

THE SILVER AGE

INCLUDING.

The loue of *Iupiter* to *Alcmena*:
The birth of *Hercules*.

AND

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

CONCLVDING,

With the Arraignement of the Moone.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodeffe folent aut delectare.

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{ornament}

To the Reader.

L ET not the Title of this booke I en-
treate bee any weakening of his
worth , in the generall opinion.
Though wee begunne with *Gold*, fol-
5 low with *Silver*,proceede with *Brasse*,
and purpose by Gods grace, to end
with *Iron*. I hope the declining Titles shall no whit
blemish the reputation of the Workes: but I rather
trust that as those Mettals decreafe in valew, so è *con-*
10 *trario*, their books shall encreafe in subftance, weight,
and estimation. In this we haue giuen *Hercules* birth
and life: In the next wee shall lend him honour and
death. Courteous Reader, it hath bene my ferious
labour, it now onely attends thy charitable cenfure.

Thine,

T. H.

{ornament}

Drammatis Perfonae.

H O M E R.

Acridus.
Pretus.
Bellerophon.
Perseus.
Danaus.
Iupiter.
Ganymed.
Amphitrio.
Socia.
Euristeus.
Hercules.
Thefeus.
Perithous.
Philoctetes.
Mercury,
Triton.
Pluto.
Cerberus.
Rhadamantus
Afculaphus.

Q. Aurea.
Andromeda.
Alcmena.
Iuno.
Iris.
Galantis.
Hyodamia.
Ceres.
Proferpina.
Semele.
Tellus.
Arethufa.
A Guard.
2.Captaines.
6.Centaures.
Seruingmen.
Swaines.
Theban Ladies.
The feven Planets.
Furies.

{ornament}

The Siluer Age.

Actus I. Scœna I.

Enter HOMER.

S Ince moderne Authors, moderne things
 haue trac't,
 Serching our Chronicles from end to end,
 And all knowne Hiftories haue long bene
5 grac't,
 Bootleffe it were in them our time to spend
 To iterate tales oftentimes told ore,
Or fubiects handled by each common pen;
In which euen they that can but read (no more)
10 Can poynt before we speake, how, where, and when
 We haue no purpofe: *Homer* old and blinde,
 Of eld, by the beft iudgements tearm'd diuine,
 That in his former labours found you kinde,
 Is come the ruder cenfures to refine:
 And to vnlocke the Casket long time fhut.
15 Of which none but the learned keepe the key.
 Where the rich Iewell (*Poëfie*) was put.
 She that firft fearch't the Heauens, Earth, Ayre, and Sea.
 We therefore begge, that fince fo many eyes,
 And feuerall iudging wits muft tafte our ftile,
20 The learn'd will grace, the ruder not defpife:
 Since what we do, we for their vfe compile.
 Why fhould not *Homer*, bee that caught in *Greece*,
 Vnto this iudging Nation lend like fkill.

B<1r>

And

The Siluer Age.

25 And into *England* bring that golden Fleece,
For which his country is renowned ftill.
The *Golden* paf, *The Siluer age* begins
In *Iupiter*, whose fonne of *Danae* borne,
We firft prefent, and how *Acrifius* finnes
30 Were punifh't for his cruelty and fcorne.
We enter where we left, and fo proceed,
(Your fauour ftill, for that muft helpe at need)

*Alarme. Enter with victory, K. Pretus, Bellerephon, bringing
in K. Acrifius prifoner, drum and colours.*

35 *Pretus.* Now you that trusted to your *Darreine* ftrength,
The brazen to wer that earft inclof'd thy childe,
Stand't at our grace, a captiue, and we now
Are *Arges* King, where thou vfurp't fo late.

Acrifius. Tis not thy power King *Pretus*, but our rigor
40 Againft my daughter, and the Prince her fonne,
(Thus punifh't by the heauens) haue made thee victor.

Pretus. Twas by thy valor, braue *Bellerephon*,
That took't *Acrifius* prifoner hand to hand.

Beller. The duty of a feruice and a feruant
45 I haue exprest to *Pretus*.

Pretus. By thy valor.
We reigne fole King of *Arges*, where our brother
Hath tyrannif'd, and now thefe brazen walles,
Built to inmure a faire and innocent maide,
50 Shall be thine owne Iayle. Gyue his legges in Irons,
Till we determine further of his death.

Acrifius. Oh *Danae*, when I rude and pittileffe
Threw thee with thy yong infant, to the mercy
Of the rough billowes, in a mafleffe boat,
55 I then incur'd this vengeance. *Iupiter*,
Whose father in thofe bleft and happy dayes
I fcorn'd to be, or ranke him in my line,
Hath chaftif'd me for my harfh cruelty.

Pretus. We are *Ioues* rod, and we will execute
60 The doome of heauen with all feuerity:

The Siluer Age.

Such mercy as thy guardiant Beldams had,
(Who for the loue of *Danae* felt the fire)
Thou fhalt receiue from vs. Away with him:

Acrifius is led bound, and enters Q. Aurea.

65 *Aur.* Why doth K. *Pretus* lead his brother bound,
And keepe a greater foe in liberty?
This, this, thou moft vnchaft *Bellerephon*,
And canst thou blufhleffe gaze me in the face?
Whom thou fo lately didst attempt to force,
70 Or front the Prince thy maister with fuch impudence,
Whofe reuerent bed thou haft practif'd to defile.

Beller. Madame, my Lord.

Aurea. Heare not th'adulterers tongue,
Who though he had not power to charme mine eares,
75 Yet may inchaunt thine.

Pretus. Beauteous *Aurea*,
If I can proue by witneffe that rude practife,
His life and tortures Il'e commit to thee.

Aurea. What greater witneffe then *Q. Aurea's* teares?
80 Or why fhould I hate you *Bellerephon*,
That (faue this practife) neuer did me wrong?

Beller. Oh woman, when thou art giuen vp to fin
And fhameleffe lufts, what brazen impudence,
Hardens thy brow?

85 *Aurea.* Shall I haue right of him?

Pret. Thou fhalt: yet let me tell my *Aurea*:
This knight hath feru'd me from his infancy,
Beene partner of my breaft and fecret thoughts.
His fword hath beene the guardian of my ftate,
90 And by the vertue of his ftrong right hand,
I am poffeft of *Arges*. I could reade thee
A Chronicle of his great feruices
Frefh in my thoughts, then giue me leaue to pause,
Ere I pronounce fad fentence of his death.

95 *Aurea.* Grant me my L. but a few priuate words
With this diffembling hypocrite: Il'e tell him
Such instance of his heynous enterprife,

The Siluer Age.

Shall make him blufh, and with efeminate teares,
Publifh his riotous wrongs againft your bed.

100 *Pretus.* We grant you priuacy.

Aurea. Neare vs *Bellerophon.*

Beller. Oh woman, woman.

Aurea. We are alone, yet wilt thou grant me loue,
Put me in hope, and fay the time may come,

105 And my excufe to *Pretus* fhall vn fay,
Thefe loud exclaimes, and blanch this *Æthiop* fcandall,
As white as is thy natiue innocence:

Loue mee, oh loue mee, my *Bellerophon*

I figh for thee, I mourne, I die for thee,

110 Giue me an anfwere fwift and peremptory;

 Gaine by thy grant, life; thy deniall, death.

 Wilt thou take time and limite mee fome hope

By pointing me an houre?

Bellerophon, Neuer, oh neuer.

115 Firft fhall the Sun-god in the Ocean quench,

 The daies bright fire, and o're the face of heauen

Spread euerlafting darkneffe.

Aurea. Say no more.

Dogge, deuill, euen before my hufbands face

120 Darft court me, *Pretus* canft thou suffer this?

 Iniurious Traytor, think'ft thou my chaft innocence,

 Is to bee mou'd with praiers, or brib'd by promifes?

 Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt this bed?

 Or is he of that flauifh fufferance,

125 Before his face to fee nice ftrumpeted?

Pretus, by heauen, and all the Gods I vow,

 To abiure thy prefence, and confine my felfe

 To lafting widdow-hood, vnleffe with rigor

Thou chaftice this falfe groome.

130 *Pretus. Bellerophon*

 Thou haft prefum'd too much vpon our loue,

 And made too flight account of our high power

 In which thy life or death is circumfcrib'd.

Beller. My Lord, I fhould tranfgrefle a Subiects duty,

The Siluer Age.

135 To lay the leaft groffe imputation
Vpon the Queene, my beauteous Souerainteffe,
And rather then to queftion her chafte vertues
I laie my felfe ope to the ftrictelt doome,
My feruice hath bene yours, fo fhall my life,
140 I yeeld it to you freely.
Pretus. Aureas teares,
Contend with thy fupposed innocence
And haue the vpper hand: to fee thee die
My fetled loue will not endure: but worfe
145 Then death can bee, we doome thy infolence;
Go hence an exile, and returne no more
Vpon thy Knight-hood, but expofe thy felfe
Vnto that monftrous beaft of *Cicily*,
Cal'd the *Chimera*, t'hath a Lyons head,
150 Goats belly, and a poyfonous Dragons traine.
Fight with that beaft, whom Hoafte cannot withftand,
And feede, what Armies cannot fatiffie.
My doom's irreuocable.
Beller. For all my feruice
155 A faire reward, but by my innocence,
Vertues, and all my honours attributes,
That fauadge Monfter I will feede, or foile,
Die by his iawes, or bring home honoured fpoile.
Aurea. Yet, yet, thy body meedes a better graue,
160 And kill not mee too, whom thy grant may faue.
Beller. A thoufand fierce *Chimerae's* firft I'll feede,
Ere ftaine mine honour with that damned deed.
Aurea. Againe to tempt me, hence bafe traytor flie,
And as thy guilt's meede, by that monfter die.
165 *Pretus.* Away with him, 'tis our milde fufferance
Begets this impudence, come beauteous *Aurea*
Thou fhalt bee full reuengde, I know him honourable
In this, and will performe that enterprife
Which in one death brings many: let vs now
170 Inioy our conquets, hee fhall foone bee dead,
That with bafe fleights fought to corrupt our bed.

The Siluer Age.

Enter Perfeus, Andromeda, and Danaus.

175 *Perfeus.* There ftay our fwift and winged Pegafus,
And on the flowers of this faire Medow grafe,
Thou that firft flewft out of the *Gorgons* bloud,
Whofe head wee by *Mineruaes* aide par'd off,
And fince haue fixt it on our Chrifftall fheild.
This head that had the power to change to ftone,
All that durft gaze vpon't; and being plac't here
180 Retaines that power to whom it is vnca'd:
Hath chandge great *Atlas* to a Mount fo high,
That with his fhoulders hee fupports the fkie.

Dana. *Perfeus*, great fonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*.
Famous for your atchieuements through the world
185 *Mineruaes* fauorite, Goddeffe of Wifedome,
And hufband of the fweete *Andromeda*.
Whom you fo late from the Sea-monfter freed,
After fo many deedes of Fame and Honour,
Shall we returne to fee our mother *Danae*?

190 *Perfeus.* Deere brother *Danaus*, the renowned iffue
Of King *Pellonus* that in *Naples* raignes,
Where beauteous *Danae* is created Queene,
Thither I'le beare the faire *Andromeda*
To fee our Princely mother.

195 *Andro.* Royall *Perfeus*,
Truely defcended from the line of Gods,
Since by the flaughter of that monftrous Whale,
You freed me from that rocke where I was fixt
To be deuoured and made the Monfters prey,
200 And after wonne me from a thoufand hands
By *Phineus* arme, that was my firft betroathed,
Ingrate were I your fellowfhip to fhunne,
Whom by the force of Armes you twice haue won.

Enter Bellerephon.

205 *Perfeus.* Towards *Naples* then, but foft, what Knight's that

The Siluer Age.

So paffionately deiect? Let vs Salute him,
Whence are you gentle Knight?

Beller. I am of *Arges*.

Perfeus. But your aduenture?

210 *Beller.* The infernall Monfter,
Cal'd the *Chimera* bred in *Cicily*.

Perfeus. Thou canft not ftake thy life againft fuch oddes,
And not be generoufly deriu'd, I *Perfeus*
The fonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*, offer thee
215 Affiftance to this noble enterprife.

Beller. Are you the noble *Perfeus*, whom the world
Crownes with fuch praife and royall hardineffe?
Fam'd for your winged fteed, and your *Gorgons* fheild,
And for releafe of faire *Andromeda*?

220 *Perf.* Wee *Perfeus* are, and this *Andromeda*,
King *Cepheus* daughter, refcued by our fword,
The keene-edged harpe.

Beller. Let me do you honours
Worthy your State, and tell fuch newes withall
225 As fhall difturbe the quiet of your thoughts,
I am of *Arges* where *Acirfius* raigned.

Perf. Our Grand-fire, and raignes ftill.

Beller. His brother *Pretus*
Hath caft him both from ftile and kingdome too,
230 Nor let *Bellerephon* himfelfe belie,
It was by vertue of this ftrong right arme
Which he hath thus requited, to expofe me
Vnto this ftrange aduenture, the full circumftance
I fhall relate at leafure,

235 *Perf.* Dares King *Pretus*
Depofe *Acirfius*, knowing *Perfeus* liues?
Guide me faire Knight vnto my place of birth,
Where the great King of *Arges* liues captiu'd,
That I may glaze my harpe in the bloud
240 Of Tyrant *Pretus*.

Beller. I am fworne by oath
To dare the rude *Cycilian* Monfter firft,

The Siluer Age.

Whom hauing flaine, I'le guide you to the rescue
Of K. *Acrifius*.

245 *Perfeus*. Thou haft fir'd our bloud,
And startled all our fpirits *Bellerephon*,
Wee'l mount our *Pegafus*, and through the ayre
Beare thee, vnto that fell *Chimeraes* den:
And in the flaughter of that monftrous beaft
250 Affift thy valour. Thence to *Arges* flye,
Where by our fword th'vfurper next muft dye.

Beller. We are proud of your affiftance, and withall
Affur'd of Conqueft.

Perfeus. Faire *Andromeda*,
255 *Danaus* fhall be your guardiant towards *Arges*,
Where after this atchieuement we will meet,
To giue our grand-fire freedome. Come, lets part,
We through the ayre, you towards *Darreine* towre,
Where Tragicke ruine *Pretus* fhall deuoure. *Exeunt*.

260 *Enter K. Pretus, and Q. Aurea.*

Pretus. *Aurea*, we were too hafty in our doome,
To loofe that knight, whole arme protected vs,
Whofe fame kept all our neighbour Kings in awe:
Nor was our ftate confirm'd, but in his life.

265 *Aurea*. Let Traitors perifh, and their plots decay,
And we ftill by diuine affiftance fway.

Pretus. But fay fome Prince fhould plot *Acrifius* rescue,
Inuade great *Arges*, or fiege *Darreine* tower,
Then fhould we with *Bellerephon* againe,
270 To expofe their fury, and their pride reftaine.

Aurea. To cut off all thefe feares, cut off *Acrifius*,
Apppeare to him a brother full as mercileffe
As he a cruell father, to his childe,
The beauteous *Danae* and her infant fonne.

275 *Pretus*. Onely his ruine muft fecure our ftate,
And he fhall dye to cut off future claime
Vnto this populous kingdome we enioy.
Our guard, command our captiue brother hither.
Whom we this day muft fentence. Oh *Bellerephon*!

The Siluer Age.

280 Thy wrongs I halfe suspect thy doome: Repent,
Since all thy acts proclaime thee innocent.
Guar. Behold the King your brother. { *Acrifius brought in*
Pretus. We thus sentence { *by the guard.*
Thy life *Acrifius*, thou that hadst the heart
285 To thrust thy childe into a mattleffe boate;
With a faire hopefull Prince, vnto the fury
And rage of the remorleffe windes and waues:
To doome these innocent Ladies to the fire,
That were her faultleffe guardians; the like sentence
290 Receiue from vs: We doome thee imminent death
Without delay or pause. Beare to the blocke
The tyrant, he that could not vse his raigne
With clemency, we thus his rage restraine.
Acrif. Thou shew'ft thy selfe in rigor pittifull,
295 And full of mercy in thy cruelty,
To take away that life, which to enioy
Were many deaths, hauing my *Danae* loft
With her sonne *Perfeus*: hauing loft my kingdome,
All through the vaine feares of Prophetike spelles:
300 Why should I with a wretched life to faue,
That may rest happy in a peacefull graue?
Pre. What shout is that? the proiect? { *A flourish and a shout.*
Gentl. Strange and admirable. { *Enter a gentleman.*
Bellerephon and a braue strange knight,
305 Both crownd in blood in the *Chimeraes* spoyle,
Haue cleft the ayre on a swift winged steede,
And in your Court alighted; both their swords
Bath'd in the Serpents blood, they brandish still,
As if they yet some monster had to kill.
310 Pretus. *Bellerephon* return'd?
Thou hast amaz'd vs.
Enter *Perfeus Danaus*, and *Bellerophon*, with *Andromeda*.
Kill Pretus and *Aurea*, beat away the rest of the guard.
Perfeus. One monster (then the rude *Chimere* more fell)
315 That's Pretus, *Danaes* soone must send to hell.
Pretus. Treason. Our guard.

The Siluer Age.

Perfeus. Liues there a man, the tyrant *Pretus* dead,
Saith that the Crowne fhall not inueft his head?

All. We all ftand for the King *Acrifius*.

320 *Perf.* Then by his generall fufferage once more raigne,
Since by our hand th'vfurper here lyes flaine.

Acrifius. Our hopelefse life, and new inuefted ftate,
Strikes not fo deepe into *Acrifius* ioyes,
As when he heares the name of *Danaes* fonne.
325 Liues *Danae*?

Perfeus. Grand-fire, thy faire daughter liues
A potent Queene: we *Perfeus* are her fonne,
This *Danaus* your hopefull grand-childe too:
Nor let me quite forget *Andromeda*,
330 By *Perfeus* fword freed from the huge Sea-whale,
And now ingraft into your royall line.

Acrif. Diuide my foule amongft you, and impart
My life, my ftate, my kingdome, and my heart.
Oh had I *Danae* here, my ioyes to fill,
335 I truely then fhould be immortalif'd.
Renowned *Perfeus*, *Danaus* inly deere,
And you bright Lady, faire *Andromeda*,
You are to me a ftronger fort of ioy
Then *Darreines* braffe, which no fiege can deftroy.

340 *Dana.* My gran-fires fight doth promife as much bliffe,
As can *Elifium*, or thofe pleafant fields,
Where the bleft foules inhabite.

Andro. You are to me
As life on earth, in death eternity.

345 *Acrifius.* Let none prefume our purpofe to controwle:
For our decree is like the doome of Gods
Fixt and vnchanging: *Perfeus* we create
Great *Arges* King, crown'd with this wreath of ftate.

Perfeus. With like applaufe, and fufferage fhall be feene,
350 The faire *Andromeda* crown'd *Arges* Queene.

Acrifius. Onely the *Darreine* tower I ftill referue
In that to pennance me a life retir'd,
And I in that fhall proue the Oracle.

The Siluer Age.

355 Faire *Danaes* fonne infated in my throne,
Shall thus confine me to an Arch of ftone.
There will I liue, attended by my guard,
And leaue to thee the manadge of my Realme.
Our will is law, which none that beares vs well,
Will ftriue by word or action to refell.
360 *Perf.* The Gods beheft with your refolue agree
To increafe in vs this growing maiefty.
Bellerephon, we make thee next our felfe
Of ftate in *Arges*: *Danaus* you fhall hence,
To cheere our mother in thefe glad reports,
365 And to fucceed *Pelonnus*: but firft ftay,
Rights due to vs ere we the ftate can fway.

Actus 2. Scoena. 1.

H O M E R.

Alacke! earths ioyes are but fhort-liu'd, and laft
But like a puffe of breath which (thus) is paf.
Acrifius in his fortrefse liues retir'd,
5 *Kept with a ftrong guard: Perfeus reignes fole King,*
Who in himfelfe one fad night long defir'd
To fee his grand-fire fome gladnewes to bring,
Whom the ftearne warders (in the night) vnknowne,
Seeke to keepe backe, whence all his grieve is growne.

10 A dumbe fhew.

Enter 6 warders, "to them Perfeus, Danaus, Bellerephon and
Andromeda. Perfeus takes his leaue of them to go towards the
tower: the warders repulfe him, he drawes his fword. In the tu-
mult enter Acrifius to pacifie them, and in the hurly-burly is
15 *flaine by Perfeus, who laments his death. To them Bellerephon*
and the ref: Perfeus makes Bellerephon King of Arges, and
with Danaus and Andromeda departs.

H O M E R.

Perfeus repulft, the ftardy Warder strikes,

The Siluer Age.

20 *This breeds a tumult, out their weapons flye,
Acrifius heares their clamours and their fhrikes,
And downe defcends this broyle to pacifie;
 Not knowing whence it growes: and in this brall,
 Acrifius by his grand-childes hand doth fall.*
25 *The Oracle's fulfil'd, hee's turn'd to ftone,
That's to his marble graue, by Danaes fonne;
Which in the Prince breeds fuch lament and mone,
That longer there to reigne hee'l not be wonne:
 But firft Bellerephon he will inueft,
30 And after makes his trauels towards the Eaft.
Of Iupiter now deiſi'd and made
Supreme of all the Gods, we next proceed:
Your ſuppoſitions now muſt lend us ayd,
That he can all things (as a God indeed.)
35 Our ſceane is Thebes: here faire Alcmena dwels,
Her huſband in his warfare thriues abroad,
And by his chiualry his foes expels.
He abſent, now defcends th'Olimpicke God,
Innamored of Alcmena, and trans-ſhapes
40 Himſelfe into her huſband: Ganimed
He makes affiſtant in his amorous rapes,
Whil'ſt he preferres the earth 'fore Iunoes bed.
 Lend vs your wonted patience without ſcorne,
 To finde how Hercules was got and borne.*
45 *Enter Amphitrio with two Captaines and Socia with drum and
colours: hee brings in the head of a crowned King, ſweares the
Lords to the obeyſance of Thebes. They preſent him with a
ſtanding bowle, which hee lockes in a Caſket, and ſending his
man with a letter before to his wife, with news of his victory. He
50 with his followers, and Blepharo the maiſter of the ſhip, mar-
cheth after.*

H O M E R.

*Creon that now reignes here, the Theban King,
Alcmenaes huſband great Amphitrio made*

The Siluer Age.

55 *His Generall, who to his Lord doth bring*
 His enimies head that did his land inuade.
 Thinke him returning home, but fends before
 By letters to acquaint his beauteous wife
 Of his fucceffe, himfelfe in fight of shore
60 *Must land this night: where many a doubtfull strife*
 Amongft them growes, but Ioue himfelfe difcends,
 Cuts off my fpeech, and heere my Chorus ends.

Thunder and lightning. Iupiter difcends in a cloude.

Iup. Earth before heauen, we once more haue preferd:
65 *Beauty that workes into the hearts of Gods:*
 As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,
 So euen in vs it hath attraction.
 The faire Alcmena like the Sea-mans Starre
 Shooting her gliftering beauty vp to heauen,
70 *Hath puld from thence the olimpick Iupiter*
 By vertue of thy raies, let Iuno fkold,
 And with her clamours fill the eares of heauen,
 Let her bee like a Bachinall in rage,
 And through our chriftall pallace breath exclames,
75 *With her quicke feete the galaxia weare,*
 And with inquituiue voice fearch through the Spheares.
 Shee fhall not find vs here, or fhould fhe fee vs,
 Can fhee diftinguifh vs being thus tranfhapt?
 Where's Ganimed? we fent him to furuey
 Amphitrioës Pallace, where we meane to lodge

80 *Enter Ganimed fhapt like Socia.*

In happy time return'd: now Socia.

Gani. Indeed that's my name, as fure
 As your's is Amphitrio.

Iup. Three nights I haue put in one to take our fill
85 *Of daliance with this beauteous Theban dame.*
 A powerfull charme is caft or'e Phœbus eies:
 Who fleepes this night within the euxine fea,
 And till the third day fhall forget his charge

The Siluer Age.

90 To mount the golden chariot of the Sunne,
The Antipodes to vs, fhall haue a day
Of three daies length. Now at this houre is fought
By *Iofua* Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation,
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)
His famous battle 'gainft the *Cananites*,
95 And at his orifon the Sunne ftands ftill,
That he may haue there flaughter, *Ganimed*
Go knocke and get vs entrance. *Exit Iupiter.*
Gani. Before I knocke, let mee a little determine with
my felfe, If I be acceffary to *Iupiter* in his amorous purpofe, I
100 am little better then a parcell guilt baud, but muft excufe my
felfe thus, *Ganimed* is now not *Ganimed*, And if this impu-
tation be put vpon mee, let it light vpon *Socia*, whom I am
now to perfonate; but I am too long in the Prologue of
this merry play we are to act, I will knocke, and the Ser-
105 uingmen fhall enter.
1. *Seruing.* Who knocks fo late?
Gani. Hee that muft in, open for *Socia*,
Who brings you newes home of the *Theban* warres.
2. *Ser.* *Socia* returned. *Enter 3. Seruingmen.*
110 3. *Ser.* Vnhurt, vnflaine?
Gani. Euen as you fee, and how, and how?
1. *Ser.* *Socia*? let me haue an armefull of thee.
Gani. Armefuls, and handfuls too, my boyes.
2. *Ser.* The news, the news, how doth my Lord *Amphitrio*?
115 *Gani.* Nay, how doth my Lady *Alcmena*, fome of you
cary her word my Lord will be heere prefently.
1. *Ser.* I'll be the meffenger of thefe glad newes.
2. *Ser.* I'll haue a hand in't too.
3. *Ser.* I'll not be laft. *Exeunt Seruingmen.*
120 *Gani.* They are gone to informe their Lady, who will
bee ready to intertaine a counterfeite Lord, *Iupiter* is prepa-
ring himfelfe to meet *Alcmena*, *Alcmena*, fhe to encounter
Iupiter, her beauty hath enchanted him, his metamorphofis
muft beguile her: al's put to prooffe, I'll into furnifh my Lord
125 whilft my fellow feruants attend their Lady: they come.

The Siluer Age.

*Enter at one dore Alcmena, Theffula, 4. Seruingmen; at the
other Iupiter fhapt like Amphitrio to Ganimed.*

Alcm. But are you fure you fpake with *Socia*?
And did hee tell you of *Amphitrio*'s health?

130 1. *Ser.* Madam, I affure you, wee fpake with *Socia*, and
my L. *Amphitrio* will be here instantly.

Alcm. Vther me in a coftly banquet ftraight
To entertaine my Lord, let all the windowes
Glisten with lights like ftarres, caft fweete perfumes
135 To breath to heauen their odoriferous aires,
And tell the Gods my husband's fafe return'd,
If you be fure 'twas *Socia*.

2. *Ser.* Madam take my life, if it be not true.

Alcm. Then praife be to the higheft *Iupiter*,
140 Whofe powerfull arme gaue ftrengh vnto my Lord
To worke his fafety through thefe dangerous warres,
Hang with our richeft workes our chambers round,
And let the roome wherein we reft to night,
Flow with no leffe delight, then *Iuno*'s bed
145 When in her armes fhe claspeth *Iupiter*,

Iup. I'll fill thy bed with more delighfull fweetes,
Then when with *Mars* the *Ciprian Venus* meetes.

Alcm. See how you ftir for odours, lights, choife cates,
Spices, and wines, is not *Amphitrio* comming
150 With honour from the warres? where's your attendance?
Sweete waters, coftly ointments, pretious bathes,
Let me haue all, for taft, touch, fmell, and fight,
All his fiue fenfes wee will feaft this night.

Iup. 'Tis time to appeare, *Alcmena*:

155 *Alcm.* My deere Lord.

Gani. It workes, it workes, now for *Iuno* to fet a
Skold betweene them.

A banquet brought in.

Alcm. Oh may thefe armes that guarded *Thebes* and vs,
160 Be euer thus my girdle, that in them

The Siluer Age.

I may liue euer fafe, welcome *Amphitrio*
A banquet, lights, attendance; good my Lord
Tell mee your warres difcourfe.

Iup. Sit faire *Alcmena*.

165 *Alcm.* Proceede my deareft loue.

Iup. I as great Generall to the *Theban* King,
March't gainft the *Teleboans*: who make head
And offer vs encounter: both our Armies
Are caft in forme, well fronted, fleeeu'd and wing'd
170 Wee throw our vowes to heauen, the Trumpets found,
The battels fignall, now beginnes the incurfions,
The earth beneath our armed burdens groanes,
Shootes from each fide reuerberat gainft heauen,
With Arrowes and with Darts the aire growes darke
175 And now confufion ruffles, Heere the fhoutes
Of Victors found, there groanes of death are heard,
Slaughter on all fides; ftill our eminent hand
Towers in the aire a victor, whilft the enemy
Haue their defpoyled helmets crown'd in duft.
180 Wee ftand, they fall, yet ftill King *Ptelera*
Striues to make head, and with a frefh fupply
Takes vp the mid-field: him *Amphitrio* fronts
With equall armes, wee the two Generals
Fight hand to hand, but *Ioue* omnipotent
185 Gaue me his life and head, which we to morrow
Muft giue to King *Creon*.

Alcm. All my orifons
Fought on your fide, and with their powerfull weight,
Added vnto the ponder of your fword,
190 To make it heauy on the Burgonet
Of flaughtered *Ptelera*.

Iup. I for my reward,
Had by the Subiects of that conquered King
A golden cup prefented, the choice boule
195 In which the flaughtered Tyrant vf'd to quaffe. *Socia*.

Gani. My Lord.

Iup. The cup, fee faire *Alcmena*.

The Siluer Age.

Gani. This cup *Mercury* stole out of *Amphitrioes* casket, but al's one as long as it is truly deliuered.

200 *Alcm.* In this rich boule I'le onely quaffe your health,
Or vse, when to the Gods I sacrifice.
Is our chamber ready?

205 *Iup.* Gladly I'de to bed,
Where I will mix with kiffes my discourse,
And tell the whole proiect.

Alcm. Mirth abound,
Through all these golden roofes let musicke found,
To charme my Lord to soft and downy rest.

Iup. Come light vs to our sheetes.

210 *Alcm.* *Amphitrioes* head
Shall heere be pillowed, light's then and to bed.

Exeunt with Torches.

215 *Gani.* Alas poore *Amphitrio* I pittie thee that art to be made
cuckold against thy wiues will, she is honest in her worst dishonesty, and chaste in the superlatiue degree of inchaftity:
but I am fet heere to keepe the gate: now to my office.

Enter Socia with a letter.

220 *Socia.* Heere's a night of nights, I thinke the Moone
stands still and all the Stars are a sleepe, he that driues *Charles*
wayne is taking a nap in his cart, for they are all at a stand,
this night hath bene as long as two nights already, and I
thinke 'tis now entring on the third; I am glad yet that out
of this vtter darkenes I am come to see lights in my Ladies
225 Pallace: there will be simple newes for her when I shall tell
her my Lord is comming home.

Gani. 'Tis *Socia* and *Amphitrioes* man, sent before to
tell his Lady of her husband, I must preuent him.

230 *Socia.* This night will neuer haue an end, he that hath hired
a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough I
thinke to take his peny worths, but I'le knocke.

Gan. I charge thee not to knock here leaft thou be knocked.

Socia. What not at my Maisters gate.

Gani. I charge thee once more, tell mee whose thou art?
whether thou goest, and wherefore thou comest?

The Siluer Age.

235 *Socia.* Hither I go, I ferue my Maister, and come to fpeak
with my Lady, what art thou the wifer? nay, if thou beeft a
good fellow let me paffe by thee.

Gani. Whom doft thou ferue?

240 *Socia.* I ferue my Lord *Amphitrio*, and am fent in haft to
my Lady *Alcmena*.

Gani. Thy name?

Socia. *Socia*.

Gani. Bafe counterfeit take that, can you not be content
to come fneaking to one's houfe in the night, to rob it, but
245 you muft likewife rob me of my name?

Socia. Thy name, why, what's thy name?

Gani. *Socia*.

Socia. *Socia*, and whom doft thou ferue?

250 *Gani.* My Lord *Amphitrio* chiefe of the *Theban* Legions,
and my Lady *Alcmena*, but what's that to thee?

Socia. Ha, ha, That's a good ieft, but do you heare, If you
be *Socia* my Lord *Amphitrio*'s man, and my Lady *Alcmena*'s,
Where doft thou lie.

Gani. Where do I lie? why in the Porters Lodge.

255 *Socia.* You are deceiu'd, you lie in your throate, there's
but one *Socia* belongs to this houfe, and that am I.

Gani. Lie flaue, and wilt out-face mee from my name?
I'll vfe you like your felfe a counterfeit, *Beats him.*
What art thou? fpeake?

260 *Socia.* I cannot tell.

Gani. Whom doft thou ferue?

Socia. The time. *Gani.* Thy name?

Socia. Nothing.

Gani. Thy bufineffe? *Socia.* To bee beaten.

265 *Gani.* And what am I?

Socia. What you will. *Gani.* Am not I *Socia*?

Socia. If you be not, I would you were fo, to be beaten in
my place.

Gani. I knew my L. had no feruant of that name but me.

270 *Socia.* Shall I fpeake a few coole words, and bar buffeting.

Gani. Speake freely.

The Siluer Age.

Socia. You will not fstrike. *Gani.* Say on.

275 *Socia.* I am the party you wot off, I am *Socia*, you may
fstrike if you will, but in beating me (if you be *Socia*) I affure
you, you fhall but beate your felfe.

Gani. The fellowes mad.

280 *Socia.* Mad, am I not newly landed? fent hither by my
Maifter? Is not this our houfe? Do I not fpeake? Am I not
awake? Am I not newly beaten? Do I not feele it ftill? And
fhall I doubt I am not my felfe? come, come, I'll in and doe
my meffage.

285 *Gani.* Sirrah, I haue indured you with much impatience,
Wilt thou make me beleeeue I am not *Socia*?
Was not our fhips launcht out off the Perficke hauen?
Did I not land this night?
Haue we not won the Towne where K. *Ptelera* raign'd?
Haue we not orethrowne the *Teleboans*?
Did not my Lord *Amphitrio* kill the King hand to hand?
And did hee not fend mee this night with a letter to certify
290 my Lady *Alcmena* of all thefe newes.

Socia. I beginne to miftruft my felfe, all this is as true as
if I had told it my felfe; but Il'e try him further: What did
the *Teleboans* prefent my Lord with after the victory.

295 *Gani.* With a golden cuppe in which the King himfelfe
vf'd to quaffe.

Socia. Where did I put it.

Gani. That I know not, but I put it into a casket, fign'd
by my Lords Signet.

Socia. And what's the Signet?

300 *Gant.* The Sun rifing from the Eaft in his Chariot,
But do you come to vndermine me you flaue?

305 *Socia.* I muft go feeke fome other name, I am halfe hang'd
already, for my good name is loft; once more refolue me, if
thou canft tell me what I did alone I will refigne thee my
name: if thou bee'ft *Socia*, when the battles began to ioine,
as foone as they beganne to fkirmifh, what didft thou?

Gani. As foone as they began to fight I began to runne.

Socia. Whither?

Gani.

The Siluer Age.

310 *Gani.* Into my Lords tent, and their hid mee vnder a
bed.

315 *Socia.* I am gone, I am gone, somebody for charity fake
either lend mee or giue me a name, for this I haue loft by the
way, and now I looke better on he, me; or I, hee; as he hath
got my name, hee hath got my fhape, countenance, stature,
and euerything fo right, that he can bee no other then I my
owne felfe; but when I thinke that I am I, the fame I euer
was, know my Maifter, his houle, haue fence, feeling, and
vnderftanding, know my meffage, my bufineffe, why fhould
I not in to deliuer my letter to my Lady.

320 *Gani.* That letter is deliuered by my hand.
 My Lady knowes all, and expects her Lord,
 And I her feruant *Socia* am fet heere
 To keepe fuch idle rafkals from the gate,
 Then leaue mee, and by faire meanes, or I'll fend thee
 325 legleffe, or armeleffe hence.

330 *Socia.* Nay, thou haft rob'd me of enough already, I
would bee loath to loofe my name and limbes both in one
night: where haue I mifcaried? where bene chang'd? Did I
not leaue my felfe behind in the fhip when I came away, I'll
euen backe to my Maifter and fee if hee know mee, if hee
know me, if he call me *Socia*, and will beare me out in't,
Il'e come backe and do my meffage, f'pight of him faies nay,
Farewell felfe. *Exit.*

335 *Gani.* This obstacle, the father of more troubles
I haue put off, and kept him from disturbance
In their adulterate pastimes, faire *Alcmena*
Is great already by *Amphitrio*
And neere her time, and if shee proue by *Iupiter*
340 He by his power and God-hood will contract
Both births in one, to make her throwes the lesse:
And at one instant shee shall child two issues,
Be got by *Ioue* and by *Amphitrio*.
The house by this long charm'd by *Hermes* rod
Are stirring and *Ioue* glutted with delights,
345 Ready to take his leaue, through fatiate

The Siluer Age.

With amourous dalliance: parting's not so sweet
Betweene our louers, as when first they meet.

Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, and the seruants.

350 *Iupit.* My deereft loue fare-well, we Generals
Cannot be absent from our charges long:
I stole from th'Army to repose with thee,
And must before the Sunne mount to his Chariot,
Be there againe.

355 *Alcm.* My Lord, you come at midnight,
And you make haste too, to be gone ere morne,
You rise before your bed be thoroughly warme.

Iup. Fairest of our *Theban* Dames, accuse me not,
I left the charge of Souldiers to report
The fortune of our battailes first to thee:
360 Which should the campe know, they would lay on me
A grievous imputation, that the beauty
Of my faire wife, can with *Amphitrio* more
Then can the charge of legions. As my coming
Was secret and conceal'd, so my returne,
365 Which shall be short and sudden.

Alc. That I feare,
Better I had to keepe you beeing here.

Iup. Nay part we must sweet Lady, dry your teares.

Alc. You'll make my minutes months, & daies seeme yeares.

370 *Iup.* Your business ere we part?

Alc. Onely to pray
You will make haste, not be too long away. Fare-well.

Iup. Fare-well. Come *Ganymed*, 'tis done,
And faire *Alcmena* sped with a young sonne. *Exit.*

375 *Enter Amphitrio, Socia, two Captaines with attendants.*

Amph. Oh Gentlemen, was euer man thus croft?
So strangely flowted by an abiect groome?
That either dreames, or's mad: one that speakes nothing
Sauing impossibilities, and meereley
380 False and absurd. Thus thou art here, and there,

The Siluer Age.

With me, at home, and at one infant both,
In vaine are these delirements, and to me
Most deeply incredible.

385 *Socia.* I am your owne, you may vse me as you please:
One would thinke I had lost inough already, to loose my
name, and shape, and now to loose your fauour too. Oh!

1. *Capt.* Fye *Socia*, you too much forget your selfe,
And 'tis beyond all sufferance in your Lord,
To vse no violent hand.

390 *Socia.* You may say what you will, but a truth is a truth.

2. *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,
That this one body can deuide it selfe,
And be in two set places. Fie *Socia*, fie.

Socia. I tell you as it is.

395 *Amph.* Slaue of all slaues the basest: vrge me not,
Perfitt in these absurdities, and I vow
To cut thy tongue out, haue thee scourg'd and beaten,
Il'e haue thee flay'd.

400 *Socia.* You may so, you may as well take my skin as ano-
ther take my name and phifnomy: all goes one way.

Amph. Tell ore thy tale againe, make it more plaine.
Pray gentlemen your eares.

405 *Socia.* Then as I sayd before, so I say still: I am at home;
do you heare? I am heare: do you see? I spake with my La-
dy at home; yet could not come in at the gate to see her: I
deliuered her your letter, and yet haue it still in my hand.
Is not this plaine? do you vnderstand me? I am neither mad
nor drunke but what I speake is in sober sadnesse.

1. *Cap.* Fie *Socia*, fie, thou art much, too much too blame.

410 2. *Capt.* How dare you tempt your maisters patience thus?

Amph. Thinke not to scape thus: yet once more resolue me
And faithfully: Do'ft thou thinke it possible
Thou canst be here and there? Be fencible,
And tell me *Socia*.

415 *Socia.* 'Tis possible; nor blame I you to wonder: for it
maruels me as much as any heere: Nor did I beleue that

The Siluer Age.

Hee, my owne felfe, that is at home, till hee did conuince me
with arguments, told me euery thing I did at the fiege, re-
membred my arrand better then my felfe: Nor is water
420 more like to water, nor milke to milke, then that He and I
are to me and him: For when you fent me home about mid-
night—

Amph. What then?

Socia. I ftood there to keepe the gate a great while be-
425 fore I came at it.

Capt. The fellow's mad.

Socia. I am as you fee.

Amph. He hath been ftrooke by fome malevolent hand.

Socia. Nay that's certaine: for I haue been foundly beaten.

Amph. Who beat thee.

Socia. I my owne felfe that am at home, how oft fhall I
tell you?

Amph. Sirrah, wee'l owe you this. Now gentlemen
You that haue beene co-partners in our warres,
435 Shall now co-part our welcome: we will vifite
Our beauteous wife; with whom (our bufineffe ended)
We haue leafure to conferre.

Enter Alcmena with her feruants and Mayd.

Alc. Haue you took down thofe hangings that were plac'd
440 To entertaine my Lord?

1. *Seru.* Madame they are.

Alc. And is our priuate bed-chamber dif-roab'd
Of all her beauty? to looke ruinous,
Till my Lords prefence fhall repair't againe.

445 2. *Seru.* 'Tis done as you directed.

Alc. Euery chamber,
Office and roome, fhall in his abfence looke,
As if they mift their maifter, and beare part
With mee in my refembled widow-hood.

450 3. *Seru.* That needs not madame: See my Lord's return'd.

Alc. And made fuch hafte to leaue me: I mifdoubt
Some tricke in this: It is diftruff or feare

The Siluer Age.

Of my prou'd vertue: value it at beft,
'T can be no leffe then idle iealoufie.

455 *Amph.* See bright *Alcmena*, with my fudden greeting,
Il'e rap her foule to heauen, and make her furfet
With ioyes aboundance. Beauteous Lady fee
Amphitrio return'd a Conquerour,
Glad to vnfold in his victorious armes
460 Thy nine-moneth abfent body, whose ripe birth
Swels with fuch beauty in thy conftant wombe.
How cheeres my Lady?

Alc. So, so, wee'l do to her your kinde commends,
You may make bold to play vpon your friends.

465 *Amph.* Ha, what language call you this, that feemes to me
Pafst vnderftanding? I conceiue it not,
I reioyce to fee you wife.

Alc. Yet fhals haue more?
You do but now, as you haue done before.

470 Pray flowt me ftill, and do your felfe that right,
To tell that ore you told me yefter-night.

Amph. What yefternight? *Alcmena* this your greeting
Diftaftes me. I but now, now, with thefe gentlemen
Landed at *Thebes*, and came to do my loue
475 To thee, before my duty to my King.
This ftrangeneffe much amazeth me.

Socia. We haue found one *Socia*, but we are like to loofe
an *Amphitrio*.

480 *Alc.* Shall I be plaine my Lord? I take it ill,
That you, whom I receiu'd late yefter-night,
Gaue you my freeft welcome, feafted you,
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two houres fince
Tooke leaue of you with teares, that your returne
So fudden, fhould be furnifht with fuch fcorne.

485 *Amph.* Gentlemen, I feare the madneffe of my man
Is fled into her braine, be thefe my witneffe,
I am but newly landed: witneffe thefe
With whom I haue not parted.

 1. *Capt.* In this we needs muft take our Generals part,

The Siluer Age.

And witneffe of his fide.

Alc. And bring you witneffe to fuggest your wrongs,
Againft you two I can oppofe all thefe.

420 Receiu'd I not *Amphitrio* yefter-night?

1. *Seru.* I affure you my Lord remember your felfe, you
were here yefter-nighr.

All. 'Tis moft certaine.

425 *Amph.* Thefe villaines all are by my wife fuborn'd,
To feeke to mad me. Gentlemen pray lift,
Wee'l giue this errour fcope: Pray at what time
Gauē you me entertainment the laft night?

430 *Alc.* As though you know not? Well, Il'e fit your humor,
And tell you what you better know then I.
At mid-night.

Amph. At mid-night: Pray obferue that Gentlemen,
At mid-night we were in difcourfe a boord
Of my Commiffion. 2. *Capt.* I remembr't well.

435 *Amph.* What did we then at mid-night?

Alc. Sate to banquet.

1. *Seru.* Where I waited. 2. *Seru.* So did we all.

Amph. And I was there at banquet.

440 3. *Seru.* Your Lordfhip's merry: do you make a queftion of
that? *Alc.* At banquet you difcourft the Inter-view
Betweene the *Theleboans* and your hoaft.

Amph. Belike then you can tell vs our fucceffe,
Ere we that are the firft to bring thefe newes
Can vtter it.

445 *Alc.* Your Lordfhip's pleafant ftill.
The battailes ioyn'd, cryes pafte on either fide,
Long was the fkrimifh doubtfull, till the *Thebans*
Opprest the *Theleboans*: but the battaile
Was by the King renewed: who face to face
And hand to hand, met with *Amphitrio*:
450 You fought, and arme to arme in fingle combat,
Troad on his head a Victor.

Amph. How came you by this?

Alc. As though you told it not.

The Siluer Age.

Amph. Well then, after banquet?

455 *Alc.* We kift, embrac'd, our chamber was made ready.

Amph. And then? *Alc.* To bed we went.

Amph. And there? *Alc.* You flept in these my armes.

Amph. Strumpet, no more.

Madneffe and impudence contend in thee,

460 Which shall afflict me most.

Alc. Your iealousie

And this imposturous wrong, heapes on me iniuries

More then my sex can beare: you had best deny

The gift you gaue me too.

465 *Amph.* Oh heauen! what gift?

Alc. The golden Cup the *Theleboans* King

Vfd still to quaffe in.

Amph. Indeed I had such purpose,

But that I keepe safe lock't. Shew me the bowle.

470 *Alc.* *Theffala*, the standing cup *Amphitrio* gaue me

Last night at banquet, ther's the key.

Theffal. I shall.

1. *Capt.* My Lord, ther's much amazement in the opening of these strange doubts, the more you seeke to vnfold
475 them, the more they puzle vs.

2. *Capt.* How came she by the notice

And true recitall of the battailes fortune?

Amph. That hath this villaine told her, on my life.

480 *Soc.* Not I, I disclaime it, vnlesse it were my tother selfe, I haue no hand in it. *Enter Theffala with the cup.*

Theffal. Madame, the bowle.

Alc. Restor't *Amphitrio*,

I am not worthy to be trusted with it.

Amph. The forme, the mettall, and the grauing too.

485 'Tis somewhat strange. *Socia*, the casket streight.

Socia. Here fir.

Amph. What, is my fignet safe? *Soc.* Vntouch't.

Amph. Then will I shew her streight that bowle

The *Theleboans* gaue me. Wher's my key?

490 *Soc.* Here fir. This is the strangest that ere I heard, I *Socia*

The Siluer Age.

haue begot another *Socia*, my Lord *Amphitrio* hath begot another *Amphitrio*. Now, if this golden bowle haue begot another golden bowle, we shall be all twin'd and doubled.

Amph. Behold an empty casket.

495 *Alc.* This notwithstanding you deny your gift,
Our meeting, banquet, and our sportfull night.
Your mornings parting.

Amph. All these I deny
As false, and past all nature, yet this goblet
500 Breeds in me wonder, with the true report
Of our warres proiect: But I am my selfe
New landed with these Captaines, and my men,
Deny all banquets and affaires of bed,
Which thou shalt deerely answere.

505 *Alc.* Aske your seruants
If I mis-fay in ought.

 1. *Seru.* My Lord, there is nothing said by my Lady, but we are eye-witnesse of, and will iustifie on our oathes.

Amph. And will you tempt me still?
510 *Socia*, run to the ship, bring me the maister,
And he shall with these Captaines iustifie
On my behalfe, whilst I reuenge my selfe
On these false seruants, that support their Lady
In her adulterous practise. Villaines, dogges.

515 1. *Capt.* Patience my Lord. *Amphitrio beats in his men. Exit.*

Alc. Nay let him still proceed,
That hauing kild them, I may likewise bleed.
His frensie is my death, life I despise,
These are the fruits of idle iealousies.
520 Yonder he comes againe, *Enter Iupiter.*
So soone appeard,
And from his fury: I shall nere forget
This iniury, till I haue paid his debt.

Iupiter. What fad *Alcmena*? Pre'thee pardon me,
525 'Twas but my humour, and I now am sorry.
Nay whither turn'ft thou?

Alcm. All the wit I haue,

The Siluer Age.

I muſt expreſſe: borne to be made a flauē:
I wonder you can hold your hands, not ſtrike,
530 If I a ſtrumpet be, and wrong your bed,
Why doth not your rude hand affault this head?

Iup. Oh my ſweet wife, of what I did in ſport,
Condemne me not: If needs, then chide me for't.

Alc. Was it becauſe I was laſt night to free
535 Of courteous dalliance, that you iniure me?
Was I too lauifh of my loue? Next night
Feare not, Il'e keepe you ſhort of your delight:
Il'e learne to keepe you off, and feeme more coy,
You ſhall no more ſwim in exceſſe of ioy,
540 Looke for't hereafter.

Iup. Punifh me I pray.

Alc. Giue me my dower and Il'e be gone away:
Leaue you to your harſh humors, and baſe ſtrife,
Onely the honour of a vertuous wife
545 Il'e beare along; my other ſubſtance keepe:
For in a widowed bed Il'e henceforth fleepe.

Iup. By this right hand, which you *Amphitrio* owe,
My wrongs henceforth ſhall nere afflict you fo.
Speake, are we friends? By this ſoft kiſſe I ſweare,
550 No Lady liuing is to me like deare.
Theſe nuptiall brawles oft-times more loue beget:
The rauifhing pleaſures, when laſt night we met
We will redouble. Theſe hands ſhall not part
Till we be reconcil'd.

Alc. You haue my heart; nor can my anger laſt.

Iup. Faire loue then ſmile. *Enter Blepharo and Socia.*
And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.

Bleph. Thou tel'ſt me wonders.

Socia. I affure you there are two *Socia*'s, and for ought I
560 can heare, there are two *Amphitrio*'s: we were in hope to
haue two golden bowles. Now if your ſhip can get two
maiſters, you wil be ſimply furniſh't to ſea. But ſee my Lord
and my Lady are friends; let vs be partakers of their recon-
cilement.

The Siluer Age.

565 *Bleph.* Haile to the generall: you fent to me my Lord.

Iup. True *Blepharo*:

But things are well made euen, and we attoned,

Your chieft bufineffe is to feaft with vs.

Attend vs *Socia*. Faire *Alcmena* now

570 We are both one, combin'd by oath and vow. *Exeunt.*

Socia. Ther's muficke in this: If they feaft Il'e feaft with
them, and make my belly amends for all the blowes receiu'd
vpon my backe.

Enter Ganimed.

575 *Gan.* *Iupiter* and *Alcmena* are entred at the backe gate,
whil'ft *Amphitrio* is beating his feruants out at the fore-
gate. Als in vp-rore: I do but watch to fee him out in the
freet, to fhut the gates againft him. But yonder is *Socia*, I'll
paffe by him without fpeaking.

580 *Socia.* I fhould haue feene your face when I haue look't my
felfe in a glaffe, your fweet phifnomy, fhould be of my ac-
quaintance: I will not paffe him without Conge.

They paffe with many ftrange Conges.

*Enter Amphitrio, beating before him his feruants, the two
Captaines, they meet with Ganimed.*

585

Amph. Villaines, dogges, diuels.

1. *Capt.* Noble Generall.

Amph. Thefe wrongs are too indigne. *Socia* return'd?

Where's *Blepharo*?

590 *Gan.* I haue fought him a boord; but he is in the Citty to
fee fome of his friends, and will not returne till dinner.
Now for a tricke to fhut the gates vpon him. *Exit.*

Amph. Patience, if thou haft any power on earth,
Infufe it here, or I thefe hypocrites,

595 Thefe bafe fuggefters of their Ladies wrongs,
Shall to the death purfue.

2. *Capt.* Finde for their punifhment

Some more deliberate feafon: fleepe vpon't,
And by an order more direct and plaine

The Siluer Age.

600 Void of this ftrange confufion, cenfure them.

Amphi. Sir, you aduife well, I will qualify
This heate of rage: now I haue beate them forth
Let's in and fee my wife, *Socia* ftolne hence
And the gates fhut, let's knocke. *Knockes, enter*

605 *Ganimed aboue.*

Gani. What Ruffin's that that knocks? you thinke belike
the nailes of our dores are as fawcy as your felfe, that they
neede beating.

Amphi. *Socia* I am thy Lord *Amphitrio*.

610 *Gani.* You are a fooles head of your owne, are you not?

Amphi. Ruffin and foole. (tiffied.

Gani. Take coxcombe and affe along, if you bee not fa-

Amphi. Do you condemne me now, pray Gentlemen

Do me but right, haue I iuft caufe to rage?

615 Can you that haue perfwaded mee to peace

Brooke this? oh for fome battering engine heere

To race my Pallace walles, or fome iron Ramme

To plant againft thefe gates,

620 *Gani.* Sirrah, I'll make you eate thefe words, ftay but
till I come downe, I'll fend you thence with a vengeance, I
am now comming, looke to't, I'll tickle you with your
counterfeit companions there. *Exit.*

1. *Cap.* This is too much, 'tis not to be indured.

625 *Amphi.* I wifh of heauen to haue no longer life then
once more to behold him, hee fhall pay for all the reft.

2. *Cap.* He promift to come downe.

Enter Socia and Blepharo.

1. *Cap.* And I thinke hee will, for harke, I heare the
gates open.

630 *Amphi.* Forbeare a little, note the villaines humor.

Socia. Al's quiet within, I'll go helpe to fetch my Lords
ftuffe from fhip, but fee, hee's out of the gates before vs,
which way came hee?

Bleph. Hee hath made haft.

635 *Socia.* I thinke he hath crept through the key-hole.

Amph. Nay, I'll be patient feare not, note my humor: *Socia.*

The Siluer Age.

Socia. My Lord.

640 *Amphi.* My honest *Blepharo* I'll talke with you anone, my
faithfull seruant, who past this house to you, that you haue
power to keepe the Maister out? tell me, what know you by
your faire Miftresse, that you call your Lord coxcombe and
affe, (nay I am patient ftill) *Amphitrioes* name is heere for-
got, foole, ruffin are nothing, them I pardon, now you are
645 downe, when do you beate me head-long from the gate, and
these my counterfeit companions hence.

Socia. Who I, I, is your Lordship as wife as God might
haue made you, I

Amphi. You see we are here ftill, when doe you ftrike,
what? not: Then I'll beginne with you.

650 *Bleph.* *Amphitrio.*

Socia. My Lord's mad, helpe Gentlemen.

Bleph. If you be Gentlemen and loue *Amphitrio*,
Or if you know me to be *Blepharo*
Your Maister that transported you by sea
655 Giue not this madnesse scope, vpon my credit
Socia is guiltlesse of this false surmise.

Amphi. Is *Blepharo* turn'd mad too.

Bleph. Generall no,
It pitties me that left you late so milde
660 And in such peacefull conference with your wife
So suddenly to finde you lunaticke,
Pray helpe to bind him Gentlemen.

Amphi. So, so, am I abus'd or no, speake fellow fouldiers.

665 *1. Cap.* Insufferable, and yet forbear your rage,
Breath, breath, vpon't and find some other leasure
These errors to determine. *Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, Gani-*

Amphi. Well, I will. *med before, all the seruants run-*
ning fearefully.

Socia. Yonder's my brother, my fame selfe.

670 *Bleph.* Two *Socia*'s, two *Amphitrioes*.

1. Cap. Coniuring, witch-craft.

Iup. Friends and my fellow fouldiers, you haue dealt
Vnfriendly with mee, to befiege my house

The Siluer Age.

With thefe exclames, to bring Impofters hither.

675 Is there no law in *Thebes*? will *Creon* fuffer me
For all my feruice, to be iniur'd thus?

Amph. Bee'ft thou infernall hagge, or fiend incarnate,
I coniure thee.

Iup. Friends, I appeale to you:

680 When haue you knowne me mad? when rage and raue?
Shall my humanity and mildneffe thus
Be recompent? to be out-brau'd, out-fac'd
By fome deluding Fairy? To haue my feruants
Beat from my gates? my Generall houfe difturb'd,
685 My wife full growne, and groaning, ready now
To inuoke *Lucina*, to be check't and fcorn'd?
Examine all my deeds, *Amphitrio*s mildneffe
Had neuer reference to this Iuglers rage.

690 1. *Capt.* Sure this is the Generall, he was euer a milde
Gentleman: Il'e follow him.

2. *Capt.* There can be but one *Amphitrio*, and this
appeares to be he by his noble carriage.

Bleph. This is that *Amphitrio* I conducted by fea:

695 1. *Seru.* My Lord was neuer mad-man. This fhall be my
maifter.

All. And mine.

Alc. This is my hufband.

Soc. Il'e euen make bold to go with the beft.

700 *Gan.* Soft fir, the true *Socia* muft goe with the true *Am-*
phitrio.

Amph. Oh thou omnipotent thunder! ftrike *Amphitrio*,
And free me from this labyrinth.

Iup. Gentlemen,

705 My houfe is free to you; onely debar'd
Thefe Counterfets: Thefe gates that them exclude,
Stand open to you: Enter, and tafte our bounty,
Attend vs. 'Laffe poore *Amphitrio*,
I muft confeffe I do thee too much wrong,
To keep thee in thefe maze of doubts fo long;
710 Which here fhall end: For *Iuno* I efpy,

The Siluer Age.

Who all our amorous paftimes fees from hye:
As ſhe defcends, ſo muſt I mount the ſpheares
To ſtop her, left ſhe thunder in our eares.

Exeunt all but Amphitrio and Socia.

705 *Amph.* What art thou?

Soc. Nay, what art thou?

Amph. I am not my ſelfe.

Soc. You would not beleeeue me when I fayd I was not
my ſelfe: why ſhould I beleeeue you?

710 *Amph.* Art thou *Socia*?

Soc. That's more then I can reſolue you: for the world
is growne ſo dangerous, a man dares ſcarce make bold with
his owne name; but I am he was ſent with a letter to my
Lady.

715 *Amph.* And I am he that ſent thee with that letter,

Yet dare not ſay I am *Amphitrio*;

My wife, houſe, friends, my ſeruants all deny me.

Soc. You, haue reaſon to loue me the better, ſince none
ftickes to you but I.

720 *Amph.* Let all yon ſtarry ſtructure from his baffes

Shrinke to the earth, that the whole face of heauen

Falling vpon forlorne *Amphitrio*,

May like a marble monumentall ſtone,

Lye on me in my graue Eternall fleepe

725 Caſt a nocturnall filme before theſe eyes,

That they may nere more gaze vpon yon heauens,

That haue beheld my ſhame: or fleepe or death

Command me ſhut theſe opticke windowes in:

My braine is coffin'd in a bed of lead,

730 'Tis cold and heauy; be my pillow *Socia*:

For I muſt fleepe.

Soc. And ſo muſt I, pray make no noyſe, for waking me
or my maifter. *They fleepe.*

Iuno and Iris deſcend from the heauens.

735 *Iuno.* *Iris* away, I haue found th'adulterer now:

Since *Mercury* faire *Ioe's* keeper flew,

The hundred-eyed *Argus*, I haue none

The Siluer Age.

To dogge and watch him when he leaues the heauens.
No fooner did I misse him, but I fought
740 Heauen, fea, and earth: I brib'd the funne by day,
And starres by night; but all their iealous eyes
He with thicke mifts hath blinded, and so scap't.
Iris my Raine-bow threw her circle round,
If he had beene on earth, to haue clasp't him in,
745 And kept him in the circle of her armes
Till she had cal'd for *Iuno*: But her search
He foone deluded in his flye trans-fhapes.
And till I saw here two *Amphitrioes*,
I had not once suspected him in *Thebes*.
750 Roab'd all in wrath, and clad in scarlet fury,
I come to be aueng'd vpon that strumpet
That durst presume to adulterate *Iuno*'s bed.
Pull me from heauen (faire *Iris*) a blacke cloud,
From which I'll fashion me a beldams shape,
755 And such a powerfull charme I'll cast on her,
As that her bastard-brats shall nere be borne;
But make her wombe their Tombes. *Iris* away.
Iris. I flye Madame. *Exit Iris*.
Iuno. No, these are mortals, and not them I seeke.
760 I feare me if he heare of me in *Thebes*,
He (with his Minion) streight will mount the heauens.
But let him seat him on the loftiest spire
Heauen hath: or place me in the lowest of hell,
I'll reach him with my clamours.
765 *Socia*. Hey-ho, now am I dream'd of a scold.
Enter Iris with a habit.
Iuno. But *Iris* is return'd: Rage, feast thy fill,
Till I the mother fley, the bastards kill. *Exit Iuno*.
Thunder and lightning. All the seruants run out of the house af-
770 *frighted, the two Captains and Blepharo, Amphitrio and So-*
cia amazedly awake: Iupiter appeares in his glory vnder a
Raine-bow, to whom they all kneele.
Iup. The Thunderer, Thunderers, and the Lord of feare,

The filuer Age.

Bids thee not feare at all *Amphitrio*.

775 *Ioue*, that againft the *Theleboanf* gaue thee
The palme of Conqueft, and hath crown'd thy browes
With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace
With faire *Alcmena*, she that neuer bofom'd
Mortall, faue thee; The errours of thy feruants
780 Forbeare to punifh, as forgot by vs,
And finde vs to thy prayers propitious.
Thy wife full growne, inuokes *Lucinaes* ayd:
Send in to cheare her in her painefull throwes.
Hers, and thy Orifons wee'l beare to heauen;
785 And they in all your greateft doubts and feares,
Shall haue acceffe to our immortall eares.

Amph. Ioue is our patron, and his power our awe,
His maiefty our wonder: will, our law.

Iup. Our Act thus ends, we would haue all things euen,
790 Smile you on earth whilft we reioyce in heauen.

Actus 3.

Enter Homer one way, Iuno another.

Homer. *Behold where Iuno comes, and with a spell*
Shuts vp the wombe by which Ioues fonne muft paffe:
For whilft fhee Croffe-leg'd fits (as old wiues tell,
5 *And with clutch't hands) there is no way alas*
For faire Alcmena's childing. All thofe wiues
That heare her painfull throwes, are in difpaire:
Yet in her wombe the Ioue-bred Iffue ftriues:
Three dayes are pafte, her paines ftil greater are.
10 *But note a womans wit, though Iuno fmile.*
A Beldams braine the Goddeffe fhall beguile.

Iuno. Ha, ha! Now *Ioue* with thy omnipotence,
Make (if thou canft) way for thy baftards birth,
Whofe paffage I thus binde, and in this knot
15 Which till their deaths, fhall neuer be diffolu'd,

The Siluer Age.

I haue power to ftrangle all the charmes of hell.
Nor powers of heauen fhall ftreight me, till the deaths
Of yon adultereffe and her mechall brats.
Laugh Gods and men, fea, earth, and ayre make ioy,
That *Iuno* thus *Alcmena* can defstroy.

20

*Enter the Midwife, Galantis with two or three other
aged women.*

Galan. Haue you obferu'd her to fit croffe-leg'd euer
fince my Lady began her trauell? I fufpect witch-craft, Il'e
haue a tricke to rouze her.

25

Mid. No doubt but did fhe open her knees and fingers,
my Lady fhould haue fafe deliuary.

Gal. Truft to my wit, Il'e in & find a meanes to ftartle her.

Beld. Note how the Beldame fmiles, and in her clutche
Strangles my Ladies birth: fome friend remoue her.

30

Iuno. Ha, ha, he, their teares my griefes recure,
Thus I reuenge me of their deeds impure.

Enter Galantis merry.

Gal. Now *Ioue* be praif'd, and Ladies dry your teares,
And gentle Madame come reioyce with vs.

35

Iuno. Why, what's the matter?

Gal. I cannot hold my ioy: thanks faire *Lucina*
Goddeffe of child-birth, *Ioue* and all be praif'd,
Alcmena is deliuered, brought to bed

40

Of a fine chopping boy. *Iuno rifeth.*

Iuno. Is my fpell faild? how could I curfe and teare?

Mid. The witch is rouz'd, in and fee what newes.

Gal. Stay ftay, Il'e go fee what cofort's within: for when I
came out I left my poore Lady in midft of all her torment.

45

Iuno. What edge of fteele, or Adamantine chaine,
Hath forc'd in two the vertue of my charme?
Which Gods and diuels gaue vnite confent
To be infract? Oh powerfull *Iupiter*!
I feare thy hand's in this.

50

Enter Galantis extreamely laughing.

The Siluer Age.

Beld. How the witch ftormes!

Iuno. What meanes the wretch to hold her fides & laugh,
And ftill to point at me? How now *Galantis*?

55 *Gal.* That's my name indeed: (hold heart, hold) you are a
witch, are you? you fat croffe-leg'd, did you? my Lady could
not bee brought to bed, could fhe? And now *Gallantis* hath
gul'd you, hath fhe? *Iuno.* The morrall.

Gal. Il'e tell thee; I fufpecting thy trechery to my Lady,
brought in counterfet newes fhe was brought to bed, which
60 you (gooddy witch) no fooner heard, but rofe vp; & no foo-
ner you had caft your armes abroad, but my Lady was deli-
uered of two goodly boyes, one like my Lord *Amphitrio*,
but the other the braueft chopping lad— laugh the beldam
out of her fkin, & then returne to comfort my Lady. *Exeunt*

65 *Iuno.* Oh that we fhould be fubiect to the Fates!
And though being Gods, yet by their power be croft.

Galantis, Il'e be firft reueng'd on thee
For this derifion, and tranf-forme thy fhape
To fome fowle monfter, that fhall beare thy name.
70 And are the bafiards borne? They haue paft the wombe,
They fhall not paffe the cradle. *Iris* Ho. *Enter Iris.*

Iris. Madame.

Iuno. Fly into *Affricke*, from the mountaines there
Chufe me two venemous ferpents, of the blood
75 That *Perfeus* dropt out of the Gorgons head
When on his winged horfe, with that new fpoyle
He croft the *Affricke* climate: thou fhalt know them
By their fell poyfon, and their fierce aspect. When *Iris*?

Iris. I am gone.

80 *Iuno.* Hafte *Iris*, flye with expeditions wings,
Thefe brats fhall dye by their inuenomed ftings.

H O M E R.

The iealous Goddeffe in the Chamber throwes
The poyfonous ferpents, who foone wound and kill
85 *Yong Ipectetes, whom Amphitrio owes.*
But Hercules, whom Ioue with power doth fill,

The Siluer Age.

*You firft fhall in his infant-cradle fee,
Ere growne a man, famous for chiualrie.*

The Nurfes bring yong Hercules in his Cradle, and leaue him.

90 *Enter Iuno and Iris with two fnakes, put them to the childe
and depart: Hercules ftrangles them: to them Amphitrio, ad-
miring the accident.*

*Hom. He that could in his cradle ferpents kill,
Will (being growne) the world with wonders fill.*

95 *Imagine him full growne, and nobly train'd
By King Eurifteus, the bold youth proclaimes
Paftimes of exercife, where he hath gain'd
Chiefe praife and palme in thefe Olimpicke games.
Them we muft next, as his firft grace prefent*
100 *With Iuno, to his fame maleuolent:*

*Enter, after great fhouts and flourifhes, Iuno and
King Eurifteus.*

*Iuno. Harke, harke Eurifteus, how the yelling throats
Of the rude rabble, deifie his praife:*
105 *Their lofty clamours, and their shrill applaufes
Strike 'gainft the cleare and azure floores of heauen,
And thence againft the earth reuerberate,
That Iuno can nor reft aboue nor here,
But ftill his honours clangor ftrikes mine eare.*

110 *Eurift. Patience celeftiall Goddeffe, as I wifh
Your powerfull aidance when I need it moft,
So for your fake I will impofe him dangers,
Such and fo great, that without Ioues owne hand,
He fhall not haue the power to fcatter them.*

115 *Iuno. If neither tyrants, monfters, fauages,
Giants nor hell-hounds, can the baftard quell;
Let him be pafht, ftab'd, ftrangled, poifoned, *fhouts*
Or murdered fleeping. Harke Eurifteus ftill *within.*
How their wide throates his high applaufes shrill.*

The Siluer Age.

120 *Eur.* Th'earth fhall not breed a monfter, nor the heauens
Threaten a danger fhall not tafke his life.

Iuno. Thou chim'ft me fpheare-like muficke, I haue rouz'd
A monftrous Lyon, that doth range thefe woods:
My deere *Eurifteus*, make him tugge with him. *fhouts.*
125 Still doth his praife make the heauen refound;
Farewell *Eurifteus*, Il'e not fee him crown'd. *Exit Iuno.*

Enter the Kings of Greece to Eurifteus with Garlands, Hercules, Thefeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, with others from the games of Olimpus.

130 1. *King.* Thefe honoured paftimes on *Olimpus* mount,
Begun by thee the *Theban Hercules*,
Shall laft beyond all time and memory.
Thou art vnpeer'd, all *Greece* refounds thy praife,
And crowne thy worth with thefe greene wreaths of Baies.

135 *Herc.* More deere to me then the beft golden Arch
That ere crown'd Monarkes brow, we haue begun
In paftimes, wee'le proceed to acts more dreadfull,
To exprefse our power and hardiment:
Though by your fufferage, we haue beft deferu'd;
140 Yet merit we not all, thefe *Grecian* Princes,
Although degree'd below vs, did excell,
Though not as beft, receiue as thofe did well.
Thefeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, take
Your valours meeds, your praifes lowd did found,
145 Then each one take from *Hercules* a crowne.

Thes. Braue *Theban* youth, no leffe then *Ioues* owne fon,
Giue *Thefeus* leaue both to admire and loue thee:
Lets henceforth haue one foule.

Herc. *Thefeus* commands the heart of *Hercules*,
150 And all my deeds, next *Ioue* omnipotent,
Il'e confecrate to thee and to thy loue.

Perith. Though all vnworthy to be ftill'd the friend
Of great *Alcides*, giue *Perithous* leaue
To do thee honour, and admire thy worth.

The Siluer Age.

- 155 *Philoct.* That *Philoctetes* begges of *Hercules*.
Thy curtesie equals thy actiue power:
And then in both art chiefe and patterneleffe.
 Herc. We prize you as the deereft gemmes of *Greece*,
And all the honours of *Alcmenaes* sonne
160 You shall partake, whil't these braue *Argiue* Kings,
That rang vs plaudits for the *Olimpike* games,
Shall clap our triumphes 'gainst the dreadful't monsters
Heauen can fend downe, or deepe *Auerno* belch forth.
As for the earth-bred monsters, we haue power
165 Infus'd by *Ioue*, to calme their insolence.
Nor will we cease, till we haue purchas'd vs
The name of *Tyrant-tamer* through the world.
 Eurist. It glads *Euristeus* to be made so happy
As to be Tutor to this noble youth.
170 Thou hast (witnesse *Olimpus*) prou'd thy selfe
The swiftest, actiu'ft, ablest, strongest, conning'ft
In shaft or dart; which when thy step-dame *Iuno*
Shall vnderstand how much thou do'ft excell,
As 'twill please *Ioue*, it will content her well.
175 *Herc.* May we renowne *Euristeus* by our fame,
As we shall strive to please that heauenly dame.
 Eur. Set on then Princes to the further honours
Of this bold *Theban*: may he still proceed
To crowne great *Greece* with many a noble deed.
180 *Enter a Heardfman wounded.*
 Thef. Stay Lords: what meanes this Tragicke spectacle?
 Herd. If *Greece*, that whilome was esteem'd the spring
Of valor, and the well of chivalry,
Can yeeld an army of resolued spirits,
185 Muster them all against one dreadfull beast,
That keeps the Forrests and the woods in awe:
Commands the *Cleonean* continent,
Vnpeoples townes; And if not interdicted,
In time will make all *Greece* a wilderneffe.
190 *Herc.* Hearesman, thou hast exprest a monstrous beast,
Worthy the taske of *Ioue-borne Hercules*.

The Siluer Age.

What is the fauadge? fpeake.

195 *Herd.* Whether fome God,
With *Greece* offended, fends him as a murreine,
To ftrike our heards; or as a worfer plague,
Your people to defstroy: But a fierce Lyon
Liues in the neighbour forreft, preying there
On man and beaft, not fatiffied with both.
200 Ten Heardfmen of my traine at once he flew,
And me thus wounded; yet his maw vnftaunch't,
He ftill the thicke *Nemean* groues doth ftray,
As if the world were not fufficient pray.

205 *Eurift.* This Lyon were a tafke worthy *Ioues* fonne,
Oh free vs from this feare great *Hercules*.

210 *Herc.* If he be den'd, Il'e rouze the monftrous beaft;
If seeking prey, Il'e chace him through the groues,
And hauing ouer-run the fugitiue,
Dare him to fingle warre: It fits *Ioues* fonne
Wrastle with Lyons, and to tugge with Beares,
Grapple with Dragons, and incounter Whales.
Be he (as *Ioues* owne fhield) invulnerable,
Or be his breaft hoop't in with ribbes of braffe,
Be his teeth rafer'd, and his tallons keepe,
215 Sending at euery blow, fire from his bones,
Yet I ere night will cafe me in his fkin.
This is a fport——
Aboue th'Olimpiads; we will hunt to day
Yon fierce *Nemean* terror, as a game
Becomming *Hercules*. Winde hornes, away:
220 For now a generall hunting we proclaime,
Follow vs Princes, you that loue the game. *Exeunt.*

Windhornes. Enter Iuno and Iris aboue in a cloud.

225 *Iuno.* Yon cheerefull noyfe of hunting tels mine eare
Hee's in the Chace: Redouble Ire on Ire,
And teare the baftard *Theban* limbe from limbe.
Where art thou *Iris*? tell me from the cloud,

The Siluer Age.

Where I haue plac'd thee to behold the Chace.

Iris aloft. Great Hercules

Purfues him through the medowes, mountaines, rockes.

230 *Iuno.* And flyes the fauadge? will he not turne head,
Knowing his fkin (faue by *Ioues* Thunderbolt)
Not to be pierc'd? bafe trembling coward beaft.

Iris. Now doth the Lyon turne 'gainft *Hercules*
With violent fury: 'laffe poore *Hercules*.

235 *Iuno.* Gramercy *Iris*, I will crowne thy brow
With a new cafe of ftarres, for thefe good newes. *fhouts*
Iris. Oh! well done *Hercules*. *within.*

He fhakes him from his fhoulders like a feather.

And hurles the Lyon flat: The beaft againe

240 Leaps to his throat; *Alcides* grapples with him.

The Lyon now: Now *Hercules* againe.

And now the beaft; me thinkes the combat's euen.

Iuno. Not yet deftroyd? *fhouts*

Iris. Well, wraftled *Hercules*: *within.*

245 He gaue the monftrous Lyon fuch a fall,
As if a mountaine fhould ore-whelme withall.
Aboue him ftill: he chokes him with his gripes,
And with his ponderous buffets ftownds the beaft.

Iuno. Thus is my forrow, and his fame increaft.

250 *Iris.* Now he hath ftrangled him.

Iuno. Iris difcend.

But though this faile, Il'e other dangers ftore,

My Lyon flaine, I will prouide a Boare.

Enter to them at one doore, Eurifteus, and the Kings of Greece:

255 *at the other Hercules, with the Lyons head and skinne,*
 Thefeus, Perithous, Philoctetes.

Herc. Thus *Hercules* begins his *Iouiall* taskes:

The horrid beaft I haue torne out of his skin,

And the *Nemean* terror naked lyes,

260 Defpoyl'd of his inuinc'd coat of Armes.

Iuno. This head (O wer't the head of *Hercules*)

The Siluer Age.

Doth grace *Alcides* shoulders, and me thinkes,
Deck'd in these spoyles, thou dar'ft the God of Armes.

265 *Herc.* To you great *Iuno*, doth *Alcmena's* sonne
His high laborious valour dedicate.
You might haue heard the Lyon roare to heauen;
Euen to the high tribunall in the Shpeares,
Where you sit crown'd in starres. We fac'd the beaft,
And when he fixt his tallons in our flefh,
270 We catch't the monfter in our manly gripes,
And made him thrice breake hold. Long did we tugge
For eminence; but when we prou'd his skin
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with Steele,
We tooke the fauadge monfter by the throat,
275 And with our finowy puiffance ftrangled him.

Eurift. *Alcides* honours *Thebes*, and fames whole *Greece*.

Herc. There fhall not breath a monfter here vnawed,
We fhall the world affoord a wonderment,
Vnparalel'd by *Theban Hercules*.
280 This Lyons cafe fhall on our fhoulders hang,
Wee'l arme our body with th'vnvulner'd skin;
And with this maffy Club all monfters dare:
And these fhall like a bloody meteor fhew
More dreadfull then *Orions* flaming lockes,
285 T'affright the Gyants that opprefse the earth.

Eur. Let *Hercules* meane time abide with vs,
Till King *Eurifteus* new atchieuements finde,
Worthy his valour.

290 *Thef.* Honour me great Prince,
To grace my friend *Perithous*, and his ayd,
To be at their high fpowfals.

Perith. *Hypodamia*
Shall in this fuit affift *Perithous*,
With vs the *Lapithes*, the *Centaurs* meete,
295 Thofe whom *Ixion* got vpon a cloud.
They liue amongft the groues of *Theffaly*,
And in their double fhapes will grace our feaft.

Herc. *Perithous*, we will meet the *Centaurs* there,

The Siluer Age.

And quaffe with them to *Hypodamia's* health.
But wherefore stands bright *Iuno* discontent?

265 *Iuno.* Oh blame me not, an vncoth fauadge Boare
Deuafte the fertill plaines of *Theffaly*:
And when the people come to implore our ayd,
Their liues no mortall that dare vndertake
To combat him; The rough *Nemean* Lyon
Was milde to this: he plowes the forrefts vp,
270 His fnowy foame he fcatters ore the hils,
And in his courfe or-turnes the *Dordan* okes:
Oh let him dye by mighty *Hercules*.

Herc. Eternall Goddeffe, were his fharpned teeth
More dreadfull then the phangs of *Cerberus*,
275 Or were his briftled-hide *Ioues* Thunder prooffe,
Were his head braffe, or his breaft doubly plated
With 'befte *Vulcanian* armour *Lemnos* yeelds;
Yet fhall his braines rattle beneath my Club.
The *Eremanthian* forreft where he den's,
280 Shall quake with terrour when we beat the beaft:
And when we caft his backe againft the earth,
The ground fhall groane and reele with as much terror
As when the Gyant *Typhon* fhakes the earth.

Iuno. Oh may'ft thou liue the *Theban* Conquerour.
285 (Dye by the fury of that fauadge fwine,
And with thy carkaffe glut his rauenuous maw.)

Herc. Perithous, I will bring thee to thy Bridals
This huge wilde fwine, to feaft the Centaurs with.
Diana's wrath fhall be *Alcides* difh,
290 Which hee'l prefent to *Hypodamia*.
Thefeus and *Philoctetes*, you confort
Perithous, and affift the *Lapythes*
In thefe high preparations: We will take
The *Eremanthian* forreft in our way.
295 Let's part, and facred Goddeffe wifh vs well
In our atchieuements.

Iuno. To be damn'd in hell. *Exeunt.*

The Siluer Age.

*Enter Ceres and Proserpine attired like the Moone, with
a company of Swaines, and country Wenches:*

300

They sing.

With faire Ceres Queene of graine
Song. The reaped fields we rome, rome, rome,
Each Countrey Peasant, Nymph and Swaine
Sing their haruest home, home, home;
305 *Whilst the Queene of plenty hallowes*
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

305

310

Eccho double all our Layes,
Make the Champions found, found, found
To the Queene of harvest praise,
That sowes and reapes our ground, ground, ground.
Ceres Queene of plenty hallowes,
Growing fields as well as fallowes.

315

320

325

330

Ceres. As we are Ceres, Queene of all fertility,
The earthes fifter, Aunt to higest *Iupiter*,
And mother to this beauteous childe the Moone,
So will we bleffe your haruests, crowne your fields
With plenty and increafe: your bearded cares
Shall make their golden stalkes of wheat to bend
Below their laden riches: with full fickle
You shall receiue the vfury of their feeds.
Your fallowes and your gleabes our felfe will till
Frow euery furrow that your plow-shares raze
Vpon the plenteous earth, our fifters breast,
You shall cast vp abundance for your gratitude
To *Ceres* and the chaste *Proserpina*.
Prof. Whil't with these fwaines my mother merry-makes,
And from their hands eates cakes of newest wheate,
The firstlings of their vowed sacrifice,
Leaue me behinde to make me various garlands
Of all the choycest flowers these meadowes yeeld,
To decke my browes, and keep my face from scorches

The Silver Age.

Of *Phœbus* raies.

Ceres. That done returne to vs,
Vnto our Temple, where wee'l feaft these fwaines.

335 *Proserp.* No fooner shall faire *Flora* crowne my temples,
But I your offerings will participate.

Ceres. Now that the heauens and earth are both appeaf'd,
And the huge Giants that affaulted *Ioue*,
Are flaughtered by the hand of *Iupiter*;
We haue leafure to attend our harmeleffe fwaines:
Set on then to our Rurall ceremonies. *Exeunt finging.*

345 *Tempests hence, hence winds and hailes,
Tares, cockle, rotten showers, showers, showers,
Our song shall keep time with our flails,
When Ceres sings, none lowers, lowers, lowers.
She it is whose God-hood hallows
Growing fields as well as fallows.*

Profer. Oh! may these medowes euer barren be,
 That yeeld of flowers no more variety.
 350 Here neither is the white nor sanguine Rose,
 The Straw-berry flower, the Paunce nor Violet:
 Me thinkes I haue too poore a medow chose,
 Going to begge, I am with a begger met
 That wants as much as I: I should do ill
 355 To take from them that need. Here grow no more,
 Then serue thine owne despoyled breast to still,
 The meades I rob, shall yeeld me greater store.
 Thy flowers thou canst not spare, thy bosome lend,
 On which to rest whil't *Phæbus* doth transcend.
 360 *She lyes downe.*

Thunder. Enter Pluto, his Chariot drawne in by Diuels.

Pluto. What hurly-burly hath beene late in heauen
Against our brother *Ioue* omnipotent?
The Gyants haue made warre: great *Briareus*,

The Siluer Age.

365 Whofe hundred hands, a hundred fwords at once
 Haue brandifh't againft heauen, is topfie turn'd,
 And tumbled headlong from th'Olimpicke Towers.
 But big-limb'd *Typhon*, that affaulted moft,
 And hurl'd huge mountaines 'gainft heauens chriftall gates
370 To fhatter them, wraffled with *Ioue* himfelfe:
 Whofe heeles tript vp, kick't 'gainft the firmament;
 And falling on his backe, fpread thoufand acres
 Of the affrighted earth, aftonifh't *Iupiter*,
 Left he fhould rife to make new vp-rores there,
375 On his right hand the mount *Pelorus* hurle:
 Vpon his left fpacious *Pachinne* lyes,
 And on his legges, the land of *Liliby*:
 His head the ponderous mountaine *Ætna* crownes,
 From which the Gyant breathes infernall fires:
380 And ftruggling to be freed from all thefe weights,
 Makes (as he moues) huge earth-quakes that fhake th'earth
 And make our kingdomes tremble. Frighted thence,
 We haue made afcent to take a free furuey
 Whether the worlds foundations be ftill firme;
385 Left being cranied, through thefe concaue cliffes,
 The Sunne and ftarres may fhine, to lighten hell.
 Al's found, we haue ftrooke th'earths baffes with our mace,
 And found the Center firme: Our Iron Chariot
 That from his fhod wheeles rufty darkneffe flings,
390 Hath with our weight, prou'd mountaines, dales and rocks,
 And found them no where hollow; All being well,
 Wee'l cleaue the earth, and finke againe to hell.
 Profer. *Ceres*, oh helpe me father *Iupiter*,
 Yon vgly fhape affrights me.
395 *Pluto.* Ha, what's the matter?
 Who breath'd that well-turn'd fhrike, fweet fhape, bright
 beauty, *Pluto's* heart was neuer foft till now.
 Faire mortall.
 Profer. Hence foule fiend.
400 *Pluto.* By *Lethe*, *Styx*, *Cocytus*, *Acheron*,
 And all the terrors our blacke Region yeelds,

The Siluer Age.

I fee and loue, and at one instant both.

Kiffe me.

Profer. Out on thee Hell-hound.

405 *Pluto.* What are you, beauteous Goddeffe?

Profer. Nothing. Oh!

Helpe mother, father, *Ceres*, *Iupiter*.

Pluto. Be what thou canst, thou now art *Pluto's* rape,

And shalt with me to *Orcus*.

410 *Profer.* Clawes off Diuell.

Pluto. Fetch from my sifter *Night* a cloud of darkneffe

To roabe me in, in that Il'e hide this beauty

From Gods and mortals, till I finke to hell.

Nay, you shall mount my Chariot.

415 *Prof.* *Ceres*, *Ioue*.

Pluto. *Ceres* nor *Ioue*, nor all the Gods aboue

Shall rob me this rich purchase. Yoake my stallions

That from their nostrils breath infernall fumes:

And when they gallop through these vpper worlds,

420 With fogges choake *Phæbus*, chace the starres from heauen,

And while my Ebon Chariot ore the rocks,

Clatters his Iron wheelles, make a noyfe more hideous

Then *Panompheus* thunder.

Prof. Helpe heauen, helpe earth.

425 *Pluto.* Cleaue earth, and when I stampe vpon thy breast

Sinke me, my brasse-shod wagon, and my selfe,

My Coach-steeds, and their traces altogether

Ore head and eares in *Styx*.

Profer. You Gods, you men.

430 *Pluto.* Eternall darkneffe claspe me where I dwell

Sauing these eyes, wee'l haue no light in hell. *Exit.*

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Where is my faire and louely *Proferpine*?

The feast is done, and she not yet return'd:

435 Speake *Ioues* faire daughter, whither art thou straid?

I haue fought the medowes, gleabes, and new-reap't fields,

Yet cannot finde my childe. Her scattered flowers,

And garland halfe made vp, I haue light vpon,

The Siluer Age.

But her I cannot fpy. Behold the trace
440 Of fome ftrange wagon, that hath fcortch't the fields,
And fing'd the graffe: thefe routes the funne nere fear'd.
Where art thou loue? where art thou *Proferpine*?
Hath not thy father *Ioue* fnatch't thee to heauen
Vpon his Eagle? I will fearch the fpheares
445 But I will finde thee out: fwift *Mercury*,
Ioues fonne, and *Mayas*; fpeake, fpeake from the clouds,
And tell me if my daughter be aboue.

Mercury flies from aboue.

Mer. Thy clamours (*Ceres*) haue afcent through heauen;
450 Which when I heard, as fwift as lightning
I fearch't the regionf of the vpper world,
And euery place aboue the firmament.
I haue pafte the planets, foar'd quite through the fpheares;
I haue croft the Articke and Antarkicke poles.
455 Hot *Cancer*, and cold *Arctos* I haue fearch't,
Pafte th'*Hyperboreans*, and the *Solfticies*,
The Tropiques, Zones, Signes, Zeniths, Circles, Lines,
Yet no where can I finde faire *Proferpine*. *Exit Mercury.*

Ceres. If not in heauen, Il'e next inquire the earth,
460 And to the place where old *Oceanus*
Layes his hoare head in *Amphitrites* lap:
Il'e trauell till I finde my girle.
Affift me gracious *Neptune* in my fearch;
And *Tryton*, thou that on thy fhelly Trumpet,
465 Summons the Sea-gods, anfwer from the depth,
If thou haft feene or heard of *Proferpine*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tryton with his Trumpe, as from the fea.

Tryt. On *Neptunes* Sea-horfe with my concaue Trumpe,
Through all th'*Abyffe*, I haue fhрил'd thy daughters loffe.
470 The channels cloath'd in waters, the low citties,
In which the water-Nymphes, and Sea-gods dwell,
I haue peruf'd; fought through whole woods and forrefts
Of leaueleffe Corral planted in the deepes,
Toft vp the beds of Pearle, rouz'd vp huge Whales,

The Siluer Age.

475 And fterne Sea-monfters from their rocky dennes.
Thofe bottomes, bottomleffe fhallowes and fhelues:
And all thofe currents where th'earths fprings breake in,
Thofe plaines where *Neptune* feeds his Porpofes,
Sea-morfes, Seales, and all his cattell elfe.
480 Through all our ebbes and tides my Trump hath blaz'd her,
Yet can no cauerne fhew me *Proferpine*. *Exit Tryton.*
Ceres. If heauen nor fea, then fearch thy bofome earth,
Faire filter *Earth*, for thefe beauteous fields
Spread ore thy breaft; for all thefe fertill croppes,
485 With which my plenty hath enrich't thy bofome,
For all thofe rich and pleafant wreathes of graine
With which fo oft thy Temples I haue crown'd:
For all the yearely liueries and frefh robes
Vpon thy fommer beauty I beftow,
490 Shew me my childe.
Earth rifeth from vnder the ftage.
Earth. Not in reuenge faire *Ceres*
That your remorfeleffe plowes haue rak't my breaft,
Nor that your Iron-tooth'd harrowes print my face
495 So full of wrinkles, that you digge my fides
For marle and foyle, and make me bleed my fprings
Through all my open'd veines, to weaken me;
Do I conceale your daughter: I haue fspread
My armes from fea to fea, look't ore my mountaines,
500 Examin'd all my paftures, groues, and plaines,
Marfhes and wowlds, my woods and Champian fields,
My dennes and caues; and yet from foot to head
I haue no place on which the Moone doth tread. *Earth finke.*
Ceres, Then *Earth* thou haft loft her: and for *Proferpine*
505 Il'e ftrike thee with a lafting barrenneffe.
No more fhall plenty crowne thy fertill browes,
Il'e breake thy plowes, thy Oxen murren-ftrike:
With Idle agues Il'e confume thy fwaines,
Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
510 Whofe fpykes the weed and cooch-graffe fhall out-grow,
And choke it in the blade. The rotten fhowers

The Siluer Age.

Shall drowne thy feed, which the hote funne fhall parch,
Or mill-dewes rot; and what remains fhall be
A prey to rauinous birds. Oh *Proferpine*!

515 You Gods that dwell aboue, and you below,
Both of the woods and gardens, riuers, brookes,
Fountaines and wels, fome one among you all
Shew me her felfe or graue, to you I call.

The riuier Arethufa rifeth from the ftage.

520 *Areth.* That can the riuier *Arethufa* do,
My ftreames you know faire Goddeffe, iffue forth
From Tartary, by the Tenarian Ifles:
My head's in Hell, where Stygian *Pluto* reignes,
525 There did I fee the louely *Proferpine*,
Whom *Pluto* hath rap't hence; behold her girdle,
Which by the way dropt from her beauteous wafte,
And fcattered in my ftreames. Faire Queene adue,
Crowne you my banks with flowers, as I tell true. *Exit Are.*

Ceres. Hath that infernall monfter ftolne my childe?
530 Il'e mount the fpheares, and there folicite *Ioue*,
To inuade the Stygian kingdomes, to redeeme
My rauifh't daughter. If the Gods deny
That grace to *Ceres*, Il'e inuoke the helpe
Of fome bold mortall: noble *Hercules*,
535 Who with his Club fhall rouze th'infernall King,
Dragge out the furies with their fnaky lockes,
Strangle hels Iudges in their fcarlet robes,
And bring a double terrour to the damn'd.
Of Gods and Men I will inuoke the aides
540 To free my childe from thofe infernall fhades.

*Enter Hercules, Thefeus, Perithous, Philoctetes, Hypodamia,
the Centaurs, Neffus, Euritus, Chiron, Cillarus, Antimachus,
Hippafus. At a banquet.*

545 *Herc.* To grace thy feaft faire *Hypodamia*,
The Eremanthian forreft we haue rob'd
Of that huge Boare: you Centaurs doubly fhap't,

The Siluer Age.

Feed with *Alcides* on that monftrous fwine,
That hath deuour'd fo many Swaynes and Heard.

550 *Thef.* Take *Thefeus* welcome for *Perithous* fake,
And fit with vs faire Princes, take your place
Next you *Alcides*; then the Centaurs round.

Antimæc. Now by *Ixion*, that our grand-fire was,
That dar'd to kiffe the mighty thunderes wife,
And did not feare to cuckold *Iupiter*,
555 Thou doft the Centaur's honour.

Neff. Let's quaffe the brides health in the bloud of grapes,
Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridall.

Perith. Fill then for *Neffus* and *Antimachus*,
Let *Euritus* and *Chiron* pledge it round.

560 *Eur.* Fill to vs all, euen till thefe empty bowles
Turne vp their bottomes 'gainft the face of heauen.

Chi. Off fhall all this to *Hipodamia*'s health,
The beauteous bride: wil't pledge it *Hercules*?

Herc. Yes, were it deeper then the golden cup
565 *Ioue* quaffes in from the hand of *Ganimed*.
Silanthus, *Hippafus*, and *Cillarus*,
To the faire Princeffe of the *Lapythes*.

Anti. Shee's faire indeed, I loue her: wine and loue
Adde fire to fire. To *Philoctetes* this.

570 *Phi.* 'Tis welcome *Hippafus*. Here *Cillarus*.

Cil. Faire *Hypodamia*'s of the Centaurs brood,
Great *Biftus* daughter, neere ally'd to vs,
Il'e take her health.

Perith. Gramercy *Cillarus*:
575 Il'e do the like to faire *Philonome*,
Thy fweet She-Centaur.

Cil. Double this to her.

Hyp. Crowne all your healths with mirth, let ioyes abound
And to *Philonome* let this go round.

580 *Anti.* Cramercies, 'laffe my braine begins to fwim,
I haue an appetite to kiffe the bride,
I and I will.

Theff. What meanes *Antimachus*?

The Siluer Age.

Anti. Kiffe *Hypodamia*, I and——

585

Thef. That's too much,
And more then any of the Centaurs dare.

Cil. Why? who should hinder him?

Thef. That *Thefeus* will.

590

Ant. Ha, ha, haue I from the fierce Lyon torne her whelp?
Brought from the forrests she-Beaes in my armes?
And dandled them like infants? plaid with them,
And shall I not then dare to kiffe the bride?

595

Herc. Audacious Centaur, do but touch her skirt,
Prophane that garment *Hymen* hath put on;
Or with thy hideous shape once neere her cheek,
Il'e lay fo huge a ponder on thy skull,
As if the baffes of the heauen should shrink,
And whelme ore thee the marble firmament.

600

Anti. That will I try.

Cil. Affist *Antimachus*. *A confused fray with*

Peri. Rescue for *Hypodamia*. *ftooles, cups & bowles,*

Chi. Downe with the *Lapythes*. *the Centaurs are beaten.*

Neff. Downe with *Hercules*.

605

Herc. You cloud-bred race, *Alcides* here will stand
To plague you all with his high *Iouiall* hand.

Alarme. Enter *Iuno*, with all the Centaurs.

610

Iuno. And shrinkes *Ixions* race? durst he aspire
To our celestiaall bed? though for his boldnesse
He now be tortured with the wheele in hell?
And dare not you withstand bafe *Hercules*?
Currae braue *Hyppo-Centaurs*, let the bastard
Be hew'd and mangled with our conquering arme.
Renue the fight, make the Theffalian fields
Thunder beneath your hoofes, whilst they imprint
615 Vpon the earth, deepe semi-circled moones.
Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hils,
To inmure the faint dejected *Lapithes*.
Tis *Iuno*, whom your tortur'd grand-fire lou'd,

The Siluer Age.

Bids you to Armes: lift vp your weapons hye
620 And in their fall may great *Alcides* dye. (bones,
Antimac. Our grand-fires wheelles cracke all that Centaurs
That flyes when *Iuno* giues incouragement.
Chirus, Latreus, Neffus, Euritus,
And all our race first tumbled in the clouds
625 That crown'd the mountaine toppes of *Theffaly*,
Make head againe, follow *Antimachus*,
Whofe braine through heated with the fumes of wine
Burnes with the loue of *Hypodamia*.
Thefeus, Perithous, and Alcides, all
630 Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

Alarme. Enter to them Hercules, Thefeus, Perithous,
and Philoctetes.

Herc. Behold the luft-burn'd and wine-heated monfters
Once more make head; wee'l pafh them with our club.
635 This Centaure-match, it fhall in ages,
And times to come, renowne great *Hercules*.
Vpon them, when we parlee with our foes:
Tongues peace: for we breake filence with our blowes.

Alarme. They fight, the Centaurs are all difperft and flaine.
640 *Enter with victory, Hercules, Thefeus, Perithous,*
Philoctetes, Hypodamia, and others.

Herc. Let *Theffaly* refound *Alcides* praife,
And all the two-fhap't Centaurs that furuiue,
Quake when they heare the name of *Hercules*.
645 Were thefe *Theffalian* monfters bred at firft
By *Saturne* and *Philiris*, as fome fay,
When in equinall fhape fhe was deflour'd?
Or when *Ixion*, fnatcht to heauen by *Ioue*,
And feafted in the hye Olimpicke hall,
650 He fought to ftrumpet *Iuno*? The heauens Queene
Tranfform'd a cloud to her celeftiall fhape,
Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred

The Siluer Age.

Of earth or vapour, their hote fiery braines
Are now difpurpled by *Alcides* Club,
655 And in their deaths renowne the *Lapythes*.
 Thef. *Ioues* fonne was borne a terrour to the world,
To awe the tyrants that oppresse and fway.
 Perith. But most indebt to thee *Perithous* is,
That haft restor'd a virgin and a bride,
660 Pure and vntouch't to fleep in thefe my armes.
 Hypoda. My tongue fhall found the praife of *Hercules*.
My heart imbrace his loue.
 Herc. Oh had bright *Iuno*
My louing ftep-dame, feated in the clouds,
665 Beheld me pafh the Centaurs with my club,
It would haue fild her with celeftiall ioyes;
Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour
I confecrate to her and *Iupiter*.
Of thefe proud Centaurs *Neffus* is efcapt,
670 The reft all ftrew the fields of *Theffaly*. *Enter Ceres.*
 Ceres. Referues the noble *Theban* all his valour
For th'ingrate *Iuno*, and hath ftor'd no deed
Of honour for deiefted *Ceres* here?
Ceres forlorne, forfaken and defpis'd,
675 Whom neither obdure heauen, relentleffe fea,
Nor the rude earth will pittie.
 Herc. Queene of plenty,
Lye it within the ftrength of mortall arme,
The power of man, or worke of demi-god,
680 I am thy Champion.
 Ceres. From heauen, earth and fea,
Then *Ceres* muft appeale to *Hercules*.
Know then I am rob'd of beauteous *Proferpine*,
Tartarian Dis hath rap't my daughter hence;
685 Which when I heard, I skal'd the thundered throne,
And made my complaints to him, who answered me,
His power was onely circumfcrib'd in heauen,
And *Pluto* was as abfolute in hell
As he in heauen ; nor would he mufter Gods

The Siluer Age.

690 Against the fiends, ore which his brother reign'd.
Next made I fuit to haue *Neptune* call his waters,
And with his billowes drowne the lower world:
Who answered, the firme channell bounds his waues,
Nor is there paffage betweene sea and hell,
695 The earth beneath her center cannot finke,
Nor haue I hope from thence; onely great *Hercules*
 Herc. Will vndertake what neither *Iupiter*,
 Neptune, nor all the Gods dare make their tafke:
The Stygian *Pluto* fhall reftore the moone,
700 Or feele the maffe of this my ponderous club.
Comfort faire Queene, Il'e paffe the poole of Styx,
And if leane *Charon* waftage fhall deny,
The Ferry-man Il'e buffet in his barge.
Three-throated *Cerberus* that keepes hell-gates,
705 Shall (when we come to knocke) not dare to howle:
The ghofths already dead, and doom'd, fhall feare
To dye againe at fight of *Hercules*.
Sterne *Mynos*, *Æachus*, and *Rhadamant*,
Shall from the dreadfull feffions kept in hell,
710 Be rouz'd by vs: wee'l quake them at that barre
Where all foules ftand for fentence: the three fifters
Shall crowch to vs. *Ceres*, wee'l ranfacke hell,
And *Pluto* from th'infernall vaults expell.
 Thef. *Thefeus* in this will ayd great *Hercules*.
715 *Peri.* And fo *Perithous* fhall.
 Herc. Comfort Queene *Ceres*,
Whom neither Harpyes, Boares or Bulls can tame,
The darke Cimerians muft next found his fame.
Aduie bright *Hypodamia* lately freed
720 From the adulterous Centaurs: Our renowne
That yet 'twene heauen and earth doth onely fhine,
Hell fhall next blaze for beauteous *Proferpine*.

H O M E R.

725 *Ere Hercules the Stygianpooles inuade*
 A tafke which none but he durft vndertake,

The Siluer Age.

*Without both earthy and immortall ayde,
We Ioue present; who once more doth forsake
Heauen, for a mortall beauty; one more rare
Earth yeelded not then Semele the faire.
730 Whilft Iuno, Hercules with hate pursues,
Neglecting Ioue, he from the spheares espyes
This bright Cadmeian, and the groues doth chuse
To court her in: How, and in what disguise
You next shall see, they meet first in the Chace,
735 Where they discourse, acquaint, kisse, and embrace.*

*Dumbe Shew. Enter Somele like a huntresse, with her
traine, Iupiter like a wood-man in greene: he woes
her, and winnes her.*

*What cannot Ioue, infus'd with power diuine?
740 He woes and winnes, enioyes the beauteous dame;
The iealous Iuno spies their loue in fine,
Leaues off her enuy to Alcides fame,
And 'gainst this beauteous Lady armes her spleene,
Quite to destroy the bright Cadmeian Queene.
745 Your fauours still: some here no doubt will wonder,
To see the Thunderers loue perish by thunder.*

Enter Iuno and Iris.

*Iuno. Haft thou found him Iris?
Iris. Madame I haue.
750 Iuno. Where?
Iris. In the house of Cadmus, courting there
The fairest of the race, yong Semele.
Iuno. What am I better to be Queene of heauen,
To be the sister and the wife of Ioue,
755 When euery strumpet braues my Deity?
Whilft I am busied to lay traps and traines
For proud Alcmena's bastard, he takes time
For his adulterous rapes. Europa liues
Sainted in earth, Calisto shines a starre,*

The Siluer Age.

760 Iuft in mine eye, by name of *Leffer Beare*,
 Io in *Ægypt* is ador'd a Goddeffe:
And of my feruant *Argus* (flaine by *Mercury*)
There liues no note; faue that his hundred eyes
I haue tranſported to my peacockes traine.
765 Thus fall the friends of *Iuno*, whilſt his ſtrumpets
Front me on earth, or braue mine eye in heauen:
But *Semele* ſhall pay for't. In what ſhape
Saw'ſt thou him court that ſtrumpet?
 Iris. Like a wood-man.
770 *Iuno*. I met him on the mountaine *Erecine*,
And tooke him for the yong *Hyppolitus*.
Iris I hau't; 'tis plotted in my braine,
To haue the ſtrumpet by her louer flaine.
Of her nurſe *Beroe* Il'e aſſume the ſhape,
775 And by that meanes auenge me on this rape. *Exeunt*:

Enter Semele with her feruants and attendants.

Semel. Oh *Iupiter*! thy loue makes me immortall,
The high Cadmeian is my grace,
To that great God exalted, and my iffue,
780 When it takes life, ſhall be the ſeed of Gods;
And I ſhall now be ranck't in equipage
With *Danae*, *Io*, *Lada*, and the reſt,
That in his amours pleaſ'd the thunderer beſt.
Me-thinkes ſince his imbraces fil'd my wombe,
785 There is no earth in me, I am all diuine:
Ther's in me nothing mortall, faue this ſhape,
Whofe beauty hath cal'd *Ioue* himſelfe from heauen,
The reſt all pure, corruptleſſe and refin'd,
That hath daz'd men, and made th'immortall blinde.
790 Leaue vs, oh you vnworthy to attend
Or wait vpon Cadmeian *Semele*:
Hebe ſhall be my hand-mayd, and my wine
The hand of *Ioues* owne cup-bearer ſhall fill,
Il'e begge of him the Troian *Ganimed*

The Siluer Age.

795 To be my page; and when I please to ride,
Borrow his Eagle through the ayre to glide.
Go call me hither my Nurse *Beroe*,
Whom I will make free-partner in my ioyes.
Enter Iuno in the shape of old Beroe.
800 *Seru. Beroe* attends your grace.
Sem. Oh my deere nurse! liues there on earth a Princeesse
Equally lou'd and grac'd by *Ioue* himselfe?
Iuno. Out on thee strumpet, I could teare those eyes,
Whose beauty drew my husband from the skyes.
805 *Sem.* Am I not happy *Beroe*?
Iuno. Were you sure
'Twere *Ioue* himselfe this gladnesse did procure.
Madame, there many fowle imposters be,
That blinde the world with their inchaftity:
810 And in the name of Gods, being scarce good men,
Juggle with Ladyes, and corrupt their honors.
Thinke you you stripling that goes clad in greene,
Is *Iupiter*?
Sem. I know him for heauens King,
815 Whose issue in my wombe I feele to spring.
Iuno. I thinke it not; but Lady this I know,
That Gods are so lasciuious growne of late,
That men contend their lusts to imitate.
Sem. Not *Iupiter*.
820 *Iuno.* Things truly reconcile,
You'l iumpe with me: how haue you beene the while,
Since you were breeding, now well, sometimes ill,
Subject to euery imperfection still,
Apt to all chances other women be.
825 When were you lou'd of the high Deity,
That hath the giift of strength, power, health, and ioy,
The least of these could not your state annoy.
Sem. Thou putst me in mistrust, and halfe perswad'ft me
He is no more then mortall whom I loue.
830 How shall I proue him nurse?
Iuno. Il'e tell you madame; When you see him next,

The Siluer Age.

Seeme with fome strange and vncoth paffion vext,
And beg of him a boone, which till he grant,
Sweare he no more your fauours fhall inchant.

835 *Sem. Beroe*, what boone?

Iuno. To hugge you in that ftate
In which faire *Iuno* he imbrac'd fo late.
To defcend armed with celeftiall fire,
And in that maiefty glut his defire.
840 His right hand arm'd with lightning, on his head
Heauens maffy crowne; and fo to mount your bed.
So are you fure he is a God indeed,
Obtaine this boone, and fairely may you fpeed.

Sem. Thou haft fir'd me *Beroe*.

845 *Iuno*. Thou fhalt be on flame,
So great, the Ocean fhall not quench the fame.

Sem. Beroe away, my chamber ready make,
Toffe downe on downe: for we this night muft tumble
Within the armes of mighty *Iupiter*.

850 Of whom Il'e begge th'immortall fweets of loue,
Such as from *Ioue* Imperiall *Iuno* taftes.
Begone without reply, my loue's at hand.

Iuno. Thy death's vpon thy boone: this *Iuno* cheares,
That my reuenge fhall mount aboue the fpheares. *exit Iuno*.

855 *Sem.* I will not fmile on him, lend him a looke,
As the leaft grace, till he giue free afcent
To fill me with celeftiall wonderment.

Enter Iupiter like a wood-man.

860 *Iup.* Oh thou that mak'ft earth heauen, & turn'ft th'imortal
Into this fhape terreftriall, thou bright iffue
Of old *Ægenor*, and the Cadmeian line,
For whom, thefe ftony buildings we preferre
Before our Chrifall ftructures: that mak'ft *Ioue*
Abandon on the high counfels of the Gods
865 To treat with thee of loues faire blandifhments:
Diuineft of thy race, faire *Semele*
Fold in thy armes Olimpicke *Iupiter*.

Sem. Iupiter!

The Siluer Age.

870 *Iup.* That *Iupiter* that with a powerfull nod
Shakes the heauens arches, ore the vniuerse
Spreads dread & awe; and when we arme our selfe
With maiefty, make th'earths foundation tremble,
And all mortality flye like a smoake
Before our prefence vanish't and confum'd.

875 *Sem.* Did *Semele* behold such Maiefty,
She could beleue this were the thunderers voyce,
Thou hee?

880 *Iup.* What meanes this strangeness *Semele*?
Haue I preferd thy beauty before hers
Whose state fills heauen, whose food's *Ambrosia*,
Vpon whose cup the louely *Hebe* waits
When she quaffes *Nectar*? whose bright Chariot
Is drawn with painted peacocks through the clouds
And am I thus receiu'd?

885 *Sem.* Thou bed with *Iuno*?
Base groome, thou art no better then thou seem'st,
And thy impostures haue deceiu'd a Princeesse
Greater then ere descended from thy line.
Hence from my sight thou earth, that hast profan'd

890 The dreadful thunderers name: what see I in thee
More then a man, to proue thy selfe a God?
Thou deifi'd? thy prefence groome is poore,
Thy 'hauour sleight, thy courtship triuall,
Thou hast not a good face, what's in thee worth

895 The fauour and the grace of *Semele*?
A God? alas! thou art scarce a proper man.

900 *Iup.* Ha, fails my shape, is he that awes the Gods,
Now valued less then man? why *Semele*
Proue me and what I can: wouldst thou haue gold?
I'll eare a richer flower in thy bosome
Then ere I pow'r'd on *Danae*.

905 *Sem.* Gold! what's that?
Which euery mortall Prince can giue his loue.
Iup. Wouldst thou increase thy beauty or thy strength?
Sem. I am nor fowle nor ficke.

The Siluer Age.

Iup. Wouldst thou haue God-hood?

I will tranflate this beauty to the spheares,
Where thou shalt shine the brightest starre in heauen:

Il'e lift thy body from this terrene droffe,

910 And on two eagles, swift as *Pegasus*,
Wee'l take our daily progresse through the clouds.

Il'e shew thee all the planets in their ranke,

The monstrous signes, the Lyon, Ramme and Bull,

The blake-falld Scorpion, and the Cancers clawes.

915 Alke what thou wilt to proue my Deity,

And take it as thine owne faire *Semele*.

Sem. Grant me one boone, lesse then the least of these,

My armes shall spread thus wide to embrace my loue,

In my warme bosome I will gloue thy hand,

920 And seale a thousand kisses on thy lippes.

My fingers Il'e intangle in these curles,

And scarfe my luory arme about thy necke;

And lay my selfe as prostitute to thy loue,

As th'earth her grasse-green apron spreads for raine.

925 Speake, shall I alke? or haue you power to grant?

Iup. By dreadfull Styx, an oath I cannot change,

But alke and haue.

Sem. Then bed with me to night,

Arm'd with the selfe-fame God-hood, state and power

930 You *Iuno* meet.

Iup. Blacke day, accursed houre,

Thou hast ask't too much, thy weake mortality

Cannot indure the scorching fires of heauen.

Sem. Either you cannot doo't, as wanting might,

935 Or loath you are to breed me such delight.

Is this your loue?

Iup. Thy death is in thy boone:

But 'tis thy fate, she can it not recall,

Nor I vnswear: the infant in her wombe

940 Not yet full growne and ripe, torments me most:

For in this rash demand they both are lost.

Sem. Il'e stand it at all dangers, and prepare

The Siluer Age.

For this nights fport.

945 *Iup.* Aboue my thunders are,
Thither I muft, and beeing arm'd, defcend
To giue this beauty (in her rafhneffe) end.

Sem. Remember by this kiffe you keep your oath.

Iup. Neuer did *Ioue* to heauen afcend fo loath;
Expect me this fad night.

950 *Sem.* With double ioy.
Celeftiall fweets fhall furfet me, and cloy
My appetite; the Gods are loath to impart
Their pleafures to vs mortals. Dance my hart,
And fwim in free delights, my pleafures crowne,
955 This *Iouiall* night fhall *Semele* renowne. *Exit Semele.*

Iuno and Iris plac'd in a cloud aboue.

Iuno. Come *Iris*, ore the loftieft pinnacles
Of this high pallace, let vs mount our felues,
To fee this noble paftime: Is't not braue?

960 *Iris.* Hath her fuit tooke effect? 'laffe *Semele*!

Iuno. Hang, burne her witch, be all fuch ftrumpets fir'd
With no leffe heat then wanton *Semele*.

Oh 'twill be gallant fport, wil't not *Iris*?
To fee thefe golden roofes daunce in the aire.
965 Thefe pinnacles fhall pricke the floores of heauen,
Thefe fpires confused, tumble in the clouds;
And all flye vp and fhatte at the approach
Of his great God-hood. Oh 'twould pleafe me *Iris*
To fee this wanton with her baftard, blowne
970 And hang'd vpon the high hornes of the moone.
The howre drawes on, we may from hence efpy
Th'adultrefse fprall, the pallace vpwards fly.

Enter two maids of Semeles chamber.

975 *1. Maid.* Queftionleffe my Lady lookes for fome great
Guefts, that fhe makes all this preparation.

2. Maid. 'Tis not like fhe expects them at fupper, becaufe
fhe herfelfe is preparing to bed.

1. Maid. Did you note how fhe made vs tumble & toffe
the bed before the making of it would pleafe her?

The Siluer Age.

980 2. *Maid.* There hath beene tumbling and toffing on that
bed hath pleaf'd her better; you know the youth in greene,
he hath made my Lady looke red ere now.

1. *Maid.* You know fhee is naturally pale; hee did but
wraffle with her to get her a colour.

985 2. *Maid.* They youth in greene hath giuen her a medi-
cine for the greene sickneffe, I warrant her: I am deceiued, if
(when they meet) it go not two to one of her fide.

1. *Maid.* Why do you thinke her with childe.

2. *Maid.* Tis paf't thinking, I dare fweare. But let's at-
990 tend my lady. *Enter Semele drawne out in her bed.*

Sem. Away, we will haue none partake our pleafures,
Or be eye-witneffe of thefe prodigall fweets
Which we this night fhall in abundance tafte.

This is the houre fhall deifie my earth,
995 And make this droffe immortall: thanks my *Beroe*,
That thou haft made me begge my happineffe,
Shew'd me the way to immortallity,
And taught me how to emulate the Gods.

Defcen'd great *Ioue* in thy full maiefty,
1000 And crowne my pleafures: here behold me fpred,
To tafte the fweets of thy immortall bed.

*Thunder, lightnings, Iupiter descends in his maiefty, his
Thunderbolt burning.*

Iup. Thus wrapt in ftormes, and black tempeftuous clouds,
1005 Lightning and fhowers, we fit vpon the roofes
And trembling Tarraffes of this high houle
That is not able to containe our power.

Yet come we not with thefe fharp thunders arm'd,
With which the fturdy giants we ore-threw,
1010 When we the mighty *Typhon* funke beneath
Foure populous kingdoms: thefe are not fo fiery,
The *Cyclopes* that vs'd to forge our bolts,
Haue qualifi'd their feruour, yet their violence
Is 'boue the ftrengh of mortals. Beauteous *Semele*,
1015 In fteed of thee I fhall imbrace thy fmoakes,

The Siluer Age.

And clafpe a fummy vapour left in place *Thunder and*
Of thy bright beauty, Stormy tempefts ceafe, *lightning.*
The more I frowne, the more their breathes increafe.

Sem. What terror's this? oh thou immortall fpeake!

1020 My eyes are for thy maiefty too weake.

*As he toucheth the bed it fires, and all flyes vp, Iu-
piter from thence takes an abortiue infant.*

Iup. Receiue thy boone, now take thy free defire
In thunder, tempeft, fmoake, and heauenly fire.

1025 *Iuno.* Ha, ha, ha.

Faire *Semele*'s confum'd, 'twas acted well:
Come, next wee'l follow *Hercules* to hell.

*Iupiter taking vp the Infant, fpeakes as he afcends in
his cloud.*

1030 *Iup.* For *Semele* (thus flaine) the heauens fhall mourne

In pitchy clouds, the earth in barrenneffe;
The Ocean (for her slaughter) fhall weepe brine,
And hell refound her loffe. Faire *Semele*

Nothing but afhes now; yet this remainder,

1035 That cannot dye, being borne of heauenly feed,

I will conferue till his full time of birth:

His name Il'e *Bachus* call, and being growne,

Stile him, *The God of Grapes*; his *Bachenals*

Shall be renown'd at feasts, when their light braines

1040 Swim in the fumes of wine. This all that's left

Of *Semele*, vnto the heauens Il'e beare,

Whofe death this *Motto* to all mortals lends:

He by the Gods dyes, that 'boue man contends.

H O M E R.

1045 *Let none the fecrets of the Gods inquire,*

Left they (like her) be ftrooke with heauenly fire.

But we againe to Hercules returne,

Now on his iourney to the vaults below,

Where difcontented Proferpine doth mourne,

1050 *There's made to cheere her an infernall fhew.*

The Siluer Age.

*Hels Iudges, Fates and Furies fummond beene
To giue free welcome to the Stygian Queene.*

*A dumbe shew of Pluto and all his Diuels, presenting feuerall gifts
and shewes to cheere, but she continues in her discontent.*

1055 *All this and more (the beauteous Queene to cheare)
Pluto deuis'd, but still her grieve remains:
No food she tastes within the gloomy spheare,
Saue of a ripe Pomegranat some few graines.
The next thing we present (fit faire and well)*
1060 *You shall behold a Holy-day in hell.*

Enter Theseus, Perithous, and Philoctetes armed.

Thef. Saw you not Hercules?

Perith. Noble Theseus no.

I left him in the forfeit, chasing there
1065 *Dianaes Hart, and striving to out-run
The swift-foot beast.*

*Thef. His active nimbleness
Out-flies the winged bird, out-trips the steed,
Catcheth the hare, & the swift grey-hound tires
1070 Out-paceth the wilde Leopard, and exceeds
Beasts of most active chace.*

*Phi. We have arriv'd
At Tenaros; this is the mouth of hell,
Which by my counsell, wee'l not seeke to enter
1075 Till Hercules approach.*

*Thef. Not enter Philoctetes?
Our spirits may compare with Hercules.
Though he exceed our strength, I with my sword
Will beat against blacke Tartaras Ebon gates,
1080 And dare the triple-headed dogge to armes,
Hels tri-shap't porter.*

Phi. Not by my persuasion.

*Peri. Perithous will assist his noble friend,
And in this worke prevent great Hercules.*

The Siluer Age.

1085 Let's rouze the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,
 And (maugre *Cerberus*) enter hels-mouth,
 And thence redeeme the rauish't *Proserpine*.
 Thef. Had *Orpheus* power by muficke of his harpe,
 To charme the curre, pierce *Orcus*, *Pluto* please,
1090 And at his hands begge faire *Euridice*:
 And shall not we as much dare with our fwords,
 As he with fingring of his golden ftrings.
 Come, let our ioynt affiftance rouze the fiend,
 Thunder againft the rusty gates of hell,
1095 And make the Stygian kingdomes quake with feare.
 They beate againft the gates. Enter Cerberus.
 Cerb. What mortall wretch, that feares to dye aboute
 Hath trauel'd thus farre to enquire out death?
 Thef. We that haue blaz'd the world with deeds of praife
 Muft fill the Stygian Empire with our fame;
1100 Then rouze thee thou three-throated curre, and tafte
 The ftrength of *Thefeus*.
 Cerb. Thefe my three empty throats you three shall
 gorge,
 And when my nailes haue torne you limbe from limbe,
1105 Il'e fit and feaft my hunger with your flefh.
 Thefe phangs shall gnaw vpon your cruded bones,
 And with your bloods Il'e fmeare my triple chaps,
 Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies
 Shall all my three-throats fet a worke at once.
1110 Il' worry you; and hauing made you bleed,
 Firft fucke your iuice, then on your entrails feed.
 Perithous fights with Cerberus, and is flaine.
 Thef. Hold bloody frend, and fpare my noble friend,
 The honour of the worthy *Lapythes*
1115 Lyes breathleffe here before the gates of hell:
 Ceafe monfter, ceafe to prey vpon his body,
 And feed on *Thefeus* here. *Thefeus is wounded.*
 Cerb. Il'e eate you all. *Enter Hercules.*
 Herc. Stay and forbear your vp-roare, till our club
1120 Stickle amongft you: whil't we in the chace
 Haue catch't the fwift and golden headed ftagge;

The Siluer Age.

These valiant *Greekes* haue funke themfelues beneath
The vpper world, as low as *Erebus*.

Whom see we? *Thefeus* wounded, yong *Perithous*

1125 Torne by the rauenuous phangs of *Cerberus*.

My grieffe conuert to rage, and sterne reuenge.

Come, guard thee well infernall *Caniball*,

At euery stroke that lights vpon thy skull,

Il'e make thee thinke the weight of all the world

1130 And the earths huge masse shall crowne thee.

Cerb. Welcome mortall,

Thou com'ft to mend my breake-fast, thou wilt yeeld me
many a fat bit.

Herc. Il'e make thee eate my club,

1135 And swallow this fell maftiffe downe thy panch.

At euery weighty cuffe Il'e make thee howle,

And fet all hell in vp-roare: when thou roarest,

Thy barking groanes shall make the brazen Towers

Where ghofts are tortur'd, eccho with thy found.

1140 *Plutoes* blacke guard at euery deadly yell,

Shall frighted run through all the nookes of hell.

Hercules beats Cerberus, and binds him in chaines.

Herc. Keep thou this rauenuous hell-hound gyu'd & bound,

Hels bowels I muft pierce, and rouze blacke *Dis*,

1145 Breake (with my fifts) these Adamantine gates,

The Iron percullis teare, and with my club

Worke my free paffage (maugre all the fiends)

Through these infernals. Lo, I finke my felfe

In *Charons* barge, Il'e ferry burning *Styx*,

1150 Ranfacke the pallace where grim *Pluto* reignes,

Mount his tribunall, made of fable Iet,

Defpight his blacke guard, ftownd him in his chaire,

And from his arme fnatch beauteous *Proferpine*.

Ghofts, Furies, Fiends shall all before vs flye,

1155 Or once more periff, and fo doubly dye.

*Hercules finkes himfelfe: Flafhes of fire; the Diuels appeare at
euery corner of the ftage with feuerall fire-workes. The Iudges*

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of hell, eand the three sifers run ouer the stage, Hercules after them: fire-workes all ouer the hourse. Enter Hercules.

- 1160 *Herc.* Hence rauenuous vulture, thou no more shalt tire
On poore *Prometheus*, *Dunae* spare your rubs,
Stand still thou rowling stone of *Sifiphus*,
Feed *Tantalus* with apples, glut thy panch,
And with the shrinking waues quench thy hote thirst.
- 1165 Thy bones *Ixion*, shall no more be broke
Vpon the torturing wheele: the Eagles beake
Shall *Titius* spare at fight of *Hercules*,
And all the horrid tortures of the damn'd
Shall at the wauing of our club diffolue.
- 1170 *Enter Pluto with a club of fire, a burning crowne, Proserpine, the Iudges, the Fates, and a guard of Diuels, all with burning weapons.*
- Pluto.* Wer't thou Imperiall *Ioue*, that swaies the heauens,
And in the starry structure dwel'ft aboue,
1175 Thou canst not reuell here: my flaming Crowne
Shall scorch thy damn'd soule with infernall fires.
My vaffaile Furies with their wieri strings.
Shall lash thee hence, and with my Ebon club
I'll ding thee to the lowest *Barathrum*.
- 1180 *Herc.* First shall this engine arm'd with spikes of Steele,
That fore the gates of hell strooke flat thy cutte.
Fall with no lesse power on thy burning scone,
Then should great *Ioue* the massy center hurle,
And turne the worlds huge frame vpon thy head.
- 1185 *Pluto.* Vpon him Diuels.
 Herc. Aye me powers Diuine,
From these blacke fiends to rescue *Proserpine*.
 Hercules fels Pluto, beats off the Diuils with all their fire-workes, rescues Proserpine.
- 1190 Now are we King of *Orcus*, *Acheru*,
Cocytus, *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*.
 Prof. Long liue *Alcides*, crown'd with Godlike honours,

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For refcuing me out of the armes of *Dis*,
The vnder-world, and fiery iawes of hell.

1195 *All the ghofts.* Long liue eterniz'd noble *Hercules*,
That hath diffolu'd our torments.

Rha. Hercules, attend th'vnchanging doome of *Rhadamunt*,
And if the Gods be fubiect to the Fares,
Needs muft thou (noble *Greeke*) obey their doome,
1200 Lo, in their name, and in the awfull voyce
Of vs the reuerend Iudges, to whose doome
Thou once muft ftand: I charge thee ftir not hence,
Till we haue cenfur'd thee and *Proferpine*.
Is not the power of *Ioue* confin'd aboue?

1205 And are not we as abfolute in ftate
Here in the vaults below? To alter this
The heauens muft faile, the funne melt in his heat,
The elements diffolue, Chaos againe
Confufe the triple Maffe, all turne to nothing:
1210 Now there is order: Gods there are, and Diuels:
Thefe reward vertue; the other punifh vice.
Alter this courfe you mingle bad with good,
Murder with pittie, hate with clemency.

 Ther's for the beft no merit, for the offender
1215 No iuft infliction.

Herc. Rhadamant fpeakes well.

Pluto. To whom will *Hercules* commit this bufineffe?

Herc. I will appeal to *Ioue*, and to the Planets,
Whofe powers, though bownded, yet infufe their might
1220 In euery mortall.

Æacus. Them the Fates fhall fummon,
Of whom this beauteous mayd, the *Moone*, is one,
The loweft of the feuen: you reuerend lifters,
Who all things that are paff be, and to come,
1225 Keepe regiftred in braffe, affemble there.

Herc. Be *Ceres* pleaf'd, *Alcides* is content:
Nor can fhe ftand to bearer Iuftices.
Then to the Gods and Planets.

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Sownd. Enter Saturne, Iupiter, Iuno, Mars, Phœbus, Venus, and Mercury: they take their place as they are in bright. Ceres.

1270 *Satur.* I know this place, why haue you fummon'd *Saturne*
To hell, where he hath beene to arraigne the Moone?
These vncoth cauernes better fuit my fadneffe
Then my high fpheare aboue, whence to all mortals
I shoot my thicke and troubled melancholy.
Say, what's the bufineffe? fay.

1275 *Iup. Ceres*, thy prefence
Tels me thy fuit is 'bout thy daughters ape.

Ceres. Is ſhe not thine? and canſt thou fuffer her
To be intoomb'd in hell before her time?

Iuno. Cannot hell ſwallow your ambitious baſtard?
1280 But (maugre all theſe monſters) liues he ſtill?

Phœb. I ſaw grim *Pluto* in my daily progreſſe
Hurry her in his chariot ore the earth.

Venus. What could he leſſe do if he lou'd the Lady?

Mars. *Venus* is all for loue.

1285 *Mercu.* And *Mars* for warre,
Sometimes he runnes a tile at *Venus* lippes,
You haue many amorous bickerings.

Mars. Well ſpoke *Mercury*.

Saturne. Come we hither
1290 To trifle, or to cenſure? what would *Pluto*?

Pluto. Keepe whom I haue.

Ceres. Canſt fuffer't *Iupiter*?

Herc. I won her from the ſcenes of Stygian *Pluto*,
And being mine, reſtore her to her mother.

1295 *Ceres.* And ſhall not *Ceres* keepe her? ſpeake great *Ioue*

Iup. Thy cenſure *Rhadamant*.

Rhad. The Fates by whom your powers are all conſcrib'd
Pronounce this doome: If ſince her firſt arriue
She hath taſted any food, ſhe muſt of force
1300 Be euerlaſtingly confin'd to hell.

Pluto. Aſculaphus, thou didſt attend my Queene,
Hath ſhe yet taſted of our Stygian fruits

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That we may keepe her still?

1305 *Ascu.* I saw her in her mouth chaw the moist graines of a
Pomegranate.

Ceres. *Curst Asculaphus,*
Il'e adde vnto thy vglinesse, and make thee
A monster, of all monsters most abhor'd.

1310 *Pluto.* Your censures, oh you Gods, is she not *Pluto*?
Giue your free censures vp.

All. She must be *Pluto's*.

Ceres. The Gods are partiall all.

Pluto. Welcome my Queene.

1315 *Herc.* What can *Alcides* more for *Ceres* loue,
Then ransacke hell, and rescue *Proserpine*?
Needs must our further conquests here take end,
When Gods and Fates against our force contend.

Ceres. Iustice, oh iustice, thou Omnipotent.
Rob not thy *Ceres* of her beauteous childe,
1320 Either restore my daughter to the earth,
Or banish me to hell.

Saturn. *Ceres* you are fond,
Th'earth cannot want your plenty: your fertility
Will worse become hell scortched barrenesse.
1325 Let's breake this Sessions vp, I am dull.

Iup. You Gods aboue
And powers below, attend the Thunderers voyce,
And to our moderation lend an eare
Of reuerence. *Ceres*, the Fates haue doom'd her
1330 The Bride of *Pluto*; nor is she disparaged
To be the sister of Olimpicke *Ioue*.

 The rape that you call force, we title Loue:
Nor is he lesse degree'd, saue in his lot,
To vs that sway the heauens. So much for *Pluto*.
1335 Now beauteous *Ceres* we returne to you,
Such is your care to fill the earth with plenty,
To cherish all these fruits, from which the mortals
Ostend their gratitude to vs the Gods
In sacrifice and offerings, that we now

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1340 Thus by our dread power, mittigate the strictnesse
 Of the Fates doome: we haue not (oh you Gods)
 Purpose to do our Stygian brother wrong,
 Nor rob the heauens the Planet of the Moone,
 By whom the seas are sway'd: Be she confin'd
1345 Below the earth, where be the ebbes and tides?
 Where is her power infus'd in hearbes and plants?
 In trees for buildings? simples phisicall?
 Or minerall mines? Therefore indifferent *Ioue*
 Thus arbitrates: the yeare we part in twelue,
1350 Cal'd *Moneths of the Moone*: twelue times a yeare
 She in full splendor shall supply her orbe,
 And shine in heauen: twelue times fill *Pluto's* armes
 Below in hell. When *Ceres* on the earth
 Shall want her brightnesse, *Pluto* shall enioy it,
1355 When heauen containes her, she shall light the earth
 From her bright spheare aboue. Parted so euen,
 We neither fauour hell, nor gloze with heauen.
 Plu. *Pluto* is pleas'd.
 Ceres. *Ceres* at length agreed.
1360 *Proser.* *Ioue* is all iustice, and hath well decreed.
 Iup. Say all the planets thus?
 All. We do.
 Iup. Our Sessions we dissolue then. *Hercules*,
 We limit you to dragge hence *Cerberus*,
1365 To the vpper world, and leaue thee to the vniuerse
 Where thou shalt finish all thy *Iouiall* taskes;
 Proceed and thriue. You that to earth belong,
 Ascend to your mortality with honors,
 The Gods to heauen: *Pluto* and his keepe hell,
1370 The Moone in both by euen attonement dwell.

Exeunt three wayes Ceres, The seus, Philoctetes, and Hercules
dragging Cerberus one way: Pluto, hels Iudges, the Fates
and Furies downe to hell: Iupiter, the Gods and Planets ascend
to heauen.

The Siluer Age.

1375

Enter HOMER.

*Our full Sceane's wane, the Moones arraignment ends,
Ioue and his mount, Pluto with his descends.*

*Poore HOMER's left blinde, and hath lost his way,
And knowes not if he wander or go right,*

1380

Unlesse your fauours their cleare beames display.

But if you daine to guide me through this night,

The acts of Hercules I shall pursue,

And bring him to the thrice-raz'd wals of Troy:

His labours and his death Il'e shew to you.

1385

But if what's past your riper iudgements cloy,

Here I haue done: if ill, too much: if well,

Pray with your hands guide HOMER out of hell.

FINIS.

{ornament}

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