

Alphonso. My love and life, did my dear son survive.

Leander. But were he found or should he live, my Lord,

Although Hyanthe\_s love were the chief cause

Of his mishap and amorous lunacy,

I hope your highness lives him over well

To let him repossess his wits with her.

Alphonso. My love is dead in sorrow for his death;

His life and wits should ransom worlds from me.

Leander. My Lord, I had a vision this last night

Wherein me thought I saw the Prince your son

Sit in my father\_s garden with Hyanthe

Under the shadow of the laurel tree.

With anger, therefore, you should be so wronged

I waked, but then contemned it as a dream;

Yet since my mind beats on it mightily,

And though I think it vain, if you vouchsafe,

I\_ll make a trial of the truth hereof.

[Exit.]

Alphonso. Do, good Leander. Hardenbergh, your son  
Perhaps deludes me with a vision  
To mock my vision that deferred the Duchess,

And with Hyanthe closely keeps my son.  
Hardenbergh. Your son was mad and drowned: this cannot be.  
Alphonso. But yet this circumventing speech  
Offered suspicion of such event.  
Stro. My Lord, most fortunate were that event,  
That would restore your son from death to life.  
Hardenbergh. As though a vision should do such a deed!  
Alphonso. No, no, the boy\_s young brain was humorous:  
His servant and his page did see him drowned.

Enter Leander, Alberdure, Hyanthe,; Alberdure seeming fearful to come forward.

Leander. Come on, sweet friend; I warrant thee they love;  
Shun not they father\_s sight that longs for thee.  
Alberdure. Go then before, and we will follow straight.  
Leander. Comfort, my Lord, my vision proved most true:  
Even in the place, under the laurel shade,  
I found them sitting just as I beheld them  
In my late vision; see, Sir, where they come.  
Alphonso. Am I enchanted or see I my son?  
Aye, aye, the boy hath played the traitor with me.  
O, you young villain, trust you with my love!  
How smooth the cunning traitor looked on it.  
Hardenbergh. But, Sirra, can this be?  
Leander. You knew him to be mad, these thought him drowned.  
My Lord, take you no more delight to see  
Your son recovered of his life and wits?  
Alphonso. See, see, how boldly the young politician  
Can urge his practice. Sirra, you shall know  
I\_ll not be over-reached with your young brain.  
All have agreed, I see, to cozen me,  
But all shall fail. Come, Lady, I will have  
You spite of all, and, son, learn you hereafter  
To use more reverend means to obtain  
Of me what you desire. I have no joy  
To see thee raised from a deluding death.  
Hyanthe. My Lord, \_tis tyranny t\_enforce my love.  
Leander. I hope your Highness will maintain your word.  
Alphonso. Dost thou speak, traitor? Straight I\_ll have you safe  
For daring to delude me in my love.  
Albedure. O friend, thou hast betrayed my love in vain:  
Now am I worse than either mad or drowned,  
Now have I only wits to know my griefs  
And life to feel them.  
Hyanthe. Let me go to him.  
Alphonso. Thou shalt not have thy will nor he his love;  
Neither of both know what is fit for you.  
I love with judgment and upon cold blood,  
he with youths fury, without reason\_s stay;  
And this shall time and my kind usage of thee  
Make thee discern; mean time consider this,  
That I neglect for thee a beauteous Duchess

Who next to thee is fairest in the world.

[Enter Messenger.]

Messenger. My Lord, the Duke of Brunswick and his sister,  
The beauteous Duchess, are arrived here.

Alphonso. What's that; the Duchess?

Messenger. Even her grave, my Lord.

Alphonso. Why, Hardenbergh, ha! Is the Duchess come?

Hardenbergh. I know not, my good Lord. Where is the Duchess?

Messenger. Hardenbergh by, my Lord.

Alphonso. Swounds, I am not here; go tell her so:

Or let her come, my choice is free in love.

Come, my Hyanthe, stand thou close to me.

Messenger. My Lord, the Duke himself has come to urge  
Your promise to him, which you must not break.

Hoscherman. Nor will you wish to break it, good my Lord,

I am assured, when you shall see the Duchess,

Whose matchless beauties will renew the mind

Of here rare entertainment, and her presence

Put all new thoughts of love out of your mind.

Alphonso. Well, I do see 'tis best, my sweet Hyanthe,  
That thou stand further.

Hyanthe. I'll be gone, my Lord.

Alphonso. Not gone, but mix thyself among the rest.

What a spite is this! Counsel me, Hardenbergh.

Hardenbergh. The Duchess comes, my Lord.

Alphonso. Out of my life, how shall I look on her?

Enter Constan., Kather., Lassen., Lucil., Cassi., Cornelia, Ite. A Song:  
after the Duchess speaks.

Katherine. How now, my Lord? You look as one dismayed;  
Have any visions troubled you of late?

Alphonso. Your grace and your most princely brother here  
Are highly welcome to the Saxon court.

Katherine. O you dissemble, Sir, nor are we come  
In hope of welcome, but with this poor head-piece  
To bear the brunt of all discourtesies.

Constantine. My Lord, we come not now to urge the marriage,  
You sought with such hot suit, of my fair sister,  
But to resolve ourselves and all the world  
Why you retained such mean conceit of us  
To slight so solemn and so high a contract  
With vain pretext of visions or of dreams.

Alphonso. My Lord, I here protest by earth and heaven  
I hold your state right highly and renowned  
And your fair sisters beauties and deserts  
To be most worthy the greatest King alive;  
Only an ominous vision troubled me  
And hindered the wished speed I would have made  
(Not to dissolve it, though it were differed)  
By such portents as, least you think I fain,

Lord Hardenbergh can witness is most true.  
Hardenbergh. Most true, my Lord, and most prodigious.  
Alphonso. Yet I'll contemn them with my life and all  
Ere I'll offend your grace or breed suspect  
Of my firm faith in my most honored love.  
Katherine. No, no, my Lord: this is your vision  
That hath not frightened but enamored you.  
Alphonso. O Madame, think you so? By heaven I swear  
She's my son's love. — Sirra, take her to you.  
Have I had all this care to do her grace,  
To prove her virtues and her love to thee,  
And stand'st thou fearful now? Take her, I say.  
Leander. My Lord, he fears that you will be angry with him.  
Alphonso. You play the villain: wherefore should he fear?  
I only proved her virtues for his sake,  
And now you talk of anger. Aye me wretch,  
That ever I should live to be thus shamed!  
Alberdure. Madame, I swear the Lady is my love;  
Therefore your highness cannot charge my father  
With any wrong to your high worth of her.  
Constantine. Sister, you see we utterly mistake  
The kind and princely dealing of the Duke:  
Therefore without more ceremonious doubts  
Let's reconfirm the contract and his love.  
Katherine. I warrant you my Lord the Duke dissembles.  
Alphonso. Here on my knees, at the alter of those feet,  
I offer up in pure and sacred breath  
The true speech of my heart and heart itself.  
Require no more if thou be princely born.  
And not of rocks or ruthless tigers bred.  
Katherine. My Lord, I kindly cry you mercy now,  
Ashamed that you should injure your estate  
To kneel to me; and vow before these Lords  
To make you all amends you can desire.  
Flores. Madame, in admiration of your grace  
And princely wisdom, and to gratify  
The long wished joy done to my Lord the Duke,  
I here present your highness with this cup,  
Wrought admirably by th'art of spirits,  
Of substance fair, more rich than earthly gems,  
Whose value no man's judgment can esteem.  
Alphonso. Flores, I'll interrupt the Duchess thanks  
And for the present thou hast given to her  
To strengthen her consent to my desires,  
I recompense thee with a free release  
Of all offenses twixt thyself and me.  
Flores. I humbly thank your excellence.  
Katherine. But where is now unkind Earl Lassinbergh,  
That injures his fair love and makes her wear  
This worthless garland? Come, Sir, make amends,  
Or we will here award you worthy penance.  
Lassinbergh. Madame, since her departure I have done  
More hearty penance than heart could wish,

And vow hereafter to live ever hers.  
Katherine. Then let us cast aside these forlorn wreaths,  
And with our better fortunes change our habits.

Enter Doctor in post, the Merchant following him.

Doctor. O stay, my Lort, me pray you on knee von stay.

Alphonso. What\_s the matter, Doctor?

Doctor. O me bret be gar for haste.

Constantine. What ails the hasty Doctor?

Doctor. My Lort be gar he lies falsely in his troat; me prove by the  
devil dat he be the false knave.

Alphonso. Who is it, man, with whom thou art so bold?

Doctor. My Lort, if he make my contract of marriage, if me be not as  
loose as de vide vorld, if me do not allege\_

Alphonso. I pray thee, man, what mean\_st thou?

Doctor. Be gar, inform your grace vot he dare I will prove by good  
argument and raison dat he is de false beggarly jeweler, dat I no point  
marry Cornelia. Vat say you now?

Cassimere. My Lord, no doubt some man hath gulled the Doctor,  
Supposing he should be enforced to wed her  
That is my wife and ever scorned him.

Doctor. Vat you say? De marshan tell a me I marry Cornelia spit my nose.

Alphonso. The merchant I perceive hath trimmed you, Doctor.

And combed you smoothly. Faith, I can him thank  
that thus revives our meeting with such mirth.

Doctor. O be bright de heaven, est a possible! And by heaven I be  
revenge dat vile Marshan, me make de medicine dry up de sea, seven  
tousand, tousand million d\_stiloe, fife hundred, hundred dram Fuffian,  
Marquerite, Balestiae, Hematete, Cortemedian, Churchacholl, Patasite,  
Petrofidem, Hynape, and by gar de hot pepper; me make de vind, de great  
colic puff, blow by gar, tear de sail, beat de mast, crack de ship in  
tousand tousand pieces!

Exit.

Alphonso. Farewell, gentle Doctor Dodypoll.

And now, dear Lady, let us celebrate  
Our happy royal nuptials and my son\_s  
With this our sweet and general amity  
Which heaven smile on with his golden eye.

Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.

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